

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 Seventeen

The Master

WILLIAM G. TARRANT

My Master was a worker,
With daily work to do,
And he who would be like him
Must be a worker too;
Then welcome honest labor,
And honest labor's fare,
For where there is a worker
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a comrade,
A trusty friend and true,
And he who would be like him
Must be a comrade too;
In happy hours of singing,
In silent hours of care,
Where goes a loyal comrade,
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a helper,
The woes of life he knew,
And he who would be like him
Must be a helper too;
The burden will grow lighter,
If each will take a share,
And where there is a helper
The Master's man is there.

Then, brothers, brave and manly
Together let us be,
For he who is our Master
The man of men is he;
The men who would be like him
Are wanted everywhere,
And where they love each other
The Master's men are there.

What's Happening

Rev. Leo F. Gassner, pastor of the Streeter, N. D., church, had the joy of baptizing 13 converts on July 17.

Rev. H. W. Wedel of Aplington, Iowa, will be the new pastor of our church at Benton Harbor, Mich., succeeding Rev. J. J. Lippert.

Rev. H. R. Schroeder of the St. Louis Park Church, St. Louis, Mo., has accepted the call of the Riverview Church, St. Paul, Minn., as successor to Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt.

Rev. F. P. Kruse, pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Church, Philadelphia, Pa., has resigned to become the new pastor of the First German Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn.

Rev. S. Blum of Emery, S. D., has accepted the call of the Erin Ave. church, Cleveland, O., to succeed Rev. Theo. W. Dons. Bro. Blum will begin his work in Cleveland about Nov. 1.

Rev. Fred H. Willkens, Director of Religious Education in the Buffalo Baptist Association, has resigned to take a similar position with the Baptist churches of Rochester, N. Y. He begins his new duties Sept. 15.

Rev. Otto E. R. Hauser, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis., has resigned. Bro. Hauser will devote himself largely to the promotion of the Roger Williams Hospital of which he is the president.

Students Walter Makowsky and Herman Bothner of Rochester Seminary had charge of the services at their home church, Second church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the last three weeks of July, when Pastor W. J. Zirbes was away on his vacation.

Mrs. Martha Pfeiffer, nee Grimmell, wife of Rev. Jacob Pfeiffer of Dallas, Texas, died on Aug. 15, following an operation. Mrs. Pfeiffer was buried in Brooklyn, N. Y. We extend our sincere sympathy to Brother Pfeiffer and family in their deep bereavement. Bro. Pfeiffer has resigned his pastorate at Dallas.

Theodore Kratt, for six years choir-master of the Choral Society of the First Baptist Church of Oak Park, Ill., has left Chicago to take up his new work as Dean of Music at the University of Idaho, Moscow, Ida. Mr. Kratt is a son of Rev. Jacob Kratt, D. D., of the First German Baptist church of Portland, Ore.

Rev. Paul Wengel, pastor of the First Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has received 19 members into his church since the first of the year by baptism, letter and confession of faith. The building indebtedness was reduced \$2000 on June 1. The monthly church paper "Der Herold" will be discontinued and merged into the weekly church calendar.

Rev. P. F. Schilling of Scottsbluff, Nebr., on Aug. 7 gave the hand of fellowship to three young people who had been baptized on July 24. So far 25 of those who confessed Christ as their Savior last winter have been baptized and received into the church. Bro. Schilling believes others are near and will follow soon.

A close and exciting ball game was played at Linwood Park Assembly on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 6, between the young men from the Detroit and Cleveland churches present. The score was Cleveland 3, Detroit 2. Until the last inning it looked like Detroit's game, but the rally in the ninth put Cleveland ahead by one run and won the game.

The Northern Baptist Theological of Chicago announces that Dr. A. J. Harms, pastor of the Oak St. Church, Burlington, Iowa, will be the first incumbent of the North Shore chair of Christian education. Dr. Harms will enter upon his new duties with the opening of the Seminary on Sept. 14. His resignation leaves one of our largest churches pastorless.

The B. Y. P. U. in Gackle, N. D., organized a little over one year ago, has now 73 members and is doing real good. The young people of the Baptist church in Jamestown, N. D., gave a program in Gackle recently, 48 participating. The Gackle young people returned the visit and rendered the play: "The Greatest of these is Love" in Jamestown. It had previously been given in Gackle.

A vacation Bible school was jointly conducted by the German Baptist Church and the Franklin St. Baptist Church of Hutchinson, Minn. The classes presented a good demonstration of their work at the concluding meeting held on July 18 in the German church, Rev. C. M. Knapp, Ph. D., pastor. The success of the undertaking was due in large part to the sacrificing services of the teachers, Mary Anderson, Pauline Fratzke, Mrs. W. H. Day, Mrs. S. Derifield and Marcella Knapp.

Norman Ziegler, one of Pastor R. T. Wegner's "boys," of the German Baptist

Church, Boston, Mass., lately graduated with high honors from the Boys' Latin School of Boston. He was the valedictorian of his large class receiving from his own school the scholarship of \$100. From Harvard University he received the gift of \$300, covering the tuition for his freshman year. Besides he captured two medals and three other prizes. Best of all, Mr. Ziegler is devoting all his talents to the Lord's service, having chosen the ministry as his life's vocation. Just now, he is president of the "Loyal Knights," an organized young men's Bible class in the Boston church.

Arthur U. Pequegnat died at his late residence in Kitchener, Ontario, August 11, 1927, aged 75 years, 10 months and 20 days. He was a deacon of the Benton St. Baptist Church and had formerly served as Sunday school superintendent for 25 years with great acceptance. He was prominent in the public school affairs of Kitchener for many years. He was an ideal deacon and always a loyal supporter and friend of the pastor. Gladly and generously he gave of himself and of his means to the Lord's work. His Christian experience was deep and his Christian life real and luminous. His loveable, friendly, sunny nature drew many to him. The Editor of the "Herald," who was his pastor for nearly five years, feels a great bereavement in his departure from this earthly life.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Aspirations

KATHERINE ZINZ

I am glad for the chance to **know**
All of the good and all of the woe
To be known in this queer old world of ours
With its piercing thorns and its fragrant flowers.

I am glad for the chance to **grow**
From a narrow dark little soul
To a soul expanded by Christ's great love,
Made in the image of God above.

I am glad for the chance to **live**,
To suffer, to hope and to love,
And to feel that all which comes my way
Was sent to me from above.

I am glad for the chance to **give**
Of myself and all that I have,
As the Master gave of his very soul!
That is my highest goal.

Meaning Business

ARTHUR A. SCHADE

CHRISTIAN life and work are more than side issues or innocent diversions for Christian young people. Being commonly treated as such may largely account for the meagre returns for our efforts. Many people go to church if they have no other place to go. They get there on time if convenient. Pupils and teachers look over their lessons if they have nothing else to do, maybe. The results of such half-hearted work are just what might be expected—broken ranks, weak Christians, profound ignorance concerning the Bible even on the part of people who attended Bible school for a quarter or half century, and crippled church and missionary budgets.

Contrast the Apostle Paul's admonition in Phil. 2:14-16 with the "hit-or-miss" fashion of treating our religion: "Be ever on your guard against a grudging and contentious spirit, so that you may always prove yourselves blameless and spotless, irreproachable, children of God in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation among whom you are seen as heaven lights in the world, holding out to them a Message of Life." (Weymouth.)

These words set forth

An Exalted Ideal of Christian Life

"Be ever on your guard." "Always proving yourself blameless and spotless, irreproachable." In Romans 12:2 the apostle tells us how to go about the realization of this high ideal: "Be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by

the renewing of your mind." (Am. R. V.) The authorized version puts it thus: "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed." Two things stand out in this important verse. First, Christians are different. They are not like the world. Second, this difference is the result of character transformation, or a complete renewal of their minds. New and divine elements go into the mind and makeup of the Christian.

The high ideal of Christian life is conditional to a still

Higher Ideal of Christian Service

Paul sets this forth in the words: "You are seen as heavenly lights in the world, holding out to them a Message of Life." Christians are seen. The world will take notice of them. When it does not they have no spiritual power. They are to be recognized as heavenly lights. That wonderful figure would tell us that Christians are guideposts directing others that way into a heavenly state beyond. They have a message of life for a dying world.

These are no idle words. Neither were they written to ministers in contrast to laymen. They were in all seriousness of mind directed by the apostle to a Christian company of people. Our Savior warns us that

We Must Mean Business

if we would be Christians: "Whosoever is not willing to deny himself, and take upon himself his cross and follow me cannot be my disciple." We cannot do the work of God unless God has the first place in our life. As Baptist young people our spiritual power is not keeping pace with our numerical growth. Superficial religion will have no trophies to offer.

Lest we get discouraged and say: "who is sufficient for these things?" let us look to the assuring promise: "Our sufficiency is of God" (2 Cor. 3:5). Jesus warned his disciples: "Without me you can do nothing." The only hope we have of realizing God's ideal for our life and work lies in the closest possible fellowship with Christ. This presupposes self-denial, study, prayer and work. All these will serve to bring us into "union with Christ."

Many have won out in this conquest. Phillips Brooks crossed Boston commons on a gloomy day and the brightness of heaven fell upon the pedestrians about him. Moody entered "incognito" into a barbershop and the vile language and profanity which had been in use gave way to a hush. Jane Addams made her abode in the slums of Chicago and the filth and misery departed. These and others were seen as heavenly lights in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Shall we share in their triumph? We may if we but will.

The Seminary's 75th Jubilee

PROF. A. J. RAMAKER

WE wish to express our heartiest gratitude to the Young People's organizations in the different Conferences and to many of our Sunday schools throughout the land for their generous pledges and contributions toward the enlarging and redecoration of our Seminary building in Rochester. The project was a great undertaking which has just been completed. And if the money pledged can now speedily be paid in there will be great rejoicing.

