

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Six

CLEVELAND, O., DECEMBER 15, 1928

Number Twentyfour



It is a beautiful thing this Christmas spirit. It is the spirit of love and neighborliness and good will. It is the spirit that makes the mind more charitable, the tongue more gentle in speech, the eye more quick to see the possibilities of helpfulness, and the hand more skillful in ministries of mercy. It is the lengthened shadow cast across the ages by the figure of him, who came at Christmas time and whose coming made love significant and neighborliness possible.

Selected.

What's Happening

Have you observed "Baptist Herald" Week?

Rev. G. Sprock has resigned as pastor of the Beasley and Elm Creek churches in Texas.

Mr. Julius Litke of Calgary, Alta., colporter in the Northern Conference, has resigned to take effect Dec. 31, 1928.

Rev. Adolph Orthner, our new missionary to the Cameroons, has landed safely at Tiko and on November 1 expected to begin his journey from Tiko to Soppo by automobile.

Rev. Robert C. Wittner, one of the "boys" from the Cottonwood Church, Lorena Tex., is now pastor of the Baptist churches at Arnett and New Braunfels, Tex., serving each part time.

Rev. H. C. Baum, pastor of the First German Baptist Church, Chicago, Ill., has resigned Dec. 2 to accept the call extended to him by the General Missionary Society to serve as General Evangelist.

Mr. Henry Geis of Oklahoma has been appointed as colporter for Wyoming. The General Missionary Society and the Publication Society unite in his support. This is a virgin mission field for our work. There are some scattered settlements of German Baptists in the state. Bro. Geis began his labors in October.

Rev. F. L. Hahn of the Humboldt Park Church, Chicago, received four new members by letter in October and gave the hand of fellowship to five others on Sunday, Nov. 4, four of whom had been baptized the Sunday before. Special gospel meetings have been conducted by Rev. L. H. Broeker for several weeks with the church.

Rev. Hans Penner has been appointed as missionary pastor to the newly-organized church at Ste. Rose, Manitoba. This church consists exclusively of new immigrants. Negotiations are being carried on by the Missionary Committee of the Northern Conference to supply the church at Minnetonas, Man., with a pastor. This church also consisting of new immigrants numbers about 60 families.

The new officers of the North East Texas Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Institute for 1929 are Rev. F. W. Bartel, Dallas, president; Raymond Engelbrecht, Crawford, vice-president; Eleanore Bremer, Cottonwood Church, secretary-treasurer. The new program committee consists of O. G. Miller, Lorena, Miss M. Heusi, Waco, and Raymond Engelbrecht, Crawford.

Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel of the East St. Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, N. S., Pa., is preaching a series of sermons on The Lord's Prayer at his morning service. In the evening services he is preaching a series on "The Home." His topics are:

"Home, Sweet Home;" Choosing a Mate; On How Much Can We Marry? The Greatest Promise in the World; Can Love Die? Growing Old Together. The church recently observed Family Day. The Young People's Society is very active.

If any of the "Baptist Herald" readers are among the 4000 who formerly attended the English Collegiate School at Colfax, Wash., they are requested to send their name and address, the class they attended and what they remember of the

Why Not?

Why not.
 Appoint in your society.
 An active booster for this paper?
 Maybe you have one already.
 And then again, maybe you have not.
 Or maybe you have one.
 And he is no good.
 Anyway, see that you pick a bright one.
 And persistent.
 And devoted.
 Have him send for sample copies.
 And blanks.
 And all the other equipment needed.
 Free, of course.
 Then turn him loose.
 And back him up.
 No, we are not imitating McAlpine.
 We get this way once in a while.
 Trying to figure out how to publish a \$3.00 paper.
 For \$1.25.
 There is only one solution.
 More subscribers.
 And that means more active boosters.
 Help us out, won't you?
 Thank you.

school days under Prof. and Mrs. F. N. English to Mrs. T. A. Sanders, 603 Neels St., Colfax, Wash., or to Mrs. R. E. Reed, Secy., 411 So. Main St., Colfax, Wash. A class room is being preserved in the old College Building, where the Whitman County Interstate Museum and Historical Association is being established with Prof. English as curator.

The Church at Shattuck, Okla., struggled with adverse conditions some years ago and at times its condition was precarious. But the last few years have revealed sound and normal growth, which evidences itself in that it has decided to become self-supporting with Jan. 1, 1929. The church is planning to celebrate its 25th anniversary next spring in connection with the meeting of the Oklahoma Association. Pastor August Rosner has been the recipient of many kindnesses from his people, the latest being the gift

of a new Whippet car to replace the old Ford.

Immanuel Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., Rev. G. H. Schneck, is issuing a weekly church bulletin since October. The artistically designed front cover page is the work of Mr. A. Tiemann. The contents are newsy and well-arranged. We note from its pages a teacher training class in action under the leadership of Miss Laura Weihe; Prof. A. H. Bergen, director of the Lyric Male Chorus of Milwaukee instructing and directing the Young People's Chorus in a series of five rehearsals; the Sunshine Society preparing scrap-books for the children of Dr. F. Meyer's mission field in Capiz, Philippine Islands, to reach them by Christmas. A public debate was announced in the B. Y. P. U. meeting, Nov. 18, on the topic: "Resolved that Paul did more for the establishment of Christianity than all the other apostles combined." Affirmative by L. B. Holzer, negative G. H. Schneck. An account of the debate is found on another page in this number.

"The Go-Getter"

"The Booster," organ of the Everyman's Bible Class, Bridgeport, Conn., has the following:
The Go-Getter goes till he gets what he goes for;
The Go-Getter works till he reaps what he sows for.
He fixes a goal and resolves when he sets it
The way to a goal is to go till he gets it.
The pushers are legion who push to begin,
But Pushers are rare who will push till they win.
The Booster we need is the one who will boost,
Till the cattle come home and the hens go to roost.
 —Robert Bruce Thurber.

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The Baptist Herald

What Christmas Means

Opening the Christmas Package

A NEW picture was purchased and brought home. At first the family admired it greatly. Fresh beauties kept revealing themselves. But as the days passed, the picture became an accustomed object, and the family failed to take note of its peculiar charms. Only when some visitor came did the picture receive special attention. Then its points of beauty were singled out, and the family appreciated the work of art anew.

Christmas is likely to become so familiar to us as the years come and go that unless we stop now and then to examine it closely, we may lose the full significance of the fact which we celebrate. So many things are wrapped up in Christmas that we must open the package and look carefully at each particular article.

Note These Things

Christmas means joy to the world. The angels sang of joy, and the humble shepherds heard their music. This joy is intended not only for the Jews or for Palestine, but for the whole world.

God has given Christmas to men to teach them how to give generously. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

Peace is wrapped up in the Christmas parcel. Christ's coming into the world is a signal for men to lay aside their prejudices and hatred. Christmas has become a time of giving; but we should not only give, we should also forgive. In that direction lies universal brotherhood.

Christmas means the exaltation of childhood. The Babe in the manger cradle occupies the center of the stage. Before Christ came the child was neglected in a world organized for adults. Since the first Christmas, however, children have been coming into their own.

Motherhood has been made sacred by Christmas. We do not give Mary the glory that belongs only to her exalted Son, but we have learned to honor our own mothers and all mothers the more because of the part that Mary had in the first Christmas.

Christmas means a new epoch in the history of man. The birth of our Lord serves as a beginning in reckoning time. There is a note of hope even in

the phrase found on all legal documents—"in the year of our Lord." A new day dawned for the world a little more than nineteen hundred years ago.

Christmas means a new revelation of God's love. Sermons have been preached on the word "so" in John 3:16. Sermons will continue to be preached on that inexhaustible word. In giving his Son, God has manifested his boundless love to sinful men.

We would look in vain into the meaning of Christmas if we failed to see salvation from sin. The birth of Christ at Bethlehem is a high point in the process of the redemption of the race which was begun from the foundation of the world. In the fullness of time he came, and what a blessing for us that he did come! If Christ is born anew in our hearts, we shall know the real meaning of Christmas.—Forward.

Rediscovering Christmas

JOE was a patient in a children's hospital. A victim of infantile paralysis, he could move about only by a strange kind of crawling like that of an insect. Unaccustomed to kindness, Joe could not even speak civilly. But one day his effort to be grateful and courteous was rewarded by the promise of a gift. He chose long trousers to cover his deformed legs. Soon after this some of the children were taken to a band concert in the park, but Joe was too bedridden to go. His friend who had given him the trousers discovered that Joe was wearing his old ragged short trousers. "Aw, Mrs. Milne," he explained, "you see Eddy has just as skinny legs as mine, and I thought he'd enjoy the band more if he could wear my pants."

The heart of all we want to accomplish at Christmas is in that story—to share the best we have with those who need it.

Now, as far as we in the Church are concerned, there are two groups to which we have this responsibility: those inside, and those outside. The varicolored windows of the cathedral perform a double ministry. By day they reveal their beauty to those inside; by night, their message of loveliness is to those in the dark. By inside and outside I mean those who can and do come within the walls of the church building during Christmas time, and those who cannot or do not so enter.

Christmas Is Essentially a Family Season

The hearts of the children are set on it. Boys and girls are home from school; the young people are back from college; father, however far his busi-

ness often summons him, denies the claims of any organization but the family when the end of December comes around. Certain traditions have been established and must be conformed to. Pity the family that has not set up any traditions for this season, that has not dug any Christmas grooves like the decorating of the house on a given evening, the setting up of the family tree, and the sitting about the open fire on Christmas Eve singing the hymns and listening to the old poems! What a chance for us all to become children for a night, and we Americans who know so little of playing with our children do well to seize this chance.

In the same way we need to

Make the Most of the Larger Family Society,

that of each local church, promoting by various ways the happiness that belongs with the season and the warm good will of which the angels sang. There should be a church family dinner on one night that will not compete with the smaller household plans, where the singing of the carols is a feature, where some gifted person reads one of the new Christmas stories, and where parents and children, as far as possible, are all present. One or two nights—the number will be determined doubtless by the capacity of the building used—there may be presented a Christmas play. One church has a four-year cycle by which there are presented, say the first year, Dickens' "Christmas Carol;" the second year, a play locally created, using many children; third, "The Bird's Christmas Carol;" and fourth, some other play such as "Why the Chimes Rang." Thus each generation of children has seen and perhaps has had some share in producing plays that have become a part of the tradition of that church.

