

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Five

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Number Fifteen



Charles Haddon Spurgeon

## What's Happening

### Joy in Glory Hill and Wetaskiwin

On June 12, 9 young people were added to the Glory Hills German Baptist Church by baptism. This little church is aggressive and zealous in the work of the Lord. Both old and young are interested in mission work and bring their talents and gifts for the cause of the Lord at home and abroad.

Seventeen were baptized by Rev. Fred W. Benke in Wetaskiwin June 26, most of them young people. We hope and pray that these promising lives may be kept for the service of the Master and do much good for him. It always gladdens the heart of Christian workers when one sees people stepping out of the service of the world and dedicate themselves to the service of the Master. Moreover when young people bring their beautiful and promising talents to be used for him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his blood. FRED W. BENKE.

### A Service for Graduates

Congratulations to the graduates! Just at this time of the year many of our young people are finishing their courses in school and are having a great commencement in some new field. Some will go further on in school, others will go to work in various industries, but wherever they may go and whatever they may do it is our sincere wish that God may bless them and guide them and that they may work to honor him.

With this thought in mind the Nottingham Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, had a service on Sunday evening, June 12, devoted to our graduates. The meeting was opened by our pastor, Rev. Ansberg, and then turned over to the president of the young people's society, Miss Esther Piotrowski. Several of the young people took part in the service, one read the scripture, another led in prayer, others contributed musical numbers. There was a short sermon by our pastor and then the Sunday school superintendent, Mr. Ewald, brought greetings from the Sunday school; Mr. Klininger, the chairman of the Board of Deacons, brought greetings from the church.

Then the assistant superintendent of the Sunday school, Mr. Cisar, presented each graduate with a copy of the New Testament. The graduates, during the entire service, were seated on the platform. There were seven graduates from high school: Gladys Ewald, Ruth Kuchenbacher, Charles Ebs, Lawrence Prill, Harold Gerwin, Chester Pratt, Don Speidel; and one graduate from Western Reserve University, Henry Bowman.

Again we wish these graduates and all others God's richest blessing.

R. BOWMAN.

\* \* \*

Do not seek freedom to go anywhere; seek power to go somewhere.

### Central Conference Invitation

The State Park Church in Peoria invites all churches of the Central Conference to the Sessions which will be held in our midst, August 23-28.

Delegates and visitors are kindly requested to announce their coming by August 7 to our church clerk, Wm. Broeker, 120 Widenham St., Peoria, Ill. After this date we cannot make any promises. Lodging and breakfast will be free. Noon and evening meals will be served in the church dining room at 60 cents per meal.

We expect many and hope to be a blessing to one another.

In the name of the Church,

WM. BROEKER, Clerk.

Rev. E. Bibelheimer became pastor of the church at Mound Prairie, Minn., on July 1st.

Rev. A. J. Pauler of the Ebenezer Church, Dickinson Co., Kans., baptized 12 persons on June 26, fruits of the special meetings held by Evangelists Rev. and Mrs. Wm. A. Lippard. Rev. Pauler and family recently drove to Cleveland, O., by car, visiting relatives there.

### Canadian Mission Society Institute

The Canadian Mission Association of our churches in Ontario assembled this year with our church in Sebastopol, Ont. The days from June 9 to 12 were days of good cheer and instruction to both young and old. Our program committee was very fortunate to secure three excellent lecturers in the persons of Rev. D. Hamel, who gave a lecture course on "Christian Discipleship;" our Young People's Secretary, Bro. A. Bretschneider, who lectured on "Sunday School Methods," and, last but not least, our honorable Prof. F. W. C. Meyer, who gave a course of lectures on "Learning of Jesus the secret of right living."

Bro. Hamel gave us a fine report about our great heritage as German Baptists, our organization and general work.

Prof. Meyer gave us a report about our Seminary in Rochester, N. Y., and an excellent lecture about the Philippine Islands.

These lecture courses were well intermingled with devotional periods, solos and quartets from our ministers' quartet and a well prepared program rendered by groups of young people from various churches. The social side of life was not forgotten in the playing of various games on the green.

Three cheers for Neustadt and our next year's assembly! A. E. JASTER.

\* \* \*

No talk is so pointless as talk that is always trying to make points.

### Watertown Anniversary

The anniversary of Ladies Aid Society at Watertown, Wis., was held Thursday evening, June 9, 1927.

A good program, consisting of readings, musical numbers both vocal and instrumental and a dialog called "Two Masters," was given by the ladies. A free will offering was taken, which helps to swell our building fund treasury.

In the course of the year, besides our monthly meetings, we had one bazaar and a number of "baked goods sales" and several programs, the proceeds of which also went into the building fund. We are very much in need of a new church building and are willing to do our "bit" toward getting one.

We cannot report of a great numerical increase but we can report the more essential, which is the fine spirit of co-operation in reaching our objectives.

May we through the grace of God for the coming year be more loyal to the principles that the society stands for, so that we may learn the true meaning of the word "Aid," like the Master who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life as a ransom for many. MRS. P. KRUEGER, Sec.

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Giving is an art, and like all arts it requires constant practice.

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When all other ground is sinking sand, a man is foolish who fails to stand on the rock of salvation.

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A just man gets justice for himself by being just to others.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

### A Sermon to Empty Pews

THE preacher was clean-shaven and gray-haired, erect as a statue, with eyes sparkling like stars, as they had done for eighty years. Everybody in the village respected him, and bore with his infirmities. The children enjoyed his pioneer stories, until he rambled into incoherent theology, and then they stole silently away, leaving him to discourse to the empty air. His conversation was pleasing to most people for a little while; but alas! his punctuation was defective. He knew his commas and semicolons; but had never learned to use the full stop.

It is said that his ministry had never been successful, yet defeat never soured him. He blamed himself alone. Perhaps the fault was in his metallic voice, or lack of personal magnetism. There was no lack of piety or industry. He was always in the village church on Sabbath mornings. Sometimes the young pastor invited him to lead in prayer, and then he was happy. So were the people for a little while. But he soon wandered into a verbal wilderness, and though there were sometimes flashes of Divine glory, and sometimes the spiritual manna fell, they were glad when the long pilgrimage was done.

The doors of the little church were never locked, and the old preacher often visited it during the week, to rest and meditate and pray. People said he sometimes preached in the empty building. I never believed them, until I discovered the statement to be true. I was passing the church, and heard the old man's voice in prayer. Stepping quietly within, I hid myself behind a pillar. When the "Amen" had been reached, he announced a hymn, and looked with pained surprise at the choir gallery, when no one began to sing, and then started to sing himself. I had to suppress a strong temptation to help him out, for he seemed on the verge of breaking down. Then he made announcements, evidently referring to matters of by-gone days and other regions. Then followed the sermon, which seemed to me infinitely pathetic, and which I jotted down after reaching home, as best I could from memory.

"I have chosen for my text today, 1 Samuel 20: 18, 'Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty,' and this sermon will be addressed to the empty pews which I see in such crowds before me, on this interesting occasion. I have often had it in my heart to preach to you, for you have always been such regular attendants on my ministry. I must commend your faithfulness. In stormy weather you were always on hand. In fine weather, when people were driving or visiting, I could depend on

your presence. When people of flesh and blood were tired at harvest time, you were never tired, and when they could not buy clothes because there was no harvest, you were not ashamed to be seen in the house of God. How nobly you would rally before me when there were 'doings' at the other church. And how regular you have always been at prayer-meetings. Each Wednesday night you nearly filled the house. Nothing I have ever done or said would drive you away. And I must commend your constancy. Whenever I have gone to a new field of labor, others have crowded around me at first, but their enthusiasm has soon died away. You never crowded your attentions on me the first Sabbath; but as time passed you clung to me like brothers."

Thus far the preacher's tone was friendly. He seemed to think of the empty seats as ghostly existences. A stern look came into his countenance as he went on in severest tones:

"And yet, my dear friends, I do not, cannot love you. You are not my dear friends at all, and I won't call you such. I detest you, despise you, abominate you. I will not call you beloved, but unloved. I never invited you to church, but always tried to drive you away, and you wouldn't go. You sit there staring at me, with empty eyes and barren hearts, just as you have always done, freezing the marrow in my bones and the unction in my soul. I have thought of you by day, and the remembrance and dread of you have made my weeks unhappy. When I have toiled in my study, even, I have felt the chill of your presence, and my hand and brain have been palsied as I heard you mutter around me, 'We'll be there and suck that sermon dry.' And sometimes I have started in the night, cold with sweat, because you, frigid fiends, have danced upon my heart. Often, with prayer and labor, I prepared my sermon, and wept and pleaded that God would honor it by putting it in some unsaved soul, but when the Sabbath morning came, you pale villains throttled it before it could really speak to any one's heart. Often have I designed to comfort some sorrowing one, when, behold! one of you had taken the place of the mourner. You were always there on collection Sunday, jeering and mocking me, and you never gave a penny to any cause. You never sing, you never pray, you never weep or smile, or say 'Amen.' You are worse than deaf adders, and can never be charmed to respond to the most earnest efforts. Never have I known one of you to get converted to God.

"But I will not rail upon you, you poor, palid ghosts of evaporated nothing, though you have driven me from every field where I have tried to labor. You have no bodies, or souls, no conscience or hope. I am glad you cannot repent and be saved.

I hate you and shall hate you for ever and ever. I believe I am going to heaven some day, even if my crown is starless (thanks to you), but I hope never to meet you there. Not one! Not one! Go to perdition, all of you. Fill up the black courts of hell's dominion as full as ever you can; but in the name of the mighty God, I charge you come not into the celestial city, for it seems to me I never can be happy, and I don't believe the Savior will be, if there are any empty seats in heaven."—Christian Commonwealth.

### The Heart of the Tree

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants the friend of the sun and sky,  
He plants the flag of the breezes free;  
The shaft of beauty towering high;  
He plants a home to Heaven anigh  
For song and mother-croon of bird  
In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that flush and fade again;  
He plants the glory of the plain;  
He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
And far-cast thought of civic good,  
His blessing on the neighborhood,  
Who in the hollow of His hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

### We Live by the Gospel

OUR churches are built on conversion. The first and fundamental question to every candidate for membership among us is, "Hast thou believed on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of thy soul?" Without that personal apprehension by faith of God's grace in Christ we have no candidates for baptism, no church members, no communicants at the Lord's Table, no priests of the Lord to make intercession in the prayer meeting, no preachers of the gospel, no fit persons for the pastoral office, no missionaries to send to the heathen. In a word we have nothing. But given true conversion to God we have the germ of everything. Unless conversion is first you are planting your ecclesiastical tree upside down with its roots in the air. We live by the gospel.—Rev. Gilbert Laws in Convention Teacher.