The interest our Young People have taken in this undertaking of our Seminary has probably been of even greater value than was their monetary gifts, for it has brought this old school of ours nearer to them. It surely is their school as well. And with the passing of the years they will have to take it to their hearts as their fathers and mothers have done in their days. Every institution, be it church or school, while rooted in the past and rightly claiming a record, must look toward the future, if it desires to prolong its existence. There is therefore much cheer in the interest the Young People have taken in our building project.

The completion of this undertaking brings the Jubilee celebration of our Seminary to the front. This is to take place at Rochester from September 30 to October 2 with an interesting program of thoughtful addresses, some music by the student body and cheerful meetings of the old "grads" who will very likely swap old stories and traditions in lively fashion. For that is the way these Jubilees are celebrated.

Yes, it is a fact that our Seminary has passed the 75th milestone in its continued service, and there seems to be a conviction on the part of our people that this fact merits a celebration worthy of the past record that school of ours has made. We are looking for a generous participation of the friends of the Seminary at our celebration. There will be hundreds of former students, we know, who will have to content themselves with being present "in spirit," for our graduates are scattered over this great country of ours and Canada and a goodly number are in the lands beyond the seas. And railroad fares are high at present.

May the good Lord, whom the Seminary has ever striven to exalt prosper and make the future even more glorious than the past has been!

The Musical Sins of the Protestant Church

WALTER JOHN BLUHM

THERE are many well meaning folk who call any music fit for the church which has a sacred text. The result is that all sorts of profane tunes have crept into the various churches of the Protestant denomination. And because the Roman, Anglican and Greek Orthodox churches have a great deal of musical ritual, many of the great non-Catholic composers have written their church music

for them. This leaves the Protestant Church, in general, practically nothing but their own vulgarities and theatrical adoptions.

Some Christian people would not think of going to the theater, but do not hesitate to listen to almost any simple amusement in the House of God! The use of dance-like rhythms and secular tunes are in common practice in many Protestant churches. Then, there is what is known as individualistic expression, by means of solo, duet, quartet, and so forth. The solo and other forms of individual expression should only be used when nothing else is available. Its usage gives rise to the vanity of the musician. The soloist and the congregation lose all thought of religious inspiration, but look for all kinds of thrilling, beautiful effects. The music may be very inspiring, but hardly in the religious sense of the word. Individualistic expression which occurs in the midst of a chorus should also be used in moderation, because it is written somewhat after the fashion of the oratorio.

Certain Protestant churches with more "cultured tastes" have adopted a great deal of oratorio music, and claim that they have as good music as anyone. These people, too, make the grave error of adopting semi-secular music. The most familiar oratorios such as the Messiah and the Elijah were intended for the concert hall or theater by their composers. Incidentally, the oratorio is also known under the name of sacred drama. The proper place for any drama is the theater, even though it may be modified to such an extent as to omit the acting. For if a common practice is made of bringing sacred drama into the church, it stands to reason that any drama that teaches good ethics should be seen and heard in the church. On special occasions this might be tolerated, because it is the duty of the church to teach such things. But as a common practice, never! There are altogether too many people who go to church simply to be amused, and not for any religious inspiration.

Whether we of the Protestant churches like it or not, it will have to be acknowledged that the Roman Catholic Church has a monopoly of the finest church music. This is due to its extensive history and attractive ritualistic service which draws so many composers to write for it. Its particular features are the Gregorian Plainsong and the Masses of the polyphonic masters. The Anglican Church possesses the richest collection of hymns, whereas the Orthodox Church has the most beautiful of the more modern music.

There is no sense quibbling about likes and dislikes; or prides and prejudices. They will never get us anywhere. The only thing to do is to avail ourselves of whatever church music we may adapt to our own service. Such music, of course, may not meet with instant approval by all. Some of our minds have been so perverted by the sensuous beauty of theatrical music, unfortunately, that true church music which might appeal only to one's religious instinct seems to have nothing worth while in it.

It may be seen from the above that there is a need for a thorough reform in the music of most Protestant churches. And all those who are truly religious, and devoutly disposed will heartily welcome it.

How to Ruin a Good Speech

SIDNEY F. WICKS in his book "Public Speaking for Business Men" (Stokes), gives a few ways in which speeches are spoiled beyond recognition. Here they are:

1. By too loud a voice.
2. By too low a voice.
3. By paying compliments to the chairman.
4. By following some red herring which the chairman has dragged across the trail.
5. By telling a flippant story which has no relation to the serious matter in hand.
6. By pouring out an oily mass of pompous and learned language.
7. By jumping on the audience with breathless, hurried speech, and giving them a nervous shock.
8. By apologizing: (a) A cold. (b) You know nothing about the subject. (c) You have had little time to prepare (who can prove it?).
9. By doing anything but getting to the point.

Editorial Jottings

WALTER JOHN BLUHM, the writer of the article "Musical Sins of the Protestant Churches," is a member of our German Baptist church at Boston, Mass., of which his father is senior deacon. Mr. Bluhm is one of the custodians in the art department of the renowned Boston Public Library. He has sung in some of the distinguished choirs of Boston and at present he is with the Emmanuel Church choir. Naturally he is interested in music. His criticism of the music in Protestant churches is somewhat pungent and biting, written as it is purely from the musician's point of view. All may not agree with it. Perhaps it needs to be modified by considering the essential differences in the conception of worship that exist between Protestant and Catholic churches and the central place which preaching occupies in the former. Nevertheless the article contains stimulating and searching ideas and we are glad to publish it.

Character Determines Destiny

CHARACTER—you won't find the word in our Bible. But there you learn what it is. The Bible isn't a dictionary—it is a teacher. Make use of the means of grace if you would have a strong character, the Word of God, Christian fellowship, prayer. Those who have scaled the heights of Christian character followed this trail with the Holy Spirit as guide.

Character is not builded up like a house that may be torn down if found defective. It is being engraved day by day, deep, deep into your souls, the

inmost part of you. You cannot rub it out. It stands. You can't write it in the ragged years of the fag-end of a misspent life. Christ can forgive the sins of a thief on his deathbed. But he can't give him the character of an honest man.

Our character is to be our possession forever. We live today in the character we made yesterday. We shall live tomorrow in the character we make today. We are now building our eternal habitation.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

A Personal Matter

"CHRISTIANITY," said Martin Luther, "is a religion of personal pronouns." How true this is.

It is not, We are all sinners, but—I am a sinner.

It is not, Jesus is a Savior, but—Jesus is my Savior.

If you have not made it a personal matter like this, my reader, you are not saved.

A young man in the West Indies once said to me, "I believe all you say, and I like your meetings, but I am not saved. How is it?"

I replied, "Have you ever got into the presence of God and said, 'O God, if there were not another sinner on earth, I am one, and, as a sinner, I claim Christ as my Savior, even though every other sinner refuses him?'"

"Well," he said, "it is your personal way of putting it that I do not like."

Ah! this was the secret. He had missed the blessing, because he refused to make it a personal matter.

Reader, have you made it a personal matter yet?—The Life Line.

Forget It

Has some one played a scurvy trick?

Forget it.

Has some one soaked you with a brick?

Forget it.

Don't let the memory endure:

A scheme of vengeance will not cure

A single sore, you may be sure—

Forget it.

Has some one used your name in vain?

Forget it.

Don't call upon him to explain.

Forget it.

If you are straight and good and true,

What matter what men say of you?

Don't fuss or pause the rag to chew—

Forget it.

—Publisher Unknown.



Group of 21 new converts of the 25 baptized by Rev. P. F. Schilling, Scottsbluff, Nebr., in February and July

Thirty-Fifth Anniversary of the B. Y. P. U. First Church, Portland, Ore.

"Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely." Psalm 147:1.

In the past year our society had much to be thankful for. The Young People's Society was arranged in a different manner than heretofore. We had six groups, having about 32 members each. With the help of Bro. H. Dymmel, the "Young People's Leader," and able group captains the group system has been progressing and definitely established.

During the year we had 44 meetings that enriched our lives, spiritually and intellectually; through devotions, missionary plays and speakers, illustrated programs on the "Life of Christ" at Christmas and Easter, last but not least an illustrated lecture on Baptist Work in Oregon.

Some of our special activities were: the sick visitation work by the Social Service Committee, spreading cheer to the sick and needy throughout the year; the First German Baptist Young People's Workers' Conference of Oregon; also the entertainment of the sailors of the German motorship "Osiris" from Hamburg. Numerous other activities could be mentioned.

We now have enrolled 197 members. The Anniversary was celebrated with a fitting program of a dialog, readings and a number of good musical selections.

With Bro. Harry Johnson as president and with the help of the Lord we hope to accomplish greater things for him.

THE SECRETARY.

Young People at the Texas Conference

The Texas and Louisiana Jugendbund met with a host of young people in connection with our Texas German Baptist Conference on the afternoon of July 29, 1927, at the German Baptist church of Greenville, Texas.

I can say we had a showing of the best crowd of young people at a gathering of the Jugendbund in a long time. It is a regret that even more of the young folks could not attend. May we grow larger each meeting in numbers and spirit!

The afternoon meeting was opened by the president of the Bund, Rev. R. Kaiser, who has well served us for three years. May the work be a pleasure and joy in the coming year to him!

The 50 delegates elected the following officers: President, Rev. R. Kaiser, Gatesville; vice-president, North District, Roland Ehrhorn, Dallas; South District, Ernest Hill, Kyle; secretary-treasurer, Mathilda Hirsch, Waco.

Great interest was shown among the different B. Y. P. U.'s in Tent Mission work and also for the Institute that is to meet this Fall at Cottonwood. May the Lord help us to do more!

The sum of \$50 was promised for missions from the Bund.

In the evening before the program a band combined of two B. Y. P. U.'s gave pleasing music which everybody enjoyed, after which a very inspirational and entertaining program was given by the combined Unions. The dear Lord distributed talents among our young people from which we had the pleasure of hearing pianist, saxophoneist, recitations, mixed quartets and a dialog. The talk Rev. Pfeiffer gave will be long remembered by us all.

May our young people go forth with new determination and may our prayer be, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground!"

