

# 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., FEBRUARY 1, 1928

Number Three



Otto H. Albert  
Organist First German Baptist Church, Chicago.  
Went to his heavenly home Dec. 30, 1927

## What's Happening

The First Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Paul Wengel, pastor, celebrated its 73rd anniversary as a church on January 11. The home department of the Sunday school has increased its membership to over forty.

A Teacher-training Class is being started in the Oak Park church, Rev. Theo. W. Dons, pastor, which will have Mrs. Wm. Kuhn as teacher and leader. "Training for Service" by Herbert Moninger will be the text-book.

Rev. A. Knopf, pastor of the Cottonwood church at Lorena, Texas, has resigned to become the new pastor of the First Church of Dickinson County, Kans., succeeding Rev. Geo. W. Pust. He will be on his new field by March 1. Rev. R. Klitzing is part-time supply meanwhile.

Rev. J. G. Draewell of Marion, Kans., will conduct the Bible course this year held by the Mennonite churches of Hillsboro, Kans., and vicinity in connection with Tabor College at that place. Two lectures daily will be given. Dr. A. J. Harms gave this course at last year's institute.

Mr. Fred W. Mueller of the Senior class of our Seminary at Rochester was the pulpit supply of the Spruce St. church, Buffalo, N. Y., during November and December last preceding the arrival of the new pastor, Rev. C. E. Cramer. Mr. Mueller was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Schroeder each week end.

A Teacher-training Class has been formed at the Second Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and began its regular work under the leadership of Pastor W. J. Zirbes on January first. The Keystone Graded Lessons were introduced in the Sunday school with the beginning of the new year.

A chapter of the Royal Ambassadors, the Baptist Boys' organization, has been organized in the Bethel Church, Buffalo. Mr. Jack Distler is the Chief Counselor to the new chapter. Three other Buffalo chapters met with the Bethel Church chapter in January to greet and encourage the new society.

A Baptist school for preachers has been opened Dec. 1, 1927, in Moscow, Russia, permission for the same having been granted by the Soviet government. The new seminary opened with fifty students, the limit of its capacity. It has a faculty of four with P. V. Ivanhoff-Klischnikoff as director.

Rev. W. F. Raebel, pastor of the German Baptist church at Akron, Ohio, has resigned to take effect soon. Bro. Raebel is contemplating a trip to Europe after closing his pastorate in Akron. During his ministry the present house of worship was erected. Rev. O. E. Krue-

ger of Cleveland held a series of special meetings with the Akron church in January.

Rev. Geo. W. Pust is now quite settled in his new pastorate at Emery, S. D., and has been holding evangelistic meetings in January. He finds his new field offering many challenging opportunities. A teacher-training class, planned by the Bible school teachers some time ago, has been started. "Training for Service" by Moninger is the textbook used.

Rev. R. Kaiser of Gatesville, Texas, has accepted the call of the church at Ingersoll, Okla., succeeding Rev. F. W. Bartel. Bro. Kaiser will close his work with the Gatesville church end of January and recuperate from a recent operation, with his family in Lincoln, Kans., and then begin his new charge in Ingersoll about April 1. Bro. Kaiser was very active in our young people's work in Texas, serving as president of the Texas Conference Young People's Union. We hope he will continue along this line in Oklahoma.

Rev. E. Umbach, pastor of the Bethel Church, Buffalo, N. Y., is preaching a series of sermons on courtship and the married life on successive Sunday nights from January 15-March 4. The topics are as follows: "Wedlock, a duet or a duel?" "How to keep her sweet." "Beauty, skin-deep—don't get fooled." "Petting and puppy love." "Tongues and their use in married life." "Model husbands and model wives." "Success in married life." "The blessing of single-blessedness." Some of the subjects sound sensational but Bro. Umbach assures us he gets the gospel into them. This series should prove helpful and attractive to young folks.

The Temple Baptist Church, Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, Rev. A. A. Schade, pastor, participated in a United Visitation Evangelistic Campaign with other churches in the community. Over 6000 persons signed cards to begin a Christian life or to come into local churches by letter. Of this number Temple Church had the joy of reaping 45, of which 33 represent decisions, 5 letters and 7 reinstatements. Temple Church led the teams of the district in the number of workers, about 30 visitors being engaged in the task. It is now up to the church to care for all these new people and lead them on in their Christian life.

Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, pastor emeritus of the Park Avenue Baptist Church in New York City, passed away on Jan. 6 after some months of suffering and trial. His death removes one of the most prominent personalities in the Northern Baptist Convention and one of our most brilliant preachers. His boyhood was spent in Wilmington, Del., and his early religious impressions were received in

the German Baptist church there. Parents and relatives were members of the little church and here Cornelius was baptized. The editor of the "Herald," whose first pastorate was in Wilmington and who later was pastor in Brooklyn, learned to know, love and esteem Dr. Woelfkin and found him in the years when the Second Church, Brooklyn, was building its church home, a warm friend and helper. During Dr. Woelfkin's pastorate at Greene Ave., Brooklyn, he was most conservative and evangelistic. In later years he was counted with the more liberal wing of the Baptists.

### Cause for Fury

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later Mr. Blank, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopped reading, his justifiable pride turning to anger. Snatching up his stick, he rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the newspaper to ascertain the reason of her spouse's fury.

She read: "As Mr. Blank mounted the platform, all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance."—Western Christian Advocate.

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Absent-minded Professor (going round in a revolving door): "Bless me! I can't remember whether I was going in or coming out."—Boston Transcript.

## The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the  
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY  
3734 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:

Albert Bretschneider A. A. Schade  
O. E. Krueger H. R. Schroeder

"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union at the subscription price of \$1.25 a Year.

(24 cents additional to foreign countries)  
Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch single column, 2½ inches wide.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

All business correspondence to German Baptist Publication Society, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1923, at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

# The Baptist Herald

## The Resignation of Secretary Bretschneider

THE resignation of Secretary Albert Bretschneider, news of which was conveyed to our constituency in his letter to Mr. A. V. Zuber, chairman of the Council of our Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, in the "Baptist Herald" of Jan. 15, no doubt, came as a surprise to most of our young people. It reached us just in time to be published as a news item in that number but too late for comment.

Bro. Bretschneider was elected as one of the secretaries for our young people's and Sunday school work at the session of our Union at the General Conference in Pittsburgh in 1925 and began his new duties Jan. 1, 1926. We all greeted his election to this new position as a happy and hopeful reinforcement of our young people's working staff and such it has indeed proved itself to be during the two years in which Bro. Bretschneider has been active in his work. He fostered and extended especially the Assemblies and institutes for young people and Sunday school workers in various parts of our wide field. His fine teaching ability, in which the discussion method was freely used, found rich opportunity to display itself in these assemblies. He always proved himself in all his contacts the sincere friend and eager helper of our young people. Now the School Committee has laid hands on him and Bro. Bretschneider believes he is obeying the divine call to take up the work laid down by Prof. G. A. Schneider, when the latter was called to his heavenly reward. We all regret to see Bro. Bretschneider step out so soon and sever his relationship with our Union, yet we wish him great joy and success and God's richest blessing in his new field of labor in the school of the prophets in Rochester. May the consciousness grow in his heart as he carries on his work, that he is in the place the Lord wants him to be!

As colleague of Secretary Bretschneider we shall always treasure pleasant memories of our mutual relations and the work that we have carried on together during the last two years. These relationships were always amicable, cordial and brotherly. It was a pleasure to work with such a yokefellow.

Bro. Bretschneider's resignation will probably cause a change in some of the plans already made for assemblies and institutes for the coming months and also lay many additional burdens upon the other secretary in the meantime. May the Lord grant needed strength to carry them until help comes! We have no conjecture to offer as to what our Council will do with the vacant secretaryship, but we surmise it will take no definite steps to fill the same until the meeting in connection with the General Conference in August. It might be well, however, to provide some temporary teaching assist-

ance until that time to take care of our assembly needs here and there. This important work must suffer no weakening at any point. A. P. Mihm.

## A Worth While Resolution: I Will Not Be a Kicker, But—

F. A. LIGHT

ANY fool can criticise and find fault. It takes wisdom and a noble heart to encourage and do better. The world, those about me, need consolation, cheer, a helping hand, a sympathising heart. Encouragement, not discouragement, a smile, not a frown, kindness, not harshness, appreciation, not heartless criticism is what hundreds are looking for.

I will therefore scatter rays of sunshine. And in order to do so, bask daily in the Sun of divine Love. I will not be grumpy and lugubrious; but try to spread the contagion of a happy life. Not the life of a poor, pitiable pessimist but of a God-inspired optimist will I endeavor to live. Thus I shall be a benediction to others and a honor to my God, the Sun of my soul and Fountain of my life.

## And I Will Not Keep All the Flowers for the Funeral

and all the kind words I can now utter to be chiseled into the tombstone. The dead can not inhale the fragrance and see the beauty of the flowers, nor read the words of kindness.

But of how much good, what wonderful help would it have been to them while yet here on earth, struggling with all kinds of difficulties and discouragement, to have heard our words of appreciation and experienced our acts of sympathizing love! Yea, an ounce of taffy is worth more than a ton of epitaphy.

## Even Our Divine Lord

realized this in showing his appreciation of Mary's loving deed. Mary of Bethany did not wait, like the other women, till Jesus had died in order to embalm his body. No, she brought her alabaster flask of precious perfume and anointed her Lord and Savior while this act of deep-felt love and gratitude could still cheer his burdened heart. Both Jesus and Mary derived a great deal more benefit out of this service, performed while he was still alive, than the other women with their embalming ointment after his crucifixion.

Many a faithful pastor would not have resigned with despondent heart, but continued his ministrations joyfully, had he been made to feel—before the conventional farewell party—that his services were appreciated. Likewise Sunday school teachers and other workers in the church, and community too, who now perhaps feel like giving up their post of

duty would go on faithfully and happy in their service of love, if—if now and then their hearts would be cheered by kindly spoken words of appreciation, instead of criticism or at least indifference on the part of those who themselves (perhaps) are mere lookers on.

And how many a mother, and father too, would have carried the burden of parentage with less strain and not have died with a broken heart, had their children, occasionally at least, uttered words of heartfelt acknowledgement and not kept their flowers and tears for a useless and foolish funeral demonstration. This thought is well expressed in the German poem:

O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst!  
O lieb, so lang du lieben magst!  
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,  
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst!

Ah me, this world of ours is sometimes a rather cold world. And our hearts are often in danger of being chilled, discouraged and sad. I will therefore try my best to be strong in the Lord, helpful and trusting and filled with his Spirit. Then I will not join the grumblers and mourners, but rather help transform them into joyful singers of God's praise. Thus I will also be a co-laborer of my God in making this world better and brighter. And perhaps I will then sometime experience the bliss of having others call me blessed for having helped lighten their burdens and cheer their hearts.

