

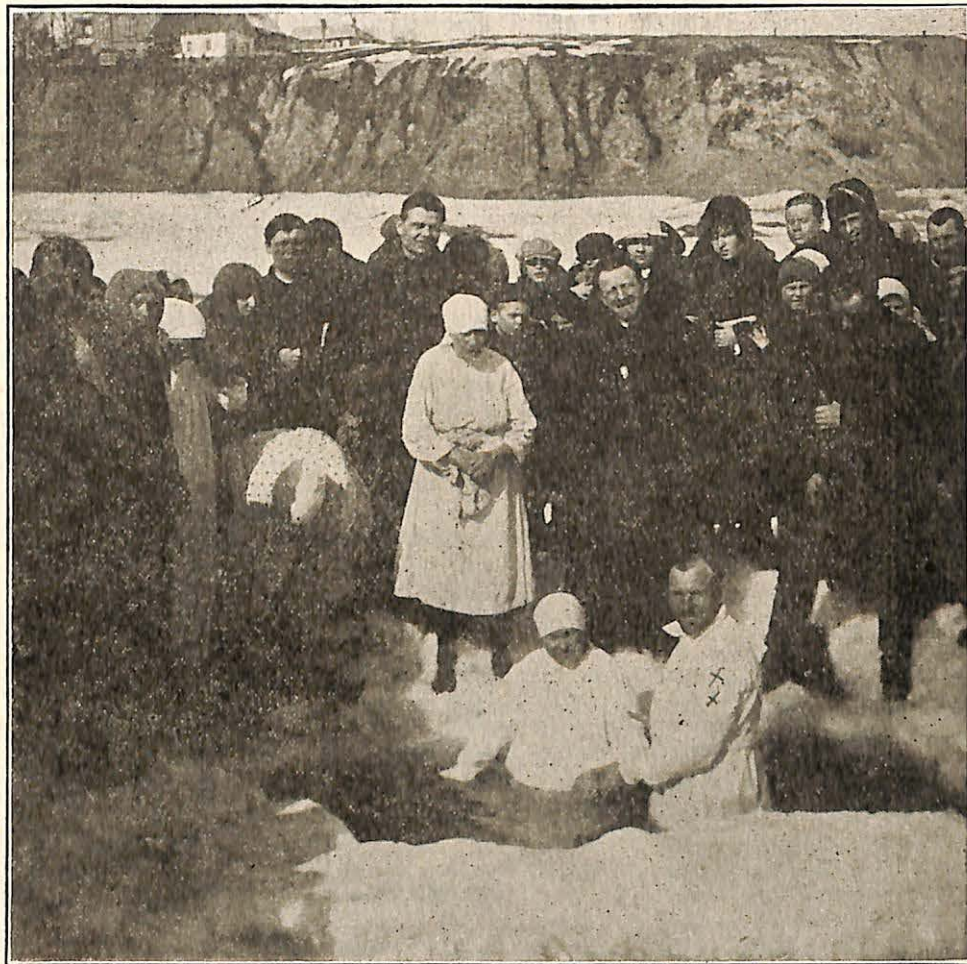
# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Five

CLEVELAND, O., JULY 1, 1927

Number Thirteen



A Baptism in the Depth of Winter on our Siberian Mission Field

## What's Happening

Rev. C. C. Laborn had a part in the commencement program of the high school, Denton, Tex., on May 27. There were 124 graduates in the class of 1927.

Mr. Paul Zimbelman of this year's graduating class of our seminary in Rochester, N. Y., has accepted the call of the church at Bessie, Okla. He began his new work July 1st.

Rev. C. F. Zummach, pastor of Immanuel Church, Kankakee, Ill., preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the Kankakee high school in his church, June 5. Bro. Zummach spoke on "The Vision of Youth." The class is composed of 98 graduates. The church was crowded with a large congregation.

Mr. H. Theodore Sorg of the Clinton Hill church, Newark, N. J., has been honored by being elected second vice-president of the Northern Baptist Convention at Chicago. Mr. Walter Staub of Newark occupies the important position of chairman of the Finance Committee of the Northern Baptist Convention. These high honors are bestowed upon worthy brethren.

Miss Bertha M. Lang, daughter of Rev. A. G. Lang of Buffalo Center, Iowa, who has been in missionary service with the China Inland Mission for a number of years, is at present in Shanghai, awaiting the Lord's will and developments in the troubled situation out there. Like all faithful missionaries, Miss Lang would like to remain in China as she is very much taken up with her work.

Rev. C. M. Knapp of Hutchinson, Minn., was the preacher at the Union Memorial services held in that city in which the Methodist, the Congregational, the Evangelical and the German Baptist churches united on Sunday, May 29. The service was held in the Hutchinson armory and 900 people were present. The American Legion, the G. A. R. and other patriotic organizations attended in a body.

The Young People of the Goodrich, N. D., church, Rev. Frederick Alf, pastor, have purchased a new piano for \$345 wholesale price and dedicated it to the service of the Lord, free of debt. The King's Daughters society rendered two programs in the Germantown and Rosenfeld churches. About 45 young folks went by auto to furnish these programs and received a royal reception from the churches visited.

The Young People's Assembly of the Y. P. and S. S. W. Union of the Atlantic Conference meets Aug. 6-13 at Stony Brook, L. I. Rev. A. Bretschneider will act as dean and other members of the faculty include Miss A. Kose, Rev. O. E. Krueger, Rev. H. F. Hoops, Rev. C. Koller and Rev. G. Hensel. Rev. W. L. Schoeffel will be recreational leader. Ap-

plications for registration are to be made to Rev. G. Hensel, 373 Walnut St., Newark, N. J.

The B. Y. P. U. of our church at Waco, Tex., has made a splendid record during the last five months. They increased their daily Bible reading nearly 100%; adopted the eight point record system, and gave a pageant of religious education. The seniors carried off second honors time and again in the City B. Y. P. U. federation and the Intermediates won the efficiency banner twice. The society is now taking a training course at the end of which they will be a standard A No. 1 B. Y. P. U.

On May 15, Rev. J. H. Ansberg handed in his resignation as pastor of the Nottingham Baptist Church, Cleveland, O. His resignation was not accepted by a large majority, who felt that the good work started had not been completed and that the church would be greatly hindered in the Lord's work by his withdrawing at this time. After due deliberation and earnest prayer for guidance Pastor Ansberg was led to withdraw his resignation. Praise the Lord!

WM. EBS, Sec.

### German Baptists at the Northern Baptist Convention

The following ministers and lay-workers from our German Baptist churches outside of Chicago were in attendance at the meetings of the Northern Baptist Convention held in Chicago, Ill., May 31-June 5:

Rev. E. G. Kliese and Joseph Conrad, Passaic, N. J.

Rev. Chas. Koller, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Staub, H. Theodore Sorg, Newark, N. J.

Rev. A. Meereis, Trenton, N. J.

Prof. L. Kaiser and Rev. A. Bretschneider, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. F. Hoops and Bro. Hoekh of New York City.

Mrs. F. W. C. Meyer and Selina Meyer of Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. F. H. Willkens, Rev. W. A. Mueller and Miss Rosie Fink of Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. G. Fetzler, Rev. C. F. Lehr, Rev. O. E. Krueger, Rev. J. H. Ansberg, Miss A. Brinkmann of Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. G. R. Kampfner and wife, Pekin, Ill.

Rev. C. E. Cramer, Arnold, Pa.

Rev. O. R. Hauser and wife, Rev. L. B. Holzer, H. J. Weihe and Mrs. N. B. Neelen of Milwaukee, Wis.

Rev. Phil. Lauer and wife of Elgin, Iowa.

Rev. H. W. Wedel, Aplington, Iowa.

Rev. A. J. Harms and wife and Miss A. Jordan, Burlington, Iowa.

Rev. George F. Ehrhorn, Parkersburg, Iowa.

Rev. H. F. Schade and wife, Racine, Wis.

Rev. Thomas Stoeri and Rev. Hans Steiger of St. Joseph, Mich.

Rev. C. F. Zummach of Kankakee, Ill. Rev. John Leyboldt, Frank Koppin and wife, Detroit, Mich.

Rev. Benj. Graf and wife, Detroit, Mich.

Rev. H. Koch, Columbus, Nebr.

Rev. A. Orthner, Bay City, Mich.

Rev. H. R. Schroeder, St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. E. Fromm, Topeka, Kans.

Rev. M. Schwarz and wife, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Harry Keiser, Elgin, Iowa.

Students Martin Leuschner and Bruno Luebeck of Rochester Seminary.

At an informal luncheon, arranged by Rev. C. A. Daniel at the Central Y. M. C. A. for Thursday noon, June 2, about 60 from our German churches were present, including a number of former German Baptist ministers and workers, now in American churches. Among those welcomed were Dr. H. C. Gleiss and wife, Detroit; Rev. A. Linder, St. Louis; Mrs. E. Wiesle of Chicago.

Brief messages of greeting were given on this occasion to the visitors by Rev. C. A. Daniel, Rev. Wm. Kuhn and Rev. A. P. Mihm.

There may have been others from our churches present as delegates or visitors, but the above mentioned were noted by the editor of the "Herald." We have attended quite a number of Northern Baptist Conventions but never saw so many of our people in attendance. The central location of Chicago, the great pre-convention publicity and the fine program, no doubt, all helped to draw many.

## The Baptist Herald

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Albert Bretschneider A. A. Schade  
O. E. Krueger G. W. Pust

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# The Baptist Herald

### Northern Baptists at Chicago

THE great convention of the Northern Baptists at Chicago will go down in denominational history as one of the best. Not only because it was distinguished by the greatest number of delegates and visitors as regards attendance but because of the spirit of unity, peace and harmony that pervaded the gathering. The absence of acrid controversy that has disturbed and virtually disgraced some conventions of late years was most happily noticeable. The denominational extremists of the Bible Union did not make much of a stir this year. The Fundamentalist group was not so much in evidence and its outstanding advocates, who have been leaders in the fray, were by force of circumstances absent from the convention. This does not mean that a so-called modernistic influence was paramount in the convention council or ranks. Rather this impressed us as in evidence: The Northern Baptist Convention, more than ever before, is committed fully to the things that Baptists have always as a body of people stood for: the integrity of the Bible, the deity and lordship of Jesus Christ, the imperativeness of the task of proclaiming his gospel as our first and supreme business. The motto of the convention was, "Jesus Christ, the world's only hope."

One of the outstanding features of the convention were the daily noon-time addresses of Dr. George Truett, the president of the Southern Baptist Convention, the world-famed preacher of the Southland. Dr. Truett commanded the largest audiences of the day and the messages he brought were old, unadulterated messages from the old Book on the person of Christ, on faith, on prayer and the duty and privilege of spreading and sharing the salvation of Christ. When the Northern Baptist Convention sponsors and supports and delights in the heart talks of Dr. Truett,—and the immense daily audiences testified to that fact—we know it is loyal to the fundamentals of the gospel, even though this tag and designation is not officially hung on everybody.

The one regrettable note was the failure to advance in missionary effort on the foreign field the past year on account of lack of funds. Perhaps a ten percent reduction may even be made this coming year in the operation of the budget. We pray this will not be necessary and that Baptists will really awake to their full privilege and obligation in missionary giving. One prominent layman in advocating advance said in not very choice but expressive language: "Baptists are lousy with money." The situation on many foreign fields is tragic and heartbreaking. They are undermanned and new

forces are needed to relieve the overworked missionaries on the field. The recruits are here. Are Baptists going to send them this year? It must be done if we would be true to Christ and to the convention motto.

### Independence Day

OUR national Independence Day is a day for which every citizen of our great republic should be devoutly thankful. It brings to our minds the dearly bought liberties, which our forefathers won at great cost and sacrifice. It ought to bring to us a new realization of the value of the freedom we enjoy and the great worth of the institutions on which they have been built. Our hearts should be devoutly grateful to God that they have endured mighty and strenuous tests and trials throughout the 151 years that have elapsed since the first Independence Day. After the lapse of the years and after the crisis of the great World War, they have come forth from the fiery crucible untarnished and shine as a beacon not only for ourselves but for the nations of the world endeavoring to reach and fulfill their own destiny.

The United States emerged from the World War as the greatest and most prosperous nation on earth. Yet material prosperity is not everything. Other nations have enjoyed unparalleled prosperity and perished. If God drops out of our statesmanship, if we follow wrong ideals, if a materialistic philosophy reigns in our schools and dominates the thought of our leaders, God will bring our pride to fall. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." God is giving America wonderful privileges and opportunities and he expects us to make use of them. We must recognize the evils and dangers that threaten our own national life and overcome the evil with good or we ourselves will be displaced from our high estate.

### God in Our National Life

"BLESSED is the nation whose God is the Lord." What is the unfailing guarantee of enduring national prosperity? The true prosperity of a nation, we would answer as Christians, must base itself on the recognition of God in our national life and ideals.

By the recognition of God in our national life, we do not mean an agitation to merely introduce the name of God into the constitution of the United States. We might have it there and forget all about

him. Rather do we have in mind the dominance of the fact of God in our individual and national life, the permeating of our ideals and guiding principles by his unchanging and righteous laws.

To recognize God means to subject oneself to him and to be obedient to his known will. Only that nation can permanently prosper which is blessed by God, the giver of every good gift. He can only bless that people that allows him to be their God, that cleaves to him in godliness and abiding confidence.

One of the foundations of national prosperity is intelligence. But this intelligence must be religiously as well as intellectual. Instruction in the Word of God must go hand in hand with instruction in temporal knowledge. Knowledge without godliness is powerless to uplift a people. History has given abundant proof of this maxim.

### The Basis of National Prosperity

THE law of God is still the law of prosperity. What God proclaimed through his prophets many centuries ago is still valid and binding and eternally true for our day. "And the spirit of God came upon Azariah—and he went out to meet Asa and said unto him, Hear ye me, Asa and all Judah and Benjamin; Jehovah is with you, while ye are with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you."

The divine principle is this, the world, that is, mankind which has turned away from God, the order of things characterized by disregard of him, shall pass away and the lust thereof. It bears within itself the unfailing seeds of dissolution. But he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. This is not only applicable to the individual but to the life of a nation. Christianity is not merely a private affair, it is also a public and national matter. Goodness must not only be a solitary virtue but also a social responsibility. Goodness must not be merely keeping out of things; it must be getting into things. Righteousness exalts a nation while sin is a reproach to any people. Sin with its awful offspring is the one adversary. To make a real place for Christianity in our national life is the best political wisdom and the truest patriotism.

### Progress With God

AMERICA can only make true progress with God. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." We may rise higher in technical and industrial achievements, our machinery of government may be ever so efficient, but if the spirit of sincere and straightforward piety be lacking, we will go backward, we will lose out. We must travel out of reliance on mechanism and organization into reliance on character as the secret of progress.

The natural well-springs of a people, even the most gifted, will finally dry up, if not replenished from the living fountain of the Most High. Without

God, even the highest and best of our hands and brains is only an imperfect and incomplete work. With God, everything receives permanency and enduring value.

The growing disregard for the Sabbath must be stemmed. The lessened deference for sacred things must make way for a deeper reverence for God's holy and righteous law. We must not only emphasize: "Abhor that which is evil," but also: "Cleave to that which is good." We must foster revival influences which will reveal the glory of God and exalt Christ not only as the hope of our land but of the whole world.

### "Finding the Golden Key"

WE are glad to present a special eight-page story supplement to our readers with this number of the "Herald."

The story, complete in one number, bears the fascinating title of "Finding the Golden Key" and the author is our own versatile General Missionary Secretary, Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D. D.

We had not hitherto suspected story writing to be one of his many gifts, but while musing on the great cause of a spiritual revival in our churches, the fire kindled, the slumbering gift was awakened and has recently burst forth in several interesting stories. The theme and treatment of the "Finding of the Golden Key" is both happy and deeply serious and we are sure that many of our "Herald" family, in reading the story, will find themselves in full accord and sympathetic touch with the central idea of the writer.

If you have not yet found the "Golden Key," may the story help you to start on the quest and point the way to make the great find!

### His Tribute

My country, thou art mine,  
Though from another clime  
To thee I've come;  
Land of the luring gleam,  
Land of my father's dream!  
Now on their offspring beam  
Bright Freedom's sun!

My chosen country, thee,  
Refuge of nations, free,  
Thy name I praise;  
I love thy freer air,  
Thy hills and valleys fair;  
What can with thee compare?  
Thy flag I'll raise!

Let paeans fill the skies,  
Chorus of Nations rise,  
From o'er the sea;  
Let tongues of every clime  
Join in the song sublime,  
While I respond with mine—  
In praise of thee!

—By a Foreigner in America, in Men of New York.

## The Meaning of Patriotism

DAVID T. BURRELL, D. D.

