

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Seven

CLEVELAND, O., JANUARY 15, 1929

Number Two

Is There Room?

Is there room in your heart for a greater world
Than your own little world today?
Is your love as wide as the boundless sea,
Or a stagnant pool by a willow-tree?
How large is your heart, I pray?

Is there room in the heaven you hope to gain
For more than your circle small?
Does your Christ love sin-darkened hearts that bleed,
The hungry and thirsty who suffer need?
Is there room in your heart for all?

Oh Christian souls, is our sight so dim?
Is our vision incomplete?
We have looked on Jesus, the crucified;
Let us see the world for whose life he died!
Let us lay it at his feet!

—Unknown.

What's Happening

There is still time to gather a few more new subscribers for the "Baptist Herald" for 1929. Send it to a friend during this new year.

Miss Victoria Orthner was welcomed as the new church missionary of the Oak Park German church, Chicago, during the first hour of the Watch Night service.

The series of articles on "Fundamental Christianity" by Prof. Lewis Kaiser of the Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., will begin in the next number of the "Herald."

The Mary and Martha Class of the Sunday school of Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis., has resolved to pay for a subscription to the "Baptist Herald" for the reading room of the Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago.

Someone has finely said: "The Holy Spirit does not work through machinery but through men. He does not anoint plans, but men. The tendency of today is to sink the man in the method. The church is looking for better methods; God is looking for better men."

Rev. P. F. Schilling of Scottsbluff, Nebr., has accepted the call of the church at Newcastle, Pa., to succeed Rev. Geo. Zinz. Bro. Schilling was pastor of Newcastle some years ago when the German and Hungarian Baptist churches were still united. He will take up his new work early in March.

A question for every Booster: Have I reached the goal for my church as regards the "Baptist Herald," "one subscriber for every six members"? If not, a good resolution to form and to carry out at once will be: "With the help of the Lord, I will attain this goal. I will keep at it, till it is reached."

If the Christians in America would give one postage stamp per capita per week for foreign missions, it would mean \$30,000,000 in one year; if one car fare a week, \$75,000,000; if one dish of ice cream a week, \$200,000,000; if the equivalent of one hour's work, at the rate of unskilled labor \$900,000,000.

The new officers of the Humboldt Park Church, Chicago, Sunday school for 1929 are: Supt., Wm. Haack; asst. supt., Robert Frahm; alternate supt., Herbert Koch; secretary, Fred. Stier, Jr.; treasurer, Paul Stier; librarian, Fred. Scheel; pianist, Walter Arnhold; primary supt., Hulda Brinkman.

Rev. Herman C. Wedel is the new pastor of the Randolph, Minn., church. He began his ministry with the church the latter part of December. Bro. Wedel is a brother of Rev. H. W. Wedel of Benton Harbor, Mich., and was formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Delevan, Ill. We welcome Bro. Wedel in our ranks.

A splendid Christmas program was rendered at the Cathay, N. D., church. The church and pastor, Rev. J. C. Schweitzer, are working in harmony and co-operation. The church and the Ladies Aid society presented the pastor with a Christmas gift of \$200. Mr. and Mrs. Schweitzer expressed their appreciation and pledged even greater efforts for the new year.

All Boosters and Agents for the "Baptist Herald" who have reached the proportion of one subscriber to every six members of their church in the 1929 "Herald" subscription list sent to our Publication Society are entitled to a copy of "A Quiet Talk with God each Day" by J. Sherman Wallace. Notify Mr. H. P. Donner, our Publication Manager, and you will receive your copy at once.

Field Secretary A. A. Schade reports the following engagements listed for January and February: Institute at St. Joseph-Benton Harbor, Mich., Jan. 20-23; Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 25-27; Rochester, Jan. 27; First Church, Brooklyn, Feb. 3; Jugendbund of New York, Feb. 22; Cleveland Union, Feb. 28. Bro. Schade is open to other engagements in the East and Middle West between Feb. 3-22. During March he will be at institutes in Detroit, Mich., March 3-5; at Clinton Hill church, Newark, N. J., March 10-15, and together with General Secretary A. P. Mihm at Goodrich, N. D., March 17-23.

A day in Dallas was spent by the Editor of the "Baptist Herald" on his homeward journey from the recent institute at Gatesville. Pastor F. W. Bartel had arranged at short notice for a meeting on Monday evening which the Editor was to address. Monday is not the most promising night of the week for a public meeting but there was a fine turnout to greet the visitor as he presented our Young People's and Sunday school work. Dallas is a splendid, progressive and growing city and our German Baptist church work there is on the up-grade. The large proportion of men and young people in the congregation is noticeable and a cause for joy.

A Bible school will be held in Leduc, Alta., under the auspices of the Alberta Young People's and S. S. W. Union from Jan. 16-Feb. 15. Classes will meet in the church in the town of Leduc. A dwelling in the town will be rented and furnished to house the students. The registration fee is \$2 for each student. Board and lodging will be given for the modest sum of \$3 per week. General Secretary A. P. Mihm will serve as a member of the faculty during the latter part of January and Rev. Wm. J. Appel of Minneapolis during February. Alberta pastors who will also teach are Rev. E. P. Wahl, A. Kraemer, Ph. Potzner and F. W. Benke. A comprehensive and varied curriculum is announced. This is

quite an undertaking for the Alberta workers and we hope the venture of faith will prove successful by a large attendance and a cordial co-operation. A hearty invitation is extended to all in Western Canada.