Yes, I will, God helping me, henceforth be **no kicker**, but a **helper**! Such are always in demand and generously rewarded.

### Why Observe the Lord's Supper?

There are seven good reasons why every church of Christ and every qualified Christian should properly observe the solemn and significant ordinance of the Lord's Supper:

1. Loyalty demands it, because it is commanded.
2. Love demands it, because it commemorates.
3. Culture demands it, because it develops.
4. Happiness demands it, because it delights.
5. Fellowship demands it, because it unifies.
6. Usefulness demands it, because it testifies.
7. Hope demands it, because it anticipates.

What church and what Christian can carelessly or willfully neglect or ignore the Lord's Supper?

### Co-operation

ROBERT W. LAKE

IT is the cause of constant wonder that we should have been chosen to co-operate with Jesus Christ in the enterprise of world redemption. Countless multitudes have never come to know him or his purpose of grace, but to us he has committed his unspeakable gift and he is depending upon our faithfulness as a steward of manifold grace to pass it on.

The ages have been proclaiming him since he went away, but the half has never yet been told. It is to our encouragement that he selected a group of

common folk, fishers and toilers to be heralds of this wonderful story.

If we would only put into it all our faith and enthusiasm and with life's ordinary pursuits, oh! what a new order of things would be created.

Our task in co-operation is to lift him up, exalt him so that we cannot fail to see him as the attraction—not we; he is the persuasion—not we; no, go, and lo, I am with you always.

### A Prayer

THORWALD W. BENDER

When the future is misty and dreary,  
When I stumble—exhausted—weary,  
When my soul's windows become bleary,  
Lord, draw nigh to me!

When selfishly I have lost a day,  
When through me some one was caused to stray,  
When I'm convinced of my sinful way,  
Lord, draw nigh to me!

When my earthly labors are ended,  
When Satan says: "You've just pretended,"  
When by doubts my faith is contended,  
Lord, draw nigh to me!

### Listening as a Fine Art

THERE is an art of listening, and this may well be called a fine art. If the average congregation were carefully tested, it is probable that the number of good listeners—practicers of listening as an art—could be counted on one hand. The Scotch have a proverb, "We do not bring sermons to church to bury them." But most sermons are comfortably and neatly buried immediately upon their delivery, by congregations that do not know how to listen. A good lady of whom we have heard turns her pastor's sermons to good account by writing down the words of the sermon with which she is not familiar. Afterwards she looks them up in the dictionary to the enrichment of her own vocabulary. It is to be hoped that she does not miss the spiritual lessons. But at least she has trained herself to listen.—Selected.

### Our Growing Birthdays

THAT wonderful old man, Chauncey M. Depew, once remarked, "Birthdays do not die; they accumulate." Every birthday is added to the effect of the preceding birthdays. No birthday stands alone. What you are today is the sum of what you have been all along. You can make a fresh start, but you cannot shake yourself from those birthdays. If they have been bad birthdays, they clog you; if they have been good birthdays, they give you wings. The possibility of the second is involved in the certainty of the first. The only way to have a happy birthday next year is to have a happy birthday this year. In short, the only days we are sure of are the days we have lived and the day we are living. To put off serving God till tomorrow is

—so far as you can be certain of—to put off serving him forever. Birthdays do not die, but they may kill the future or fill it with glorious life.—C. E. World.

### The Return to Christ

OLIVER HUCKEL

O Master, from the darkening words  
And endless strife of men,  
We turn our hearts in eager quest  
And come to thee again.

We love thy sweet simplicity,  
Thy tender smile of grace;  
We love thy gentle flow of speech,  
Thy loving, longing face.

We love the healing of thy touch,  
The magic of thy name;  
We love the flashing of thine eye,  
Thy hate of sin and shame.

We love thy human cares and prayers,  
Thy kinship in our blood  
We love the glory, half unseen,  
That crowns thee as our God.

We worship, and our vision clears,  
And mists and clouds depart;  
We see through thee the open heaven  
And God, the heart's own Heart.

### If I Were Twenty-one

IF I were twenty-one I would underwrite good health by a balanced diet, obeying the eighteenth amendment, and taking five miles of oxygen each day on the hoof.

If I were twenty-one I would find my recreation, not in reading about games or in watching them, but in playing them.

If I were twenty-one I would choose some trade or profession in which my imagination would have freedom of action, and learn to like work for its own sake.

If I were twenty-one I would preserve the health of my mind by feeding it less newspaper and more history, biography, and Bible.

If I were twenty-one I would strive each day to do something myself for some less fortunate individual, rather than pay someone else to do it.

If I were twenty-one I would be more interested in being a friend than in having friends, and would take time to keep the fences of friendship in repair.

If I were twenty-one I would spend some time each day in the garden of humor, smiling at the flowers and pulling out the weeds.

If I were twenty-one I would practice the virtue of patriotism in times of peace as well as in days of war.

If I were twenty-one I would plan to get married, hope for a family, and deliberately plan to make home life sweeter, happier, and more contented than it has been in other generations.

If I were twenty-one I would begin each day by thinking of something beautiful, remembering that in life as in a mirror you never get more out than you put in.

If I were twenty-one I would live the Golden Rule, and stick to it in spite of all adverse experiences.

If I were twenty-one I would build my life on the conviction that I am not a mortal body which has a spirit, but an immortal spirit which has a body and I would take time each day to commune with God.—Samuel Macauley Lindsay in *Classmate*.

### A Church Tablet and What It Said to Me

ENTERING lately a church\* at a seaside resort, I was conducted to a seat facing a transept wall. On either side was a mural tablet. I was not interested in the good people who had lived and died in that place, and had no intention of reading the record of their virtues. But on the tablet opposite me, the prominent word, which is usually in such memorials the name of the deceased, struck me and made me look again. It was

P R A Y E R

Surely, I thought, an uncommon name! So I proceeded to read the tablet carefully. Thus it ran:

1861

This Tablet was Erected as a Monument of the Faithfulness of God in Answering

P R A Y E R

Offered up on behalf of the Schools

\*

No Public Collection or Appeal  
Was ever made for the Building.  
But a Weekly Prayer Meeting was Held  
At which the Money for the Erection  
Was asked of the **Living God**

\*

In Answer to the Prayers the Sum of  
£3,500  
Was Received.

\*

"Ask and it shall be given you."

For many years this sermon in stone has stood. I wonder to how many hearts it has spoken, what fainting ones have been cheered, what flagging faith revived by its silent message! Thank God that in these days there should be found so conspicuous a record of Divine faithfulness and human trust. Faith in such manifestations as this is what we need today.

But let us notice four things about this praying which tended to its success. It was—

United—A prayer meeting.

Continued—Weekly.

Definite—Money for Schools.

Believing—Asked of the **Living God**.

Is he not the same today as yesterday? Yea, and for ever!—R. E. F.

\*Christ Church, Worthing.

### Every-Day Religion

NELLIE GOODE

If it doesn't make me faithful  
In the tasks to me supplied—  
If it doesn't make a comrade  
Of the toiler at my side,  
If it doesn't lend a glory  
To the daily drudgery—  
Something's wrong with my religion,  
Or something's wrong with me!

If it doesn't make me sorry  
When some one I know is sad—  
If it doesn't make me happy  
Just to see another glad,  
Does not shine from every feature,  
So that all the world may see—  
Something's wrong with my religion,  
Or something's wrong with me!

If it doesn't make me patient  
With the ones who love me best—  
Home a refuge where the weary  
Find a welcome and a rest;  
If the dog upon my hearthstone  
Is not glad my face to see—  
Something's wrong with my religion,  
Or something's wrong with me!

### Notes from Temple Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Bible school program on Christmas Day was enthusiastically received by a filled house and presented the occasion for an offering of \$127 for our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich.

The Watchnight service became a "watch presenting service." The pastor was astonished at the large attendance. It all became clear to him, however, when Dr. A. V. Riggs, chairman of the Board of Deacons, on behalf of the church spoke of the 65 years history of Temple Church and of the completed six years of the present pastorate. As a token of the church's appreciation he strapped a costly and beautiful wrist watch upon the pastor's wrist.

But joy and grief are freely mingled. Hardly were the festive Christmas joys over when a dark cloud appeared upon the horizon which soon spread a shadow over our hearts. Sister Florence Evans who had come into Temple Church by letter from an English church in 1924 and who had never been ill, suddenly crumbled under the weight of an insidious attack which took her to her better home in just a week.

The funeral service on Sunday, Jan. 8, was said to have been the largest ever witnessed in Temple Church, if not in the entire Borough. Not only were the members of Temple Church, but also the Borough officials, principal and teachers of Mount Oliver school and members of other churches present until the throng numbered over 600 people and filled every space in the entire church. It was a fitting tribute to a true mother in Israel who was faithful and efficient in her home, her church and her Borough with which she was officially connected.

The experience was especially painful to her widowed husband who had for

years entrusted the management of the household to his devoted wife, and the five children who are said to never have heard a harsh word from their mother's lips. She was faithful over a few things, she will be placed over many. Her death is not a retirement from service but a promotion to greater service. "Have thou authority over ten cities."

ARTHUR A. SCHADE.

### Good News from West Baltimore

As everybody knows, Christmas is the time of rejoicing, and who has a better right than the Christians? So we thought in West Baltimore, young and old. Especially the young folks and the choir were busy preparing Christmas music, dialogs and recitations, the choir was busy for weeks with a cantate, "Nach Bethlehem," which was rendered Christmas night before an overcrowded house. It was very favorably received. Many requests have come to give it again, which will be done in the near future.

We were agreeably surprised to have as a visitor over the holidays the senior deacon of the First Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Bro. F. Ziehl, who at the age of 78 is still young and takes an interest in everything pertaining to the Kingdom of God. We wish him many more years.

Our Sunday school celebrated their entertainment Wednesday, Dec. 28, before a packed house, the young folks taking part. It was a success and it was said by many that it was the best we had for years. Surely when the young folks put their heads together, there is something doing.

We also wish to thank our dear pastor, Rev. G. Schmidt, and his dear wife. The first day in the new year was a memorable day, especially in the evening, when our pastor went in the waters of baptism with a dear sister who recently came from the Fatherland. Two others were taken up by experience, one man out of the house of Israel who had been baptized in some other church; one sister who had been out of church fellowship for 2 years. Another sister who recently came from Germany brought her letter. So we had an addition of four. Others are waiting for baptism. We pray God's richest blessing upon pastor and people.