TO be a patriot means more than to duff one's hat when the Star-Spangled Banner is in the air, or to sound the praise of the land of the free. It involves four patriotic duties, to wit:

### To Make the Most and Best of Oneself

If thou wouldst be a good citizen, to thine own self be true. Not long ago the newspapers made mention of a young man who had been honored by our civil authorities for saving the life of a drowning woman. Let us have the whole story:

His mother was a Christian woman who had been left a widow with two sons. One of them, a crippled boy, shared his mother's religion, and with Christian fidelity wove baskets to support her. The other spent his days with boon companions at the wharves; and one day, on hearing a woman's cry for help, he plunged in and saved her. Which of these twain, think you, was the real hero—the son with the medal, or the crippled wage-earner in that humble home?

### To Stand for the Underlying Principles of Our Country

What are they? All of them practically center in the sanctity of the law. Our only king is King People; and the only expression of King People's voice is law.

The man who reserves the right to disobey any law whatever, because it does not please him, is a destructive anarchist. The only liberty we know is under law. So-called "individual freedom" is merged in social freedom, with all its social compensations. No man in America is free to do what he pleases, unless to do that which is consistent with the expressed will of the people and the rights of other men. Whether it be the Sunday law, the Volstead law, the Income Tax law, or any other, no man can be a good citizen and disregard it.

### There Are Cosmopolitan Duties Which Devolve Upon Us as Americans:

and the soldiers who went abroad in our behalf should be the first to recognize them. They have helped to bring the ends of the world together. "The League of Nations" is neither dead, nor postponed "sine die." Its blunders provoked a period of suspended animation, or "innocuous desuetude," but its great purpose lies in the direction of manifest destiny. The supreme mistake of the conference was forecast by President Lincoln in a proclamation issued during the darkest days of our Civil War. "We have grown," he wrote, "in numbers, wealth, and power as no nation has ever grown, and we have forgotten God! We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied, and enriched, and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by

some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace; too proud to pray to God who made us."

This brings us to the fourth and most important of our post-war duties, which is

### To be Mindful of God

We speak of our land as "God's country," and so it is. He sent men, under the banner of the Cross, to discover it. He moved its builders to lay its foundations deep in truth and righteousness. He has given us a name far and near as a Christian nation.

Thus do we stand committed by all that is sacred in law and logic, in the philosophy of history, and the hope of future prosperity, to the gospel of the grace of God.

In front of the Federal Building in New York City stands the bronze figure of Washington. The world has moved since his time, but it has not moved an inch from the vital and eternal principles which shaped his personal and public life. To the passing throng he still preaches in the memorable words of his farewell address:

"It is my earnest prayer to God that he would be most graciously pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the divine Author of our religion; without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation."

### Our Flag

FRANCES CROSBY HAMLET

Only a bit of color  
Waving upon the street?  
Only a wind-whipped pennant  
Where the band plays shrill and sweet?

Yet the soldier's heart-beats faster,  
And proud is the sailor's eye,  
And the citizen's step is quickened  
When Old Glory passes by.

Its every star is a symbol,  
Its every stripe is a sign,  
Of brave deeds given to making  
Your country, lad, and mine.

Only a bit of color,  
Did I hear a body say?  
True be the hearts that greet it  
Wherever it waves today!

Back of that "bit of color"  
Lies a nation's history,  
And ahead of our splendid banner—  
Who knows what there yet may be?



Seventh Annual Jugendbund Conference of Chicago and Vicinity, Cedar Lake, Ind., May 28, 29, 30, 1927

### Seventh Annual Conference of the Chicago Jugendbund

The seventh annual conference of the Chicago Jugendbund was held at Cedar Lake, Ind., during May 28, 29 and 30 and was thought by all to have been a bigger and better conference than any which preceded it. Large representations came not only from the Chicago churches, but from those of St. Joe, Benton Harbor, Kankakee, Trenton and Peoria as well.

We were indeed fortunate in having as our speakers and teachers Rev. Harms, Rev. Mihm, Rev. Whitesell and Mr. Lindstrom. Our song leader, Mr. Wieand, was soon known as "Uncle Charlie." The meetings were all made very interesting and instructive by the splendid talks, the special music numbers and the selections rendered by the choir, which was organized at Cedar Lake through the efforts of "Uncle Charlie." The final meeting of the conference, at which several young people made a gift of themselves to Christ, was very impressive and will long be remembered by the young people.

In spite of some rainy weather we enjoyed a Beach-Bonfire on Saturday evening and indulged in such recreation as hiking and boat-riding. A few even dared to go swimming, but most of us considered the weather a little too cold for that.

The young people are certainly grateful to the speakers, to the song-leader, to their president, Mr. Walter Grosser, and to all the committees, who made such a helpful and enjoyable conference possible. It is their desire to make use of the teachings and the spirit of good fellowship which existed at the conference throughout the coming year.

ELIZABETH L. WOLFF, Sec.

### Jugendbund of New York and Vicinity

The regular devotional meeting of the Jugendbund was held at the Pilgrim Church, Jersey City, Rev. V. Prendinger, pastor, on Thursday, June 2, 1927.

The meeting opened with a song service. Following the song service, Miss Dorothy Zirbes of the Second Church, Brooklyn, and vice-president of our

Union, read the Scripture, Genesis 4:2-13 and John 1:43-49. Bro. Kling, vice-president of the local society, welcomed the Union in behalf of the society. Bro. Traver, president of the Union, responded. We were then favored with a selection by the choir of the local church.

Bro. F. J. Maeder, Jr., reported for the Trustees that our cottage would open this summer under the supervision of our esteemed matron, Mrs. Rosenberger, whom we all learned to love in the three years we have had her and Mr. Rosenberger's Christian influence at the cottage. We welcome all of the young people to Bradley this year. The ministers of the Atlantic Conference will hold their institute again in our cottage this year and we wish them all the richest blessings of God during their conference.

Our excursion will take place Saturday, June 25, to Indian Point, where games and good fellowship will be enjoyed by all.

Our election night concert committee has already started things moving in order to give us a very fine program.

Bro. Hensel, General Secretary of the Union, outlined his plan for the fall and winter and invited all of the officers of the various societies of the Jugendbund to meet at the Second Church, New York City, on Monday, June 20, to discuss the visitation work of the Union.

Following the business, one of the members of the Pilgrim Church favored us with a selection while the offering of the evening was being taken.

The roll call showed that 11 of our 16 churches were represented by over 150 members, some of whom responded with songs. After singing another song, we were all keyed up for the message of the evening. Dr. S. W. Graffin, Religious Work Director of the West Side Y. M. C. A., was the speaker. Dr. Graffin's subject was "Respectable Religion." The writer made note of some of the thoughts brought out in the address given by Dr. Graffin. The thought was taken from Genesis 4: The story of Cain and Abel. Cain's religion was not respectable for three reasons. Cain was sinful, selfish and surly and a religion with these three things cannot be a respectable religion. In order to have respectable re-

ligion, one must have a clean heart, be unselfish and have a sunny disposition: What kind of religion is yours?

Following the address the choir of the church rendered another selection. Our old Jugendbund favorite, "That will be glory for me," was sung by the Bund and Rev. John Schmidt, pastor of the First Church, Union City, N. J., closed the meeting with the benediction.

We are looking forward to seeing all of our members at the excursion June 25 or at Bradley Beach Cottage.

E. EARL TRAVER.

### Farewell Reception at Wausau

On June 1st, a group of friends and church members met at the Immanuel Baptist Church, Wausau, Wis., for a farewell gathering, honoring our beloved pastor, Bro. Meyer, and family, who were leaving on the following day for their new field of labor in the Pound, Wis., church, where he had been called several months previous.

A short program was arranged for, Sunday school Supt. Frank Beneditz presiding, consisting of scripture reading and prayer by the senior deacon, Christ Schultz, and several talks by various members, expressing regret at Bro. Meyer's departure and appreciation for his faithful and loving service during the last four years. The members feel they are losing a personal friend as well as a good pastor, and it is with great reluctance they bid him adieu. They wish him joy and success on his chosen field of labor and hope and pray that many souls may be won for the Kingdom through Bro. Meyer's ministry at mental music Bro. F. Beneditz presented taining a sum of money, for which our pastor thanked us heartily. In his closing remarks Bro. Meyer urged us to pray for and support our newly called pastor, Bro. Fred Erion, who is to begin his work with us the first Sunday in July. After a closing prayer by Bro. Meyer, we adjourned to the basement of the church for refreshments and a social hour.

MRS. ELIZABETH MAAS.

### Program of the Fifth Annual Young People's Assembly German Baptist Young People's Societies of Minnesota Mound, Lake Minnetonka, July 12-17, 1927

#### Daily Program

Tuesday, 8 P. M.: Opening Service, Rev. A. P. Mihm.

Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.: Rev. A. Bretschneider.

Thursday, 7.45 P. M.: Prof. Lewis Kaiser.

Friday, 6.30 P. M.: Annual Banquet and Business Meeting of the Assembly. Election of Officers. Mr. H. P. Donner.

Sunday, 10.30 A. M.: Rev. A. Bretschneider.

Sunday, 3 P. M.: Closing Service. Rev. A. P. Mihm, Prof. Lewis Kaiser.

Recreational Leader, Harold Stassen.

#### The Courses

There are five courses. All are under competent instructors. Each student is required to take three courses. The student will be expected to take notes and the notes will form a basis of grades at the end of the week. Failure to attend classes will be excused only in case of sickness.

You will be required to select the courses you desire to take and cannot change these courses from day to day.

Prizes will be awarded for best set of notes handed in by students.

The Baptist Assembly Grounds at Mound, Lake Minnetonka, offer a wonderful opportunity to spend a vacation. In conjunction with your vacation it will give you an educational opportunity.

Boating, fishing, bathing and other sports under recreational leaders will give you the needed change.

Good food to eat and good sleeping quarters.

Breakfast in Dining Hall each morning at 8.00 A. M.

8.30 to 8.45 A. M.: Devotional service in Dining Hall in charge of young people.

9.00 to 9.40: First Period. Bible Study, The Life of Jesus, H. P. Donner.

9.45 to 10.30: Second Period. Baptist Principles, Prof. L. Kaiser.

10.30 to 11.00: Recess Period.

11.00 to 11.40: Third Period. a. Four Old Testament Prophets, A. P. Mihm. b. Teaching the Youth of the Church, A. Bretschneider.

11.45 to 12.30: Fourth Period. Missions, Miss Frida Appel, Miss Frida Peter.

1.00 P. M.: Dinner.

Each afternoon will be devoted to recreation.

6.00 P. M.: Supper.

#### Expense

Registration .....	\$1.00
Meals per day .....	1.00
Lodging per person without linen..	.50
Lodging per person with linen.....	.75

### Program for the Wisconsin "Jugendbund" Meeting with the Baptist Church of Kossuth, Wis. July 19-22, 1927

The opening: Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Roll call and a message from our president: The goal before us.

Program for the Sessions on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

9.00-9.30 A. M.: Worship, having as its leading theme the general subject: "The Moving Powers in the Kingdom of God," under the following topics:

Wednesday: Jesus Christ. Leader: Rev. L. B. Holzer.

Thursday: The Holy Spirit. Leader: Rev. H. F. Schade.

Friday: Our Prayers. Leader: Rev. O. R. Hauser.

9.30-10.15 A. M.: Study period. General theme: Studies in New Testament history, under the leadership of Prof. A. J. Ramaker, D. D.

Wednesday: The problems which Jesus Christ had to meet, viz.:

a. False conception of the Messiah.

b. Legalism and formalism in the religion of the Jewish people.

c. Spiritual darkness in the religion of the Greeks and Romans.

d. The men Jesus had to carry on his work.

Thursday: The missionary enthusiasm of the apostolic churches.

a. Then Pentecostal experience and the new message.

b. Jerusalem and Antioch—typical divergent centers.

c. Some great missionaries and their triumphs.

Friday: The social and spiritual emphasis in the life of the apostolic churches.

a. The communism of the early Jerusalem church.

b. The new brotherhood and its beneficial fruits.

c. Spiritual gifts and church organization.

10.15-10.30 A. M.: Recess.

10.30-11.15 A. M.: Study period. General Theme: "Music in Worship," under the leadership of Prof. H. von Berge.

Wednesday: Congregational singing—its place in worship.

Thursday: Congregational singing—its place in church work.

Friday: The ministry of the church choir.

11.15-12.00 A. M.: Study and discussion period. General theme: "Debatable Grounds and Great Sureties in the Social Aspect of Our Religious Life," under the leadership of Rev. A. Bretschneider.

Wednesday: Questionable amusements.

Thursday: The use and abuse of Sunday.

Friday: Great ideals in Christian character and realization.

12.30 P. M.: Dinner.

Wednesday and Friday afternoon: Recreation, under the leadership of Mr. Helmuth Wengel.

Thursday afternoon: Business meeting.

The evening meetings will begin at 8 o'clock.

Wednesday: An address by Rev. Emil Mueller.

Thursday: A program by the united societies.

Friday: A testimony meeting under the leadership of Rev. F. W. Erion.

The Y. P. Society of the church of Kossuth invite most cordially our young people and their friends to our "Jugendbund" meetings the above given date. Come! The program is promising and we want your company. Please file all reservations for lodging at the earliest possible date with our pastor, Rev. H. Palfenier, R. 7, Manitowoc, Wis. We cannot guarantee applications for entertainment made after July 15.

LEONA RUTZ, Sec. of Y. P. Soc.

### Dakota Central Association

That part of North Dakota which lies south of the N. P. railroad and the northern part of South Dakota comprise what is known as the "Dakota Central-Vereinigung." Whenever the Vereinigung convenes anywhere near the central part of this territory it is customary for so many to attend that the entertaining of this Vereinigung has grown to be quite a problem. This time we met with our church at Hebron, one of our most westerly churches and just a little too far for the churches on the east end of our territory, where the most of our churches are located, yet we had a fine attendance and a very good Vereinigung. We were welcomed by the mayor of the little city and by the pastor of the church, but what was more, the people there made us feel that what the mayor and pastor said, was what they wanted them to say and they said their "Amen" by entertaining us loyally. We felt and still feel grateful to them for so good care of us. On Sunday noon the climax of our entertainer's work was reached when about 800 sat down to the dinner tables and did ample justice to the good meal.

The papers that were read and the sermons and lectures delivered were all of a very beneficial nature as Christ was exalted and a deeper spiritual life advocated. We all left Hebron with the assurance that Jesus was in our midst and we have reasons to believe that lasting blessings are a result.

On account of the crop failure of last year, we were compelled to cease draining our treasury so heavily as only \$1600 surplus was reported by our treasurer and the offering of this meeting amounted to only \$654.42. But we feel that we must continue our missionary work and Bro. C. A. Gruhn was called to this work for the coming year. We are hoping for a crop this year and then the money question will be of a minor nature.

During the past year a number of our churches were privileged to have baptizings and a goodly number came into the church in this way. In other churches, souls are waiting to be baptized. May God add many to those who are to be saved!

W. H. BUENNING.

# The Glass Window

A Story of the Quare Women

By LUCY FURMAN

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

Meantime Susanna's letters to Robert had continued through November.

November 15

Work has really begun in earnest now—the tree-chopping, I mean. On several mountainsides the giants are falling. My job is to get the men together and started at the work, and a fearful job it is, too. I was speaking of it to Uncle Tutt yesterday, when I stopped to see about the rock he is blasting out. "The men won't come when they say they will," I said. "They seem to think one day will do just as well as another."

"Well, hit would," he remarked casually, "if they'd all jest settle on hit. Theres' the deeficulty in this country—getting men mustered. They have allus been jest for theirselves, and hain't no-way minded to pull together."

Every day now, behold your Susanna dashing about on Roberta from ridge to ridge, hollow to hollow, rounding up men, axes, crosscut saws.

Yesterday in my search for labor, I went into a home where several nags were hitched to a fence, and found that the mother, an elderly woman, was very low with "pneumony-fever." The room was stuffed with people, sitting on beds and chairs; there was a hot fire and not a breath of air. They said Seliny had been "bad off" for four days.

"Have you had a doctor?"  
"She was tuck so bad at the start hit wa'n't no use," replied her son. "A body's got to go when their time comes." This seemed to be generally agreed to.

"Let me send up the doctor from The Forks," I said. "I'm just starting back."  
"If you're a mind to. But 'tain't no use."

I rode back and sent Dr. Benoni up. He told me afterwards it was too late, though he did make some of the crowd go out and give the poor, dying creature a little air to breathe. She died, however, in the night.

November 22

"I don't intend to bore you to death with my difficulties, but I'll give just a sample of one day. Up at four-thirty; breakfast with Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Minta at five, as I can't wait for the women's breakfast; off on Roberta to a branch five miles distant, where a man had promised to begin chopping that morning, with five of his clan to assist—all arrangements for pay and everything having been fully agreed on the day before, and every man having solemnly promised to be there at seven. I ride up the hollow to the home of the man, Lysander Doan, hoping that he has started on ahead up the ridge, with all his crowd. Find him sitting in the yard, filing the teeth of a crosscut saw. Nobody else in sight.