MATHILDA HIRSCH, Sec.

Report from Pleasant Valley, N. D.

On Sunday evening, July 24, our society held its yearly program. The meeting was opened with a short song service led by Bro. Tommy Lutz, our song leader, after which responsive readings, prayer and song by our quartet followed.

A play, entitled "The Awakening of Brother Tightwad," was given by a group of young people.

Our new minister, Bro. Albert Krombein, and his wife gave us a stringed-duet. A poem, "Psalm of Life" by H. W. Longfellow, was recited by a member.

A Biblical pageant, "Moses," was then given by a very large group of young people.

Visiting presidents and ministers were invited to speak for a few minutes.

With a song and a prayer our meeting was closed. After partaking of refreshments we went home, satisfied that our efforts were not in vain.

Our society numbers 84 members. We are very sorry to say that our beloved president was taken home to his reward on high.

The Lord has blessed us bountifully in the past and we believe that he will be with us in the future.

We ask for your co-operation in praying for God's work among our young people in America and all over the world.

LILLIAN LUTZ, Sec.

Yearly Report of the First German Baptist Church Choir, Chicago, June 1, 1926, to June, 1927

"Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: for God is my defence, and the God of my mercy." Psalm 59:17.

Our choir enjoyed a successful year under the direction of Prof. Berndt, assisted by our organist, Miss Tompkins, and aided by our president, Fred Presher.

During the year we had an average attendance of 40 and had the pleasure of taking up 6 sopranos, 2 altos, 3 tenors and 5 bass, making a total of 16 new members.

The choir members enjoyed two socials, one in September and the other in March. At the latter social we invited the church members and gave a very good program consisting of vocal solos, piano selection, recitations, a quartet and a demonstration choir rehearsal. A collection was taken for the benefit of the choir treasury. Games were played and refreshments served in which all took part.

On Otto Albert's birthday the choir sent him a ten dollar gold piece as a remembrance.

We attended four parties during the year at the homes of Miss Tompkins, our organist, Miss Borschel, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbach and Prof. Berndt. I'm sure we all had a wonderful time at these parties and especially enjoyed the good eats.

Our choir sang a Christmas cantata on the Sunday before Christmas. It was very well given and was resung on New Year's Eve.

A concert was held on June 7 and \$60 of this collection given to the Siberian Mission. The singing was very good and those present enjoyed the concert very much.

May all our members co-operate in the new season's work full of pep and energy. This can be done with God's help and blessing.

A. E. LEUSCHNER, Cor. Sec.

The Sunday School

The Great Teacher

CLARENCE E. FLYNN

How blest were they who sat of old
Beside a distant hill,
And listened while the Master told
The tidings of good will!
How golden were the words that fell
Upon their eager ears!
Who is there living who can tell
Their fruitage through the years?

We need not travel far away
O'er hill and valley dim.
Upon this very spot today
Our hearts may wait for him.
Dear Master, let us claim a place
With thee, where'er thou art,
And till thy harvesting of grace
Within the human heart.

What Shall We Teach the Children?

Teach them to know Jesus by means of Bible stories, Bible reading, and Bible history.

Teach them to pray.
Teach them to worship in the regular church services.

Teach them to sing; to sing the hymns of the church and to understand what they sing.

Teach them to love their church by learning its history.

Teach them to know what it means to be a Christian; and help them to practise that Christianity each day in their home, at their work, and at their play.

Teach them how men and women have served others in the largest life by telling them the great missionary stories.

Teach them to read their Bible and thus know for themselves what the Bible teaches.

Teach them Bible verses, storing up God's promises which shall sustain them during temptations.

Teach them to be church workers.

Teach them to love their parents and home because they have become intelligent Christians.—Source unknown.

Before the Hour with Juniors

SHIRLEY SWETMAN STILL

There is no time more fruitful for junior teachers than the half-hour before the Sunday school commences. At the beginning of that half-hour, both the teacher and the substitute, who should be a regular assistant, ought to be in their places, ready for work.

The pupils should be instructed to come directly to their classroom upon arriving at the school. Here the assistant greets them, invites them to remove their wraps, and sends them to the teacher. The latter hears memory work, looks over home work, assigns extra handwork, lends books, or does anything else that comes to her hand. In short,

she takes this half-hour for individualizing her pupils.

The assistant, after several of the children have arrived, may sit down and read or tell very quietly some Bible story. Thus the pupils who have finished their work at the teacher's desk do not run about annoying or disturbing the ones still at work, but sit quietly to hear the story. Of course all the activity in the room must be as quiet as possible, or the different groups would disturb one another.

In this way the lesson period may be given up entirely to the study of the lesson. Memory work, home work, and even any handwork not necessarily a part of the lesson, are out of the way.

One of the most pleasant scenes imaginable is a classroom a few minutes before the Sunday school hour, where one child is at the table doing handwork; another leans over the teacher's shoulder as his home work is being corrected; two others are softly hearing each other's memory work before reciting it to the teacher; and three or four others are listening to the quiet voice of the assistant as she reads one of the old stories.

When the bell sounds the signal for Sunday school to begin, all of these children will assemble for the opening service spiritually prepared for a devotional period, and ready for real class work.

Curiosity?

Miss Mildred Seay, first vice-president of the College Class of Alabama College girls, of the First Baptist Church, Montevallo, Alabama, wanted to have some attractive advertising and so she placed in a very conspicuous place on the campus, a barrel painted white with bold letters "Don't Look Inside." On the inside was painted the invitation to come to the Baptist Sunday school. It was intensely amusing to watch the girls glance to see if anyone was looking and then look inside. Some of the girls waited until night and then got a flashlight and looked in.

The next Sunday was a record-breaking attendance at Sunday school.

The week before Valentine, she sent to every absentee and prospective girl for Sunday school, a Valentine which read, "Your heart may belong to somebody else, But this Sunday school class belongs to you."

—S. S. Young People and Adults.

Teachers, Trained and Untrained

Much is being said about teacher-training. One might conclude that teaching teachers is becoming more important than teaching children. And, because the one lies back of the other, perhaps this is true. We are seeking the very best

of everything for our young folks, and, consequently, desire the best-equipped teachers that are to be had.

Still, the fact confronts us that the great majority of Sunday school teachers are not able, because of their duties, to attend and take advantage of the classes that are being offered in so many places. The larger proportion of young people and children have no other instruction than that which is provided by the faithful men and women who are teaching them every Sunday, and who do the best they can in the face of many limitations and difficulties. That is the only instruction that most American children will ever receive.

The responsibility is just here: A teacher's training depends first of all upon the teacher. And any Sunday school teacher or worker who is not able to take a training course with a class or in a school may, nevertheless, make splendid preparation by making use of other opportunities. Education and training, after all, are not limited to schools and classes. Where and how one learns is of small consequence. The important thing is *what he learns*. He may gain his knowledge in a university classroom, or sitting on a log in the back woods, or as he leans over the counter of a grocery.

This is true of teacher-training. Good books are always available. Methods, plans and outlines are constantly being suggested, both in our own publications and in others. There is no reason why any teacher in any Sunday school, even in the face of the most adverse circumstances, cannot train and equip himself or herself for more effective Sunday school work. And this is not so much a duty as it is a privilege. We should be satisfied with nothing less than the very best that we can do for our boys and girls.—Sunday School World.

What's the Matter with the Young Folks of Today?

The speaker at a recent convention hurled at his audience the question, "What's the matter with the young folks of today?" and from among the fifteen hundred delegates there arose an amazingly unanimous chorus, "The parents."

While not attempting to support or to repudiate the charge made by those delegates, we believe it will not be amiss to refer all fathers and mothers to the advice given to a king, long ago. That bit of advice, found in 1 Kings 12:16, reads, "See to thine own house, David."

Stung!

Little city boy who had been allowed to gather the eggs came in crying.

Auntie: "What's the matter, Bobby?"

Bobby: "I went to see if the bees had laid the honey!"

The Glass Window

A Story of the Quare Women

By LUCY FURMAN

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

IX

A TANGLED WEB

One day after New Christmas Aunt Ailsie, her long months of preparation ended, was at last ready to begin the work of weaving the coverlets; and Uncle Lot, his logs for the women all cut and snaked down, looked forward to two months of uninterrupted Scripture-reading. Shuttles in hand, baskets of bright wool "spools" beside her, Aunt Ailsie took her seat at the big loom, and began to study the several small yellow papers spread out on the warp. These were the drafts on which dim lines and figures indicated to the eye of the trained weaver the patterns to be followed. Selecting "Dogwood Blossom and Trailing Vine" as her first choice, she laid the others aside and, throwing a swift shuttle, wove the first threads of her web.

Uncle Lot, on the other side of the fireplace, sunk in mournful enjoyment of Jeremiah, little dreamed what lay before him.

"Paw," after a short while began Aunt Ailsie's plaintive voice, "hit's a pyore pity to trouble you, but this here old draft is so dim and yaller I'll very nigh have to view hit through your specs a minute to get a good start."

With a look of pained surprise, Uncle Lot roused himself and handed over the glasses, which were returned to him in—not one minute, but about fifteen.

Less than an hour later another very apologetic call was made for them, and off and on during the entire day the calls continued—sometimes that the draft might be seen, sometimes that broken threads might be tied, or sley and heddles examined. Late in the afternoon, at about the twentieth call, the Old Adam burst forth:—

"Dad burn ole Heck! Can't a man ever hope to see no peace under his own vine and fig tree? I allowed when you got to the weaving I'd see peace, throwing a shuttle not calling for no eyesight to speak of."

Aunt Ailsie gave a long, deep, patient sigh. "There's a sight to weaving," she said, "besides throwing the shuttle. I wisht there wa'n't, so's you could see rael peace and satisfaction. The Lord knows hit's hard on me to be jest a hold-back and a kill-joy to you; 't aint no benefit to no man to have a old, feeble, drug-out woman, with her faculties raddled and her eyesight dimmed. I allus had dread of hit, and prayed not to outlive my powers, and to die, not by eenches, but all over at oncet. Which would be a sight better for you, paw; for then you could get a young, stout woman, able to see and do and turn off work. And I hope hit'll be the Lord's will not to keep me a stumblingblock to you much longer."

