

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Six

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Number Four



Young Men's Bible Class  
Immanuel Church, Milwaukee, Wis.  
E. C. Quade, Teacher

## What's Happening

Rev. J. P. Klahsen has become pastor on the extended field of the Craigmyle, Alta., church and began his work Dec. 1, 1927. He will make his home in Lethbridge, Alta.

Count Stephen Bethlen, the prime minister of Hungary, was recently installed as a ruling elder of one of the Reformed Churches of Budapest. Admiral Horthy, the regent of Hungary, is also a Protestant.

The Iowa Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union will meet with the B. Y. P. U. of the German Baptist Church of Baileyville, Ill., Rev. V. Wolff, pastor, on June 19-21, 1928, if not in conflict with the speakers of those dates. LUELLA D. WALL, Sec.

The church at Lorraine, Kans., will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, the Lord willing, June 10-12, 1928. This preliminary notice is now given, so that any former members planning a vacation may consider visiting Lorraine at that time. All former members are cordially invited to attend. A more formal invitation will appear later.

As a result of two weeks of protracted meetings in the church at Anaheim, Cal., Rev. O. R. Schroeder, pastor, a glorious revival and awakening was given by the Lord and 14 young people confess to having found peace in the Lord. Prayermeetings were also held in the afternoon and children's meetings preceded the regular evening meetings. The church has been revived.

The 16th Anniversary of the United Unions of Christian Youth (Verband Christlicher Jugendbündler) of Germany was held Dec. 3-5 in Breslau. The main topics under discussion were "The Attitude of Christian Young People to the World" and "The Old Testament as a Source of Christian Instruction for the Young." This United Union comprises the Christian Endeavor Societies of Germany and the denominational Unions of the Baptists, Methodists, Mennonites, Free Evangelical Church and the Evangelical Association with a total membership of about 80,000.

The fine picture on the front page of the "Herald" acquaints our readers with the Young Men's Bible Class of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee,

Wis., Rev. G. H. Schneck, pastor. The officers of the class are Elmer W. Lentz, pres.; Geo. T. Neubauer, vice-pres.; Alfred Schultz, sec'y.; Eugene Umgelter, treas. Mr. Emil C. Quade, our Council member from the Northwestern Conference, is the teacher of the class. The present study course is "Studies in the New Testament" by Robertson. Beside the Sunday meeting for study, there is a monthly gathering for business and social activities. The enrollment is 30 members. A fine spirit of fellowship and harmony prevails. One of the ideals of the class is to lend a helping hand wherever opportunity challenges. The class has put out a church directory, gives Christmas baskets each year and is now preparing to hold a Mock Trial. It was organized in September, 1926.

### Annual Meeting of the Baraca Class, Anaheim, Cal.

The Baraca Class of the Anaheim Church, having a membership of 35, has its meetings quarterly. At each of these meetings an interesting and instructing program is carried out and refreshments served by members of the class. At the annual meeting, however, the members of the class and their wives are the guests of their teacher, Rev. O. R. Schroeder.

The third annual meeting of the class was held in the social room of the new church on the evening of Dec. 27, 1927. After a few introductory remarks by the president of the class, Dan Marschall, the election of officers took place. The following officers were elected: Carl Remland, president; Dan Marschall, vice-president; R. J. Quast, secretary and treasurer; Herm. Strandt, assistant secretary and treasurer; Herm. Remland, Harry Urbigkeit and Herm. Strandt, class committee. After the election, a very interesting program was enjoyed by all and refreshments served. The social room was decorated in accordance with the Christmas season and old familiar Christmas carols were sung in the light of the Christmas tree.

At the close, the retiring president presented the new president, who then gave to the class the challenge for the ensuing year. All who were present felt, it was a worth while evening in which the spirit of Christian fellowship was expressed and a new interest in our Sunday school created. The desire of the class is, to learn to do good.

(A class picture arrived in too damaged a condition to have a cut made. We expect to receive another and to publish the class picture later.—Editor.)

### A Live Booster Promotes the "Herald"

We Advertise

Our booster is alive! Lydia Tilgner, the booster of the "Herald" for the First Baptist Church of Portland, Oreg., whose peppy articles you have seen signed by a demure "L. T.," has taught us that the "Baptist Herald" is indispensable in the home of every live German Baptist church member.

She sponsored a program given by the L. L. L. group of the Young People's Society, January 15, in which the many merits of the "Baptist Herald" were displayed. A short history of the "Baptist Herald," a survey of its contents, the nature of materials used, and a representative reading from each of the departments were included in the program.

Those participating were Walter Neubert, Grace Meier, Gertrude Geltz, Eleanor Fimmel, Martha Pfaff, Adeline Heisler, Marguerite Wardin, Elsie Weisser, Melvin Becker, Robert Schiel and Adeline Seidel.

This program has made us realize just how much our "Herald" contains, how privileged we are to have such a paper, and how much we are missing when we fail to subscribe. MARTHA PFAFF.

Peace is worth while, not for itself alone, but because it involves all other worthwhile things.

Never hesitate to imitate what is good. The progress of the world has come from such imitation.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

## Our Next General Conference

WITH 1928, we have entered into the year when our General Conference meets again. The approaching Conference, which is to meet in Chicago, looms up largely before all who are interested in our denominational work. The Conference, which will convene in Chicago in the last week of August, will consider many vital problems connected with our general work that are of supreme importance to our future.

A number of important questions demanding urgent answer caused the convening of members of the Conference program committee living adjacent to Chicago, representatives of the co-operating organizations of the General Conference and the pastors of Chicago and vicinity in the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, on Jan. 24. About 25 representatives were present and Rev. F. Kaiser of Detroit, chairman of the program committee for the next General Conference, presided over the all-day session.

Rev. H. C. Baum reported that the Moody Institute and Church, in which it was proposed to hold the Conference this year as it was held 9 years ago, was not available on account of the widening of La Salle St., Chicago, which would affect the buildings of the Moody Institute at that time. A number of other places and churches had been offered and these were described. It was finally voted to recommend to the Chicago churches to accept the generous offer of the trustees of the First Congregational Church on Ashland Ave. and Washington Blvd. and to hold the sessions of the Conference there. This edifice has an auditorium, seating 2500 persons, and possesses many other rooms, suitable for committee meetings as well as many other conveniences. It is well located as far as transportation is concerned, and Union Park, which the church faces, makes a pleasant sauntering place inbetween sessions. Many restaurants are conveniently located nearby.

General Secretary Wm. Kuhn advocated the holding of a Pre-Conference for the prayerful consideration of our problems and needs and for a deepening of our spiritual life. We need to get right with God. This matter was freely and frankly discussed and the committee present then went on record as favoring the idea of a Pre-Conference. The pastors of Chicago are to take this matter in hand and to confer and co-operate with the program committee, so that the Pre-Conference can be arranged and carried out under this united auspices. The Pre-Conference would be held on Sunday-Monday, Aug. 26-27.

It was voted to recommend to all our local con-

ferences to arrange for some special service or prayer-period on their program during which intercession and supplication is to be offered for the General Conference.

The committee adopted the new two-language hymn-book, "Ausgewählte Lieder" (Selected Gospel Songs) as the official song book of the Conference.

It was decided to set a registration fee of \$1.25 for everybody, delegates and visitors alike. This will also include a copy of the official song book to all who register. This registration fee will be devoted toward defraying necessary expenses connected with the conference, such as rental of church, etc. The publication of a souvenir program by the local churches was discouraged. The publication of a practical pocket-form program for the conference was advocated.

The chairman of the program committee, Rev. Frank Kaiser, stressed the thought of building up a program with underlying unity, yet with more variety than usual. More is to be made of the devotional period daily, perhaps a series of daily devotional addresses given at noon by one of our strong men. Co-operation between the sub-committees on program from the various constituent societies and the Conference program committee is required to prevent overlapping, repetition of the same speakers and to bring about unity and success. One strong address for the evening meetings, rather than two, was recommended. The program committee is to set up the underlying thought of the program in some pregnant motto or slogan.

The suggestion was made to visualize the various departments of our general work, such as missionary, education, publication, benevolent and young people's, by means of motion pictures (which our general workers are to take themselves) and that these be shown at the beginning of the evening services. The committee expressed itself as in sympathy with this idea, after having witnessed a demonstration of the machine and the type of pictures proposed. Details as to the particular time to be devoted to the showings is to be left to the program committee.

It was proposed to wind up the sessions of the General Conference with a great united Communion service on Sunday night, the closing session. Testimony was made to the impressiveness and spiritual power of similar celebrations in other bodies and reference was made to the fact that this was done by our German Baptist fathers in earlier conference days.

Rev. Wm. Kuhn was appointed to be transportation agent in dealing with railroads for special cars and rates from various points. Mr. H. P. Donner

and A. P. Mihm were appointed as a special publicity committee regarding the Conference for our denominational papers.

These are some of the practical results of this important all-day conference by this representative committee of men intimately in touch with our denominational affairs and life. May the program committee entrusted to set up the schedule of business, the topics of discussion and to animate and enthuse all with a strong and attractive program, be guided with unusual wisdom from on high! Let us pray for our next General Conference.

### Editorial Jottings

THE LEADING ARTICLE in this number on "Money: Its Nature and Powers," by Rev. A. F. Schauffler, has been placed at our disposal by Rev. C. A. Daniel. It deserves careful reading on the part of our young folks.

OUR NEW TWO-LANGUAGE SONG BOOK is rapidly winning favor in many quarters and orders from churches, Sunday schools, young people's societies and individuals are coming in in most encouraging manner, according to statements by Mr. H. P. Donner, our publication manager. If you have not yet ordered or examined "Selected Gospel Songs" (Ausgewählte Lieder) you have missed a good thing. Better procure your copies before the first edition is exhausted.

MISSIONARY GEO. J. GEIS, whose spirit-stirring article appears on another page, writes in a personal note to the editor, that he has never seen such an interest and awakening among the Kachins. Recently fifty of the Christian men gathered on the missionary's veranda to consult about the work. "If we had the workers to put into the field, a big harvest would be the result. In the so-called 'Triangle' where Government released about 3000 slaves last year and is at it again since the first of December, a number of parties, two and two each, will visit this virgin soil and for the first time preach the glad tidings of freedom through our Lord Jesus Christ."

### Money: Its Nature and Powers

REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D. D.