The Unknown Teacher

One of the finest tributes to the teacher who does his work without any blare of trumpets or any desire for publicity was from the pen of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, and is worth passing on. Dr. Van Dyke wrote:

I sing the praise of the unknown teacher. Great generals win campaigns, but it is the unknown soldier who wins the war. Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the unknown teacher who delivers and guides the young. He lives in obscurity and contends with hardships. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine to cheer him. This is his reward. Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the republic than the unknown teacher. No one is more worthy to be enrolled in a democratic aristocracy, "king of himself and servant of mankind."

The teacher to whom you are most indebted—was he or she unknown to fame?

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The Baptist Herald

The Man With the Face of an Angel

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY,—the history of spiritual experiences always presents a deeply interesting subject. That is why such books as Augustine's "Confessions" and John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners" never die, are never out of date but possess a perennial charm and attraction. They touch upon the inner experiences of the human soul in seeking after God, they describe the endeavors to overcome sin and to apprehend and become like unto him who has revealed himself in Jesus Christ. Our own spiritual experiences in their manifestations and setting may not be exactly similar to those of these men or others who might be mentioned, yet we are deepy stirred by the kinship of their struggles and yearnings with our own; we note a striking relationship of their defeats and victories with the ups and downs of our own spiritual life.

"The Man with the Face of an Angel" portrays such a series of inner experiences. The story of Adam Sarks which begins with what he heard at a Summer Assembly will interest young people because by this incident it forms an immediate contact. What he received there led him to seek interviews with persons well versed in the deeper Christian life and to give more faithful attention to expositions of Bible truth.

There is much introspection in this record of experiences. Introspection and self-examination are not cultivated overmuch by the average youth of today, indeed, we fear it is a neglected art on the part of many. Yet it has its necessary and legitimate place in the Christian way of life. Too many are nowadays afraid to be alone with themselves. It is perhaps a terrible thing to stay there but being honestly alone with ourselves ought to bring us into the presence of God. And no one ever seeks him in vain.

Again, the "Old Adam" is obnoxious to many in our day of so-called culture and refinement. The American Episcopalians have just taken "the old Adam" out of their Prayer Book by revision but that does not necessarily mean that he has been eradicated from human nature. The truths displeasing to the natural man are often vital for the spiritual man and victory comes by giving heed to the unadulterated teaching of the Holy Spirit about ourselves and about our relationship to the Lord Jesus Christ.

We are glad therefore to present to our "Baptist Herald" readers in a special supplement to this number the narrative of "The Man with the Face of an Angel." The author desires to remain anonymous for the present but we know him to be a successful pastor among us, a sympathetic student of

human nature and a skilful exponent of spiritual truth. It will be to the advantage of the spiritual life of our young people to give a wide and careful reading to this account. Supremely to gain this purpose the story is given to the public.

A. P. MIHM.

* * *

Through the courtesy of the author the manuscript of "The Man With the Face of an Angel" was sent me for a brief opinion as to its usefulness for a wider circle of readers.

I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe the reading of these religious experiences will be very helpful to those, young and old, who have discovered that their own Christian life is colorless and that their faith in the Lord means little more to them than church membership. Indeed, these experiences of Adam Sarks are not at all uncommon. There are multitudes who begin the Christian life just as Mr. Sarks did and who sooner or later discover that their faith lacks driving power. The trouble with such beginnings is that faith is based solely on impulses caused by external influences. Their faith in the Savior has not affected the deeper springs of the soul life at all. And it will never reach greater depths until there is added such internal evidence as the Holy Spirit can and will supply to the earnest follower of Jesus. That means an enrichment of Christian experience.

Very much depends for the uplifting of a joyful and fruitful Christian life upon a good teacher who is both guide and example. There are none too many of the "Boanerges" type. In our day when Christian education is stressed in our circles as never before, let us devoutly hope that the experimental side of life be not side-tracked.

ALBERT J. RAMAKER.

* * *

At present there is quite a demand for the "short story." Schools and colleges are offering courses in "short story writing." "Action" is the key-word for the short-story-writer. "Action" is necessary a rapid succession of interesting events and exciting incidents. The "psychological" story may be also a narrative of "action," laying stress on experiences and changes in the soul, making it thus captivating for the reader of literary taste and fascinating to the observer of life. "Action" in the modern tale is not necessarily adventure, it is quite often the venture of faith, the great theme of growth in mind, in character and spiritual life. "The Man With the Face of an Angel" is a story of this type, a combination of analyzing the "quest for perfection" in a Christ-aspiring soul and of the working of the Holy Spirit through the medium of godly men in that soul. We often put descriptive statements of the

Bible so far into a remote world that they lose all practical value for us. In "The Man With the Face of an Angel" we find, however, that they can be applied to the deeper spiritual experiences also in our day. There is no lack of religious and semi-religious stories about Christian activity, church loyalty and moral victories, but not many narratives can be found which touch upon the deeper "life abundant." In "The Man With the Face of an Angel" a story of the latter type is offered to the readers of "The Baptist Herald." Our religious experiences are not alike, but one self-searching question none of us can escape: "What hinders me to become a genuine Christian?"

G. H. SCHNECK.

New Year's Greeting from the President of the Baptist World Alliance

To the Members and Friends of the Baptist World Alliance:—Greeting.