Next day no avoidable work was done by either. Uncle Lot, dressed in his best, Bible on knee, sat stiffly on his side of the fireplace, while Aunt Ailsie, hands folded over best linsey dress and newest print apron, sat stiffly opposite. Ages long the day seemed to her. There was only one interruption, when Link came in to report the biggest tide that Troublesome had known for three or four years.

Two days later, when the waters had subsided sufficiently, Susanna and Christine rode down, the latter with the store-poppet promised for Christmas. To the surprise of the girls, Aunt Ailsie received the doll with no expression of pleasure save prim thanks, laying it up on a high "kiver-shelf" against the wall; but when Uncle Lot left the room a little later there was an instant change. She ran to both girls, hugging them joyously, and snatching the doll from the shelf, fondled it with many terms of endearment.

"I dassent let-on afore him," she explained, "how glad I was when I heard you gals peck at the door, and seed this love-lie poppet. He'd likely have made me lay hit away in tother-house with that-air lace collar and them other vanities. But if he allows I don't take no joy in it, he'll maybe leave hit stay in here, where I can look up and see hit frequent. Now, sweet creetur," addressing the doll, "when he's in, you jest lay and take your rest with them pretty eyes shet, and don't get your feelings hurted because I don't pay you no notice; and when he's gone, I'll pet you and hug your neck and make hit up to you!"

Susanna told of her visit home, and how busy she had been since. "I lost a fine lot of logs Saturday night in the big tide," she said, "about fifty from Giles's land, and more from higher up. I had n't dreamed what your creeks could do. And Uncle Ephraim lost his foot-log, too, and we've had to cross on horseback ever since."

Christine seemed even quieter than usual, and had almost nothing to say. "You look a leetle pale and peaked," said Aunt Ailsie; "nothing don't ail you, does it?"

"Oh, no, I am very well." Aunt Ailsie showed the girls the beam of her loom, already big with the material for three coverlets. "I used to foller weaving my fourteen yards a day on plain linsey," she said, "but kivers with patterns is different; they take time and trouble. But they allus was my delight to weave, being so pretty. This here 'Pine Bloom,' now—hain't hit a joy to the soul?"

The girls enthusiastically agreed that it was.

The weaving went on steadily a week longer, and then the warp had again to be renewed, and for three solid days Uncle Lot was utterly deprived of his glasses. On the third day patience again reached its limit. "Hit's more than a body can stand up under, or ought to," he declared, with vehemence.

"Hit is, paw," commiserated Aunt Ailsie, "hit's beyand all endurance. I never

in life felt so sorry for a feller. Hit's a pity and a scandal for a good old religious man like you to be so afflicted; I'm sartain hit hain't the Lord's will for you. I'd ruther give up any minute weaving these kivers, if you'd let me, as to see you all tore-up and troubled like you air. The Lord knows I wish as much as you do you had a young, stout woman, in place of a old, dim-eyed one like me!"

"I never said I wished for no young, stout woman."

"No, you hain't said so; but actions speaks louder than words, and I know well what your feelings air. And I don't fault you nary bit, neither, and won't lay no blame at all on you when you start out hotfoot atter one, with me skasely cold in my grave, like widder-men allus does! Hit's the way God made 'em; they can't help hit; and the wives of their youth may jest as well reconcile theirselves to being forgot afore the breath's good out of their bodies, for hit's the onliest thing they can look for!"

"Not forgot," corrected Uncle Lot, judicially; "hit's like the Scriptor says, not good hit man to live alone, him not being created that way. A man not having the natchul faculty to cook and wash and clean up, and sew and milk and sech, he's pyorely bound, if he loses one woman, to take him another. If you was to drap off, and I was to get me a young, stout woman, hit would n't be I had forgot you, which I never would or could, but jest that I had needcessity for a helpmeet."

Aunt Ailsie raised her voice in a high, mournful falsetto. "That's the way they all talk," she said, "all the old change-ful, double-minded widder-men, allus a-laying hit on the Scriptor, or the Almighty, or anybody but their old wavery, forgettive, turncoat hearts! Hit's no use to grieve over hit—grieving won't change 'em, or give 'em a heart of flesh instead of stone! Hit's out of my mind, everly, with a man-person! Well, I have good hope and craving I'll be tuck first, and give you a chancet at the young, stout woman; for the Lord only knows what would become of me if I was to be the one left. I'd be a widder indeed!"

"Widder indeed!" repeated Uncle Lot, angrily. "I allus knowed how much of a widder-indeed you'd be, with your light-some cyarnal mind, and your will to run atter every new thing you see! I gonnies! the grave-house would n't be raised over me afore you'd wax wanton and, decked out in lace collars and sech, be caraying over the face of the earth on the sarch for a new man! I allus sensed hit, and sensed hit well; and allus aimed to outlive you if I could, so's the world would n't see the scandal o' such a widder on the rampage, and my memory drug around in the dust atter you!"

"Eh, paw, if a strong, able man like you needs a helpmeet, what about a pore, weak, feeble-minded female like me, that hain't got the stren'th or knowledge even to raise bread for herself, let alone for the property and creeturs? Seems like if anybody needed a helpmeet, hit's her!"

"A well-fixed widder like you won't never lack for bread, and hain't got no call to take the trail atter some doless, lackwitt sluggard that knows naught but to pick the banjo and sing devil's ditties the livelong day, whilst the fences fall down, and the property starves, and the roof tumbles in over him. I know jest the kind you'd want, and I warn you right now hit'll be your financial ruination! And as for me, I'd rest mighty dissatisfied in my grave knowing the likes of that was a-living on the fat of my land, and reaping the reward of my labors; and, the Lord willing, would sartain rise up like good old Samuel to rebuke you! No, the Scriptor don't never nowhere say hit hain't good for a woman to live alone. Hit is good for her, and right and proper and decent. The whole duty of a widder-woman is to live godly and sober, diligently foller every good work, and keep her man's memory green!"

"Eh law, I have allus hearded what's sass for the goose is sass for the gander."

"Peace, woman! As if man and woman was to be held to the same rule or named in the same breath! Ricollect, man was first created, and the woman for the man—not the man for the woman!"

"Eh, eh—of course a man that everly reads Solomon, and patterns on him, would want to hold back his widder from marrying, but never stop hisself till he had tuck him anyhow a thousand wives!"

"Peace to your blaspheming tongue! Verily, 'a foolish woman is clamorous,' the contentions of a wife are 'the cracklings of thorns under a pot.' Well, you know I hain't never so much as give a thought to ary other woman, nor has my eyes ever lusted atter any, sence I fotched you in. Neither, though I foller atter the wisdom and glory of Solomon in his good days, do I uphold or pattern on his wicked ways after he fell from grace and run atter strange flesh and the Lord give him up to idoltery! I am more the picter of patient Job, that the wife of his bosom turnt again' in his tribulation, and counseled for to curse God and die. And for what? Not for no other reason on earth than so she could deck herself out in lace collars and hunt for another man!"

Some nights after this passage at arms, Aunt Ailsie, taking off her shoes by the fire before retiring, said meditatively, "Hit does seem like, paw, you and me has seed more troubles and trials this here winter than all the forty-seven years we have been wedded. And what about? Jest because we air both getting old, and hain't got the eyesight we used to have. Now, neither one of us hain't never going to get no younger, nor our sight no better; and hit does look like hit hain't sensible for us to set here a-jowering all the time over them specs, when there's bound to be a better way, if we could jest find hit. Of course, not being nothing but a woman, a body could n't expect me to see no way out; but you being sech a good-sensed man, with

so much wisdom in your headpiece, seems like you'd be able to think up a way for both of us to get light and sight, so's I would n't be hendered in my weaving and you robbed of your sperritual food. I feel like, if you was jest to fix your mind on hit, you'd find a way."

From that night she had reason to believe that the seed dropped was possibly germinating. Of course the idea of the glass window, the only possible solution of their difficulties, must proceed from his mind, not hers, when it came; all she could possibly do was along the very delicate line of suggestion. He appeared now to be often in intense thought along some unknown path, and seemed less irritated by her continued demands for the spectacles, as if able, possibly, to look beyond the moment to a time when these annoyances would be no more.

Three weeks had passed and it was the middle of February before she received an inkling of what was in his mind.

"Ailsie," he began one Saturday night while she was washing dishes, "I been a-turning over in my skull-piece the matter of this here weaving-business, and your dimmed eyesight, and the troublous times that has fell on me and you both, you everly needing to see your drafts and thread and heddles and sech, and me not getting no more good out of my specs for a whole winter than if I never had none, and which I don't believe ever was the Lords will for me, but that the old Devil has got a hoof in it somewhere—I can't jest make out where. And atter a sight of study on hit, and prayer too, light is a-dawning, and I allow maybe I see a way."

She almost dropped the plate she was holding. With carefully controlled voice, she answered meekly, "Yes, paw."

"We air told that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire,' and not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. A woman that's minded to work diligent and make good money, ten dollars and tittlement to see what she's a-doing; hit's only jestic, which I allus and everly did love to foller, and therefore have suffered patient the lack of my specs ever sence Christmas. At the same time, a God-fearing man that thirsts atter the milk of the Word ought n't to be hendered from drinking hit, soon and late, long and continual. And if there's a way both can pursue atter their duty and delight, hit ought to be sarched for. And I have been sarching, and allow maybe I have found hit."

"Yes, paw." Breathlessly she awaited his further words.

"The way I have traced out won't cost no great of money or trouble, and yet will bring peace and satisfaction to us both. You'll have sight for your weaving, I'll enjoy the constant use of my specs."

"Yes, paw." Of course it could be nothing but the glass window—and weeks, even months, before she had expected it!

