

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 Seventeen



Vacation Bible School, Fleischman Memorial Church, Philadelphia

What's Happening

Rev. O. Ratschkowsky, pastor of our church at Yorkton, Sask., has resigned to accept the call of the church at American Falls, Idaho.

Rev. J. J. Lucas of College Place, Wash., has resigned as district missionary of Washington and accepted the call to the church at Anamoose, N. D. He begins his new pastorate Oct. 1.

Rev. L. P. Cassel, a son-in-law of Rev. and Mrs. August Pistor, and a member of the Oak Park German Baptist Church for the last year and a half, has accepted the call of the First Baptist Church, Grundy Center, Iowa. Rev. Cassel and family expect to begin the work on their new field early in September.

The Missionary Committee of the South Dakota B. Y. P. U., Rev. B. Schlipf, chairman, believes in taking its appointment seriously and has issued the first number of the "Mission Booster," a four-page mimeographed bulletin, well arranged and full of stirring missionary items and suggestions. Support of the Cameroon work is the special objective of So. Dakota young people.

The Daily Vacation Bible School of the Humboldt Park Church, Chicago, came to a close on July 27 after three weeks of intense Bible study, song services and busy hours in practical handwork. The enrollment was 80 with an average attendance of 50. Miss Huldah Brueckman, church missionary, was the head of the school and responsible for the organization of the various departments.

A happy day for Bethany Baptist Church of Lincoln County, Kans., was July 22. Rev. G. O. Heide had the joy of baptizing 10 young happy converts out in God's beautiful nature in a quiet little lake. Nine of those baptized are girls and one boy, all members of the Sunday school. They all made the start in the evangelistic meetings conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Lippard last fall. The church is thankful to God for these precious souls.

A very pretty wedding, uniting Miss Charlotte Strefling and Rev. Fred W. Mueller in the holy bond of matrimony, took place the first Sunday in June at the Ebenezer Church of Detroit, Mich. The bride was beautifully attired in white beaded georgette over satin and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and valley lillies. Her attendant, Mrs. Ruth Draewell, was dressed in pink georgette and carried pink roses. The groom was attended by his colleague, Mr. Wilfred Bloedow of Winnipeg, Man. Rev. J. Leyboldt, who officiated at the ceremony, was assisted by Rev. J. G. Draewell of Philadelphia, Pa. After an extended honeymoon, Rev. Mueller has commenced his work as pastor of the German Baptist Church of Vancouver, B. C.

Rev. L. Hoeffner, pastor at Hebron, N. D., baptized 8 converts in the open on Sunday, July 29. Among the candidates were 7 Sunday school scholars, the fruits of evangelistic meetings held last winter, in which Rev. A. Alf of Germantown rendered faithful assistance. The other candidate was an old man, close to 70 years in age, who was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith and had some wonderful experiences. But through reading the Bible and the grace of God he was brought to the wonderful light in Jesus. We have many others in our community who are not willing to follow Jesus in baptism. Lack of faith and love towards their Savior keeps them back. Pastor Hoeffner spoke to a large crowd of people on the Great Commission of Jesus, Matt. 28:18-20. The following points were emphasized: "Who, How and Why we baptize through immersion." After the baptism the hand of fellowship was extended to these new converts.

Missionary Geo. J. Geis in "Christian Progress in Burma in 1927" reports a Banner Year. Says Mr. Geis, "The past year was a banner year in the Myitkyina Mission. We had the largest number of baptisms, the largest membership (806), the largest number of pupils in our schools (375), and the largest contributions from the members, almost Rs. 3 per member. The disturbed condition of the country hindered us somewhat in our jungle work; still the work went on. The prospects of bringing the Kachins into the Kingdom of God have never been brighter. From widely separated parts of the field I hear of Kachins seriously speaking of turning away from demon worship to serve the living God. In one village eleven households had their demon altars torn down. One civil officer said that it looks as though within ten years the Kachins in this part of the district would all become Christians. Instead of retrenchment we ought to place another mission family in this wide field and reap the ripening harvest."

* * *

Don't dodge difficulties; meet them, greet them, beat them.

* * *

One of the two girls in the bus was reading a newspaper.

"I see," she remarked to her companion, "that Mrs. So-and-So, the octogenarian, is dead. Now, what on earth is an octogenarian?"

"I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea," replied the other girl. "But thy're a sickly lot. You never hear of one but he's dying."

* * *

The whole family owns the car. That is, when the car is idle it is mother's car, when it is in use it is the children's car, and when disabled or with a tire down it is dad's car.—Pratt (Kans.) Republican.

In the Divine Scales

In "Roughing It," Mark Twain tells of examining, in the silver regions of Nevada, a pair of scales so delicately adjusted that they would record the weight of a scrap of paper, and even a pencil mark upon the paper would be accurately registered. Today in the laboratories such scales are well known, and delicacy of balance that once seemed a miracle is an accepted fact.

But the Bible suggests that there are more delicately adjusted scales than these. God said to Babylon's profligate king, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." From this it would seem that when God weighs man, even his moral and spiritual qualities go into the scales. The harsh words we speak, the evil thoughts we harbor, even the emotions of our hearts may be made to weigh against us. On the other hand, while no human scale has ever been devised that would record the weight of kindness, justice, patience, forgiveness, we may rest assured that in God's scales their value will be recognized, and full credit will be given.

Not Dead Enough Yet

A good teacher had in her class a fine little girl who promised to bring a bunch of flowers from home to school during the afternoon. But when the little scholar appeared in school without the flowers, the teacher gently inquired, "Where are the flowers?"

And the little girl replied, "Oh, well, mother says they aren't dead enough yet!"

Is that the kind of offering we sometimes make in our churches? Do we withhold certain gifts until we ourselves have inhaled all their fragrance and turn over to our friends only the withered petals of departed beauty?

Beyond question we can be intensely selfish in our giving.

The Baptist Herald

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One and One Make Two

REV. BENJ. SCHLIPP

OUR theme is simplicity itself. It may well be said that we are to consider a kindergarten truth. We might have selected for our theme some algebraic theorem, but then I would have to prove it. So we are starting out from a commonly accepted truth and shall give all our thought to its application and appeal. Let us then give attention to the simple statement to which without argument everyone agrees, that one and one make two.

1. One Stands for Loneliness, Two for Friendship

It is possible, of course, for a person to be lonely even in a crowd. Many of our boys and girls go to live and work in big cities where they are surrounded by thousands of human beings, yet they feel themselves all alone. This feeling is the result of the lack of a plus sign, of the unit standing alone. As soon as they find some congenial soul in the multitude about them with qualities of soul and mind sufficient to attract them, the basis of friendship is found, the plus sign is added, loneliness goes and friendship takes its place. I am not speaking, you notice, of the "sheik" and "sheba" relation so common in our day, in which the "sheba" depends on the "sheik" for her supply of ice cream sodas and movie tickets. We would not demean that beautiful word "friendship" by applying it to such a relationship. Two of the outstanding elements of true friendship are mutual confidence and mutual helpfulness.

It is one of the beautiful traits of friendship that one can open one's heart to the friend with the assurance that the confidence placed in him will not be violated but kept sacred. Things come up in our life that we **must** share with others so that they may become bearable. A divided load is but half a load. What would otherwise crush us to the earth loses its irksomeness if the shoulder of a friend is placed beside our own under the burden. Paul's admonition: "Bear ye one another's burdens" is but a call to the exercise of Christian friendship. When John Fawcett sings:

"We share our mutual woes, our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows, the sympathizing tear,"

he is calling attention, in part at least, to the exercise of such friendship. Closely allied to this thought is the other, that

True Friendship Requires Mutual Helpfulness

The difference is, that mutual confidence has more to do with sharing our fears and hopes, our doubts, our joys, the things of the mind and soul, while mutual helpfulness may well be applied to

the outer things.—While I was at the Seminary I had a very good friend who is now in sunny California. Theological students in our days were often, to use a bit of slang, "broke." If Jacob was poor, he came to me, if I was lacking the needful, I would go to him. And never once did either of us fail the other, unless, as sometimes happened, we were both poor at the same time. When our oldest daughter passed away in Peoria five years ago, the church-members and our neighbors showed this spirit of helpfulness, that is such a true indicator of real friendship. Sir Walter Scott has a fine quatrain in which he says:

"When true friends meet in adverse hour
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between."

True Friendship Should Be a Lifting Device,—

lifting the friend to a higher level. For that reason friends must be carefully chosen. We are known by our friends because friendship is generally based upon congeniality. Our friends indicate our likes and dislikes. Others may judge what our ideals are by the character of our friends. The poet Gay tells us:

"Who friendship with a knave has made
Is judged a partner in the trade.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends."

And Benjamin Franklin gives us advice in these words: "Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing." If our choice has been right, the need of changing will not soon appear, but if, perchance, our choice has not been wise, the sooner the change is made, the better.

However, it is not my sole purpose to sing an ode to friendship, enticing as the theme may be. Let us consider next that

2. One Stands for Isolation, Two for Co-Operation

In our day no one doubts the value of co-operation. Modern business is built up on this principle. But even in ancient times its value was recognized. One outstanding proof is found in Deut. 32:30 where we are told that "one might chase a thousand, but two would put ten thousand to flight." For one to chase a thousand is a heroic deed, for two to cause ten thousand to flee proves the great achievement made possible by the alliance of two heroic souls, that is, co-operation.