S. BODLIEN.

### Bismarck, N. D., "On the Air"

Bismarck, the capital of North Dakota, is often spoken of geographically as "on the Missouri" because it lies on the eastern bank of the Big Muddy. Baptistically speaking, Bismarck was "on the air" on New Year's Day, broadcasting through KFYR, our local radio broadcasting station. The churches of Bismarck have been taking turns at broadcasting services over this station every Sunday afternoon and it fell to our lot to render the service New Year's Day. All taking part in the program were members of our B. Y. P. U. save one. The program consisted of mixed and male quartet numbers, duets, scripture reading, prayer and a short scripture

talk by Rev. F. E. Klein. During the service we received a long distance call from an enthusiastic listener at Beulah, N. D., extending congratulations and requesting that we sing "The Old Rugged Cross," to which we gladly responded.

Those taking part in the program were Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Klein, Ella Gross, Dora Bischoff, Peter Klein, H. H. Janke and A. Gohring. During the past week we have been receiving messages from all over the Western half of the State, expressing appreciation of the service rendered and encouraging us to further effort. We take pleasure in using the "Herald" as the medium for expressing our gratitude to those who gave our service the kind reception. We assure them that we aim to put forth our best efforts in preparation, so that when the opportunity again presents itself, we may render more fitting praise and honor to the Master, by whose power this new avenue of service has been opened to us.

BUSY MARK.

### The Riverview Sunday School, St. Paul, Minn.

The Riverview Sunday school of St. Paul, Minn., sends greetings to all the Sunday schools where the "Baptist Herald" is being read.

Our Christmas Program was quite a success in spite of the fact that for two weeks before Christmas we had such a severe cold spell that at times it was impossible to come together for rehearsals. Every Sunday school which has ever given a pageant knows that much time is needed for rehearsing in order to make pageants a success. However, all who took part in the program put forth their best efforts and the pageant, "Dreams of Christmas," as well as the other numbers on the program, were well rendered to a large and appreciative audience. The offering for our Orphans work was very good also.

Three organized classes, the "Golden Hour Circle," the "Search Light Class" and the "Alpha Delta Girls," purchased a bicycle, which they presented to the Children's Home in St. Joe. A letter received from the Home recently, showed us that the gift was very much appreciated.

Our attendance in Sunday school has been increasing since the first of the year and we intend by the help of God to keep it growing. We are especially glad for the interest shown by our older people, who come from Sunday to Sunday to study the Bible.

Our prayer is that God may bless our Sunday school and help us to make it a real training school for Christian service.

THE REPORTER.

Doctor Crabbe had almost succeeded in dismissing Mrs. Gassaway, when she stopped in the doorway, explaining, "Why, Doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated!"  
"I know it isn't," said the doctor wearily. "You never find grass on a race-track."

# The Sunday School

## Goals for Our Sunday Schools No. 9. Giving

A. P. MIHM

There needs to be no apology made for including "Giving" among the goals that are necessary and worthy for our Sunday schools. If the Sunday school is a real Bible school, it cannot in its teaching avoid touching upon the question of money and how we are to administer it in a way pleasing to God and beneficial to his kingdom. It has been said that the most talked of topic in the Bible is money,—property, things, possessions, wealth. Sixteen out of Christ's thirty-eight parables deal with money. One out of every eight verses in the four Gospels has something to say about money.

### Begin to Teach This Early

Whatever ideas are to grip the church must be taught in the Sunday school. If the school is to train good churchmembers, it must also train them to become good givers. Each child should be taught early to give to all those causes which he shall later be called upon to support.

Perhaps the main reason why so many people fail to keep account with God in their giving is that they do not begin early enough. The time to learn that lesson is in childhood. "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth" (Eccl. 12:1).

### Flock or Fleece?

In Bible school work, a noted leader has told us, we should go after the flock, not after the fleece. But a good flock will produce the fleece. There are instances where Bible schools have been crippled by over-emphasizing the money question. Where this is tactfully handled, a spirit of liberality can be developed, good offerings received and the people made happy in their work.

### Motive, Spirit and Habit

But when we hold up the goal of giving, we have not so much in mind the securing of immediate large offerings in which all participate, but rather the inculcating of the motive, the spirit and the habit of true Christian giving. Five dollars may be given today but if the children are not educated rightly five hundred dollars will be missing from the missionary offering of tomorrow. If the foundation is well laid, the helping of every cause, the teaching of the gospel to every creature will be the final expression. The cause must be helped but the child must be trained. The latter viewpoint is even more important by far than the first.

The chief emphasis in Christian giving is to be upon the motive which prompts the gift. There are many lesser motives which make strong appeals but the supreme motive in Christian giving

is the love of Christ. The child must be saved from selfishness. Why? To save the world from sin; that is to be the result. Therefore the primary need for the cultivation of the missionary spirit.

### Missions and Giving

Missions is the thought of God for the world. There is a close relationship between the teaching of missions in the school and the cultivation of the spirit of giving. There is a growing desire on the part of all well-informed Sunday school workers to have a real share in the actual work of home and foreign missions and in benevolent work. It can be manifested in the eager willingness to assume some definite support in connection with the particular fields about which the school has been instructed. The entire school or a department of the school or a class in the school can assume the salary of a missionary or a part of the same; it can raise the salary of a native worker. It can undertake the support of a student in a missionary school, a child in an orphanage or help in the support of a missionary hospital.

Boys and girls in Junior classes have set hens, raised chickens, sold eggs, ran errands, collected iron and rubber and paper, gathered berries, picked fruit—all to earn money to support a worker in some field in China, India, Africa or the isles of the sea.

### Seek Intelligent Co-operation

It is well to have some school interest and some class interests in this matter. A spirit of co-operation and not of competition should be cultivated. In making gifts of money, says Frederica Beard, the children should have a voice; if the school decides to help a certain cause, a class may decide on the amount of its contribution. When a class works by itself, two equally good objects sometimes may be presented and a vote taken as to the use of the class money. In any case there should be intelligent co-operation. The definition of a Sunday school given by one of Judge Lindsay's street urchins should be remembered: "It's a place where they takes y'er penny, and gives y'er nothing for it." In this connection we would remind all Sunday school treasurers to furnish the school at least quarterly an itemized report of receipts and expenditures. Show your appreciation for the offerings made.

### Teach Stewardship

Many girls and boys are baptized and come into full membership with the church between twelve and sixteen years of age. They should be led to feel a responsibility for its well-being and for the success of what it undertakes. Our youth need the Christian concept of Stewardship to attain this end, the stewardship of the whole of life,—time, money, talent and aspiration. They need to

know that one cannot be a spendthrift (a waster) of time, talent and money and be a Christian.

Our pupils in the Bible school should be taught both the duty and pleasure of giving, that giving is a part of worship, that God has a concern in their giving, that it must be the first portion and not the "leavings." What is God's share? How much should the Christian plan to set apart for God's work in the world, at home and abroad? Individual circumstances vary, so that no general rigid law may be laid down. But it is safe to say that in the great majority of cases at least a tenth of every dollar, or of every dime, of every Christian, however young, belongs to God. Long before the coming of the Savior, the Jews were doing as well as that. Surely love and gratitude should now prompt us to give at least as much as they.

The extravagant wastefulness of young America between 14 and 24 would be largely checked if they had the tithe operative in their lives. To teach the value of money is very much worth while and the less money one is likely to have the more needed is the instruction. As one realizes that his money giving is really self-giving, his stewardship merges into a glorious partnership not only with Christ but also with all those that in any way are at work furthering the kingdom.

### Special Days and Special Giving

Special days in the Sunday school will need special giving and can emphasize special giving. Some definite giving or missionary expression should be associated with the great religious festivals of the year.

*Christmas.* Make it a giving Christmas rather than a time primarily for receiving gifts. "White gifts for the King" is a Christmas program that directs the meeting into a dedication of service and of lives to the king.

*Easter.* Easter is a missionary day by right of the missionary emphasis the Master himself laid upon the disciples during the resurrection days. There is no more fitting observance of the day than in the thoughtful considering of the great need of "the uttermost part of the earth" to which the Master directed his loyal followers.

*Bible Day.* The annual Bible Day is a strategic opportunity for teaching the debt the Sunday school owes to the foreign missionary enterprise which gave the world the Bible. Each Sunday school should regard itself as an auxiliary in the work of Bible distribution.

Children's Day, Rally Day and Thanksgiving Day time can be utilized in similar manner. Some schools may find it well to set apart one day in the year as "Equipment Day." Many schools are

(Continued on Page 16)

# Cherry Square

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

(FROM JOSEPHINE JENNEY'S NOTE-BOOK)

*Made dash to see Julian. Told him of coming adventure. He went straight up into the air.*

*"No! My lord, no! Jo, you can't—shan't! I won't have it!"*

*"Yes, you will, dear. It's exactly the thing. I'm wildly excited about it. I'll write you all sorts of funny letters—you'll love getting them."*

*"I'll hate them! I tell you I won't have it! Stop it—stop the thing! Oh, Jo!"*

*Got him quieted and fairly reasonable at last. Left him with his head in his hands—tragic Julian!... But he'll see how wise a plan it is, presently. No other would keep me in Cherry Hills, where I need to be.*

## III

"Jimmy, run tell Miss Jenney to come over quick as she can be makin' it. The family'll be here this night, an' there's two days work to do in less than wan. Hurry, Jimmy!"

Jo came flying. "What's first, Mrs. O'Grady?"

"The upstairs rooms. Hang up the curtains—praises be they're fresh from me hands. Make up all the beds—there's the sheets an' blankets an' pillys in this big box that come yesterday. Tuck 'em in tight an' smooth—"

"I know. I will."

"Two thin blankets on each bed, an' a silk puff (she calls 'em) on the foot of each wan to match the room. Towels in the bathroom. Ivery room lookin' like it was new-born. This big room at the back'll be Mrs. Chase's—she wint over the house with me an' showed me ivery wan—an' me knowin' 'em all like a book, what with washin' an' clanin' for Miss Eldora Cherry for twinty years. The west room with the two beds for Master Bob—mind you be sayin' Master Bob, Miss Jenney."

"And you might as well begin calling me Josephine, Mrs. O'Grady."

"Howiver'll I be doin' that! Faith, thin—Josephine—listen to this—the east room for Miss Barbara an' the one nixt the bathroom for the nurse an' baby. There's a crib Mrs. Chase sint up, an' you'll find pink baby blankets for it. I'll be in the kitchen if ye made me. I've got to get every pot an' pan scoured for that cook—an' I hope she's a swate, r'asonable person, for I mind there'll be plenty of company. Mrs. Chase told me she wasn't havin' no company, but I know her. Flies folls the sugar, an' she can't kape folks away from her. If her two cousins, the Sturgises, don't be showin' us the light of their countenances before the wake is gone, my name isn't Norah O'Grady."