Christmas Day Morning

is a happy family occasion, too, when for one half hour, ten thirty to eleven, the parents and children may be urged to come to church, each child bringing that new gift from which he cannot be separated even for so short a period. There is no choir, although the organist is at the keyboard. The remarks of the minister are very brief and are made to catch the attention of the children. He keeps his word about the length of the service. And his people have a sense that the day is begun as it should be.

For those inside, of course, the climax is the Sunday with the real Christmas celebration.

To give those outside the best we have may demand some sacrifice, but it affords a great deal of happiness.

Take the Singing of Christmas Carols

for the shut-ins. With the group I know best this means a good deal of organization beforehand by a responsible chairman; meetings of the committee; enlistment of automobiles, drivers, and singers; and the getting up at half past four in the morning. I cannot feel that carol-singing on Christmas Eve or, as some propose, late at night, is to be preferred to that in the morning. First, the Christmas Eve is a

home time; second, the younger children ought not, with all the excitement of the coming day, to be up late, and yet they ought not to be denied the joy of caroling; third, the invalids are likely to have fallen asleep by the late hours, and be so excited by the awakening as to be unable to sleep again for hours; fourth, the dawn is the time of the perfect thrill—the shepherds were on the nightshift, but the angels came at dawn.

If the church has chimes, let them be rung every night for the week; if there is a suitable tree on the church grounds, let it be illuminated as a Christmas tree. Let church people have candles burning in their windows. Such a friendly gesture warms the hearts of passing pedestrians. If the church has no good music, why not have, from some hidden place during the church service or at its close, the voice of a Caruso or John McCormack or one of the great choirs singing a Christmas hymn? If the church has good music, it may well be possible to arrange for the choir to go singing in the early morning down the corridors of some big hotel. In all the caroling there should be left at every door a card of greeting from the church, a calendar of the Sunday services, and such other friendly token as may locally be suggested.

It is hardly becoming us to berate the stores and business houses for their capitalizing of the Christmas and Easter seasons. The men there have at least used their imagination to promote their enterprise. We in the church have used ours all too little to promote the greatest of enterprises. It is our business to see that the real Christmas is not lost sight of, that the opportunities for family cementing, social joy, and Christian education for those both within the church and without are not missed.—Westminster Leader.

What Is Your Dynamic?

E. WIESLE, PH. D.

WHAT furnishes the drive in your work? What urges you on to do more than your duty? What has become the "categorical imperative" in your life? Success depends largely upon the answer to these questions.

In times past there have been many who believed that they had been of God by direct means. They had a vision, or heard an inner voice which they firmly believed was the voice of God directing them to enter some specific religious task. Still others neither saw a vision nor heard a voice, but were compelled by a deep and strong conviction to consecrate their life to so-called Kingdom Service.

There can be no doubt that many of these have performed notable services, have made great sacrifice, and have overcome grave difficulties. It is not an idle question, however, to ask whether in these days such a dynamic can maintain its power amid the strife of tongues. The changing conceptions of God, of religion, of religious service, of the church's place in the life of the church, cause one to wonder whether this type of "call" will come to many who feel the urge to religious service, but whose concep-

tion of the supernatural would hardly warrant the expectation of an immediate call, and whether those who have received a "direct" communication will be able to maintain their faith in it. This would make it necessary to find some other dynamic.

Such a one has been found by some in what might be called the "social urge." It is derived from an extensive and clear understanding of the conditions prevailing among men, and the great need of, and opportunity for, service. They who are activated by this dynamic have heard the cry of sick, crippled, and famished children; they have seen the anguish, the want, the sorrow, the lack of advantages of the submerged thousands: their hearts have been stirred by the horror and destructiveness of sin. What they have seen and heard has filled them with a great desire to enter helpfully into the life of their unfortunate fellow-beings so as to assist them to rise to a higher plane of living.

Another dynamic which should be mentioned is predominantly a personal one. It is expressed vividly in the words of Paul, "I am a debtor." The individuals activated by it have recognized the fact that all that they have, and are, is to be ascribed to God or to their social heredity; that is, their social environment has been conducive to such a happy development as they have experienced. They consider themselves stewards of their manifold abilities and would, therefore, invest them in such a manner as to promote the welfare of others. Again, certain others who have been redeemed from a life of sin and shame have become desirous of not only salvaging others who have been enmeshed in the toils of sin, but also to prevent any whom they may from becoming the slaves of destructive desires and habits.

Life has its ups and downs, sometimes it seems more downs than ups. When disappointments and discouragements are many, and joys and visible successes are few, then there is need of a dynamic that will carry one through. It is true also that those whom one serves are not only unappreciative, but are very critical of the motives and services of the religious and social worker. At times there seems to be utter lack of responsiveness to leadership. Indeed, such is the strangeness of human nature that at times, the results of one's efforts seem to be just opposite to that which one had expected.

All this, and more that could be mentioned, is evidence that there is need of a clearly conceived, strong dynamic if one would not fail. It is not to be understood, of course, that those who enter religious service must remain therein. Some individuals have entered it for a short while to perform a specific task, but whatever the duration of the service may be, need of an adequate dynamic is apparent.—(Sent to Editor by F. W. Godtfriing, Sr.)

The Tragedy of Christmas Today

IF a dramatist were to write "The Tragedy of Christmas Today," he might introduce all the feverish commercial excitement of the holiday season—"So many shopping days until Christmas." He

might bring in all the pother about making up gift lists and the mad gamble as to whether or not as much will be given in return as will be given. Then out on the edge of all this bright, tinsel, sham Christmas the playwright might present the neglected Christ looking on with sad yet wistful countenance, wondering why he is not recognized as the real cause of rejoicing and why he does not receive more of the multitude of gifts.

How can we make Christ real at this Christmas time? In the first place, we can give ourselves to him as did the Wise Men of old.

Having given ourselves to Christ, we shall desire to offer our gifts to his Church and to all who are in need. As we give in Christ's name, we shall find him becoming a reality in our lives and in our hearts.—Forward.

The Editor Wishes A Merry Christmas

A MERRY Christmas to you, a peaceful Christmas, a useful Christmas, and a comforting Christmas. A Christmas to look back upon with pleasure, a Christmas of unruffled brow and smiling lips, a Christmas that will find you merry and will leave you glad. And if you can think of any other nice sort of Christmas for yourself, that also is wished you by me—your friend.

A. P. MIHM.

A Child on Christmas

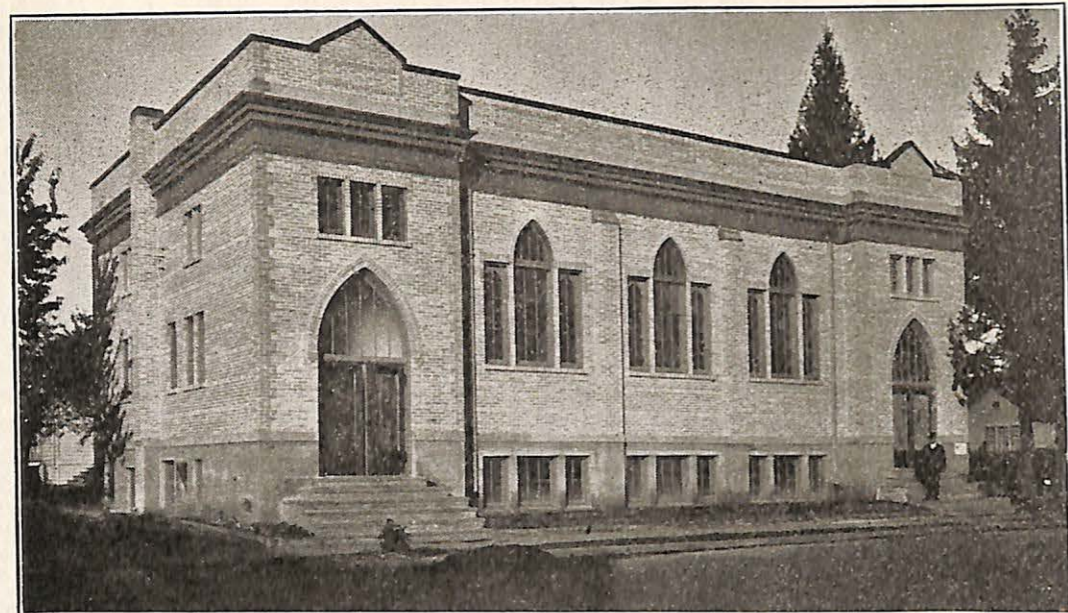
JOHN G. NEIHARDT

This holiest of all the nights,
I wonder what it means.
'Tis surely more than candle lights
On tinsel evergreens.
It's more than toys that make it dear,
And eating pleasant things;
For, if you'll listen right, you'll hear
A murmuring of wings.
My grandma says it's more than fun
And hanging up of stocking;
It's knowing every needy one
Might be the Savior knocking.
It's helping those who feel the rod
Of grief and heavy labors.
Perhaps it's being nice to God
By loving all your neighbors.

Editorial Jottings

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY, "Toward Sodom," begins in this number. We introduced the author in the number of the "Herald" for December first.

OUR "BAPTIST HERALD" subscription campaign ought to be in full swing now. Let every present subscriber promptly renew and support the booster's efforts to win new subscribers.



New House of Worship of the First German Baptist Church, Salem, Oregon

"The First German Baptist Church of Salem, Oregon."

Rev. G. W. Rutsch, pastor, was dedicated on September 30, of which a detailed report has been published by the "Sendbote."

The church, built at a cost of \$15,000 and with \$1800 worth of new furnishings, is 44 by 64 feet and is two stories high. The walls of brick and tile are 12 inches thick.

The construction in this church is new to Salem and adds to the beauty of the community. It is of light cream face brick with rusticated corners, beads and sills. The architecture is modern with Gothic fenestrations in both entrances and windows.

The church auditorium and the balcony provide seating capacity for 600 people. The choir and orchestra also seat 20 persons each. Provision is made for future installation of a pipe organ.

The full basement contains a general Sunday school room, which can be portioned off into 5 class rooms; a modern kitchen; a fireproof boiler room and toilet accommodations. Other features are the two classrooms above the platform; the pastor's study and the primary room off the main auditorium of the church.

This congregation is indeed grateful to their Lord and Master for this new house of worship. May he continue to bless and guide them and may they be ever ready to follow and serve him all the days of their lives!