In most of our B. Y. P. U.'s the value of working together has long been recognized. The group system of conducting meetings is based upon the principle we are discussing. Getting as many to work as we possibly can at the same task has for it the scien-

tific principle of the division of labor. Our B. Y. P. U. associations, too, are a product of this same principle. *An isolated society standing as a unit may do splendid and even heroic work.* Ten societies co-operating in some real task have an immeasurably larger outlook for successful and satisfying achievement.

It seems to me that in every local or general B. Y. P. U. organization one question should ever be in the order of business,—that the liveliest, most energetic and resourceful committee that can be got together should have this question to solve, not once for all time, but ever and again: How can we co-operate more fully? How can we make our co-operation more real? It seems to me that by a continued consideration of this question **followed by action** from year to year the boundaries of achievement would assuredly be extended.

3. The third thought I submit is this:

One Stands for a Beginning, Two for Progression

Standing still leads to stagnation. To dwell beside a swiftly flowing brook or river is fine. There is music in the ripple of the brook, there is inspiration in the thought of the power of the swiftly flowing stream, but a stagnant pool is a source of danger. Mosquitoes are bred in it. Typhoid may result from drinking from it. Its appearance repels.

Childhood is like the babbling brook;
Hear how it sings! See how it grows!
But youth is like the rushing stream
As mightily it onwards flows.

The Master taught the necessity of growth and progress in the Christian life when he said that we are branches on him, the Vine. Paul's wish for the Colossians (1:10) is that they might increase in the knowledge of God. Peter (2,3:18) asks his readers to "grow in the knowledge and grace of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." Jesus is the true exponent of the human life in its possibilities, and we read of him: "He advanced in stature and wisdom and favor with God and man." In other words, he grew physically, which is a natural process; mentally, which requires sustained personal effort; influentially, which is a result of his perfect character backed by divine grace.

Growth Held Up Leads to Deformity

Many freaks to be seen in museums are there as a result of stunted growth. They are not to be envied, but to be pitied. I once saw a man of forty with the features of a lad of six and intelligence to match his looks. Who would not feel sorry for such a person?

A good beginning is much, but it is not all. The Galatians made a good beginning, for they began in the Spirit, but Paul calls them foolish because they allowed themselves to be diverted from a pure gospel and led back again into the bondship of the law. In our spiritual life let one stand for conversion and two for a day by day consecration that finally will lead us "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ" (Eph. 4:13).

One stands for loneliness, isolation, a beginning, two for friendship, co-operation and progression. In conclusion I appeal to you to do two things. First,

Join a Great Leader

Garibaldi in the war for the unity of Italy called for volunteers to join his standard. The men who heard his call asked: "What can you give us?" He replied: "Hunger, cold, privation, wounds, even death!" Did his reply repel them? No! Those made of heroic stuff flocked to him,—and you know the outcome.

In one of the wars of Napoleon one of his soldiers had been wounded in the chest. The surgeon was probing for the bullet. "Careful!" said the soldier, "in my heart you will find the emperor."

My call is to rally to the banner of a greater leader than these; to the bloodstained banner of the Christ of God! "Master," you may say, "what wilt thou give us?" His answer: "A cross, but then a crown; weariness, but then rest; scorn, but then my approbation. Of things thou givest up, a hundredfold will I return and add to it eternal life." Respond, young people, to such a call!

Then:

Take Up a Great Cause

One of the things that made Lincoln immortal is the fact that he did just this. All future generations shall know him as the great Liberator on account of the cause he espoused. There is no cause greater than that of the Kingdom of Christ. Upon the Empire of Great Britain the sun never sets, but the Kingdom of Christ takes in all of this empire and all the nations outside it as well. And our call as Christians is to bear glad tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, and comfort all that mourn. Does this not appeal to the heroic in you?

Self-Denying Love

"If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

Matt. 16:24.

"He might have reared a palace at a word
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head.
Time was when He who nourished crowds with bread

Would not one meal unto Himself afford.
He healed another's scratch, His own side bled;

Side, hands, and feet with cruel piercings gored.
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword

Stood at His beck, the scorned and buffeted.
Oh, wonderful the wonders left undone!

Yet not more wonderful than those He wrought!
Oh, self-restraint, surpassing human thought!

To have all power, yet be as having none!
Oh, self-denying love, that thought alone

For needs of others, never for its own."

—Trench.

I Am Youth

PERCY HAYWARD

I STAND in the grain fields of the world, holding to my task, watching trains rush past and ships go out beyond the sky—and dream.

I am calloused by the noise and limitations of great cities—and wonder.

In the factories of the world I create an endless stream of things—and thereby kill the choicest capacities of my soul.

I conquer the earth. I sail beneath the seas. I master the air. **And still I am not satisfied.**

The war cannons feed on me—and they always find me ready.

The hatreds of men survive from age to age through me—and I would as readily transmit love and good will.

I am Crime—for the acts are performed or dreamed by me.

I am Art—for many of its greatest achievements are mine.

I am Literature—for my pen has created it.

I am Lust—when life perverts me.

I am Love—when the world brings forth my best self.

My eager feet march to the churches and through the Sunday schools of the world. I press through these portals in larger numbers than in any other places where men seek best good—and go with questions in my responsive heart.

I am ready for the church to challenge my soul with its age-old dream of world brotherhood, and with all the other dreams that have made it the instrument of God—if it will.

I am setting forth now on the vast Quests that are to claim my life forever, and I am eager for the Church to weave the red thread of Christ's purpose into the fabric of my questing impulse—if it be ready.

I am tip-toe for a Vision, a Purpose, a Quest—that shall belong to God.

I am ready to share in building a Christian world—if you, who are older than I in the adventure of Christ will but go with me.

I AM YOUTH.

Editorial Jottings

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER still remains the key to Sunday school success.

A DELEGATE FROM CHINA at the recent World's Sunday school convention said: "We have in China a saying, 'One look is worth a thousand words.' Help us to create good pictures for our Sunday school lessons."

NOW IS THE TIME to plan for that Rally Day you are thinking of for B. Y. P. U. or Sunday school. To rally is to have a lively assembling together. Rally to get into step again for a determined march of advance. Read Bro. Schlipf's article in this number and get inspiration for a powerful "pick-up" and a quick start on the fall and winter work.

WHEN THIS NUMBER of the "Herald" reaches our readers, the sessions of the General Conference will have passed into history. We hope all delegates and visitors have carried the inspiration, the thrill and the blessing of the big gathering back into their home churches, Bible schools and young people's societies, so that a new momentum may be given to these departments of our church life.

THERE IS NOBODY under twenty-five years of age, who is worth his salt that goes on his food, but does some dreaming. Our dreams shape us as certainly as the potter shapes the vessel. We can shuffle along and accept make-shift things and wait for something to turn up and be dreamers—and nothing else—all our lives. We can use our dreams, on the other hand, as whips to sting us into our best endeavors. Then dreaming becomes a glorious business.

A NEW YORK STATE PASTOR asked both boys and girls what they think of companionate marriage. The "flappers," so-called, proved that they are endowed with common sense, for they argued unanimously in favor of good old-fashioned, permanent marriage. Their inclination and tastes ran to men who showed evidence of being able to support a family rather than to boys whose chief idea was to have a good time—at the expense of the girl. Let's have more faith in the modern girl.

PROMPTNESS IS A VIRTUE of organized and regulated life. It is not only a good personal virtue, it is an obligation to others. Promptness and tardiness soon become habits with people. Some are always late. Some people have three hands,—a right hand, a left hand, and a little behindhand. There are other people also, who have hands, but one of them is different,—a right hand, a left hand, and a little beforehand. As a rule these little hands grow on in youth. It is a good thing to see that the right kind grows on, so that in youth we are schooled in being prompt.

Success

MILTON R. SCHROEDER

This is success:

To live an honest, upright life,
To bear the brunt of untold strife,
To live content from year to year
When skies are dark and far from clear;
To live above a world of sin
And many worthy friends to win,
To be an aid to fellow man
By helping him whene'er you can.



The Young Men's Bible Class, German Baptist Church, Colfax, Wash.

Young Men's Bible Class, Colfax, Wash.

Pastor R. M. Klingbeil says: "They are a loyal bunch of fellows. They are faithful in attendance and usually have the largest offering of all the classes." The pastor and Bro. E. E. Krueger, Supt. of the school, are the teachers of this class. The entire Sunday school numbers about one hundred.

Wisconsin Young People at Milwaukee

The Wisconsin Jugend Bund held its sessions in Milwaukee, July 17-20, in the Immanuel German Baptist Church, of which Rev. G. H. Schneck is the pastor. There was a goodly number of delegates in attendance, representing ten of the societies of our Wisconsin German Baptist Churches.

On the opening night, our president, E. P. Gissenas of Milwaukee, gave the keynote address, with the theme "The Problems of the Modern Youth." Responses to the roll call were heard from each society represented.