"Well," I say, "where are the others?"  
"None of 'em hain't come yet."

"What is it you're doing?"

"When I tuck down this-here old crosscut, atter breakfast, from her pegs, I found her teeth was so all-fired dull I'd have to sharpen 'em up a leetle."

"How long will it take?"

"Oh, two-three hours, maybe."

"But why couldn't you have sharpened it yesterday and have had it ready for this morning?"

"Well, now, I could, if I'd a-jest tuck thought. I'd a-knowed she had a bound to be dull."

"Do you know anything about Henry and 'Lonzo?" I ask, Henry being his son-in-law.

"I allow Henry's maybe a-making that new axe-handle he's been seasoning the timber for nigh a year gone."

"I'll ride down and see," I said. On arrival, I found Henry making the axe-handle,—a very slow and particular job, as you know,—and his brother 'Lonzo sharpening a double-bitted axe at a grindstone. Henry said he would likely have the handle finished "afore dinner time," and would then come "up along." I went then to see the other two kinsmen who were to help. One had not come in from squirrel-hunting; "I allow Sam won't be minded to start to work till he gets him a bait of that squirrel, neither," said his wife; and the other had gone off to hunt some strayed hogs. I heard later that the fifth helper had ridden over to a distant creek to look at a mule.

I went back to Lysander's and camped down. He completed the saw-teeth at ten; we had dinner at ten-thirty.—I was ready to do full justice to the fried potatoes, fat meat, and shucky beans,—and then, Henry and 'Lonzo having joined us, climbed the hill to the timber. Soon afterward Sam arrived. Nobody else came, and the work was begun at eleven instead of seven. After they finally got started, I rode over to another place, two miles distant, where a gang of men were supposed to be working. Two out of the five engaged were on hand. I really believe the better way would be not to engage anybody beforehand, but just to start out when the morning comes and "muster 'em up," as Uncle Tutt expresses it, taking them by surprise.

Yesterday I saw a man in a hollow, burning up black walnut logs, to get rid of them from some land he had cleared the year before. I begged him to give them to me instead, promising to give them hauled out of his way at once. In our manual training shop the boys are already making furniture for the big settlement house, chiefly of walnut,—plain mission style,—and these half-dozen logs will help along a lot.

Uncle Tutt told me today about what the coming of the women has meant to him. "I heard there was a passel of fofched-on women, living in cloth houses, that folloed retching out books. I had

learned to read in a hospital after I fit the Rebels, and in my ramblings had read several books; but atter I come back home I nigh forgot there was sech things, them being so skase in this country. I went down to see the quare women straightway, and got me a book, and sot up all night a-reading hit, hit was so long sence I had seed one. And from that time I tuck me a new start. I axed 'em for a history book about the land my forefathers had come from—Old England. Hit told some about a fair land called France, which England was most gen'rally warring with. So next time I axed for a book about France. Then in hit I heard about countries named Rome and Greece and Egypt, and the histories of them tuck me plumb back to Bible times, which I already knowed. So I feel like now I have got right smart knowl-edge of this old world, and I ought by rights get out and tell folks the news whenever I'm able; which I do, till now I am named the most knowinest man in history on Troublesome."

November 24

Your letter with its wonderful news just came, dearest Robert, and I hasten to send my congratulations and felicitations. All those dreadful debts at last paid! the dear old home which you had put up as collateral redeemed, and yours again—soon to be *ours!* Oh, it seems just too good to be true! Glorious to know that your long struggle is over, and that now, with your ability proven and recognized, all henceforth will be plain sailing! Of course I'm as happy over it as you are, and look forward as joyfully to our wedding in the near future,—you remember I was the one who was in a hurry to be married when we were first engaged, that I fairly begged and pleaded with you to marry me then; but you, foolish boy, would n't hear to it, for the absurd reason that I had money and you had none. Yes, you simply scorned my young affections, and coldly commanded me to wait—oh, what an endless time it seemed then!—till you could make a name for yourself and a proper living for me!

I don't think, however, that the happy day can be so soon as January, for the reason that I am to be tied here until this logging business is over, which I fear will not be before sometime in February. All must be cut by the end of January, when the sap begins to rise, and after that come the floating and the hauling, and I feel I must get the logs on the school bottom before I go. Of course you won't mind a short delay of a month or two when you stop to consider that I have waited for you for two long years. Turn about's fair play, is n't it?

No, I can't see my way clear, either, dear, to stay more than a few days when I come home Christmas. If I had n't promised to be maid of honor to Violet, I could n't consider coming at all. But that will give me a glimpse at least of you, and make me realize I am still in the world, and that you must n't cast too many glances at the pretty debts who are sure to be dogging your footsteps in my absence!

December 1

Every day now, were you here, you would see me riding frantically from ridge to ridge, lugging maybe a cant hook, a log chain, or a crosscut saw, and sometimes, though I know you won't believe it, actually driving an ox-team; for we are not only chopping and sawing the logs, but also snaking them down the mountainside to suitable places along the creeks, from which they can be floated or hauled. These labors I myself do to save the time of some man. I am learning the highly technical oxen-language—can say "Gee, Buck," "Cum-weh, Brandy," "Now wa-chat-tum," "Oo-cum-wes-woo-OO," as well as any of them. I may come to snaking logs before I'm through! Certainly it looks fascinating, though dangerous.

And of all uncertain things on earth ox-teams appear to be the most so. Yesterday, when I reached the top of a ridge where a number of men had been chopping the day before, expecting to find a man who had sworn to be on hand with two ox-teams, no man or ox-team was there. I went back down the branch about a mile to his home. He had one of his steers penned up inside a big frame that looked very much like the looms of this country, shoeing it, and said he had the other three to shoe before he could come up, all four being barefooted.

"But did n't you know that yesterday?"

"Well, I might have, but I never thought of hit till I driv 'em down this morning."

One of the choppers disappointed me because he "allowed" he'd better finish sledding his corn off the hill; and still another showed up the middle of the afternoon, saying he had had to ride "plumb over on Clinch" to get him a log chain.

When I stopped by toward night to tell Uncle Tutt of my woes, he remarked, "Well, Susanny, you got to take human natur' as hit comes; hit's mighty fail-able stuff at best, and at wust hit's devilish. Eve done a bad turn to the race when she et that-air apple and tainted us all with original sin, and the Almighty done a wusser when he resked that-air forbidden tree in the same gyarden with her. I hain't no great judgment myself, but I'd a-knowed better'n that. Hit was a mighty misfortunate thing all round, and I allus feel could a-been done better."

"But you," he continued, "hain't got no call to be tore up in your mind; things is moving along fine—a sight better than I ever allowed they would. You keep 'em stirred up and going better'n anybody I ever seed. I have to take my hat off to you for a master musterer!"

VII

## CHRISTMAS ON THE BEE TREE

December came in with almost a week of bad rainy weather, which compelled Uncle Lot to stay close in the house.

When having finished his feeding and wood-chopping for the day, he took his seat by the fire, Bible in hand, Aunt Ail-

sie stopped long enough in her spinning to hand him his spectacles which she had been wearing, and then made apparently patient efforts to resume it without the glasses. But the yarn began snapping and flying.

"Pears like hit hain't much use," she sighed; "a body can't do right spinning without they can foller the yarn, and my pore old eyes seems like has done their do. I allow I might as well take this here wool up Bee Tree for Cyarline to spin, or somebody else that's got either daylight or good seeing. And maybe to weave, too, for my weaving now would n't nowadays be the pretty weaving hit was, and them women allowed they wanted the best. I hate to give hit up, though, having sot my mind on yearning all that money myself. If there was jest some way for me to get good light to see by, my eyes might hold out to make a many a kiver yet."

"You hain't got all the light you might have," said Uncle Lot. "Lemme fix hit brighter." He poked the fire vigorously with the long, home-made poker, threw several chunks in front of the backlog and selecting a longer and fatter pine stick from the basket, stuck it into the jamb.

"Now try if you hain't got sufficient light," he commanded.

She started in again at the spinning; but the yarn continued to snap and fly viciously, and at last she sighed: "Pears like hit hain't no great of help—fire-light and fat-pine both being so flickery. Stiddy light is what is called for when eyes goes to dimming. Don't you mind, paw; I'll go back to the cyarpet rags. I never did set store by wealth, nohow—a body can't sarve both God and Mammon."

She picked up her wheel and set it back in its corner, and taking up the basket of wool, started toward the loft steps.

"How much was it them women agreed to give you?"

"Ten dollars a kiver, and after I onced had the yarn spun and dyed I could easily weave two kivers a week."

"And how much more spinning you got to do?"

"I could finish maybe in two weeks if I had sight and light."

Uncle Lot, to whose elect soul ten dollars loomed as large as to that of any foredoomed sinner, slowly removed his square spectacles and held them toward her.

"Here's my specs," he said. "I allow I can make out to scrouge along without 'em whilst you do the spinning."

She shook her head vehemently. "No, paw, I would n't see ary grain of peace if I was to part you from Job and tother ole fellers you set sech store by; hit would be wicked and godless in me; any money I yearned that way would n't never do me no good."

She climbed the lower treads of the ladder-like steps.

Uncle Lot rose this time and came toward her rather hastily, the spectacles outstretched in his hand. "Take 'em," he said, "hit's my will. I got corn to shell, and more odd jobs."

"Well, paw," reluctantly, "the man

being the head of the woman, hit's my bounden duty to obey you; but ricollect, hit's again' my judgment."

Meekly she put on the spectacles, drew out the wheel again, and set it whirring.

Uncle Lot went out in the rain to the barn, shucked his corn and shelled it, and returned to the house with the question, "Hain't it nigh about time to put dinner on?"

"Gee-oh, paw, hit's two good hours yet!"

He sat down by the fire and watched the small hand of the clock, which apparently consumed an age in passing from minute mark to minute mark. After eons of time had passed in this way, he rose desperately, and went out again to the barn. But not a thing could he see there to do. Tom mule and Darb, Old Pied and Blossom, all regarded him with surprise, as if he were an alien and an intruder.

Returning to the house, he sat and fidgeted painfully for another endless period of time, with Job, Solomon, and Jeremiah in full sight on the fireboard, but as unattainable as if in another world.

When Aunt Ailsie at last arose to put dinner on, he plunged instantly into the delights of Lamentations; and while she washed the dishes after dinner he snatched a greedy tidbit of Job. Then the long afternoon, the sea without a sail, stretched before him. It was too wet for him to ride into the village; the clock ticked more slowly than ever. After nearly three hours of agony, he went up the branch to Link's only a half mile distant.

"Pore creetur," said Aunt Ailsie, after he was gone, "he's pyorely punishing. I feel for him, too, but hit's his own will; he would make me wear these here specs! Well, I'm proud he's gone to Link's; he'll see how good that-air glass window of Rutheny's lets in the light."

Day after day rain followed. For almost a week Uncle Lot was a prisoner, without a prisoner's solace. Every morning Aunt Ailsie insisted on giving him the specs; every morning he stubbornly refused to take them. His sufferings were evidently intense, as frequent sighs and groans testified. He began to look so peaked and forlorn that Aunt Ailsie now and then took pity on his desperate condition and threw a sop to Cerberus.

"That-air reel of mine," she would say, when things appeared to have reached a breaking-point, "has wanted a new piece for allus. Do you feel to make one for hit, paw? I got to use it soon as I'm through spinning." Or: "I hain't got nigh enough quills to spool all this yarn on; would hit be axing too much of you to make me some new ones?" Or again: "This here old slay is all snaggle-toothed—how about putting new reeds in hit, paw? The weaving hain't fur off now." These soporific labors and the snatches of reading he got at noon and night took some of the edge off his desperation.

"I'd have you know," he said, on handing over the specs the last afternoon of

rain, "that these-here specs is a burnt offering on the brazen altar of sacrifice."

"I know hit, paw; hit's terrible hard on you, and I feel for you, I do, setting there the livelong day denying yourself this way. Hit's too hard; you ought n't to treat yourself that way."

"Hit's hard, too," he agreed crossly; "but dollars don't grow up in the sticks; and that-air spinning can't last everly."

"No indeed, paw. And one marcful thing—you got sech a lavish of Scripeter shet up in your mind, you can allus call hit up and meditate on hit even if you can't read. I'm proud I got me a man with so much larning. I never seed anybody, not even a preacher, knowed Scripeter like you."

"Hit's a fact," admitted Uncle Lot, modestly; "but sometimes, even if a body knows a thing, they hain't able to call hit up."

"Not when they get older," sighed Aunt Ailsie. "Law, law, old age is a-creeeping fast on me and you both. God send your mind hain't a-getting failable like my eyes!"

"I may not be as young as I oncet was," he replied, tartly, "but I'll have you know my headpiece is able as ever!"

A week of fair weather followed, during which Uncle Lot was hard at work in the timber, and Aunt Ailsie made good progress with the spinning. At last the yarn was all spun and spooled and she rode in to The Forks on a Saturday to buy indigo and madder for the dyeing. While she was trading for these in Madison Lee's store, a wagon, followed by a noisy train of children, passed along the street.

"What air the young uns follering Adam's wagon that way for?" she asked Madison.

"He's fetching in the women's Christmas things—candy and such. They aim to have a Christmas tree at the school."

Quickly as she could get there, Aunt Ailsie was at the women's cottage. Almost every child in town was already hanging over the palings, while Uncle Adam unloaded the wagon, handing out bucket after bucket labeled CANDY, and various mysterious boxes.

"What is a Christmas tree, women?" she asked Amy and Virginia, after they had all come into the house again. "I heard talk of hit downtown."

They told her it was a tree hung with pretties and presents for the children at Christmas time.

"Never heard tell of one in life, or presents for Christmas either, till you women sont in that-air box last year, with things for the young uns, and the fine lace collar and necktie for me and Lot. When do you aim to have your tree—New Christmas or Old Christmas?"

It was the women's turn to look puzzled.

"New Christmas," explained Aunt Ailsie, "comes first, along in December, and is the time when young folks frolics, and everybody drinks and cheers themselves. Old Christmas comes the sixth of January, and is *rael* Christmas, and a solemn season; and payrents don't put

up with no antic ways from the young then."

"We never heard of any but New Christmas," replied the women.

"That hain't right Christmas, and never was; and the way I know it, the night afore Old Christmas, at midnight, all the cattle gets down on their knees and lows and prays, and the elders puts out a head of blossom. Creeturs they knew better than humans when Jesus was bornded; and I have heard 'em at their lowing and praying, and have scratched the snow off'n the elders and seed the green shoots next morning. All the old folks will tell you the same."

The women then remembered their English history—how, when the calendar was changed eleven days in the middle of the eighteenth century, the contrary people of England, and many of the colonists also, refused to accept the new, earlier date for Christmas, but kept their festival on the sixth day of January.

(To be continued)

### The King's Daughters of Anaheim

The King's Daughters Class of Bethel Baptist Church of Anaheim, Cal., gave the cantata "The wise and foolish Virgins." It attracted a capacity house, eager to witness their beautiful presentation. This cantata was an original one, coming direct from Koblenz, Germany.

The various roles were convincingly portrayed by members of the class—all members of the class are young matrons. Roles were carried out by Erna Urbigkeit, Hulda Stark, Adlena Marschall, Minnie Redlich, Olga Pieper, Minnie Strandt, Emma Paulus, Millie Remland, Olga Brackman, Gertrude Boettcher, Emilie Bressel, with Daniel Wedel, Superintendent of the Sunday school, as the male lead.

The setting was beautiful in the outdoor effect carried out in decorations and beautiful lighting of blue lights being effective.

In addition to the cantata the program included two class songs, readings from Lillie Kummerfelt and Emma Trapp and two trio selections by Mrs. Dan Wedel, Hulda Meyer and Lydia Remland.

Short addresses were given by Rev. O. R. Schroeder, pastor of the church, also by Mr. Dan Wedel, Supt. of the Sunday school, and class teacher, Mrs. Dan Wedel.

Erna Urbigkeit as class president welcomed the guests.

The program was arranged as a benefit for the new church. The collection amounted to \$100.

Adlena Marschall, as recording secretary-treasurer, also submitted an encouraging report on the past year's work, and the evening closed with a most promising outlook for the future.

At a short business session of the class new officers were named: Adlena Marschall, president; Millie Remland, vice-president; Olga Brackman, treasurer; Emma Paulus, secretary.

Our class organized two years ago, separating from the Philathea class, leaving the misses in that class and the young matrons in King's Daughters

class. We number 25 members and the Philathea about the same, so it can easily be seen the class needed a division. The class meets every Sunday in our beautiful new class room, and every month once in the home of some member hold a business and social meeting.

We were glad to be able to help in the last year, giving \$20 for the new piano; helping poor families at Christmas with money and grocery boxes and sewing machine, also sending hemmed and worked dish towels to our orphanage.