Glory Hills-Wetaskiwin, Alberta

On Sunday, October 28, the Westaskiwin Young People's Society motored to Glory Hills to give a return program. In the morning the Glory Hills Church had their annual Harvest festival. The church was beautifully decorated by the ladies. A massed band of 20 pieces rendered appropriate music. Free lunch at noon was served by the Glory Hills people. Then at two o'clock followed the

program of the Wetaskiwin young people. Miss Esther Jespersen, president of the Glory Hills society, opened the service with song, Scripture reading and prayer and heartily greeted the visiting society. Arthur Sommers, president, responded for the Wetaskiwin young people.

A very interesting program followed: Recitations by Howard Risto, Martha Krause and Willie Dickau. Dialogs: "Der Missionar an der Arbeit;" "Heimgeleuchtet" and "The Waiting Guest." Speeches by Dury Miller: "The Value of Music in the Service of God" and Ted Risto: "Joseph, a Model Young Man." Pleasing and uplifting messages in song were brought by the male choir under the able leadership of Edward Dickau. Only too soon did this happy hour pass.

On Monday the Wetaskiwin young people gave a program in the neighboring church, Wiesental. Such gatherings of young people are inspiring to old and young. May God bless all efforts that are put forth in his name!

Happy Socials at Riverview Society, St. Paul

On Nov. 20 a happy crowd of young people, about 60 in number, attended a progressive dinner, which was served at the homes of various members. Six homes were visited and each served one course of this dinner. Songs, readings and stunts added to the merriment of this jolly group. We are grateful to our older members and friends for their cooperation with the young people in all their endeavors.

Another successful event of recent date was a Pirate party, of which the boys of our society had complete charge. There were more than 30 young people at this party and all appeared in pirate costumes. There were pirate games, stunts and refreshments and all had a very pleasant time. Three cheers for the boys!

E. E. G.

A Debate by Two Milwaukee Pastors

An interesting and important event which attracted much attention was the debate held under the auspices of our two Milwaukee young people's societies on the evening of Nov. 18. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved: That Paul did more for the establishment of Christianity than all the other apostles combined." The speaker for the affirmative was Rev. L. B. Holzer, pastor of the North Avenue Church, while the speaker for the negative was Rev. G. H. Schneck, pastor of our Immanuel Church, in which the debate was held. A large and appreciative audience listened to the speakers, as they vividly portrayed the important work of the leading apostles and the share each one had in the rise and progress of Christianity.

It was a big theme, which our preachers discussed in a very able manner. Sunday school teachers and Bible students in general became acquainted with new facts, or discovered new relationships among facts known. The judges found that it was no very easy task to correctly evaluate and compare the arguments presented, but ultimately decided the debate in favor of the negative side by a vote of three to two.

We are greatly pleased to hear that our esteemed pastors intend to have another joint discussion at some time during the winter, when the meeting of our two local churches will be held in the North Avenue Church. An equally interesting and instructive subject will, no doubt be selected for the second debate.

H. J. WEIHE.

Modesty

"Is that all the work you can do in an hour?" asked Sam's new employer.

"Well, boss," said Sam, "I dussay I could do moh'—but I nevah was one for showin' off."—London Tit-Bits.

The Sunday School

The Task of the Christmas Day

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

'Tis a beautiful time when Christmas comes

All up the street and down,
For hearts alight make faces bright
When Christmas comes to town.
Neighbor and friend in gladness meet,
And all are neighbors dear,
When the Christmas peace bids evil cease
In the holiest day of the year.

The fair white fields in silence lie,
Invisible angels go
Over the floor that sparkles hoar
With the glitter of frost and snow.
And they scatter the infinite balm of heaven
Whenever on earth they stay,
And heaven's own store of bliss they pour
On the earth each Christmas Day.

'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings

For old and young to share,
With jingles of bells, and silvery swells
Of music in the air.
To make the sad world merry a while,
And to frighten sin away,
And to bless us all, whatever befall,
Is the task of Christmas Day.

Class Gifts

As the Christmas season approaches, most teachers begin to think what to give to members of the class. Some church schools allow a small sum per pupil to help the teacher, but others do not, and the obligation on the teacher is somewhat of a burden. Of course there are plenty of cards at all prices, but many teachers prefer a gift more individual and more unique.

One teacher purchased the small Scriptural motto cards, which come in packages of ten for fifty cents, glued a calendar pad on each, and tied it with heavy green embroidery silk, instead of the usual ribbon loops for hanging on the wall.

Another teacher bought large red and green desk blotters, at fifteen cents apiece. These were cut with a sharp penknife into sizes slightly larger than a post card. Six of these pieces were tied together with Christmas ribbon, red and green alternating, and a Perry picture pasted on the top. All through the year this handy pile of blotters would serve as a reminder of the class.

A third teacher made bookmarks. Taking two-inch ribbon, in shades of pink, blue, and tan, she cut a yard into five lengths, fringed the ends, and with indelible ink lettered the ribbon. After much thought, she decided to use stanzas of the favorite prayer hymn, "Abide with Me," "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us," and "Lead, Kindly Light." In order to make the gift individual, she was

careful not to have two markers alike, but to use different stanzas on each.

A fourth teacher made "where to find" reference lists for her class. For ten cents a sheet, she bought poster cardboard in light colors. Cutting them into oblong strips four inches wide and six inches long, she folded them over once so that they were three inches wide. This left an inch margin on which she wrote:

*"When a Bible verse you've lost, my dear,
Just open this—it may be here."*

Inside the fold she wrote the Biblical reference for The Lord's Prayer; The Ten Commandments of Moses and the two of Christ; the Beatitudes; the "giving" verses; the Great Commission; the Christmas and Easter narratives; the love and resurrection chapters, and one reference each to faith, hope, prayer, works, and consecration.

A fifth teacher was fortunate enough to find holly stationery, twenty-four sheets and envelopes in a box for fifty cents. On this, she wrote a letter which sent each girl in her class to the Bible:

"DEAR SO-AND-SO,

"As Christmas approaches and I think of the gifts I desire for my girls, 1 Peter 3:4 stands out in my mind as quite most desirable. You know, also, how I long for you to be happy and successful in life. Shall I tell you how? Each morning 1 Thess. 5:16-18 and Phil. 4:8. At noon, Mark 14:38. At night, Ps. 63:6-8. "If you want friends, Rom. 12:15. If you are discouraged or disappointed, 1 Peter 5:7 and Ps. 84:11. If some one has offended you, Prov. 16:32. If you are tempted, Ps. 19:14 or 1 Cor. 10:13. All this you will find by experience to be true, because 2 Tim. 3:16. 17.

"Be sure that I shall Eph. 1:16.

"Lovingly, your teacher"

Most of the girls wrote out the references and kept both sheets in their Bibles.

A sixth teacher asked her printer for his odds and ends of colored paper. These she cut into sets of thirty-one squares each, and on every slip she wrote a verse of Scripture. Slipping these into a homemade envelope of the same paper, she wrote on the outside:

"To _____
*"Herein is my plan for a peaceful day:
A Bible verse to keep care away,
And ever so helpful it will be
To commit one daily to memory."*

"FROM _____"

Each verse was a "hope ye" or a "fear not," or other encouragement. These met with so much appreciation that the next year she made up sets of other subjects, such as "pray ye," "meditate," and others of a devotional appeal. The enve-

lopes were given a holiday appearance with Christmas seals.

None of these ideas were startlingly new, but they betokened loving thought and individual attention, and were treasured even after the year had passed.—Exchange.

The Secretary's Job

Every year hundreds of new secretaries are chosen to office by our various Bible classes. The class secretary has a responsible office. He is not merely a red tape official. His is not a job that can be done in a perfunctory way. There are three or four tasks which rest upon the secretary.

First, he must of course have an exact list of the members of the class and keep a record of attendance. It is not enough for him, however, to know the members that have been regular and those that are irregular. He must let the class know what he knows.

The secretary, therefore, reports all vital matters. It is not enough to say that we had present in class today twelve and seven absent. The story must be put in some picturesque form. It is well to read off the names of the absentees. It is a good idea to read the names of those absent for two weeks; those absent for three weeks; those absent for four weeks. Such a broadcasting of class information makes up a class. Why has Tom been away for a month? Has any one expressed regret for his absence? Is he sick? Is he out of town?

The secretary of the class will take the lead also in preparing a list of prospective members. Most classes wish they had more members. Very few classes yet make out a list of those who ought to be approached. In this task, the secretary may well take the lead, assisted, of course, by the Membership Committee.

Anything that the secretary can say when he gives his weekly report or when he reports quarterly that will wake up the membership is all to the good. The secretary needs to plan new ways of presenting his reports to make them appeal to the eye gate as well as the ear gate. A secretary can no more do his work in a cut-and-dried fashion than can the teacher of the class.—The Adult Leader.

* * *

God made mothers before he made ministers; the progress of Christ's kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise, and pious mothers than upon any other human agency. My mother's discipline was loving but thorough. She never bribed me to good conduct with sugar plums; she praised every commendable deed heartily, for she held that an ounce of honest praise is often worth more than many pounds of punishment.—Theodore Cuyler.

Toward Sodom

By B. MABEL DUNHAM

Author of "The Trail of the Comestoga"
(Copyrighted)

Chapter I GREENBUSH DAYS

It was evening at Greenbush, in the year 1850, as lovely a long Canadian evening as ever dropped like a benediction from heaven at the close of a hot summer's day. All was quiet, not even a stir in the tallest tree-top. Out of the everywhere came the dark shadows of the approaching night, and stealthily, magically, they crept over the land like grim, uncanny spectres from the spirit world.

The spell of the evening had fallen, too, over the Horst homestead, nestling, as it did, in the very heart of the forest primeval. The horses had been stabled; the noisy chickens had long gone to roost. No clatter in the kitchen now. In silence the family awaited the coming of the night.

The Horsts enjoyed, even among the industrious people with whom they journeyed through life, an enviable reputation for thrift. Little use for his Satanic majesty to look for prospective mischief-makers. Idleness was in their eyes a sin and a disgrace; work, the ultimate aim of life; and heaven, the final destiny of man.

Sarah, the mother, was the high-priestess who by precept and example kept the family plodding along in the straight and narrow way. She had had a hard day in the kitchen, and her Mennonite garb was impervious to any chance breeze that might blow. And now that evening had come, the only rest she allowed herself was a variation of labor. Winter would be around again before she knew it, and her supply of woollens was low. So she laid her hand to the spindle, and her hands held the distaff. Before her large spinning-wheels she paced, drawing out the wool into strands of yarn. No idolatrous woman of the orient ever wrestled so before her household god.