"Hit will cost some leetle money, though; and hit don't seem jestic, when

you aim to get the mainest benefit, and to yearn sech big money by your weaving, for me to take what little smidging I got laid away for a rainy day to pay for hit. The way I figger hit out, the money from them kivers ought by rights to pay the tax, whatever hit may be."

"Oh, sartain, paw." She tried not to speak too eagerly. She also wanted to tell him the women had insisted upon giving her the glass window; but, knowing his stubborn pride, realized he might not want it as a gift.

"I'm proud you see hit that way. Of course there's a sight of things to consider,—I never was one to take action unthoughted,—but the main chiefest p'int is, air you willing to pay the tax?"

"I am, too, paw—willing and proud." "So fur, so good," he replied, "and sech being the case, there hain't no needcesity to put off furder what promises sech benefit to both, and sech peace for time to come. Monday being first day of court, if all things favors and I don't have to set on the grand jury,—which hit seems like they ought to give me a leetle rest from, this court—I'll fetch home with me in the evening that which will bring easement to you, and peace to me, and satisfaction to us both, world without eend!"

"I allow you don't maybe feel to take me in with you a-Monday? 'Pears like hit would pleasure me a sight to help fetch hit back."

"Did I ever take you in town first day of court?"

"No, paw."

"Nor never will, whilst I have my right mind, hit not being no place for women, with all the crowds, and nag-trading, and maybe shooting any minute. My rules is like the Medes and Persians, onchangeable. And as for help, I don't need none."

"Glass is mighty easy broke, paw," she ventured.

"Not with me a-packing hit. I'll gortee fetching hit safe."

There could be no possible doubt now. She walked as if on air. Joy flooded her very soul. A little mild, harmless strategy had accomplished in weeks what otherwise might have taken years. Of course he must never suspect, though, that there had been any strategy.

Long after Uncle Lot was asleep that night she herself lay awake, gazing at the spot on the south wall of "old-house" where the glass window would be, picturing over and over its delights and charms: the outlook it would give upon branch and passers-by, the loneliness it would banish, the light it would let into her life in every way. She made a hundred plans, all of which centered about the glass window.

Sunday seemed age-long, and Monday morning she fairly tingled with expectation. After Uncle Lot had ridden down the branch, she could not restrain herself from singing, and not "hime tunes" either, but song-ballads, "devil's ditties" themselves, forbidden under that roof ever since Uncle Lot had "j'ined" the Old Primitives. It was impossible to

settle down to work. A dozen times she jumped up from her loom to trace with a shuttle the place where the glass window would be. She even planned thin curtains for it, like the quare women's, only without the ruffles, which Uncle Lot would condemn as vanities.

In mid-afternoon she pictured Uncle Lot riding up to the women's cottage and calling for a glass window,—he might not get the one she had put away, Virginia being gone, but any other would do as well,—and insisting upon paying for it. Then she saw him riding slowly home, holding the glass window before him on Tom mule.

The hours seemed endless. She put off milking as long as possible, in order that she might see the arrival of the window. But at last she could wait no longer, as dark was falling; and so it happened that she was away at the milking-gap when Uncle Lot came. When she hurried in with the milk, he was sitting calmly by the fire. She glanced around for the window—but probably he had left it on the porch.

"I'm proud you never had to set on the grand jury," she said, as tranquilly as her inward excitement would permit.

"They let me off this time," he said with satisfaction. "And, Ailsie, I done what I said. I fotched you in what aims to eend both our troubles. And I allow you won't think no hardship to pay the three dollars and seventy-five cents hit costed me. Four dollars hit was, but I bargained off a quarter."

"No indeed, paw." The price was a little surprising, but she would have paid it ten times over.

Again sweeping the room with her eyes, she stood waiting. "Where is it at, paw?" she finally asked. "Did you leave hit on the porch, or maybe in the barn?"

"Porch? Barn?" he questioned. "What would I do that for? Hit's right here, wropped keerful in silk paper and cotton, in my breast-pocket, as able a pair of eye-spees as ever I seed!"

With dropped jaw and staring eyes she fell back, clutching the table to keep herself from falling, so suddenly weak were her knees. Her tongue was like lead in her mouth. She could not utter a sound. Fortunately Uncle Lot was not observing her.

"Both the eye-spec man and the tooth-dentist was on hand," he said, "and the eye-spees man he tried hard to sell me a pair of gold ones; but ricollecting the words of the Apostul, 'Not with gold, or pearls, or costly array,' I told him silver hit must be, the same as mine, and the same glasses like mine, too, which suits your eyes so good. And then,"—with deep satisfaction,— "I talked him down a quarter on the price."

Aunt Ailsie still stood dumb, staring, unable to realize the situation.

Uncle Lot took out the small package from his pocket and carefully unwrapped the "silk paper" and the cotton. "Try 'em and see how good they suit you," he insisted. "You won't never have nothing left to wish for now."

With cold, trembling hands she ad-

justed the glasses. Her first look through them showed her house of dreams in ruins about her, the glass window vanished forever.

With the second look, she glanced anxiously into Uncle Lot's face. Was he mocking her, had he any suspicion of her strategy? But no—serenest calm, purest benevolence bathed his countenance. Evidently he suspected no guile on her part. This fact gave her the sharpest pang of all.

At last she managed to summon a feeble voice. "Thank you kindly, paw, they set well on me—as good as yourn. I allow I won't have no more trouble now, weaving or spinning."

That night she lay long awake, smothering many a groan, pondering painfully, deeply.

"Hit's my punishment for being deceiving," she said to herself, "I won't never, never see no glass window, now I got these spees! And hit sarves me right; I'm a wicked, lying woman, and the poison of asps is under my lips. Truly, 'sorrow and confusion shall overtake the wicked'; 'lying lips are an abomination to the Lord'; 'a fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul.' If I'd a-left hit to time and sarcumstance, there might have been some hope; but now there hain't none at all. Yea, 'the very expectation of the wicked is cut off.'"

(To be continued)

Rally of Oregon Young People

July 1, 1927, the Oregon Young People's Societies met at the Second German Baptist Church of Portland. The meeting began at 7.30 P. M. with an arousing song service led by Bro. Gunsch. The Scripture taken from 1 Pet. 1:1-14 was read by Dr. Walter H. Miller, after which Bro. Adolph Schneider led in prayer.

Words of welcome were rendered by our worthy president, Rev. H. Dymmel. Response to roll call was given by the following societies: First Church, Portland; Bethany Church; Second Church, Portland; Salt Creek Church; Third Church, Portland; and Stafford Church.

We had the pleasure of having with us Prof. Shoemaker, professor of philosophy at Linfield College at McMinnville, Ore. He delivered an address: "Blue Prints of Character," which was very much enjoyed by all.

Thus the evening ended with everyone inspired to do his work with more devotion and to do it more efficiently. May God grant that it be possible to meet in the near future for a similar occasion!

ESTHER MOSER.

A Prayer

"The only crown, dear Lord, I ask to wear is this:
That I may help a little child;
I do not ask that I shall stand among the wise, the worldly or the great,
I only ask that simply hand in hand
A little child and I may enter at the gate."

September

All the reaping is over and done;
Green are the pastures and still,
Warm lies the earth in the smile of the sun,
Brooding on meadow and hill;
Hardly a leaf by the light breeze is thrilled;
Wide is the peace of the sky;
Yet in the silence the summer, fulfilled,
Whispers her children "Good-bye."

"Our Orphans"

I wonder how many of our Young People realize that they have a share in supporting "our orphans"? Our Children's Home is at St. Joseph, Mich. It's a spacious building, with large living room and dining room; separate dormitories for the 20 boys and 16 girls, located on four acres of high ground, laid out in gardens and playgrounds. These youngsters have all the same denominational parents—Papa and Mama Hans Steiger. The Young People of our denomination, as well as the adults, support these children; and not only these, but they also help to support 25 widows and 105 other orphan children who are being raised in their own homes.

The denomination does its work for the orphans through a General Board of Trustees elected at each General Conference. They meet annually at St. Joseph, and between meetings, the detail work is carried on by a Local Committee of the St. Joseph and Benton Harbor members of the Board. The General Board had its annual meeting a short time ago, and I am sure that our Young People will be interested in a condensed account of that meeting.

Bro. Wegner, for many years president, was in the chair. The brethren Daniel of Chicago, Elwang of Louisville and E. E. Staub of Detroit were there from "out of town." Bro. Knechtel of Hanover was ill and Bro. Rocho of Detroit was in Europe. The local brethren Mollhagen, Schmittman and Achterberg (the last secretary of the Local Committee) were there. Bros. Stock and Benning were out of town. Dr. Hattie Schwendener, our faithful physician to the children, and Bro. Schwendener, as well as Pastor Stoeri, were also "on the job." Of course Papa Steiger, who is also corresponding secretary, was there; but Mama Steiger, who has been under physician's care at Mounds Park Sanitarium in St. Paul for some months, could not be there. Fortunately, she has been improving and has since returned to the Home. Br. Hoops and one of his congregation stopped off en route to the Northern Baptist Convention to see "how it is done" and to get a look at our denomination's happy children.

The children look forward to these annual meetings. Why not? It means ice cream and after-dinner "talks" by the visiting brethren—a really happy get-together. What fellowship for the children and all of the Board! What healthy faces—what joyous laughter—what courtesy—what neatness! Surely they are

no longer neglected orphans, but children with real parents—the denomination—actively fathered and mothered in the denomination's name by Papa and Mama Steiger.

More space would be necessary to give even part of the details covered by the reports at the meeting. Just a word or two, though, will be of special interest. Unfortunately, nine children wanting to get in during the year had to be turned away—no more room. On Easter Day, nine of the children were baptized, and now 18 of the children at the Home are confessed followers of Jesus Christ. Through small earnings the children contribute to missionary work. The local Rotary Club provided for necessary dental work; Dr. Pilz performed free a necessary operation and Dr. Hattie Schwendener, as usual, gave generously and gratuitously of her time in the medical care of the children.