### The Fine Art of Receiving

C. A. DANIEL

FOR a number of years we have followed all the religious movements of the Christian churches to stimulate the spiritual life, to increase missionary giving and true Christian service and have entered into all the movements heartily. However, we have often wondered how long such movements would last and what real permanent value they would have to the local church and the bulk of its members. I am quite sure that many false notions prevail and it behooves the thoughtful pastors to correct them and to give to the people some sane and correct views of receiving and giving. We will call it the fine art of receiving. If we should affirm that nobody has ever really given anything to God, some would probably look at us in amazement. But it is true. Jesus himself taught us: "It is more blessed to give, than to receive." This beatitude is not found in the Gospels, Paul dug it up out of obscurity and gave it to the Christian church.

Our Lord's life was a continuous example of this beatitude. He must occupy the supreme place of blessedness. He is the most blessed One; the great Dispenser of every real blessing.

James says 1:17: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." And we speak of giving to God? We have not yet learned the fine art of receiving. It is truly an art to receive gifts from God.

### "What Hast Thou, That Thou Didst Not Receive?"

We imagine that we are rendering service to God, while in truth he is always serving us. Our giving does not influence his character—"for it is more blessed to give, than to receive." The sun sends its healing and strengthening rays freely on the earth and on all men without distinction. The rain falleth upon the good and the bad alike. Sunshine and rain are given freely to the devout and the wicked, to the good and the bad without distinction. The air, which we breathe, is God's gift to all human beings and to the whole animal and vegetable kingdom. Yet there are thousands of human beings, who are deprived of these blessings in our congested cities; and therefore we have so much disease to combat.

The water, which we drink, is abundantly supplied by God for all mankind and whosoever will may come and drink freely. Who can overestimate the value of pure water! Even here has sinful man trespassed and contaminated the streams, the rivers and lakes, this purest blessing of God. "What hast thou, that thou didst not receive?" Does not the scripture teach us that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof"?

There is no monopoly on the sunshine and rain, on the air and the water of the earth. And yet

### The Greed and the Selfishness of Men

has deprived many of these natural universal blessings of God. God has given freely. Man alone has limited, what God had intended to be free and universal. The Mosaic law knows nothing of private property. God is the owner of heaven and the earth, of the land, of the people; "of the earth and the fullness thereof." The people are but tenants and stewards of God. Only the selfishness of man has created laws of property, stipulated boundaries and erected signs: "Keep off;" "Trespassing prohibited;" "Private Property." All down through the centuries the avarice of man has exploited the earth. Wars and invasions, great movements, hordes of the human race have wandered over the face of the earth and parceled it out by force or coercion. Thus we have nations, countries, provinces, states, countyseats, cities and private estates. God has made the earth for mankind, but mankind is up against it ---- for everywhere have monopolies, corporations, trusts, enterprises, multimillionaires stepped in and fenced it off, exploited the land, its riches; the land, the water, the air; and in many places the earth has been reversed from a paradise into a veritable hell.

Thank God, there are still some things, which are given to all. In the realm of healing, it would be a crime to exploit any discovery of healing; in the realm of science it would be criminal to withhold the facts; in the realm of religion it would be wrong for the preacher to withhold any truth, which is given for all. Why should men exploit and withhold from any sphere of life? But it is done. For the selfishness of man creeps in everywhere and despoils God's plans.

The heathen approaches his idol of God and says: "Here I bring my offering, this sheep, now I expect you to protect my fields and bless them." The Christian is not quite so outspoken to his God. But he naturally thinks because he attends services, says his prayers, gives his tithe and does some religious things, that he will prosper, heaven will be his reward and all his deeds will have some merit in them before God. But are we not then forgetting the fine art of receiving, that we are recipients of God, that he is serving us and is continually giving to us. We have not yet learned the fine art of receiving.

### When Paul Preached at Athens

(Acts 17:24-30) he reminded the Athenians of four things, which we will do well to remember:

1. That "the Lord of heaven and earth doth not dwell in temples made with hands."
2. That God truly hath no needs. "Neither is he worshipped with men's hands as though he needeth anything."
3. "That God giveth life and breath to all men."
4. "That these gifts were freely bestowed upon all, that they might all feel after him and repent and be grateful." Thus all religion in the first place is receiving. And it is a fine art to receive.

Out of our correct views of receiving will grow our

### Correct Views of Living

We do not believe and trust our God as we should. Hence we do not trust our fellowmen. Right relationships between men grow out of right relationship to God. And yet what do we see? A world full of discontent and distrust. Men everywhere are called upon to give affidavits, notes, securities, bonds, mortgages, recommendations, etc. We do not receive correctly, hence we cannot live correctly. Our Lord taught us to pray: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." There is perfect harmony, peace and order in heaven. Should it not follow too on earth as it is in heaven? Do we really trust the words of our Lord? Do we believe him and confide in him? Then this trust should affect our lives and our conduct.

We need right relationships to God above all things, and right relationships among men should very naturally follow. We need justice very badly on earth. Justice to the employer and to the employee, to the dealer and to the consumer, in fact to all men. "The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking but righteousness, i. e. justice, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

As we learn the fine art of receiving we will also learn the fine art of living for God and men. There will follow the imitating of God, the co-operating with God, the beneficence of God in our lives. We will give then, because it has become our second nature; it has become the Christlife pulsating in us. Oh Lord, teach us to receive in the right spirit and to live in the right spirit!

### Editorial Jottings

THE MORE LIFE gives to us, the more we must pour back into life. Nothing is ours to keep. There is nothing that we can finally build for our own possession but character.

THE CONFERENCE TIME is approaching during the latter part of this month. We hope many of our young people will plan to attend the young people's sessions at the various conferences. It is always inspiring to see the young people at these important denominational gatherings.

THE EDITOR would like to call attention to *Revell's New Scripture Atlas*, recently published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. This is a fine and indispensable help to the Sunday school teacher and Bible student. It consists of a series of 16 colored plates containing the historical geography of Palestine and the lands of the Bible, with descriptive and explanatory notes on the maps. This atlas ought to be in every classroom for constant reference. It is altogether the newest and best collection of maps in this form that we have yet seen. It comes in boards, size 8¼x10¾ inches, and costs 90 cents. Order through our German Baptist Publication Society.

### An Evening in Portland

On Sunday evening, June 5, "Prayer Changes Things" was the devotional subject for the Young People's service at Portland, Ore. The Loyalist group, Mr. Harry Johnson, Captain, had charge of the services. After singing and scripture reading the "Lord's Prayer" was repeated by the society. A duet, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," was sung by Miss H. Schultz and August Gunsch, after which talks on the following subjects were given: "Teaching Us How to Pray," by Bertha Johnson; "Teaching Others to Pray," by Ida Bachofner and Linda Boehi; "Hindrances in Prayer Life," by A. Gunsch; "Helps in Prayer Life," by Henry Bertuleit and Mrs. E. B. Meier; "Experience in Prayer," by Johanna Beck; and "Continuing Prayer," by Henry Schroeder. A solo, "In the Secret of His Presence," was sung by Mrs. Meier, after which a number of members prayed. "Loyalty to Christ" was then sung by the group and the Captain, Mr. Johnson, led in the closing prayer.

*On to victory, On to victory!  
Cries our commander: On!  
We'll move at his command,  
We'll soon possess the land,  
Through loyalty, loyalty, yes loyalty to  
Christ.*

L. T.

### Reception to New Pastor at Wausau, Wis.

We gathered on July 7 in the church parlors to welcome our new pastor, Rev. Erion, and wife. A delicious supper was served by our Ladies Aid after which we assembled in the main auditorium for a brief program with our Sunday school superintendent, Frank Beneditz, presiding.

The opening number on the program was a Piano Solo by Miss Mary Patefield, after which Rev. P. W. Erickson of the Presbyterian church offered prayer. A duet by Frank Beneditz and Adolph Gering followed, also a very original welcome song, composed by one of our members, sung to the tune "If Jesus goes with me, I'll go."

Rev. Erickson then gave a very inspiring and instructive address. He said in part that a church could either make or break its pastor, and that only through the loyal backing and co-operation of every member could a preacher's true worth be proven. He recalled the friendship he had enjoyed with our former pastor, Rev. J. F. Meyer, and anticipated the same sort of fellowship with Rev. Erion. He welcomed Rev. Erion to our beautiful city and said he was glad such a man was added to the ministerial force in Wausau that had for its aim, "Wausau for Christ."

Rev. Erion then responded in his fine gracious manner, that has already endeared him to his congregation and said he had chosen the ministry as a vocation or life's calling because he felt it to be the biggest job a man could undertake,

winning souls for Christ, and that it could be done with the hearty support of the children of God.

After this, or at this time Mr. F. Beneditz presented Mrs. Erion with a sum of money in behalf of the church as a wedding gift, for which she expressed their heartfelt thanks and appreciation. In closing we sang "Blest be the Tie that Binds" and Bro. Erion pronounced the benediction.

ELIZABETH MAAS, Church Clerk.

### Arnold Society Installs New Officers

The B. Y. P. U. of the Union Baptist Church of Arnold, Pa., brought its year of activity and service to a fitting close by an installation service on Sunday evening, July 3. The B. Y. P. U. furnished the program for the entire evening. Vocal selections, numbers by the orchestra, along with the rousing congregational singing furnished the musical portion of the program.

The outgoing officers were dismissed with suitable commendation and thanks by Mr. G. G. Guenther, Jr. The new officers are: President, Miss Augusta Theis; Vice-President, Mrs. G. G. Guenther, Jr.; Secretary, Mrs. Fred Krause; Treasurer, Miss Esther Guenther; Corresponding Secretary, Lewis Adams; Pianist, Mrs. C. J. Theis. They were installed by Mr. C. J. Theis with an impressive service. At the close of our program our pastor, Rev. C. E. Cramer, gave an inspiring message taking his text from 2 Tim. 2:3.