In this, my first New Year message to my Baptist brethren throughout the world, I wish to voice my profound gratitude for the expression of your confidence and affection which gives me the right to greet you as your President. I am greatly humbled under the sense of this high honor and deeply conscious of the overwhelming responsibilities it involves. Let my first plea, earnestly and passionately made, be a plea to my brethren for their prayers on behalf of myself and my colleagues that the good counsels of God may guide us in every attempt to further his Kingdom and the interest of our Baptist Brotherhood in all lands.

The outstanding event in the history of the world Baptists in 1928 was the Fourth Congress held last June in Toronto, Canada. It was in many ways the most significant gathering in our history, not only in point of numbers, but in its impressive demonstration of our spiritual unity and solidarity as a people. Over sixty countries were represented and the thousands of delegates and visitors were vividly conscious of the passionate faith, the lofty purpose and the unfaltering devotion of Baptists in relation to the Person of Christ, their Lord and Savior, and to the far-reaching enterprise of his Kingdom.

Through the masterful leadership of Dr. E. Y. Mullins, who to the sorrow of all was absent through illness from the Toronto meetings, the Alliance, during his term of office, greatly extended its ministry of promoting the spirit of fellowship among world Baptists. Notable service was rendered in securing the rights of our oppressed brethren, particularly in Rumania. A distinct step forward was taken at Toronto in the appointment of Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke as General Secretary of the Alliance. Dr. Rushbrooke is a great administrator; the whole Baptist world is under his eye and his guiding genius will do much to further consolidate the spiritual forces of our people.

Never was our witness as Baptists more needed than today; never was our task more clearly defined. We are a New Testament people. The authority of his holy Word, the Deity of Christ, the

sufficiency of his atoning sacrifice, the need and hope of regeneration, the miracle of his resurrection, the potency of his living presence, the competency of the soul to deal directly with God, through Christ, the enshrining of these great truths in the baptism he has left us, the assertion of Christ's claims in every relationship of men and nations—these are the cardinal notes of our witness.

In humble dependence upon his grace, in loyal affection for one another and with confidence in the ultimate triumph of these great principles, let us give ourselves with new consecration to our God-appointed mission.

Toronto.

JOHN MACNEILL.

Service

W. H. DAVENPORT

The blade grows rusty
If it knows no wear.
The room gets dusty
When it has no care.

Food left untasted
Soon begins to mold.
A garment's wasted
If unused till old.

A tongue unbridled
Will for evil speak.
Strong minds if idled
Become false and weak.

To those observing
This fact makes plain:
The life not serving
Is but spent in vain.

What Interests Young People

WE read so much nowadays about the tendency of young people toward the pocket flask, and the petting party, and similar evils, that we are apt to become too critical, and too much discouraged regarding them. A great gathering like the last International Convention of Christian Endeavorers should help to balance these impressions and bring us encouragement. Two or three things about that convention were particularly significant. Of course, its delegates were choice young people. They were the chosen representatives of Christian Endeavor Societies all over the country, but what they did and said fairly indicates what our earnest young people are thinking about.

They showed, first of all, that they were greatly interested in **finding useful ways in which to spend their lives.** At the Cleveland Convention the conferences on vocational guidance, which is the modern way of expressing the choice of a life-work, were filled to overflowing, and there were literally hundreds of requests from young men and young women for personal interviews to help them to decide wisely as to their life-work.

Young people, too, are interested in their rela-

tions with one another; especially in the relations between the sexes. They are eager for frank and sane discussion of the problems connected with social life and with marriage. Dr. Dan A. Poling, who has given such sane counsel to multitudes over the radio and otherwise, provided a most popular feature of the Convention by answering many questions along these lines.

Young people, too, are interested in **the great problems we are facing** in America and in the world. They want to see better relations between nations and between classes. At Cleveland the most largely attended conferences and most appreciated addresses were those which dealt with such thoughtful questions as these.

There is doubtless much to concern us regarding modern tendencies, but we should not shut our eyes to the many things which are encouraging. Our young people are living in a different age from that in which the leaders of today grew up. There are many signs that they will face the problems of our day with an earnestness that will help them reach wise conclusions. They need from us sympathy, encouragement, much prayer, and much patience.

A Preachers' Prayer

RALPH S. CENTIMAN

"I do not ask
That crowds may throng the temple,
That standing room be at a price;
I only ask that as I voice the message,
They may see Christ.

I do not ask
For church pomp or pageant,
Or music such as wealth alone can buy,
I only pray that as I voice the message,
He may be nigh.

I do not ask
That men may sound my praises,
Or headlines spread my name abroad,
I only pray that as I voice the message,
Hearts may find God."

A Comparison Between Day School and Sunday School

FRED E. STOBER

THE ultimate object of the day school is to develop the intellect and to fit oneself for everyday life. In other words, it's a means to help the individual find his proper place in society. Society is here to be understood as meaning the general group of organized humanity.

The big object of the Sunday school is to develop the moral and spiritual side of a person by getting him or her to accept Jesus Christ, thereby helping them to acquire a strong character.

Man is a threefold being: Body, soul (or intellect) and spirit. It is God's will that one should develop all three sides of his being harmoniously and symmetrically.

This at once tells us that both day school and Sunday school are necessary. Even though on the surface separated one from the other they stand in the closest relation to one another, because they both deal with the same being. They supplement one another, are dependent on each other, in order that the child, young man and young woman may be put into a position where they can get the best out of life.

This leads to the logical conclusion that there must be parallel lines in the conducting of each. What would some of these be?