The first year Mrs. Max Leuschner was our teacher. She had taught Philathea class for years, but had to leave us and we were sorry to lose her. Now Mrs. Dan Wedel is our teacher and a blessing she brings to all.

Our class was privileged with having alive presidents. Millie Remland was our first president, Hulda Stark and Erna Urbigkeit the second year.

All being young mothers, we feel that though handicapped we were glad to be able to help. May it be said of every member in our class, "She did what she could!"

ADLENA MARSCHALL, Sec.

### Colfax, Wash., B. Y. P. U.

Year after year as we go on in this great work, we find ourselves nearer to that joy eternal. As each year passes we can look back and say that God has been patient, loving and kind. We thank God for guiding us along our way, protecting and caring for us and rejoicing with us in spirit and truth.

Our B. Y. P. U. holds a meeting every Sunday evening. The first Sunday in every month, the B. Y. P. U. has charge of the entire evening. A special program, such as Bible verse contests, musicals, question box and Bible plays, is planned for that evening. The remaining Sunday evenings are given over to devotional meetings. These meetings are led by the different members. Our B. Y. P. U. has about 60 members.

The well attended meetings add greatly to the interest in the B. Y. P. U., which also carries over into the church services.

May God bless our efforts!

J. KRUEGER.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Henry, can you define a hypocrite?"

Henry: "Yessum. It's a kid wot comes to school wid a smile on his face."

\* \* \*

Mr. Thickedd: "When I read about some of these wonderful inventions in electricity it makes me think a little."

Miss Smart: "Yes, isn't it remarkable what electricity will do?"—Epworth Herald.

\* \* \*

Life is a solemn reality, but that is no reason why we should look solemn all our lives.

\* \* \*

If we fail to do big things, one reason is that we give too much attention to petty things.



Group ready to be baptized, Siberian Mission Field

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

Our work in Far-Eastern Siberia, under the watchcare of Rev. J. J. Wiens, is making very satisfactory progress. Baptisms have been frequent. The accompanying photograph and the one on the front page of this number of the "Herald" show a baptismal service in the depth of winter. Our Siberian Baptists have a resolute faith. They conquer more difficult situations than the severe Siberian winter. On this occasion there were seven baptized. No one in this group seems at all afraid of following the Lord in baptism. Bro. Wiens is standing immediately beside the baptism, which had been hewn in the thick ice.

Our Siberian Baptists have arranged during the coming summer for twelve institutes or summer conferences for the purpose of developing the membership by giving them a better insight and understanding of the Scripture. Each Institute or Bible Conference is to continue during two days. It has meant much for the work in Siberia that Bro. Wiens could spend years in America. He has been applying many things in Siberia that he has learned in America.

On the field of Missionary I. F. Sablin the church is engaged in building two new chapels. In the past the church has always assembled in private dwellings, but these can no longer contain the congregation. It is most encouraging to see that non-members are assisting in the building of these chapels.

The Missionary Committee of our Far-Eastern Siberia work sometime ago appointed the first woman-missionary, E.

G. Ponomarova. The Lord has in a most marvelous manner blessed her efforts. During the last quarter she has conducted seventy-five women's meetings and made 158 visits. Because of the exceptional success that Miss Ponomarova has had, the Far-Eastern Siberian Missionary Committee has decided to appoint another woman-missionary. It was unthinkable under the old Czarist regime for any woman to have worked publicly as a missionary. Since the new order of things in Russia, woman has come to the front and has demanded the right to stand on the same plane with man.

In one of the cities of Far-Eastern Siberia, we have been working among the Koreans. Recently a former Presbyterian Korean preacher by the name of Kin has become convinced of the scripturalness of immersion on the confession of faith and he has joined our church. As he is a very talented and energetic preacher, the Far-Eastern Siberian Committee believes that his coming will bring a great blessing to the work among the Koreans.

### Farewell Reception to Riverview Pastor

On Thursday evening, May 26, the members and friends of the Riverview church of St. Paul met to bid farewell to our pastor and his wife, Bro. and Sister Wm. E. Schmitt. Our State Missionary, Bro. C. F. Stoeckmann, Bro. F. H. Heinemann, Bro. A. Baettig and Bro. W. J. Appel, pastors from the neighboring churches, kindly accepted our invitation and came to direct a few words of parting to our pastor and his wife.

As this was our regular prayer service night, a number of the members gathered in the prayer meeting room. Bro. Schmitt opened the prayer service as

usual. When after reading of the Scripture passage he announced another hymn, Bro. Henry Hirt, our Deacon, arose and announced that it was necessary to call a special meeting of the church for that night and said that after the singing of the hymn we would go into the auditorium. When we entered the room we found a goodly number of members and friends gathered there. It was not long before our pastor and his wife learned that the special meeting was called in their honor.

An interesting program took place in which readings, vocal and instrumental numbers were rendered. The message by the pastors from the other churches as well as those by the representatives of the various organizations of our own church showed us how Bro. and Sister Schmitt had endeared themselves to the hearts of not only the church, but to the churches of the Minnesota Association. Especially touching was the statement made by the president of our young people's society that of the nearly seventy members of the society the great majority was won to Christ and to the membership of the church through the effort and influence of Bro. Schmitt. The nine years and eight months of their faithful and loving service in our midst will remain in our memory for many years to come.

After the meeting was dismissed we gathered in the dining room of the church where the members of the Ladies Aid served us with light refreshments.

Our prayers and best wishes go with Bro. and Sister Schmitt as they enter upon their new field of labor. May the dear Lord be with them and bless their efforts in Newark as he has so wonderfully and mightily used them here in St. Paul!

THE REPORTER.

# Missions—Home and Worldwide

## The Crisis Time in China

Swatow, May 12, 1927.

Dear Brother Mihm:—

It has been a long time since I have written you something for publication in your good paper. This was not due to any disinclination on my part, but rather due to local circumstances. There are many factors at work in this terrific political upheaval and the more one understands the situation the less he is apt to commit himself to conclusions. It some times happens that before such a communication reaches America the "blue pencil" should be run over a good part of it.

However, we are drifting out of a situation that seemed almost desperate a few months ago. I mean the

### Overthrow of the Power of the Communists

in the Kokmintang. For those of our young friends who do not know what "Kokmintang" means, let me explain that Kok-min-tang translated means National-People's-Party. It is just that. No political party in 500 years of Chinese history has united the hearts of the common people as has the Kokmintang. In its outlook and program for national reconstruction it is infinitely more progressive and practical than any other political party in China. But the Kokmintang compromised itself in that it made friends with the Bolshevik Government at Moskow. The Communists came from Russia to China in good numbers and in addition to assisting the Kokmintang in establishing a first-class military school and to sow seeds of international discord in the Far East they did not miss their opportunity of establishing themselves in the Kokmintang as leaders.

In due time jealousy arose within the Kokmintang. It was a question whether the pure program of national reconstruction of China should continue the aim of the party or whether Communism, with all its class-hatred and social upheavals, should prevail.

### The Kokmintang Was Split

into the right and left wings. The radical left became more insistant and at many points planned to take over the functions of the Government of the Kokmintang. The inevitable conflict came on apace and during the first part of April the crisis was on. At Canton, Swatow, Foochow, Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow and many other centers there have been conflicts, sharp and decisive in most places, in favor of the ideals of Sun Yat Sen's national reconstruction rather than of communism. However, there are a few important centers which have decided to make one with the Moskow Bolsheviks. Hankow, Kiukiang, Wuhu, Changsha and a few other places are "Red" and anti-Christian. Thus the Kokmintang has split and is just that much weaker. It is now a mooted question whether its military power will be suf-

ficient to overcome the Northern armies, who, by the way, are void of any plans of national welfare. Most of their leaders are ex-bandits and their armies are feared wherever they come because of lawlessness of the common soldiers.

It remains to be seen just what the so-called "Christian" general Feng Yu Shiang of the Northwest will do this summer. He has been to Russia, but there seems to be some doubt as to his conversion to Bolshevism. True, the Communists have elected him as the Commander-in-Chief of all Kokmintang armies, thus dismissing the young but very efficient General Chiang Kai-Shek. However, a rumor has arrived to the effect that Feng refused the invitation of the Communists and prefers to make one with General Chiang Kai Shek. If this should prove to be true, then the Communists in China face defeat and disaster.

As was the case during the Boxer Revolt in 1900 foreign missionaries can be classed into two kinds, namely

### The "Scoots" and the "Anti-Scoots"

Some of us have been ordered by our Consuls to come to the coast for safety. It seems wise in cases where women and children are involved to obey such orders. For it is difficult to get away from mobs except a man is foot-free. But it is only fair to say that it is safer to live in the interior among the humble peasants, who know you personally and who appreciate your work, than to live in open ports, such as Canton, Swatow, Foochow and so forth. During the Boxer revolt we found it necessary to send wife and children to America, but I lived in quiet and peace at Kityang during all the turmoil up North and was able to plan for future expansion of the Kityang field. A crisis such as this affects men differently. Many feel that it is best to get out of the "whirlwind" for the time being and "scoot" for home. Others, on the other hand feel that to do so gives a bad example to the Chinese Christians. They stay at their posts; not because they like the "whirlwind," but because of the principle involved. We should not judge any man in a crisis such as this. Let every man act according to the faith that is in him. As far as I am concerned I am "anti-scoot" and hope to remain such to the end of my days.

In the midst of all this turmoil we were able to built a beautiful new church building worth \$20,000 through Chinese leadership without being molested. This undoubtedly was due to the fact that the Swatow officials, "red" and otherwise, knew the work of the Swatow Christian Institute and as this was to be a "Branch" of the Institute the work of erecting this church building was not hindered. We have continued and still continue our every night Gospel meeting. In the place of our former school work we now have a permanent "Ex-

hibit" of a number of models of educational and moral value. Every afternoon from 100 to 1000 people visit the Exhibit and everybody receives a tract on Salvation in Christ and many are urged personally to accept Christ as Savior.

### This is the Day of Christian Literature

It is the least unprejudiced method of putting across the message of Salvation in China today. A million copies of our one hundred "Good News" distribution tracts were published recently by the China Baptist Publication Society and distributed among our missionaries in all parts of China. During the past months we have enlarged these 100 distinct Gospel messages and have brought them up-to-date in the matter of style of writing and approach. These things change in China, but the good old truths of Salvation do not change. There is no other name "under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved."

### The "Wear and Tear"

of this China "whirlwind" upon the resources of one's health is a fact that must be suffered. A number of our missionaries have broken in health and have returned to America. The doctors have ordered Mrs. Speicher and me to the Philippine Islands for the next few months for health reasons. It seems there is a place on those Islands called Baguio, which is the Government's headquarters during the hot season. It is said to be 5000 feet above the sea-level and other good things are said of it. We have not had a vacation since 1924 and Sawtow has not been the most quiet place for nerves and repose. We had a bad dose of it, but in spite of all, it has been intensely interesting. Whenever a fellow gets "blue" I try to call up my memory of what China was 32 years ago. The criminal stupidity of the officials, the simplicity of the common people, the ignorance and superstition of the entire community, the deadness of the nation—all was pathetic beyond description! And now, the hot-headed students, the impatience of public opinion on international questions, the avalanche of modern problems that are shaking the very foundations of China's national, civic, economic, social, family life beggars description and leaves one spellbound.

Never has the gospel had greater power than it wrought in China during the past generation or two. What of it if men turn white of fright because of the great movements that are overturning everything in China. Is the gospel child's play? You talk about the power of dynamite and TNT, but I tell you these are insignificant in comparison to the Power of the Gospel when applied. What of it if here and there a missionary loses his life in China? What of it if millions of heathen rage and froth, crying out "We will not that this man shall reign over us!" Steady, friends, follow-

ers of the Christ. These things must be. Let us hold fast to the Word of God. Preach it in season, out of season. It is the only God-given message that will turn this upside world of ours on its true basis and foundation.

### Chinese Leadership

in the South China Mission is a fact in which all true lovers of foreign missions should take delight. It proves that our methods of 20 and 40 years ago were correct and that the principles of the New Testament can be applied without bringing on undesirable conditions. The foreign missionary staff can be reduced on the South China field by at least 50 percent. But we must continue to support Chinese young men and women in their efforts to get proper collegiate education, which will fit them for leadership. One thousand dollars spent for this item will be far more effective than \$5000 spent on sending out new missionaries, who do not know the custom of the people and do not speak their language. We have entered upon a new phase of foreign missionary work in China and radical changes are in order. Nevertheless, get this straight,—China needs the Gospel as bad as ever. Only one out of a thousand among the Chinese is a Christian. We must plan to reach the other 999 out of every thousand. The job is stupendous. From now on we must back the Chinese evangelist, preacher and teacher in a way we had never thought of before. Through these men and women China can and must be evangelized.

Sincerely yours,  
J. SPEICHER.

### Mother-Daughter Banquet at Fessenden

The Sunshine Class of the German Baptist Sunday school of Fessenden gave a Mother-Daughter Banquet May 13, 1927.

The following program was given between courses of the banquet: Tost Mistress, Mrs. C. Stabbert. Song: "Mother," all girls; Invocation, Mrs. Dippel; Welcome, President Lydia C. Krueger; Response, Mrs. H. Rappuhn; The Kind of Daughter we all love, Mrs. Engbrecht; Song: "Raise a Song for our Mothers' Banquet," all girls; Talk: "Mother in the Home," Mrs. C. Stabbert.

After the banquet the following program was rendered: Roll call, Response with Mother thought, Girls; Origin of Mothers' Day, Julia Rust; Tie me to your apron strings again, Lydia C. Krueger and Verna Rappuhn; Recitation, Compliments, Ethel Burgstahler; Piano duet, Esther Pepple and Laura Pepple; Recitation, Before it is too late, Edna Erman; Solo, My Mother's Favorite Hymn, Verna Rappuhn; Recitation, Sick, Anna Strohmaier; Song, M-o-t-h-e-r, All girls; Reminiscences (each mother tells some funny saying or story of daughter in childhood); Song, "Home Sweet Home," Mothers and daughters.

LYDIA C. ALBUS,  
Sec. of S. S. Class.



Adelphian Bible Class, Clinton Hill Church, Newark, N. J.

### A Winning Bible Class

A growing class, with an enthusiastic president and an able teacher, is the Adelphian Bible Class of the Clinton Hill church of Newark N. J. The accompanying picture was snapped at the close of one of its regular Sunday morning sessions and gives a fair representation of the class.

Under the winning leadership of its president, Mr. Henry Speidell, and its teacher, Mr. Harry Klausmann, the group has enjoyed a remarkable growth during the past year, and the end is not yet. The average attendance ranges around fifty, and, on special occasions, more. On a recent Sunday there were 76 present, of whom five took a definite stand for Christ as their personal Savior.

This vigorous group bears witness to the fact that faith, prayer and hard work will achieve spiritual results despite the adverse currents that sweep in a great city in a swiftly moving, materialistic age. The other officers of the class are: James Haas, vice-president; A. J. E. Engel, secretary; and W. Koch, treasurer. Rev. Chas. W. Koller is pastor of the church and Mr. Wm. Schmidt superintendent of the Sunday school.

### Buffalo Center Anniversary

The anniversary of the Young People's Society at Buffalo Center, Iowa, was held Tuesday evening, June 7, 1927.

An interesting program, consisting of recitations, dialogs, musical numbers both vocal and instrumental, was given by the young people.

The offering taken amounted to \$56.55. After the program refreshments were served in the church dining room.

Looking back over the past year we were privileged to hold a devotional meeting each Sunday evening, preceding church service.

18 weekly meetings were held, of which 12 were Bible studies, 3 business meetings and 3 social evenings. We have finished studying the Book of Daniel, spent one evening to see what God's Word says about the devil, and have now started Paul's letter to the Romans. These Bible studies led by Bro. Lang are very inter-

esting and inspiring. Much credit is due to him for the earnest and faithful work among us. God has been very good to us and we have much to be thankful for.

May it truly be our desire and prayer as young people to grow in Him and become spiritually stronger!

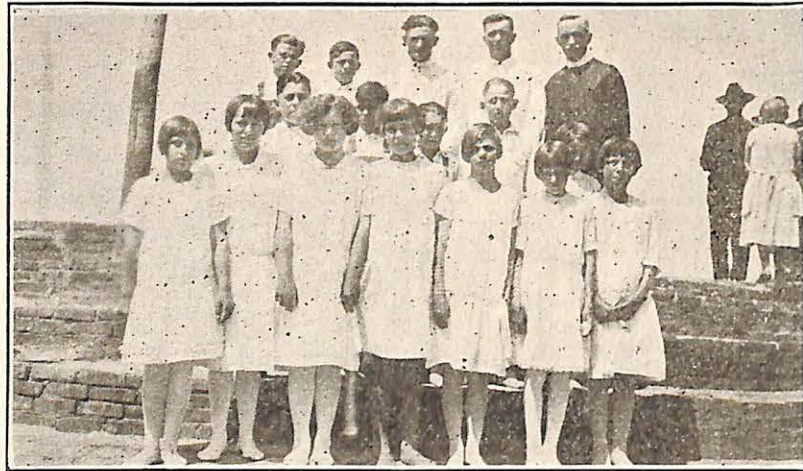
MINNIE ENNENGA, Sec.

### Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course

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

JULY.		AUGUST.	
Psalm.	St. Mark.	St. Mark.	St. Mark.
1 119. 1-16	1 6. 30-44		
2 119. 17-32	2 6. 45-56		
3 119. 33-48	3 7. 1-16		
4 119. 49-64	4 7. 24-37		
5 119. 65-80	5 8. 1-13		
6 119. 81-96	6 8. 14-26		
7 119. 97-112		7 8. 27-38	
8 119. 113-128		8 9. 1-13	
9 119. 129-144		9 9. 14-32	
10 119. 145-160		10 9. 33-50	
11 119. 161-176		11 10. 13-27	
		12 10. 28-40	
		13 10. 41-52	
		14 11. 1-18	
		15 11. 19-33	
		16 12. 1-12	
		17 12. 13-27	
		18 12. 28-44	
		19 13. 1-13	
		20 13. 14-27	
		21 13. 28-37	
		22 14. 1-16	
		23 14. 17-31	
		24 14. 32-45	
		25 14. 46-59	
		26 14. 60-72	
		27 15. 1-15	
		28 15. 16-32	
		29 15. 33-47	
		30 16. 1-8	
		31 16. 9-20	

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)



Group of young people baptized by Rev. A. Rosner at Shattuck, Okla.

### Baptismal Service at Shattuck

On the day following Pentecostal Sunday, Rev. A. Rosner, pastor of the Shattuck, Okla., church, baptized 16 persons, mostly Sunday school scholars. They were the fruits of evangelistic meetings held there by Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Lippard. Rev. C. F. Tiemann had accepted a cordial invitation and ministered with two pentecostal and one baptismal sermons. The baptism took place at the Artesian Mineral Beach at Gage. Several candidates for baptism could not be present because of circumstances and another baptismal service is in near prospect. We pray that God will continue to bless the work in Shattuck.

### United Outing of Tacoma Classes

Want a good spring tonic, folks? Want to rest for a bit from the cares and humdrum of your every-day routine? Then why not do as the King's Daughters and Knights of Honor of the Tacoma Sunday school do annually over Decoration Day? Here is our recipe—try it, and see if the results are not marvelous.

First we selected a quiet, picturesque lake, and a beautiful green spot on which to pitch camp. A lake a little away from the main highway and the crowds that swarm to the more popular resorts, and that freed us from all disturbance and interference of these crowds.

We arrived Saturday night in time for campfire at 8 o'clock. A group of good old songs and choruses were sung by "the bunch" and those 34 voices certainly lent musical harmony to an art-inspiring scene. Various instruments, such as ukuleles, harmonicas and kazoos accompanied the singers too. Campfire is not complete unless we have our good old standbys—weiners and buns—and have them we did. Needless to say, they were downed with amazing rapidity.

Sunday dawned; and 7.30 found us all awake and up, ready for the chapel services led by Miss Theo. Wuttke. The bait that attracted us to the breakfast table was the tempting odor of fried bacon and eggs. After breakfast we prepared for our lessons, some retiring to their tents

and others to the row boats. At 9.30 we rowed out to our Auditorium, the center of the lake, and Mr. Dinger, our dean, gave us an uplifting version of "Peter's great courage." Church services were begun at 11.30 as usual, and Mr. Rex Nicholson, a young friend of the two classes, delivered an inspiring message on "The Challenge to the Young Christian." He says truly that it is our duty as saved ones to let the light of the Lord reflect from us to the world and to proclaim his love not only by word but by actually living the beautiful, joyous life that Christ would have us live.

Sunday dinner, of course, was a feast fit for a king, and the crisp air served only to whet our appetites. A hike into the surrounding country filled the greater part of the afternoon, and the beauty of the woods showed us only a little part of the great wonderful Nature God has provided for us that we may enjoy it.

Following a short boat ride after supper, we met at the campfire where an inspiring hour was spent. The Misses Naomi Wuttke and Freda Stuermer, who have just completed a course in Religious Education, gave us some very interesting facts on "Development of Religious Attitudes and Conduct Towards Life." We held a short season of prayer and testimonies, and the earnest way in which each and everyone responded, gave us the desire to live even more closely to Him than before.

Monday morning, after a sound and refreshing sleep, we prepared for the activities of the day. Chapel services were led by Miss Hazel Riepe. The morning was spent in playing various games, baseball, volley ball, etc., swimming must also have honorable mention, for even though the water was rather chilly, a few brave souls ventured in.

To complete the outing, about eight boats hooked up and we rowed out on the water and held a song service. Mr. Nicholson and Miss F. Stuermer favored us with a duet as a special number.

Although our stay was short, we all felt very much blessed and took with us to our daily tasks a new enthusiasm and a new energy to work for our Lord.

ALICE STUERMER.

### St. Joseph, Mich., Young People's Society

One more year of work and play has passed and we can say that it has not been an idle one. We strove to better ourselves in every way, but we tried not to be self-centered, by having programs on missions in different fields. Then too we did our best for the Siberian mission.

The good Lord has blessed us in many ways. For one thing we did not lose any members during the past year, but were privileged to take in a number of new ones.

We gave an anniversary program to close our year and the Benton Harbor society helped us celebrate. Mr. Edward Doescher has been reelected president. The society has prospered under his leadership for the past years, and we are looking forward to a greater and better year than before by the grace of God.

MARGUERITE KOVALSKA, Sec.

### The South Dakota Young People at Parkston

Privileged indeed were those who found it possible to attend the sixth annual South Dakota Jugendbund held at Parkston June 7-9. The weather was ideal.

The Parkston society, although small in number, royally entertained their guests. This must have been no small task as the registration exceeded the three hundred mark. Meetings were held in the gymnasium of the Parkston High School.

The fellowship we had with one another was genuinely enjoyed by all. Old friendships were renewed and new associations made but the greatest blessing was the presence of our unseen Friend, Jesus Christ.

Great spiritual blessing was received from the talks of our young people and pastors and especially from the addresses of our General Secretary of Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, Rev. A. P. Mihm. The addresses were inspirational and full of vision and presented such practical suggestions for service that each society received some applicable to their abilities and needs in their fields of work. If we would realize the visions we have seen and put in operation at once the forces we feel, surely to work in the Master's Kingdom will advance and his name receive honor and glory because of this convention.

Special music added interest to each of the meetings and the efficient work of our president, Mr. Arthur Voight, who has served us since organization, deserves much credit for the success of the "Bund."

The young people of South Dakota appreciate the work of Rev. Mihm and deem it a privilege to have had him in their midst.

We would sincerely thank the Parkston society and their pastor, Rev. Kayser, for the delightful entertainment. But above all we do thank God, our Father, for the countless blessings received.

Sec. S. D. "BUND."

# Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

July 10

## Christ's Teachings that are Too Seldom Practiced

Matt. 5:38-48

(Consecration meeting)

Christ expects his followers to do more than others. (Matt. 5:47.) At first sight some of his demands almost stagger us.

*Non-resistance.* (38-42.) Must we continue to give to those who ask us until we have nothing left? Are we literally to turn the other cheek to the smiter? Let us remember that Jesus enunciates principles, even when he seems to be giving rules. Both he and the apostle Paul were smitten on the cheek, but we do not read that they turned the other. (John 18:22, 23; Acts 23:2, 3.) Augustine says: "The turning of the cheek is not a matter of the face but of the heart." What Jesus means is that we are not always to insist on our rights; but that we return good for evil, and thus break down men's opposition. How much better the world would be if Christians generally came up to this high ideal!

*The love of enemies.* (43-48.) The divine precept demanded love for the neighbor. (Lev. 19:18.) To this the scribes and Pharisees added, as if it were implied: "And hate thine enemy." Thus they felt justified in hating all non-Jews. But they were all wrong. Our love is to know no bounds; it is to be as broad as the love of God. (John 3:16.) What does this love imply? Certainly not the same affection that we have for our dear ones; but that we deal with them in a friendly fashion, seeking to do them good. Such dealing will turn our enemies into friends.

July 17

## Applying Christian Standards in Amusements

Phil. 4:8; 1 Cor. 6:12; 8:12, 13

Christianity is not a religion of gloom but of joy. We may share fully in the best social life around us, as our Lord's example and teachings abundantly demonstrate. And yet, the amusement question faces every generation with fresh force. The principles, however, that are to guide us, remain forever the same.

*Amusements should not be made an end in themselves.* They are to be a means to an end. A fair question is: Do they help or hinder me in following Christ? We should have nothing to do with anything that unfits us for our best work or that which dulls our highest moral sense. If we honestly bring this touch-stone to bear, it will solve our difficulties. It will keep us from indulging in things that are wrong and also from those that are considered questionable.

*Games of chance.* These are not healthy in their tendency. They give too much prominence to "luck" as a factor upon which success or failure depend. That is one chief objection to card-playing. Games of chance pervert one's outlook and therefore do not contribute to one's best equipment.

*Games of skill.* What an abundance there is to choose from! These tend to refresh and re-create one physically and mentally, without interfering spiritually. And we may be sure they have the Master's approval.

July 24

## What Are Causes and Cures of Unrest?

Ps. 43:1-5; Matt. 11:28-30

That there is a great deal of unrest in the world, is obvious on every hand. Outer conditions and circumstances are usually held responsible; but in a deeper sense an examination of our own hearts would often get us nearer to the problem. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?"

1. Causes to unrest.  
1) *Sin may be the cause.* Memory may parade before our conscience our faults and failings. Sin bars us from communion with God. He cannot look with complacency upon those who disregard his commandments. Well it is that it is so, for sin is man's destruction. This unrest then is the inner voice that is calling the sinner to repentance.  
2) *Disappointment may be the cause.* How often our dreams and ideals come to naught, leaving us bewildered and confounded. They may not have been of a selfish nature either; we felt more that God would be pleased with them. And then the crash!

3) *Habits can easily become a source of unrest.* Not that we have become addicted to some gross form of vice. But, in what we are prone to call trifles, silken cords may have so ensnared us as to hinder us greatly in our usefulness. O, the power of habit!

2. Cures.  
1) *He forgives and cleanses us from all sin.* The result is rest and peace.  
2) *He bids us have faith.* Our disappointments, if they are God's appointments, are for our best.  
3) *He wants complete control.* He is able "to break every chain and give us the victory again and again."

July 31

## Great Missionary Characters

2 Cor. 11:23-28

To many we can easily apply what the greatest of all missionaries says of himself in our Scripture passage. And what an inspiration his example must

have been to thousands upon thousands of them!

*They labored abundantly.* They became great as preachers, teachers, students, explorers, builders and statesmen. We cannot but marvel at their zeal and energy. How their accomplishments put our feeble efforts to shame!

*They suffered persecution heroically.* Stripes, prisons, death could not keep them from their heaven-appointed mission. And never do we hear them complain; but undaunted—believing that all things work together for the glory of God—they bravely carried on.

*They traveled extensively.* Not in trains or automobiles or carriages, but mostly on foot. Their desire for conquest knew no bounds. Their love for Christ and a lost world was their propelling power that made them strangers and sojourners among robbers and cannibals. Gladly they forsook home and friends, placing themselves entirely upon the altar of sacrifice.

*They suffered hunger and thirst.* Sometimes because the natives refused to let them have food and water for money or good words; and also, because that which was offered them was not always palatable. But they endured as good soldiers of the cross.

August 7

## What Does the Bible Reveal About God?

Gen. 1:1; 1 John 4:16

(Consecration meeting)

How thankful we ought to be for the Book of books! Without it we would be in utter darkness, even about God.

*He is the creator of all things.* This is the only sensible explanation. A universe like ours must be the product of an intelligent mind. It is impossible for it to have come into existence by chance, as credulous unbelief would have us think. We may disagree in regard to his method and the time he employed in creating heaven and earth; but of this there can be no doubt, "In the beginning God created."

*He is the sustainer and ruler of the universe.* (Ps. 95:4; Isa. 40:12.) He guides each star in its appointed course. Nothing can happen apart from him. He has complete control.

*He is everywhere and knows everything.* (Ps. 139:7-12.) "In him we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts 17:28). We cannot fully comprehend all this. God is greater than man's mind.

*He is interested in man.* How abundantly the Bible brings this to our attention; above all, in Jesus Christ, who came to reveal the very heart of God. And this God desires our love and our service.



**Echoes From Trenton, Ill.**

Vacation time has come again. The Trenton B. Y. P. U. being composed mostly of farmers, we are unable to hold our regular meetings during the summer months.

Under the leadership of our able president, Mr. Amel Ranz, we feel that the past year has been a blessing and an inspiration to many. New zeal and enthusiasm was created in March, during the celebration of the 25th anniversary of our church after hearing the addresses, especially planned for our young people, by Rev. A. F. Runtz of Pittsburgh, Pa. From day to day it becomes more evident that prayer is a source of increased power.

Much interest was created by the efficiency contest, under the eight-point rec-

ord system, held between the two groups of our society. This closed May 22 after a duration of six weeks, with close competition throughout.

On June 3 the winning group, with our president as captain, was entertained with a wiener roast in Ranz's grove. Everyone present enjoyed the ideal evening. We were also glad at this time to welcome home for the vacation period our former president, Mr. Elmer Ranz, who is attending the Northern Baptist Seminary in Chicago in preparation for the ministry.

The conference at Cedar Lake, Ind., was a source of inspiration for greater consecrated service to the Lord. This was evidenced by the reports given by those who attended from our union.

Our Junior and Intermediate Society

has also made great advances during the past year. It now has a total membership of 15. At present Mrs. Theo. Frey is their leader. We have great hopes for the future of this branch of our church.

It is our aim to constantly develop the talents our Master has given us and serve him through serving others.

ESTHER SCHAFER.

**Ladies of First Church, Portland, Oreg., Realize Vision**

About two years ago Mrs. Lydia Billeter had a vision. It was this, "Why can't we organize a ladies' chorus?" After receiving our pastor's hearty approval and God's blessing, Mrs. Billeter invited several ladies over for an evening. She told them what she had in mind and that night marked the beginning of the Ladies' Chorus. Mrs. Billeter was elected president, Mrs. Ruth Schultz secretary and Mrs. Elsa Bertuleit, treasurer. Under the able leadership of Miss Olga Hartfeil, the chorus has grown and progressed and on Thursday night, May 26, they gave their first concert with another aim in view.

They frequently entertained the inmates of our Old People's Home and found it hard to sing to the accompaniment of a small organ. So this concert was decided upon and the offering, which amounted to nearly \$100, was to go toward the purchase of a piano for our "Home."

The splendid concert program, assisted by outside artists, a harpist and pianist, was as follows: Organ Prelude, Mrs. Pauline Wetzler; prayer, Rev. H. Dymmel; "Great Is Thy Love" and "The Heavens Are Telling" by the chorus, accompanied by Mrs. Lillian Wuerch; piano solo, Master Robert Garretson; soprano solo, Mrs. Ruth Schultz; harp solo; address by Mrs. Dymmel and our pastor, Bro. Kratt; "Boat Song" and "Sing, Sing, Birds on the Wing" by the chorus; a ladies' triple trio; piano duet, Mrs. Pauline Wetzler and Mrs. Lydia Billeter; "Goin' Home" by the chorus, and benediction by Rev. Wm. Graf of Bethany.

Singing is not their only aim but also to spread happiness and sunshine wherever they can, such as entertaining at our Old People's Home. Shortly after our pastor, Bro. Kratt, and family, moved into their new home, the chorus surprised them with a flower shower of bulbs, plants and the like. Our associate pastor, Bro. H. Dymmel, and his wife were also surprised with a shower of fruits, jams and jellies, the Sunday school teachers helping.

May they continue their good work all to the glory of our Lord and Savior, the greatest gift of all! LYDIA TILGNER.

**The Slump-Killers**

Will you be one? This is a new and distinguished order of men, women and children who are going to help keep up the Church and Sunday school attendance during the summer. They will do it by coming every Sunday they are in the city, hot or cold, wet or dry. Join the order and "Swat the Summer Slump!"

**The German Baptists' Life Association, Buffalo, N. Y.**

The Life Insurance Underwriter is a multiplicity of blessings. He is the creator of wealth, the saver of estates, the payer of mortgages, the protector



W. O. MAKOWSKY



OSCAR LUCHS

of orphans, the provider of comforts, the promoter of thrift, the teacher of duty and a benefactor. He is filled with the idea that his mission is good, high and superior in point of moral excellence. He, therefore, need never feel ashamed to have it known that he is a life insurance agent and when he sells a man a policy in a reliable company, he knows it is as safe as a government bond.