She vanished down the back stairs, still talking.

Jo fell to work. There was nothing she liked to do in the way of housework better than the making of beds. It was a long time since she had had in her hands such materials with which to make beds as these sheets and blankets which came out of the big packing case. In the large, airy rooms, with all windows open, she shook out the paired sheets of exquisitely fine linen, all hemstitched by hand, each top sheet with a monogram—S. C. C. The blankets were soft and light, of summer weight, with pale colored borders bound with silk. As Jo tucked in her sheets, drawing them smooth and firm, she was enjoying to the full her own expertness and its results. Also—she was living over again certain past days. As she left each room she looked about it happily, delighting in its old-fashioned charm.

And soon the silent house would be teeming with life; childrens voices would resound through it; and the beautiful person in the pew Jo had once watched throughout a church service because she was the wife of the splendid person in the pulpit, would be here to become a friend—for this Jo expected her to do. She knew very well that though she was taking the place of a servant, it was easily in her power to make herself known and liked by Mrs. Schuyler Chase otherwise than as a servant.

Downstairs she helped Norah lay the table in the pleasant dining room, whose windows looked out upon the rear lawn and garden, where Norah's Jimmy was frantically weeding and trimming in the last-minute endeavor to have everything about the place look tended. The lunch-table had come out of the packing case, but the china was old blue-and-white Canton from the shelves in the corner cupboards.

"I don't know much about san'wiches," Norah said doubtfully, pushing her hair out of her eyes with her forearm, as she eyed the loaves of bread and the pots and jars of filling material hastily ordered from the grocery, all of which had been deposited upon the scrubbed kitchen table.

"I do—I'll make them, if you like," offered Jo. She could guess what Norah's sandwiches would be like if she attempted them—big hearty slabs fit for a laborer's fist. "I love to make them—nice, thin little things, several different kinds."

"Do thim, now, with my blessin'."

There were innumerable matters to see to—ice for the ice box; fresh milk from a dairy farm a mile out; wood for the fireplaces—"She'll have 'em all goin' when it's cool," Norah was sure. Flowers for the table—"She wouldn't think she could ate without flowers." Jo ran out to pick pink and yellow and orange tulips from

the straggling borders of the old garden. She arranged them not only upon the dining table but in the square parlor and upon the bureau in Mrs. Chase's room. She would have lingered over this task but Norah spurred her on.

"They'll be here anny minute now. Best get on the uniform," she commanded. "She'll like ye better if she sees ye lookin' the way she's used to."

When Jo appeared Norah looked her over.

"Dark blue, not black," she commented. "Sure its looks nice, if she'll let ye wear it. An' the apron's nice, an' the cap is that becomin'! Ye look like a servant—an' ye don't. Are ye sure ye know the ways of sp'akin'? They're very partic'lar about that, I know."

"I think I can manage it," said Josephine Jenney, a gay sparkle in her eyes. "And I'm glad you think I look nice, Norah, for I'm really—now that it comes to it—just a little scared."

Norah eyed her alarmedly. "Sure, and I was feared maybe ye'd be regrettin' your rashness," said she. "Yersilf a teacher an' all—an' then comin' down to bein' what they call a maid, in a unyform."

"But I don't regret it. You see, I want so much to be with the sort of people these are. And I don't mind waitin' on them. I should mind waitin' on—well—the Gildersleeves—or the Broughtons."

Norah understood. "Ye would mind. I'll not scrub their floors. They thnk themselves the upper crust—an' they're not. They treat their help like the dust ben'ayth them. They're nobody at all, an' ye'll see how they'll bend their backs bowin' to Mrs. Shyler Chase, because they know she's somebody. They was that way to old Miss Cherry—an' she takin' no notice of thim, though she was that polite to thim you'd have thought she liked thim. But I know she didn't. Who could? They'd not notice me when they met me on the street. Miss Cherry'd turn aside to spake to me—an' if the Gildersleeves was lookin' on she'd turn 'way round to do it. She— The saints an' all!"

The telephone, recently installed according to orders, was ringing.

"That's thim. Run, Miss Jenney! They're on their way."

Jo ran, calling back, "I'm Josephine—don't forget that!" And then answering demurely—"This is Cherry House."

A voice which by contrast with Norah O'Grady's strident tones sounded peculiarly pleasant to Jo's ears, replied: "This is Mrs. Chase. We are expecting to reach Cherry Hills in half an hour. Can you tell me if Mrs. O'Grady has the house ready for us?"

"Yes, Mrs. Chase. Everything is ready."

"There'll be eight of us, so I hope there are plenty of sandwiches. Please tell Mrs. O'Grady to make some coffee. We're bringing fruit. I should like to have a small fire in the fireplaces. I think that's all, and you may expect us by seven."

"Yes, Mrs. Chase."

"Ye sound like ye look," was Norah's comment. "I'm thinkin' ye'll do. Coffee, is it? An' eight people. There's hers. If an' three children—an' the nurse—an' the cook. That's six. An' she drives herself. Who's the other two? I told ye there'd be company!"

In less than the half hour the car came in—a big, shining car, full of people and luggage, with Sally Chase's capable gauntleted hand at the wheel. It was closely followed by another—a high-powered roadster driven by a bare-headed, fair-haired young man whose face was deeply tanned. With him was a girl. But Jo had no eyes just then for anybody but Mrs. Chase—her mistress! She was tingling from head to foot with the strange sensation of being actually in the employ of this lovely young woman, in the capacity of a servant. Had she done wisely? Somehow the aspect of the whole party slightly daunted her, it looked so disturbingly sophisticated even in its careless traveling clothes. And the middle-aged woman on the back seat who must be the cook, seemed, with her solemn face and austere black, decidedly formidable as the fellow-servant she was to be. Could Josephine Jenney really bring herself to play her part as it must be played?

"Run and help with the stuff!" Norah commanded under her breath, and Jo obeyed. Mrs. Chase, sliding out from the driver's seat, gave her a quick, comprehensive glance.

"Are you Josephine? How nice that you could be here from the first minute! Please take those bags and that hamper. This is Mrs. Lawson, our cook, and Mary, the children's nurse—Josephine. And these are Bob and Barbara and little Schuyler. Is he fast asleep, Mary? That's great. We'll pop him into his crib and he mayn't wake till morning. Oh, and there's Mrs. O'Grady!"

There followed a busy half hour. Sally Chase, herself, reminded her new maid of a child in spite of her competent way of setting the machinery of the house running. Between agreeably given orders to her force she could be heard here and there exclaiming over the various details of the house itself, the briskly burning fires, the view from the windows, the rows of pink and white peonies budding in the garden. The young man and the girl who had leisurely followed the party into the house could also be heard laughing at her; and later, when Sally and her cousins—for so they proved to be—were consuming sandwiches with young Bob and Barbara, and Jo was serving coffee to the elders and milk to the children, the chaffing was still going on.

Jo understood perfectly that demureness in a maid is the first requisite, so she went about with downcast eyes and a composed face. But she was able to note that the man cousin was a gay, attractive youth, full of spirits, and that the girl was quite his opposite, being a languid creature, either by temperament or selection, with smooth dark hair which

lay in perfect waves above her white brow, and who seemed to frown more than she smiled. Nobody except Mrs. Chase gave the quiet maid a look, except once when five-year-old Barbara dropped half an oozy chicken sandwich upon the floor, and Jo hastened to pick it up and to wipe with a fresh napkin the stain from the child's dress. Then little Barbara stared up into her face and said, smiling at her: "You look like Miss Burnett."

At which everybody smiled also, and the young man, with a quick look at Jo, said with a chuckle—"That's a compliment for somebody."

"Miss Burnett is one of Barbara's favorite friends," explained Mrs. Chase, at which Jo herself smiled, but knew better than to make reply. As a matter of fact, she had been saying to herself ever since she had seen these people come in that she must never for a moment forget her position. It would take very careful remembering not to be betrayed into speaking as she would not be expected to speak, or showing in some unexpected way that she was more accustomed to giving directions than to receiving them.

The children were sent away to bed the moment they finished eating, but the others lingered in the dining room, both the guests smoking over their coffee, while Mrs. Chase sat making lists of things to be ordered. Jo, waiting in the butler's pantry close by, as Norah had told her to do, could hear the talk.

"You'll be buried alive, Sally, in this dead little spot," prophesied Bradley Sturgis.

"I came here to be buried alive," retorted Sally Chase. "I was on the point of being buried dead in the city parish, there was so much to do. Here, without a responsibility outside of my family, I shall become more and more alive. So I shall be able to resurrect myself with no trouble at all when Schuyler comes home in October."

And she returned to her lists.

It was at this point that her cousin, Adelaide Sturgis, began to speak. She had said practically nothing since she had come in at the door; had nibbled two of the delicate sandwiches, had drunk two cups of coffee.

"Sally," said Adelaide, in the low slow voice which seemed to be an acquired art, since few normal young women are able so to control their desire to give expression to their thoughts, "will you let me stay here with you? I've been upstairs and picked out the room I want. Nobody seems to be going to use it."

Sally looked up, startled. "You stay, 'Laide? Why? Why should you want to?"

Bradley threw back his fair head and laughed consumedly. "There you have it in a nutshell," he said. "The eager guest, the reluctant hostess. Of course she doesn't want you, 'Laide."

"But—my dear," went on Sally, "this is no place for you. As Brad has said, it's the sleepiest little town imaginable. Unless, of course, you had somebody coming out to see you all the time, and—frankly—"

"I shouldn't have much of anybody," promised Miss Sturgis. "I'm tired to death of people. I want to stay quietly in the country and get back my complexion. I'll not bother you—if you won't object to having my breakfasts sent up."

She sat looking at her cousin, her eyes half closed between her heavy lashes, her long, thin form yielding pliantly to the high-backed dining chair in which she sat, her slender knees crossed, one foot swinging lightly. Sally sat looking back at her. Bradley, still grinning, watched them both.

"Don't take her, Sal, if you don't want to," he advised. "She says she won't have anybody come out to see her. She can't keep 'em away and she's too lazy to try. You don't want a yawning, stretching pussy cat like her on your hearth. You want a nice friendly dog like me, to gambol about the lawns and keep you jolly. Let me stay. You need a man in the house."

"I'll have neither of you. I came here to be as lonely as I like—and I like to be very lonely."

Sally was smiling, but her tone showed she meant it. Once more she returned to her lists. Then she got up and came into the pantry where Jo waited. She stood still and looked at Jo, as if she found something about her to challenge the attention. Jo found her heart quickening a beat, so much depended upon having Mrs. Chase like her. In a moment more she actually had the assurance that she had made a favorable impression in this strange new role.