THE wise man says, "Money answereth all things," and he never said a wiser thing than that. I am not going to give any definition as to what money is from the standpoint of the political economist. I have a definition of my own that helps me, and perhaps may help you, to understand a little of the importance and blessedness of money. My definition of money for my purpose is simply this:

#### Money Is Myself

I am a laboring man, we will say, and can handle a pick-ax, and I hire myself out for a week at \$2 a day. At the close of the week I get \$12 and put it in my pocket. What is that \$12? It is a week's worth of my muscle put into greenbacks and pocketed; that is, I have got a week's worth of myself in

my pocket. Or, I am a clerk and I hire myself out, being an intelligent and capable clerk, at \$20 a week. Saturday comes and I get my pay; and when I put that in my pocket, I pocket a week's worth of myself as clerk. Or I am a merchant and have larger affairs. I have the handling of many clerks and require a higher power than that of the ordinary man. At the end of a week I strike my balance sheet and I find I am to the good \$1,000. That is the week's worth of the merchant, a higher grade of intelligence. But my name is Edison, and I toil with a brain of extraordinary power, and I complete an invention, and at the end of the week I sell the invention for \$50,000 and pocket the check. That is a week's worth of the highest inventive brain that there is. But it is all the same anyway. The muscle man, the mind man, the genius when he gets his money, is really getting the result of his own labor in the shape of cash.

Now the moment you understand this you begin to understand that money in your pocket is not merely silver and gold, but it is something human, something that is instinct with power because it represents money expended. (If you are not earning any money of your own, and your father is supporting you, then you are carrying that much of your father around in your pocket.) Now, money is like electricity; it is stored power, and it is only a question as to where that power is to be loosed. I have my tremendous batteries and storage power and say to myself: "Here is this enormous potentiality stored up, doing nothing but capable of marvels. What shall I do with it? I want to illuminate my house, and so make my attachments, turn on the buttons and my house is lighted. Perhaps I want to run a sewing machine or a pump. I change my attachments again, and from the same storage battery run my little machinery in my house. My desire is now changed, and I want intercommunication. I change the attachments and have my telegraph and telephone. I have got a tremendous crick in my neck, and the doctor says electricity will cure it. I change my attachments again, get my wet sponge and rub the cords of my neck, and electricity is imparted and the pain disappears. Here is a man who is guilty of murder and has been tried, convicted and sentenced to death, and I want to kill him. I set him in the chair, put on the bands, touch the button and he is dead. What a marvel, what a marvel, I say is this storage battery for illumination, for intercommunication, for therapeutics, for death. The button governs the whole because it is the governor of a storage power.

#### Money Is Stored Power

It can do nothing simply as stored power; it should be stored that it may be loosed again. How shall it be loosed? That is the only question. Now, the young clerk who has got \$20 as the result of his week's wages, if he is wise, says: "I have got a week's worth of myself in my pocket; how shall I loose it?" One young man, being rather of an intellectual type of mind, goes up to the Young Men's Christian Association, buys a season ticket and

looses that much of himself into the educational courses of the Association. That is he is pouring his power back into his brain. That is good.

Another young man has a mother up in the country, who has toiled for him when he was a boy, and she is now a widow and poor. Saturday night he writes to her and says: "I remember how you toiled and sacrificed for me when I was a boy. Enclosed you will find a ten dollar bill. Please use it for some extra comforts for yourself."

He is pouring a half week's worth of himself back into his mother's lap. Blessed be that boy who thus looses himself in his old home while he is toiling in New York, Chicago, Montreal or New Orleans. Another young man hears of the tremendous reduction in Foreign missionary work, by reason of the decreased liberality of the church at home, and he hears of some teacher in India or colporteur in China who can be kept up in his work by a moderate gift. He makes up his mind that he would like to loose a week's worth of himself in China. He will never go to China but by this use of money he can transplant a week's or a year's worth of himself to China and loose it there for the Kingdom of God. So he sends his money to the Missionary Board. And another young man may come home with a week's worth of himself in his pocket and he goes out and on Saturday night in drinking and gambling and pool playing, looses a week's worth of himself to kill himself. He is committing suicide with the stored power that he has got. Aye; there are more suicides than those who use pistols, poison and knife. There are those who are morally committing suicide, and they do it because they have stored power, self-power behind them, directed against their own heart, conscience and life.

Now, if what I have said be true, you begin to see what a change comes over our view of money as we put our hands in our pockets and feel what there is there; it is your power. And where are you going to use that power? That is the only question. It is a very serious question indeed, because with the Divine blessing on it power that we store and then loose, there may come such results that may cause us to marvel here and to praise God through all eternity. There are ways and ways of loosing financial force. It is startling sometimes to go behind the surface of things.

#### Two Coffins

The first man in New York State who was executed by electricity was a man by the name of Kemmler. He had murdered his wife. They tracked him and tried him. The case went finally to the Court of Appeals, and at last the end came. Kemmler was condemned, sentenced, and sat in the chair; the button was pressed and Kemmler was dead. I had investigations made to find out how much the cost was to the State of New York from the beginning of that business until the day the button was pressed. All told figuring carefully, the cost was \$100,000. At the beginning of that business a dead woman, Kemmler's wife; at the other end a dead

man. Two coffins, one at the beginning and one at the end, and between those two \$100,000 of State money spent—my money, your money, the taxpayer's money—and at the inception and the completion of it two coffins; pretty expensive justice. It is the most expensive thing I know of—pure unmitigated justice. It is terrific.

Some years ago there came to New York a young man, who shall be nameless but I personally know him. His sister had been ruined in California by a young fellow and on her death-bed she said to her brother: "He ruined me. You follow him. You kill him." And she died. He came on to New York ready to kill the betrayer of his sister. One of our missionaries was preaching on the corner of the Bowery and Broome Street and this young man came along in that great Mississippi River of human flotsam and jetsam and stood and listened. He was touched by God's grace through the words of the missionary. He followed the missionary down to the church, and to make a long story short, he was converted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. I never tell a story of conversion, my brothers, until years have proved it. I never tell about a man converted yesterday. Let him run a year and then I will talk about him. This was some seven years ago. When the missionary first began to talk to him he said: "It's no use. Dear me, there is the pistol, and I will do it."

#### That Pistol Never Went Off

and the betrayer of that man's sister never was killed. There was not a coffin at the beginning and the end of this transaction. As soon as he was converted he went over to Germany to complete his education, because he was not a bum, but was an intelligent and well-to-do young man. From Germany he wrote that he had in Berlin started a little mission, where he said, "I am trying to do for others what was done for me at the corner of the Bowery and Broome Street."

(To be continued)

#### What Counts

It isn't whether you win or not,  
But whether you make a try;  
It isn't the victory counts the most,  
But whether your aim was high.

The effort counts as much in the end,  
If all its purpose was fine,  
As ever the mightiest triumph won.  
The will to do is divine.

God sets his bravest and his best  
Where battles must be won;  
God never bids a soldier rest  
Until his work is done.

—Selected.

### Little Things

It's the little things you do,  
That makes it bright each day;  
It's the little acts of kindness  
That smooths the hard rough way.

It may be only a flower,  
It may be only a look;  
It may be that you smiled first,  
It may be only a book.

But no matter how tiny it seems  
The kindness makes it swell,  
Yes, it's just the little things  
That are always sure to tell.

L. S. Andrews.

### Bethany, Kans., Still On the Map

Dear "Herald!" We wish to send in some good news to add to your columns. We here at Bethany are still on the map. We are striving as best we can to do the Lord's work here. The year 1927 has brought us many blessings, material and spiritual, for which we feel profoundly thankful.

Late in the fall we had Brother and Sister Lippard with us. They were a blessing to our church and Sunday school. A nice number of our scholars took a stand on the Lord's side. The pastor organized them into a class to indoctrinate them before receiving them into the church. Are using Bro. Draewell's "The Shortest Catechism."

Our Sunday school had a fine program Christmas, the scholars all did well and were all well treated. The pastor and wife were kindly remembered by the church and given a fine Reed Rocker, most easy chair for a minister. Hope he will not get lazy.

Our young people have taken up the first of the year an Old Testament Bible study with much interest. written by our Bro. Draewell.

Our young people gave a Cantata Thursday night of the old year, that was well received by a full house. We are pressing onward in every good work.

G. O. HEIDE.

### A Good New Years Program

Our pastor, Bro. Kratt, complimented the young folks on their New Year's program. He said with the spirit of soul winning the young people will accomplish much in the year 1928. Living more for Christ and giving thanks for the many blessings in the past year was expressed in song and recitation. We enjoyed the two numbers from the Harmonic Glee Club, a chorus of young men, H. Bertuleit, director. Our undivided attention was given over to a story which was read by Albert Wardin. The story told of a young girl who had left home and after many years of riotous living wandered into a revival meeting, was converted and immediately returned home to her parents. Oh, that many young people would turn their backs on the world and its pleasures and follow the path that leads to heaven and home!

L. T.

### Philathea Class, Second Church, Philadelphia

The Philathea Class of the Second German Baptist Church of Philadelphia celebrated its anniversary this year again with a Mother and Daughters meeting. The meeting was held at the home of a former president of the class, Mrs. E. Schairer, and was a huge success. The program of the evening consisted of a German dialog, vocal duets and piano duets, a recitation, etc. The dialog, given by the teacher and 3 members of the class, was well given and amused the mothers as well as the other members of the class.

The hostess spent much time and effort to make the evening a most enjoyable one. Although 30 were present at this meeting, arrangements were made to seat all at one table and at one time, where coffee, cake, candy and fruit were served. While seated at the table, each mother was presented by the hostess with a white carnation to which was tied a card containing a Bible verse. The card was tied to the flower with blue and white ribbons—the class colors. And *co another year has passed for the Philathea Girls.*

At Christmas time we made the following distributions: 4 plants to shut-ins; 3 boxes of fruit to invalids; 480 candy canes to Home for Indigents, Philadelphia; 4 money donations amounting to \$17; 1 leather hand-bag containing a five dollar gold piece for a missionary. In addition to this, the class contributed \$22 toward the White Gift Christmas Entertainment given by the Sunday school on Christmas Day, which money was turned over to the Home for the Aged in Philadelphia.

The Lord has blessed the class in many ways during the past year, and we pray his blessing in the years to come.

A REPORTER.

### Young People at Freewater, Oregon

A young people's society, which now consists of 18 members, was organized last summer at Freewater, Oreg. Under the faithful direction of Mrs. John J. Lucas the organization has been very actively co-operating.

Two Sunday evenings of each month are devoted to the young people to hold their meetings. A program committee outlines the proceedings for these evenings. A number of pleasant and beautiful hours have been spent together in beneficial and interesting topics, and the society is looking forth to many more hours of this kind.

A Biblical pageant which was given on Thanksgiving evening was an inspiration to all who were present. The offering at this time was turned over to the work of the young people. A play, "Heilige Nacht," and a dialog, "Strassen-Mission," at the Christmas program were rendered by the society.