Ready to serve our German Baptist people, we send out our brethren from the Rochester, N. Y., Seminary with the request to welcome them with true Christian hospitality and to listen patiently to what they have to say to you when they visit you in your homes.

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## Finding the Golden Key

WILLIAM KUHN

### Chapter I

#### Glimpsing Happiness

William Stephan belonged to a family that had never enjoyed much happiness in home-life. All the neighbors and the more intimate acquaintances thought of them as unhappy people. Their home was not far from the railroad, and a gloomy and dilapidated place it was. It had seen better days. There it squatted in the untidy yard, surrounded by unsightly and degenerate trees that cast their somber shadows over it. Taken individually the members of that family were no mean specimens of humanity. As far as one could judge, they had never learned the fine art of living together. Some of the older neighbors seemed to remember that long ago certain terrible staggering experiences had come into the life of the Stephan family, and these experiences were usually considered to be the bitter root, which bore all this unhappiness.

When William Stephan was about fourteen years old he was brought into the Sunday school of the neighboring church. At first he was so shy that he could not enjoy the new surroundings, but very soon he had made quite a place for himself in the life of the school and in the respect of the people. More than once the teacher of his Sunday school class questioned him very definitely, why he had not yet decided for Christ and the church. His answers were always courteous, but gave evidence that he had been thinking of this matter very seriously. He usually replied with a measure of dignity and respect that when he saw that the professed Christians were really happy and enjoyed their Christianity, he would be ready to become one of them. He did not hesitate to say that he wanted to become a genuine Christian. As the teacher could not say very much against this argument, he was not approached again. When a few years later that church went through the happy time of a stirring revival, William Stephan was among those who entered the Kingdom of God. From the very first day he lived as a fearless witness for Christ and walked without blemish among those who knew him best.

At a Missionary Rally two returned missionaries from Africa spoke. William Stephan was among those who came sufficiently early to get a good seat. On that evening he sat beside Ruth Balzer, whom he had been showing ardent at-

tentions for a while. It was the second speaker who gripped William Stephan that evening. There was so much in the personality of that speaker that held him enthralled during the entire address. Immediately upon arising the missionary said very frankly that it was not his intention to speak of the missionary achievements as his colleague had done. He would confine himself to the telling of a wonderful discovery that he had made in Africa. He considered this discovery immeasurably more important than if he had found a hitherto unknown tribe or a beautiful lake. While he was out in Africa, suffering at times from loneliness, surrounded by the vice and degradation of heathenism and struggling against many adverse circum-

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stances he discovered *the Land of Perfect Happiness*. Since coming to America he had learned that this land was also here. He admitted that in his judgment the Land of Perfect Happiness was not densely populated. As far as he had been able to observe, not all Christians lived in it. Sometimes he was very much surprised to see that some outstanding Christians were not dwellers of this land. At some length he described the characteristics of the inhabitants. After summing it all up he said that there were in reality three outstanding characteristics that marked everyone who had really entered. Every inhabitant of this land had genuine godliness. This point he emphasized strongly and tried to make it clear that when he spoke of genuine godliness, he meant Christ-likeness in spirit and action. He then stated that the second characteristic was Christian service. Everyone who dwelt in the land of happiness renders unselfish and definite and faithful service for Christ. Here he paused long enough to say that every missionary and Christian worker and, in fact, every Christian must put the gold of Christian service into this life-building. He concluded this address by emphasizing that every inhabitant of this land always enjoys soul-peace. He tried to make it very clear that the dwellers in

this land do not escape disappointments and irritating trials, but in the midst of most difficult circumstances they always do enjoy unbroken peace. Far more than anything else he had found in Africa, he appreciated that he had found the golden key, which gave him access to this Land of Perfect Happiness. William Stephan was listening so intently that he was unconsciously leaning forward. What a disappointment when the missionary closed his address that evening without naming the golden key. While escorting Ruth Balzer to her home, he gave expression to his disappointment that the missionary had not named the golden key. It brought real joy to his heart to notice how deeply she was interested in the discovery the missionary had made and that she also shared his disappointment about the golden key.

### Chapter II

#### In the Sunshine of Love

During the next few months William Stephan was so completely engrossed that he found but little time to think of the missionary who told about the golden key. Every hour was filled in preparation, and his whole soul was thrilled in anticipation of that happy day, when he and Ruth Balzer were to join hand and heart for a happy life as man and wife. One evening shortly before the wedding he confided to her the thoughts that were filling his mind. Although she knew the home from which he had come, he promised her with all abandon of a warm and honest love that he would always strive to make for her a home much happier than the one he came from. When he intimated that she was taking quite a risk in marrying him and entrusting her happiness to one who had known so little of it in his early youth, she became quite effusive in her protests and assured him of her absolute confidence in him. How his soul did glow when she told him she could hardly wait for the wedding-day to come.

After the marriage the world seemed to have become transfigured for both of them. In their own home they lived in the sunshine of love. How often he was reminded of his own sad parental home. One evening as he sat at the bedside of their little Junior he looked across that little bed into the eyes of his wife and said: "Ruth, do you remember what that missionary said on that evening about the Land of Perfect Happiness? How I did wish at that time that he

might mention the golden key, which unlocks the door of success. That missionary had found the golden key in far away Africa. Don't you think that we too have found the golden key? When I think of our love for each other and of our happy home and then of the priceless treasure of our little Junior, then I am strongly urged to believe that we also have found the golden key." Although Ruth was much more reticent than her husband, she shared fully with him this search for the golden key. With deep meaning she responded: "My dear, if we have not yet crossed the threshold of this happy land, I am sure that we cannot be very far off, because we are living in the sunshine of love and are enjoying perfect joy and contentment."

The church to which the Stephan's belonged had one outstanding wealthy family. They were not only well to do, but actually rich. Everyone in the community and in the church regarded them as such. Their home in the suburbs was a veritable palace. William Stephan could never understand just why Benjamin Friesen, the rich man, should show them such attention. It was not at all uncommon for them to be invited to dinner. Upon many social occasions they were among the honored guests. When they were first invited they really felt embarrassed upon entering the palatial home of the Friesen's. Their own little home could not bear to be compared with this palace. In time, however, as they became better acquainted they moved with ease among these rich friends. It was not long before William Stephan could look a little deeper. He could even look beneath the highly polished surfaces of the life of their wealthy friends. From many people outside he had heard that Benjamin Friesen had not gotten his wealth honestly. Some people whispered that if there ever was a hard man, that was Benjamin Friesen. When it came to a matter of getting money, they said he had positively no heart. His methods of acquiring wealth were not in accord with the honest business ethics of the world.

Upon their first acquaintance both William and Ruth Stephan thought that this home of the Friesen's was a perfect paradise. Here they believed was the dwelling-place of peace and contentment and happiness. In wandering through the beautiful gardens surrounding the home, they would frequently stop at the placid lake and remark to each other how this crystal and sparkling lake symbolized the unbroken and ruffled peace which filled the hearts and the home of the Friesen's. Gradually they were disillusioned. They noticed that there was no real love between Benjamin Friesen and his wife. They were also very much pained to see that the children, especially the older sons and daughters, did not at all share the ideals of their parents. It was a rude shock and awakening to them when they discovered that the hearts of Benjamin Friesen and all the inmates of that palatial home were in constant turmoil.

It gradually dawned upon William Stephan that Benjamin Friesen was

actually not doing very much for other people nor for the Kingdom of Christ. It is true he did attend the Sunday morning church service with some degree of regularity and, of course, he was the largest contributor the church had. But no one in the church nor in the community ever spoke of any outstanding service that Benjamin Friesen rendered. To all appearances he lived a life of self-ease.

One evening upon returning from another dinner engagement at the Friesen's, William Stephan sank into the comfortable chair under the reading-lamp and meditated. For a long time he uttered not a word. He was analyzing the life of Benjamin Friesen. He had to all appearances a most happy home-life. He was surrounded with all the luxuries. Sometimes it had seemed that care and discontent and worry could not climb over that wonderful ivy-covered garden wall that surrounded the palatial Friesen home. Despite all that gorgeous interior, the life of Benjamin Friesen seemed to him now to be largely pretense and sham. What was he building into his life that could abide the Judgment Day? Would his life's building endure the fire of that day? Suddenly awakening out of his meditation he called his wife to him. With almost startling abruptness he said: "My dear, now that we have been to Friesen's so often and have had such intimate association with them, do you think they have found the golden key to the Land of Perfect Happiness? You will recall that evening sometime ago when I said, looking down upon our dear Junior, that I thought we had found that golden key in our mutual love and in our happy home. At that time you were not quite as sure as I that we had found the golden key." With a charming frankness Ruth replied: "My dear husband, I cannot tell you how happy I am with you and our Junior and our beautiful home, but after having been with the Friesen's, I am more than ever convinced that married life and home life, be it ever so happy, is not the golden key to the Land of Perfect Happiness. Although we are immeasurably happier than the Friesen's, I fear that we have not actually crossed the threshold and we are not yet living in the Land of Perfect Happiness."

### Chapter III

#### Trying a False Key

Whenever William Stephan took his family in the car to his own church, he had to pass a very prosperous looking church-building which stood on a prominent corner. This church was conspicuous because of the striking architecture. It was different from all other churches in the community. It was what is popularly called a Christian Science Church. The architectural style seemed to be an expression of the people assembled there. The whole building had the tone of quiet refinement and stateliness. How often had William Stephan remarked to his wife that all these people seemed to carry with them an atmosphere of culture. There was a quiet refinement, a calmness of soul, an unruffled spirit that

one did not find in any of the neighboring churches. There was no boisterous nor unbecoming hilarity among the young people, as is so very common elsewhere. As William Stephan observed it, there was a worshipful atmosphere even in the assembling of the people.

William Stephan had become quite intimate with one of his business associates, who was like himself of a serious turn of mind. Their common interest in life proved to be a strong bond of friendship. With most men whom he met in a business way the conversation always remained superficial, and at times there was danger that it would degenerate to the frivolous, but in James Jackson he found a congenial spirit. Only the fact that James Jackson was a Christian Scientist prevented them from enjoying absolute concord. James Jackson was most highly respected by all who knew him. All his associates thought of him as a man who lived on the higher levels of life. These two men had many a confidential conversation. Just because James Jackson had received such wonderful benefits through Christian Science, he had become an ardent and an intelligent witness for his faith. How often with almost rapturous joy he would tell his friends that Christian Science holds the key to the Scripture, to science and, in fact, to the Land of Perfect Happiness. He diligently supplied William Stephan with such literature that had been written especially for propaganda purposes. William Stephan being in dead earnest about this whole matter studied the literature to the best of his ability. Of course, it was all so new and strange that there was much of it that he could not understand. The interpretations of Scripture in this literature often confused him as they seemed to run counter to the interpretations that he had been accustomed to hear. As he continued reading, he could not escape the impression that a philosophy dominated all this literature, which to his mind was mysterious and incomprehensible.

Upon a most urgent invitation from James Jackson, William Stephan and Ruth attended a mid-week testimony meeting at the Christian Science Church. The large attendance made a favorable impression on them. Then they could not escape the warm atmosphere that prevailed the entire meeting. Although the order of service was different from their own, they were not uncomfortable. The testimonies that were given interested the visitors more than any other thing.

Most of the testimonies spoke of having received physical healing. A mild-mannered anaemic looking elderly lady related with considerable detail how she had through Christian Science been cured of a chronic nervous ailment of long standing. She described all the agonies of that dark period and also her untiring efforts to regain her health. All this was without avail, until Christian Science had set her free.

Another lady had a very interesting story. She told how she had inherited from her parents a disposition to worry. Her nervous condition accentuated this,

so that all the sunshine had left her life and she was living in the blackest night. To find relief she joined a church, entered society and studied psycho-analysis, but all in vain. Only Christian Science gave her the victory. Today worry never knocks at her door. Not even the shadow of a fleeting cloud falls upon her home.

This first visit to a Christian Science testimony meeting was quite a novel experience. Before retiring William Stephan and his wife exchanged their impressions of the meeting. He said that he had really been surprised that all the physical healings that had been related had been functional or nervous disorders. No one had testified to the cure of organic trouble. Then, too, all these troubles had been of a minor nature. He could not rid himself of that one impression that these people were not dealing honestly with conditions as they existed. In his judgment they denied many realities.

With a quiet but settled conviction Ruth then spoke: "Tonight I am more strongly convinced than ever before that if we hope to enter the Land of Perfect Happiness through Christian Science, we will be trying to use a false key. During the entire testimony meeting this evening, Acts 4:12 kept ringing in my heart: 'And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.' Did anyone who professed to have been helped glorify the Lord Jesus Christ? We will be honest and confess that we have not yet crossed the threshold of the Land of Perfect Happiness. We will continue our search for the golden key, but we will not make the futile attempt to open the door with a false key."

### Chapter IV

#### Looking Into the Father's Face

The church to which the Stephan's belonged was highly honored by having among its members the widow of a foreign missionary. Everyone spoke of her as Mother Pflaumi. As the name indicates, her husband had been from Switzerland. No one in the church was regarded higher for saintliness and Christ-likeness of character than Mother Pflaumi. Notwithstanding her innate modesty and her advanced years, she was still a powerful influence in that community. As everyone knew, she had no wealth, but only meager savings. It was uncommon for her to receive visitors in her modest little cottage at the end of town. Everyone was glad to call on her. Not infrequently callers would take to that little house some delicacy or a gift of money. Everyone said they always received more from Mother Pflaumi than they gave.

It had been the custom of William and Ruth occasionally to call on Mother Pflaumi on a Sunday afternoon. Such a visit was always a delightful and helpful hour. Lately they had been repeating the visits more frequently. On this Sunday afternoon they had gone to Mother Pflaumi with a very definite purpose. After their experience at the Christian Science Church and their

frank confession to each other that they had not yet entered the Land of Perfect Happiness, they both decided to call on Mother Pflaumi and to speak to her frankly about this matter. They were thoroughly convinced that if any person in their church had found the golden key, that person must be Mother Pflaumi.

After having exchanged the usual greetings on that Sunday afternoon and talked awhile about certain insignificant matters, William Stephan asked Mother Pflaumi to tell them the story of her missionary life. He had never heard this story before because Mother Pflaumi always seemed unwilling to tell it. There was so much of tragedy in it that it stirred her own soul to the depths every time she repeated it. Upon the insistent urging of William Stephan, Mother Pflaumi consented and related the following.

"When my husband and I were both young, we were living in Philadelphia and engaged in business-life. After the Lord had come into our hearts, he in a marvelous way spoke to our souls, so that we knew that we were to consecrate our lives definitely to his missionary cause. Although we had not specific missionary training, nor were we connected with any missionary organization, the Lord himself by his marvelous providence sent us to Persia, where we opened and conducted an orphanage. Miss Edna Bridgman, a younger unmarried woman, worked with us in Persia. I cannot tell you how happy we were working for the Lord Jesus in Persia. Of course, it was difficult work and there was much sacrifice. Persia is, as you know, a Mohammedan country. That fact alone will explain the difficulty of the task and the meagerness of the result. But then we did see in the lives of the children for whom we were caring many fruits of our labors. As time went on, we won the favor of the people with whom we lived, and we were perfectly happy and contented.

Then the World War came. Even in far away Persia we felt the disturbances of that catastrophe. The attitude of the people changed toward us. I think it must have been because the United States with the allied powers was fighting against the Turks. The Kurds, the wild tribe from the hills, were causing us some concern because of their threatening attitude.

It was on a day that will never be effaced from my memory. As a measure of safety we had raised a small American flag over our orphanage, hoping that this would be respected and offer us protection. On a Wednesday afternoon a fierce horseman rode into our Compound leading another saddled horse by the bridle. After alighting, he tied both horses to a tree, and without hesitation came into the building. We three, my husband, Miss Bridgman and I, met the Kurd in the reception-room. With eyes that pierced our very souls he stared at us and pointing at Miss Bridgman, he said that he had come to take her to his harem. She was to get ready immediately. The horse was saddled and waiting in the courtyard below. No one can

describe our consternation in that moment. We knew better than you can know what it meant to be in the harem of a Kurd. We expostulated; we argued; we said that we were Americans; we further said that we were Christians and cannot permit the woman-missionary to go. The Kurd was immovable and insisted that she get ready and go immediately. Thereupon my husband stepped between the Kurd and Miss Bridgman and said very quietly: 'She shall not go.' This enraged the Kurd to such a degree that he drew his pistol from his girdle and shot my husband through the heart. In the confusion of the moment, we all fell to the floor. Miss Bridgman came to lie under my husband's body and from his pierced heart his blood flowed over her, whom he had tried to save from the harem of the Kurd. Immediately the Kurd left us. After untying the horses, he swung into the saddle and galloped off to the hills.