There would be proper equipment for one. In the day schools we have it, but in our Sunday schools we are still lacking. The right kind of officers and instructors are needed. These must be good, fit for the place. They must have a definite program fixed for each day's learning. The best methods must be used in each. In most day schools they are found but in many Sunday schools there is still room for improvement. The Sunday school as well as the day school can afford to use only the best text books, reference books and other necessities available. The Sunday school as well as the day school should have its separate class rooms. These are of great advantage in Sunday school work.

So much for the schools. Now, we see that the pupil also has a very important part to play. While the essential difference between the two schools is the subject matter taught, the goal is the same, therefore the pupil must choose the road that leads to the good. This road may be outlined in a simple way.

One should attend both the day school and the Sunday school, and those attending must attend regularly. If one misses every other day in day school and every other Sunday in Sunday school, nothing can be learned from either. The one missing so much will soon become discouraged and quit, which is very often the case.

One must form the habit of punctuality, always being on time, never lagging behind. Make it a point to be on time—everytime. One must be interested in the subject matter taught. One must study and follow out thoroughly the lessons set before him. One must learn to like the teacher and the school he is attending. This will make it easier for both the teacher and the pupil. And, last but not least, one should practice daily what has been learned.

If this is done, as a result, we will have useful and dependable Christian men and women in the church. We also will have loyal, law-abiding citizens who will be a blessing to their community and an honor to God and his Christ.

Startup, Wash.

* * *

Being in tune with the infinite is fundamental to human harmony.

* * *

To the homely virtues add courtesy, and so make Christianity attractive.

Our Best for Christ

The best that we have, is that too much
For him who gave up all?
The best that we are, is it too good
To use at the Master's call?

He gave up the glory he had with God,
That we in that glory might share;
He laid down his life, on Calvary's hill,
That we might have life in his care.

Shall we be losers, by using for him
The talents that he has bestowed?
Shall we poorer be, for giving to him
What we have received from his hand?

The best we can do, will only be done
When his strength is the power within;
The best we can be will never appear
Till we lose ourselves, wholly, in him.

Then take us, dear Lord, all we have, all
we are,
And make us the best that may be;
May we live, then, for thee, be filled with
thy love
And reveal to the world only thee.

Brotherhood of the Walnut Street Baptist Church, Newark

On December 4, 1928, the Brotherhood of the Walnut St. Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., was privileged to render a program for the benefit of the Young People's Society. An audience of almost 100 members and friends among whom were Rev. L. N. Schoen and two of his members, Mr. Jaegerhuber and Mr. Ahrens, had turned out for the occasion. Our program consisted of several musical numbers, two male quartet songs and two songs by the Brotherhood, besides a play entitled: "More Money than Brains," by Percival P. Hall. The brothers had prepared thoroughly for a number of weeks and enjoyed the presentation of their sketch as much as the audience delighted in witnessing it. The offering amounted to \$16.73 and was turned over to the Young People's treasury to be appropriated as a part of our missionary apportionment of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference. After the program, refreshments, consisting of coffee, cake and ice cream, were served.

Our Brotherhood, which is still in its infancy, meets once a month for business, social and beneficial purposes. It seeks to help the church by regular attendance at its services and by contributions to worthy causes. Occasionally the brothers take charge of the Sunday evening service by being responsible for the speaker, the music and the direction of the meeting. We look forward to a year of greater activity and better service in the Kingdom of God.

AL SIMONS, Sec.

Drop thy still dews of quietness

Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

—J. G. Whittier.

A Faithful Treasurer Honored

The evening of December 17 is one that will long be remembered by the officers and teachers of the Sunday school of the First German Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and especially by Mr. John C. Lotz, our treasurer. We were gathered to do honor to Mr. Lotz at the close of his twenty-fifth year of service as treasurer of the Sunday school.

A delicious dinner was served to the 25 members of the staff who were present and the tables beautifully decorated in Christmas style. Mr. Lotz was very much surprised to learn that the dinner was in his honor and to find Mrs. Lotz present to take her place at his right at the head of the table.

After the dinner Mr. Lotz was presented with a beautiful set of book-ends by which he could remember the occasion, and short speeches were made by the Pastor, Mr. Wengel, our General Superintendent, Mr. Arnold, and our Adult Department superintendent, Mr. Lepke, in which all congratulated him upon the wonderful work he had done and would probably continue to do for our school.

Mr. Lotz may be taken by all of us as a shining example of faithfulness in the Master's service. His task has by no means been an easy one, and as he has accepted the treasurership again this year, perhaps we may all be present to celebrate his thirtieth year of service in the Sunday school.

MARGARET JOHNSON, Sec.

Cantata at Spruce St. Church

Members and friends of the Spruce St. Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., enjoyed a Christmas Cantata, "The Glory of Bethlehem," given by their choir, under the efficient direction of the organist, Mrs. H. Sieber, on Dec. 21, 1928.

Again we were reminded of God's most infinite love for all humanity through the precious gift of his Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ, a babe in the manger, born of a virgin.

A tenor solo gladdened our hearts with its comforting message of a Christ, who understands our very need, our sorrows and fears, but one who is able to help all those who come unto him.

The cantata ended well with a jubilant chorus, the glorious promise of his coming again, and the crowning of the King of Kings.

Only those who at any time have willingly given their service for anything of this nature can fully appreciate the time and effort it meant for those who rendered this program.

Therefore, we are thankful this Christmas-tide for the joy and happiness we enjoyed because someone was willing to use his talent of song; also, we would include the composer and writer of such worth-while music.

A LISTENER.