This organization is aiming to enroll the other young people of the Freewater church who have not yet become members.

EMMA KRIEG, Sec.

### Flashes From Fleischmann Memorial B. Y. P. U.

Despite the fact that our publicity has been neglected, the interest in our Young People's Society has been gaining momentum. Our new scribe has resolved to broadcast some of our activities with more regularity.

First we want to introduce our officers: K. Wesley Mercner, president; Reuben D. C. Blessing, vice-president; Miss Martha Hiller, secretary; and Miss Mildred Eckstein, treasurer. Miss Alice Brubaker is official pianist.

On Tuesday evening, January 10, we held our first business meeting and social of the new year. Our president introduced a novel idea by inviting the officers of the North District and the Third Germantown Society to be our guests. The plan gained much favor with some of the "gay lotharios" of our society, since most of the officers happened to be charming young ladies.

We were delighted to welcome our new missionary, Miss Frieda Weisser. Our church family, which is somewhat broken up at the present time, is slowly assuming its natural proportions, and in May we hope to have with us our brand-new minister, Bro. Martin Leuschner.

In preparing for the festivities to be held in the lower church, our social committee bid fair to out-do anything that this scrivener has ever witnessed in the past. Bunting, festoons and other decorations adorned the chandeliers, and the table was arranged in a most inviting manner, while a smile-provoking favor adorned every plate. We played some games, a German game, entitled "Ich sitze," being the source of much laughter when the non-German speaking folks had to perform. We attempted to sing, but then, who cares to sing when the intriguing aroma of good things to eat has escaped the kitchen and reached our olfactory organs? After having our fill of good Christian fellowship and other things, we sang a bit, and declared it the best time we ever had at a church social. We again returned to our respective homes, if not directly, then via some lovely lady's, that is, if she gave us permission. R. D. C. B., Reporter.

### How to Keep on the Right Way

When the shepherd in Scotland was asked if his sheep would follow the voice of a stranger, he replied: "Yes, when they are sick; but never when they are well. A sick sheep will follow anybody." Just as long as a Christian keeps himself in a healthy condition by feeding on God's Word, and by exercising in his fields of activity, there will be little danger of his going off after the "faddists" and false teachers of his age. It was when the ears of the Children of Israel became diseased—when they contracted ear itch—than they became restless and dissatisfied with their divine Leader and King.—The Lookout.

The surest way to succeed is to forget about success and remember your work

# The Sunday School

## "The Noisy Seven"

I wonder if he remembers—  
Our sainted teacher in heaven—  
The class in the old gray schoolhouse,  
Known as the "noisy seven"?

I wonder if he remembers  
How restless we used to be,  
Or thinks we forgot the lesson  
Of Christ and Gethsemane?

I wish I could tell the story  
As he used to tell it then.  
I'm sure that, with heaven's blessing,  
It would reach the hearts of men.

I often wish I could tell him,  
Though we caused him so much pain  
By our foolish, boyish frolics,  
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like, yes, I'd like to tell him  
What his lessons did for me;  
And how I am trying to follow  
The Christ of Gethsemane.

—Author Unknown.

## The Friendly Spirit

A. C. CREWS

If I were asked to name the one element that conduces most to the growth and stability of a Bible class, I should without hesitation say that it is *friendliness*. A great many of those who attend do not know whether the lesson is well taught or poorly taught, and they are quite indifferent whether the organization is complete or not. They do appreciate, however, a friendly greeting and a cordial handshake. The spirit of brotherliness appeals to everybody. A young city minister has adopted as the motto of his church, "The House of Friendship." His people back him up in his endeavor to make friendliness a special feature. What is the result? Just what might be expected. That church is thronged with men and women who are hungry for friendship. Many of these are away from home and living in boarding-houses. To go somewhere on Sunday evening where they will hear a good sermon, and afterward have a pleasant social time, meets a real need in their lives.

One of the best helpers I ever had was a man who never spoke in meeting, and scarcely ever attended prayer-meeting, but who had a real talent in greeting strangers, and making them feel at home. Every Sunday, for fifteen or twenty minutes before the service he spent in the church lobby, shaking hands with the people as they entered. He was a bigger "drawing-card" than either preacher or choir.

An adult Bible class should cultivate an atmosphere of sociability and friendliness, not merely by holding occasional socials, but by making every session of

the class a pleasant and happy time, so that everyone present will feel like coming again. The kind of greeting which a stranger receives at the door has much to do with his enjoyment of the lesson that follows.

A newspaper, in announcing a fire which had occurred in a city church, said that it was supposed to have started in the vestibule. A correspondent, the next day, said that this was scarcely possible, as the vestibule was about the coldest place in the whole building. This is true in a double sense. As a rule no provision is made for heating this part of the church, and late comers usually have to stand and shiver until the first prayer is finished. The social atmosphere is also often low. It is not often that a visitor receives a real hearty welcome as he enters the average church.

The finest possible method of advertising an adult Bible class would be for a few of the friendliest members to spend fifteen or twenty minutes in the vestibule every Sunday morning and evening, greeting strangers and inviting them to attend the class.—Adult Leader.

## The Child Who Found the Way

Behold, a child went forth on a Sunday morning to learn of the way of life. Arriving at the church door, he found it open, but no one there to show him the way he was seeking. He, being naturally active and of an inquiring mind, saw no reason for wasting time in idle waiting. So he employed the moments with playing leapfrog over the chairs, investigating the internal workings of the piano, and drawing silly pictures upon the blackboard. When his teacher arrived late and quite breathless, she found that her words must be scattered among the thorns of mischief sown during the first fifteen minutes, and the thorns grew up and choked them. Moreover, the child, thinking this to be the way of life, continued ever after to be tardy at all appointments and to behave in disorderly fashion in the church.

Another child went forth on a Sunday morning to learn the way of life. More than all things else he desired a story which would make the interpretation of the things about him plain so that he might understand. His heart burned within him as his teacher began with the time-honored phrase "Once upon a time." But as she scattered her words, the door swung to and fro many times. The shepherd of all the flock did convey his greetings to her with a handshake. The scribe came to speak with her in whispers pertaining to the enrollment of the child and some others. He who held the money bags tapped on her shoulder and demanded something for his bag. These officials, having eaten up many minutes, flew away to their several tasks, and the story did not reach a con-

clusion. And the child did not find the way of life which he was seeking.

Still another child went forth on a Sunday morning to learn of the way of life. As he entered the church door, his teacher put into his hands a task for his itching fingers and his busy brain. As he fashioned the gift which was to speak of love to the brother who needed him, his teacher said: "Lo, this is the way of life—to serve thy fellow man." And the child said within his heart: "So will I serve." In the quiet of the classroom, where the door did not swing to and fro, she told him the story of the One who "went about doing good." "Lo, this is the way of life—to love as he loved," said she. And the child said within his heart: "So will I love." With reverence the teacher bowed her head, and the action spoke louder than her word: "Lo, this is the way of life—to worship the God above." And the child worshiped too. Soft music and sunshine and the smell of flowers spoke to him of the beauty of holiness though his teacher said not a word. The orderly closet and the clean room were not to be despised as they spoke a wordless message too. "The way of life is very beautiful," said the child. "I will walk in it." And the words of this teacher fell upon good ground and yielded fruits so that this child walked in the way of life unto the end.—The Church School.

A man who will do faithfully needs to belief firmly.—Thomas Carlyle.

## Sizing Up the Class

A young man who was in charge of a class of Intermediate boys started out to size up his class. He was a bank clerk with only an average education, but these are the things he resolved to find out: What is the average attendance in six months? How about the punctuality of the members? Do they show in class that they have really spent some time in getting ready for the lesson hour? What is their conduct in class and at church? Is it manly and reverent?

Whatever the class may be, a teacher should study its weakness and its strength. He should know his class from every angle, and from time to time he will find it a help to make out a written statement describing the class. Write out a report for yourself, compare it with an earlier report, and file it for consideration a half year later. Most of us fail to get our classes going as they should because we have not carefully considered just what improvements ought to be made.—The Convention Teacher.

God leads you in right ways, and in gratitude you should lead others in right ways. You are led to lead.

# Cherry Square

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

Inside the cool square parlor, with its white-and-gold-striped walls, its old square piano, its rectangular gilt mirror above the chimney-piece reflecting the gay colors of a bowlful of garden flowers, and its quaintly formal furnishings relieved by a modern touch here and there of Sally's placing, she and the "tall man" faced each other. Out of sight of the rest the social mask of light-hearted convention dropped from them both, and they regarded each other as people do when they know there is no need for masks.

"I want to know if you're really going to rest here," demanded Dr. Richard Fiske. "Or am I going to find you always dispensing tea and being nice to such total losses as those people out there? Can't you drop that sense of obligation to be all things to all women, and be nobody but yourself? I swear, Sally, you need it. With Schuyler gone you ought to get it, and the Cherry Hillites let to go to the deuce."

"Of course I'm benighted enough to feel like that," admitted Sally. "And it would be wonderful to get away from everything except the green fields. But, Rich—how exactly am I to do it? You know I can't, entirely."

"I wish to heaven I could snatch you out of it," declared Doctor Fiske violently. "You ought to have gone farther away—though if you had I couldn't have looked after you as I intend to now. Well, just promise me you'll do your best not to be a minister's wife to this place. Leave that to the present incumbents of that office—drab women, no doubt, who are better used to it than you."

"I'm used to it."

"Too used to it. It'll make you drab some day. No, it won't—I retract that. Nothing ever could. But it'll wear you down. Schuyler himself is wearing you down—"

"Rich!"

"I'm your old friend, and his, and your physician besides. Nobody admires Schuyler more than I, but just the same he's taking it out of you, and this summer's got to put it back."

"It will. But I'll not let you say that about Schuyler. I miss him," said Sally Chase, looking her old friend in his cool gray eyes and noting there the somewhat hard expression which was apt to come into them now and then when he was dealing with facts he did not like. "I miss him dreadfully."

"You don't need to be so emphatic about it, my dear. I don't doubt you do. Schuyler's a habit—like dope. He's got you—you can't get away from him. It's up to me to get you far enough away from him this summer to give you a chance to recover."

"Why, Richard!" Sally's head had come up proudly, her eyes were fiery. "Do you realize the kind of thing you're saying?"

"Mighty well, little Sally, whom I've known all your life. I'll admit it sounds radical, but it's none the less true and it's got to be faced. Schuyler Chase, without in the least realizing it—I'll give him that credit—is living on your flesh and blood. And worse—on your spirit, that fiercely loyal spirit of yours that lets him do it. He'd be nothing without you, whether he knows it or not, and I think he does."