"I think you are going to be very nice to have about, Josephine," said Mrs. Chase in her charmingly straightforward way. "One can always tell very quickly you know, whether one is going to like other people. If you have half as pleasant impression of us, I know we shall get on beautifully."

"Thank you, Mrs. Chase," said Jo, and gave back the friendly smile. There was nothing patronizing about Sally Chase, or Jo would have felt it instantly, being keyed high at this critical hour. And the fact that the new maid let her reply go at that, and didn't add, as the ordinary housemaid would—"I'm sure I hope to please you, ma'am," made her new mistress certain of being pleased. But she was becoming even more certain that Josephine wasn't just the ordinary servant.

"I think you've never done th's before, my dear," Mrs. Schuyler Chase said to herself, with conviction. "Such a beautiful, high-bred face, such a delightful voice and intonation... However, as a maid for whom Norah O'Grady vouches, I must accept you and be thankful."

(FROM JOSEPHINE JENNEY'S NOTE-BOOK)

*Family arrived—first plunge over. Mrs. Chase very nice—a dear—as I knew she would be. Children ducks.*

*Cousin Adelaide very pale, mascara-y, and lipstick-y. Long legs, too thin; body too sinuous; speech too languid. Typical struggler after latest affect. She*

gave Josephine the maid but one look—very narrow-eyed, indolent look. Received it with shock-absorber working well. Don't mind her in the least—at present.

Cousin Bradley precisely the "Brother to Adelaide" required by drama. Description enough!

Made no errors in service or manners, though went about feeling both numb and dumb—if that can be with rapid pulse.

Cook in kitchen will be greatest trial, easy to foresee. Very much queen in her realm, with a not-too-good temper. Mrs. Chase did her best to put us on good terms with each other. Had to swallow hard when first addressed by Cook—Mrs. Lawton—after Mrs. Chase had left kitchen. "Now get busy, Josephine. You don't move any too quick. Why'd you leave your last place, if I may ask?"

Of course I longed to tell her she mightn't ask. But that way lies madness, so I answered that my family all went away to another country. (The dear God knows they did—a far country.)

"And didn't think enough of you to take you with 'em?"

I shook my head. Parrying Mrs. Lawton's thrusts will take all my skill at fencing.

#### IV

"What they doing now? Couldn't you sit by the window and tell me, Lucy? Seems 'sif you kep looking out 'sif you saw something, but you don't say a word. I can hear 'em down there."

Miss Clarinda Hunt's voice was both tremulous and eager. It was hard to lie in bed and see Lucinda for ever running to peer out between the half-closed blinds of the second-story bedroom at the lawn and garden which lay between the Hunts' home and the old Cherry place. It was so long since there had been anything to see except the still windows behind which had sat Miss Eldora Cherry, lingering out her existence. And now, apparently, there was everything to see, and Lucinda always seeing it, and failing to report more than half of it.

"There isn't so much to see," replied Lucinda, gazing, however, as if she couldn't take her eyes off what she did see. "And nothing to hear, except the children shouting, and you can hear that yourself. Sally Chase is having tea out there under the big beech—Miss Jenney just brought it out. I declare, I'd never have thought—Miss Jenney—and she acts just like a servant, too—as if she'd never seen a schoolhouse. How she can do it! They call her Josephine."

But she and Clarinda had been over all that, over and over it, since they had first heard the astounding news. Clarinda was impatient for other details. Her little pale face was turned toward Lucy at the window, her faded blue eyes fixed upon her sister's sharp profile—sharp yet rather attractive still. Lucinda was only forty to Clarinda's fifty-five.

"Sally Chase isn't having tea all by herself, is she?" the invalid asked eag-

erly, in her high-keyed voice. "Who is there?"

"I don't know—except her cousin, that Sturgis girl, lying back in her chair, same as she always is. There's a man with his back to us—I can't make out who he is. Might be Harry Liscomb, only I never saw Harry with white clothes. But he's just about Harry's size. There—there comes somebody in the gate—two women. If I wasn't so far away I could tell who 'tis. All dressed up—Oh, it's the Gildersleeves, sure's as you're born. Mis' Gildersleeve and Alice. I didn't see their car stop, but there 'tis, outside the gate—and they living just six doors away! And making an afternoon call, just as formal!"

"Pity sakes!" exclaimed Clarinda. "As if 'twouldn't be more neighborly to just step over, so near an' all. What have they got on, Lucy?"

"Mis' Gildersleeve's got on a sort of ashes-of-roses sort of color—silk, it looks from here. And a hat to match. And gloves. Alice's wearing white, and a wide straw hat with ribbon flopping down one side. Alice's carrying her gloves. I shouldn't think she'd even have 'em with her, such a hot day. Sally Cherry isn't dressed up more'n usual—just sort of straight, plain things, kind of a light tan shade. Adelaide's wearing the same sort of things, only she's got a scarf. They never do seem much dressed up. I s'pose they think being out o' the city, they don't have to dress up. But the Gildersleeves—they certainly do look as if they were going to a party."

"Maybe they were invited," Clarinda suggested. "Oh, dear, I wish I could see 'em."

"Well, I wish you could," agreed Lucinda. "I don't think they were invited, though as near as I can tell from here there's cups enough."

"Did you say Miss Jenney was there?" Clarinda now asked.

"She's handing the tea."

"Did you see if the Gildersleeves spoke to her?"

"I've been watching for that," Lucinda reported, with evident relish. "An' I couldn't make out that they did."

"Two of the Gildersleeve children were in her room at school last year," Clarinda remembered. "Do you suppose they didn't recognize her, in that cap an' all?"

"Recognize her—nothing!" Lucinda spoke sharply. "Could anybody mistake Josephine Jenney? She's far and away prettier than Alice Gildersleeve, who hinks herself a beauty. They don't intend to speak to her, being in the place of hired help now."

"She was hired when she was in the school," murmured Clarinda.

"Well, you know it's different now. When she put on that cap an' apron she must have known people like the Gildersleeves would cut her right off their list. I don't understand yet how she come to do it."

But Clarinda cared more for reports of what was taking place upon the lawn than for going over again the extraordinary unknown motives of Josephine Jen-

ney. At this moment she received an excited bulletin.

"My goodness, who's that driving up? He's getting out and coming in. I never saw him before!"

"What's he look like?"

"Looks like he was Governor of the State. Tall, an' straightbacked, an' awful good-looking light clothes. Little bit of gray over his ears, but he doesn't appear old. He's coming across the grass with his hat in his hand. Sally Cherry's going out to meet him—she's got both her hands out.... They're laughing and seeming terribly pleased. Even that lazy cousin of hers is getting up—must be somebody important, or she'd never stir herself. When it's young men, she don't move to greet 'em. Oh, Mis' Gildersleeve and Alice are pruning and primping to meet him—I can see 'em. Now they're all setting down again, the Governor or whoever he may be is sitting right by Sally. He could have set down by Mis' Gildersleeve or Alice—they made room enough on that high-backed bench they're sitting on. He just grabbed a chair and pulled it right around by Sally.... Now Miss Jenney's handing him tea, and bread and butter. I wonder what she thinks of all this.... Seems funny, Sally's husband going off on that long voyage, and her receiving so much comp'ny. That man isn't her brother or her cousin, I'll venture."

"I can hear 'em laughing," commented Clarinda wistfully. "Anyhow, I can hear the man—and I guess that sort of shrill one is Alice Gildersleeve."

"Yes, she's trying to join in. Trust Alice Gildersleeve for joining in when any man comes round. I notice she never gets one to stay by her very long."

"Maybe she laughs too shrill," suggested the invalid. Clarinda was gazing sympathetically at Lucinda. She hadn't so much minded not being married herself, but there was a sore place in her heart because the younger sister had had no chance. She considered Lucinda still attractive, and though her tongue was a trifle sharp in comments like this upon Alice Gildersleeve, Clarinda could hardly wonder. Alice was the village's most conspicuous young person, because the Gildersleeves had the most money. She was not quite what used to be known as the small-town "belle," because she hadn't enough good looks for that; but whatever she did was noted, and when she drove her small coupé up to the village shops and went in with her little air of importance, the clerks hastened to do her bidding. To please or not to please the Gildersleeves, individually or as a family, was, whether it knew it or not, one of Cherry Hill's chief concerns.

"Now what are they doing?" Clarinda asked again, when she had waited during what seemed to her a long interval of Lucinda's silence, while her sister continued to watch with avid gaze the proceedings upon the lawn below.

"Oh, nothing in particular, nothing you can describe," Lucinda answered,

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

#### Winning Christ

Conversation No. 2

"Winning Christ" means "that I may know him." In attempting to say just what is included in the ultimate purpose of the Christian life in *winning Christ*, it would be folly on our part to try and find the answer in our own thinking. As Paul has expressed himself so fully and distinctly, we will pursue the safer course and listen to that great Christian as he tells us that "winning Christ" means "that I may know him."

While the apostle was enumerating with a joyful heart all that he had sacrificed for Christ, he said he counted all his natural and inherited privileges and advantages but as loss "for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." *Winning Christ* meant for the apostle *knowing Christ*.

1. An intellectual knowledge of his life as recorded in the Gospels will not suffice to know him. Such knowledge of his life-record is to be prized. It is tragically true that one may have a correct knowledge of the contents of the Gospels without really knowing Christ. How many there must have been during his earthly life who knew him after the flesh, who had conversed with him and who ate and drank before him on their streets, but in reality they did not know him.

2. It will require on our part an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ to know him. This the Samaritans had, when after meeting the woman at the well, he remained for a few days in Sychar. As Mary sat at his feet listening to the revelations he was giving of himself she learned to know him better than her sister Martha. Many young people after leaving their parental home come in an hour of extremity to a place called Bethel and there like Jacob of old they learn to know Christ.

3. The Holy Spirit will be our greatest helper in learning to know Christ. The apostle Paul himself states that he learned to know Christ "when it pleased God to reveal his Son in him." He was laboring under misapprehensions of Christ, until he had this God-given revelation. Christ himself promised that the Holy Spirit would glorify him. It is only as we see Christ in the light shed upon him by the Holy Spirit that we can get true conceptions of him.

4. It is well to recognize with the greatest Christian Paul "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." How we are enriched by the knowledge we gain in this life. But what knowledge is comparable to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Knowing him is everlasting life.

5. Our knowledge of Christ will always be fragmentary and imperfect, but it

may and should be progressive. As long as we walk the pilgrim way, we will never know him completely. As we walk in intimate fellowship with him, each day will give us new revelations of his glory, until we stand in his presence and see him as he is.

#### Emmanuel Group, First Portland

These young people represent the Emmanuel group of the First Church, Portland, Oreg., Dr. J. Kratt, pastor.



Emmanuel Group, First Church, Portland, Oreg.

You wonder why the smiles? Notice the Banner and the secret is revealed.