During the year 1926-27 under the leadership of our president, Miss Esther Guenther, the society did much for the church. A pulpit pedestal was bought and flowers were provided through the year for each Sunday. The society pledged to give \$10 quarterly toward payment of the church debt. A handsome B. Y. P. U. emblem was provided to help decorate our B. Y. P. U. room. Socials were held and Sunday devotional meetings were well attended throughout the year.

We intend to give a series of slide lectures and carry on through the summer months.

MRS. C. J. THEIS, Sec.

### Annual Rally of the Chicago Sunday Schools

Sunday afternoon, June 5, was the Third Annual Rally of the Chicago German Baptist Sunday Schools. We again gathered at the First Church.

Owing to the Northern Baptist Convention convening here at the time our attendance was not so large as in previous years.

Mr. Fred Grosser, superintendent of the Oak Park Sunday school, had charge of the singing. Mr. Arthur Pankratz, superintendent of the Second Church Sunday school, read the scripture, John 4:17-21, and Rev. Benj. Graf of Detroit led in prayer.

We were very fortunate in securing Prof. L. Kaiser of Rochester to bring the message for the afternoon. His talk was interesting and constructive.

Prof. Kaiser showed us we were building for the future. Christ was concerned about the children, so we should be interested in their welfare.

The Oak Park orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Carl Granzow and a Children's Chorus of boys and girls between the ages of 10 and 15 years under the direction of Prof. Gustave Berndt helped to make a very pleasant afternoon.

There were nine Sunday schools represented. The First Church Sunday school had the highest percentage and our president, Mr. H. Siemund, presented them with a cord and tassel as they already have a banner. Second Church Sunday school being next highest received the banner.

We were glad to have the out of town visitors with us.

Our aim in the Rally is to instill enthusiasm for bigger and better Sunday schools and to bring us closer to Him who is our friend and Redeemer.

OLGA M. JUSTIN, Sec.

### Reception for New Pastor at Avon, S. D.

The Baptist church of Avon, S. D., gave a reception to their new pastor, Rev. Benj. Schlipf, and family on Thursday evening, June 23. The reception was a surprise to the pastor and family and was held in the church. The pastors of the neighboring churches had been invited and addresses were given by Rev. F. W. Schaefer of Parkston, followed by Rev. Herman Lohr of Cathay, N. D., Rev. A. W. Lang of Tyndall, S. D., and by the former pastor, Rev. J. F. Olthoff, now of Madison, S. D.

The heads of the different departments of the church each in turn welcomed the new pastor. After these words of welcome and encouragement were spoken, Rev. Schlipf was given an opportunity to respond which he did in a very able manner.

After the program in the main auditorium all were invited to the dining room of the church for refreshments. The dining room was decorated very nicely in green and white.

Rev. Schlipf is a very able and experienced man, having been in the ministry about 26 years. He came here from Peoria, Ill., where he left a growing church, which was very reluctant about leaving their pastor go to Avon. Besides his experience in this country, Rev. Schlipf also had experience in foreign lands, having been at Bucharest, Roumania, for about 12 years.

The church is very fortunate in having secured such a leader. May the Lord bless his work at this place!

L. A. S.

# The Sunday School

## Next Sunday

Mr. Speeds will clean his auto,  
Mr. Spurr will groom his horse,  
Mr. Gadds will go to Findlay,  
With all the little Gadds, of course.  
Mr. Flight will put carbolic  
On his homing pigeons perch,  
Mr. Weeds will work his garden,  
Mr. Good will go to church.

Mr. Cleet will drive a golf ball,  
Mr. Tiller steer his boat,  
Mr. Popper on his cycle,  
Round and round the state will mote.  
Mr. Swatt will watch a ball game,  
Mr. Take and son will search  
Through the beaky wood for mushrooms,  
Mr. Willing will go to church.

Do you ask me what's the matter;  
Do you wonder what is wrong?  
When the nation turns from worship,  
Sermon, prayer and sacred song?  
Why the people rush for pleasure,  
Leave religion in the lurch?  
Why prefer a padded auto  
To a cushioned pew in church?

Reader, well I know the answer,  
But if I should speak aloud,  
What I think is the real reason  
It would queer me with the crowd.  
You'll be popular, dear reader,  
When you yield the critic's birch.  
You'll be safely in the fashion  
When you blame things on the church.  
—Tiffin Baptist.

## An Object Lesson

HILDA RICHMOND

The day was warm and when the auto party of three large machines filled with young folks seeking a nice picnic site saw a sign swinging invitingly from a tree: "Welcome! Drive in and make yourselves at home!" they had a feeling of relief and gratitude for the farmer who had so generously provided for the comfort of unknown guests. They could see tables under the fine big trees, a flowing well of sparkling water, benches and other provision for a good time. Joyfully they accepted the invitation and soon were unloading hampers, shaking off dust, spreading tablecloths and getting ready for the noon luncheon.

But before they had gone far most of them noticed a disagreeable odor and clouds of flies took possession of the food they were setting out. The food was hastily covered and an investigation made. Behind a clump of thick shrubbery they found tin cans, remains of other lunches, broken bottles and jars, papers, rags and other refuse all smelling horribly and all swarming with insects. "We can't eat here! It is horrible!" was the general cry as they hastily gathered up their things to move on.

As they worked the farmer came to the well for a jug of cool water for the

workers in the harvest field. "Can't stand the smell and the flies?" he inquired. "I don't blame you. At the beginning of the season this was the prettiest and cleanest and coolest spot along the road and I thought that people would appreciate it, but you can see what happened. I cleaned it up several times but at last left it for an object lesson. Do you know it reminds me of that passage in one of the old prophets where the man of God says to the people that they were not content to drink of the clear waters but they must muddy them with their feet for others who wished to drink. That isn't just the wording of the book but it is the sum and substance of it all."

As they drove on they found other groves in the same condition though it was early in the season and finally they were forced to eat by the dusty roadside with an irate farmer watching to see that they cleaned up every bit of refuse before leaving. It was an object lesson those young folks will never forget. The careless young people who were the first offenders probably will never pass that particular spot again, but they have spoiled the grove for every picnic party for an entire season, and perhaps for always, for farmers are beginning not only to close the gates against picnic parties but to enforce the rule of keeping out by putting a cross dog or bull in the grove. "They call themselves Christians but they act like heathens," said one angry farmer about a Sunday school class that had carelessly littered his pretty pasture field.

O young folks, can you afford to muddy the waters for others who come after you when you have enjoyed the clear sparkling stream? It is well worth thinking of, particularly when you go out for a good time in the name of some church organization.

## Memory and the Brain

Elderly people usually remember events that transpired fifty years ago far better than those that may have happened within the past decade. Conversations, dates, political meetings, social gatherings, and such things that happened in their youth can be related with ease, while nothing can be remembered about similar events that happened years later.

It takes little to make a lasting impression upon the youthful brain, but unless the adult brain has been constantly forced to retain its power of retention by careful study it seems to delight in allowing things to pass through it without leaving the "memory crease."

Those who learn young should remember this. Learn your Bible verses now, if you wish to recite them with surety fifty years hence. Allow your youthful brains to store up pleasures for your old age—for in a few years the brain will not so willingly obey your demands.

## Verses for Absent Members of Sunday School Classes

FOR ONE WHO IS OFTEN ABSENT

*We send this card that we may show  
We miss you and we need you so,  
Then please don't let a Sunday pass  
Without your presence in this class.*

FOR ONE RARELY ABSENT

*We missed you last Sunday and think  
there must be  
A very good reason why we did not see  
Your bright shining face; and your voice  
did not hear,  
So please come next Sunday and bring  
us good cheer.*

FOR A SICK MEMBER

*Too bad you were sick and could not  
attend  
The Fidelis Class, and we missed you,  
dear friend;  
So please hurry up and get well, and  
come back,  
For when you are absent there's some-  
thing we lack.*

SOLICITING NEW MEMBERS. YOUNG MEN'S CLASS

*We want some choice, hand-picked young  
men  
To join our class and help us: then  
You will can see why we pick you  
To be a member good and true;  
Then come and join this jolly band,—  
The class that gives the friendly hand.*

—Organized Class Magazine.

## A Swarm of B's

B—*Regular at Church*: it energizes your spiritual life.

B—a *subscriber*: it helps you create moral fibre for the community.

B—*Punctual*: it enables the pastor to begin the service in a spirit of confidence and encouragement.

B—*Worshipful*: as you participate in the service, you increase your own pleasure.

B—*Friendly*: move along in your pew for the stranger.

B—*Generous and Just*: charity for the poor and unfortunate radiates from God's house.

B—*Inspiring*: the sermon but reflect the audience.

B—*Sociable*: that makes a warm atmosphere.

B—*Optimistic*: that means a contagious healthfulness, happiness, hopefulness.

B—*Easy*: watch the speaker, rather than your watch.

B—*Kindly*: faults and failings are often only virtues on the wrong track.

B—*Loyal to the Pastor*: he can be no greater success than the people will let him. —The Rev. Finley G. Gibson.

# The Glass Window

A Story of the Quare Women

By LUCY FURMAN

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

VIII

THE FOOT-LOG

The morning after Christmas, as Christine mounted the rough steps to the foot-log on Uncle Ephraim's side, she saw Giles Darcy, and Ronny Kent all riding swiftly toward town along the road opposite. Two hours later, Uncle Ephraim stopped by the women's cottage with the news that Ronny and the other eight boys who had shot-up the town the day before were now lodged in jail.

"Giles he went to see all the boys' paws last night and told 'em them boys ought to punish, atter breaking the promise of peace to you women and throwing contempt on the county and that he had already swore out a warrant again' Ronny and would they do the same for their boys? Which each and every agreed to; and this morning Darcy he arrested 'em, and now all the nine are up in jail.