Sally walked away from the tall man with the touch of gray in his brown hair and the commanding air which makes people listen, whether they will or no. She looked out of the window and saw her guests upon the lawn. The Gildersleeves were looking fixedly and injudiciously toward the house. She turned back to Doctor Fiske.

"I must go back to them—I told you I could stay in here only a minute. But before I go I must say this, Rich: I'll have to forgive you—doctors think they have the right to say anything. But—when I married Schuyler I went into the service with him, and if I can be of service through him, or he through me, it's to be done. What does it matter how much he gets from me—or I from him—so that together we accomplish something?"

"Then you admit—"

"I admit nothing—except that you are very impertinent—and very kind—and that I'm going to send you off now. Trust me to be as selfish this summer as I can without being too disagreeable. The saddle horses are coming tomorrow, and I intend to gallop away from all cares at least twice a day."

She held out her hand. He took it and kept it, eyeing her closely. "There are two little lines between your lovely eyes," he said, "that I never saw before. Gallop away in the morning and come back at night. If I could I'd meet you at the farthest point, and we'd gallop together. As it is, I shall come up as often as I can get away to see for myself how you are obeying orders."

"Don't come too often. Cherry Hills will note and condemn without a hearing, you know. No, don't say it, Rich! Good bye, I'm going back to the total losses and be a total loss with them."

"You couldn't be that in a thousand years."

They parted at the point where the flat stones, sunk deep in the grass, led down to the white gate, and Doctor Fiske saw himself off while Sally returned to the group by the tea table.

"I'm afraid we must be going," said Mrs. Gildersleeve, rising as stiffly as one who knows herself to be the First Lady

of the Town may. "I'm glad to have seen something of you, Mrs. Chase. It's a pleasure to have you and your children here, and I hope we may make you one of us—and Miss Sturgis, too."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gildersleeve." Adelaide's rising was the thing of lazy grace she knew how to make it. She stood surveying the departing pair before her as if they were something new and amusing in her experience, the hint of a smile touching her lips. Adelaide's silence always made people like Mrs. Gildersleeve uncomfortable, in spite of the superior social poise the elder woman might be supposed to have acquired. It was Sally who had to play the gracious hostess with more warmth than she felt, to offset Adelaide's effect of insolence. She sent the Gildersleeves away charmed with her, critical of her, and almost unendurably curious about her. What more could one short call have achieved?

(FROM JOSEPHINE JENNEY'S NOTE-BOOK)

*Enjoy atmosphere of this house—when one or two of its inmates happen to be out of it! Everywhere signs of Mrs. Chase and her personality and tastes. Without her it would simply be quaint, stiff old place, in spite of fine antiques which furnish it, stately portraits on walls, pairs of tall flowered vases on the mantelpiece which would bring terrific price at any decorator's. In each room some sign of her, usually in dash of color for which she is responsible. Flame silk pillows on black horsehair davenport; orange scarf on big mahogany table in library; blue taffeta hangings in her own room; gay chintzes in other bedrooms. My little room under eaves, which I like best of all, really, has gay quilt on bed matched by runner of Chinese embroidery on bureau which give me a fresh thrill of pleasure every time I come in. Those embellishments appeared the next morning after the family arrived. Just wondering if they would have been put there if—well—if Mrs. Lawton's younger sister had been maid! But why should I flatter myself? Very likely I'm just neat, quiet young person in Mrs. Chase's eyes, who merely deserves pleasant room. Brought a few books with me, favorites I can't live without. Why should I?*

V

How to be a "fascinating servant!" That was the task Josephine Jenney had set herself. Many times since she had made that extraordinary declaration to Norah O'Grady had it occurred to her that the phrase was ill chosen. It was all but a contradiction in terms. An efficient servant, a loyal servant, even an attractive servant, it was conceivable that one might become, but a fascinating servant—such a person was never heard of. As a matter of fact, who would be likely to want a fascinating servant? Let the mistress of the place exercise the fascinations, if any were to be let loose; but let her maids remain demure though capable if they wished to be retained in her good graces.

Association with Mrs. Lawson, the

cook, was likely to keep her assistants subdued. A stickler for conservatism was Mrs. Lawson. Not only was her cookery of the most appetizing, but her ideas as to the manner of its service in the dining room, and of every detail of that service, were unalterable.

"Serve to the left, take away to the right," Mrs. Lawson laid down the laws. "Never let the place be lacking a plate. Never pile up the dishes in front of the person when you're going to change courses." And so on. "Never do this, always do that, and never, never make the least noise about it, or fumble anything." Mrs. Lawson endlessly elaborated her instructions.

Jo went about these duties with an odd expression on her amused eyes, a queer little twist in the corner of her lips. If she had been closely noted she might have been seen now and then to lay a fork or place a finger bowl and then give it a little wave of salutation. "How are you, old friend? Sure you go there, are you? Always did, didn't you? Take care you don't run away!"

Outside of these matters, however, Mrs. Lawson was most reticent and tight-lipped, and of this Jo was exceedingly glad. The thing she had feared was that she would be expected by Mrs. Chase's other servants to discuss her with them, and this she would never do. Mary, the young nurse, had shown a tendency to indulge in household gossip, but since she was younger than Jo it had been easy to show her that this was not in Jo's own code. It was Norah O'Grady who most tempted the former teacher of her Patsy to break her resolution in this respect.

"Faith, ye're gettin' on like a house afire with yer work," Norah announced one day, when she and Jo had to themselves the big airy kitchen where the ironing was done. "I can see they think ye're the cat's whiskers in the place where ye are. But how about bein' the fri'nd of the family ye set out to be? Have they asked ye in to set by the fire on the cool evenin's yet, at all?"

If Jo Jenney had not been really fond of Norah O'Grady and had not understood that behind this challengingly ironic inquiry was actual solicitude that she attain her wish, she might have answered stingingly. As it was she subdued that inclination, and only said quietly, with a little lift of the head: "I'm enjoying being in this house. It's quite as interesting as I thought it would be."

Norah stared at her, then nodded her head. "The time'll come," she said. "Ye can't keep a good man down, nor a girl like you. Ye have the look of thimselves, I'll say that—an' why not? It's not in your own place you are, an' some day somethin'll happen that'll show it to thim. I'll be glad when that happens."

Now Jo could smile at her, and did, so that the warm Irish heart could expand still more generously. "Maybe I can make it happen meself," said Norah to herself—but knew better than to say it to Jo.

On the second Sunday of the Chase's stay Sally came downstairs with a definite intention as regarded Josephine.

The first Sunday Mrs. Chase had let go comfortably by with the feeling that for once in many months she might forget that there was such a thing as a church service, with hymns and prayers and responses and a sermon to be loyally listened to. It had seemed a luxury not to feel responsible—actually responsible—for the way the service went, but to be able to roam off as she had done that first Sunday into the lanes and fields which could be reached by five minutes' walk from Cherry Square. She had said a little prayer of thankfulness out there under the blue sky, and had persuaded herself that on this vacation from responsibility she would spend her Sundays as she pleased.

But on this second Sunday, at her first waking, she had somehow been assailed by the wish to go to church. Old habit asserting itself, she supposed, but there it was. She wanted to see what a church service would be like in the old white church with the needle-spire on the south side of Cherry Square. She wanted to say a prayer for Schuyler between the walls of a sanctuary, though she didn't know just why. She supposed it must be because her thoughts of Schuyler were so closely tied up with sanctuaries. And she had suddenly remembered her new maid, Jesphine. Curiously enough, she often found herself thinking of Josephine, even when the two were not in the same room. That spirited-looking young woman might have some Protestant church affiliation. Mrs. Lawson and Mary were Catholics, and the town held no Catholic church; but to Josephine it might be her employer had an obligation.

A minute's conversation demonstrated the fact.

"Thank you, Mrs. Chase, I should like to go to church very much," assented Jo. "I wasn't sure you could spare me."

"I always arrange to spare anybody under my roof who cares to go to church," Sally said. "You and Mrs. Lawson may have alternate Sundays at church time, though she won't go here. Suppose you go today. Which church do you prefer?"

Jo told her. It was the white church to which Sally herself meant to go. Mrs. Schuyler Chase, accustomed to being democratic as well as Christian, even in a city church which was as aristocratic in its tendencies as a wealthy membership could keep it, instantly invited Jo to go with her. Rather, she invited Jo to take her new mistress with her.

"I'm practically a stranger in the town, it's so long since I used to come here," Sally said, smiling the adorable smile which few people could resist. "So it will be nice to have you take me. Are you a member of that church?"

Jo said she wasn't, but that she had a seat there with a nice old man who had been a member all his life. Upon which Sally felt a certain conviction of hers deepening, and as it was a conviction which interested her very much she was glad she had asked these questions of her maid. Though Josephine had not yet become to her mistress a "fascinating servant," she was certainly an extremely in-

teresting servant, and challenging to the imagination. The idea of going to church in her company was far from being repellent. Democratic though Sally was, she realized that she wouldn't, from the standpoint of congeniality, have cared to be accompanied by either Mrs. Lawson, Mary Beales, or Norah O'Grady. Therefore there was no question but that Josephine Jenney had already made upon her a distinct impression of superiority not only to the others, and by a notable distance, but to all people whom Sally had ever known in such a capacity.

When at her call Jo joined her, Sally looked at her companion with an almost startled recognition of the test which is always made by the leaving off of the levelling effect of the uniform. Mary Beales, in uniform, was a satisfactory nursemaid; out of it upon a holiday she looked her origin. Cheap materials, gay colors, and an evident effort to be "stylish" turned Mary into commonplaceness from which it wasn't conceivable that anything could rescue her—not even the example of her perfectly turned-out mistress. Mary had often said that Mrs. Chase could look much "grander" on the street than she did if she'd "just not dress so awful quiet. But I's'pose," reflected Mary pityingly, "she thinks she has to, 'count of him!"

But Josephine Jenney, as she followed Mrs. Schuyler Chase out of the front entrance of Cherry House—for the first time—might easily have been "one of the family." Certainly, that was what Lucinda Hunt, peering from her upper window, thought her, until the pair came nearer. Then, electrifiedly, she informed Clarinda (who became almost breathless at the news) that the girl she hadn't recognized, and who was dressed almost exactly as Sally Chase was dressed, was Josephine Jenney herself, and that the two were evidently on their way to church. "Miss Jenney always did have a sort of nice look about her," declared Lucinda, "sort of close and smooth and set-well. But I never noticed she looked the way those city folks look—as if they come out of a bandbox—till I saw her just now. Seing her in a uniform got me thinking of her as hired help. But she certainly don't look it now. Must be Sally intends to make of her, knowing she's been a teacher and all—if she does know it. Maybe she don't. I should think it would upset the other help, though."