The clock on the wall struck the hour. "Nine o'clock and him not here yet!" exclaimed the industrious woman. "Look once at the door, Lydia. Your legs are younger than mine. See if he don't come yet."

Lydia did not need a second injunction to drop the mat she was hooking. For hours she had longed to be out enjoying the cool of the evening.

"Ain't he comin'?" Sarah was impatient. "Make shut again, quick, so the bugs don't come in."

Reluctantly obedient, Lydia closed the door and returned to her work.

Sarah put her wheel aside and began to wind the yarn. "Your pop makes always so slow," she went on to say. "It's in the Horst's, slowness. When I want him bad it seems like he never comes. A man can be awful provokin'."

This discourse added nothing to Lydia's previous store of knowledge, so she made

no reply. She dropped her work wearily and went to look out of the window.

"You're blockin' the light," Sarah said to her, reproachfully. "Go and set down once. Till it's time to stop work, I'll tell you. How hard I have to learn you to be a good housekeeper yet."

"Can I make a light, then?"

The mother assented, but not willingly. A candle saved was a penny earned, and Lydia had such good eyes.

The girl lit the taper and went on hooking.

Silence again.

Presently a stir was heard at the outside door. Manassah, presumably, returning from the chores, but he did not come in.

"Are you done already?" called Sarah. No reply.

"Ain't you there, Manassah?" The voice was full of imperious impatience.

"Yes."

"What doin'?"

"Thinking."

"Thinkin'," scoffed the mother. "I do my thinkin' along with my workin'. So would you, if you was smart enough. Run out at the lane and look once if your pop's comin'."

Manassah threw his hat indifferently upon his head and sauntered off.

"The time that boy wastes with his thinkin' would clear the swamp," declared Sarah.

"But Mannie can't work all the time."

This somewhat impertinent remark emanated from Esther, the younger daughter, whose duty it was to sort the rags for her sister's hooking.

"You're as bad as Manassah with your thinkin'," retorted Sarah. "But you think about your curly hair and wish you had a pretty face. All such wain thoughts you have. But Manassah he thinks about ideas. I often wonder what he does think anyway."

"I know," piped up Cyrus, the baby of the family, the pride and joy of his mother's heart. He was playing with a ball of yarn on the floor and getting it hopelessly tangled, yet without reproach.

"What does my Cyrus-boy know?"

Young Cyrus bristled with importance. "He thinks a lot about Hannah Stauffer," was the information he was pleased to impart. There was evidently a great deal more he could tell, if he would.

"Hannah Stauffer!" cried Sarah in alarm. "How do you know that?"

"He talks about her in the night." Another delectable lump from the great store-house of interesting knowledge.

"In his sleep?" quizzed Sarah.

Cyrus nodded. "I heard him once."

"And why didn't you make me acquainted to that mischief?" Her voice was full of gentle reproach.

Cyrus was only ten years old, but an adept in the art of finding a plausible

cause for the most unforeseen exigency. He was ready with one now. "Mannie wouldn't leave me," he said.

"He wouldn't leave you? He didn't do you nothing, did he?"

"No."

"Well, what then?"

"He— He—"

"Huh?"

"He said if I wouldn't tell, he would leave me have his knife."

"He didn't go and forget to give it to you, did he?"

Cyrus drew a rusty-bladed weapon from his pocket, together with a twig of slippery elm, and yards and yards of string. He was going to make a whistle, he said. Manassah had told him how. He stuck one end of the wood into his mouth and strutted about the room, tooting vociferously.

All the indignation in Esther's youthful bosom blazed forth at that. "I'm going to tell Mannie," she cried. "He'll take his knife back." She pointed a scornful finger at whichever corner of the room Cyrus happened to be in while he was performing his triumphal march.

"Tattle-tale!" hissed Cyrus.

"Tattle-tale yourself!" retorted Esther. "You're a bigger one than me." "Esther, you shut up," commanded the mother. "You leave Cyrus be. He did right to tell. Now I know it, I can step on it."

The noise and tumult of the moment was accentuated by the return of Manassah with the announcement that his father was in sight. Sarah at once became excited. She shoved her spinning-wheel into its corner, bade Lydia lay aside her work, and began to bustle unnecessarily about Ephraim, whose attention was riveted on a huge book.

"What's the matter?" said the boy, when his mother had poked him for the third time.

"He's comin' home, your pop is."

"Did you think he would run away?" He meant no impertinence, but it seemed the logical conclusion.

"This time it's different," replied Sarah. "He's got the news tonight. I can't wait hardly till I hear it myself."

"News!" scoffed Ephraim. "News is what happened long ago. It don't now." He drew his chair closer to the sputtering candle, and stuck his nose into the next page of his precious book.

"Pop's here," cried Cyrus. "What did he fetch me, I wonder?"

"A strap, if he knows what is good for you," remarked Manassah, drily.

Cyrus made a face at Esther. "Tattle-tale!" he flung contemptuously over his shoulder.

There was something wrong with Noah Horst. He sat slouching in the corner of his "dach-weggli," a picture of abject dejection. The reins hung loosely over the dash-board, and the bay mare ambled along at her own sweet will.

"You ain't sick, Nooi," cried Sarah, in alarm.

"You ain't sick, pop?" echoed Cyrus. It was not his father's health that caused him concern, but the immediate

prospect of a vague something he might have in his pocket.

Noah roused himself. "No," he said, "I ain't sick, at least not body-sick."

"You look like you was at a funeral," said Sarah, somewhat relieved. "Can't you make a little quicker?"

He couldn't, apparently. He tried to rise, but he fell back again into the seat.

"Nooi!" exclaimed Sarah. "You're keepin' me in the dark. Tell me what you did all in Ebytown."

Noah couldn't answer. He made another futile attempt to rise.

"Did you buy it? Tell me that once." "Yes, I bought it."

"Then why must I dig it out of you so?" demanded the woman in a tone calculated to match the enormity of her husband's offence. "Why don't you stand up like a man and say so?"

Sarah was by no means as aggravated as her tone would indicate. Her face radiated joy. And why shouldn't it, indeed, for Noah had just given her the assurance that the fondest dream of her heart would soon be realized. No more of this hum-drum existence. Thanks to her foresight and perseverance, a new day was about to dawn for the Horsts, a day of rare opportunity and advancement. If Noah couldn't see as far as his nose, she could.

"How much must you pay, Nooi?" she asked, endeavoring to conceal the exuberance of her joy. "You didn't tell me that yet."

Noah picked up the reins and handed them to his son. "Here, Manassah, she's all sweated. Rub her down good."

"Ezra can do your chores," interposed Sarah. With one hand she pushed Manassah imperiously back, with the other she thrust the cringing Ezra compellingly forward. No matter how urgent the business at hand, she always found time to discriminate between her own son and the young waif of a man who, as an infant in arms, had been thrown into the bargain, so to speak, when she married Noah. "It ain't none of Ezra's business, is't, what you did all with my money? He don't have to hear."

Noah heaved a deep-brought sigh. It was only too true. The money was Sarah's. All he had in the world was Sarah's, all except what Sarah did not want—Ezra and the Greenbush farm. Yet these were what Noah loved more than all the world beside. They were Rachael's, his and Rachael's. For twenty years and more the wife of his youth had been sleeping in her lonely grave in the clearing on the hill, but in spirit she was always at his side. Every thought of her stirred his heart with tenderest emotion. She had been so gentle, so loving, so contented.

"Nooi Horst!" shrieked the gentle Rachael's successor. "You're thinking about her again. Come in the kitchen once, and tell me all what I want to know." She turned to the unoffending Ezra. "What for must you stand and gopp? It ain't nothin' for your ears."

"Pop's sot yet," Manassah ventured to remind his mother.

"It seems we must help him to get out yet," replied Sarah. "I thought he was chust makin' like he can't."

There was no pretense about Noah's indisposition: it became increasingly evident. It seemed as though he had aged years in a single day. Never had his hair looked so gray, nor his face so haggard. He could not walk without his cane.

Sarah's conscience pricked her. Was he hungry, perhaps. Should she make him a dose of tansy tea?

"I'm not body-sick."

"What did you eat for supper?"

"Nothin'. I couldn't," said Noah. "My insides was all upside down."

Sarah meditated for a moment. "We had pork and beans," she said, "and sauer-kraut and schnitz-pie. Do you feel for a little of that?"

"If I could have some spreadings chust—," ventured Noah, dropping into the chair that Lydia had pulled up for him to the table.

Sarah bustled to the corner-cupboard and got out the apple-butter jar. She spread a thick coating of the brown delicacy over a huge slab of buttered bread and brought it to the hungry man. "Esther," she called, "you can run in the cellar and fetch some lebkuche along up. No, you don't need no candle. A big girl like you ain't afraid of the dark."

"But whether I can find the lebkuche—"

"You can feel," decided her mother.

"I set a shilling crock for the mice on the shelf at supper-time already. Watch out you don't knock it down. And, Lydy, you can fetch the milk from the spring-house—the five-quart pail, that has the rag in the hole at the bottom. Say, Esther," she called this down the cellar steps—"fetch the summer sausage along up, too, the little piece. He might chust as well have it as the mice."

When the improvised supper was ready, Sarah reached for her dark kerchief that hung on its peg behind the table. She folded it obliquely over her head and tied it circumspectly under her chin. Then she sat down at Noah's right hand, as a dutiful wife should, to keep him company.

Noah was allowed to have his meal in peace, but no sooner had he wiped his mouth and pushed back the dishes than Sarah continued her investigations. "You didn't tell me how much you had to pay," she said. "Was it so much that you don't like to say?"

Noah folded his arms on the edge of the table and said, "Four thousand, four hundred dollars." He attempted to smile pleasantly, but failed dismally.

"So much?" gasped Sarah.

The children stood by with questioning eyes.

"And six hundred more for the stock," added Noah.

"It's robbery!" ejaculated Sarah.

"Five thousand dollars in all," Noah calculated it for her.

"And who made the price?"

"We both did," said Noah. "We struck what they call an average."

Sarah stared at him blankly. "An

average?" she said. "What for a thing is an average, anyway?"

Noah did his best to explain, but he wasn't too sure that he knew himself. To the best of his knowledge, this was how it was done. First, Grossdaddy Wismer said how much he wanted for the farm, and then Noah said how much he was willing to pay. Two neighbors were then called in to evaluate the property. The figures were all written down, and then, somehow, they struck an average.