Miss Emma Gaps (right of banner) was our worthy captain, and with five other groups to compete with this group excelled in points allotted by the Standard of Excellence and was awarded the efficiency banner by the society. Miss Gaps has decided to take over a different kind of group, namely: a husband and a home. So with Miss Evelyn Neubauer (left of banner) as our new captain, we hope to be able to keep the banner this year, although the other groups have made a splendid start toward winning it away from us.

#### Christmas in the Children's Home, St. Joseph

Another Christmas season has passed into history according to the calendar but it will be long before the memory of the joy and gladness it brought will pass away from the minds of the happy participants of the celebration in St. Joseph. Much preparation had been in progress for some time; letters written to Santa had been forwarded to headquarters; much uncertainty was being noticed as to whether the requests would be heeded or not and to all except the grown-ups time dragged on heavy wing.

There was a great "house-party" on during that weekend and "among those present" on Christmas Day were quite a number of out-of-town guests. Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Smith of Brookfield, Mass., parents of Missionary H. N. Smith of Burma, who were visiting their daughter-in-law and grandchildren and were soon known as grandpa and grandma to all, remained over for the great occasion.

Rev. O. E. Schultz of Wilmington, Del., also had four reasons for coming, Otto, Ruth, Carl and Walter Rauschenbusch, Mrs. Froom, mother of six-year-old Jane and that darling baby known as "Buddy" and then Mr. Johnson Kangyi of Rangoon, Burma, who kept his promise made in September to spend his holidays here. Several of the children who have in the course of the last year or two "graduated" from the Home were back in the family circle and a number of local visitors dropped in for the afternoon.

Christmas dinner was served to 48 and was all that could be desired in quality and quantity.

Mr. Kangyi furnished much enjoyment with his music both vocal and instrumental. A short devotional program was carried out at 4 o'clock, Mr. Schultz, Mr. Kangyi and the children taking part. Then Santa Claus came with his heavy pack and made a clever speech, referring to the letters he had received and giving here and there an explanation of why certain much desired articles had to be omitted, boxing gloves, for instance, and out-of-season rubber balls. Many things had been sent in ahead but all were given out by Santa at this time. It is understood that he has a great many helpers in all parts of the U. S. and all who left their names and addresses on parcels were supposed to have received letters. We hope most of them did and will those who did not hear from any of the children, please take this general mention as a "Thank you" to them?

Yes, it has certainly been a wonderful Christmas with many beautiful and practical gifts, some to the Home for all to enjoy and a number of fine gifts apiece to each child. In the way of good eats the friends from near and far have been very thoughtful. Florida and California, Kansas and North Dakota and many other states helped in the good work. Thanks are due to all.

And now in closing, "Let us not be weary in well doing...." for this Home keeps running the whole year round and needs your support and prayers in order to keep it what it is, the homiest Home of its kind in the world.

HULDA K. SMITH.

## Light and Shadow in the Present-Day Civilization

E. UMBACH

Whenever man learns to make his living in a new way a new civilization begins. When the roving tribes of the desert began to cultivate the soil and changed their nomad lives to agricultural pursuits they laid the foundation for a new civilization. When man began to build industries and manufactured goods for sale and started commerce another civilization arose. When the manufacture by hand gave way to the production by machinery civilization changed again. And the last stage of civilization was reached with the application of steam to machinery. All these changes were revolutionary in their effects. But the most marvellous and far-reaching consequence came with the introduction of machinery and the application of steam to machinery. We are still in the midst of the changes brought about by these two circumstances.

These changes have been very beneficial on the one side and very disastrous on the other side. That is the reason why I want to bring to the readers in this article the Light as well as the Shadow in our present-day civilization.

### 1. The Light and Bright Aspects of Our Present-Day Civilization

One of the things for which we surely have reason to be profoundly thankful is that, thanks to steam and machinery, we have solved the problem of production. Our facilities are such that we can produce easily everything that is needed by mankind. In former ages, in order to increase production it was necessary to increase the number of producers. But every new producer meant a new mouth to be fed. But with the introduction of steam that all became different. An increase in production from now on did not mean a corresponding increase in the number of producers but one man could produce henceforth as much as 10 or 50 or a hundred could formerly. It is perfectly correct, therefore, what Prince Kropotkin says: "Mankind has reached the point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of its wants." Underproduction may have been the problem of the past, overproduction is and will be the problem of the present and the future. We have solved the problem of production but we have not yet learned to solve the question of an adequate distribution. With the

#### Accelerated Power of Production

we have been enabled to bring comfort and cheer into the homes and lives of millions who formerly could not dream of them. I wonder if we realize what modern heating and lighting and plumbing alone means for our every-day life. What a difference and elegance of the furniture even in humble homes compared with that of the homes a hundred or two hundred years ago. What a change in the clothes that are worn by the ordinary man compared with the clothes of the working population two or three generations ago.

And then take the modern inventions. How have the phonograph and the radio added to the enjoyment of our home lives. There are things today which the mass of the common people possess and enjoy which were out of the reach of kings and emperors in past ages. One only needs to read over what Macauley says on "the conditions of every-day life in 1685" in his History of England to become aware of that fact. Certainly these are facts which we must reckon among the bright sides of our present-day civilization. And then, how much

#### More Leisure and Opportunities

to enjoy these added blessings of life have come to us through the introduction of steam and machinery. The working hours of the toilers have been steadily reduced. The eight-hour day has almost become the rule. Even industries like the steel industry, where it was once declared to be simply impossible to have it, have finally yielded under the influence of public and government pressure. What a better chance for the enjoyment of life and home and family that means to the worker!

We have, therefore, not only more things to take joy in but also much more time to enjoy them. The only trouble is that the great mass of people have not yet learned to make use of their greater leisure time in a way that they will derive real and lasting benefits from it. While to thousands, no doubt, it means the possibility and opportunity to a better education and higher culture, to hundreds of thousands of others it is only a chance for more amusement and pleasure.

Regrettable as that is, the deduction drawn from the latter fact by some religious people that the present generation is therefore morally inferior is surely just as wrong. Amusements have come more to the forefront in our day because the most prominent among them, like the movies, have come within reach of almost everyone and furthermore because the people of the present-day generation are not living under so hard conditions of life and under such constant environment of work as their ancestors. "A tired horse rarely runs away."

Another bright spot in modern civilization we touch when we see how our modern inventions and technical achievements and machine production has annihilated distance, and changed the whole world into a neighborhood. This globe of our has constantly shrunk in dimensions under the growing facilities of travel. And our world of knowledge has been constantly enlarged during this progress. Dr. Josiah Strong in his book "Our World" gives some very amusing and illuminating instances of our progress in the way of locomotion. He says: "The late William E. Dodge told me that his grandfather, a resident of New York City, once asked the prayers of his church as he was about to undertake 'the long and perilous journey' to Rochester." Dr. Strong then continues: "An English friend of mine on his westward way around the world was overtaken by a

business cablegram at Seattle. 'I concluded,' said he, 'that I would just take a run back to London to talk the matter over with my partners.' Now this 'run back to London,' including three thousand miles across the mountains, canyons, rivers and plains of a continent, plus three thousand more across the ocean, involved less of time, less discomfort, and less of actual danger than 'the long and perilous' journey from New York to Rochester. The one incident represented the beginning of the nineteenth century, the other that of the twentieth."

We cannot help but smile when we read a letter dated 1826, in which the school board of Lancaster, Ohio, refused to permit the use of the schoolhouse for a debate as to whether railroads were practical. It says there: "You are welcome to the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telephones are impossible and rank infidelity; there is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour, he would have clearly foretold it through his prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls to the bottomless pit." What would that schoolboard have said if it had heard of the Twentieth Century Limited or of Colonel Lindbergh?

How slow was passenger traffic in those days! Yes, how slow travelled even the news at the beginning of the last century. George Washington was buried two weeks before Boston ever heard of his departure. As late as 1828 it took a full month before the results of a national election were known in the Country. How different today when the results are known before the election day is over and when we in our papers can read at the breakfast table what happened in China and Africa and the rest of the world yesterday. Certainly we are world-citizens today, and it is a great world and a great age to live in!

But while we thus have reason to be grateful for the wonderful achievements and the light of our present-day civilization there are on the other hand dark and threatening clouds on the horizon of mankind, and we shall do well to turn our attention to them now.

### 2. The Dark Shadows in the Picture of Our Present-Day Civilization

The most serious thing in this respect is the undeniable fact that our moral and intellectual progress has not kept step with our material and technical achievements. We, here in America, have special reason to be alarmed. We have more prosperity and we have more crime. Our crime record is unparalleled in past history and out of proportion to that of any civilized country. It is simply appalling. There is a steadily growing disrespect for the laws of the land. There are more divorces in Christian America than in heathen Japan. More murders committed in Chicago in a year than in all the British Isles. If this keeps up where are we going to land? It is estimated that the material progress of the world

in the last century has been greater than that in the whole past history of mankind. Would to God, that we might say that of the moral and intellectual progress of humanity too! Moral failures in the world as it is today are a very much greater danger than in an age when life was less complex and inter-related. A moral lapse on the part of a leading statesman in Europe and the whole continent may be plunged into war. The dishonesty of a bank employee may affect thousands and cripple flourishing industries and plunge large numbers of people into unemployment. Increased responsibilities produce greater opportunities for mischief. In the face of present-day temptations we need men and women of stronger and nobler principles than ever. But confronted with one national scandal after the other from Tea Pot Dome to Sinclair-Fall oil scandal, and the venality of public offices we may well be disturbed and ask ourselves, how this all will end. Surely these are ominous dark clouds on the horizon of mankind today.

And no less threatening for the peace and welfare of mankind is the phenomenal and disproportionate growth of the city. In 1800 less than 4% of the inhabitants of the United States lived in cities; at the beginning of the twentieth century the percentage had grown to 33%. Today 51% of the people live in cities of 10,000 and over. In the year 1907 a man died in Chicago at the age of 85 years who had seen the city grow from about 100 people to more than two millions. It was the use of steam on machinery and the setting up of large industries that created the demand for workers in the city while farm machinery on the other hand decreased the demand for laborers on the farm. With the help of modern machinery on the farm one man today can do the work for which a dozen were needed a century ago. So the biggest migration the world has ever seen began. But it was accompanied by most dire consequences, because the conflux of people in the city brought on problems, many of which are still unsolved. I only need to mention a few of them, the housing problem, the racial problem, the school problem, the public health problem, the moral problem, etc. But the biggest of them is, no doubt, the political problem growing out of the preponderance of influence of the city population on our national affairs. The plague spot of our modern political life is the blatant mismanagement of our municipalities. For a long time the saloon was the undisputed master of the situation. It is still so in cities where the wet element is predominant. We are at present in the dark as to the best way how to govern our cities, therefore the many changes from aldermanic to commission form, from commission form to the city manager plan, etc. The great and serious question to be answered is this: What effect will the domination of the corrupt element in the cities have on our national government when the city definitely outvotes the country? Our democracy is doomed irrevocably if within

the present generation we do not learn the secret of governing our cities.