The devotionals of the morning sessions were led by Rev. H. Palfenier of Kossuth, Rev. F. W. Erion of Wausau and Rev. L. B. Holzer of Milwaukee on the three consecutive mornings. The rest of the forenoon session was devoted to a study period under the leadership of Prof. L. Kaiser, a discussion period, and a study period under the leadership of Geo. W. Campbell. Prof. Kaiser spoke on "Youth Assets," "Youth Facing the World," and "Some of the Life Springs of Youth." The discussion periods were in charge of Mrs. Mavis, Pearl Vilhauer and E. P. Gissenas. Mr. G. W. Campbell spoke on "Studies in Hymnology," "Interpretation of Hymns," and "Leadership in Group Singing." On Friday forenoon, Mr. LaGrande spoke to the convention.

Two of the afternoon sessions were devoted to educational trips to the Ford Plant and the Museum and an outing to Grant Park.

The business meeting was held on Thursday afternoon. It was decided by the convention that we raise \$50 each year, as our objective, for the Cameroon Mission in Africa. The newly elected

officers are: President, Helmuth Wengel, Milwaukee Immanuel; Vice-President, Ranetta Specht, Kossuth; Secretary, Edna Voeck, North Freedom; Treasurer, Alma Kiehn, Kossuth.

Wednesday evening was program night. The united program was made up of numbers by each society represented.

A very interesting play, "A Missionary Romance," was given by the society of the Immanuel Baptist Church on Thursday evening.

The convention closed on Friday evening with a very appropriate lecture given by Prof. Kaiser on "Making the Most of Life."

May the good seeds sown during the convention take root and help to make our convention bigger and better for the coming year. EDNA VOECK, Secr.

Daily Vacation Bible School at the Fleischman Memorial

*"Marching with the heroes, comrades of the strong,
Lift we hearts and voices as we march along;*

*O the joyful music all in chorus raise!
Theirs the song of triumph, ours the song of praise."*

In that spirit of cheerfulness and enthusiasm the children came to the Community Vacation Church School conducted by the Fleischman Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., with the co-operation of the St. Simeon's Lutheran Church. This Vacation Church School was one of the finest examples of Christian interdenominational achievement and of an attractive varied program.

The school was held for four weeks, extending throughout the month of July. The registration reached the high mark of 191, including only those who attended the school once or oftener. The average daily attendance was 124 pupils. At the closing public exercises honor certificates were awarded to 58 pupils for perfect attendance. It was an interesting fact that about twenty Protestant churches and six Catholic churches were represented among the pupils.

The teaching staff was composed of twenty teachers, all unpaid volunteers. Twelve of the teachers are members of the Fleischman Memorial Church. The

missionary, Miss Frieda Weisser, had complete charge of the handwork for the girls. The principal of the school was the pastor, the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner.

The program was modern and varied in all its features. The opening worship period found the boys and girls on time in order to pledge their allegiance to the American and Christian flags, to sing the hymns and to hear the stories. A study period, a period of handwork for the girls and of woodwork for the boys and a third period with special interests every day made up the program of the departments. No hymnals were used, but the children soon memorized the hymns as they sang them from the blackboard. In this way use was made of fifteen of the best known hymns of the Christian Church.

There were weekly swims for the boys at the Y. M. C. A. swimming pool, afternoon hikes into Philadelphia's beautiful parks, surprises on Friday mornings for the children, and a picnic for the school on the closing day. Nature talks were brought to all the departments, and talks on hygiene were presented to the Junior and Intermediate boys and girls. There were classes on dramatization and missionary projects, and periods for recreation in the park nearby arranged.

The budget of the Vacation Church School amounted to \$162, making possible an adequate program and very practical handwork. This money was contributed by members of the church and by the children of the school. The offering on the evening of the public exercises amounted to \$40, which will go to defray the expenses of the Vacation Church School next year with a paid staff of teachers.

The church was crowded on Friday evening, July 27, to attend the public exercises of the school. Every department participated in some way. The primary pupils brought a Nature study in story and song. The children of the beginner's department appeared as an orchestra. The Junior girls participated in a missionary presentation and the Junior boys in a character portrayal. The Intermediate boys took part in an original playlet on "David's Way of Getting Even." The Intermediate girls had a demonstration program on personal health. Prizes and awards for perfect attendance and for fine work were made at the close by the principal of the school. The exhibit in the adjoining room was highly commended by many of the friends and visitors.

Vacation Church Schools are an asset to any community in the building of Christian character and the development of American citizenship. There is no greater joy than that of working and playing with children in this vital manner. MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER.

Might Try Cotton Wool

The Prodigy's Mother: "Of course, I know she makes little mistakes sometimes; but you see she plays entirely by ear."

The Prodigy's Uncle: "Unfortunately, that's the way I listen."—Passing Show.

The Sunday School

Evangel Church Vacation School at Newark, N. J.

*"We're on time, we're on time,
That is why our faces shine;
Even though we came for blocks,
We can be as true as clocks;
And we're sure it's much more fun
Than to come when school's begun."*

Thus recited the children daily before entering the vacation school. Then, at a given signal, they marched in under the Christian and American flag, singing, "Lead On, O King Eternal."

It was a happy and industrious group of children who met every day. The average attendance was 73, while the highest was 101, not counting the 19 teachers. At the very start they were told of the Kodiak Orphanage in Alaska, to which some of their handwork was to be sent, and told bits of interest to enable them to do their work willingly and lovingly. It is of interest, too, to find that each week the offering sent to the support of other Vacation Bible Schools was always the largest.

Our school was a standard one, lasting the required three hours per day for four weeks. The opening worship period was joined by all departments, while the Beginners held sway in the cool basement for the rest of the morning. The "Life of Christ" was studied, and both the Primaries and Juniors displayed great skill in memory work.

Once a week, from the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Conrad came to lead the music and Mr. Nabholz the recreation. Incidentally, Mr. Conrad composed a splendid song for Evangel D. B. S., the words of which are as follows:

*"Hear the sound of youthful voices
Ringing loud and clear,
Bringing words of joy and gladness
To each listening ear.
We are learning from the Bible
Through vacation days,
How we best may serve our Master
And give him our praise."*

CHORUS:

*Hail, Evangel Daily Bible School,
Here we're learning of God's golden rule,
We will make the corners brighter,
Sad hearts we will bless,
That's the way we do things
In Evangel D. B. S."*

At the closing exercise the parents were shown a bit of what their children had been doing under the able leadership of Miss Marie Baudisch, our missionary. With song, recitations, dramatization of the "Good Samaritan" and the "Ten Virgins" and a fine exhibit of the handwork the evening closed with the parents feeling that their children's time had been well spent. While up on the platform reposed two silver living cups, the larger one, which we now can keep, for first place three successive years in the Field Meet of all D. V. B. Schools of Essex County, and the smaller one for



Daily Vacation Bible School, Evangel Church, Newark, N. J., at West Side Park

second place, won this year. That and the handwork, composed of dresses, rompers, slippers, stuffed cats and woolen balls for the Orphanage and towels, Gesso-craft work, reed baskets and mats, book ends, tie racks, etc., which the children could take with them, made them proud to bring their parents.

The greatest joy which the teachers probably received from the school was the fact that 9 of the Juniors made a decision for Christ. D. L. H.

Strengthening Example

Hamlin Garland, writing of his boyhood days, in his book, "A Son of the Middle Border," refers to a lad of his own age who awakened his admiration. He says: "Although a youth of instant, white-hot, dangerous temper, he suddenly, at fifteen years of age, took himself in hand in a fashion miraculous to me. He decided—I never knew just why or how—that he would never again use an obscene or profane word. He kept his vow. I knew him for thirty years, and I never heard him speak in anger or utter a word a woman would have shrunk from." He adds, "This change in him profoundly influenced me, and though I said nothing about it, I resolved to do as well."

One of the finest things about a good example is that it is sure to inspire some one else—perhaps some one we do not even know. Many times it has happened that in carrying out a worthy resolve or a commendable principle for our own sake only, we are stimulating another to greater determination and nobler attainment of character and life.—Forward.

I Take It Upon Myself

I challenge you young men and women to go with Christ as he goes—down into the midst of problems that must be met and solved, down where life is hard and men must toil, down into the thick of the battle with selfishness and greed, into the commonplace made gray by the deadly grind, into the midst of mad pleasures where souls seek to find release, into the homes where men and women struggle to be true and fail. Leave your ceaseless

round of self-indulgence, your drifting days where, safe and well content, you may draw down the shades, say your comfortable prayers at eventide, and easily forget. Let your prayers be like Christ's as you kneel alone in the night when the day's work is done. Go out from this place and this hour into the problems of your home, your office and school, your city streets, your country lanes; go out to lift burdens, knowing that in the ultimate plan of the eternal God you have a part. I pray you turn to the Christ of Calvary, the Man of Galilee, and say to him, with joy, "I see the need, I take it upon myself."—Margaret Slattery, in "He Took It Upon Himself."

Thoughts About the Bible

"The Bible looks the facts of life in the face and tells the truth about them."—McFadyen.

"If wisely taught, it is able to make life sweet and clean and strong and fruitful."

"To have an intelligent knowledge of this one Book, is to have the beginning of a liberal education."

"I have never known a useful Christian who was not a Bible reader."—Moody.

"No book the world has ever known has left so deep an impression as the New Testament."