This children's work is possible only by your support. It took \$13,000 to keep the children and the Home at St. Joseph during the past year. Over \$4300 was used to assist widows and other children in their own homes. During the 27 years from July 1, 1900, over \$53,700 was used for our children's work; and during that period we provided in whole or in part for 114 widows and 458 children from 26 states of the Union and from Canada. Truly this is a worth while record, and our Young People ought to be supremely happy in knowing that by their gift to the Missionary and Benevolent Offering they have a real part in it. And the next time you are near Chicago, take a "detour" on the Pere Marquette to St. Joseph, and see the delightful home and "our orphans."

E. E. STAUB.

Mound Prairie Welcomes New Pastor

On the evening of July 26 the Young People of the First Baptist Church of Mound Prairie, Minn., gave a reception in honor of their new pastor, Rev. E. Bibelheimer, and family. The reception was held at the church.

We were fortunate to have with us Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann and Rev. W. J. Appel of Minneapolis, also Rev. V. E. Anderson of the Swedish Baptist church of Houston, Minn.

A program in charge of Mr. Philip Senn, president of the Y. P. S., was opened by a song by the congregation, after which Mr. C. Lufi, deacon of the church, and Mr. Philip Senn spoke words of welcome, respectively in behalf of the church and the Young People's Society.

Next, Mr. Fred Pilger, superintendent of the Sunday school, gave an interesting account of the history and possible future of our Sunday school. Among the things Mr. Pilger stated were that the Sunday school was started in 1875, the first meetings being conducted in a school house, next at private homes and so on until a church was built. He also encouraged the Sunday school teachers by telling of the results which have come

from the faithful laboring of former teachers.

The Men's Chorus then sang as selection.

Rev. Stoeckmann, Moderator of the Minnesota Conference, congratulated the church on their good choice of pastor, also the name of our pastor. It was also said that Rev. Bibelheimer accepted this call on condition that the young people stand back of him. This, Rev. Stoeckmann said, is already being proven by the fact that the Y. P. took charge of the welcoming of their new pastor.

We were glad to have with us Rev. Appel, who was our former pastor. He spoke words of welcome and the possible history of our church which will come through its development.

It was altogether fitting for us to have with us Bro. H. Marks of St. Paul, who is the Dean of the Mound Assembly. He then represented the German Baptist Y. P. of our state in welcoming Rev. and Mrs. Bibelheimer and family into the B. Y. P. U. of Minnesota. Push, pull and work together are the words which sum up Mr. Marks's talk.

An instrumental trio played and sang, "It's just like his great Love."

Our last speaker was Rev. V. E. Anderson, who has labored faithfully among us during the absence of our pastor.

After these words of welcome, Rev. Bibelheimer was given opportunity to respond, which he did in a very hearty and pleasing way.

After the program all were invited to the dining room of the church, where refreshments were served.

The church of Mound Prairie feels that it has been very fortunate in securing such a capable and able leader as Mr. Bibelheimer. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bibelheimer and family among us has already keenly been felt. May the Lord bless him and his work with us here!

ALICE BARBISCH.

The Real Test

Young people who confess Christ and join the Church would get infinitely more out of their Church life and contribute infinitely more to the cause of Christ if they would but remember one thing: Church membership is not an end, but a beginning. In the words of one who has written much that is helpful for young men and women:

"The real work of the Christian life commences at conversion. It is like marriage, which is conceived in attraction, confessed in public ceremony, and continued in lifelong companionship. A marriage which exhausts itself in the romance of courtship and Church ceremony is doomed to the most ghastly failure. Marriage begins—it does not end—with the wedding bells."

There is more to the Christian life than public ceremony and professions of love and affection. There may be a spiritual romance about conversion, particularly if it be of the highly emotional order, but the real test of its genuineness is to be found in everyday thinking, acting, and living.



Inmates of Old Folks Home, Kityang

A Few Chinese Customs

EMANUEL H. GIETD

Geographically, China is located just about opposite the United States on this terrestrial globe of ours, so that it is night there when it is daytime here and vice versa. Perhaps that also accounts for the fact that to us Westerners it often seems that the Chinese exhibit a corresponding contrariness in their customs and habits of thought and action. They do insist on doing things the wrong way—as we think. On the other hand, the Chinese think we are just as queer as we think they are. Hence we are probably all a little queer most of the time.

Chinese Letter Writing

In writing, the Chinese begin in the upper right-hand corner, write downwards, and finish in the lower left-hand corner. Hence their books begin where ours end. They also write the address and date at the end of the letter instead of at the beginning, as we commonly do. In giving or writing names the surname is always given first, thus, Smith John-Paul instead of John Paul Smith. When they fold their letters they do it in such a way as to expose the written side of the paper instead of the back of the sheet as we do. They fold the paper length-wise first and then the other way, with the end containing the name of the person addressed projecting an inch or more beyond the other end of the paper. There are also many peculiarities in the use of pronouns and forms of address for various relations, age and rank. The writer studiously avoids the use of pronouns for himself, while at the same time heaping honors on the person addressed. According to the classical style the greater part of even a business letter might be given to artistic allusions to the weather, felicitations concerning the family and business of the person addressed, and perhaps incidentally some news of the birth of a son, of a wedding, or a funeral, all interspersed with poetic

allusions and citations from the classics, a perfect mosaic of literature, while the most important item and chief purpose of the letter might be found couched in veiled language and casually broached at the close of a lengthy epistle. All this is now in the process of being scrapped.

Extreme Politeness

marks many Chinese customs. It is always proper to honor and exalt people on meeting or addressing them, while at the same time humbling oneself. On meeting a stranger, whether foreign or Chinese, three common questions and their proper answers are: "What is your honorable surname?" "My humble surname is Ling (or whatever it may be)." "Where is your honorable home?" "My humble home (or my grass hut, even though he may have a \$10,000 home) is in Swatow." "What is your honorable age (or, if an elderly or superior person, how many springs and autumns have you had)?" "Don't flatter me. I am 41 years old." And in giving one's age it is always at least a year more than the actual age, for at birth a child is reckoned a year of age and on Chinese New Year (a moveable feast which usually comes in February) everybody grows a year older. Hence a child born the last day of the old year is reckoned two years old the second day of its life and will be three years of age next New Year's day, not on his birthday. Men do not usually ask the age of women, nor vice versa, but women ask the same question among themselves.

The Form of Greeting People

is also quite different from ours. Instead of shaking a friend's hand, a Chinese folds his own hands, the fingers of the right hand over those of the left hand as if forming a double fist, and politely bows. This has the double advantage of being more sanitary and more economical, as one can thus shake hands with a whole audience at once. Moreover, at least one Chinese has pointed out that their custom of greeting is

much more courteous than ours. Where-as we shake the other fellow's hand, congratulating him on the privilege of meeting us, a Chinese shakes his own hand, congratulating himself on the privilege of meeting the other fellow!

While the above form of greeting is universal in China, the spoken greeting seems to vary somewhat in different parts of China. But a very common custom, especially in South China, is to say, "Have you eaten rice already?" And the conventional response is, "I have eaten to satiety," whether one has eaten or not. The Christians in China have come to use the scriptural "Peace to you" as the ordinary form of greeting. Both forms may be used at any time of the day. It seems that the intensely keen competition for a living has caused the laboring masses of China to think and chat always in terms of their daily rice—and they do eat rice three times a day. The eternal question seems to be: "Have you enough to eat? Do you know where your next meal is coming from?"

Tea Drinking

On entering a Chinese house or shop one is immediately asked to sit down, even though there may be no chair or bench in sight. In fact, they often ask one to be seated when one meets them in the middle of a journey on the road where there is no chair within a mile. They do not expect one to sit down on the ground, but it is simply polite to give the invitation. Similarly they sometimes ask one to drink tea, even though there is no tea in sight.

But in their homes and even in their shops they always provide tea for respectable guests or callers, and of course we foreigners always pass for such. After the greetings are over, the head of the house or one of the sons starts a fire in a very small earthen charcoal stove about the size and shape of an ordinary flower pot and boils about a teacupful of water in a tiny earthen kettle, keeping up his end of the conversation while fanning the fire with a feather fan.

When the fire has a fair start he washes out the four tiny teacups (about the size of our individual communion cups) which are always standing ready in a plate on the table, and fills a wee little earthen teapot all full of leaves. By this time the water has reached the boiling point and is poured over the tea leaves in the little pot—as much as it will hold, which is about half an American cup. Then one of the tiny cups is filled with hot water which is transferred to each of the other three cups for a final rinsing and then poured out. Now the four cups are filled with the strong tea without sugar and the little teapot is refilled with the remaining hot water in the little kettle. The host then passes a cup to each of the guests, taking a firm hold with both hands around the entire rim of the little cup, and each polite guest receives it likewise with both hands underneath the host's hands. (It is never proper to give or receive

anything half-heartedly with one hand.) The host says, "Please," and the guests repeat the word and drink the tea. If there are more than four guests the less important ones have to wait until the cups are refilled. If there are less than four guests the host drinks with them. Next he refills the little water kettle and boils another cup of water. Meanwhile the little cups are filled a second time with the remaining tea and the guests are offered a second cup, or else the additional waiting guests receive their turn.

This process, which often seems childish to us, might continue indefinitely (as it sometimes does) but for the fact that after a few sips of tea the callers politely take leave. The host accompanies them to the front gate where they make a complete "about face," bow and say, "Please," which is their parting word equivalent to our "Adieu." The host responds with a bow and says, "Go slowly" or "Walk carefully." In this way a missionary making pastoral calls often has to drink about fifty little cups of strong tea in a day.

At a Feast

But it is at a feast that Chinese customs develop into an art. Written or printed invitations on red folders or on slips of paper enclosed in artistic red envelopes are usually sent by a servant to the guests. Their number is usually determined by the capacity of the table or tables, a standard table being about four feet square and seating two persons at each side. Hence a feast is prepared for a minimum of eight people or for multiples of eight.