"Some," continued the old man, "allow Giles is too resolute; that the boys have been doing so good all fall hit's natchul for 'em to bust loose a leetle at Christmas. But the way I look at hit, the quicker a body punishes for wrongdoing, the quicker they larn not to do wrong no more. That's why I never spore the rod in raising my offsprings. Of course Giles is hurted a sight wusser than Ronny, having fotched him up from a babe like he has. He's so out of heart he allows he'll start back to college soon as he eats dinner. I'm sorry for him to have his Christmas sp'iled this way. The Scriptor says hit is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth; and if so, the Lord must intend a sight of good to Giles, for he laid the yoke on him heavy from the beginning, 'peared like, and hain't never seed fitten to lift hit yet. I allow by now his shoulders is so broke to hit they would miss the heft if hit was gone."

That day all the school women were invited to dinner with Ida Kent, Giles's sister, who had been with them during the fall but had left in November to marry a young Forks man, with whom Giles was now staying. Somebody had to remain with the cottage and tend library in the afternoon, and Christine, being the youngest, had already volunteered for this. It meant she would not see Giles again, which she regretted, as she was very anxious to know the result of his visit to Phebe Rideout.

About one, however, when she had eaten her lonely meal and was dusting some of the bookshelves, there was a knock at the door, and Giles stood there in the snow. "I stopped by to say farewell, and to tell you about Phebe," he said.

She made him come in to the fire.

"I told her that fresh air was the only hope for Lowizy, with her disease; that I had heard a great deal about it down in the level land, and knew you were right in what you said to her; and that she ought to let her have it."

"And she listened to you, of course?" cried Christine, eagerly.

"She listened," replied Giles, slowly, "but that was all. She would n't for a minute agree to let her have it. I thought she confided me some, but not in this." He spoke with deep sadness.

Christine's heart contracted sharply. "How terrible!" she said. "How cruel that Phebe should be her mother, and have this power! I thought she would surely hear you; it was my last hope for Lowizy,—for this winter I mean,—if she could only be kept alive until next summer, when our big house is built and we can take her down here, then I know she could be saved. But meantime, coughing her life way in that steaming room, that poisoned atmosphere, with most of the winter still before her—Oh, what shall we do? What possible hope is there?"

Giles was silent for a while; then he replied, firmly, "There is God—there is prayer."

Christine's hands clasped tight, and leaning a little forward, looked at him with tragic eyes.

"God—prayer," she repeated, in low tones. "Oh, if you could know how futile such talk sounds to me now! To speak of God and prayer in a universe where there is nothing but ruthless, inexorable, natural law, with a First Cause—if there ever was one—so remote, problematic, impersonal, as to be quite beyond human imagining, much less reach—Oh, how foolish, how childish it seems!"

Giles sat in amazed silence, and Christine, struggling for calm, continued: "Disease is a natural phenomenon, and must take its course, unless combated by proper natural means. Without proper treatment Lowizy must certainly die of this tuberculosis. Prayer will be worse than thrown away. What is there to pray to? Oh, I know how shocked you probably feel at what I am saying, you who still believe;—and in a way I am shocked, myself. A few years ago I too believed in God and prayer, as I had been brought up to. I read my Bible, was confirmed in the church, was what you might call a religious girl, and dead earnest about it. Then I went to college and studied biology and other natural sciences, and found out the endlessly long and painful process of the development of all life, human as well as animal and plant, from the lowest forms, and that there has never been any Creation in the Bible sense, but that we are all atoms in the grasp of blind fatality, called Life; that those stories in Genesis were only the attempts of primitive and

childish men to explain their existence; that what I had revered as the Word of God was merely a chance collection of writings by many men of many times; all ignorant of natural law and credulous of every marvel; that the religion in which I had trusted, the Bible in which I had believed, were built on fables, and there was really nothing sure, nothing to look forward to!"

"But the Word that was made flesh, and dwelt among us?" questioned Giles, after a while.

"Oh, a magnificent personality, tragic in its love, glorious in its impossible ideals, but passing out at the end into the darkness that must engulf us all; and later misrepresented by ignorant followers, who surrounded it with myth and legend."

She dropped her head, gazing sadly into the fire.

Raising it after a moment, she said more calmly, "I had to follow the truth, wherever it led me. I had to be honest with myself, even if it darkened the whole life for me—as it has certainly done. For I know now there is nothing to seek after, nothing to hope for after this life, the only thing left being to help one another while we are here. You agree with me, don't you, that it was my duty to follow the truth at all costs?"

Giles bowed his head. "The truth," he quoted, "shall make you free." Then he spoke very slowly, with long pauses between sentences, weighing his words. "I think," he said, "that you have looked at just one side of the truth. Even natural science is in its bare beginnings; great fields remain to be opened up, there is veil after veil to be lifted. It is n't as if everything was discovered—known. Why say that men of old spoke falsely when they claimed a knowledge, an experience that you have n't had? Why not rather try to make proof of their experience by testing it out in your own? See whether it works—that is the real test. I hold that a man should n't be expected to believe in other men's experience of God until he has had one of his own."

"That, as I see it, is the great need of our time; to seek, with patient listenings and mighty wrestlings, if need be, the touch—the contact—that those ancient men knew; to win a knowledge, an experience, which we cannot doubt. Most men, however, pass their days in careless surface living, content to have lost the consciousness of God—content, at least, until overtaken by some calamity or anguish for which there is no visible help. Mercifully, though, such times of suffering, with their revelations, come sooner or later into nearly all lives; it is the human lot. But you—you are probably too young and have lived too sheltered a life for any of them to have touched you."

"I suppose my life has been an unusually happy and care-free one so far," admitted Christine. "My deepest sorrow has been the doubts and negations that have benumbed my inward life for the past three or four years."

"Some day," continued Giles, and his voice held notes of regretful sadness, as

well as of solemn prophecy, "some day you will come to a place in your life of cruel sorrow, great danger, or utter desolation—to the very edge of things, where there is no human help. And in that hour when familiar things vanish, and the solid ground falls away beneath your feet, you will call and be answered; you will know for yourself and not by hearsay; you will understand what men of old tried haltingly to tell of their own untellable experience."

Christine looked at Giles searchingly—rather piteously. "You are only a few years older than I," she said. "How is it you have learned so much more? Was it because, as Uncle Ephraim says, you bore the yoke in your youth?"

Giles smiled gently. "I bore no yoke," he said. "It is true I was poor and in trouble from my youth up, and came early to places where I did n't know what to do or which way to turn. But another bore the yoke for me. I learned early to cast my cares on Him. Always I knew there was One who cared, who watched, who guided me as I walked through the wilderness of this world."

"Was n't it just because you had been taught this?"

"I was taught it—yes," he replied. "We had two books in our house, given to my mother by her brother, a school-teacher, who had also taught her to read a little. She brought us up on those books: the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*. But I learned still more by living, by proving things out in my daily life. In my simple faith as a child, you see, I saw no reason why God should n't speak to me as he did to young Samuel, or to Abraham, or to Moses; and from babyhood, almost, I listened for his voice. And often, in the stillness of the night, with my little brothers sleeping beside me, or in the mornings at work in the kitchen or fields, or in a free hour, maybe, on the ridge-tops, I heard it. He spoke to me, and my heart answered—oh, many, many times. And not only when I was young—it has always been true. Always, everywhere, I hear a Voice, saying, 'This is the way; walk ye in it.' 'I am thy shield and they exceeding great reward.'"

Christine's eyes searched the face of Giles, curiously, intently. But he was quiet, controlled, beautiful. There was in it none of the wildness of the fanatic.

"I was simple-minded enough, too," he continued, "to believe His promise that He knew and would fulfill my needs. From the beginning I laid them before Him in perfect trust. So did my mother. And He never once failed us. I could tell you of many things, but will tell just one or two. Take the winter after my father was killed: my mother had fallen off a cliff while we were hoeing corn in the early summer and hurt her back so that she could never again leave her bed. We had our home and land and what we could raise on it, and nothing else, and I, the oldest, was only nine. Because we had a good house and a large boundary of land, and because my mother was always proud and silent, the neighbors and kin knew nothing of our plight.

We children had done the best we could with the crop, tending and gathering it, but it had been very poor, and beside ourselves there were the cow and the pair of steers used in the farm work, to feed; our hogs and chickens had already been traded away for things we needed. Our pile of corn in the crib got lower and lower. One day in late January, when I was starting to mill with our turn of corn over my shoulder, I said to my mother, 'Maw, there's just one more week's feed for us and the property.' 'Don't breathe it to a soul, son,' she said. 'I am praying. The Lord will provide.' A week passed. I prayed, too. Friday came around again. I fed out the last nubbins to the cow and steers, and mixed the last measure of meal for our breakfast. Then for the first time my faith, which had never been so far tested before, began to waver. There was nothing to cook for dinner. About nine o'clock a wagon turned into our big gate. It was Grand-sir Kent. 'Giles,' he said, 'it came strong into my mind this morning to fetch up a load of corn. I allow you don't need it yet, neither, but hit won't come amiss later.' When he saw our empty crib he was shocked and amazed. 'It was the Lord's voice speaking to me,' he said. We never afterwards lacked for bread.

"That same winter, which was a long, hard one with much snow, I did n't have time or strength to dig the coal we needed. There it was a-plenty, up in the bank, but digging and hauling were too much for me; I had to fall back on the dead limbs we boys dragged down from the timber. I kept it from my mother as well as I could, and prayed about it alone. One very cold morning, when I was out chopping the dead limbs, David Rideout came down the branch and said, 'I woke in the night, Giles, thinking about that fine coal-bank of yours, and you and Lafe such little chaps, maybe not equal to digging it; and it was laid on me to come down today and dig for you.' And he dug all that week, till there was a pile that would last us the winter.

"This made a deep impression on me, because it was entirely in answer to my own prayers. In the years that followed there were scores of things like these, and still more wonderful ones in other ways. For instance, in the night, when she thought we were asleep, I would hear my mother calling upon God for the gifts she lacked by nature—for trust instead of rebellion, for patience instead of chafing and fretting under her pain and helplessness. And I saw those prayers answered; I saw her whole nature changed, saw her become quiet, gentle, uncomplaining, and at last pass consciously into the joy of her Lord.

"Oh, no—the words of the Bible are not idle tales;—they have come up from the depths of human experience and are eternally true. And its promises, they are true, too. They work. We have but to test them to be convinced."

He ceased speaking for a moment, gazing earnestly into the fire. Then he said in a low voice, as if to himself, "Yes, they

work even when there seems no hope of it; with God all things are possible. The prayer of my heart now for Ronny, my brother—it seems so far from fulfillment—there is everything against it—and yet I know it will be answered."