#### Another Dark Shadow

Another dark shadow over the bright light of modern civilization arises from the very ease of making a living. All human progress has been made under the spur of stern necessity. Wherever nature yields what man needs without any or only with very little effort, humanity degenerates. I was startled once, when I heard Prof. A. Binder of Columbia University make the assertion that slavery was a blessing in disguise because it made people work who would have sought the line of least resistance otherwise. But it does not take much reflection to see the truth of the statement. Human nature is lazy. Emerson once said: "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be." And some are very daring in that respect and will become still more daring the easier it will be to make their living. It has yet to be shown whether greater leisure is more of a blessing or a curse. History teaches that strong men and women were bred under the trying circumstances of adverse conditions and under the pressure of stern necessity. As pointed out before, the present craze for amusement is the direct consequence of easier living conditions. But an over-indulgence in amusements, the taste for luxury and luxurious living will soon lead to moral deterioration. Judges, educators, thinking people everywhere, are alarmed at the trend of things in this direction. Luxury, the danger of a few in the past, is rapidly becoming the danger of the many. And where it will lead to unless we are going to learn that our indulgence in pleasure must be counter-balanced by a strong sense of duty and loyalty to the high ideals of Christian service, nobody can foretell. But it may well wreck our whole social structure and moral fiber.

Still another dark cloud on the horizon of humanity can be detected in the very mastery we have attained in our scientific and technical progress. It has enabled us to make the forces of nature subject to our purposes, it has helped us to set up our wealth producing machinery and industrial establishments. It has given us control over land and sea and made the air and the oceans highways for our commercial progress. It has made possible for us the peaceful conquest of the earth for the welfare of mankind. But the last war has shown us how these scientific and technical achievements can also be turned into the creation of the most powerful instruments of destruction the world has ever known and to the employment of the most devilish devices of wholesale murder that the human mind could ever think of. Poison-gas warfare is the most frightful nightmare that ever disturbed the optimistic dreamers of a coming golden age of peace and good-will to men. We had a taste of what it can do in the World War. But the horrid, hellish possibilities of it have only become evident in the years after the war. Another war will involve all mankind if it comes and will mean the downfall of our present

civilization. There is only one avenue of escape from the impending doom, and that is: *There must be no more war. It must not come.* Anyone trying to keep up the war spirit, instilling it into the minds of the youth of our land, glorying in the achievements of war instead of the victories of peace is a traitor, a criminal, a fiend. Because if the so-called Christian nations could not wage war without recourse to the most hellish devices for wholesale destruction of the enemy, and are openly concerned about the extension of poison-warfare to combatants as well as non-combatants what shall this world of ours come to when the means of modern scientific and technical success will be in the hands of the heathen nations and will be used without any conscientious scruples whatsoever in the extermination of their enemies. "War is hell," Sherman has said. How near the brink of hell we have been several times since the World War every reader of current international events only too well knows.

I will close with pointing out the danger that arises to our religious life through the development of city preponderance. The great strength of Protestantism has always been in the country. So far Protestantism has been about twice as strong as Catholicism. Catholicism has its power in the big cities. With the disproportionate growth of the city the question naturally arises: Will the present strength of Protestantism survive? The other day the statement was circulated in the press of the country that the Protestant churches had lost 500,000 members in one year. I do not know whether that is correct. It has been disputed and the end of the controversy is not yet in sight. But it certainly must give us cause of reflection when we see how one after the other of Protestant churches give way in our down-town districts while Catholic churches not only stay but new ones are being built in the very fields abandoned by Protestantism. If that keeps on our religious situation may well be reversed in a not distant day. I think a consideration of this fact ought to stir us like nothing else. It ought to rouse us like the clarion call for a new crusade. It ought to help us in the endeavor to unite the forces of Protestantism not in creed so much but in action. Because it will be only by the exertion of all of our Protestant strength that we will save not only our democratic institutions but our religious and intellectual freedom as well.

We have seen much light and we have also seen much that is dark and threatening in our present-day civilization. We have reasons to rejoice for what we see on the one hand; and even stout hearts may often despair looking at the other side. But let us not forget that God still lives and after all it must come to pass what he proposes to do. But we are his instruments and must be willing to be used by him in his own way and for the realization of his eternal plans.

# Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

February 12, 1928

## Ideals for Choosing a Life-Partner

Prov. 31:10-31

Such a topic as this isn't discussed very often in a young people's devotional service. Perhaps a false modesty has kept young people from openly and frankly talking this matter over in a public meeting. Some will invariably smile and others will giggle as soon as the subject is mentioned, but that is no reason why it should be shunned entirely. The fact that the divorce rate throughout the land is increasing at an alarming rate proves that entirely too many marriages are entered into in a thoughtless and frivolous way. We all know young people who are unhappily married—perhaps they married in haste and repented in leisure—and we know that marriage can either make or mar the future of a young man or a young woman, and therefore the greatest care and caution should be exercised in choosing a life-partner.

In former years this was often done by the parents. They would choose either a wife for their son or a husband for their daughter without consulting the young people at all. Business and social advantages to be gained by the marriage were often the sole consideration. But in our day the young people have taken matters into their own hands, and they hardly ever think of consulting their parents.

Now, it is evident that no rules can be laid down that will apply to everybody and that will insure against every possible mistake. There are no two people alike, and therefore not everybody will fit together. First of all it should always be borne in mind that marriage is a partnership FOR LIFE, not merely a momentary thrill. Then secondly it must be remembered that *it is a partnership*, there are obligations on both sides, each must give and take. And above all it must not be forgotten that *marriage is a divine institution*. True marriages are still made in heaven.

In choosing a life-partner make your selection with regard to character. Other considerations such as age, ability, beauty, wealth, etc., are important, but not as vital as the questions regarding character. The person you marry should be sincere, faithful and devout, one whom you can respect and love. And in marriage there must be a mutual helpfulness, each must be interested in all that concerns the other. The Bible sums it all up in the question, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" (Amos 3:3.)

February 19, 1928

## Are the Teachings of Jesus Up-to-Date?

Matt. 7:24-29

Many young people regard the Bible as an old-fashioned book. It may have been all right for the people who lived in the "Middle Ages," but in this enlightened 20th Century we have passed far beyond the Bible. Why should we accept men as our teachers who lived thousands of years ago? Hasn't science made the most wonderful progress during the last few years, and doesn't that prove that we know more today than those men who wrote the Bible? And so such young people who are so conceited in their knowledge will brush the teachings of Jesus aside along with the Bible as being hopelessly out of date.

But are they really out of date? Is the Sermon on the Mount practicable? There are those who tell us that it is absolutely impossible to carry out the precepts of Jesus in our modern world. It is claimed for one thing that the meek will never inherit the earth, and that the policy of non-resistance is the height of folly. Who would ever think of turning the other cheek? And then that verse about loving your enemies is all wrong. And that so-called "Golden Rule" could never be practiced in our modern business world. In order to succeed a man must use the same cut-throat methods that others employ. And so many conclude that the teachings of Jesus, although very beautiful, are altogether impracticable in a work-a-day world.

Now it is true that this is a crooked and perverse world in which we are living, and also that but few people seriously try to practice what Jesus taught, but that doesn't prove that his teachings are out of date. The fact is that Jesus is still far ahead of us, we haven't even caught up with him, not to say anything of having passed him.

Any one who accepts the teachings of Jesus and tries to apply them to his own life is building on the rock. You can implicitly trust every word our Master has spoken. It would be easier to upset the rock of Gibraltar than to destroy a single word of Jesus. He who regards the teachings of Jesus out of date is building on the sand and will miserably perish in the storms of life and death that are sure to come.

February 26, 1928

## How Much Does the World Want Christ?

Acts 16:8-15; 17:32-34

We take it that this topic means how much does the world need Christ? We sometimes need a thing and need it badly even though we have no desire for it. Some boys don't care to go to school, but

that doesn't mean that they don't need an education. Others don't care to work, but from that we are not to conclude that they don't need to work. And some people never think of asking for advice, but that doesn't prove that they already know everything.

The world isn't exactly clamoring for Christ. The people don't crowd into the churches in vast multitudes, some can hardly be dragged to church with a team of oxen. But that doesn't mean that they don't need the church. The world isn't running after Jesus Christ. Most people must first of all be made to see their need of Christ, they are spiritually blind and unable to see that they cannot live without Christ.

God always anticipates our needs. He prepares to meet our need even before our need has arisen. Paul saw in his vision a man of Macedonia calling him, saying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us!" But when he got there he found no one waiting for him, there were no crowds eager to hear his message. He found just a few women ready to listen to his Gospel. And when Paul went to Athens and tried to proclaim Jesus to the cultured Athenians, they just laughed at him. A few believed, but the greater number thought his message ridiculous.

Paul preached Christ and him crucified, but to the Jews it was a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness. But they needed Christ just the same, and they perished because they didn't accept him. The world needs Christ today as much as ever before. "There is salvation in none other." Each one needs Christ as his personal Savior, and the world as a whole needs Christ for no one else can lead it out of anarchy and chaos into a state of peace and freedom. Are we doing our part to give Christ to the world?

March 4, 1928

## What Is It in Jesus That Attracts Young People?

John 12:20-32

(Consecration Meeting)

We must never for a moment imagine that religion is only for old people who are about ready to die. If it's good to die by, it's also good to live by. Simeon was a very old man and could say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace" (Luke 2:29). But if we are to depart or die in peace, we must first of all live in peace. Young people realize this as well as old people.

It was a rather old man who originally prayed, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom" (Ps. 90:12). But then it's really useless for old people to offer that prayer because their life has already been spent, they have no more days to number.

February 1, 1928

Young people, however, who still stand at the threshold of life, have every reason to number their days, that is to make the very best possible use of every fleeting moment. Young people have no time to waste.

And there are everywhere large numbers of young people who want to live the very best possible life, and therefore they are sincerely following Christ. There are a few young people here and there that become "thrill bandits," but they are the exceptions, not the rule. On the whole young people are as seriously minded today as they ever were. The apostles were largely young men when Christ called them. Paul was still a young man when he was converted, and Timothy was perhaps the most youthful of all the New Testament workers. And today there are thousands of young people in our churches, and there are great movements among the young people, they often have greater conventions than the regular representatives of our churches.