"Who did? The figgers or the men?" Sarah wanted to know. Business transactions always confused her. "What was it anyway that was struck?"

"I don't know," protested Noah. "I didn't do it. It was one of the neighbor men. Chosiah Ernst was his name."

"And what did he hit?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothin'! And chust now you said he hit an average, or what it was."

"I dunno nothin' about it," Noah was forced to confess. It must have been all right though, for everybody was satisfied with the transaction. Noah thought he had got a bargain and the old man realized more than he had expected. No actual money was to be paid, Noah explained, and the purchase price was in the nature of a loan, upon which Noah obliged himself to pay interest annually. On the death of the old man, the farm was to come to the Horsts as an inheritance.

"I hope you didn't waste my money," said Sarah. "Because I've got plenty, that don't say you must throw it away. Them av'rages, I don't like. It looks like gamblin' with my money."

Any ordinary man would straightway have lost his temper, but Noah Horst was a Mennonite preacher, who was making an honest effort to live out during the week the gospel he proclaimed upon the Sabbath day. Among other things, he had learned to bridle his tongue—sometimes.

Sarah was really not much concerned about the price of the farm or the method used to acquire it. Cost what it might, arrange payments as they would, the significant fact, in her eyes, was that she was going to live again on the old farm at Ebytown. It had sentimental values that could never be computed in dollars and cents. It was the old Wismer homestead, and every stick and stone about the place stirred up within her all sorts of tender memories of a happy childhood. For years she had coveted it, and now at last it was actually hers.

"Pop, he wasn't any more for sellin' than you was for buyin', was he, now?" asked Sarah, forgetting that Noah had neglected to answer her last question.

"We both had to do what you said," replied Noah.

Sarah repudiated the idea. "What I said? Why, it was the Lord. He brought it all about."

"The Lord?"

"Yes, him. All things work together for our good, Nooi."

It puzzled Noah to hear how adroitly Sarah could attach scriptural promises

to any given circumstance of life. To him it seemed that the ways of Providence were past finding out. He saw through the glass darkly; he followed by faith, at times afar off. But Sarah seemed to enjoy an abiding consciousness that the Lord of the universe was working hand in hand with her to accomplish her very human, rather than his divine will. They were always the same, his will and hers, Sarah said, when he asked her to explain.

What better proof did Noah desire of divine intervention to meet human needs, Sarah wanted to know, than the trend of events which led up to this great turning point in their lives? There they were in the backwoods of Greenbush, with a family of young people needing education, life partners, and opportunities in life; Grossdaddy Wismer was suddenly and unexpectedly stricken with blindness and laid, as it were, on the shelf. To what purpose, she asked, if not that an opening might be provided for the Horsts? Life in Greenbush was, as it had always been, humdrum, monotonous, intolerable. Nothing but stagnation, wherever she looked. The Lord was leading them to the waterbrooks of Ebytown. "We can let it to him always," she maintained, folding her arms comfortably over the roll of obesity just below her waist-line. "He knows all what we need."

"You seem to be awful thick with the Lord," remarked Noah, a trifle caustically.

"Nooi!"

"It seems he makes everybody step around smart, so you can have your way."

"Nooi!!"

"Grossdaddy must go blind, and I must sell my farm. Do you know what I think?"

"Yes, I know what you think," Sarah snapped at him, rising in all the dignity of insulted womanhood. "You don't need to say it—in front of the children any-ways not."

"I think—"

"If you'd think somethin' new once," Sarah went on, her indignation waxing hot. "But year in and year out, you have always the same ideas. You're chust like Greenbush."

Noah gave his attention to the elucidation of one of his perennial thoughts. "I think that for all you talk so glib about the Lord, you're hatchin' eggs for the devil."

Sarah bit her lip. "So that's what I am to be—an old cluck?"

"It looks to me like that. Till your chickens are all hatched once, they will be all—"

"Peacocks," prompted Sarah, laughing now at her own cleverness. "Well, peacocks we must have, too, some." Noah wasn't so slow after all. A year or two in Ebytown, and even he might be—anything. "Mebbe the Lord wants you for a Bishop yet," she suggested, chucking her good man playfully under the chin. "Can't you give up the worry? Us Mennonites are in the world, and nobody asked us even did we want to come."

"We are in the world, yes," replied

Noah, "but we must not be of the world. Romans 12:2."

Sarah knew her Bible, too. There were Christians in Caesar's court, she reminded him. "Look at how Peter preached there, or was it Paul? And there's Mennonites in Ebytown. Ben Eby is there, and he's a Bishop yet. Nobody can say he ain't a good man. We don't have to lose our religion in Ebytown Nooi. It will be all right. Chust let it to the Lord and me."

Noah was worsted in the argument, and he knew it. Sarah invariably got the better of him. Smart, she was, for a woman. And there stood the children crowding about, weighing the arguments, drinking in the news, their faces flushed with excitement, their eyes big with wonder. Of course they were all on their mother's side. It was her glowing optimism they wanted, not his gloomy forebodings. Too heart-sick and fearful to reply, Noah reached for his cane and retreated to an inconspicuous corner behind the stove. After all, the time for discussion had passed. The wretched bargain had been sealed. The problem of his life would now be to keep his family unspotted from the wickedness in Ebytown.

Sarah had gathered the children about her, and in bright colors she was painting for them a picture of their future. She had a niche in life for each to fill, some high, some low, but all alike, honorable.

"Manassah's to be the farmer," she announced, conceding to her eldest son his right of priority. "He can live in the doddy-house."

"With Hannah Stauffer?" suggested Cyrus.

Sarah said emphatically, "No. Today I've shook myself loose from those Greenbushers forever."

"See," cried Cyrus, pointing a scornful finger at the discomfited Manassah.

"And, Ephraim, I don't know yet what you will make," continued Sarah. "Somethin' with books it must be. A farmer you will never make—never. It needs a hoe and not a book for growin' potatoes. Look, once, Lydy, at what he is readin' now."

"The Martyr's Mirror," read Lydia.

"Is that all?" On one occasion Sarah had found a novel in Ephraim's bureau. She had read it, too, from cover to cover, just to see what it was like. It wouldn't hurt her, of course, but she didn't want Ephraim to be wasting his time on such lies. The Martyr's Mirror she had not examined, but its reputation was above reproach by reason of the fact that it had a place beside the Bible and the hymn-book in every Mennonite home.

"And now, me," cried Cyrus, impatiently. "What will I make till I am big?"

Cyrus! The very sight of him warmed the cockles of his mother's heart. She put her arm around the boy and whispered, "Whatever you want to be, you can be, Cyrus-boy."

"I want to be an auctioneer," announced the delighted youngster. "Long ago you said I could be one."

Sarah reaffirmed her promise.

"And can I have a horn, too, to yell with? And a Schimmel to drive myself around with?"

She promised him anything, everything.

Ephraim and Manassah exchanged amused glances. The girls giggled.

"You are chealous at Cyrus," Sarah told them. "Cyrus can't help it that he is the smartest. It's like your pop said, you are all chust plain chickens. Cyrus is a peacock."

"He struts like one," observed Ephraim, while the child endeavored to play the part.

"Look at what Choseph got for being smarter than his brothers." Sarah found the parallel she sought in the Scriptures. "A big man in Egypt, he got, and he fetched them all—and Chacob, too,—out of the famine. Cyrus will pull us all up in the world yet."

The youngest of the Horsts beamed his satisfaction. If he had been, like Joseph, gifted as a soothsayer, he could not have predicted for himself a more roseate career. He saw himself as his fond mother had pictured him, the hero of his family, the uncomplimentary opinions of his brothers and sisters notwithstanding.

Presently Sarah turned her rather indifferent attention to the girls. Daughters were not much of a problem. They could be divided into two classes, those who would marry whether or no, and those who would, if some young man could be hoodwinked into desiring them. "Lydy, you'll get a man," she said, "and Esther will get an old maid."

The elder sister was unfeignedly pleased; the younger gulped a great lump down her disappointed throat.

"There must be one in every family to tend the old folks."

Another gulp.

"Ach, you don't miss much," Sarah offered the girl as a sop of consolation. "It beats all how this marryin' goes. Them that's on the outside think they must get in, and them that's in wish they could get out."

"Ain't women queer, mom?" This bit of philosophy came from Lydia, who had decided that she could afford to be patronizing towards her sex, now that she had been assured of a happy entrance into that blissful state towards which all womankind is said to be moving.

But Esther refused to be comforted. Her lower lip began to sag appreciably. Who was going to provide for her?

"You can look to me as long as I live yet," Sarah replied. "After that you must let it to the Lord."

Esther was spared further reflection on the tragedy of a loveless old age, for at this juncture the outside door creaked upon its hinges, and into the darkest corner of the kitchen, to the side of the disconsolate Noah, crept Ezra, the nondescript son of his father's previous marriage.

"Did you feed her good?" asked Noah. Ezra nodded.

The Spirit of Christmas

ANNIE GOING TAYLOR

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of Christ,

And Christ is the spirit of God,
Whose wonderful Gift has enriched all the world,
And lifted man from the sod.

The spirit of Christmas on earth should be "Give,"

Since God in such fullness has given,
Let self be forgotten, help others to live.
And earth will seem nearer to heaven.

Shed the light of real love on the path of a child,

On a man or a woman in need,
And the spirit of Christ, all pure, undefiled,
Your soul will abundantly feed.

The angels that sang o'er the hills of Judea,

Will sing once again in your soul;
If the spirit of love fills each vanishing year,
If the bidding of Christ is your goal.

The "Wise Men" of earth will follow your star,

If the Prince of Peace reigns in your heart,
If "unto the least of these" near or afar,
His wonderful love you impart.

The Spirit of Christmas—Christ's love we would bring,

To you from the glad courts of heaven,
Let self be forgotten, and serve as we sing:

"Unto you, unto you, he is given."

—All Church Press.

Pickflaws

A sagacious writer has coined the word "pickflaw." Everybody knows what he means without any explanation. Everybody has suffered from pickflaws. Everybody has had the experience of having his well-intended work discredited by some pickflaw who discovers a tiny error in it. The preacher's sermon may be eloquent, learned, and helpful, but some pickflaw points out that where he said A. D. 29 he should have said A. D. 28, and the preacher's sermon is spoiled for many hearers. "If he made one mistake, he probably made others," they think. Of course mistakes ought to be pointed out when they are really important, when they affect the subject under discussion; but when they are only irrelevant flaws in an otherwise fine piece of work, he who points them out is a mischievous nuisance; he is a pickflaw. Don't be like him, for he is a poor chap to copy.—Forward.