He rose, folded the woollen comforter about his neck, and turned up his coat-collar—his sole preparation for the long, cold walk of a day and a half across the mountains.

"I've been wanting to tell you how distressed I am about Ronny," said Christine, "also how right I think you are in what you have done."

"It was hard," said Giles, "and he hates me—hates me for it; he told me he did. But all our blood who have tampered with drink have been destroyed by it. I want him to find out early the wages of sin."

Christine followed him to the door. "You—you will pray for Lowizy, then; that her life may be spared through this one more winter?" she said, half eagerly, half ashamed.

"I will pray," he promised, taking her hand. "And you—you too will make the venture of faith? Go out to seek? not wait for your hour of desperate need, though that will come to you—must certainly come to all flesh. Yes, it will come to you," he repeated, looking down upon her with yearning, protective pity, "it will come and no man can help! But when it does," he raised his hand above his head, and spoke every word with intense and solemn earnestness, "then the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!"

With these parting words of the beautiful old benediction, he was gone, and Christine returned to the fire with eyes which, in spite of her, welled over with tears, and lips which trembled uncontrollably.

That night, in her room at Uncle Ephraim's, Christine examined with greater care the shelf of books Giles had left there when he went off to law school. There were a number of high-school books, a few good histories, Lives of Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Clay, a large volume of Shakespeare and one of Milton. At one end, wrapped carefully in paper, were two books she had not before noticed, a small, much worn *Pilgrim's Progress*,—its first words being some she had heard Giles use that afternoon, "As I walked through the wilderness of this world,"—and a larger Bible, with records in a sprawling hand of marriage, births, and deaths—evidently that of Giles's mother.

These two, then, were the books that had fed Giles's inner life as a child. She reflected that they were also the books that had nourished the souls of her Pilgrim forefathers and the other early settlers of America, and strengthened them to found the greatest nation on earth.

Sarah Kent's Bible opened of itself at a heavily marked place in Isaiah:

"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee..

thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Also another much-used place, the Ninety-first Psalm:—

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust. . . . A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

What incomparable words, what unparalleled promises! And Giles had declared that, in his own experience, they were true.

For several years Christine had read the words of the Bible only from the standpoint of the higher criticism. Now she saw them from another side, that of human experience. Sarah Kent's old Bible in her hand, she sank into a chair, reading eagerly, earnestly.

The following Friday night came two letters from Christine. One was a hurried note from Susanna, and read as follows:

No bad luck on trip. Roberta behaved beautifully all the way to railroad. I arrived at five o'clock, and the wedding was to be at eight-thirty. Robert met me at station, looking so well-kept, well-dressed, and immaculate that it almost took my breath. I was wearing that old last-winter's brown suit and velvet hat I have been knocking around in all fall, and had finished by bringing to the railroad in a poke and sitting on most of the way! And my shoes were just one scuff! Robert was far too well bred to say anything, but knowing how fastidious and proper and conventional he is—the kind of Robert nobody ever calls Bob—I had some idea what he was feeling.

Three hours later, as, in yellow satin and the family pearls, I led the procession of bridesmaids up the aisle of our beautiful old church, I wondered if I could possibly be the same girl, and this the same world. Also—why what used to be to me so natural and desirable now seemed alien.

One thing you will rejoice over. At the reception afterward I tackled Mr. Boone Beverly, a rich turfman and patient of Robert's, for a nurse's salary for our work, telling him of the typhoid, sore eyes, and so forth, and he promised it for two years. Glory!

A number of the men spoke to me about Robert and his brilliant future. I noticed that the women were not behind in their admiration; every time he got away from me he was surrounded by a circle of admiring debs. Once, when I went up to him suddenly to ask about something, three of those little wretches curtsied to me as if I had been their grandmother! I suppose twenty-four

does seem ancient to them; I know it used to do me!

I went down next morning and got a fine lot of Christmas things for Cory and her children,—pretty clothes for Cory herself,—bound to make her feel young again. They'll get there for Old Christmas, maybe.

The second was a quaint note from Giles, mailed at the railroad on his return trip.

HONORED FRIEND,

I forgot when leaving to ask you, if not too great a trouble, to write me about Lowizy from time to time as you see her. I wish to know of her state, and to be told if she worsens, though I do not look for it. For this, and for other things, I am trusting in Him who has never yet failed me.

Your obed't servant,  
GILES KENT.

(To be continued)

### No Flowers for the Living

JUANITA BITTER

"No flowers for the living!"

The poets oft have said;

"They'll never sing your praises,

No, not until you're dead!"

Your life has been a broad one,  
A bright and happy plan  
To make folks' cares seem lighter,  
To love the other man.

You laughed and men laughed with you;  
You comforted the sad.  
They came to you in trouble  
And then you made them glad.

Yes—always in the night-tide  
You walked the narrow lane,  
To linger at some bedside  
'Til all was well again—

Und thus through life's great battle  
You played a valiant part  
And gave a world of brightness  
To every hungry heart.

Oft times they did not thank you,  
And went upon their way—  
While you just kept on helping  
To drive their cares away.

But in life's eve you wondered,  
With something like regret,  
If you were really worthwhile,—  
If men would soon forget.

Now don't you worry, laddie,  
Things have been always so—  
Folks never feel your value  
Until you've got to go.

But then—Oh, how they miss you!  
And wish they had you still,  
For you have left a chasm  
Which none can ever fill.

They'll come to pay you homage—  
(As poets oft have said)  
"No flowers for the living,  
But many for the dead!"

### Program of the Central Conference, Peoria, Ill., Aug. 23-28, 1927

Sunday, August 21

Morning: Sunday school. Address, H. P. Donner. German Sermon, F. Friedrich.

Afternoon: Rev. Janzen, J. Pankratz, G. Waldvogel, speakers.

Evening: Anniversary Sermon, English. D. Hamel.

Tuesday, August 22

7.30 P. M.: Opening service. Sermon W. P. Rueckheim.

Wednesday, August 23

Morning: Devotional service on this and other mornings by W. P. Rueckheim. Organization—Election—Reading of Letters. 11.30-12: Address: Prof. F. W. C. Meyer and on succeeding days.

Afternoon: Report of Missionary Secretary and Conference Treasurer.—Discussion.—Election of missionary officers. Address: "Do the changing conditions in the East demand a restatement of our Christian message and change in our missionary efforts?" Missionary George Kampfer. Address: "The Missionary Character of Christianity," H. Swyter. Evening 7.30: German Sermon, C. J. Bender. English, J. H. Ansberg.

Thursday, August 24

Morning: Conference Business. Report of Representatives of Education and Publication Society. Address: "Our Denominational Program," A. P. Mihm and H. P. Donner.

Afternoon: Report of Benevolent Institutions. Address: "Awakening or Revival?" H. C. Baum. Address: "Requirements for a Religious Awakening," O. E. Krueger.

Evening: Jubilee Celebration of Peoria Church. Own program.

Friday, August 25

Morning: Conference Business. Discussion on Denominational Program. Address: "Is Protestantism Disintegrating?" F. Kaiser. Address: "Evangelism and Who is Responsible?" J. Leyboldt.

Afternoon: Meeting of the Women's League of the Conference. Special program.

Evening: Meeting of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union. Special program.

Saturday, August 26

Morning: Conference Business. Committee Reports. Address: "The present Status of Prohibition in America," P. Zoschke. Address: "Does Christianity offer a final solution of our World problems?" P. C. A. Menard.

No afternoon or evening meeting.

Sunday, August 27

Forenoon: Doctrinal Sermon, J. Leyboldt.

Afternoon: Meeting of the S. S. & Y. P. Union.

Evening: Evangelistic Meeting. H. P. Donner, German. Prof. F. W. C. Meyer, English.

### The Ordination of Rev. F. W. Erion

On June 27, 1927, the representatives of 10 German and American Baptist churches met in the North Avenue Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., to consider the ordination of our Bro. F. W. Erion, a member of the North Avenue Church and a graduate of our Seminary in Rochester, N. Y. The Rev. Rollo C. Speer, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, presided in the council and the Rev. Geo. B. Davies acted as clerk.

The candidate for ordination was presented to the council by his pastor, Rev. L. B. Holzer, in words bespeaking the love and the respect in which the candidate was held alike by the pastor and his church.

Bro. Erion then told the council how family life and church life alike influenced him to accept Christ as his Savior, and dedicate his life unto God. It was a story that touched the heart of the council deeply and gave every one new inspiration to emphasize the spiritual side of religion. After this he gave us a survey of his religious convictions with regard to the fundamentals of the Christian religion. As was natural, many questions were asked, but our brother showed, that by all independence from the thinking that other men have done along the lines of Christian doctrine his aim was, to be found within the pale of the Scriptures and the truth as it is in Jesus. So it was natural that the council transmitted to the North Avenue Church a unanimous recommendation to proceed with the ordination.

This took place in the evening of the above given date. Rev. O. R. Hauser preached the ordination sermon, and he did it, as is usual with him, with all that is in him. His text he found in 1 Cor. 16:9, and the points he tried to engrave with powerful language into all our hearts were, that by evangelism, by religious education and by a wholehearted endeavor to translate the Spirit of Christ into the life we have before us, we must seek to complete the work that Jesus Christ began. Bro. Hauser had just returned from Nashville, Tenn., where he had the privilege to attend the national convention of the young people of the Southern colored Baptists and also had had the privilege to address them twice in their massmeetings in public address. And how they cheered him who had proven the friend of their race on so many occasions! Milwaukee negroes know something about it.

After Mr. Hauser's address, the Rev. MacMullen gave the charge to the candidate and the Rev. Farringer extended to him the right hand of fellowship in behalf of the Christian ministry. Then the Rev. R. C. Speer, once a student under our own Prof. Dr. Walter Rauschen-der busch, led us in a beautiful way to the throne of God and asked God's richest blessings upon Bro. Erion, who knelt before us. And even to this moment we know of nothing better to wish our brother, than that God may make that prayer of our brother come true.