"If all the books in the world were about to be ablaze in a great fire, I would snatch the Bible away first of all."—Canon Farrar.

"If there is aught of eloquence in me, it is because I learned the Scripture at my mother's knee."—Daniel Webster.

"If you want to be eloquent, young gentleman, learn long passages of the Bible by heart."—Van Dyke.

"My customary preparation for the delivery of an oration was to read the 8th Psalm and the 40th chapter of Isaiah."—Webster.

"The Bible furnishes to its readers companionship with the heroes of the race."

"The bane of Bible reading is haste."

Cherry Square

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

(FROM JOSEPHINE JENNEY'S NOTE-BOOK)

Saw a strange thing tonight. Late—after midnight—couldn't sleep. Stole out alone. Cherry Square dark except for pale moonlight—village frugally extinguishes street lights when moon is scheduled. Every house dark. Effect curious, as of deep slumber extending even to windows of houses. Passed church—spire ghostly against sky. Passed Manse. When beyond shrubbery saw lower side window lighted. Went slowly—lingered—figure walking up and down, head bent, pipe in mouth, hands in pockets. Stopped, gazing shamelessly.

No one about anywhere. Square dead as Mars. Stole close to window. Looked in. . . . Fled away. . . . One doesn't stare at pain—struggle—grief. . . . The pipe was out.

XXIII

Josephine Jenney, a letter in her hand, came out of the Cherry Hills post office. On the walk outside she met Gordon Mackay. The evening mail had just come in, and all Cherry Hills was accustomed to go personally to get this last mail of the day. In the small town this meeting of the clans was almost a social function. At least it provided an opportunity for the members of the small community to meet and greet one another, at the same time observing closely what sort of mail the others had received.

Jo's letter was a large square one, with an engraved address in one corner of the envelope. Though it had been expected, the reception of it had notably quickened her pulses.

Mackay stopped her. "Miss Jenney, have you time to spare for a little walk? Out toward the old bridge, if you like that way?"

"I think so, Mr. Mackay."

"Just a minute, then, please, till I run in."

She turned toward the west—it was the shortest way out from the village into the open country. She walked along slowly until Mackay came rapidly up behind her and fell into step. His hand was full of letters, which he was stowing in his pockets.

"I want so much to have a little talk with you. I was just going to the house to ask if you'd take this walk. It's such a perfect evening as one doesn't often get except in early September."

"It's a wonderful evening. And I meant to walk out into the country anyway, to open this letter."

She held it up, and he could see the engraved address, which was that of a well-known woman's college.

"It looks momentous," he commented, "with that sign and seal. It was your college, wasn't it?"

"Yes. I suppose one never does see the old name without a sense of possession, does one?"

smoke. She turned away from them; something in her breast seemed to leap and fall again. She sat down on the log and clasped her hands about her knees, waiting for she couldn't imagine what.

"I suppose that sounds like an effort to be dramatic. Life is dramatic, now and then, isn't it? Somehow I never felt it more so."

"A sky like that does give one a sense of drama," she agreed. "But one has to come back to earth and just be thankful for the moment that has passed."

"Yes. I see you won't let me quote any more verse to you!" He was smiling in the dusk, and his tone became more a matter of fact. "I've kept you waiting to open that letter till it's too dark for you to see it. I'll make a bit of fire for you to read by."

"I really suppose I know what's in it. But it's the sort of thing one must be sure of before talking about it."

In two minutes he had the fire. Half a dozen dry sticks, an envelope from his pocket beneath them, and the touch of a match to it, and the small flames flared. Jo opened her letter and scanned it quickly.

"Yes," she said, "it's what Doctor Rutherford said she'd send me—the official notification of a position she offered me when she came to see me a few days ago."

"Doctor Rutherford? President of your college?"

"Yes. And I know I ought to be very proud and happy about it. It's quite a wonderful thing to come to me. She was looking for somebody to fill the place, at almost the last minute, of the assistant to Professor Huston, the head of the history department. Miss Sinclair has married very suddenly. Doctor Rutherford somehow thought of me—I shall never understand just why."

"Are you going to take the position?"

"I don't know, I can't work it out."

"What a masquerade!" he said, in a strange tone. "You come here to teach in a country school. You become a maid in a household for the summer, and are promoted to be housekeeper, and so to be friend. And now—a college wants you. . . Miss Jenney, you stimulate a Scotsman's imagination. He has one, you know, in spite of the traditions of his stoicism."

"I don't doubt it. And I didn't mean to masquerade, exactly." She was stirring the bright embers at her feet into a final glow. Mackay laid another handful of twigs upon them, and again a little blaze illuminated both faces. "One role let to another. But if I have, for reasons—so have you, Mr. Mackay?"

"No, I'm nothing more than I seem. During the two years I have been in this country I've been looking about for the work I should do—keeping busy at odd jobs like this one in Cherry Hills meantime. Now I think I've found my work. That's what I want to tell you about. But now—you've found yours. . . . There was a time when I thought your work and mine might coincide."

"My work—coincide with yours! Mr. Mackay, what, possibly, can you mean?" He went off scouting about, found and piled enough small wood to keep the little

bonfire going for a considerable time. By now it was nearly dark, for darkness comes on fast on a moonless night in September. In the ruddy flickering light he finally stood still, looking down at Jo, who had watched his movements as if unable to detach herself from them.

"Do you want the whole story? Anyhow, I want to tell it to you."

"Then I want to hear it, of course."

"There were two reasons why I came to Cherry Hills this summer. The first was because it seemed my duty lay here, so I should have come anyway. But the second reason was because—you were here."

She stared up at him in amazement.

"No," he said, smiling a little, "you don't believe that. I admit it probably sounds to you incredible. But it's true. Do you happen to remember going to Doctor Chase's church one day last May?"

She nodded. "I shall never forget that."

"Do you possibly recall that two strangers were shown into the pew after you, and sat next you?"

She considered. "I think so. There always are strangers next one in that church."

"I was one of them. I sat beside you through that hour. When I came into the pew you turned and glanced at me—and I saw your face. When the service was over we all were kept in that pew for some time by a group of people who stopped just outside to greet one another. One doesn't elbow people in church to get by. While we waited you were watching Mrs. Schuyler Chase, at our right. This gave me an excellent chance to watch you. Just as we all moved to go, a young woman spoke to you from the aisle, and you went along up it, talking with her. You were both speaking in becomingly low tones, but it was easy for me to overhear because I was shamelessly listening."

Jo was looking into the fire now with eyes which seemed to be saying to it: "What can this be that I am hearing? A strange tale!"

Mackay went on, in the same even tones with which he had begun the strange tale.

"The young woman asked you what you were doing this summer. You said that you were going to stay in Cherry Hills, where you had been teaching the past year. She urged you to come somewhere with her, but you shook your head. No, you said, there was a reason why you must remain there during the summer, though you weren't sure of what would happen the coming fall. In this way, you see, I heard your voice, though subdued. It needed only the voice to confirm the impression of the face. I had one or two more chances to get a direct look at you before you finally parted with your acquaintance—I was pretty sure that she was a college classmate, from a phrase or two she used that I've forgotten now. I don't even remember her face. But I went away with yours painted on my memory. Every line of it. I even know that you had on a little black hat with a feather-shaped thing on it made of ribbon. When you turned once

or twice rather quickly while we were still in the pew, I had to duck to avoid getting the end of it in my eye. The church was crowded, the pew was full. I was very near you."

She laughed outright—and glad of a chance to laugh, for the story seemed to be becoming one with grave issues, and she wanted it to go slowly. "I don't wonder you remember that hat," she admitted. "Many people got my pseudo-feather in their eyes before I finally put it away."

"It was a most becoming hat. I don't know much about them, but I particularly liked that one. I suppose it was because of the face below it. Anyhow, when before the week was out I had the urgent request to preach at Cherry Hills for the summer, while my friend Craigie went to stay with his dying mother, I accepted it. I hadn't intended to spend the summer in the country. The year had been a full one, and I needed the two months of comparative rest. Anyhow, I could hardly refuse. And it wasn't till the third Sunday that you came to church."

Jo was smiling a little into the fire. She could never forget that Sunday when she had first heard Gordon Mackay speak.

"After that you came every Sunday, and I ventured to think you began to care to hear the preacher. It was—very difficult—not to make my sermons with one person in mind. You see, you had always the look of listening with your mind as well as with your eyes. Any speaker recognizes that look—it stimulates him. But at least I succeeded, I think, in making no sign of caring whether or not you were there. It was, I assure you, an achievement—that!"

"You succeeded," Jo admitted, without looking up. "I mean—succeeded in making no sign."

"I wonder now at my own self-restraint. I've wondered at it all along. Because from the hour I saw you in that church, I've been—potentially—yours."

He said it so quietly, yet with a so unconsciously thrilling deep intonation on that last word, that his hearer turned her head away sharply to hide her face from him in the betraying firelight. For he had dropped upon one knee before the fire, to mend it, and his eyes were again upon her.