* * *

Young people are sometimes afraid of wisdom and truth for fear they may mean a loss of joy. "I want to have a good time first," the girl says who is thinking about being a Christian. She is afraid to take a high joy for fear of losing mere pleasure.



We Would Like to Be Remembered

We are the children of the Baptist Orphans Home at St. Joseph, Michigan. We introduce, herewith, the very nicest one of our bunch. His name is Edwin Frook, but to us he is just Buddy. He is only two years old and not very perfect in his English, so we shall have to speak for him, or rather, translate his Chinese talking. Rev. H. F. Schade of Racine has told you about how he came to us. At that time he was not quite 18 months old and was dressed like a little girl. His picture was recently taken when he wore his boy's suit for the first time. Just look at him! He is standing in front of the Home and is proudly announcing: "Me big man now," and really, that is just what he looks like.

A year ago he celebrated his first Christmas with our family. We still remember his shining eyes when he looked at the Christmas tree and when he reached out his little hands for the nice presents which were all his own and of which the rocking horse is still alive. Now, if he were able to express himself as his older brothers and sisters of the Home-family, he would undoubtedly ask, not only for himself, but for all the children, because he loves them all. He would tell his friends of our Sunday schools something interesting about every member of our family; he would suggest something nice for "Dawty" and "Tubby" who are 15 and 17 years old, and he knows what would please his own sister Jane, aged six, and all the other little boys and girls. He would tell about the beauties of our Home, the care the children receive so that they may grow up in good health and in fine spirits, and that they may grow to be big men, as he thinks he is, and as his big brother Charles Bradley who left us last summer to study for the ministry.

Pa told us that he used to write nice Christmas letters to the Sunday schools and to other people, but he thinks that they are not read as carefully as he writes them, so we thought we would write ourselves and then find out if somebody would let us know if he received our letter.

With love to all our friends,
BUDDY, AND ALL THE OTHER CHILDREN
OF THE HOME AT ST. JOSEPH.

Anniversary at "Bethel," Buffalo

On Nov. 7 we had the privilege of celebrating the thirty-third anniversary of the Bethel Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our pastor, Bro. P. Geissler, gave a very interesting talk on "Noble, God-inspired Unanimity," based on Acts 4: 32-35. It is a beacon of encouragement as well as for inspiration of the highest degree. This was so fittingly brought out in the following points: 1. The Real Nature of this Unanimity. 2. The Source of this Unanimity (wrought by the Holy Spirit in their hearts). 3. The Visible Effects of this Unanimity (present and future).

Records and reminiscences of by-gone days brought to light the heroic and courageous spirit of those who on Nov. 5, 1895, organized the Bethel Baptist Church.

Of the original charter members, 38 are still with us. May God bless them and keep them with us to help us celebrate more anniversaries!

Some of the former members responded by letter, among whom was Prof. O. Koenig, at one time pastor of the church.

The program, consisting of mixed quartet, piano and organ selections and men's quartet, was enjoyed by all.

After the program ice cream and cake was served and a social time followed.

We praise God for all the blessings of the past and pray that he may do even greater things through us in the future.

ANNA TRESCH.

Everybody's Text

Mr. Boreham tells of a scene from his childhood when on a beautiful September morning he stood by his father and mother in that great throng of people in London gathered to witness the erection of Cleopatra's Needle. His father told him it had once stood before the great temple at Heliopolis, that Moses had possibly sat on the steps at the base when he was a little boy no larger than he was. He says he wondered if the time would come when London would be as Heliopolis is—only a memory; and this great stone would be moved to some new world capital. Before the obelisk was raised a box was deposited in the cavity at its base containing many things—coins, newspapers, some photographs of beautiful women, a parchment bearing a translation of the hieroglyphics on the stone itself, and last, but not least, a text of Scripture—a text that is known in every language of the world; a text that is to be the greeting from the twentieth century to the fiftieth century; a text that will remain when our civilization has become as that of ancient Egypt; and what text do you think it was?

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life."

* * *

Every day of youth is either a preparation for victory or for defeat later on in life. If youth is wasted, the greatest opportunities are gone forever.



Star Trails to Christ

B. GOODRICH

"Star trails to Christ"

You ask what they are?
Ask the Wise Men who followed
The first Christmas Star.
Ask the shepherds who listened
That first Christmas Morn,
To the song of the angels
That "Jesus is born."

Ask the Mother who listened
To anthems of love,
And saw o'er the manger
The star beams above.
Ask the Wise Men who came
With their offering that day,
And brought of their treasure
At his feet, there, to lay.

Ask the prophets who told
Of our King long ago.
Ask the shepherds who listened
To angels sing low
Of the peace that they bring;
Of the Babe, that was born
In Bethlehem's manger
That first Christmas morn.

Ask the mother, who cherished
These things in her heart,
And praised the dear Lord
For her own hallowed part.
Ask the saints of all ages—
For that Star laid the trail,
To the Christ we should follow,
Whose love will not fail.

—Classmate.

Anaheim Young People's Society

On November 4 the Anaheim, Cal., B. Y. P. U. celebrated its 26th anniversary. The two young people's societies of the Los Angeles churches were our guests for the evening. After a short program consisting of musical numbers, readings, a dialog and a short speech by Rev. Feldmeth, pastor of the Ebenezer Church, Los Angeles, the following officers for the coming year were called to the platform and a short installation service was conducted by the pastor.

Pres., Dan Marschall; vice-pres., Walter Schroeder; sec., Lois Schroeder; treas., Ella Grauer; pianist, Olga Burzlaff; "Baptist Herald" boosters, Lydia Grauer and Lois Schroeder; social committee chairman, Lydia Grauer; membership chairman, Adeline Frey.

Refreshments were served in the church basement. It is this social hour which helps to foster the good fellowship and further the acquaintance among the members of the three societies.

The activities of our society during the past year have been many and the Lord has richly blessed us in every way. Our 106 members are an active group of young people, willing and ready to take an active part in the monthly programs and also to lead the devotional meetings every Sunday evening before the regular church service.

We have contributed to the Lord's cause financially by giving to missions, to our building fund and purchasing necessary equipment for carrying on the society's work.

Our pastor, Rev. O. R. Schroeder, is our advisor and a great help in planning our year's work. He also conducts occasional Bible and missionary studies as well as an evangelistic service twice a year.

We as a society wish to place our time and talents at the disposal of the Lord so that we may be ready to go and perform the duties which are necessary for furthering the work of the Kingdom. May the Lord give us grace and strength to carry out this desire in the coming year!

L. A. S.

Hoboken Church Accords Pastor Cordial Greeting

Rev. L. N. Schoen, the new pastor of the Willow Avenue Baptist Church, Hoboken, N. J., and Mrs. Schoen were recently formally welcomed into the church at a service and reception given by the congregation in their honor. Rev. Mr. Schoen and his family have been in the parsonage since July, and he had been conducting the summer services for his people, but as so many were out of town, it was decided to postpone the formal welcome until the autumn.

Senior Deacon Brummer presided at the service and a number of visiting pastors made addresses. They were: Rev. William E. Schmitt of Newark; Rev. Paul Wengel of Brooklyn; Rev. J. F. Niebuhr of New York; Rev. Frank Orthner of the Harlem Baptist Church; Rev. William Rabe of Passaic; Rev. John Lehner of West New York and a former pastor of the Hoboken church; Rev. John Schmidt of Union City, and Rev. Victor Prendering of Jersey City.

Short addresses of welcome, pledging loyalty to the new pastor, were made by Mrs. H. Ahrens, president of the Ladies' Aid; Mr. Reiman, who represented the church, and George Jagerhuber, representing the Sunday school and Young People's Society.

After the welcome addresses Mrs.

Schoen was presented with a large bouquet of flowers and also with new draperies and curtains for the parsonage and the pastor received a check for coal. Letters of greeting were read from several of the local clergy who were unable to be present because of meetings in their own churches. After the service, the congregation, which filled the church to capacity, adjourned to the Sunday school room, where a reception was held and refreshments served by the Ladies' Aid Society.

Rev. Mr. Schoen was born in New York and comes to Hoboken from the supply pastorate of the Fleischmann Memorial Church in Philadelphia, where he was ordained last May. He is a graduate of the Philadelphia Bible School, and also spent some time at the Rochester Theological Seminary, where he received his German training. Rev. Mr. Schoen feels that his new congregation, which has been without a pastor since the resignation of Rev. William L. Schoeffel nearly a year ago, is keenly interested in carrying on the work of the church and willing and able to work in harmony with him.

M. ANDERSON, Sec.

P. S. Through the splendid devotional meetings of the church we have gained four young people as new members of the church, which our pastor, Rev. L. N. Schoen, had the pleasure of baptizing the past Sunday evening.

Anniversary at Crawford

The G. B. Y. P. U. of the Canaan Baptist Church of Crawford, Tex., celebrated an anniversary Sunday, October 28, 1928, for the first time, although the society is 4 years and 4 months old. A good program was given by members of the society. The president of the society, Miss Meta Engelbrecht, gave the introduction. The program consisted of a reading, "Welcome;" song by the Juniors; two songs by the choir; three dialogs; a solo; two songs by the male choir; a pantomime, "Rock of Ages," and last but not least talks by Rev. C. C. Laborn of Gatesville and Rev. L. Gassner of Cottonwood.

Bro. Laborn compared our society with a four-year-old child. He said its deeds were greater than the age. He gave us his best wishes, which were: "Many happy returns of the day."

Bro. Gassner chose for his subject three words, "Come, Stay, and Go." The talks of these two good brethren of the neighboring churches were enjoyed by all.

The report of the secretary showed that the membership of the society is 41. Our young people are showing great interest in the work of the Kingdom. Our pastor, Rev. C. C. Gossen, is an able leader for young and old in our church.

We had a large attendance from the surrounding community and visitors from Cottonwood, Gatesville and Waco Baptist churches. The offering of the evening was \$21.36. This money went into the treasury of the "Tent Mission."

May we continue to grow in the service of our Lord and Master!

WILLIAM SPROSS.

The Smallest Prayer

As gentle as a mother's kiss,
As perfect as a breeze that blows
Across a lovely, dream-touched rose—
As tender as the loves we miss!

Oh, it is whiter than a star
That lights the sad earth from afar—
The smallest prayer? Why, it is this—
Just, "Thank you, God!"