Be this as it might—which was what Sally herself foresaw, and didn't now care, because her first glance at Jo had actually charmed her—the two proceeded on their way, talking pleasantly as two friends might. With the temporary dropping of the uniform Jo had known she might, to a certain degree, also drop temporarily the over-repressed manner of the servant, and speak when she wasn't spoken to. She possessed a particularly attractive voice, well modulated, and capable of fine shades of inflection. She was conscious of using this voice with good effect, and she knew well that it alone, with the pure speech, was sure to be noticed by Mrs. Chase with more in-

terest under the present condition than when Josephine the housemaid was merely using the housemaid's vocabulary. This proved to be the case, and she knew that she was being drawn out by a practised conversationalist, who was making discoveries with every word spoken. "She's going to like me in a new way today," exulted Jo, and played her part with all the art of which she was past-mistress. It was her first notable opportunity, and she meant to make the most of it—yet not too much, either, lest she overplay the entertaining game. For it was a game—a perfectly legitimate game, since her purposes were wholly honorable—and she meant to win.

The zealous young usher who wanted to conduct Mrs. Schuyler Chase to the front pew in the center of the church where prominent guests were always placed, was much disappointed when she signified that she would sit with Miss Jenney. The pew of Jo's "nice old man" was also well toward the front, but upon one side. Therefore those upon that side of the church had an advantageous chance to observe the entry. The entire town knew by now that the school teacher of the past year was in Mrs. Chase's domestic employ, therefore they had not expected to see the two together, and much craning of necks and nudging of elbows followed their appearance.

Strangely enough, the approval of this comradeship was not universal. The Gildersleeves and the Broughtons and the Abbotts were distinctly upset, though their eyes told them that Josephine Jenney unquestionably looked the part of companion to Sally Chase. But the Endicotts and the Langs and the Holts were delighted with this proof of the sense and sweetness of the departed Miss Eldora Cherry's niece, and liked her from that moment as they hadn't expected to like her. As Tom Lang said afterward: "If Miss Jenney needed it and had the spunk to earn her vacation money that way, why shouldn't she? She's not a bit the less of a lady, and I think a good sight more of Mrs. Chase for taking that position."

The matter was discussed at almost as many dinner tables as there were families in the little church that Sunday. But with all that, there is small reason to be concerned. Dinner-table discussions may help to mould public opinion, but public opinion cannot altogether mould lives, and in this instance it absurdly did not.

Familiar visions of quite other scenes were filling Sally's imagination and her thoughts as she sat in the unfamiliar pew, and looked toward the bare pulpit with the row of village singers behind it, and saw the minister ascend to take his place, having come down the aisle from the back of the church, like his congregation. For a measurable space of time she really saw nothing of this at all, because she was seeing something very different—the accustomed surroundings of every Sunday morning for six of the ten years of her married life. While the man behind the walnut desk in this vil-

lage church read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and while the choir sang the simple anthem which was within the range of its limited capabilities, Sally was, virtually, in her own seat in the great dignified edifice which was Schuyler's pride.

"The most beautiful church interior in the city," he had often called it. "Every line of it, every effect of coloring and lighting, is churchly and beautiful. I see in it my dreams when I'm getting ready to speak in it. The thought of it helps me to put myself in the mood. Perhaps I'm too dependent on environment, but I sometimes think I could never have spoken, like Saint Paul, in the market-place. Or even like some of our modern preachers, in whatever audience-room or theater is put at their disposal. I'm too imaginative, perhaps—but I can see and feel God here. In more sordid places he seems too far away."

Sally had sometimes disputed this point of view, even while she in a measure sympathized with it. She appreciated it today, however, more than she ever had before. This little village church, while outwardly attractive in its fine old-time austerity of line and spotless whiteness—it had been very recently painted as it happened—was peculiarly barren of beauty within. Indeed, most of its appointments were distinctly ugly, even to the bare windows of ordinary glass, through which the sunlight streamed mercilessly, revealing every inferiority of detail. "Schuyler could never preach here," she thought, and felt an almost homesick hungering for the perfect appointments of the place she knew so well; for the sound of the great organ played by a master's hand; for the sight of her husband's slender figure in his gown entering through the narrow arched doorway from his study. His was a figure always watched for by many other eyes than hers, the effect of that entry was somehow so quietly dramatic.

Yet how could one accuse Schuyler of being dramatic, she urged—as she had argued many times before with herself, almost guiltily—when no move of his, no tone of voice, was ever other than perfectly suited to the occasion? Was it that very perfection which sometimes seemed unreal? She wondered. Anyhow, carefully studied his pulpit work was—must be, from his point of view, to be effective. She found herself longing to see him, that entry of his, his face; to hear his voice with its melodious yet often intensely forceful inflections. After all, there was nobody like Schuyler Chase—nobody; he was truly wonderful in his way. And in the midst of this longing she suddenly became aware, as she had not been, of this so different personality before her in the small country pulpit.

It was a sturdy figure which stood before the village congregation, one whose outlines in the well-fitting, non-clerical clothes conveyed a distinct suggestion of tight muscles beneath. The face was that of a man in the middle thirties, with good features which though spare had a look of vigorous health; with a

peculiarly direct glance of deep-set blue eyes below crisp sandy hair cut short that it might not curl; with a voice whose pleasant incisiveness had an unmistakable Scottish accent. He said "pairfect" as none but a Scotsman says it. At the moment when Sally Chase became really aware of him he had one hand plunged deep in his trouser's pocket. What a mannerism, and how amused if not shocked Schuyler would have been by it!

But the man was saying something which challenged her attention. It seemed that he had but recently come to this small parish as a supply for the summer, that he didn't know the people yet, and that he was feeling for a common ground on which to meet them. In spite of the unconventionality of his manner, and a certain occasional harshness in his voice, she almost at once became attracted to him. Perhaps his voice seemed now and then harsh to her because it was so different from Schuyler's beautiful resonances. At any rate, he seemed to be able to hold everybody's close attention. The little crowded house was listening in absolute stillness.

"You know," he was saying, when Sally began to give him hearing, "a preacher is under a terrible handicap. What is the first thing you want in him? I think you'll say sincerity. Yes, of course, you'll say that, because if he isn't sincere first of all, you don't want him at all. There's enough hypocrisy in the world, and you want your preacher to be free of it—free as anybody can be. But, see here. See what you expect of him. He's got to know a lot more about certain things than you do, and yet to cover it up so you won't think he's proud of himself. Then, no matter how he's feeling, whether he happens to have a toothache, or a heartache, he's got to cover those up, too, and be interested in your toothache or your heartache. Don't you suppose it's sometimes a bit deefcult to be sincere about that? He's only human—and his tooth aches! Then—he has to go to a funeral and act as if he were sorry—and to act that he has to be sorry. And he has to go to a wedding and act as if he were glad—and be glad, too. To put it in a nutshell, he has to play at pairfection when he isn't pairfect. Has to be a model for the community when he knows he isn't one. Has to keep from offending anybody—if he can.

"Now I suppose I'm shocking you. I may be fooling myself in thinking that my first wish is to be honest with you, but I do think that's what I want. A minister has to make up his mind that he'll be his own kind of minister, and that he can't be any other kind. He wants to live and work among people as one of them—and it's the only way he can work. If you'll let me live my life here these few months as one of you, no less and no more, just as my friend John Craigie has, and if you'll give me a fair hearing when I'm in the pulpit, and fight me outside of it if you think I've said the wrong thing, we'll get along together. I don't see any other way that we can."

(Continued on Page 15)

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

**Winning Christ**

Conversation No. 3

"Winning Christ" means to "be found in him." This is a relationship with Christ, which transcends for real vital intimacy any conception we can get out of our human life. Last summer I sat with a friend on the Boardwalk skirting the Atlantic Ocean at Atlantic City, New Jersey. We were discussing the scriptural conception of the Trinity in the Godhead. My friend had asked me to explain it to him. Although I exhausted my knowledge of human life seeking for an illustration to convey to my friend a true conception of the Trinity in the Godhead, I could not find no comparison to make this glorious truth real to him. Human life does not offer any relationship similar to the Trinity, nor does human life offer anything to fully express the intimate relationship between Christ and the soul of the believer.

In the Gospels the Lord Jesus uses many figures to describe our relationship to him, and each figure conveys a very distinct and precious truth. He speaks of our relationship as that of the shepherd and the sheep, as that of the teacher and the pupil, as that of the Master and the disciple, as that of the bridegroom and the bride, as that of the friend and the friend, as that of the vine and the branches. The last illustration more than any other that Jesus used seems to express a partnership of life. This is what Paul thought of when he said that he was striving to "be found in him."

The apostle Paul more than any other New Testament writer seems to have been dominated by this conception of the intimate relationship between the soul of the believer and Christ. According to the thinking and teaching of the apostle Paul each saved one is a member of the body of Christ. Because of this vital union, each member shares with Christ his death, burial, resurrection, life, suffering, and his ultimate glorification.

The apostle Paul desired to "be found in him." The first care of his life was that he might not deceive himself or be deceived under the scrutiny of the all-searching eye of Christ. He wanted to be found in him. What a great loss for us in our Christian lives that we are satisfied with so much less. Too often we are content to be found in the church, or engaged in Christian activity, or in being a member of respectable society, or in being enrolled among those who sacrificed for the welfare of humanity. Nothing so subordinate and insufficient could satisfy the soul of the great Christian apostle. He sought to "be found in him."

\* \* \*

Few virtues are more popular than fidelity. How good it is to know that you can absolutely trust your friend!

**Reception for the New Pastor,  
Immanuel Baptist Church,  
Milwaukee, Wis.**

New Year's eve of 1928 became a memorable night in the history of our church, for our former pastor, the Rev. O. E. R. Hauser, held officially his last service with us. It was a baptismal service too, and when he had done so, in stepped the new pastor to be greeted and to greet us.

The Rev. Hauser had served the church a little over 12 years and during that time was privileged to baptize 147 members into the fellowship of the church. Under his pastorate the beautiful and practical new house of prayer was erected in which we worship now and also "The Roger Williams Hospital and Old People's Home" brought under the sheltering wings of the Milwaukee churches. The time, however, came when it was clearly seen that the Hospital and Old People's Home cause needed the whole attention of a whole man. Mr. Hauser saw it fit to resign the charge of the church and devote himself entirely to the development of that cause which under the providence of God had of late become a child of his charge.