THE BAPTIST HERALD

B. Y. P. U. Anniversary, Kyle, Tex.

On Dec. 11 our B. Y. P. U. had the privilege of celebrating its anniversary. Although the weather was unfavorable we had a good attendance.

Bro. George Lengefeld, president of our society, opened the service with song, scripture reading and prayer, and a hearty welcome to all. Then followed reports of the secretary and treasurer songs by the mixed choir, the junior class and male quartet, a dialog, two readings and a piano solo. Our pastor, Rev. R. Vassel, gave an interesting talk on 1 Tim. 4:8. Our visitors from Kankakee, Ill., Gatesville and Austin, Tex., spoke words of appreciation and encouragement.

After this, refreshments consisting of coffee and cake were served.

The officers to serve in the coming year are as follows: Pres., George Lengefeld; 1st vice-pres., Walter Hill; 2nd vice-pres., Adolph Hill; sec., Lydia Vassel; treas., Walter Schmeltekopf; 1st pianist, Elizabeth Hoffman; 2nd pianist, Iola Hill. Class Leaders: Seniors, Emma Lengefeld, Lydia Ohlhardt; Intermediate, Mrs. Katie Hill; Junior, Mrs. Ella Schmeltekopf.

We praise God for all the blessings of the past and pray that we may continue to grow in the service of our Lord.

L. V.

Small Sermons

Sermons grow out of very small things. It isn't always the happening of national or international importance that makes the heart leap in ecstasy—that makes the soul feel the thrill of wings. Rather it is the light of the moon upon the sea, or the lifting of gray mist from the mountain top.

It is a very small event—the wee glimpse of loveliness—that makes the very small sermon possible. It is usually the event that creeps into your life, rather than the thing that flashes with flame and hurry and sound before your eyes. The earth and the fulness thereof are created of small things, of grains of sand and blades of grass and single leaves upon trees. Just as human beings are made up of small things, of tears and smiles, of heart beats and sighs.

Sometimes it is the kindly word of a friend that preaches a real sermon to you. Sometimes it is the tilt of a stranger's chin, or the laughter upon the lips of a passer-by. Sometimes it is the fearlessness of an unknown hero—sometimes it is the homespun gallantry of a neighbor. Sometimes it is the word of a song which drifts to us across a tiny space. Sometimes it is a written message that has carried from beyond the seven seas.

There are times when we go searching for messages. And at these times they may elude us. It is when we are scarcely expecting them that real sermons are felt. It is then that they drift like blossom petals on a lovely breeze across our waiting spirits. Little things bringing with them fragrance and color and beauty.

The Sunday School

Guarding Your Classes Against Distractions

One of the tasks of the superintendent of the Sunday school is to see that the various classes of which he is the executive are set free from distractions which interfere with the most helpful consideration of the lesson.

For instance, there are certain distractions of a physical sort. The class may be sitting in a glaring light, or it may be in a dark corner. The room may be too hot in summer and too cold in winter, and it may be poorly ventilated. Any of these physical defects will interfere with the most effective discussion of the lesson.

If the classroom is dark, the superintendent must see to it that there is the cheer of brighter light. Make a bigger window, or resort to artificial light. Carry a cord from a light socket and put at the end of the cord a brilliant nitrogen light. On the other hand, ground glass or a curtain will relieve too bright sunshine streaming in through the window. Have a Heating Committee. If the furnace will not heat every part of the Sunday school, use gas stoves, electric heaters; or in the country oil burners will help.

When a class meets with many others in the same room and the noise makes it difficult to hear what is being said, a screen around the class will help, or it may be possible to find unused corners for two or three of the classes which will provide more privacy. There may be a small gallery or tower; perhaps a cheerful corner in the basement can be arranged.

Betts and Hawthorne, in their book on "Teaching Religion," present a common type of distraction in this way. It is "that which comes through faulty organization or administration of the school. Not infrequently secretaries will appear in the class to take the collection after a lesson period is begun. The lesson period is often interrupted for the distribution of Sunday school papers or lesson leaflets. Superintendents or other officials come into the room and make announcements that were forgotten in the general assembly."

This is a matter for the superintendent to take directly in hand. He himself has the right and the duty of supervision, but he can so conduct his visits that they will not be a distraction from the lesson. As for secretaries and lesson-paper distributors, their visits can come at some other time than the lesson hour.

A Sunday school class is like an automobile, in that it runs better when it gets warmed up. Moreover, too frequent stoppings and startings reduce efficiency. "Thought moves by a chain of associations which, once broken, is hard to weld again. Interest and enthusiasm grow as



The Young Ladies Bible Class, German Baptist Church, Greenvine, Tex.
Mrs. Fr. Mindrup, Teacher

a task proceeds and develops, and if the task is broken in upon, and hence performed piecemeal, the interest is sure to suffer."

All that the superintendent can do, therefore, to eliminate distractions from the various classes and departments of his school makes for a higher type of Bible study.—Westminster Teacher.

Some Very Attractive Honor Rolls

In one Sunday school pupils who have been present every Sunday for a month have their names placed on the honor roll. In the Primary Department the honor rolls are attractive in design and something different is used each month. For January the poster was shaped like a wall clock, with the names written on the pendulum-box. February was heart-shaped; March a windmill, the names appearing on the sails. April was an egg-shaped card, and May a big basket. June was decorated with a flag in honor of Flag Day, and July was just a big red firecracker-shaped card, with the fuse at one end. August was a sailboat, September an open book, October a big yellow pumpkin, November a turkey, and December a star. Most of these posters were trimmed to the outline, and the children of course delighted in them.—Primary Teacher.