"Perhaps you'll wonder how I could feel like that, and try so hard to make no sign. It was because my real future was so unknown before me. I wanted to have something definite to offer you, and everything was particularly indefinite. I had—so far—disappointed my father in his hopes for me. I had reached the point where it seemed to me I couldn't do that any longer. He had a place for me in Edinburgh, and all summer he has been writing me about it, urging it upon me. He will retire before many years, now, and his plan was that if I came back and took this pulpit which wants me—a smaller but still an influential church—the next step would be to succeed him in his church. But I couldn't go back. My three years in America, while they haven't changed my Scottish blood—I don't think even many years could ever quite do that to a Scotsman—have con-

vinced me that I want to stay here. It is the land of opportunity, no doubt of that. And the opportunity came. . . . At almost the same moment that it came to me—it was gone. And with it went my hope to have something fit for me to offer you, when I did speak. Yet—I can't forbear to tell you about it."

Now Jo turned, her own eyes fiery. "Have you been offered Doctor Chase's pulpit?"

"Virtually. Mr. Pierpont made it very clear that it would be offered, if I would become the supply."

"And you've refused it?"

"I have. Of course I had to refuse it, knowing what I did."

"So it was I who took your chance away from you?"

"Yes, it was you! Why not? You wouldn't have me take it, even for you."

She turned away her head again, and kept it turned in a strange silence. He watched her for a minute, then rose to his feet and strode away into the darkness which was all the blacker for the little oasis of firelight. He was gone for several minutes, and when he came back she was looking straight at him. She too rose and stood leaning against a tree trunk, her hands behind her.

"I took that chance away from you," she repeated. "And such a chance! Why, you could have kept that church filled to overflowing, just as Schuyler Chase filled it. And for a better reason. Because—you have—oh, so much more in you than he ever had!"

"I hope to make a smaller church overflow," he said steadily. "I'm to begin work down there, in the slums, the first of October. Maybe, some day, the slums will begin to recede from it."

"Is that the work you want to do? The other was—what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Of course—it was. But I'm going to want to do this."

"You gave that up for a man you never knew till this summer?"

"I had several times heard him preach—in that way I knew him."

"And it was I who did this to you," she said, for the third time, as if she couldn't get away from the thought.

"You did. I hope you don't regret it."

"Don't you?"

The two pairs of eyes looked steadfastly into each other for a minute, as if they searched for the absolute truth. Then Mackay spoke:

"With one side of me I regret it very much. For perhaps twenty-four hours I was so desperately disappointed I had a terrific fight with myself to give it up. Then, of course, I saw that I couldn't conceivably step up into that position over another man's body and do any kind of worthy work. After that it was easy. When a door closes and locks in your face you only demean yourself by beating upon that door, that's all. And the one that's opening before me leads to a task that challenges my best effort. What really can a man ask more than that?"

"You'll give it your best effort—I know that much about you."

"You really don't know much about

(Continued Col. 1, Page 11)



New Frame Church Building at Kaplang, Myitkyina, Burma, dedicated June 3, 1928

Dedication of a New Church at Kaplang, Burma

GEORGE J. GEIS

Along about 1918 while I was in the Philippine Islands a few families from one of our older villages founded a new village about 24 miles down the railway line.

Upon my return to the field in 1923 I found eleven very discouraged families and out of harmony with each other. Kachin fashion each man wanted to be the head of the village.

The village site was a poor one. During the rainy season it was often 6 to 12 inches under water. Mosquitoes by the thousands swarmed about by day and by night, consequently there was much fever and the small children were showing signs of enlarged spleens.

The delapidated bamboo chapel was an outward sign of their inward condition. In order to escape the smoke from their open fires I usually slept in the chapel, but during the rains it was difficult to find a dry spot.

In talking over this deplorable condition I recommended the selection of a new village site. At first this only seemed to increase their opposition to one another, but talking to them one by one and then as a whole finally won the day.

The building of new houses on the beautiful new site at the foot of a hill with sloping ground kept them busy in mind and body between harvests. The building of a new house of worship again united their hearts in the common good.

During all these operations the pastor's house was used as a meeting house and when the village school was opened this also found its home there.

Our more prosperous Christian Kachin villagers hired either Chinese or Burman carpenters to build their chapel. Kaplang was too poor to spend money on carpenters, so every able bodied man put in his share of time either collecting material or cutting it into shape when it was hauled on the building site. Our school carpenter instructor gave them a few hints and some tools from the school were lent to them, so with a good will they went ahead.

home on the campus of Judson College in Rangoon. We found the missionary, in the person of our pastor's wife, Mrs. Zummach, to be a very delightful hostess. As we were invited to be seated on her veranda (a few palms helped to form a foreign background), she gave us some general information regarding Burma and answered our questions regarding Judson College.

A bell was then heard ringing and we were informed we were just in time to attend one of the class sessions of Judson College, so all moved to another part of the room where we were welcomed by the teacher in charge and the class session offered another means of giving information regarding the country we had come to visit. The pupils of course were all in costume and had committed their recitations to memory. A little humor was brought in by the teacher.

The visitors were then invited to attend the noon chapel service of Judson College. Chairs had been arranged in another corner of the Social Hall and all took places here. The front seats were reserved for the students (the ladies in costumes), and as they came two and two down the aisle we could almost imagine we were thousands of miles away experiencing strange thrills and a deepening desire to give more of our interest and time and means to provide these our sisters and brothers of Burma with the necessary opportunities such as Christian education affords for testimonies given at this chapel service proved that when these people allow the spirit of Christ to rule in their hearts they become wonderful leaders among their own people.

The leader of the "Chapel Service" (our Service Guild president impersonating one of the missionaries at Judson College) gave us a very comprehensive idea of the Christian schools in Burma. One of the students sang the hymn composed by a Hindu Christian "In the secret of his presence" and after prayer the program was brought to a close but we still had the sensation of lingering in Burma for the students served refreshments and the conversation during the social time was evidence of the fact that information and entertainment had been successfully combined. One of the members said, "I feel now as though I could more intelligently pray for Burma."

AUGUSTA JORDAN, REPORTER.

The Desire of Kings

One day when Matthew Boulton, who was the partner of James Watt in the steam-engine business, was talking with King George III, the king inquired, "In what business are you engaged?"

"I am engaged, Your Majesty, in the production of a commodity which is the desire of kings."

"And what may that be?" asked the king.

"Power, Your Majesty, power."

Kings, of course, sought one sort of power. The inventors of the steam-engine sought power of a different kind; but the aim of humanity all through the ages has been to attain power.

Cherry Square

(Continued from Page 9)

me, do you?" A smile touched his grave mouth.

"I think I know—everything about you," said Jo Jenney, her clear gaze again upon the fire.

"Do you? I hope you do. Because then you understand how I feel about this, and how hard it is to tell you that I think you'd better accept this offer from your college. I can see that's just the place for you. The slums are not the place for you. But—I want you to know this. When I've served my term there and feel I've earned the right to look for another sort of place, I shall come to you and tell you again what I've told you now—if you're still free."

"I may not be free."

His voice was very low as he asked quickly:

"Then it must be that you aren't free now?"

"I'm not, Mr. Mackay."

He was staring at her with a look of sudden and unbearable pain in his eyes, as if she had struck him a blow. She looked at him and saw it, and her own look melted. Her face flamed, she threw back her head and said with a proud gesture: "I'm not free, because—oh, there's nothing to do but to tell you!"

"Yes, tell me," he said with a smothered breath. "I might have known—"

"I have," said Jo Jenney, low but very clearly, and with her head up, "a brother in prison."

(To be continued)

Ordination of the Rev. Emil Becker

Delegates of five churches gathered on the 24th of July in the Baptist church of Ableman, Wis., for the purpose of ordaining Mr. E. Becker to the ministry. The following three special representatives were invited to the council: Prof. L. Kaiser, Rev. G. C. Mitchell, representative of the Baptist State Convention of Wisconsin, and Rev. E. Mueller. Rev. Mitchell was elected chairman, and Rev. H. Hirsch clerk of the council.

The resolution of the church, regarding the calling of this council, was read, then the council proceeded with the examination of the candidate. Brother Becker related his Christian experience, his call to the ministry, and read a prepared statement of his doctrinal views. After a thorough examination of the candidate the council declared itself satisfied with the statement of the brother, and resolved to recommend to the church to proceed with the ordination. Br. Becker is a graduate of our Seminary in Rochester, and he also studied one year in the English department.

The ordination service was in charge of Rev. Mitchell. Prof. Kaiser preached the ordination sermon, based upon 2 Cor. 5:20, "True Ambassadors of Jesus Christ." Prof. Kaiser showed that, as the ministry of the Apostle Paul so must the ministry of today have as its basis a Christian experience. In a very fascinating and inspiring way the Chris-



Church Builders at Kaplang, Burma, Myitkyina Kachin Field, 1928

tian ministry was pictured under the three captions: the dignity, the duty, and the disposition or temper of the Christian ministry. Not the clerical garb, not the training, and not an ordination certificate, but the right relation to Christ lends dignity and authority to the Christian ministry. The dignity of the ministry consists in the dignity of service. The duties of the ministry are to have an objective; to follow the example of Jesus Christ; to perform the work of Christ, to seek and to save souls; to proclaim the message of Christ, the message of reconciliation. And the disposition or temper of the Christian ministry must be joyful, unselfish, and passionate. Our sufficiency is not of ourselves, but it is of God.