Ordination of John Weinbender

The Craigmyle Church, Alberta, called a Council on November 10 to set apart their minister, John Weinbender, for ordination into the Gospel ministry. This was in connection with the annual Alberta Association and practically all our German Baptist churches of Alberta were represented. The Council organized by electing Rev. Aug. Kraemer as moderator and Rev. Albert Kujath as clerk. Bro. Mike Kary, who is a deacon of the Craigmyle Church, introduced the candidate to the council. Bro. Weinbender gave his testimony in a clear and convincing manner. His early life was not Christian and it was only in latter years that through the help of a friend he came to see the blessed Gospel light. His call to the gospel ministry came as a result of much prayer and submission to the divine will of God. Many years he refused to follow in distinct Christian work, thinking that by supporting the Lord's work through gifts and personal testimony it would suffice. But God laid his hand on him and called him to a full life of service in his cause. We were much impressed by the brother's sincerity. At length he dwelt on his views of Christian doctrine. The council was pleased with the testimony of the candidate and with pleasure advised the church to proceed with the ordination.

The ordination took place on Sunday afternoon, November 11. Rev. E. P. Wahl lead the service, Rev. Philip Potzner read the Scriptures, Rev. Fred W. Benke led in prayer. The Mass Male Choir and the Mass Mixed Choir rendered appropriate messages in song. Rev. Aug. Kraemer preached the ordination sermon. Rev. E. P. Wahl offered the ordination prayer. Rev. F. A. Mueller gave the charge to the candidate and extended the right hand of fellowship.

Bro. Weinbender is a student of the Rochester Seminary. He came to Alberta to take charge of our Craigmyle and Richdale churches. This is a large field and calls for much sacrificial work. But the work is not in vain. Many have been the fruits as a result of earnest labor.

FRED W. BENKE.

† Heinrich Schwendener †

When Heinrich Schwendener closed his eyes to this earthly life after a brief illness on Nov. 22, a man who was used greatly of God as an evangelist in our German Baptist churches in North America passed to his merited heavenly reward.

He was born in Wayne, Wis., on Sept. 4, 1854. He entered our Seminary in Rochester in 1880 and graduated three

years later. His ordination took place in Cleveland in December, 1883. He was the founder and pastor of the Erin Ave. Church in Cleveland from 1883-1889. In the latter year he began to labor as an evangelist, depending on the free-will offerings of the churches for his support. In 1891 he supplied the Second Church, New York City, for a year while the pastor, Walter Rauschenbusch, was in Europe. He then again entered the evangelistic field and in this sphere did his great and abiding life work. Bro. Schwendener possessed special gifts for this work. He knew how to reach the hearts of people, was endowed with the gift of song and thousands were led to the Lord through his ministry in the churches he visited, especially in the Dakotas and the Canadian Northwest.

In 1900 he was deputized by the General Missionary Committee to visit our work in South America and spent considerable time with the churches in Brazil and the Argentine. He returned broken in health and after his recuperation served the church in St. Joseph, Mich., for about three years as pastor. He then re-entered into evangelistic work and remained our General Evangelist until he gave up his charge about eight years ago on account of his health. Besides his manifold and sacrificing labors as evangelist, Bro. Schwendener was greatly instrumental in the raising of the \$100,000 Jubilee Fund for our General Missionary Society in 1910.

Early in his ministry, Bro. Schwendener's first wife died. His son Carl by his first wife also died in 1922. He is survived by his second wife, Dr. Hattie Schwendener, well known in our circles as a successful physician, and daughter Norma, who is an instructor in the Teacher's College, Columbia University, New York. In addition he is survived by one brother and four sisters.

The funeral of the departed took place on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 24, and at the wish of the wife was restricted to the family and the relatives. Rev. E. Umbach, his pastor, spoke at the services and was assisted at the house and the grave by Rev. H. W. Wedel, Rev. H. Steiger and Rev. Th. Stoeri of St. Louis. A Memorial service was held on the day following, Sunday evening, in the church at St. Joseph in which the Benton Harbor congregation joined. Rev. Steiger spoke of Bro. Schwendener as one who sowed for eternity. Rev. H. W. Wedel spoke of the evangelistic labors of the departed servant of God. After these two addresses in German, Rev. Thos. Stoeri spoke in English on the characteristics of Bro. Schwendener as a man and a minister. Rev. E. Umbach made the closing remarks and spoke of his acquaintance with Bro. Schwendener since the time he acted as moderator at the ordination council of the speaker in Gasconade County, Mo., 32 years ago.

May God comfort all the bereaved and deepen in their hearts the blessedness of the Christian hope! "Remember them . . . which spake unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith."

New Books

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

"Sayings of Jesus"

This is the captivating title of a booklet which is just off the press by Prof. Conrad Henry Moehlman, of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, Rochester, N. Y. Prof. Moehlman is the widely known son of the late Rev. J. H. Moehlman who for a number of decades was one of the leading pastors of the German Baptists of America. The booklet is dedicated to Prof. Heinrich Weinel of Jena, whose arrangements of the Teachings of Jesus suggested the basis for the present work. Its use has been so effective in the Seminary classroom and has been so highly appreciated by the students that the author was moved to offer its benefits to a wider circle of readers.

This "Sayings of Jesus" ought to be of especial interest to the "Baptist Herald" constituency for various reasons. The first of these is the author. He is a graduate from the young people of our churches whose career in the Christian world is an honor to his spiritual cradle. Many of our pastors look up to him as an older brother who in former days taught them the rudiments of English and mathematics, or Church History and other theological knowledge while connected with the English Department of their alma mater. They may again enjoy the benefits of his teaching genius.

A second reason why our young people will take a deep interest in the book is its unique arrangement. Within the brief compass of 89 pages it gives us the utterances of Jesus in a logical orderly fashion under seven chapter headings with subheadings and titles. It therefore offers an excellent topically arranged Bible Reader's course confined to the utterances of Jesus, the great teacher sent from God, in their New Testament settings. Prof. Moffat's translation of the original into modern English is used and the disruption of thought by unfortunate verse and chapter divisions is overcome by the use of passage references at the bottom of the pages. The following Chapter Headings will show the cast into which the material of the book is poured:

- I. Jesus' Interpretation of Himself and His Mission.
- II. Jesus' View of the Kingdom of God.
- III. Jesus' Thought of God.
- IV. Jesus and Inherited Religion.
- V. Jesus' Estimate of Man.
- VI. Jesus' Attitude Toward Society.
- VII. A Classification of the Parables of Jesus.

Beneath these chapter headings the material of the book comprising the words that were spoken by the Savior is given under 161 titles or captions. This arrangement of the words of Jesus will meet a long felt need with all serious New Testament students.

The author gives us these precious words of Jesus in their New Testament setting and the testimony concerning

(Continued on Page 16)

The Young People's Society

Purpose—Program—Plans

When the Women Entertain the Men

When the women entertain the men, they usually rack their brains for some sort of games that will interest all alike. Try these.

Line all the men up and give each a pillow and pillow-case. At a signal all start to see who can get his pillow neatly dressed first. A prize of a serviceable pillow-top for his den might be given the winner.

Give each man a needle and thread, and see which can get his thread into the needle and neatly knotted first. A man's pocket "housewife" would make a good prize for the winner.

Give each man a strip of cloth (it may be cut from an old garment) with a buttonhole, but lacking a button. Armed with his needle and thread he is to select the right button from a box of buttons near-by and sew it neatly in the right place to engage the buttonhole. Offer a small prize to all who get the job done right. Some dainty to eat would be suitable.

Spread a table with old hat shapes and with odds and ends of trimmings. Give each man thread, thimble, and scissors, pins, etc., and ask him to trim a hat for his partner. Partners are chosen by letting the men draw slips containing the ladies' numbers from a hat. He may then select a shape and trim it to suit his partner's particular charms. The prize offered for this may be a funny cap. He should wear it and lead the grand march in which every man joins with his partner, she wearing the hat he has trimmed. The booby prize might be a dunce-cap, and its wearer should have the last place in the grand march, which ends at the refreshment-tables. For of course the men must eat after their exhausting labors, and no matter how feebly they have shone in the jobs their women friends have set for them before, here the poorest of them will not fail to shine. After refreshments the men may be invited to set some stunts for the women to do.—Adult Class Teacher.

B. Y. P. U. Advertising

Give your program public mention To the passer-by;
If you wish to catch attention,
Get it through the eye.

Put your posters in the lobby.
Have a good supply;
Ride the advertising hobby,
Tell it to the eye.

—B. Y. P. U. Magazine.

Reading the Gospels over and over again is the best way to enter into the mind of Christ and get his thought on our problems.

Some "Everys" for Our B. Y. P. U.'s

1. Every officer should ask and answer these questions:
What is my task?
What are my best tools?
What are the best possible methods?
2. Every member of the Executive Committee should know:
What are we constituted to do?
With what do we have to work?
How can we best do our work?
3. Every committee should answer intelligently (by doing):
What is our particular task? (What justifies our existence?)
With what are we to do that task?
How can we accomplish our task most advantageously?
4. Executive Committee "Everys":
Every committee a plan and program for every month.
Every committee busy upon every detail of that program.
Every committee a written report of progress with the program every month.
5. For the Whole Society:
Every officer active and effective.
Every committee at work on its task.
Every task worked at continually, or done.
Every member a job on the society program.
Every responsibility met, including:
The year's program outlined and executed.
The budget planned and raised.
State and national programs incorporated locally.
All regularly scheduled meetings held.
The recruiting and training of new members.
Every work planned, and every plan worked.

Our Society Meeting

ALICE GORDON

In our Young People's Society we have found that it is essential to give two things to the planning of a meeting—time and thought. This is no startling statement for leaders who are looking for something new and different for their meetings; but we have found that a meeting, given time and thought, does not depend for its success upon the new and the different.

But how shall we insure this devotion of time and thought? Even the most conscientious leader finds it difficult to get started early on his plans.

Our society has devised a simple and workable method. Each leader chooses from the society two other members who, with him, form a committee to plan and

be responsible for the meeting. This committee meets sometime during the second week before the meeting, when the topic is discussed, possibilities for presentation to the society are considered, and definite duties are apportioned to each committee member. This method insures the planning of the meeting far enough in advance to allow for definite study to be done, and it incidentally means that there are three people, instead of one, who are interested in and working for that meeting. Thus definite preparation by at least three people is assured, and the discussion, we feel, will prove interesting and valuable.