Bro. Erion has accepted a call to the



Group from Indianapolis B. Y. P. U. which presented pageant of "Ruth"

Baptist church of Wausau, Wis. He goes to this field accompanied with prayers and the best wishes of his home church, his pastor and his many friends. May his efforts and the efforts of his beloved wife, who also was a member of his home church, be crowned richly by our heavenly Father as they seek to further the cause of Jesus Christ!

EMIL MUELLER.

### Report of the D. C. I. Union

Perhaps very few readers of "The Baptist Herald" have ever heard of the D. C. I. Union, much less know what it is, or know what it stands for. The Dayton, Cincinnati, Indianapolis Union has been in existence for about four years. The purpose of this Union is to promote a feeling of fellowship and co-operation between the German Baptist young people's societies of the above cities. The Union has so far been very successful in its purpose, and we may well be proud of it. The Union has its meetings semi-annually, each church taking its turn in being hosts of the other two churches. These meetings are held over Memorial Day and over Labor Day. The spring meeting is a more or less social event and the fall meeting is an inspirational and spiritual session. We feel that this Union is very necessary and beneficial to us because our various churches are so isolated from the other churches of our denomination.

This spring the Indianapolis society had the privilege of entertaining the Dayton and Cincinnati societies. The delegates arrived on Saturday, May 28, around six o'clock. After they had registered a meal was served in the parsonage. Since the delegates had traveled quite a ways it is unnecessary to state that everybody enjoyed the meal very much.

At 8 o'clock a pageant was given by the Indianapolis B. Y. P. U. The pageant portrayed the wonderful book of Ruth. It was carried out quite successfully and was enjoyed by everyone. After the pageant the guests were assigned to their place of lodging.

On Sunday morning at 9.30, the regu-

lar German service was held. Rev. W. Kuhn, who honored us with his presence on Sunday, spoke on the text, "They have taken my Lord and I know not where to find him." It certainly was a wonderful sermon and all those present at this meeting received a great blessing. At 11 A. M. Sunday school was held. At this time Bro. Schmitt of Cincinnati, Bro. Tapper of Dayton and Bro. Hoffman of Indianapolis, who are the superintendents of their respective churches, gave short talks. During the afternoon most of the folks got together and had a little parade through town to see the many points of interest in Indianapolis. At 6 o'clock a banquet was served in the church. After the banquet, a short talk was given by Mr. Rudolph Schmitt, president of the D. C. I. Union. The president of the local B. Y. P. U. then made a few remarks. Next we were entertained by a stunt from the Dayton society.

At the evening session we had the great privilege of listening to a violin concert by Mr. Stanley Ernst of Detroit, who was accompanied by his cousin, Melvin Seidler. We are greatly indebted to these young men for the wonderful offerings they gave us. After the concert Rev. Kuhn read to us a few chapters of his new story, "Finding the Golden Key." This concluded our Sunday sessions.

Monday was picnic day. The picnic was held in Garfield park which is perhaps the most beautiful park in Indiana. The Indianapolis men are sorry to announce that the Dayton men beat them in a game of baseball; however, the Indianapolis girls saved the day by beating the Dayton girls.

At noon a picnic lunch was served. After a few songs by the combined Dayton, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Mannerchors, the Dayton delegates left for home to avoid the race crowds. At about 5 o'clock the Cincinnati folks left for their homes.

It seems that everyone had a wonderful time and we are all looking forward to our fall meeting.

GORDON J. BRENNER.

# Baptist Leaders



Charles Haddon Spurgeon  
Prince of Preachers

A. P. MIHM

Great preachers, as some one has remarked, are rarer than great poets and painters or philosophers. The reason for this may be found in the fact that in order to excel in their vocation they must not only be endowed as exceptionally as these exceptional men, but in addition must possess a sensitive conscience, moral insight, profound spirituality and eminent skill in organizing work and practical leadership.

The names of such marvelous men are not numerous. Here and there in one country or another we find a few and only a few. Now it is a Chrysostom among the Greeks, a Tertullian among the Latins, a Fenelon among the French Catholics, a Luther among the Germans, a Hooker among the English churchmen, a Beecher among the American Protestants.

## A Lustrous Name

Among the names as lustrous as the brightest and yet shining with a radiance all its own, gleams that of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He has been called the Last of the Puritans,—the greatest of modern Puritan preachers. Men of judgment and discrimination have called him the greatest preacher of the 19th century,—perhaps of any century since the apostles. Of Spurgeon as a preacher, it may be said, he approached nearer to Bunyan than any other in the quality of his imagination; to Wesley in the thoroughness of his practical endeavors; he rivaled Hooker in the mastery of Saxon speech and Henry Ward Beecher in his poetic temperament and Shake-

spearean acquaintance with the varying moods of the human soul.

## Ancestry and Birth

Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834. He was descended from Dutch refugees who fled to England in the 16th century to escape the persecutions of the Duke of Alba, when he was trying to exterminate the Protestants in Holland. From their coming to England to the present time the Spurgeons were non-conformists and in the time of Bunyan one Job Spurgeon was imprisoned like the Bedford preacher because he was faithful to his convictions. Spurgeon's father and grandfather were Congregational pastors (Independents), men esteemed and respected in their day and generation. The grandfather was a man of faith and prayer. Having a large family and a small income, he was often put to it to provide for their wants. One day the only cow died and his wife, of less robust faith, mourned greatly. "James," said she, "how will God provide for the dear children? What shall we do for milk?" "Mother," replied he, "God has said that he will provide and I believe he could send us fifty cows if he pleased." That very day a committee distributing money to poor ministers be thought them of Mr. Spurgeon and sent him £20. When the letter accompanying this sum was opened by his wife, the preacher only said: "Now can't you trust God about an old cow?" Coming from such stock as this, what wonder if the great preacher from youth up believed that God answers prayer?

## Childhood Incidents

Charles spent the first six years of his life with this grandfather in Stambourne, who ministered to a church there for 55 years. He was a precocious child from the first. Early he had a passion for books and pictures and at the age of six he delighted in Bunyan. His grandfather was very fond of Dr. Watts's hymns and his grandmother, wishing to have Charles learn them, promised him a penny for every one that he would say to her perfectly. Spurgeon says: "I found it an easy and pleasant method of earning money and learned them so fast that grandmother said she must reduce the price to a half-penny each and afterward to a farthing, if she did not mean to be quite ruined by her extravagance." It was many years after that Spurgeon wrote of this and he said: "No matter on what topic I am preaching, I can even now in the middle of any sermon quote some verse of a hymn in harmony with the subject."

It was at his grandfather's home that Rev. Richard Knill, a preacher of the old Puritan type, saw the boy Spurgeon and made the prophecy that he would one day preach to large crowds and had Charles promise that he would

give out the hymn: "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," when he would preach in Rowland Hill's chapel. Mr. Spurgeon some years after was invited to preach there and he gave out that hymn and thus fulfilled his promise. Precocious children often turn out very dull men but Spurgeon surpassed even the promise of his childhood.

## Education and Conversion

It has been the fashion in some quarters to regard Spurgeon as limited in his education. However, his schooling was not inconsiderable. He spent four years at a private academy at Colchester, kept by Mr. Leeding, a Baptist, and a year in an agricultural school at Maidstone.

It pleased God to convince him early of sin. His conversion occurred when he was 15 years of age. Although he had religious training at home, he fell under deep conviction of sin and endured great mental agony even as Bunyan had done before him. "Six months did I pray, prayed agonizingly with all my heart and never had an answer." In this troubled condition, on a cold snowy winter's day, he was providentially led into a meeting house of the Primitive Methodists at Colchester. A congregation of 12-15 people were there. The preacher on this occasion was not the regular minister of the church. He made a rambling address from the text in Isaiah: "Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth." "Just setting his eyes on me, as if he knew me all by heart, he said: 'Young man, you are in trouble. You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.' And lifting up his hands he cried out as only a Primitive Methodist could do: 'Look to Christ. Look, look, it is only look!' I saw at once the way of salvation. O, how my heart did leap for joy at that moment." Then and there he accepted Christ as his Savior and was always glad to be able to designate the hour and the spot of his conversion. It was on January 6, 1850.

## His Baptism

He then became deeply interested in Bible baptism. Becoming convinced by private study of the scriptures, that it was his duty to be immersed on a confession to Christ, he walked from New Market to Isleham, 7 miles, on May 3, 1850, where Rev. Mr. Cantlow buried him with Christ in baptism in the River Lark. His parents did not oppose him following the dictates of his conscience but they did not greatly relish his course. His mother mourned his loss to the Congregationalists and told him that she had prayed earnestly for his conversion, but not that he should be a Baptist. He replied: "Well, dear mother, the Lord has answered your prayer with his usual bounty and given you more than you asked."

Forty years later, reviewing his bap-

tism, he justified it in words that very felicitously express the convictions of every intelligent Baptist.

"If any ask, why I was thus baptized? I answer, because I believed it to be an ordinance of Christ, very specially joined by him with faith in his name. 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' I had no superstitious idea that baptism would save me, for I was saved. I did not seek to have sin washed away by water, for I believed that my sins were forgiven me through faith in Christ Jesus. Yet I regarded baptism as the token to the believer of cleansing, the emblem of burial with the Lord and the outward avowal of his new birth. I did not trust it, but because I trusted in Jesus as my Savior, I felt bound to obey him as my Lord and follow the example which he set us in Jordan in his own baptism. I did not fulfil the outward ordinance to join a party and become a Baptist but to be a Christian after the apostolic fashion; for they when they believed, were baptized."

## Renounces Collegiate Course

At the time of his baptism Spurgeon was a tutor in Mr. Leeding's school at New Market, which school was removed to Cambridge and young Spurgeon accompanied it there, becoming a member of the Baptist church where the eloquent Robert Hall had so long been pastor. At one time he contemplated entering the Baptist College at Regents Park, but was prevented from doing it by the accidental failure to meet Dr. Angus and later deliberately gave it up. In this he acted conscientiously. He tells us that while he was still brooding over the matter, one day he was startled by what seemed a loud voice, but which may have been a singular illusion. "Whichever it was, the impression it made on my mind was most vivid. I seemed very distinctly to hear the words: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!' Then and there he challenged his motives and renounced the offer of a collegiate education.

## The "Boy Preacher"

The church in Cambridge had a Lay Preachers' Association for the supply of 13 neighboring villages with preaching. Of this young Spurgeon became a member, preaching his first sermon in a cottage at Taversham.