Guests of rank are not expected to appear before or on the hour stated in the invitation; they usually wait for the host to send a servant to call for them when the feast is ready. Usually only men are invited to a feast, and where women are invited they eat at a separate table, but foreign ladies are permitted to sit with their husbands in company with the men. Of course, many Chinese with modern education are now following Western custom in this as well as in many other respects.

The most honorable place in any house or room is the side opposite the entrance, and guests are seated according to rank or age or both. The highest place is at the left (facing the table) on the side of the table opposite the door and the second highest on the right on the same side. The third place is at the left on the side towards the door and the fourth place at the right on that side. The less important guests are seated at the other two sides of the table. The highest guests always vigorously decline to occupy the seats of honor and often have to be literally pushed into their seats by the host.

The table is often covered with a cheap red cloth, and each guest is provided with a pair of chop-sticks, a teacup (sometimes larger than the ones described above), a porcelain spoon with a short handle, and a very small saucer in which the spoon rests to prevent soiling the tablecloth. At each corner of the table

is a small dish of fresh or preserved fruit. One dish always contains

Dried and Salted Watermelon Seeds with which the guests while away the time until the first course arrives and afterwards between courses. The fruit is not served whole but cut in slices or separated into sections, as oranges for instance, and the guests help themselves occasionally with their chop-sticks between courses, often being obliged to reach clear across the table for a different variety of fruit or preserve at the opposite corner of the table. Nothing except the melon seeds is passed around, but occasionally the host will pick out a choice slice or morsel of something with his own chop-sticks and serve it on the spoons of the guests of honor as a special mark of honor.



Chinese policeman in winter

Since the Chinese eat rice every day they do not want to see it at a feast. Hence a feast is largely made up of meat and fish courses of many varieties. There are usually at least about thirteen courses and sometimes as many as twenty. They are brought in one at a time in a large steaming bowl and placed in the center of the table. At the same time the little teacups are filled with hot tea, and the host picks up his cup saying, "Please," at which signal all the guests seize their cups and repeating the word they all take a swallow in unison.

Next the host or toast-master takes up his chop-sticks and the guests follow suit. All the meat is already cut and chopped up into small morsels, and so they

All Plunge Their Chop-Sticks

into the central bowl at the same time and fetch out a morsel, carefully bearing it over the considerable distance to their mouths. Foreigners are often unfortunate enough to drop their morsel on the tablecloth in transit. The Chinese seldom drop theirs, but since most of the courses are served in a thin gravy or

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

SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.	
1	1 Samuel. 1. 1-18	1	1 Samuel. 17. 32-44
2	1. 19-28	2S	17. 45-58
3	2. 1-11	3	18. 1-16
		4	19. 1-11
4S	2. 12-20	5	19. 12-24
5	2. 26-36	6	20. 1-15
6	3. 1-10	7	20. 16-26
7	3. 11-21	8	20. 27-42
8	4. 1-18	9S	22. 1-18
9	5. 1-8	10	23. 1-14
10	6. 1-16	11	23. 15-29
		12	24. 1-15
11S	7. 1-17	13	24. 16-22
12	8. 1-9	14	25. verse 1
13	8. 10-22	15	26. 1-12
14	9. 1-14	16	26. 13-25
15	9. 15-27	16S	28. 1-14
16	10. 1-13	17	28. 15-25
17	10. 14-27	18	30. 1-15
		19	30. 16-26
18S	11. 1-15	20	31. 1-13
19	12. 1-12	Hebrews.	
20	12. 13-25	21	1. 1-14
21	13. 1-14	22	2. 1-9
22	14. 1-16	23S	2. 10-18
23	14. 17-32	24	3. 1-11
24	14. 33-46	25	3. 12-19
		26	4. 1-16
25S	15. 1-15	27	5. 1-14
26	15. 16-31	28	6. 10-20
27	16. 1-13	29	7. 14-28
28	16. 14-23	30S	8. 1-13
29	17. 1-16	31	9. 1-14
30	17. 17-31		

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

soup this latter will drop off with the best of care, and so by the end of a feast every guest leaves a track of spots leading to the central bowl. The bones are deposited under the table, where there is usually a dog to receive them. Soup is never served as a separate course but always along with meat or fish and is scooped out of the bowl with the porcelain spoon.

After several morsels of meat eaten in unison the host again picks up his teacup and they all take a sip of tea. In this way there may come half a dozen courses of fowl, beef and pork, each prepared in a different way. About in the middle of the feast a bowl of something sweet is brought in, which we should call desert, consisting sometimes of mashed lotus seeds cooked in sugar. At the same time a bowl of hot water arrives in which the spoons are washed for the sweet course and again when that is finished.

Next there usually follows a large platter on which

A Whole Fish is Served

including head and tail, thoroughly cooked and served in soup. At the host's signal all hop to and rip a slice of meat off the fish with their chop-sticks, turning

it over when one side is cleared of flesh. Then come several other courses of sea food such as oysters, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, eels, shark fins, etc., accompanied by dishes of deliciously cooked vegetables, kept hot in special pewter bowls with burning charcoal underneath. Finally, a small bowl of rice is served to each guest, which serves as a notice that the feast has come to an end. When the host rises everybody stops eating and the guests usually go home at once.

Something Lacking

"Now, professor, your candid opinion of my voice."

"Ah, miss, if you possessed in ze upper register what you lack in ze lower, your future would be assured."

Who is a Hero?

Last year the International Y. M. C. A. conducted a most interesting questionnaire among 50,000 boys and young men from twelve to twenty-one years old in thirty-eight different countries. They found that the main aim in life of the majority of boys is to "earn a living" or "make a lot of money." While making a living is, of course, necessary, to have it for the chief aim in life does not speak very well for the ideals being taught all over the world today. That means most people live to earn, rather than earn to live.

One of the most interesting results of this questionnaire was the answer to "Who is your favorite hero?" In England and Holland sea captains and warriors received the most votes. In Norway, on the other hand, athletes and explorers, especially Norwegians, like Nansen and Amundsen, were at the top. Poland also voted down the war heroes in favor of Madame Curie for the intellectual hero and Nurmi for the physical one. Austria favored the arts, voting most heavily for Goethe, Schiller and Beethoven. Czecho-Slovakian boys likewise had almost no warriors on their lists.

Another interesting question was "Who is the greatest person who has ever lived?" This brought out many different ideals. Italian boys, after group discussions, switched from Napoleon to Garibaldi, then discussed Franklin, Columbus, and Livingstone, and finally decided that Jesus Christ was the greatest influence of the past. In Sweden one-half of the boys placed Jesus first, next came Martin Luther, and then Saint Paul, Napoleon, Thomas Edison, and General Gordon. "Some of these votes sound illogical and contradictory, because they reflect, not so much the ideals of the boys themselves as the different ideals of their different teachers and textbooks." "That Jesus Christ was the greatest influence in history, but that military leaders are the biggest heroes of the boy of today, shows the conflict that is going on in the minds of the present generation." This was the statement made by a writer who discussed the questionnaire in the "New York World."

Joy Notes from Alpena

Because the Lord has been good to us, we want to write you a few lines to let the readers of the "Baptist Herald" know what God is doing in Alpena, Mich.

In our evening services, which are held in the English language, we had mostly evangelistic preaching. It was soon manifest that the spirit of God was working amongst us. A number of times, when an invitation was given, hands would come up for prayer, seeking the help of God's children in finding the way to God. Then the Lake Erie Vereinigung was with us and we experienced the grace of God in a most wonderful way. The pastors present were all willing to help us in leading souls to Jesus. There came a remarkable evening, when eleven souls stood up before us and confessed Christ as their newly found Savior. Tears of repentance and joy flowed and God's children once more felt the power of God amongst us.

Of the eleven seven followed their Lord in baptism. It was an exalting service, when the baptism took place. Now there are a number of others, who have vouched silently and publicly that they also will seek until they have found.

A Junior society was organized, which counts 22 members, and perhaps soon more. We had a few helpful and well enjoyed services together.

The Junior choir has for a long time taken the place of a former choir of older members and the singing is surely inspiring and helps greatly in our services. We do not only sing in the English language, but are planning soon to get German books, when we will sing thereafter in both languages.

Our young Junior society aims to build up the Christian life in the younger generation and wants to help the members to enjoy real Christian fellowship with good sound literary and social work. We want to stand together and be a help in the work of our congregation.

Some day we will report of our progress.
ONE OF THE BUNCH.

Choir Outing at Portland

Members of the choir of the First German Baptist Church, Portland, Ore., with their families enjoyed an evening at Columbia Park Tuesday night, July 26. The evening was taken up with the playing of different games on the spacious lawns, Bro. and Mrs. H. Dymmel having charge. Refreshments consisted of Polar cakes, Dixies, cake and punch.

The newly elected officers for the new year beginning September are: Bartel Gunsch, president; Miss E. Schappert, secretary; Miss A. Knispel, treasurer, and Henry Bertuleit, director. Mr. Bertuleit is not new but has been directing off and on and working for the interest of the choir for many years. In addition to teaching a large class of young men he is also director of the Harmonic Glee Club, a chorus of young men. L. T.

A Penny and a Prayer

RUTH M. KOHNKE

'Twas a beautiful scene
At the foot of a hill,
Where a little old house
Stood peaceful and still.

A little aged couple
Had occupied here
This beautiful scene
So placid and dear.

The most that they had
Was a table and chair,
And a little old cupboard
That was usually bare.

Outside grazed a pony
That seemed quite smart
Every Sunday morning
He was hitched to his cart.

To the church in the valley
They joyfully went
To worship the King
And the One whom He sent.

Their voices were weak
They could not sing,
But down in their hearts
Was a merry ring.

All that they had
Was a penny and a prayer
When the plate was passed
They would drop in there.

The prayer was worth much
The penny was not,
"But we'll do all we can,"
Was their only thought.

Five years had passed,
They never missed once.
They thought they would go
While they had a chance.

Across from the church
Lived a man quite bad.
A beautiful home
Was all that he had.

He didn't like church
He didn't like God.
He didn't like folks
Who the narrow path trod.