A Missionary Suggestion

In the Sunday school of a town church one Sunday afternoon I saw a group of portraits neatly framed and hanging in a prominent place. The superintendent informed me that these were pictures of

the young men and women who had gone out as missionaries from the school. In another place I noticed a frame without any picture, and was told that it was waiting for the photograph of the pupil of the school who would next become a missionary. The early disciples apparently did not spend much time or money in providing fine church buildings for themselves, but the great question with them was how they might spread the gospel to those who knew it not.

A Poster

An attractive poster which teaches a lesson shows a number of faces of smiling, happy children on a card, with this little verse:

*"The world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never sulk at all."*

The little verse has been repeated many times to the children, so that they now know it. This poster serves as an adornment to the room and as constant reminder not only of the words, but also of the thought.

God broke our years to hours and days
That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.

—George Klinge.

Life may be lived on many levels, but only the highest level can satisfy a man made in the image of God.

Toward Sodom

By B. MABEL DUNHAM

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

(Continuation)

Meanwhile the children, Esther and Cyrus, were exploring forbidden territory in the wash-house. There they were, the naughty youngsters, in the darkest corner of the smoke-room, groping along the sooty walls and counting the meat-hooks on the rod, like beads on an abacus. From time to time they emitted strange, discordant noises, calculated to frighten themselves and each other into the belief that the place was infested with lions and other gruesome creatures of the imagination.

The exploration continued. At one side of the fireplace Esther noticed high up on the wall a small aperture carefully guarded with a latched door. It was enough to arouse in Cyrus the spirit of adventure. He mounted a chair, lifted the latch, opened the door and peered in.

"Hold your nose so that the toads don't bite it off," warned Esther.

"Toads!" scoffed the boy. "Who's a-scared of toads? Not me. Anyways, there ain't none." He had wriggled his body through the hole, and all that Esther could see of him was a pair of dangling, diminutive legs.

"Come back!" cried the frightened girl. "I'm going to tell on you." She began to give vent to her terror in a storm of tears.

"Cry-bubby! Cyrus flung at her. "That's what girls are—cry-bubbies." He was up now and entirely out of sight. His little voice sounded very distant, very sepulchral. "Fraidy-cats!"

"Cy! Cy!" cried Esther, seized now with a vague terror that something was going to happen to her brother, and that it was going to be laid to her charge. "I'm coming, too, Cy." She climbed upon the chair and tried to lift herself up by the force of her elbows.

"You're not," answered Cyrus from the tomb into which he had disappeared. "I won't help you."

"I saw the hole first," argued Esther. She was almost up when Cyrus came to the opening and pushed her back. She slipped on the chair and fell prostrate on the floor.

"He! He!" laughed the naughty boy. "It serves you right."

Esther had in her moral make-up a little streak of determination. She refused to stay "put" in the place where fate in the form of her brother's ruthless arm had thrust her. As soon as Cyrus was out of sight and hearing, she climbed up again and this time she succeeded. She found herself sitting on the spot where she had last seen her brother.

"Cy! Cy!" she called, but there was no answer. She started desolately into the darkness beyond.

Presently she was able to discern the dim outline of a moving figure, crawling

be punished. She would show Cyrus a dark hole under the stairway that he hadn't yet seen, and...

"It was her!" shrieked Cyrus. "You can put her in the dark hole."

"That's too good for her," said Sarah. "She must go in the bettel-room."

Cyrus stopped his whimpering. "The bettel-room?" he said. "What's that?"

"A place Grossdoddy made in the high garret for tramps," Sarah explained, softening towards Cyrus, at least. "It's so they don't set fire to the barn in the night." There was nothing in the room, she said, but an old rope bedstead and a straw tick that went with the house, because nobody would think of wanting it.

"Mice?" inquired Cyrus. "Esther creeps so with the mice."

Sarah promised enough rodents of one kind or another to bring the girl to penitence. But the punishment of both children was to be deferred till a more convenient season. The conestoga wagon was full of furniture to be unpacked and set in place. Saturday noon, it was, or would be soon, and nothing done. "If only we don't go and get visitors yet," Sarah said. "If they would wait till we are all clean again."

But the visitors did not bide Sarah's time. In the middle of the afternoon, when the Horsts were still busy with the unpacking, and all alike uninviting, a rap was heard at the front door. Sarah peeped cautiously and discovered their caller to be no less a person than Bishop Benjamin Eby.

Fortunately, a place had been designated early in the day for the family comb. Sarah seized it frantically, applied it briskly, but effectively, to Noah's hair, pushed the victim of circumstances headlong into the front room and shut the door.

Now Noah was a modest man and naturally reticent in the presence of his superiors. But the Bishop greeted him so cordially that there was established between them, once for all, a bond of Christian fellowship. They were brothers together in the Lord.

"I'm glad He brought you to Ebytown," said the Bishop.

Noah had a mad impulse to reply that it wasn't He who was responsible for his change of residence, but the inevitable she. He contended himself, however, with the remark that he wished he could have stayed back in Greenbush, where he had lived ever since, as a boy of seven, he had come over from Pennsylvania.

"That was in . . . ?"

"In 1807," replied Noah. "I came with you over."

"Ach so? Was you Reuben Horst's boy?"

"Yes. I mind the big barrel of silver dollars you had in your conestoga."

"There was ten thousand dollars," said the Bishop. "With that money we bought Greenbush."