It was on this wise: He had been asked to accompany a friend to a village meeting. On the way thither, supposing his friend to be the preacher, he said: "I trust God will bless your labors tonight." "My labors?" the friend replied, "I never preached in my life, I never thought of doing such a thing. I was asked to walk with you and I sincerely hope God will bless you in your preaching." "Nay," said young Spurgeon, "I never preached and I don't know that I could do anything of the sort."

However, when they came to the place of meeting and it was found there was no one else there to preach, Spurgeon, only 16 years old, conducted the service. His text was 1 Pet. 2:7: "Unto you

therefore which believe, he is precious," and he spoke and prayed with such fervor and power as to produce a profound effect on all who heard him.

From the first crowds flocked to hear the "Boy Preacher" and at 18 he became pastor of the Baptist church at Waterbeach, a village of about 1300 people. Here he spent two years from 1851-1853.

## Called to London

His fame soon reached London and he was invited to preach at the New Park St. chapel in December, 1853. This church had run down in numbers and interest, so that there was only an audience of 100-150 in an edifice that would seat 1200 when he came to supply. There was one person present, however, who listened somewhat amused to the countrified boy preacher, a young lady, Miss Susanna Thompson, who afterward became his wife. He married her on Jan. 8, 1856. From first to last this union was one of the happiest.

After his first sermon in New Park St., Spurgeon was asked to supply and in April following by a unanimous call became successor to Dr. Gill, the commentator, and Dr. Rippon, the hymn writer, and other worthies who had labored in this church. The pastorate thus begun, was closed only by the great preacher's death in 1892.

Young Spurgeon's success was immediate and wonderful. Without parallel he sprang to the highest rank, but not without the severest trials. He possessed some youthful eccentricities; had a certain self-confidence; found it difficult to restrain a tendency to quaint and odd turns of thought and homely illustrations. In the eyes of certain staid church-goers these things savored of boldness and self-conceit.

## Success Grows Despite Attacks

On this plea, oversensitive censors of the press poured forth their inky indignation and every sort of indecent and heartless attack was made upon him. He was denounced as a "young clown," a "buffoon," a "mountebank," etc. But God was with him and that was enough. His ministry was a marvel, all the solemn nobodies notwithstanding.

Soon the New Park St. Chapel became too small. He then preached in Exeter Hall. A new church was built to accommodate the throngs and in March, 1861, the great Metropolitan Tabernacle with its three tiers of galleries and seating 6000 people was dedicated. For about three years he also preached in Music Hall at Survey Gardens to 10,000 people weekly.

## Manner and Personal Characteristics

Spurgeon was easy of approach, genial in manner, agreeably affable in conversation, a man who always carried himself as a quiet gentleman. Without starch, self-conceit or sanctimonious clap-trap, he acted on living conviction. He was no dealer in pious piddle-paddle. He was no clerical icicle with whom the artistic air kills everything and whose greatest fault is that he is absolutely faultless. Spurgeon carried the least amount of religion possible in the whites

## Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course

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

JULY.		AUGUST.	
	<i>Psalm.</i>		<i>St. Mark.</i>
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		
8	119. 113-128	7S	8. 27-38
9	119. 129-144	8	9. 1-13
10	119. 145-160	9	9. 14-32
11	119. 161-176	10	9. 33-50
	<i>Ruth.</i>	11	10. 13-27
12	1. 1-19	12	10. 28-40
13	1. 20-22	13	10. 41-52
14	2. 1-12	14S	11. 1-18
15	2. 13-23	15	11. 19-33
16	4. 1-12	16	12. 1-12
	<i>St. Mark.</i>	17	12. 13-27
17S	1. 1-13	18	12. 28-44
18	1. 14-28	19	13. 1-13
19	1. 29-45	20	13. 14-27
20	2. 1-12	21S	13. 28-37
21	2. 13-28	22	14. 1-16
22	3. 1-19	23	14. 17-31
23	3. 20-35	24	14. 32-45
24S	4. 1-12	25	14. 46-59
25	4. 13-29	26	14. 60-72
26	4. 30-47	27	15. 1-15
27	5. 1-20	28S	15. 16-32
28	5. 21-34	29	15. 33-47
29	5. 35-43	30	16. 1-8
30	6. 1-13	31	16. 9-20
31S	6. 14-29		

(By Courtesy of the Scripture  
Union)

of his eyes, but he had a living well of it in the depth of his soul. He never regarded wit or merriment as incompatible with holy living. He loved a merry quip or humorous sally, but his wit was never coarse or his humor indecorous and unseemly.

The great secret of Spurgeon's wonderful power was not in his person. He had no lofty and commanding form. He had no God-like forehead. He was short and chubby in figure, with a round homely face. He was a straightforward Englishman preaching a straightforward gospel in all its fulness and freshness, without any apology for its severity.

## The Great Secret of His Power

as a preacher was his unction. No man had more evidently received the anointing of the Holy Spirit or more fully depended upon the divine grace for sustenance. He was not long in learning that he had special gifts as a preacher, but the gift that he most earnestly craved from the beginning to the end of his work was a double portion of the Spirit of Christ.

As a preacher he dealt only in what Christ and his apostles thought worthy of their attention: told what he knew

about God and man, sin and holiness, time and eternity. He trusted unwaveringly in Jesus, the mighty helper of the hurts of man. He uncompromisingly believed that men and women are to be really saved by the gospel,—the old gospel, whose central glory is the crucified and risen Christ.

#### His Voice and Vocabulary

To the preacher the gift of utterance is a prime essential and this Spurgeon had in its most marvellous form. His voice may possibly have been equalled by other famous orators, ancient and modern, but certainly never was surpassed. It was marvelously clear and sweet, resonant and tuneful, at one moment soft as a mother's lullaby and winning as a woman's and at another ringing with the clearness of a clarion calling cavalry troops to arms. For richness, for carrying power and for melodious, persuasive pathos probably it has never been equalled or excelled. Some of his sermons considered as mere physical feats were stupendous. On one occasion he preached in the Crystal Palace in London to a crowd of 23,000 persons—the numbers are vouched for by many authorities—and made himself heard without strain or exhaustion by every person in that vast assemblage.

He had an unflinching command of plain, nervous, idiomatic Saxon. He spoke the vocabulary of the marketplace and the fireside; not of the university but of the universe. "The devil," he once said, "does not care for your dialectics and eclectic homiletics, or Germanic objectives and subjectives, but pelt him with Anglo-Saxon in the name of God and he will shift his quarters."

Though his schooling was scant as compared with the opportunities that many have of scholastic education, there were years of ardent self-culture. He drank deeply of the scriptures and the old Puritan divines. He was by nature a student. His power of reading was perhaps never equalled. He would sit down to five or six large books and master them at one sitting and his memory never failed him as to what he read. Yet he was not one of those bookish men in whom scholarship sucks up manhood. Men loved to hear Mr. Spurgeon because as Sheridan said of Rowland Hill: "His ideas come red-hot from the heart."

#### Characteristics of His Ministry

His ministry was characterized by moral earnestness and vigorous independence. Early in life he acquired strength to stand by himself and live without and above praise. On one occasion he startled his hearers by saying with some emphasis: "A very kind friend has told me that while I was preaching in Exeter Hall, I ought to pay deference to the varied opinions of my hearers; that albeit I may be a Calvinist and a Baptist, I should recollect that there is a variety of creeds here. Now were I to preach nothing but what would please the whole lot of you, what on earth should I do? I preach what I believe to be true

and if the omission of a single truth that I believe would make me king of England throughout eternity I would not leave it out. Those who do not like what I say have the option of leaving it. They come here, I suppose, themselves and if the truth does not please them, they can leave it."

Spurgeon's prayers impressed many more than his sermons. His public prayer was no oration before the Almighty, nor an eloquent soliloquy. There was about it a simplicity, dignity, a subdued fervor and childlike confidence, that he drew his hearers irresistibly to the throne of grace. He preached well because he prayed well.

In all his ministry he had a singleness of aim and a transparent honesty that made him trusted of everybody. "You seem very proud of Mr. Spurgeon," said a friend of his to a deacon of the Tabernacle. "We would all die for him," was the reply.

#### Orphanage and Pastor's College

Besides the work of the ministry in his large church, Mr. Spurgeon's time was given to the founding and directing of two institutions, one philanthropic, the Stockwell Orphanage, and one educational, the Pastor's College for the training of Christian students for the ministry. In the Orphanage toward the establishment of which the widow of an Anglican clergyman, Mrs. Hillyard, gave him \$100,000, thousands of destitute boys and girls have found homes and training for life. The Pastor's College was founded in 1857. In 1873, a building was dedicated for the purpose of this school, costing \$75,000. Over 700 students have been trained for Christian work. To organize or direct either of these institutions would have been enough to constitute the life work of an ordinary man. Of course Spurgeon had his helpers in this work, invaluable men, men of rare gifts of head and heart, but it was he who found them out and placed them in posts of responsibility and power.

Dr. Galusha Anderson once asked Mr. Spurgeon what he taught in his theological seminary. He replied: "Formerly the method of making pins in England was this: One man cut the wire, another made the heads, another put wire and heads together, while the fourth man sharpened the point. My work in the school is simply to sharpen the point."

#### His Church and His Sermons

In 1891 his church numbered 5600 members with 130 lay preachers and 37 mission stations; 22 Sunday schools and 8000 scholars. Nearly 15,000 persons were baptized during his pastorate. He had an almost supernatural keenness of observation. At one time as he sat on his platform he could name every one of his 5000 members.

Over a million copies of his sermons have been printed and his delivered sermons must have been listened to by not less than 20 millions of people. For a time they were cabled to New York every

Monday morning for leading newspapers. A rich admirer in Australia had them printed at advertisement rates in the newspapers for months. When David Livingstone was dying in the wilds of Africa, he found comfort in Spurgeon's sermons. His discourses have been translated into all the languages of Christendom and in some of the remote heathen tongues.

Besides the series of his sermons, he edited, compiled or wrote more than 40 other books, the best known of which are his "John Plowman's Talk" with a sale of over 400,000 copies; "Treasury of David" in 7 volumes, sale of 120,000 copies; "Lectures to my Students," 50,000 copies. By virtue of his simple yet charming style, many of his books will live to instruct and edify Christian people when many more pretentious works are forgotten and eaten of worms.