Now, just what is it in Jesus that attracts all of the young people? Isn't it because young people instinctively feel that Jesus is worthy of their best? He can give them peace of heart and challenge them to a life of highest service. Young people are eager, enthusiastic and can hardly wait until they go into the thick of the fight. Young people want to be active, they believe the world can be redeemed, and that Jesus can lead them to victory.

The Greeks who sought Jesus in our Scripture lesson were no doubt young men. They felt that Jesus could answer their questions, satisfy the longing of their hearts and that in his service they could invest their lives. What has attracted you to Jesus?

## A Gentle Hint to Bible Classes

If you have your picture "took" All of us would like a look; Send a snapshot good and clear, Then some day you'll find it here.

## Nelson's Demand

There is a good story of a captured French officer who offered to the victorious Admiral Nelson his hand after his ship had been taken by the English. "First give me your sword," said Nelson in a tone courteous but firm.

And the good point has been made by a wise preacher that we must be willing to give up sin when we come to Jesus for salvation.

In other words, we must surrender to Christ before we can enter into fellowship with Christ.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bacon: "Did you hear those measly roosters crowing this morning early?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Yes, dear."

Mr. Bacon: "I wonder what on earth they want to do that for?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Why, don't you remember, dear, you got up one morning early, and you crowed about it for a week."—The Watchword.

## A Quiet Talk with God Each Day.

### Bible Readers' Course

Feb. 6-12. *Being a Good Neighbor.* Luke 10:25-27

Feb. 6. *A Good Neighbor.* Luke 10:25-27.

" 7. *Real Neighbors.* Lev. 19:9-18.

" 8. *Being Neighborly.* Rom. 13:8-10.

" 9. *Peaceful Neighbors.* Eph. 4:25-32.

" 10. *Happy Neighbors.* Ps. 133.

" 11. *Neighborly Fellowship.* Luke 7:2-10.

" 12. *Law and Order.* Rom. 13:8-10.

Feb. 13-19. *Honoring the Home.* Ps. 128:1-6.

Feb. 13. *God and the Family.* Gen. 1:27, 28.

" 14. *The Sacredness of Marriage.* Gen. 2:18-24.

" 15. *Beginning a Home.* Gen. 24:57-67.

" 16. *The Evil of Divorce.* Matt. 19:3-9.

" 17. *The Ideal Home.* Col. 3:14-25.

" 18. *The Song of the Happy Home-BUILDER.* Ps. 127:1-5.

" 19. *Religion and the Home.* Ps. 128:1-6.

Feb. 20-26. *Helping the Unfortunate.* Matt. 11:2-6.

Feb. 20. *A Proof of the Christ.* Matt. 11:2-6.

" 21. *A Proof of Christianity.* Jas. 1:22-27.

" 22. *A Proof of Character.* Deut. 15:7-11.

" 23. *Compassion for the Poor.* Matt. 18:28-33.

" 24. *Consideration for Others.* Rom. 14:12-21.

" 25. *Patience with Prejudice.* 1 Cor. 10:28-33.

" 26. *The Supreme Law of Life.* 1 Cor. 13:1-13.

Feb. 27-March 4. *Why Should We Study Missions?* Mark 16:15-18.

Feb. 27. *The Heroism of Missions.* Mark 16:15-18.

" 28. *An Imperative Call.* Jonah 1:1-3.

" 29. *The Missionary's Law.* Jonah 3:1-4.

March 1. *A Missionary Triumph.* Jonah 3:5-10.

March 2. *The Missionary's Message.* Isa. 52:7-10.

" 3. *The Missionary's Task.* Isa. 11:1-9.

" 4. *A Missionary Prayer.* Ps. 67:1-7.

Pray:

"O Master, let me walk with thee In lowly paths of service free; Tell me thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care."

Lord Jesus, as thou didst love me and give thyself up for me, kindly within my soul such a love for others that I may rejoice daily to pour out my life for them.

## Young People's Society of Beulah, N. D.

Beulah has a live B. Y. P. U. We are truly thankful for such splendid young people. Every fourth Sunday evening is given over for a program in the church and so far, it always brought a great blessing with it. Our president, Jacob Fuhrmann, left us Jan. 2. for Chicago to attend the Moody Bible School. He is a consecrated soul. Two years ago in our revival meetings he sought and found the Lord and since then he proved himself a worthy Christian young man. Let all who read this pray for him.

A week ago we gathered together for a farewell meeting to him as a young people's society. The evening was spent in singing some glorious hymns. Then different addresses followed. We all felt there was a deep cordial unity and a real estimation of such a humble leader who was about to leave us. And as he read the 14th chapter of St. John and led in prayer, the power of the Lord's presence melted our hearts. We served some refreshments and rejoiced together as a young people's society for such rich blessings from the Presence of God as to call out from among us workers for his vineyard. Although it was intensely cold and the young folks live far away yet they counted it a privilege to be present and take part in person.

We ask an interest in the prayers of the "Baptist Herald" family. May our young people grow in grace and in the further knowledge of our Lord and Savior Christ Jesus! is our prayer.

In his glad service,

REV. AND MRS. FRED TRAUTNER.

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## Goals for Our Sunday Schools Giving

(Continued from Page 7)

sorely in need of suitable equipment and have not the funds to acquire it. On that day let a special offering be taken which can be used to procure such equipment as is needed.

Proportionate, Perspective and Progressive

Training in giving in the Sunday school must show that giving to be Christian must be *proportionate*.

Train the scholars to seek such a knowledge of the world and the church and of the enterprises of the kingdom as will lead them to become intelligent givers. Giving must have *perspective*. Some causes are poorly supported while others are helped beyond their deserving.

Train the scholars to give with *progression*. Giving must keep step with income, with increased ability to give. As they grow older and earn more, their giving to God should increase,—they should "put away childish things." Some people began their giving on a penny basis and have never outgrown the habit.

The Christian religion is based on an act of giving. "God so loved the world that he gave." Love is Christianity in action. If we learn to love the Lord in the Sunday school, we must also manifest the grace of giving. Let us keep in view this goal and measure the success of our teaching by the measure in which our scholars grow in the virtue of giving.

## Cherry Square

(Continued from Page 10)

with an impatient sigh which meant that it was tiresome always to have to tell everything to the invalid. Nevertheless, she meant to do it, and really understood, as fully as it is possible for the well to understand the ill, how much the most trivial incident means in a life as empty of interest as a blank wall. "They're just setting and talking, and the tall man sticks by Sally, and the other one tries to be polite to everybody, and Alice Gildersleeve keeps watching the tall man—and I don't think he knows anybody's there except Sally Chase. I declare, I don't see how Sally keeps looking so much like a girl. She must be all of thirty-two or three. It's that light hair of hers, I suppose. And I guess more'n likely she paints—so much color couldn't be natural."

"Paints! A minister's wife!" Clarinda's tone was horrified. "Oh, no, Lucy—she couldn't! Why, they wouldn't have her in the church!"

"City churches are different," averred Lucinda wisely. "They have all kinds of doings we wouldn't countenance here. I guess a church that lets its young people dance—has a place for 'em to dance in—wouldn't think so much of its minister's wife painting her face. Maybe she don't—I can tell when I go to see her. I'm going to go tomorrow. If she's

## How do you like the new Song Book?

Since this new book, "Selected Gospel Songs," has been announced many orders for single copies have been received, in fact they are pouring in each day and it is evident that great interest has been aroused.

Sunday schools and churches are also ordering it by the hundred, so that by this time, within the space of a few weeks, very many have had the opportunity of determining its real value.

The Publication Society should like to have your reaction with the privilege of publishing your commendation. Please, therefore let us know briefly what you think of the book.

"Ausgewählte Lieder"—"Selected Gospel Songs"—is published in cloth at 55 cts. each postpaid, \$45.00 per hundred plus carriage charges; in manilla at 35 cts. each and \$30.00 per hundred.

It looks as though the first edition will be promptly sold out.

GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY

going to have tea parties right under our windows, it's time she knew we're neighbors."

"We'll seem just a couple of old women to her," sighed Clarinda. "But I do think—and our living next door to Miss Eldora Cherry all the days of her life..."

But Lucinda wasn't listening. Her gaze was fixed upon the amazing thing which was happening upon the lawn. Sally Chase and the tall man who looked like the Governor of the State had risen and were walking slowly across the lawn, not toward the gate, outside which his expensive motor with its liveried chauffeur stood waiting, but toward the house. A moment afterward the pair disappeared through the French window which opened upon the rear porch, leaving, as Lucinda Hunt's shocked eyes noted, the other guests alone by the tea table. To be sure, Adelaide Sturgis, Sally's cousin, was still there to do the honors. But—should a hostess leave her guests for a moment, unless upon an

## Christmas Social at First, St. Paul

With magnificent disregard for Mother Nature's usual way of doing things, a Christmas tree grew bright red cherries which blossomed into "the best time we ever had"—so said the young people of the First Church, St. Paul, Minn., after the Christmas social held in the parsonage on December 27, 1927.

Each one who came brought a wrapped package containing some article worth ten cents, which were smuggled away and numbered. The party began with the singing of carols and hymns, followed by rounds. These last caused much merriment in the sometimes unsuccessful attempts to be harmonious all the way through. Then came the "cherry picking." A small Christmas tree covered with cherries made of tissue paper and each containing a numbered slip, became the center of attraction. These cherries were "picked" for ten cents a piece, and the purchaser received a package bearing a number corresponding to the one in the cherry. The merry scramble for cherries was no less enjoyed than the opening of the packages, and all were pleased with the useful and beautiful articles received. When the tree was finally bare, there were a few packages left, some having brought more than one. Those were auctioned off, with the pastor, Rev. Kruse, as auctioneer. The mysterious packages suddenly took on special value, and were swiftly disposed of, bringing amounts up to 45 cents. The proceeds of the cherries defrayed the expense of the party and added a bit to the fund the B. Y. P. U. is raising for some improvements. After all the articles had been adequately exclaimed over, the young folks turned their whole-souled attention to games.

The refreshments were prefaced by a friendly talk by our pastor, which encouraged us to work together as wholeheartedly as we had played together that evening. And that result, as it develops through the year, will be the best part of this "best party."

F. L. KRUSE, Reporter.

errand to provide more food and drink? And Jo Jenney was at hand for that.

"What's the matter? What's happened?" cried old Clarinda from her bed.

"Sally Chase and that tall man have gone into the house and left the rest," was Lucinda's testimony to an atrocity.

"For pity's sake!" breathed Clarinda.

(To be continued)

## Time No Object

Proud Mother: "Claude has learned to play the piano in no time."

Professor: "Yes, he's playing just like that now."—Junior Christian Endeavor World.

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"How are you getting on at school, Alice?"

"Fine! We're learning words of four cylinders now."—American Boy.