Rev. Mitchell lead in the ordination prayer with the laying on of hands while the other preachers were standing around the kneeling candidate. The service was very impressive, and surely will linger long in the minds of those present. A. Hirsch welcomed the ordained brother into the fellowship of the Christian ministry; Rev. E. Mueller gave charge to the candidate, and Prof. Kaiser gave charge to the church. Appropriate music was furnished by the choir and the quartet of the church. This blessed and memorable meeting was dismissed by Rev. E. Becker with the benediction. May the Lord bless our brother abundantly in his service. H. HIRSCH.

B. Y. P. U., La Salle, Colo.

The reading of the wonderful reports of other societies gives us a desire to let others hear from us also. We want the "Herald" readers to know that we are still active and are trying very hard to make our society a success. We hope to be remembered in the prayers of all our readers. We also have a request for more broadcasting from our B. Y. P. U. Station at Scottsbluff, Nebr. We miss your reports.

The B. Y. P. U. here have the half hour devotional meetings every Sunday

evening before services, led by different members of the society. Every last Sunday in the month the young people have the full evening. We have special programs on these evenings. The last Sunday in June the program consisted of a chalk talk by our minister, Bro. Chas. Wagner. Now there is something wonderful and interesting—a sermon illustrated with pictures drawn by Bro. Wagner!

The last Sunday in July the main feature, answering the questions from the Question Box, was also very interesting. A violin duet was given by Bro. Wagner and Bro. Fred Meyer; a solo by Ralph Geis and a dialog, "Auf dem Wege zum Jugendverein," by Gottlieb and Erma Vogel. May we continue to be active and more so the coming years!

We must give honorable mention to our "Baptist Herald." We use the topics for our half hour devotional from the "Herald" and find them very interesting. We all enjoy studying them. May God help us all to stay interested in his work!

ERMA VOGEL, Sec.

A Labor Tribute to Jesus

The following is from an editorial in the "Trades Union News" (Philadelphia):

"Jesus was the first great religious teacher to preach the dignity of Labor, and it is largely attributable to his pronouncements twenty centuries ago that Labor today is free, respected and honored. That great historical fact should never be forgotten by Labor, and one of the best ways to remember it appreciatively is by celebrating his birthday every year on December 25. Unfortunately, however, it often appears that many workers are not well acquainted with the history of the Christian religion and, therefore, do not appreciate what a mighty influence its Founder has been for the advancement of civilization in general and the betterment of Labor in particular."



New Village Site of Kaplang, Myitkyina, Burma, 1928

The Texas and Louisiana Union

The Texas and Louisiana Jugendbund met in connection with our German Baptist Conference in Crawford, Texas, on Friday afternoon, August 3. A great number of young people were present this year, more than ever before, and ten B. Y. P. U.'s were represented. I can speak for all when I say we certainly did have a good meeting. We all received a great blessing, for there was not a dull moment during the afternoon.

The meeting was opened at 2.30 with song and scripture reading by the secretary, after which a number of young people led in prayer, especially for our Union, and it was a great help, for everything worked in harmony. Then followed the business—reports were read from different Unions, showing that they had all worked for the same cause. After some brief talks and discussions over plans for better B. Y. P. U.'s, new officers were elected as follows: President, Rev. L. Gassner, pastor of the Cottonwood church; vice-president North District, Mrs. Freda Peterson, Dallas; vice-president South District, Otto Hill, Kyle; Secretary, Mathilda Hirsch, Waco; treasurer, Walter S. Schaible, Waco. The afternoon meeting was closed with prayer led by Bro. Bartel of Dallas.

Our evening meeting opened with a song service led by A. Guderian. After the officers were introduced, the newly elected president took charge of the meeting. A very interesting program was given by the combined Unions, such as readings, solos, quartets, duets, dialogs, piano solos, etc. A collection which amounted to \$45.67 was promised for Bro. C. Fuellbrandt's missionary field.

The speaker for the evening was Bro. Fuellbrandt. His inspired talk will long be remembered by all, and we pray the Lord's richest blessing upon him and his work.

May our young people show renewed strength and energy in the work of our Lord! God grant that next year at our meeting in Cottonwood we shall have great and glorious news to report!

M. H., Secretary.

Mission Work Among the Indians

Mrs. G. W. RUTSCH

First of all I think it would be of interest to know a few facts about the Indians themselves in our own country. There are several tribes of them, such as Kiowas, Comanches, Choctaws, Cherokees, etc. The Cherokees for instance, were found by the whites in 1706 occupying 64 towns in and around the valley of the Tennessee River. They were at war with the English for many years, but after losing most of their houses, cattle and horses they yielded to the whites. They numbered around 14,000.

Another tribe called the Comanches was found by the French in 1719 along the waters of the Colorado and Missouri. These are great fighters and had long and bloody wars with the Spaniards. They have medicine-men that they worship as their God calling him "Dear Father." They numbered 12,000 at one time but have come down to barely 1000 and are chiefly settled in Oklahoma.

The Sioux is another tribe, the majority of which settled in South Dakota. President Coolidge was admitted to them as "The Leading Eagle" at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota last August, at which time he inspected the progress in farming and manual education and said great interest and respect was shown him as he addressed the 10,000 Indians that were together to hear him. This was the first president and leader of the nation to be adopted by the Sioux. The credit of all this of course is due to the work of our missionaries. President Coolidge also stated that more than 10,000 Indian young men served in the army of the World War and 2000 in the navy, rendering distinguished service, never forgetting the religious and missionary training and influences.

This may seem just plain history to a good many who read it, but these facts go to show how necessary the work among the Indians is when there are so many of them right in our own country that still need Christian teaching. There is nothing that will more readily teach

and bring about cleanliness, health, hope, faith and worship than the teaching of the Bible, the true Gospel of Jesus Christ, the fruits of which are becoming more and more evident through the faithful endurance of our missionaries who work among this class of people.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society

has worked wonderfully through their missionaries in bringing Bibles into the homes of the Indian people. We are surely glad to read here and there of the progress among this race.

We have a great many Indians in our country that are Baptists. G. A. Perkins visited them at their conference in Oklahoma last summer and he said it was a delight to see and feel their spirit and enthusiasm. To hear that congregation of over 400 Indians sing their favorite hymns such as "Love lifted me" and "Since Jesus came into my heart" made one's heart rejoice. Should we not thank God for the missionaries who gave their time and energy to teach the gospel of Jesus Christ to these people? And what's more, ought we not give willingly for missions in foreign fields as well, when we see with what success the work among the Indians is carried on here? We realize through careful study how intelligent this race is, once they are convinced of their wrong way of living. Therefore it is the duty of those who know to tell the story to those who do not have this wonderful Savior and his saving power. We have a great responsibility as Christians. May we not be found idle!

There are many other facts of interest that could be brought out concerning the Indians at home and abroad, if time would allow. However, this has proved a very interesting study to me, especially to notice how richly rewarded the efforts have been of those teachers and missionaries who brought love and sacrifice for the welfare of others.

May God continue to bless the work among the Indians as well as among all races!

Where We Live

Unconsciously the small boy must have been something of a philosopher, who, interrogated by a teacher as to where he lived, naively replied, "I live inside myself." Although the teacher smiled, we wonder if, after all, the little lad was not expressing a greater truth than he realized.

Despite the fact that not a few people in the world are apparently making desperate efforts every day to live outside themselves, the only place anyone can live is within himself. It is one of the most tragic of all mistakes to try to find life in fine clothes, in big automobiles, in pleasure boats, in houses, in servants. In other words, life is not to be found in what we have, but in what we are. If it were not so easy to forget this fact, many of us might live far better, far more wisely, and far more richly than we do.

The Message of the Flowers

(Dedicated to the folks in Wilmington, Del., with whom I shared the joys and sorrows of life for 3¼ years)

OTTO E. SCHULTZ

I asked the flowers of garden and field:
"What message to weary hearts do you yield?"

Who is the artist of your colors rare?
Who the designer of beauty so fair?
The garment-maker of such robes of state,
Surpassing those of Solomon the great?"
Gently the little flowers answered thus:
"The Author of Beauty created us!"

I smelt the flowers of garden and field,
And was entranced at the odors they yield.

"Little sisters, what makes your breath so sweet?
You who are often crushed under men's feet."

And the flowers that sip the morning dew,
That bathe in the sunshine and heaven's blue,

Humbly whispered with heads bowed toward the sod:

"We are simply breathing the breath of God."

I chid the flowers in garden and field:
"You do not toil nor useful fruitage yield,

You do not worry, do not sow nor spin,
Do not produce midst life's bustle and din!"

Sweetly the flowers with mystic fragrance

Replied: "We are not mere useless vagrants.

Life is something more than work and duty,

Life is joy and peace and grace and beauty!"

How to Take Care of Your Pastor

A church which knows how to take care of her pastor knows how to take care of herself, for he represents every arm of her work. Many pastors are shamefully neglected, and, as a result, the church is dead. They think they need a new pastor, but they need a new church. They want the best preacher in the conference, but they don't deserve any. Some are too stingy, others too lazy and indifferent, but none are too poor, to care for their pastor. All pastors are not ideal, but some church may be the cause. The church has as much to do with making the pastor as he has in making the church. A church was asked why they always had a good pastor. The answer was about as follows: "We take care of our pastor. We pray for him, pay him, praise him, and if he is not a good pastor at first, we make him one." It is impossible for some churches to have good pastors. They would ruin the best. We need more pastor-making churches, not pastor-murderers.