Noah knew that, of course. He declared that he would never forget the queer look that came into his mother's eyes when she actually saw Greenbush

for the first time. She had thought it would be so different. Not a step out of Pennsylvania would she have gone, if she dreamed she was going to be buried alive in a wilderness. Bush, bush—nothing but bush—and more bush. Five miles of bush to the nearest neighbor. She had lived only two years, and then they buried her, literally, in the wilderness of Upper Canada.

"Mary is gone, too," said the Bishop. He spoke her name tenderly, wistfully.

Noah remembered Mary, to be sure, Ben Eby's radiant bride. In that long, tiresome journey to Canada she was the life of the party, with a kind word for everybody and a bit of candy for the children. Indeed, Noah could not forget Mary. "She was always so kind, so gentle, so contented," he told the Bishop. Those were the attributes which he ascribed to his own loved Rachael.

"She went with the cholera, Mary did," said the Bishop. "That was in '34, fourteen years ago already. It was in the spring that the new meeting-house got built in the fall. She wanted so to wait till she could see that yet."

The Bishop went on to tell of the ravages of the Asiatic cholera which had carried his Mary off. It had started in Shade's Mills, the Scotch settlement twelve miles to the south. There was to be exhibited in that village such an aggregation of wild beasts as had never been seen anywhere in the vicinity before. The whole community was on the tip-toe of expectation, and the excitement had spread even to Ebytown. The young people were crazy to see it.

The great day dawned. It was insufferably hot. By seven o'clock the people began to pour into the streets of the village. A disturbing rumor got abroad that one of the showmen who had arrived in Shade's Mills a day or two in advance of the menagerie, had fallen ill, and psch!—it might be cholera. An effort was made to stop the exhibition, but the disappointment of the people as well as the monetary consideration and the opportunity it afforded to magnify the importance of the village in the eyes of the world,—these must be considered. On with the show!

A meager collection of half-starved animals, filthy and odorous, were led into the ring. The show was a dismal failure. The disappointed crowd left the tent only to be greeted by the alarming news that the showman had died, and that the village doctor had pronounced his malady a most virulent type of Asiatic cholera.

The frightened crowd dispersed to their homes. Ten days later the plague was raging with unparalleled fatality. Two days more and fully one-fifth of the villagers had fallen victims to the dread pestilence. In thirty-six hours as many unceremonious burials had been held. All the Shade's Mills people who had not been carried to the cemetery were either in bed or on their knees.

Things were nearly as bad in Ebytown. Dr. John Scott, late of the University of Edinburgh, with a great string of medals to his credit, was as helpless as a babe.

Many who had not so much as attended the circus were down with the disease, and some had died before the doctor could be summoned. Among them Mary.

The Bishop heaved a sigh and lapsed into silence. Noah dropped his head upon his chest and thought not of Mary but of Rachael. Yes, he and the Bishop were brothers in sorrow.

Sarah missed the sound of the men's voices and concluded that they had exhausted their topics of conversation. The time seemed opportune for her appearance, so she bustled into the room ostensibly for the purpose of inquiring about the school. Cyrus was with her, scrubbed radiantly clean and arrayed in his Sunday clothes.

Noah did not offer to introduce his wife. Indeed, both men remained seated and waited for Sarah to introduce herself. This she did by shoving Cyrus into the foreground. "He's to go to school," she said. "Don't he look smart?"

The Bishop had to admit that Cyrus appeared to be a boy of parts and promise. He would see to it that he should have every opportunity to "advance himself with his mind."

"And Esther?" ventured Noah. "She's to go, too, not?"

Sarah explained that Esther had been a very naughty girl, and as a punishment she was being deprived of the privilege of meeting the Bishop that day. The next time he called—perhaps—or would he "stop for supper?"

It was not a pressing invitation, but it served as a reminder that the afternoon was wearing to a close. The Bishop bestirred himself and declared he must go. "She" would be expecting him. But he would have a few words of prayer with the family, if Noah would be good enough to call them.

In they filed, shook hands with the Bishop, and dropped on their knees before the nearest chair. The Bishop raised his voice and invoked a blessing upon the individual members of the family. Especially and most earnestly did he pray for the absent Esther, whom a pious mother was diligent in seeking to wrest from the clutches of the evil one. And might they all be brought at last an unbroken family into the presence of the Eternal One that they might praise Him forever and ever. Amen.

"Amen," echoed Noah, from the depths of his anxious heart.

"Thank you for the visit," said Sarah, rising from her knees with difficulty because of the embarrassing volume of her skirts. "Sundays we go early to meeting. Will you want Nooi up with the preachers?"

"Ach, yes," said the Bishop. "That's what I come to say."

Sarah smiled. "Nooi is that way, too, sometimes," she said, "kind of loose-like in his mind."

So the good Lord brought it about that when the people came crowding into the meeting-house for service on Sunday morning, Noah Horst was occupying a place on the preachers' bench behind the pulpit. Sarah knew that he was going

to be the cynosure of all eyes, so she saw to it that his moustache was properly clipped and his beard and side whiskers combed with precision. It was the Lord's doings, but she did not allow herself to forget that she was His handmaiden.

It was the usual Sunday morning convocation for worship and prayer, a simple service. Much was lacking in color and interest from a worldly point of view, but it was all that the lowly people required to establish communion between their hungry souls and the Bountiful Giver. What need had they of printed prayers who could so spontaneously pour out the desires of their hearts? Why an elevated choir and instruments of music when the people could, unaccompanied, lift their voices to the Most High in such a sweet psalm of praise?