When he saw the old folks
Were so faithful and true,
He said to himself,
"I think I'll go too."

To the church he went,
He heard God's voice,
"Today is the time
To make your choice."

He became converted
To Christ, the Heir.
It was through an old couple
With a penny and a prayer.

* * *
Don't degenerate into a shirk, an idler or a halfway worker. Demand your best work of yourself, even when no one else is watching.

Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

September 11 How Should I Spend God's Portion of My Money?

Mal. 3:8-12; 2 Cor. 8:1-5.9

That is a timely question. It acknowledges the fact that a fixed portion of one's income should be devoted entirely to the Lord's cause. It belongs to God and his ownership should be respected as well as that of man's. Would a Christian rob man? Of course not. Should he be less honest toward God? The answer is obvious. However, there are many Christians who have never asked the question of our theme seriously. They prefer to ignore it; fearing it might cause uneasiness of the conscience. And all the time they are guilty of robbing God. Anyone who is truly trying to serve God will not try to push the issue aside, but will face the question of his stewardship.

God's portion. What part of our income is that? This question must be settled by everyone for himself; but great care should be exercised to let no selfish consideration influence our deliberations. It would seem quite logical that a man who has an income of \$10,000 annually owes his Lord a larger percentage of that than the man who has an income of only \$1000. But is there no minimum to which all ought to comply? Read Mal. 3:8-12. A Jew was expected to give a tenth. Now is that also binding for the Christian? If so, why have we no specific commands to that effect in the New Testament? Consider that no such command was necessary. If would not enter a Jewish Christian's mind to give less than he had given while a member of the Jewish faith. The same applies to the Gentile Christians of New Testament days. Why will Christians now argue that they can give less? Why not emulate the Corinthians? (2 Cor. 8:2-5.)

How to spend God's portion. Is it permissible to use it for the education of our children? Dare we give it to some poor relative and thus help him get onto his feet? Perhaps we have heard arguments to that effect, and it may be that such sophistry will quiet many an accusing conscience. But if every one acted on that principle, it would be impossible to send out missionaries and to support institutions that have a definite religious purpose.

September 18 What's Wrong and What's Right with the Movies?

2 Pet. 2:1-3; Phil. 4:8

Mr. E. S. Van Zile informs us that the average weekly attendance at picture theaters in the United States is 50,000,000. What an opportunity to influence men, women, boys and girls for either the bad or the good. We shall here quote those who have made a special study of the movies.

1. What's wrong with the movies?

A school of crime. W. B. Fleming in "The Christian Statesman" writes: "The public screen is America's greatest school of crime. Judge Lindsay declares: 'The two greatest causes of crime in America are the high-powered automobile and the crime-suggesting motion picture.'"

An enemy of the law. "The screen is engaged in a systematic effort to break down the eighteenth Amendment, and to put the cigarette into the mouth of every little boy in the land."

Attacks Protestantism. "Is the screen engaged in a definite, positive, systematic attack on Protestantism...? Three challenges: (a) You never saw a Roman Catholic priest of church service pictured on the screen except with due respect. (b) You never saw a Jewish rabbi or church service pictured on the screen except with due respect. (c) You scarcely ever saw a Protestant minister or service pictured on the screen except with the aim of caricature, ridicule, scorn or laughter."

An enemy of the Sabbath. "The motion picture men are engaged in definite, positive effort throughout the nation to break down every law that stands in the way of their exploitation of the public. Their whole work along that line is to destroy the Sabbath day for their own financial gain."

Charles M. Sheldon in the "Christian Herald": "They border on the vulgar continually, and very often approach the indecent. I felt ashamed very often to be looking at them, even when I had for my own reason the getting of facts about them at first hand."

2. What's right with the movies?

Clayton Hamilton in "The World's Work" says: "An important result will be achieved by such an enterprise as that undertaken by the Yale University Press—to summarize in motion pictures the entire history of this country... When the first four or five pictures were exhibited privately to the leading representatives of the motion picture industry, the astounding discovery was made that, instead of seeming dull and heavy by reason of their scholarship, these "chronicles" were made more interesting and entertaining than the majority of motion pictures that are concocted deliberately for the amusement of the multitude."

Note. Material on above subject can be found in "The Reader's Digest" of June, '24; Dec., '24; Dec., '25; March, '26; May, '27; Feb., '27.

September 25 What Would Happen If All Church Members Were Really Christians?

1 Cor. 13:1-13

Words would fail us should we try to describe such a possibility. And yet all

church members should really be Christians. What right has anyone to be called by Christ's name, unless he is his true follower? A worth while question for every church member: Am I really a Christian?

There would be a mighty manifestation of love for all fellow-Christians. And this love would be the badge whereby the world would know that we are Christ's disciples. (John 13:35.) But it is evident that this love is lacking in many church members. Instead there is often a selfish seeking of gain at the cost of the brethren; or there is a desire for preeminence, as in Corinth; or there may be an unkind spirit of criticism, even hatred and unforgiveness. But these are contrary to the spirit of Christ and "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his" (Rom. 8:9). How different where love reigns! (1 Cor. 13:4-7.) And what an impress the church would make upon the world, if every member were really Christian, exemplifying the love of Jesus Christ!

There would be a mighty manifestation of love for the unsaved. Christianity is a missionary religion. Love for our fellowmen prompts us to seek for them the highest boon. (John 1:40-45.) The author of the psalm of love (1 Cor. 13) and our Master are our great exemplars. This love drove our Master to the cross. It made the apostle endure every hardship and trial. (2 Cor. 11:23-28.) It is this love that sends out missionaries, that prompts generous giving, that gives power and patience for accomplishing the most difficult tasks and enduring the severest trials and hardships. What an ingathering of souls we should experience, if all church members possessed this love!

There would be a mighty manifestation of love for Christian principles. These principles would permeate all of the church members' thinking and doing. At home, in the place of business, in the dealings between capital and labor, in the hall of legislation—everywhere the church member would be actuated by them. And what that would mean in behalf of everything righteous, we can only dimly imagine.

October 2

How Can We Make Our Society More Successful?

Phil. 3:13-17

(Consecration meeting)

This question would naturally press hardest upon the heart of the president. He is the leader of the organization and wants to see it as successful as possible. If the president is unconcerned about the society's success, he is not in the right place, and the society would do well to replace him with a more serious

man or woman at election time. Of course, other officers and members will also be concerned about their society and work for its welfare.

Create a spirit of discontent. But is not that exactly what we should avoid? Would that not cause schism and dissension? The right spirit of discontent leads to progress. Paul was discontented. He tells us that he had not yet apprehended; but "I press toward the mark." It was this holy discontent that made Paul so great. And is there not much reason for discontent in your society? How do they take part in the various exercises, in the discussions and in prayer? Can every member be depended on to do what is assigned to him or her? We must, of course, be very careful not to become mere fault-finders. The best way of cre-

ating discontent it to show them "a more excellent way" (1 Cor. 12.31).

Do personal work. Let the absent ones know that they were missed, encourage those who really try to do their part by a word of appreciation and praise. There is a real mission here for every faithful member. But it will mean that they practise what they preach. They must be in their place regularly, they must do their work faithfully in season and out of season.

Pray for the society. We place this point last; but it is really of greatest importance. All of our efforts are futile without God's blessing. (Ps. 127:1.)

* * *

Self-respect must be honestly earned to be genuine.

John 3:16

E. POOLE

God the greatest Love
 so loved the greatest Degree
 the world the greatest Com-
 pany
 that he gave the greatest Act
 his only begotten Son. the greatest Gift
 that whosoever the greatest Oppor-
 tunity
 believeth the greatest Sim-
 plicity
 in him the greatest At-
 traction
 should not perish .. the greatest Prom-
 ise
 but the greatest Dif-
 ference
 have the greatest Cer-
 tainty
 everlasting life the greatest Pos-
 session.

What is Justification?

It was at a coast town in the east of England. A minister was preaching a sermon to an audience of fishermen. His subject that day was justification. After endeavoring to make plain to the fishermen what Christ's work on the cross really involved, he cried, "Now will one of you tell me, in your own words, what the Lord Jesus *did* do there?"

Then, as Dr. Rainsford reports, an old salt looked up and with tears streaming down his weatherbeaten face, "He swapped with me!"

And that is precisely what was done.

A Good Pal

Young Wife: "William, is it true that money talks?"

Husband: "That's what they say, my dear."

Young Wife: "Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I get so lonely."

* * *

One who is genuinely heroic never thinks of himself.

**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.

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

Since organization, 44 years ago, we have paid in death claims \$847,-903.62; sick benefits \$56,489.91; dividends paid and credited \$38,598.13; permanent disability benefits \$255.72; old age benefits \$2,983.12; other benefits \$5,508.30; fatal accident \$1,000. This makes a total paid to members and beneficiaries since the year 1883 of \$952,738.80, nearly a million dollars.



W. O. MAKOWSKY



WALTER BIEBRICH



OSCAR LUCHS



HARRY FIEDLER

A man, 36 years old, earning \$2000 a year, is worth to his family as an income producer \$35,000. How much property is ready to take the place of your earning when you are taken away from that family?

The G. B. L. A. is 120% solvent, therefore as safe as any bank or insurance company. It

PROTECTS YOUR FAMILY AND PROTECTS YOU.

Ask your local clerk-agent, or any one of our Rochester Seminary students visiting our churches, or write direct to

**THE GERMAN BAPTISTS' LIFE ASSOCIATION,
 860 Walden Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**Baptist Deaconess and Girls'
 Home, Chicago, Ill.,**

Provides Christian home for girls in the great city of Chicago. Girls coming to Chicago to live for some time or who come for a short stay will find a true Christian home, good board and lodging, a real Christian atmosphere, just the kind of home they are looking for.

If to attend school or to be employed here temporarily or to make home for a longer period, come to our Girls' Home. Terms reasonable. For particulars write to the Superintendent, Miss Margaret Wagner, 3264-3266 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill.

Rev. C. A. DANIEL, President.