How God has prospered this undertaking may be seen from the fact that, although this institution was begun with practically no funds in hand except a loan made by the church to that institution, it now has at least \$75,000 in its favor.—Mr. Hauser's services as our pastor therefore came to the close with the end of the old year, but before he stepped off the platform as the pastor of the church, Mr. D. Strauss, chairman of the board of deacons, presented him in the name of the church with an artistically executed and finely framed memorial—made by the artist of the church, Mr. A. Tiemann,—in appreciation of his services.

The new pastor, the Rev. G. H. Schneck, could not be with us from the start of our New Year's eve program, as he had come into town rather late from the far East, but at about 9 o'clock he came into church and was brought to the platform by our senior deacon, Mr. Jacob Schauss. The congregation rose when he came in and after he had reached the platform was greeted in the name of the church with a song of welcome by our male choir under the efficient leadership of Mr. F. Kirchmann.

The chairman of the deacons, Mr. D. Strauss, then took charge of the meeting, greeting the new pastor and his family and welcoming them in the name of the church. He introduced to him then also the heads of the different departments of our church organization. After this Mr. Hauser greeted his successor. And the North Avenue church of our town with its genial pastor, Mr. Holzer, were there helping us to welcome our pastor. Mr. Holzer bade him welcome as a fellow pastor in the name of our Milwaukee churches, and the writer of this report welcomed him in the name of our churches in the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Schneck then got a chance to respond and we enjoyed to hear their voices ring true to Christian fellowship and good will. After the more official side of the program was ended we went down to the dining hall of the church where the ladies had provided a bountiful supply of hot coffee and cake and then the social side of the program took place in greeting and getting acquainted with the new pastor.

Between the time, now, since the above happened and this is written, we have had quite a few chances to hear the new pastor and observe the church in the new relationship that it has been placed by the providence of God and we are happy to state that there is a spirit of good will and an effort of co-operation that augurs well for a happy future.

EMIL MUELLER.

**The Second Church at Cleveland,  
Ohio**

has not reported for a long time. That does not indicate decline in any way. We are very alive. The church with all its organizations is in the high tide of winter activities. One of the unusual "beauty spots" is the Donner-Bailey Men's Class, known as the Young Men's Class—some of these aren't as young as they were 25 years ago. Of course this isn't the only "beauty spot" in the Sunday school. The entire enrollment including teachers and officers stands at 364. The male element outvotes the female numbers by exactly 10. The enrollment in the two men's classes has just gone over the 100 mark. There are above the primary department 104 members of the Sunday school who are not members of the church. The Sunday school has contact with 75 families outside of church relationship. Who said the Second Church had completed its task? The challenge is all but overwhelming.

The Donner-Bailey Men's Class, of which Mr. H. P. Donner is the beloved teacher and Mr. Ed. Bailey is the untiring go-getter president, has an annual get-together for "food and fun," both of the wholesome kind! The last such event took place at the Allerton Hotel on the 16th floor. 112 persons enjoyed the meal and the mimic broadcasting feature of the evening. Mr. Clarence Beyer, the class cartoonist, had prepared a huge cardboard radio set. Radio-fan Al. Er-lenbach operated the dials and became quite frantic when not successful in tuning out undesirable noises and programs. The fun is over, but the work goes on and in this class proves to be real enjoyment.

The Sunday school has expended for local and missionary purposes about \$1400 during the past year. The church too has closed a successful year financially having expended about \$12,000. Our increase in church membership has been very small—only three coming in by baptism. These are young men. Two Juniors are ready for baptism now. We hope to be used of the Lord in bringing many into relationship with Christ and to open confession of his name.

R. E. PORTER.

### The Touch of Human Hands

Among the hills of Galilee,  
Through crowded city ways,  
The Christ of God went forth to heal  
And bless in olden days.  
The sinning and the sad of heart  
In anxious throngs were massed  
To catch the Great Physician's eye  
And touch him as he passed.

We have not in our hours of need  
His seamless garment pressed,  
Nor felt his tender human hand  
On us in blessing rest;  
Yet still in crowded city streets  
The Christ goes forth again,  
Whenever touch of human hand  
Bespeaks good will to men.

Whenever man his brother man  
Upholds in helpfulness,  
Whenever strong and tender clasp  
A lonely heart does bless,  
The Christ of God is answering  
A stricken world's demands,  
And leading back a wandering race  
By touch of human hands.

—Selected.

### China's Invasion of Kachin-land

GEORGE J. GEIS

Our long and heavy rainy season came to an abrupt end. Only a few days ago it seemed as though lightning and thunder and cloudbursts followed by swollen streams and floods were the permanent course of nature. But all of a sudden during the night we listened to the last downpour, with the coming of the morning the sun appeared in a cloudless sky, soon roads dried up, river and streams receded or even disappeared, so that man and beast could go about without being in danger of being carried away while crossing streams.

#### During the Rains

the missionary must necessarily confine his travels to open roads, but from now on the whole country is open to him. Even the rice fields through which he walked knee deep in mud are now hard like sundried bricks. This is the time to visit the churches and schools in the jungle villages and bring good cheer to those who know so little of what is going on in the big world beyond their hills.

Two weeks ago my little pony took me 24 miles over the plains to one of our rapidly growing villages. Nine years ago dense jungle covered the place, now it is covered with over 40 houses and a school of 32 pupils. The prosperity of the people can be seen in the over 100 head of cattle roaming about and the large rice fields adjacent to the village. While heathen Kachins are in want our Christian people have rice to sell. Christianity has made them industrious and prosperous.

Such prosperity, however, also brings with it

#### Some Elements of Danger

Heathen Kachin chiefs would very much like to play the old game of raiding such a village. Since nearby Kachins fear the

British law, those from across the border in China have no such fear. They come by night, steal cattle and before daybreak have crossed the nearby border. Even tigers like Christian cattle and even were so bold a month ago as to attack a woman in her rice field and ate her, leaving only her feet to tell the horrible story to her relatives the next morning. While I was in the chapel speaking to the people we heard the roaring of this monarch of the jungle. However, the next morning at three o'clock I was on my way home taking two faithful Kachin men with me with their drawn swords and lights, who came with me until daylight and then as fast as my good pony would go we made for home and breakfast.

#### From Demon Altar to Chapel

Sadon is quite in another direction and is in the mountains, 45 miles from home. On the way we spent Sunday with the small church at Woiba. Only three years ago I went there to break down the first demon altar. Now they have a small bamboo chapel and not an altar is seen in the village. They make their weekly contribution for the work, some of their children attend school. Ah Wu, a graduate from the seminary, visits them once a month.

Long before daylight our small caravan, consisting of two pack mules, my pony and two assistants, began climbing the hills and before sunrise we were 4000 feet up in the mountains.

We passed a number of

#### Chinese Caravans

who were camping for the night along the mountain road. With their open camp fires they were well protected against the cold as well as against tigers and leopards. By three o'clock P. M. we had passed the 24th mile post and so put up for the night in a Christian village by the name of Hpungkan. Last year it seemed as though we might soon have a large Christian community here, but with the death of the headman some months ago the leader was removed, and since then the work came to a standstill.

The next morning long before daylight we were again on the march and reached Sadon just as the teacher and his 32 school boys and girls were getting out from under their blankets to pound rice and work in the school garden.

#### Triumphs of the Gospel

Zau Sa, the school teacher, and Ba Thaw, the ordained evangelist, have been doing noble work up here. 32 years ago I came up here for the first time. Then the people were almost as wild as the deer in the jungle. I still saw the charred houseposts which told the story of the Kachin uprising and the punishment which followed. Now from this little center rays of light are piercing the darkness. Bumwa and Chyengtung, villages with their chiefs, have been won for the Lord Jesus. Four years ago the civil officer said to me that our Mission would do a good piece of work if we could convert the chief of Chyengtung. He was won for the Lord Jesus and now he is spending much of his time in build-

ing up the kingdom of God instead of planning raids into China.

I wish you could have listened to the replies of these men who had come in to meet me and talk over the work of the kingdom. I was told by Ba Thaw that none of our Christians are in want while very few of the heathen have any rice this year. Where our people are in want those who have share it with those who have little or nothing. This is practical Christianity. When the question came up of reducing the number of pupils on account of lack of funds from America they at once said that they would tax themselves three baskets of rice a household rather than send boys and girls away. They would make the necessary repairs, even Ba Thaw should have a new house, they would bring the material and build it. It might be a little hard, for in one village they are now erecting a larger and better chapel, still they owe so much to the Lord Jesus that this is nothing compared with his gift to them. I could hardly believe my ears as I heard these words from these men who just came out of the dense darkness of demon worship.

#### How About the Chinese Invasion?

After prayer and a long day's work they said that they would like to ask me one more question. How about this Chinese invasion? Is it true that the British are withdrawing and that the Chinese are coming to take over the land? It took a long time to explain the political conditions in China and how one faction is at war with another and consequently wild border tribes who up to the present had been held in subjection are now taking the law into their own hands; that it is not China who is making these raids into the hills; and if these raids continue, the British government may send an aeroplane which could easily wipe out a few villages in a short time. The British government has no intention of leaving. At present they are busy releasing Kachin slaves in the north. It was late in the night when we parted, but they seemed satisfied with my long explanation.

#### A Midnight Alarm

Before placing my head on the pillow that night my heart was full of gratitude to God for permitting me to see and hear the many good things of the day. Again and again my mind went over the words I had heard. When I finally did fall asleep it was still full of this subject, for along about midnight I heard a gun-shot and at once thought of the invasion. Then I remembered that one of the men was sitting up over a kill to shoot a tiger. But soon I heard other shots, they seemed to come nearer. Finally I got up and called my men who too heard the gun firing. They said it was coming nearer. From the fort we heard the bugle calling for a general rally. While I was dressing and thinking what I might take of value and rush in the jungle in hiding, my man went to the teacher's house to ask for advice. In the mean time I heard beating of gongs and cries of help coming from the nearby villages. When my

man returned, he said that the teacher said, it was only an eclipse of the moon! Had I in my excitement only turned my face toward the heavens I would have known the reason for all this pandemonium. But I was thinking only of the many reports I had heard and the many raids that had been made in the past three months. I had seen prisoners as well as ponies and mules that had been retaken from the bandits, so that my only thought was that these lawless men had come in greater number.

As I was returning homeward at three in the morning by the light of the full moon my mind went over the experience of the early part of the night; I thought of the invasion from on high. I thought of Zau Li and Bumwa Agyiwa and all the others I had met the evening before, who had been seized by this new power which is transforming their lives, so that instead of robbing their fellow men, they are now in his name handing out to their needy brethren from their abundance. May God grant that the day may soon come when instead of this pandemonium we shall hear from every hilltop praises to our Redeemer!