#### His Early Death

Spurgeon's manysided services made telling inroads on his strength and consumed his vital forces. His ailments during the latter years of his career were a source of much physical pain. Every sermon cost him hours of suffering, though he never spoke much of his afflictions to others. In the fall of 1891 rheumatic attacks, influenza and kidney trouble laid him on a bed of sickness. In October he went to Mentone in the South of France, but he did not regain his health. On the night of January 31, 1892, his spirit sought the light of the eternal morning, not quite 58 years of age. His body was brought to London and viewed by 50,000 people as it lay in state. His last words, the words of Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept faith," were fittingly inscribed on his coffin. He was buried in Norwood Cemetery.

#### His Enduring Fame

The name and fame of Spurgeon will never cease to be an incitement to better and more faithful service on the part of all Christian men. He was not an angel, but a man and subject to human imperfection like us all, but never can it be forgotten that he lived and labored for 40 years in the wickedest city of the world, exposed to every temptation and he passed through the fiery furnace with not so much as the smell of fire remaining on his garment.

When he appeared first in London, he was a mere boy. He was sneered at as a charlatan, who would soon have his day, a cometary genius, whose splendor would be shortlived, but his influence kept rising to the end till at last there was no more conspicuous figure in the nation, none more universally venerated and trusted. The common people heard him gladly and the great sat entranced at his feet. Men like Dickens and Tennyson, Gladstone and Lord Russel, Livingstone and Ruskin were among his admirers and frequently in the Tabernacle.

In a room in England there are to be seen two placards on the wall, thus entitled: "The first words of Charles H.

(Concluded on Page 16)

# Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

## August 14 Modern Prejudices to Be Overcome

Acts 10: 34-35

Our prejudices constitute a prolific source of evil. They produce hatreds, strifes, wars and all their evil progeny. Let us be grateful for the walls of prejudice that have been pulled down; but still others must be laid low, if freedom and righteousness are to prevail.

**Race-prejudice.** What walls of separation it erects between race and race! With what eyes of suspicion it causes nation to look upon nation! Each nation seems to look upon God as especially their God from whom they may expect privileges and favors at the cost of other races and nations. Thus the white race considers itself superior to all other humans. What misunderstanding that is of the human family! Before God, according to Peter, it is not so. (Acts 10:34, 35.) He is not peculiarly the God of one nation; but there is room within his arms for all peoples. Every nation and every race has a contribution to make toward the common good. If we only knew the people of other races and nations better, perhaps our prejudices would vanish. After all, the difference between the peoples of the earth are not as deep-seated as are their likenesses.

**Class-prejudice.** This, too, is to be found all the world over. It is a partition of the spirit that runs zigzag and crosswise, dividing the just from the unjust, as well as the unjust from the just. In India it manifests itself in the caste system, in some countries in the so-called aristocracy, and in our own country in various superficial divisions.

**Religious prejudice.** We are far removed in this country from the days when the state's machinery was used to enforce obedience to the dominant church; but our prejudices have not vanished entirely. Sometimes the door of opportunity is closed to a person because of his religion, others are mocked, cause of his religion, and ostracized. But how mistreated and ostracized. But how much more that is true in other lands, where even now many of our brethren must suffer grave wrongs because of prejudice. Such is not the will of God and thus men are not won to our way and thus men are not won to our way of thinking. The Christian religion is built upon love and charity to all.

## August 21 The Goodness and Power of God Revealed in Nature

Ps. 19:1-6

"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord" (Ps. 33:5). But we hear someone objecting: "Does not nature reveal

the severity of God also? Her earthquakes devour us; her tornadoes destroy and demolish everything in their paths; her waters drown us; her fires burn us. Many are the sacrifices nature exacts every year and we are entirely helpless." We may not be able to explain all the ways of God with men; but we are blind, indeed, if God's goodness in nature remains hidden from us.

1. How God's goodness is revealed in nature.

**The earth a storehouse.** All of man's wants were anticipated and provided for. In the bowels of the earth we find coal, copper, brass, silver, gold, gas, etc. The earth has the power of growth; consequently we have trees, flowers, vegetables, grain. At this writing the farmers of Kansas are harvesting their wheat. The harvest is the result of labor and toil; but what if God's goodness had been withdrawn? What if it had not rained nor the sun had left his chamber? (Ps. 19:5.) Someone has figured out that every harvest is the result of God's work, 95%; man's work, 5%.

**Nature's healing mission.** Cut your finger and immediately her healing ministry begins. Wonders are being accomplished by the ultra-violet rays of the sun, by radium, and the healing remedies we call medicine.

2. God's power in nature.

The circumference of the earth is about 25,000 miles. The moon is 240,000 miles off. Its orbit is 480,000 miles across. Yet the sun would fill all that orbit, and extend thousands of miles beyond it. But the sun is only a comparatively small star among the stars.

The earth is 93,000,000 miles from the sun. It takes light eight minutes to travel that distance; but it takes 4½ years for the light of the nearest star to reach us. The light of many stars must travel thousands of years before reaching the earth.

What a powerful being our God must be to hold the universe in the hollow of his hand! and yet he allows us to pray to him, and even gave his dear Son for our salvation.

August 28

## Why Is Missionary Work Needed in a Christian Country?

Isa. 55:1-7

Let us take a concrete example. Our country is a so-called Christian land. Our laws and our government are largely based on Christian principles. But that does not mean that all the people are Christians.

**Total church membership.** The total number of communicant members in all the denominations is 47,188,128. This is far less than half of our population. And many of these are merely church

members; but a church member is not necessarily a Christian. What a vast host that leaves for the expenditure of our missionary endeavors! Someone may object, however, claiming that such is hardly the true situation. Are there not a great many Christians who are not church members? No doubt, there are some; but we are inclined to believe the number insignificant. A genuine Christian usually has enough interest in Christianity to ally himself to some church.

**The children must be won.** If all missionary endeavors were to cease, the children would grow up without God and without Christ. The fact that they may have Christian parents does not make them Christians. This requires a new birth for which missionary work is essential.

**Christians must be kept Christians.** A pastor is said to have applied to the bishop of his district for another church, giving as the reason that everyone on his field had become a Christian. The bishop replied: "Then keep them Christian." There is a constant danger of back-sliding. People in our day are still very much like the Israelites of old. Sad conditions sometimes develop when a church is without a pastor for a protracted period.

**Missionary work is necessary for building Christian character.** When a person becomes a Christian, he is a babe in Christ. But he is to grow "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" (Eph. 4:13). To this end the various activities of the church are to make their contributions.

**Missionary work is necessary in order to make a Christian country more Christian.** A Christian man takes his Christianity with him into public life. He will work for Christian conditions and ideals. Thus a Christian statesman's influence is of paramount importance. But the Christian statesman is the fruit of missionary work.

September 4

## The Use and Abuse of the Tongue

Jas. 3:1-18

(Consecration meeting)

Of what opposes the tongue is capable! (9. 10.) Let us remember that it is controlled by the heart. (Prov. 4: 23.)

1. The use of the tongue.

**Intercourse.** By means of the tongue we can convey our inmost thoughts to others. Just suppose for a moment what this world would be like without this possibility. Progress would be well nigh impossible. And it would be—constituted as we are—a very lonesome world.

**Worship.** Worship, in its last analysis, is a matter of the heart. But the heart must express what it feels. How can

that be better done than with the tongue? Would church services be possible without the tongue?

*Missions.* The great results from Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost to this day were achieved by means of the tongue. Great is its use. Without it man would be dumb like the animals.

2. The abuse of the tongue.

*Profanity.* In his rage and in his joy, man invokes God's name. This habit is so common that little or no heed is given it. Even so-called Christians can swear.

*Lying.* Thus worthless stocks, lots and what not are palmed off on the unwary, and many a man is deprived of a life-long saving.

*Gossip.* The mysterious question, "Have you heard the news of Mr. A.?" This is enlarged upon by those that hear

it. Thus many have suffered the loss of reputation and position.

*Cutting remarks.* They have caused broken homes and broken hearts.

*"Evil-speaking is a sin,  
Easy is it to begin;  
Faults are thick where love is thin."*

3. Some strong expressions James uses of the tongue.

A fire, a world of iniquity (6), an un-ruled evil, full of deadly poison (8), a fountain, sending forth sweet water and bitter (11).

\* \* \*

If Samson had only realized that his strength was not his own to waste on folly, he might have had years of heroic usefulness instead of the drudgery of a blind prisoner.

## 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

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.

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### Charles Haddon Spurgeon

(Conclusion)

Spurgeon in the Metropolitan Tabernacle."—"The last words of Charles H. Spurgeon in the Metropolitan Tabernacle." They are both highly significant. Here are the beginning words: "I would propose that the subject of the ministry in this house, as long as this platform shall stand, and as long as this house shall be frequented by worshippers, shall be the Person of Jesus Christ. I am never ashamed to avow myself as a Calvinist; I do hesitate to take the name of Baptist; but if I am asked what is my creed, I reply, It is Jesus Christ. My venerated predecessor, Dr. Gill, has left a body of divinity admirable and excellent in its way, but the body of divinity to which I would pin and bind myself forever, God helping me, is not his system or any other human tradition, but Christ Jesus, who is the sum and substance of the Gospel, who is in himself all theology, the incarnation of every precious truth, the all-glorious personal embodiment of the Way, the Truth, the Life."

Here are the ending words: "If you wear the livery of Christ you will find him so meek and lowly of heart that you shall find rest unto your souls. He is the most magnanimous of captains. There never was his like among the choicest of princes. He is always to be found in the thickest part of the battle. When the wind blows cold, he always takes the bleak side of the hill. The heaviest end of the cross lies ever on his shoulders. If he bids us carry a burden he carries it also. If there is anything that is gracious, kind and tender, yea! lavish and superabundant in love, you always find it in him. His service is life, peace, joy. O that you would enter on it at once! God help you to enlist under the banner of Jesus Christ!"

\* \* \*

What is finer than real enthusiasm, or cheaper than enthusiasm that is only noise?

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Rev. C. A. DANIEL, President.