Suggestions for Church Ushering

Fill front seats first.
All seats are unreserved.
Endeavor to seat friends together.
Know capacity of each row.
Always know where you are to seat a person before proceeding down the aisle.
People are not to be seated during reading of scripture, prayer, or singing of special music.
Give the stranger the preference and do not change after they are once seated.
When forced to be absent notify the Chairman of Ushers or his assistant by Saturday.
Every Usher should report for duty twenty minutes before the morning worship and thirty minutes before the evening service.
Absence from duty for four consecutive Sundays without cause, shall be considered sufficient reason for resignation.
Be free to make suggestions at any time to the chairman.
Do not stand so that you cannot see persons to be seated.
If an usher is late, another may be working that Sunday in his place.
When coming in late, ask the chairman of ushers or his assistant, if they can still use you.
Let nothing detract your attention while ushering.
Be quick, step lively and get back to the end of your aisle.
Never say anything unkind to anyone regardless of what they may say to you.
If you change your address, notify the chairman.
Each usher is appointed for one year or part of a year, and terms expire March 1st of each year.
When preaching starts, all ushers should be seated.
When going forward for collection, walk close up together, and last but not least—Usher with a smile.
The man that looks ahead Gets Ahead.
Our slogan for this year is "Looking Ahead."—Published by Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, O.

December 15, 1928

Toward Sodom

(Continued from Page 10)

"Did she sweat much?"

Ezra shook his head.

"You rubbed her down good, not?"

A low, affirmative grunt.

"Ain't you got no tongue even?" Sarah flung at him. "We know you ain't much with your brains."

Ezra retreated farther into the dark corner.

"Run out and make the gate shut once," said Noah. "I let it open."

Ezra put on the hat he had just relegated to its peg. He shook down his trousers until they hung at full length midway between his knees and his ankles, and left the room as noiselessly as he entered it.

A prolonged and ominous silence ensued. The same question had presented itself to the minds of all the group, the problem of the future of Ezra; but Cyrus alone had the temerity to put it into words. "Is he goin', too, to Ebytown?" he asked.

"Not with us," replied Sarah, without a tremor of hesitation. She glanced at Noah, who was standing now at the window and gazing abstractedly into the blackness of the night. "Ezra don't suit to my people. Baumanns want a hired man. He can go there."

Noah stirred and sighed. One reproachful glance at Sarah he allowed himself, then opened the door and disappeared.

At this, Sarah became suddenly greatly perturbed. She ran to the window. Just as she expected, there were two dark figures in the garden. They were moving towards the clearing on the hill. "I knew it," she told the family. "Till you've lived with a man twenty years already, you know all the meanness that's in him. He's goin' up to her grave. It's her he thinks all the time about—her and her Ezra. Me? I could be a post. I have no feelings, he thinks. That's what men are like—widow-men."

The children glanced shamefacedly at each other and thought unutterable things. It was the signal for the exchange of hasty, constrained good-nights.

So Sarah was left alone with a sputtering candle and a flood of uneasy, mortifying thoughts. Over her features played the unholy passions that possessed her. She fumed; she raged. She clenched her fists and stared wildly into vacancy. "Nooi! Nooi!" was the burden of her heart; but Noah, she knew, was off pouring out his love and devotion to the wife he should have forgotten for her sake years ago.

Presently an expression of exultant triumph broke over the countenance of the incensed woman. There was a wicked gleam in her eye. "He's mine—mine—all mine," she told herself. "It goes only a mine," she told herself. "It goes only a mine," she told herself. He couple of weeks yet, and he's mine. He can't take her to Ebytown. She has to stop back here in Greenbush, alone, forever."

The candle emitted one last lingering

ray of light, and was lost in the darkness. A moment longer Sarah sat with her thoughts; then she rose, languidly, and groped her way to the bedroom door.

(To be continued)

The Armor Bearers

A class of Junior boys selected this name for their class. They were thrilled with stories of knighthood. They would be armor bearers in training for knighthood. And then, to give them definite knowledge of armor-bearing today, they found in their Supplement Memory Work, the sixth chapter of Ephesians, a description of the armor of God.

Yes, of course, they could and would learn the six verses, the thirteenth and eighteenth inclusive. They could give them singly or in unison.

They did more than just learn the verses. They made whole suits of armor. They made them of pasteboard and covered them with tin foil, which they collected from the streets. It was a matter of time to collect enough for shield and breastplate, for girdle and sandals, for helmet and wooden sword, for one boy—and there were seven in the class.

Then came the request from the superintendent that the class put on a feature for Rally Day. They were going to have a feature by each class above the Primary. Usually the boys objected to these platform exercises.

"Will you do it?" asked the teacher anxiously.

"If we may go up in armor and just repeat our verses together."

"That will be just fine. So you think you can finish your armor by that time? I think I have a little tin foil you can use."

"Oh, we'll have it done."

When the Armor Bearers were called that Rally Day the seven boys, each in a complete suit of armor, went upon the platform, faced the audience as one, and repeated together the verses they had taken as their "Commission." Then they wheeled quietly and came back to their department.

But these boys were not armor bearers in name only. They were trying to make their name mean something worth while in their home, and school, and play.—The S. S. World.

Let Imagination Work

A Missouri mother practices Coueism in her daily life and teaches it to her children. One day she had considerable difficulty in getting her small son to take a spoonful of castor oil.

"Now, Johnnie," she reminded him, "all you have to do is to keep on saying to yourself: 'This tastes good, this tastes good,' and you won't mind it at all."

Johnnie, still hesitating to take the dose, suddenly had an inspiration.

"Mother," he cried, "I'm going to say: 'I've already taken it, I've already taken it,' and then I won't need to take it at all!"—Children, the Magazine for Parents.

"Come Along, Boys, Here's a Church"

Once a ship was wrecked on a coral reef in the South Seas. The crew got ashore as best they could, using anything they saw afloat as a life belt. Not knowing the island, they were afraid to go inland. For aught they knew its inhabitants might be cannibals and they had no desire to furnish forth a cannibal feast.

Presently one of the company climbed a near-by hillock and risked a look over the island. Having won the summit he began to waive his arms excitedly, beckoning them. As they got nearer to him they heard him shouting "Come along, boys, its all right, here's a church."

The story is told by the famous Australian preacher, Rev. Henry Howard, who recently visited America. The Church to those men was a symbol of security. They were no longer afraid. Because the good news had been proclaimed there, those shipwrecked sailors felt safe. Without that symbol, they knew that their lives would not have been worth a moment's consideration.

The Church in the midst has made a difference. It has been the cradle of amazing securities, and liberties, of philanthropies and literatures and enlightenments. The modern world all too often takes these things for granted, without recognizing their origins. Christianity has made all the difference and often we know it not.

The Church, for instance, has literally grown Good Samaritans, and because of them life has taken on kindlier and more humane aspects. They have been found in every age—some of them known, most of them unknown. In the middle ages for instance, the Friars established themselves in the pestilential quarter of towns, ministering to the lepers. Men like St. Francis and St. Hugh of Lincoln would minister to lepers with their own hands, overcoming repugnance, caring for them in the spirit and the name of Christ. Wherever Christianity has gone there have sprung up homes for lepers, orphanages, hospitals, schools. For the unprivileged and dispossessed life has come to have new securities and new succourers. The world's Elizabeth Frys, John Howards, Stephen Grellets and Shaftesburys found their inspiration in the Christian Gospel.

The world is still sadly imperfect. In a sense it is true that Christianity, so far from having failed, has never really been tried. Yet it has been a leaven at work and in deep and widespread ways often too little acknowledged or recognized, it has made all the difference to our life. The Church in the midst is the symbol of what Christianity has done for us.—Youth's Companion.

Set your mind in order every now and then. Confused ideas that never have been thought through, make you doubting and weak. Get your thinking clear and keep it so. Read great books, and especially the Bible, which remains the greatest in the world, no matter what unthinking people say.

Baptist Herald Subscriptions

expire in most cases with this current number.

An Order Blank

will be inserted in each copy of this issue.

This is for your convenience.

It also is a polite reminder that the time to

RENEW

has come. Please fill it out and hand it to the Booster of your church or if you prefer you may forward it together with the payment of \$1.25 direct to Cleveland.

No doubt you want the "Herald" to come without interruption. We are assuming that you do and so the service is continued believing your confirmation will reach us in due time. If perchance, for some good reason you must deny yourself the pleasure of its regular visits, then please show us the kindness of notifying us to that effect.

"The Herald" in 1929

will be well worth the modest rate of \$1.25.

German Baptist Publication Society

A little fault is like a lighted match; put it out, or it will burn down the city of your soul.

* * *

A good book is a good friend, and it is twice a friend if you have a friend with whom to share it.

The Truth, the Whole Truth

Recently the widow of a farmer, striving to keep the farm going, had some difficulty with her hens, and wrote the following letter to the Department of Agriculture:

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning when I come out I find two or three lying on the ground, cold and stiff, with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a little while she received the following letter from the department:

"Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."—Everybody's Magazine.

Just as Good

"Do you have animal crackers?"

"No, but we have some very nice dog biscuits."—Progressive Grocer.

New Books

(Continued from Page 13)

Jesus of the men who were closest to him and knew him best. He modestly refrains from the addition of a single word of his own except the fascinating foreword which captures our interest with the first sentence and holds it to the last word, causing us to wish there were more of these "meaty" paragraphs.

If to know him is to have everlasting life, and if some degree of intellectual appreciation of him is essential to a spiritual experience with him, then this book should be widely heralded as a blessed evangel messenger and lead many to a closer walk with God.

I, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending it to our young people for use in their B. Y. P. U. Bible studies, for church prayer-meetings and for private devotional reading. During this "gift season" a special opportunity is ours to place it into the hands of our children and friends. May God abundantly bless it for the furtherance of his cause in human hearts! **ARTHUR A. SCHADE.**

(See advertisement on this page.)

* * *

Do not expect to be brave in the great emergencies if you are cowardly in the little trials.

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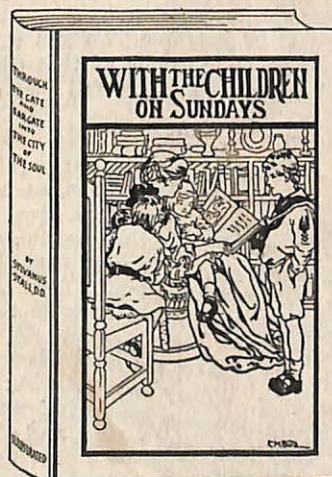
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