Now we were alone in our deep sorrow. Miss Bridgman's hair turned white in that hour. We had to bury my dear husband in far away Persia, to which he had given his life. We could no longer carry on the work of the orphanage because of the religious frenzy that had taken hold of the people. The fruits of our labors of all the years seemed to be destroyed. There was nothing for Miss Bridgman and myself to do, but to come to America; I as a bereft and saddened widow and Miss Bridgman as one upon whom the heart's blood of him had been spilled, who had interceded for her and perished.

It will never be possible for me to say how sad we were when we left Persia. My dear husband was buried there, slain by a fanatic's bullet. The labors of years had been destroyed and all our hopes were blasted. Never before in my life had Jesus Christ come so close to my heart as in those days. We were only two poor women, but not forsaken. We were saddened beyond expression, but not disconsolate. We were bereaved, but not embittered. We could do nothing but cast ourselves utterly upon the Lord and he fulfilled the promise that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, should keep our hearts and thoughts in Christ Jesus."

Everybody was in tears, when Mother Pflaumi stopped. Even for her the recital had been so vivid that she had lost her usual composure. After William Stephan had recovered himself sufficiently, he said with considerable excitement: "Mother Pflaumi, you are the one person who can help us. We have been searching for months and months for just what you have. You are living in the Land of Perfect Happiness. You were in that land while you passed through those terrible experiences in Persia. Surely you can tell us how we, too, can find the secret. Do please tell us just what we must do to share your experience."

Mother Pflaumi was bewildered; she could not grasp the whole situation. When she did attempt to speak, there was a sweet winsomeness on her face that they had never seen before. She

said: "My dear children, I really do not know what to say. You surely must know that I am not an educated woman and that I have never studied theology. Let me first tell you what I learned from a missionary out on the foreign field. She was a woman who could accomplish more than seemed humanly possible. Someone asked her how she could do all that she did and not succumb under the load. I remember her answer. She said that somehow she managed every morning to look into the face of Jesus Christ and then take up the duties of the day with the blessing of his presence. Let me tell you what helped me most when I was out in Persia. In my deep sorrow the Holy Spirit brought to my mind continuously a word which Christ himself had spoken. While inexpressible sadness filled my whole being, I heard the Savior say: 'Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' The only secret that I have learned is to look at all times trustingly into the Father's face."

#### Chapter V

##### Winning the Crown

The visit of William and Ruth on that Sunday afternoon to the home of Mother Pflaumi had not given them the secret for which they were searching. Their souls were stirred as never before. They both said that it seemed as if the secret were just within their grasp, but it always eluded them. That afternoon they had seen a vision of the golden key, but it was yet too dim and indistinct. After having heard Mother Pflaumi they were more eager in their search than ever before. The desire had now become so irrepensible that they really suffered from it. At all times it seemed to be uppermost in their minds. At their family altar the cry always ascended: "Oh Lord, reveal unto us this thy secret, so that we might spend all our days in thy presence and experience the happiness of victorious Christians always."

William Stephan could not forget a sermon that the pastor had recently preached. He had chosen for his text 1 Cor. 9:24-26. When the pastor announced on the previous Sunday that he would preach on the theme: "Winning the Crown," William Stephan had the distinct hope that he might get some help from that sermon. After returning from the church-service on that Sunday morning, he immediately memorized this wonderful text. He repeated it again and again: "Know ye not that they which run in the race run all, but one receiveth the prize? Even so run, that ye may attain. And every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air; but I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I

have preached to others, I myself should be rejected." After the pastor had explained that winning the crown means making the most of your Christian life for here and hereafter, he stated that it was every Christian's privilege to win the crown. No one, however, could win the crown unless he lived accordingly. With a definiteness and a strength of emphasis which surprised that morning congregation, the pastor said that our present type of Christian living was too "soft;" we had lost the ability to sacrifice; we were all self-indulgent; we spared ourselves and were not willing to abstain in order that we might win the crown. He pictured the apostle Paul as that resolute soul, who lived for one purpose only, that was "Winning the Crown." He could not pass over or tone down those strange words that the apostle Paul used for himself, when he said that he buffets his body and keeps it in subjection. Paul, the pastor said, exercised self-mastery. No highway of ease reaches the happy height of self-mastery. Without Christ's cross, without one's own cross, there will never be a crown bestowed.

That sermon gave the Stephan's much to think about. They had never before heard these truths so emphatically stated, at least they had never understood them so clearly before. It had always been the custom for William and Ruth to discuss such vital matters on Sunday afternoon. While they were sitting in their comfortable living-room, each one reading quietly, it was Ruth who spoke up very decidedly: "Well, William, I think this morning we have had the longed-for secret revealed to us. The pastor has stated it very explicitly. It is now for us to decide whether we are willing to pay the price and enter the Land of Perfect Happiness."

"Are you sure about that, my dear? It has always seemed to me that you were never quite sure whether we were inside that land or just outside the door. Now you seem to be positive that we are outside. I have just been wondering whether the pastor really did mention the golden key."

"He surely did," Ruth replied. "If our eyes had not been blind all these years, or if our hearts had not been unwilling to follow the light, we would long ago have been in the Land of Perfect Happiness. The road of entrance could not have been more clearly marked. It is sacrifice, self-mastery, abstaining from everything harmful, not sparing one's self, not being swept along by the world currents, but sacrificing everything to win the crown."

Because of her intense feeling, Ruth had become quite agitated while stating her convictions and her understanding of the sermon of the morning. With perfect calmness she continued: "My dear husband, we for a long while have been searching for the golden key. Today it is put within our grasp. It is true that the golden key is presented to us in the form of a cross, our own cross, a very rugged cross. We have been looking for a comfortable way beautified with flowers to lead us to the Land of

Perfect Happiness. Now that we have learned that this land can only be reached by the lowly way of sacrifice and death, shall we refuse to follow, shall we miss the crown?"

At this juncture the door-bell rang and Jacob Berger called. He was one of the church-members who had also heard the morning sermon. Without any introduction they all turned to the discussion of the morning sermon. Jacob Berger was delighted with the presentation the pastor had given. It was not at all usual for him to agree with the pastor, but today he could not praise him too highly. He said the pastor must have seen a new light or some new revelation must have stiffened his spine. Usually the pastor was absolutely too flabby and easy going in his presentation of the truth. Repeatedly Jacob Berger said that he could subscribe to every word that the pastor had said. That was just the kind of sermon that we needed in these degenerate days.

Ruth Stephan was quite surprised to find that she was in such complete agreement with Jacob Berger. Nor was she pleased to notice just how complete this agreement was. Jacob Berger and Ruth Stephan had really very little in common with their type of Christian thought and living. He was so severe as a Christian that no one was ever attracted through his demonstration of Christian living. There was very little sunshine in his soul and entirely too much acid in his disposition. After she had heard Jacob Berger eulogize the morning sermon in such glowing terms, she was just about convinced that she must have missed the deeper thought in the pastor's sermon that morning.

The door-bell rang again and Edward Lutz called. He was a man of unusually keen spiritual perceptions. After he had become comfortably settled in his circle, William Stephan asked him what he had thought of the pastor's sermon that morning. Because he was so much interested, he phrased his question with precision and asked specifically what he thought the pastor had said that all Christians must do in order to win the crown. Without any hesitation Edward Lutz said that in his judgment the central thought of the pastor's sermon was expressed in this brief sentence: "Even so run, that ye may attain." He then went on to say that only a certain type of Christian life would win the crown. In this crown-winning Christian life there must surely be abstinence from everything harmful and a stern, unrelenting self-discipline. But abstinence and self-discipline in themselves would never win the crown. If they could, then the monks who beat their backs bloody in their solitary cells would have dwelt in the Land of Perfect Happiness. We are all agreed that most of the old monks in the monasteries had never crossed the threshold of the Land of Perfect Happiness because they had failed to discover the vital secret of a happy life. Although they had been denying themselves every comfort and had been flagellating their backs with their whip-cords, they had

entirely missed that one essential through which alone they could enter in.

After that the conversation drifted to other subjects. When the callers had left, Ruth Stephan spoke with much disappointment in her voice and in her heart: "I thought the golden key was just within our grasp. Now I find it was only a subordinate help but not the one thing essential, through which alone we can enter the happy land."

#### Chapter VI

##### Honest, But Deluded

Not infrequently William Stephan found it necessary to make a business-call during an evening. Returning from such an engagement, he was attracted to a small chapel through the spirited and loud singing. Without giving very much consideration to the matter, he stopped and entered the meeting-place. Very soon he noticed that he was in a gathering of the saints of God. They evidently enjoyed their religion, and they gave vociferous expression to all that was in their hearts. Notwithstanding all the noise, William Stephan felt measurably comfortable. At least, he was keenly alert to observe everything heard and done.

He concluded that he had dropped into a testimony meeting of this church. With very little intermission men and women testified with considerable animation of their new-found joy. It did not escape William Stephan that there was a marked sameness about all the testimonials, but there was also a ring of sincerity and honesty about all that was said, and this pleased him greatly.

A gentleman about forty years of age spoke at greater length than all the rest. He emphasized the great crisis that had come into his life. Sometimes he spoke of this crisis as Jesus coming into his heart, but more often as the baptism with the Holy Spirit. With almost shocking frankness he described his life before the crisis and contrasted it with what had followed since. William Stephan was very soon convinced that he had never before heard a bolder witness than this man. Although there was a vehement boisterousness about his testimony, the witness also gave evidence of having an intelligent grasp of what he was talking about. He insisted that there could be no joy, no liberty and no service in the Christian life unless one had received the baptism. He described his experience of receiving the baptism rather minutely. This part of the testimony fascinated William Stephan because he had been thinking much of the baptism of the Holy Spirit recently and silently wishing and praying that he might experience it. The gentleman's description of the baptism was exceedingly disappointing to him. It was not only contrary to his own Christian experience and to his understanding of the New Testament, but he found it repugnant to his finer feelings. With unabated vehemence the gentleman asserted that there was only one way of experiencing the baptism of the Holy Spirit. His own personal experience was the only mould into which every other's experience must be cast. This entire testimony was punctuated and punctured

with explosive eruptions of Christian praise and joy.

The gentleman then went on to explain the greatness of the change that had come over him in the baptism. Jesus really took full possession of his heart, and he himself was actually cast out. In stating that he had been crucified, he insisted that that meant he was actually dead. Every last shred and trace of his sinful nature had been removed since the Holy Spirit in baptism had filled him so completely. At this point he took from his pocket a plant, which had been removed with stalk and root completely from the soil. Holding this before the people he said this represented his old sinful self, which Jesus had taken out of him to the last root and rootlet. Now he was free and could no longer sin, because Jesus had made him free indeed. With many loud amens the saints expressed themselves as in full agreement with the brother's testimony and experience.

William Stephan went home that night in a bewildered state of mind. Had he in that little chapel at last found the golden key to the Land of Perfect Happiness? Long ago he had become convinced that the one thing that marred his happiness and peace was his own sinful heart, which he could never conquer. Now he had heard that gentleman say that his sinful self had been completely eradicated, stalk, root and rootlet. He was pondering everything, so that he almost thought that he too might be made free. But then there were other thoughts and misgivings that intruded. Were these saints though honest not deluded in their experiences? Had he never met with anyone who gave evidence of having had his own sinful self eradicated even to the roots? Was it in accord with the teaching of the New Testament for anyone to say in a boastful spirit that he could no longer sin? Would Jesus have inserted the petition about the forgiveness of sins in the Lord's Prayer if that gentleman's experience were of the normal type?

Just before he reached home there flashed into his mind the picture of Mother Pflaumi in her cottage. He knew of no one in the church who exemplified so beautifully Christ's likeness in her life. He never heard her talk about having been baptized with the Holy Spirit. As he recalled, she often had talked about being led by the Spirit of Christ and being dominated by his Spirit. He could not imagine Mother Pflaumi boastfully say that she could never sin. In his bewilderment he could not think very clearly and deeply, but he had become about convinced that the witness of that evening might have been honest, but he was surely deluded. He knew that he could not help him to find the golden key.

At the breakfast table the next morning William Stephan read in the newspaper a report of an address which President Coolidge had given at Washington, D. C., on the previous day. "Somewhere in human nature there is still a structural weakness," said the President in an address at the annual session of the American Medical Asso-

ciation. "We do not do as well as we know. We make many constitutions, we enact many laws, laying out a course of action and providing a method of relationship one with another which are theoretically above criticism, but they do not come into full observance and effect."

"If we could effectively rid our system of poison," he added, "not only would our bodily vigor be strengthened, but our vision would be clearer, our judgment more accurate and our moral power increased."

This statement by the President of the United States, admitting the "structural weakness" and the "poison" in human nature confirmed for William Stephan the correctness of his conclusion of the night before. He asked himself seriously, How can we rid our human nature of the "structural weakness" and the "poison" in an effective manner? The conviction had crystalized in his own mind that until we do effectively rid ourselves, we shall never dwell in the Land of Perfect Happiness.

#### Chapter VII

##### Rejecting Satan's Counsel

The Stephan's had a very peculiar friend, who was so unlike them in all the deeper things of life, that they themselves could hardly understand how they could be friends. They had very few interests in common, and in reality they lived in different worlds. Nevertheless there had an intimate friendship existed between them during many years. Robert Sedgwick was a bachelor, and a man of the world. In the insurance business he had met with marked success, so that now with his accumulated wealth and large income he could enjoy all the good things that life offered him.

It was on a Thursday evening that Robert Sedgwick called on the Stephan's. Because of his intimate friendship there was no formality in his call. His company was always agreeable, and notwithstanding the difference of life-views, they were perfectly at ease. Their conversation was usually interspersed with bits of humor and innocent pleasantry. "Well, well," remarked Robert Sedgwick, "How fortunate it is that this is not Wednesday evening. Anyone paying you a visit must always bear in mind not to come on Wednesday evening, or he will find the house locked. You have my sincere sympathy for having to spend so much time in the gloomy atmosphere of a prayer-meeting. If I didn't know what nice people you were, I would be tempted to think of you as outlandish. Because I am so sincerely concerned for your welfare, I have come tonight to give you some sound advice how to become really happy. Your life must be so absolutely barren of all joy and happiness that I wouldn't exchange with you for any price. You never attend the moving picture theater; you never move in society; neither of you dance; you have yet to get your first taste of Grand Opera."

With her loveliest smile Ruth Stephan interrupted him and said: "We had really never heard that you had become a doctor, going about and prescribing to save your patients out of their terrible

misery. How thoughtful of you to have come to us tonight." With a twinkle in her eye she said: "As far as I know, reputable doctors never force their prescriptions upon people unless they have been called in. A doctor who transgresses the ethics of the profession is usually considered a quack."

Robert Sedgwick understood the spirit in which all was being said and continued seriously: "It is just because I love both of you that I want to get you out of the dungeon. Get out into the sunshine, take deep full breaths of the atmosphere charged with the ozone of enjoyment. Pluck the many flowers that bloom along the highways of life. Drink deeply of the cup of enjoyment offered you on all sides. Look out upon the beauty of the world in which we live. I fear you have been looking within and examining those deep, dark and dismal caverns of sinfulness and perversion in your own hearts, of which you have so often spoken. I lay no claim to being a saint, but I have the happy faculty of forgetting all about the sinfulness of my own heart, if there should be any sinfulness there. There is surely no enjoyment in poking through that musty stuff. You seem to be such strange people; you are so odd that I can never understand you."

With a smile Ruth said: "Robert Sedgwick, you have become quite a preacher, and a philosopher at that. For the first time in my life, I can agree with a statement that you make. You said that we were strange people and so odd that no one can understand us. I agree fully with your view of us. Some time ago William and I made a visit to the West. We were on the train two days and two nights. On such a long journey one can observe the fellow-passengers and make comparisons with one's self. Never before had I noticed it how odd we really are. There were very few people on that train like us. Although we met very nice people on the train, we could not enter very deeply into a serious conversation with them. We did not live in their world. We could not participate in their cardgames nor in their frivolous talk. If I had been alone without William on that trip, I would have been dreadfully lonesome. I have often wondered just why we are so strange and odd."

"I can enlighten you on that, my dear," William Stephan said. "It is true that we are really outlandish, we are strangers among very fine people. I am afraid that our friend here with all his ability will not be able to understand what I am about to say. He may have the ability to find enjoyment everywhere, but there is one very important thing that he does lack. He has no comprehension of spiritual matters. Some time ago I read in the opening words of the first letter of the apostle Peter a very significant description of us odd people. He calls us there 'the elect who are sojourners.' That clears up the mystery why we are such strange people. Then I read on a little and found that it is just our life's history that makes us such strange people. Peter gives our life's history in very few words. He says: 'The elect ac-

ording to the foreknowledge of God the Father, in sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.' We have become odd people because the triune God has had such a big part in our life's history. Just because of our life's experience we have other sources of enjoyment than you know. Your prescription for happiness will not help us. You know that we could not enjoy the crude pleasures that uneducated and uncultured people enjoy. Your prescription for happiness is only of a material kind. We have known spiritual enjoyments. We appreciate your friendship, but we do not at all need your sympathy."