#### Fourteen Points on Foreign Missions

1. Every book in the New Testament was written by a foreign missionary.
2. Every letter in the New Testament that was written to an individual was written to convert a foreign missionary.
3. Every epistle in the New Testament that was written to a church was written to a foreign missionary church.
4. Every book in the New Testament that was written to a community of believers was written to a general group of foreign missionary churches.
5. The one book of prophecy in the New Testament was written to the seven foreign missionary churches in Asia.
6. The only authoritative history of the early Christian Church is a foreign missionary journal.
7. The disciples were called Christians first in a foreign missionary community.
8. The language of the books of the New Testament is the missionary language.
9. The map of the early Christian world is the tracing of the journeys of the first missionaries.
10. Of the twelve apostles chosen by Jesus every apostle except one became a missionary.
11. The only man among the twelve apostles who did not become a missionary became a traitor.
12. The problems which arose in the early Church were largely questions of missionary procedure.
13. Only a foreign missionary could write an everlasting gospel.
14. According to the apostles, missionary service is the highest expression of Christian life.

—William Adams Brown.

### Tree-Not-Shaken-by-the-Wind

How would you like to have a name as long as "Tree-Not-Shaken-by-the-Wind"? Well, a missionary to Africa had that name. It was not the name he bore as a child in America. At home he was called "Fred Hope." But out in Africa the natives called him by a name which translated means, "Tree-Not-Shaken-by-the-Wind."

And why do you suppose that Fred Hope received that long name? It was because he never got discouraged or gave up, no matter how hard the task.

When he was a boy at home on the farm in Illinois, ten years ago, he one day wrote his name down on a paper the deacons of the church were passing to get subscriptions for the church. This is what he wrote:

Fred Hope.....\$1.00

Fred did not have the dollar, but as soon as he had subscribed he said, "Now I've got to find a way to make that dollar." He took his hoe and planted some beans in the garden and eagerly watched them grow, thinking that when ripe he would sell the beans and so earn his money. But that year the bean crop was a failure.

But the boy did not give up. From beans he turned to rats. They were plenty and were destroying the grain. Fred made a bargain with his father to rid the farm of rats at five cents a head, and he soon had his dollar and more.

That was the way in Africa. When oil for the machinery gave out he had the black boys gather beans and peanuts and pressed them and made a barrel of a fine grade of oil. A traction engine brought from America broke through a rotten bridge and fell down twenty feet into a gully, but in a week Fred Hope had it back on the road. One day the boys in the carpenter shop asked what they should do with the shavings. "Burn them," replied the missionary. The foolish boys set fire to them as they lay on the dirt floor of the shop, and the shop caught fire, and was destroyed. But it was not long before there was a new shop.

Do you wonder the Africans called Fred Hope "Tree-Not-Shaken-by-the-Wind"? Wouldn't it be a fine thing if our American boys and girls should all be worthy of the same name because they are so plucky when tasks are hard?—Young People's Paper.

### Faith that Moves Mountains

Here is a story about the most optimistic man: Totally bald, he went to a drug-store and asked for a bottle of hair-restorer. "Yes, sir," the clerk said, "here is a preparation that is sure to make your hair grow." "All right," replied the optimist, "I'll take a bottle. And please wrap up a comb and brush with it."—The Argonaut.

Myrtle: "What is the most dangerous part of an automobile?"

Grace: "The nut that holds the steering wheel."

### When Cyrus Went Without Gingerbread

REV. J. ELMER RUSSELL

Cyrus Hamlin was his name and he lived up in the state of Maine. One day there was to be a sham battle in the town some little distance away from the farm where Cyrus lived.

As the boy started away alone his mother said, "Here are seven cents to buy gingerbread with. Perhaps you will put a cent in the missionary box as you go by Mrs. Farrar's house."

Cyrus thought he had a great deal of money, for in those days seven cents was worth almost as much as fifty cents now. As he went along the road he tried to decide whether he should give one cent or two to missions. At last he decided on two. Then a voice within said, "Well, Cyrus! Five cents for yourself and only two for the heathen!"

Cyrus decided to give three cents, then he raised his gift to four, and the upshot was that he gave the whole seven cents to missions and went without his gingerbread or anything else to eat all day.

When his mother learned at night how hungry he was, and the reason, she said, half laughing, half crying, "Just a minute and you shall have your supper."

It is not surprising, is it, that many years after Cyrus Hamlin became the founder of Robert College, Constantinople, which has been a center of light all through the Near East.

It is not always that the boy is father to the man, nor that the girl is mother to the woman, but often it is. At any rate boys and girls who are generous with their missionary gifts are very certain to grow up to be men and women who are interested in making through Christianity our old world into a better new world.

\* \* \*

Poet: "My wife said this last poem of mine caused her heart to miss a beat."

Editor: "Rejected! We don't want anything that will interfere with our circulation."

\* \* \*

Put these five things on your five fingertips: to see, to think, to love, to believe, to work. These are the things that give you a grip on life.

\* \* \*

It is not so much genius that the world needs as faithfulness. A few tasks call for the people who can do wonderful things, but a great many call for conscientious workers.

\* \* \*

"What kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

"Don't know, but banana-peelings make the best slippers."

\* \* \*

"Tell me," said the teacher to her geography class, "what do we get from the sun?"

Willie put up his hand. "Freckles," said he.

### Jesus and I

I cannot do it alone,  
The waves run fast and high,  
And the fogs close chill around,  
And the light goes out in the sky;  
But I know that we two  
Shall win in the end—  
Jesus and I.

I cannot row it myself,  
My boat on the raging sea;  
But beside me sits Another,  
Who pulls or steers with me;  
And I know that we two  
Shall come into port—  
His child and He.

Coward and wayward and weak,  
I change with the changing sky.  
Today so eager and brave,  
Tomorrow not caring to try;  
But he never gives in,  
So we two shall win—  
Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true,  
Crucified once for me,  
Never will he change, I know,  
Whatever I may be!  
But all he says I must do,  
Ever from sin to keep free.  
We shall finish our course  
And reach home at last—  
His child and He.

### Reception for New Pastor at Emery

A large number of the members of the German Baptist Church of Emery, S. D., gathered on the evening of Jan. 4 to welcome their new pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Pust, and family into their midst. Many from the sister church of Plum Creek were also present.

With no other thought than to lead the prayermeeting, Bro. Pust and family were met with a surprise when the whole congregation arose and sang, "We welcome you all," upon their entering the church.

Deacon Bro. Fred Litz presided in a tactful manner over the exercises of the evening. He referred to the fact that the church had not only elected a pastor but had been praying for a pastor and believed the Lord had granted them the right leader. Representatives of the different branches came forward one after the other and in sincere and cordial words welcomed the pastor and his family and assured them of their support and co-operation. H. M. Bleeker, mayor of the city, spoke for the city of Emery and extended a hearty welcome.

Rev. B. Luebeck, pastor of the Plum Creek church, was one of the main speakers and spoke in a very interesting manner, dwelling on the new pastor's name, "Pust." He voiced the hope that a cordial and Christlike spirit would exist between them and their respective neighboring churches. Rev. Carl Swyter of Chancellor, S. D., followed and spoke on the "Ideal Church" in a very appropriate and interesting manner.

Bro. Pust then had an opportunity to

respond, telling how deeply he had been touched by the kind words of his friends, the assurance of co-operation. He hoped God's blessing would manifest itself in the new relationship.

The different addresses were interspersed with songs by the male quartet, solo, numbers by the choir and Glee Club. After the benediction by Bro. Pust, the congregation adjourned to the lower room for a pleasant social half hour with sandwiches, coffee and cake.  
G. J. TERVEEN.

### Young People's Society of Corona, S. D.

Many of the "Herald" readers may not know that the church in Corona, S. D., has a young people's society. Here is an introduction to our society and we wish to extend greetings to all other young people's workers.

Our society is not very large, but is well represented when we have our meetings.

It is our custom to meet the first, third and fifth Tuesday in each month. The first two meetings are spent in Bible study, led by the pastor; short story reading by the members, etc. The social committee has charge of the third Tuesday, when the evening is spent in picnic fashion or in a social way in a home.

We recently held our annual business meeting, election of officers, etc. It is our aim to do our part in the small corner where the Lord has placed us, admitting that we can not do too much for our Master.

At the close of the business session we spent a pleasant while in chatting, and each enjoyed the lunch, which was served by the social committee of the past year. May God help us to be of greater service to him through this year!

FREDA D. KOESTER, Sec.

### A Visit to a Chinese Drug Store

We have among our church members a thriving druggist, whose shop is in the city of Swatow.

Having ascertained that he had time and inclination to show us his stock of medicines, I went with a friend to see them. The shop, after the manner of Chinese shops, is enclosed on three sides only, and has the whole front open to the street.

The counter runs the whole length of the front of the shop except in a narrow place left for egress, and the purchaser is expected to stand in the street and ask over the counter for what he wants. The cases for drugs which cover the inner wall can be touched with one hand while the counter is reached with the other.

The stock on hand is valued at about a thousand dollars. We had intended to make an accurate list of all the drugs, but finally decided to take note of only those which were especially curious. Among them were the following:

A great variety of barks, tubers, bulbs, roots, seeds, and leaves with the stamens, petals and seed vessels of the lotus in separate compartments. Unhusked rice and wheat, sprouted and then dried.

The flower of the honeysuckle, the leaves of the arbor-vitae, the pith of a large reed and fungi from decayed wood. Various kinds of seaweed and bones of the cuttle-fish.

Dried caterpillars, snails and worms, and the cast-off skins of locusts. Silkworms and moths and butterflies, shavings of goat and deer horn, the scales of the armadillo, and charred tiger bones.

The shell of the box turtle and the horn of a rhinoceros, valued at \$3.00 for a piece of three inches in diameter, centipedes six inches long stretched and dried on splints, and the gall-bladder of a bear, valued at \$10.00 and used as a tonic. Our obliging host said there were many other drugs in the shop, among them seed pearls, and snake skins and minerals; but one had not time to see them all, and having bought a box of medicated tea, and five tiny bottles of crystallized peppermint oil, we took our departure.

Some idea of the truly wonderful doses compounded in a Chinese drug store may be gained from the following recipe written out by Dr. Cho Ping for a patient who had swallowed an overdose of opium. It took half a day to make it up!

2 couples of salted lizards, two male and two female.  
½ oz. of Korea ginseng root.  
6 dried grasshoppers, three male and three female.  
½ oz. lotus leaves.  
1 oz. walnuts.  
¼ oz. tail of rattlesnake.  
2 oz. black dates.  
½ oz. elm tree bark.  
½ oz. devil fish claw.  
½ oz. hart's horn.  
¼ oz. bird's claws.  
¼ oz. dried ginger.  
½ oz. old coffin nails.