Now listen, we want to tell you how to



Kitten Ball Team, First Church, Minneapolis, Minn.
Champions Minnesota Jugendbund

take care of that oft neglected person, your pastor.

1. Pray for him, and then help answer your prayers. Do not ask God to do anything for him that you would not do. Don't get down and say, "God bless our pastor," and then go off and talk about him.

2. Pay your pastor for his services. "The laborer is worthy of his hire (wages)." Do not grumble because he does not pay his bills till you pay him what you owe him. If he is blue and downhearted, cheer him up by paying him up. You say, "Let him trust God." How about your helping him trust a little? Do you think God requires any more of your pastor than of you? If you do, prove it by the Bible, please. It does say, "The cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord."

3. Pound your preacher—not with rods nor your tongues, but with pantry supplies, and don't be so stingy with it. Have system about it; have a regular set time, at least every quarter, and advertise it well—in public and private. Give him the best, not the leftovers.

4. Take care of your pastor's influence. Without it he and the church will fail. Do not advertise his faults, but his virtues—Golden Rule, please. If your family and friends are still unsaved and enemies of Christianity, you are reaping what you sowed by talking about your pastor and churches. When you are knocking the pastor you are ruining the church. If you have a great or good preacher, do not wait till he is gone to let people know it. Advertise him.

5. Praise your preacher. If his life and ministry bless you, tell him so. If you want him to cheer and bless you, keep him in heart.

6. Help him to preach by being there with open ears and heart. Say Amen! Let him see that your life is made better by his ministry. He can't preach to you at home. How would a mother feel if she prepared a special meal for her children and they all stayed away?

7. Take care of his time. Do not expect so much of him that he has no time to pray and study, and then expect his sermons to bless you. "The preacher has nothing to do, I'll get him to take

me." Don't make a jitney driver out of him. He can't refuse; you would get insulted. Let him have his spare hours on the Sabbath. He needs rest and prayer.

You ask why we never mentioned "loving" your pastor. That's what we have been talking about all the time. If you say you love him, and neglect him, you "lie and DO not the truth." If you expect him to do his best for you, do your best for him. Usually those who do the least expect the most, and growl if they do not get it. Get busy and get blessed. Now, don't embarrass your pastor by asking if you have neglected him. Ask his pardon, get after the rest of the church, and do something for him. Do it today, or at once.

The only charge for this little article is that some friend of every pastor read this to the church, and then say, "The time has come for us to do something for our pastor," and then do it. Then see how good you feel, and how much better your pastor preaches, and how the church grows.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Most Expensive Thing in the Church

When asked what is the most expensive thing about a local church, we think, of course, it is the building and furnishings or the salary of the minister or the expense of the choir. But that is not so. Nor is it the fuel bill, light and water, repair or missionary endeavor. It is none of these. In every local church it is the empty seat.

The empty seat stares the preacher in the face and seriously cuts down much of his power to preach. No speaker can rise to eloquence or power by looking at the bare backs of empty seats. The empty seat discourages the regular attendants. Everybody enjoys a filled church. When the auditorium is filled at every service the workers are wonderfully inspired to double their efforts. Large numbers lend enthusiasm to the preacher, the singers, the teachers, the parents, the children and especially the visitor who has happened to drop into the service.—Exchange.

* * *

No matter how we spend our time, we always ought to have something to show for our investment.

Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

September 9, 1928

How May Every One Become Truly Educated?

Prov. 4:1-13

Just now thousands of boys and girls and young people are taking up their school work again. So our subject is quite appropriate. We should be exceedingly thankful for the many and splendid educational facilities of our day. Not so very many years ago the schools were still few and far between and intended mostly for the children of the rich, and then, too, in many other countries to this day 9 out of 10 cannot even read or write their own name. But here in America, at least, everyone who wants to, even the poorest, can get an education.

Then we must also distinguish between mere knowledge and an education. Not everyone who graduates from a college or university is truly educated. He may have a diploma and be a walking encyclopedia and yet be a failure as far as life and character are concerned. An education should fit us for the many and varied tasks of life. It should enlarge our horizon, increase our interests in life and make life more worth while. And then an education should build up character, that is far more important than cramming the mind with facts and theories.

All who want to can easily obtain such an education. Those who are compelled to work can attend a night school or take a correspondence course, or associate with cultured people. With all the libraries and magazines available everywhere it is even possible to educate yourself. The main thing is that you learn to think for yourself, stand on your own feet and realize the meaning and purpose of life.

September 16, 1928

The Service of Science to Human Life

Psalms 8:1-9

This is often called a scientific age. Never before in the history of the world has education been so general and widespread as it is today. The material progress of the world is due mostly to science. The invention of all kinds of machinery has revolutionized living conditions. The forces of nature are being harnessed more and more to do our work. Steam, gas, electricity and chemistry have changed the world. In this respect science has rendered an inestimable service to mankind.

Another sphere where science has been especially helpful is the world of medicine. It surely is a far cry from the ancient witch-doctor to the modern medical specialist. The up-to-date hospitals that are to be found in all of our larger cities are, to say the least, marvelous institu-

tions. Many dreaded diseases have been practically overcome, untold suffering has been relieved, lives have been saved, infant mortality has been greatly reduced and the span of life has been lengthened through the spread of medical knowledge.

Then it is also true that science has opened up to us the wonders and mysteries of the universe. The telescope, microscope and the X-ray have shown us marvelous things that were never dreamt of before. Every part of the globe, including the icebound polar regions, has been explored again and again. Others have delved into the history of ancient civilization. Consequently our horizons are constantly expanding.

Of course, science hasn't been an un-mixed blessing to the world. It has robbed some of their faith in God, invented poison gas and other deadly weapons of war, but we don't want to speak of that. We want to acknowledge gratefully that science has rendered an inestimable service to mankind.

September 23, 1928

How Missionary Interest Broadens Our Knowledge

Acts 14:19-28

This age can also be called a missionary age. The missionary work that has been done during the last 100 years can easily be compared with the work that was done during the apostolic age. The missionaries have gone out into all parts of the world and preached the gospel everywhere, established churches and founded as many schools as their meager means would permit.

They have also been the teachers of the world. The missionaries who have gone out into all parts of the world have given us a knowledge of other lands and races and languages that we would never have gained in any other way. Livingstone, the missionary, gave the world a greater and more accurate knowledge of Africa than any other man. The missionaries have reduced many languages to writing, made innumerable translations of the Bible, have given grammars and dictionaries and a literature to countless nations, etc.

They have acquainted us with the character and customs and needs of other people. Any one who takes an active interest in the missionary work of our day, any one who reads the missionary literature that comes from our denominational presses is in contact with the whole world. He will have quite an accurate knowledge of the political, economic and social problems of the whole world. He will realize that if the race problem of our day is to be solved it will have to be done by the missionary.

Any one who is interested in missionary work will always learn to appreciate his own advantages and privileges more

and more. The more he learns of the abject poverty, the dark superstitions, the primitive customs and the dire spiritual need of foreign countries the less he will grumble about his own lot in life. So in every way it is really worth while to be interested in missionary work. Subscribe to some missionary magazine and read all the missionary books you can get. That is a liberal education in itself.

September 30, 1928

Goals for Our Society

Gal. 5:22-26; 6:10

Everyone, no doubt, has heard of the man who aimed at nothing and hit it. That is one reason why many fail in life, they have no definite purpose to live for. The same thing is true of a society: it can only succeed permanently if it has definite goals.

What should we try to accomplish during the coming winter months? No society should be satisfied merely by marking time. It isn't enough to just keep up the meetings. A society may hold all the regular meetings, render special programs and yet not accomplish anything.

Well, the first thing that every young people's society should set out to do is to gain some new members. There is quite a discrepancy between the number reported in our Y. P. societies on the one hand and the number reported in our Sunday schools and churches. It would almost seem as though the Sunday schools consisted of primary children only and the churches of nothing but older people. If all the young people in our churches could be induced to join our societies, the membership could easily be doubled.

Then every member should be made to take an active part. There should be no inactive members. The Y. P. S. is a training camp for future leaders. Everyone should be able to offer a public prayer, speak in public, lead a meeting, etc. There is much latent talent in our young people, and it can only be discovered by giving everyone a chance to do something. Perhaps there is something needed in the church. Let the society get it. Perhaps you know of some missionary who needs your support. But above all make it your business to develop a Christ-like character, do all the good you can in every possible way that you can.

October 7, 1928

Workers Together With God

1 Cor. 3:1-9

(Consecration Meeting)

Some one has said that in every society there are workers, shirkers and jerkers. The thing that we should learn is that every one must be a worker, must bear some responsibility, help lift the load. "Why stand ye here all day idle?"

September 1, 1928

You have been a Christian for several years, what definite work have you done for your master during that time?

Then we must bear in mind that we are to be *workers together*. Co-operation is quite necessary. "United we stand, divided we fall." It is only as we unite our forces that we can accomplish anything worth while.