#### Chapter VIII

#### Found At Last

When the pastor announced at the Sunday morning service that Rev. Robert Millbank, missionary from Africa, would speak on the following Sunday evening, William Stephan became visibly agitated. This was the missionary who years ago had related his discovery in Africa of the Land of Perfect Happiness. As she sat beside him, Ruth could not help noticing how deeply her husband was moved. He could not give as he usually did his undivided attention to the sermon that morning. As soon as the doxology had been sung, William Stephan conferred with his wife and they decided then and there to invite Robert Millbank to be their guest. Before leaving the church that morning he expressed his wish to the pastor, who, of course, was delighted that the missionary from Africa was to find entertainment in such a fine home.

Ruth knew very well what had prompted her husband to insist that Robert Millbank be their guest. During the past years he had been searching diligently for the golden key, and now that man was to come, who had said that he had found the golden key. During the long week William Stephan would again and again through some remark he made reveal his intense longing for the visit of the missionary on the coming Sunday. He felt that he was about to come into possession of a secret that would revolutionize his life.

They did not see the missionary until he appeared on the platform of their church on Sunday evening. Although eight years had elapsed since the last furlough, both William Stephan and his wife immediately recognized Robert Millbank again. The passing years and the strenuous labors had, of course, imprinted their marks very plainly on his personal appearance. They both agreed that he had something about him that made him more beautiful than their recollection of him had been. His address on that evening was again unique. He told of the joy of the missionary in seeing the native converts grow in the grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. This he considered the greatest achievement of the missionary field. The experiences in Africa, he said, were not at all unlike the experiences in America in that many converts made very slow progress in attaining any substantial measure of Christ-likeness.

There were many disappointments in this regard, and they always saddened the missionary's heart. The fact, however, that many converts coming out of the darkness and death of heathenism should after their conversion manifest the life of Christ was in his judgment a convincing proof of the reality and power of Christ's gospel. He could cite abundant evidences of this kind. That makes missionary work worth-while and is an adequate remuneration for all sacrificial labors. All present at that missionary meeting were deeply impressed with the spirituality of the address.

After the service, the pastor introduced Robert Millbank to his hosts and they received him most graciously. They felt at once as if they had been old friends. After reaching home, William Stephan could hardly wait until he could talk about the subject uppermost in his mind. Seated in their comfortable living-room in the mellow light that filtered through the beautiful lamp-shade, William Stephan reminded the missionary that he had been in their church eight years ago. He wondered whether he recalled what he had spoken about at that time. Without giving him time to answer, he said that he had never forgotten the address of that evening. He told how he had been fascinated by the description of the discovery of the Land of Perfect Happiness made by the missionary in far away Africa. He could relate all that the missionary had said about the small number of inhabitants of that land and he could state almost verbatim what the missionary had said about the three characteristics of those who dwell in the Land of Perfect Happiness. Then he went on to express his disappointment on that night eight years ago when the missionary failed to mention and describe the golden key, which alone gives access to the Land of Perfect Happiness.

All through this conversation the missionary sat speechless. His calm face did not betray the thoughts that were passing through his mind. William Stephan then continued and described his search for the golden key during the past eight years. He told how at first he thought he had found the golden key in his happy homelife, when, however, the disillusionment came regarding the Friesen family, then Ruth had helped him to see that it requires more than a happy homelife to gain access to the Land of Perfect Happiness. He then recounted with considerable detail his experiences, which were filled with hope alternating with disappointment. He told how he had almost mistaken the false key of Christian Science for the golden key. Then he told of how both he and his wife had fully expected to be led into this happy land at the hand of Mother Pfaumi. It did seem at that time as if they had a vision and were about to enter, but for some reason not known to them that vision was never realized. He went on to say how they had almost fallen into the snare of asceticism and deluded emotionalism. During these eight years they had been conducting a sincere search for the golden key, but without success. As they be-

lieved that eight years ago Robert Millbank had been directed by the Lord to speak in their hearing of the Land of Perfect Happiness, so they were assured that tonight by the same kind Savior's guidance the missionary was to tell them about the golden key that he had found years ago in Africa.

In all his ministry, Robert Millbank had never been in a situation just like this. Although he was not extremely emotional, he was so deeply touched with the pathos of all that he had heard, it required considerable self-mastery for him to speak. When he proceeded, he said: "My dear friends, I am overwhelmed by what you have told me. In fact, I am almost inclined to charge myself with having been unfaithful to my commission on that night, eight years ago, when I told about my discovery of the Land of Perfect Happiness and omitted stating very definitely just where to find the golden key. If I had told you the entire gospel that night, how much happier these eight years might have been for you both. How happy I am that the Lord has brought me here tonight again, so that I might name to you the golden key and tell you just where to find it. What you told me reminds me of my own sad experience. How long I sought in vain for this same golden key. What a happy day it was, when I found it. This is to be your happy day."

With a calmness of tone and manner that penetrated to the depths of their souls, he continued: "There can be but one key. It is revealed in the Holy Scripture. It is available for all. While we seek to do the difficult thing to become happy, this golden key is at our very hand. The god of this world has blinded our eyes so that we often cannot and will not see it. It is simply this: 'Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.' If we accept him for all that he did, believe in him unconditionally for all that his name implies, submit to him absolutely and unreservedly with all that we are and have and abide in him continuously and without wavering:—If we do that in reality and sincerity, we have found the golden key. There is only one name given under heaven by which we shall be saved, and that is the name of Jesus Christ. There is only one activity of our soul that can link us with Jesus Christ, and that is faith. This is the gospel that is centuries old. No saints in ages past nor in our present day ever entered the Land of Perfect Happiness except as they used the golden key of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is the Holy Spirit's gracious illumination that men and women find this golden key. Left to their own wisdom, they all search in vain. Today the Lord has graciously revealed to your hearts the secret you have been searching for during the past years."

When Robert Millbank had finished speaking, there was a long silence. Every heart was too full for utterance. After a considerable pause, Ruth attempted to speak. It was with ecstatic joy she said: "This is the day of grace for us. God has visited us with his divine illumination. Now we see clearly

what our eyes have beheld dimly through the eight years. How often our hearts burned within us, when we were consciously just before the portal of the Land of Perfect Happiness. Many such sacred moments we had in the past years. Our eyes must have been held that afternoon down in the little cottage with Mother Pfaumi. Then again how dull our hearts must have been while we sat and listened to the pastor's sermon on 'Winning the Crown.' We adore our blessed Lord that he has permitted us to find the golden key. Now our search is ended; now we too have also crossed the threshold of the Land of Perfect Happiness."

Before the little group retired for the night, they bowed in solemn prayer. Although William Stephan had been accustomed to gather daily in his home at the family altar, he had never before prayed just like that night. That little group of three realized in that midnight hour Christ's presence through the Holy Spirit. There was little of petition in the prayer, but from the hearts of all there welled up overflowing praise. They thanked God for the gift of Jesus Christ. Then they acknowledged this grace that had been bestowed upon them in that through the anointing of the Holy Spirit they had seen and recognized Jesus Christ more fully than ever before in their lives. How happy they were that God had that night touched their eyes and bestowed upon them the grace to believe. There was also a note of sadness expressed in their prayer, when they thought of the dullness of their own hearts in not comprehending all this much sooner. With absolute abandon they consecrated themselves in joyful recognition that he had bought them with his own blood. At the close of his prayer William Stephan quoted as a confession of his own faith and a description of his own Christian life those memorable words of the apostle Paul: "For I through the law died unto the law, that I might live unto God. I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me." With a fervent and sincere Amen each of the three made this vow of consecration their own. The Lord himself, unseen but very real, was in the midst of those praying three in the midnight hour of that Sunday. How his heart rejoiced when they said that henceforth they would live the life of faith, faith in the Son of God, who had loved them and gave himself for them. Years ago when each of them had believed in him, he had sealed them as his own with his Holy Spirit. In that midnight hour he bestowed upon them a new fullness of his Holy Spirit to enable them to live the life of faith in the Land of Perfect Happiness.

#### Chapter IX

#### Living by Faith

The reality of the experience of that Sunday night never again vanished from the consciousness of William and Ruth Stephan. In the sanctity of their own

souls they often repeated to the Lord Jesus the vow they had made on that Sunday night to live the life of faith. Confronted with a temptation, they would declare their faith in the Lord Jesus. Sometimes their courage would weaken and their fidelity would waver, but if in such moments they resolutely declared their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, they could draw on hidden resources of strength, which they formerly had never known. William Stephan very soon learned that his own sinful self had not been entirely eradicated with stalk, root and rootlet. Not infrequently he had to admit a defeat in his own spiritual life. With a contrite but believing heart he would then seek and find forgiveness with the Lord Jesus.

There came to the desk of William Stephan a very attractive advertisement of a series of books entitled "The Book of Life." Usually such business announcements were only casually glanced at, and then they wandered into the waste-basket. This advertisement, however, was so strikingly different that William Stephan took time to read it through. There was a wonderfully colored oriental picture that reminded one of the magic of Aladdin's Lamp. The Book of Life, which the publishers were willing to send on approval for five days, would contain the secret of success in any sphere of living. It was clearly stated that the secret of success lay in the personality of each man or woman. In each of us there is that giant, who can accomplish the miraculous. We need but awaken the giant from his sleep and he will do for us what we have hitherto thought impossible. Because the promises made in this advertisement were too fantastic and exaggerated, it was with many others consigned to the basket. When, however, after a few days the mail brought another copy of the same advertisement, William Stephan impressed his rubber-stamp on the enclosed card and sent it to New York.

In due course of time The Book of Life arrived. There were seven exquisitely bound volumes. Each volume could be read in less than thirty minutes. The book-maker's art had reached a high development in these seven volumes. Then, too, they were very fascinatingly written. There was but one thought that dominated every page. In the personality of each man or woman, slumbering in the secret and silent chambers of subconscious mind, there is this giant, who can lead us to success in every sphere of living. No one need go outside the home of his own being. The secret of success lies in knowing how to awaken the giant. Rouse this giant and he will serve you. The Book of Life then tried to show how success would be achieved in the scientific, business and moral realms of life.

William Stephan had read but a few volumes of the Book of Life when he had become convinced that this book was teaching a false philosophy. The writer of these books was profuse in his quotations of Scripture, but these quotations were in most cases misapplied. The writer insisted that if anyone applied

the secret he was revealing, such a one would have assured success. William Stephan could not help noticing the card of a gentleman in Portland, Oregon, to whom the books had been sent for approval and returned. Evidently that man in Portland had not been convinced and he himself was not being convinced. The giant in the writer of *The Book of Life* was evidently not winning success in these two cases.

After the time for approval had expired, William Stephan packed the seven volumes of the *The Book of Life* into a carton and returned them to the publishers. He also took time to dictate a letter, expressing his opinion on *The Book of Life*. After calling attention to the misapplication of the many Scripture passages used in *The Book of Life* for the support of the false theory and philosophy, he told the publishers that he had a better secret than theirs. In his opinion it was of little avail to awaken the slumbering powers in the personality of each one's subconscious mind. The apostle Paul had stated God's own revealed secret in that pregnant phrase: "Christ in you, the hope of glory." The so-called giant in us is really impotent and will disappoint us in our hopes, but Christ in us is the sure hope of a surpassing temporal and eternal glory. It is needless to say that the publishers never replied to that letter.

Since William Stephan had learned God's own secret, he was trying it in his own life. In his business life he was meeting the same people as before, and they were none the less irritating than they had been in earlier days. Every day brought him face to face with trying circumstances, which tested the validity of his new experience. Since he had found the golden key, his temperamental constitution had remained unchanged, but with all this there had a radical change taken place within him. Living in the same world as before, meeting the same irritating people, confronted by the same trying circumstances, he was nevertheless conscious of a new power, a divine power, who was always with him and always helping him. In fact, he was often overwhelmed when he beheld that Christ wrought in him and through him what formerly would have been impossible. With constant recurrence he realized that he no longer lived, but Christ was living in him.

#### Chapter X

### Peace in the Shadows

During the fifteen years of their married life, William and Ruth Stephan had lived under the brightest skies. Since they had found the golden key, their happiness had deepened and become more satisfying. Their only boy Junior was the joy of their hearts. As he was ripening into the maturity of youth, their plans for his future were taking more definite shape. It was for them like the shock of a thunderbolt from a clear sky when their Junior fell so seriously ill. From the very first the illness was so mysterious that not even the best physician could diagnose the case. The conviction soon took hold upon both William

and Ruth that their boy would not remain with them. For three weeks they wandered in the valley of the darkest shadows. Their hearts were saddened to the breaking point. Often father and mother knelt in prayer at the bedside of Junior and prayed for his recovery. In this prayer the boy always joined, because he had become a disciple of the Lord Jesus. More often both father and mother agonized in prayer in secret and said what they could not speak in each other's presence. They were now experiencing what Robert Millbank had pointed out as one of the outstanding characteristics of the dwellers in the Land of Perfect Happiness. In the midst of a sorrow deeper than they had ever known before, in the depths of their souls there was peace, unbroken peace, God's peace. As they stood in that dark midnight hour at the bedside of their dying Junior, they were assured that the Father had taken him. In the loneliness and sadness of that heart-breaking hour there came over them a quietness of soul and they rested in God's love like a crying child rests on the mother's bosom.

On the first Sunday morning after the funeral a visiting pastor from a neighboring church was in the pulpit. William and Ruth Stephan sat in their accustomed places. The preacher of the morning had chosen as his text John 14:27: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let it be fearful." The preacher announced as his topic for the morning: "Christ's bequest of peace for his own in a world of turmoil." Nothing could have been more appropriate for William and Ruth Stephan on that Sunday morning. It had been their custom to have Junior beside them, but now he lay in the grave. The pastor was endeavoring to show that God's children do actually experience and enjoy Christ's peace in the darkest hours. With a tenderness that was so soothing to all the bruised hearts, the preacher related an actual occurrence in his own church.

"In my church we had a family consisting of father and mother and five young children. The mother was the daughter of one of our best families. On a Saturday morning the father of this family was instantly killed, while at work in the factory. I will never forget my feelings as I walked to that home on that Saturday. With every step there ascended a prayer from my heart that the Lord might give me wisdom to speak a suitable word of consolation. When I stood before that young widow and held her both hands, for a moment she laid her head on my shoulder and wept. Then looking into my face, she spoke words that at that time seemed to me incredible. In the front room lay her dead husband, the father of her five children. In the little kitchen, standing about her or sitting on the grandmother's lap, were those five orphans. She said with the light of heaven on her face and the peace of God in her soul: 'My Heavenly Father never makes a mistake.' Two weeks later I was again in that home, sitting at the bedside of that widow. She

had given birth to her sixth baby. Just for a moment there surged through her soul a longing for her husband, who was lying out there in God's acre. A few months later we laid to rest the mother of this tried widow. Then came another sad blow, when through a technical irregularity in the Last Will and Testament of her father, she lost the estate, which it had been her father's will and purpose to give her. While every support of life's building seemed to be crashing to ruins, this widow to the astonishment and joy of the entire church was actually experiencing and enjoying the bequest of Christ, she had his own peace."

William and Ruth Stephan were much comforted in hearing this wonderful experience. How glad they would have been to have met her and conversed with her. Because of their common experience, they would surely have understood each other.

#### Chapter XI

### The Door Swings Open

After years had passed, William Stephan himself entered the sick-chamber. There was a lingering disease that took hold of him. In the quiet of his own room he was preparing for the hour of his departure.

The pastor called one day. It had become evident to all that the hour of the departure of William Stephan was not far off. He himself looked forward to it with rejoicing. None of his intimate friends hesitated to speak frankly about his departure, because of his own attitude toward his home-going. In the course of the conversation the pastor remarked that his home-going would mean for him the entrance into the Land of Perfect Happiness. No sickness would sap his strength there; no worry would mar his happiness; no sin would blight his life. When William Stephan heard that, his face shone with a heavenly light. Gathering his ebbing strength, he said: "How I rejoice at the prospect. In reality I have been in the Land of Perfect Happiness for forty years. Since on that Sunday at midnight, when through the help of that Missionary Robert Millbank and the Holy Spirit Ruth and I found the golden key, we have lived uninterruptedly in the Land of Perfect Happiness. Oh, I know that what we have enjoyed here has been but a foretaste of what we shall enjoy yonder. Immeasurably better will it all be, but we will enjoy nothing new. There we will have Christ-likeness, perfect Christ-likeness. There we will render him service, perfect service. There we will have peace, unbroken peace, marred by not one single irritating circumstance. I can see the perfection of the happiness of that land in his own word: 'And his servants shall do him service; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads.'" There seemed to be a golden glow from the New Jerusalem on the countenance of William Stephan as he prayed: "Lord Jesus, now with faltering words, but soon with rapturous soul I thank thee that thou hast given me access to the Land of Perfect Happiness here and hereafter by revealing to me by thy Holy Spirit and the witness of Robert Millbank the Golden Key."