The whole to be mixed with two quarts of water, and boiled down to one-half the quantity. Then let the patient drink the mixture as quickly as possible.

This is the method of treatment used by heathen doctors. Don't you want to send missionary doctors to teach them better?

The heathen are grateful when they are healed by the foreign doctors. It is easy to reach their souls for Christ after the bodies have been made well.—From "Pagoda Shadows" by Adele Fields.

### Do You Measure Up?

God wants each Church Member to be:  
An Attender; not an Absenter.  
A Giver; not a Getter.  
A Supporter; not a Sponger.  
A Soldier; not a Slacker.  
A Power; not a Problem.  
A Light; not a Load.  
Do you measure up?—Selected.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Greene: "Mary, how do you tell an old chicken from a young one?"  
Mary: "By the teeth, ma'am."  
Mrs. Greene: "How silly! Chickens have no teeth."  
Mary: "No, but I have."—Kansas City Star.

### Cherry Square

(Continued from Page 10)

Well! Sally didn't know whether she liked this sort of thing or not, it was so extraordinarily different from anything she had ever heard from the pulpit. The man talked, with that hand in his pocket, as if he were making a business man's address, or demonstrating an article for sale, or putting over—wasn't that the phrase they used?—a new idea for popularizing education of the masses. It was so informal that it was undignified. And yet—they were listening. They would be likely to listen to anything this man had to say.

His hand had come out of his pocket. His shoulders straightened, he was speaking in a different tone, lower, a little less informal.

"Because, I believe, with all there is of me, that we're here such a little while, and there's so much to do, that we can't afford to fuss much about how we do it. I expect there's a lot for me to do in this village, during this summer, and I want to do it. There's a carpenter shop somewhere in this village, and I expect to go there often, because a carpenter's shop is one of the places that makes me feel able to do my own sort of work better. I think of that Carpenter's Son who learned to use the hammer and the saw, the plane and the straightedge—and I need all those in my work, as he did in his. The hammer—and the saw—and the plane—and the straightedge! Think how we all need them in our work! Let's learn to use them together, and then—'From whom the whole body, fitly joined together...'"

A minute or two later Sally found herself standing, sharing the hymn-book with Jo, singing a hymn which was one of Schuyler's favorites. Something within her was deeply stirred by the familiar words:

"We thank thee, Lord, thy paths of service lead  
To blazoned heights and down the slopes of need:  
They reach thy Throne, encompass land and sea,  
And he who journeys in them walks with thee."

The voice of Josephine, her maid, beside her thrilled her, it was so lovely a contralto. Though it was kept subdued, Sally recognized its quality, and understood what it would be if it were allowed to emerge from a suitable repression. Was this a mere housemaid who held the other corner of her book? Even the well-shaped thumb, with its softly rosy polish of the nail, betrayed the fastidious habits of its owner. As Sally's eyes met Josephine's, as the two came out into the aisle, Sally smiled at her as at a friend, because she couldn't help it.

She shook hands with the preacher at the door, as everybody did. His manner was as straightforward as his sermon had been. His smile was delightful. The impression he had given in the pulpit of vigor and force of character was deepened by this direct contact with him. People crowded to meet him.

Sally's hand was shaken by many other people. Mrs. Tom Lang whispered in her ear:

"Miss Jenney's the nicest girl, as well as the prettiest. And we think she's the smartest teacher we've ever had in town."  
"I'm sure of it," agreed Sally Chase, without turning a hair at the information thus conveyed. "I'm very glad to have her with me."

(To be continued)

### Thieves I Have Known

Under the above somewhat startling caption a writer in "The Youth's Companion" speaks a few plain and much needed words upon a subject of vital importance; words that seem all the more needed because of an apparently increasing laxity in the matter of the observance of the eighth commandment. None of us would relish the imputation of dishonesty, and probably of few of us would that imputation be truthful, so far as intention goes. Nevertheless, it is probably true that most of us are a little inclined to forget the old couplet,

"It is a sin  
To steal a pin,"

and to allow ourselves considerable liberty with regard to the property of others. For instance, take the matter of collecting "souvenirs" of various sorts, the willingness to enjoy a free ride on the railroad or trolley car when the conductor neglects to take up our ticket, etc. We hope that "The Companion" article which follows will be read thoughtfully:

While visiting a friend, writes a contributor, I noticed that she had a parlor-car towel. I asked her where she got it. "Oh, I have lots of them," she replied. "I usually take one or two whenever I go on a railway trip."

Her only expense when she travels is her parlor-car fare, for her husband is a railway man.

A young man whom I know is employed in a drug store; he brings home face cream, stationery, perfume, or anything else he needs. He does not pay for those articles, however, though his employer trusts him implicitly.

At a reception of what are considered the best women in town, the club president made this announcement: "Remember, ladies, the spoons are not souvenirs." Knowing well what had occurred on previous occasions, she reminded them in a laughing manner in order not to offend any one.

A neighbor once gave me a high-power electric-light bulb. "It didn't cost me anything," he said. "All the fellows take them from the shop."

The man held a responsible position, and I told him he might lose it over just such a little matter. After we had talked it over he said:

"I am grateful to you. I didn't realize I was really stealing."

A young man of good family, a graduate of a university, has a collection of spoons that he is very proud of. His work carries him all over the country, and he has found pleasure in taking spoons from the tables of the hotels.

Men and women who work in offices often have access to stationery and postage stamps; they use them for their personal correspondence and excuse themselves on the ground that they are working for a great corporation.

There are many girls today who "work the boys" for gifts of all kinds. If a mother instructs her daughter properly, she will tell her not to accept gifts from young men. I am not including engaged young men and women.

A young couple, mere acquaintances, went into a drug store for soda. While there the girl admired an ivory jewel case. The young man felt obliged to purchase the article or be considered "tight." I firmly believe that a young lady who deliberately plans to secure gifts in this manner is a thief.

Then there is that selfish, thoughtless person who borrows your books and never returns them. It is a pleasure to lend books to people who appreciate them and are courteous enough to return them, but the book thief is a common nuisance.

I know a mother who has an unusually bright little boy. One day I asked him how old he was. He put his arms round my neck and whispered:

"Mother says I must say five years old on the train but six when I am walking."

The mother had not only stolen from the railroad company but had instilled the germ of dishonesty into the boy's mind.

I am not taking the attitude of the Pharisee—no, indeed; we are none of us perfect, but I do want people to think more clearly and more seriously.

Emerson says, "Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence." We underestimate the effect our conduct may have on others. One honest thought, one honest deed, may help to influence many people toward the right.

To plant the germ of honesty in a child's mind, practise honesty yourself, help your fellow man to be honest, and you will not have lived in vain.

### Deeper Than the Surface

It was said of Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, and also a famous preacher in his day, that he could not bear deceit in any form. Finding that a clock in his church was habitually too fast or too slow, he finally prepared a placard and hung it on the wall just above the timepiece. Upon it he had printed in large letters these words: "Don't blame my hands, the trouble lies deeper."

Is not the explanation of most of the deceit found in the world indicated by these words? False looks, false deportment and conduct, and false utterances invariably find their source in a false heart. We may condemn the lying tongue and punish the wrongdoer for evil practices, but let us not forget that the real source of trouble is below the surface. Make the heart right, and words, acts, and deeds will take care of themselves.



## Are There Any Buried Talents in Your Class?

T. C. CLARK

Perhaps not, but what about that young fellow who has pronounced ability in lettering; have you ever considered how well his letters would look if they were made to adorn your weekly announcement of class events which you rather blush at as you place it on the front wall of the church, for the reason that the Lord never meant, for you to be an artist?

Perhaps not; but what have you to say about those five fellows who never get together without talking and playing music? There may be the seeds of a most useful orchestra in this group of enthusiasts.

Perhaps not; but you have seemingly missed what possibilities there are in the young woman who has just come into your class from work in literature at college. It may be she would be glad to pass on to your members who have never learned to read the great things in literature what she knows about such things. And, you know there is nothing inconsistent in a Bible class knowing something about other good books of the world, containing the wisdom of the ages boiled down and ready to serve.

Perhaps not; but it does seem a shame for that clever business chap who has not been long with you to let his genius all go into building up a "worldly business." What he knows about finance and business organization may be just what you are needing to put your class, good as it is, on the highway of efficiency and productivity. As it is, you are giving two dollars a week toward Christian causes; but why not let him run it up to ten or twelve?

Perhaps not; but there is such a need for good teachers of the Scriptures, and if you should organize those five or six apt Bible students in your class into a sort of teachers' normal class, holding them in readiness for substitute teaching, that would certainly be worth while; and it seems probable that they may never go into that useful harness unless some such thing is done for them as is above suggested.

Perhaps not; but it certainly behooves you to look well about you to see that there are no Niagaras of talent going to waste about you!

## A Reply to "A Reform Upon a Reform"

Burlington, Iowa, Jan. 25, 1928.

"The Baptist Herald."

Gentlemen:

It is said "Because others don't approve what you do doesn't mean the idea is not good—put it to the person who can use it." So I would like to put a few remarks to Mr. Walter J. Bluhm, in response to his article in the "Baptist Herald," Number 2, which he entitles "A Reform Upon a Reform."

His statements are so far-fetched and radical, I really don't believe he means half of what he says. He hasn't given the matter much personal thought, but seems to be going on the theory that so many people go on, "my forefathers did so-and-so, I must do the same," which by the way is a very narrow-minded idea.

I am a member of the choir of the largest church of our denomination. Several years ago we adopted the vestments in our choir, and, as Mr. Bluhm states, we seem to have "made a hit," so much so that several of the other large churches of our city have adopted the plan also, and it is meeting with a great deal of favor. Of course everyone doesn't approve of the same, but you find cranks in every church, no matter what you do.

As to the vestments destroying anything beautiful, on the contrary we have found the uniformity of dress promotes a very reverent atmosphere. I think you will agree with me that the variety of style in ordinary dress nowadays does anything but contribute to a person's piece of mind. The vestments are black, as Mr. Bluhm says, and we wear a very nice linen collar with ours. As to the horseshoe shape of the collar, I would like to ask Mr. Bluhm to take off his collar and see if it isn't the same shape.

It may be the vestment did originate in the Catholic church, but what harm is that? I believe if we would copy a few more traits of the Catholics we would have larger and better churches, especially as to attendance and reverence.

Respectfully submitted,

RUTH R. LOHMANN,

1416 Pilger Ave., Burlington, Iowa.

(A "Herald" Booster.)

\* \* \*

Some read the Bible with their eyes and others with their hearts. It is only the latter who really read it.

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