Then we are workers together *with God*. There are some things in which we could never think of helping God. We cannot help him to rule and control this universe. He will continue to uphold it by his omnipotent hand alone. We cannot help him paint a sunset, nor determine the change of the seasons. In fact there are many things that God has reserved for his own wisdom and power. Nevertheless, we are workers together with God, especially in the extension of his Kingdom here upon earth. We can seek the lost, persuade them to yield their hearts and lives to God; we can comfort the sorrowful, strengthen the weak, guide the erring ones, lift up the fallen. If we do any such work, then God will work with us, add his strength to our strength, his influence to our influence—how then can we ever fail or be discouraged?

A Quiet Talk with God Each Day. Bible Readers' Course

- Sept. 1. The Preeminent Christ. (Col. 1:12-23.)
 " 2. The Transfigured Christ. (Mark 9:2-8.)
 " 3. Studying the Bible. (Neh. 8:1-8.)
 " 4. New Methods of Work. (Acts 11:19-24.)
 " 5. Making New Friends. (Acts 10:17-23.)
 " 6. Learning New Truth. (Acts 10:23-33.)
 " 7. Inspiration for Service. (Acts 10:9-16.)
 " 8. A New World Vision. (Acts 10:34-48.)
 " 9. A New Consecration. (Acts 9:1-9.)
 " 10. Providing for the Future. (Prov. 6:6-11.)
 " 11. Value of a Plan. (Luke 14:28-32.)
 " 12. Planning with God. (James 4:13-16.)
 " 13. Building Wisely. (Matt. 7:24-29.)
 " 14. The Fourfold Life. (Luke 2:40-52.)
 " 15. Following the Program. (Prov. 4:20-27.)
 " 16. Emphasizing the Spiritual. (Eccl. 12:1-7.)
 " 17-23. Putting Our Program Across. (Rally Day.)
 " 17. The Main Purpose. (Matt. 5:13-16.)
 " 18. Distributed Personality. (Exod. 18:13-27.)
 " 19. Co-operation. (Acts 2:1-4.)
 " 20. A United Purpose. (Acts 4:32-33.)
 " 21. Overcoming Difficulties. (Matt. 21:18-22.)

- Sept. 22. Achieving Greatness. (Matt. 20:20-28.)
 " 23. Loyalty to Christ. (Matt. 23:5-14.)
 " 24-30. Our Universal Fellowship. (Acts 17:22-34.)
 " 24. A Universal Brotherhood. (Acts 17:24-28.)
 " 25. A Universal Religion. (Acts 17:22-23.)
 " 26. A Universal Need. (Acts 17:29-31.)
 " 27. A Universal Purpose. (1 Tim. 2:1-7.)
 " 28. A Universal Hope. (Isa. 45:20-25.)
 " 29. A Universal Response. (Acts 17:32-34.)
 " 30. A Universal Salvation. (1 Tim. 1:12-17.)

A Chinese Boy Writes English

The following is a sample of the compositions we get in our English classes in China. This was written by a boy about 18 years old in senior high school, first year A, which is supposed to correspond to second year high in America. Of course, the only fair comparison would be with a composition in German or French in the same grade of an American high school.

A Lonely Evening

A room only have a chair, a table and bed. When the clock have declare 5 o'clock, I was rised from the bed. Though I have slept 3 o'clock. But I was felt very tire, for I could not sleep last night at all.

I opened the window and toward to the sky. The sun has run down at a moment before. at this time I was felt very grief.

I could not go home about one year. How is my father and my brothers I could not to know. and they could not to know me also. This made me more and more grief. for now I have not good friend with me. and have not any play to made me glee. If I will go home. at the road has many robbers. "every body must be very sorry now" I think.

China has fought 17 years. How many men which have died for the fought I could to know? The people all lived at the frigh stand. When all the people get Independence? When our country rich the strong stand? This I could not to know. The people. The people. If we wanted our country to strong. If we wanted to Independence. we must go on to fight. We must fight it through. We must succeed at a certain day. dear of people, dear of people, fight as brave as we can. If so, we shall free at once. from this think. I was very glee. But this is could not appearance. That is only one kind of thought. and I was sorry as before.

Incidentally, this composition reveals something of the mind and attitude of the average Chinese student today. They are dissatisfied with conditions as they are, but running through it all there is always a note of despair.

E. H. GIEDT.

Swatow, China.

Our Disappearing Family Doctor

Dr. William Allen Pusey, a former president of the American Medical Association, and professor emeritus of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago, published in the "American Mercury" for June a discussion of the problem of maintaining the supply of family doctors in both city and country.

In the city, the tendency toward specialism is such that only 20 per cent of our medical graduates are going into general practice. Specialism is also greatly increasing the cost of medical service. Dr. Pusey believes that the competent general practitioner is one of the most useful men that medicine can supply to society, because specialists are really needed to care for only 10 percent of the cases of illness. He states that though young men are being urged to go into general practice, they are not doing so. "For the cities, this means that in the next generation the general practitioner will become rare, and will be correspondingly high priced. Urban medical service will then be a specialist's service."

For the rural districts, the problem is different. Many of them are faced with the possibility of having no physicians at all. Studies have been made by Dr. Pusey in 940 towns in 47 states, revealing that all of them had physicians in 1914 but only 630 had any in 1925. Thus, one-third of these smaller places lost their physicians within eleven years. Dr. Pusey's studies also show that only "1.4 per cent of the doctors graduated during the last ten years have gone into rural sections of the United States." The average age of rural physicians in 283 counties is 52 years. "The average age at death of American physicians now is 62 years, the highest it has ever been." This means that "if the present situation is not remedied, there will be a breakdown of the rural medical service in 1935." The high cost of medical education is given as one of the principal reasons for the present situation. Also, our medical colleges are turning out what President Butler of Columbia calls a "country club" type of person who does not want to go to the country except for recreation. Dr. Pusey makes other criticisms of those responsible for determining the policies of medical education, particularly for the insistence upon full-time professors, instead of making provision for lecturers who are practicing medicine. The present system not only adds to the cost of education but tends to produce a faculty of cloistered scientists. The real remedy, he thinks, is to abridge the medical course, which can be accomplished without producing inferior graduates. He thus puts the burden for finding the remedy for the increasing shortage of physicians upon those responsible for the administration of our medical schools.

Twentieth Century Speed

In the old days, if one missed a stage coach he was contented to wait two or three days for the next. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.

Frozen Assets

Speaking to a group of men interested in the Church, a man of spiritual insight said: "It is a strange thing how men get hilarious over important things in their lives and yet get so sober in church. Why can't they root for the Kingdom of God as they do at baseball games?"

"These frozen assets are the chief liability to the Kingdom of God, and this soberness seems to be frozen in the manhood of our church membership," the speaker continued. We have all felt a chill as we have entered some churches. Indeed, we may be responsible for the low temperature in our church. What we need to do is to thaw out the brotherhood that is frozen in our hearts. Shaking hands, praising the sermon to others, inviting the stranger back to church—in such ways as these we may express our enthusiasm.

A Negro revival was in full blast and one old fellow was exhorting the people to contribute generously.

"Look what de Lawd's done fo' you all, bredren!" he shouted, "Give him a po'tion of all yo' has. Give him a tenth. A tenth belongs to de Lawd!"

"Amen," yelled a perspiring member of the congregation, overcome by emotion. "Glory be to de Lawd! Give him mo'. Give him a twentieth!"—The Downtown Triangle, St. Louis.

* * *

Jeffrey: "So your son has been injured and is coming home from college?"

Briggs: "Yes, he sprained his ukulele finger."—The American Boy Magazine.

* * *

Man linked with God makes the best chain for pulling this old world up the hill toward heaven.

Jazz

W. Franke Harling, the Boston composer, said the other day of jazz: "Jazz is the pulse of America. Most people are inclined to associate jazz with roadhouses and the jangling of cow-bells. The spirit of America today must express itself, and in music that expression comes in the deep throb of melody that is called jazz. It is unique to America, for no other people has this spirit."

We hope not, if jazz is its prophet. We agree rather with Dr. Martin D. Kneeland, secretary of the Lord's Day League, who on the same day with Harling's comment gave his own account of jazz.

"Jazz," said Dr. Kneeland, "is Ethiopia transplanted. It's the tom-tom of the jungle over again. We do not need this jazz. What the people need is something to keep them quiet. Take the radio. My daughter turns the radio on every night, and everything is jazz, even the lectures. It's all excitement. Now they are trying to make it a jazz Sunday. It's all fast and furious—and false."

Try to remember the jazz songs. Do people hum them on the street as they hum "Anie Laurie" and "Old Black Joe" and "Nearer, my God, to thee"? Can you repeat a jazz free-verse poem—a single one of them—as thousands of us used to repeat "The Psalm of Life" and "The Brook" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade"? What are we getting out of this jazz age that compares with what our fathers and mothers got out of the age of melody, beauty, and strength? Dr. Kneeland is right: "It's all fast and furious—and false."—C. E. World.

Mary, New Style

Mary had a little lamb,
One day she clipped his tresses,
And found she had sufficient wool
For fifteen modern dresses.
—Pearson's Weekly.

**The German Baptists' Life Association,
Buffalo, N. Y.**



JOHN E. GRYG0

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



ARTHUR ITTERMANN

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