There were five preachers behind the long pulpit, and each had a duty to perform. One stood with hands outstretched towards heaven, while he led the kneeling congregation through the valley of contrition to the foot of Jehovah's throne. Josiah Ernst arose at the proper time to announce the marriage banns. The direction of the singing was undertaken by his son, Simeon, who read the hymns, two lines at a time, with the singing interspersed. It devolved upon Noah to read the Scriptures, and this he did in such good voice and with such splendid oratorical effect that he created a profound impression and engendered much pride in Sarah's anxious heart.

Then the Bishop rose, and with never a note of comment save those that were written on the tables of his heart, he preached once again the glad tidings of a full and perfect salvation through the blood of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. There was no excitement, no sign of over-wrought emotion. The Menonites worshipped God after the manner of their fathers, with simplicity but, withal, with dignity and restraint.

The sermon over, the preachers rose in turn to make some comment appropriate to the occasion. One liked the emphasis the Bishop had put upon the omnipotence of God; another was impressed as never before with the awful depravity of man. Noah made no remark about the sermon, but he was glad for an opportunity to express his desire that the Lord might use him in this, his new sphere of influence. Finally, Simeon Ernst rose, and voiced a sweeping commendation of all the Bishop had said, and also of all he didn't say.

"He means all I didn't have time to say," said the Bishop, rising to call for a season of private prayer before he pronounced the benediction.

Sarah was unfeignedly pleased. She was proud of the conspicuous part Noah had had in the service, and she was delighted with the cordiality the women had shown to her and the girls. It was wonderful to be living again in Ebytown.

All this she told to Noah, as soon as she could get him off alone. "And do you know, Nooi," she said, "the Lord dropped a thought in my mind when we was at the meeting."

"So?" said the husband, with lukewarm interest. Most of Sarah's thoughts she imputed to the Lord.

"It's about Lydy," she confided. "Is he married already, do you know?"

"Whether who's married?"

"Him, the young preacher."

"Simeon Ernst, you mean?"

"Yes, him."

"No, he ain't yet."

"Nooi Horst, you're plain dumm," cried the exasperated wife. "Must I drag everything out of you yet? How do you know he ain't?"

Noah had only circumstantial evidence to offer, but it was conclusive enough for all that. "He's comin' over evenings some day," was the reply, "and he didn't say nothing about fetching her along."

Chapter III

A PREDICTION COMES TRUE

Simeon Ernst's promised visit was the first of many. During the winter months he came twice a week and sat with Noah beside the kitchen stove. It was theology that absorbed their attention, and so profound were their discussions that everyone else was content to sit and listen. Where did those Methodists get their authority for baptizing infants? Certainly not in the Scriptures. Oh, yes. "He took little children in His arms and blessed them," and He said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," but there wasn't as much as mention of the water essential to baptism. And how did the Dunkards get their notion about immersion, except by reading their own biased notion into the Scriptures? Wasn't it more reasonable to believe that John poured the water on Jesus, as was the custom of the Mennonites? The Catholics, with chants and printed prayers, came in for their share of criticism. "How can they feel to home with God," Noah wanted to know, "if they must make always such scraping and bowing to talk to Him even?"

"The worst of it is they don't talk to Him at all," replied Simeon. "It's all to her—the Virgin Mary."

"Such foolishness," said Noah. "And look once at them Swedenborgians, and at them Lutherians. I tell you they're all wrong—all but the Mennonites."

"And some of them even are a little what you might say queer," Simeon thought.

Sarah was much impressed with the young preacher and his powers of argumentation. He seemed to bring out the best that was in Noah. He made him think. Upon Manassah too, he was bound to have a salutary influence, concentrating that young man's desultory thinking upon the verities of theology and religion. Decidedly, Simeon Ernst was a man worth cultivating to the good of her family. So, very gradually and very subtly, she threw about the young paragon the marks of her favor. It began to be evident that she had "settled" upon him.

"Set an extry plate tonight, Lydy," she said one evening, when she was helping her daughter prepare the supper.

"Who's comin'?" asked Lydy. It was a strange question, with Simeon Ernst sitting there with her father, and the clock striking five.

"Him," answered Sarah, jerking her thumb Simon-ward.

Lydia hid her blushing face in the corner cupboard.

Sarah was at her elbow with an insinuating nudge. "Ain't you going to help him, Lydy?" she said.

"Help him what?"

"Help him—ach, well, you know what. Two months he's coming here already settin' up with your pop. What if he would forget he came to see you? You must help him."

"I can't," declared Lydy.

"You could ast him to stop to supper," suggested her mother. "If you want a man, you must feed him good. Don't you know that yet?" It was elementary wisdom, though Lydy professed to be ignorant of it.

"And till we are et," the instructor continued, "me and Nooi are going to Schwartztruber's over. It seems we must get Ephraim a chob. And you must stop and talk to him."

"To Ephraim?" asked Lydy, in all innocence.

"No, to him." Another jerk of the informing thumb. "Ephraim must come with us to get his chob, such a book-binding one."

"But Esther and Cyrus..." began Lydy.

"They must go to bed."

The girl had another suggestion. "To Manassah's he could go."

"Tonight Manassah's are not at home," said Sarah. "He's going over to Baer's to get him a hired man for the work that Ephraim won't do, and she's going along to wisit."

It seemed as though every avenue of escape was cut off. Lydy stared blankly at her mother. "You ain't going to coop me up with him—alone," she cried in alarm.

"Try it once," encouraged her mother. "We'll see what you can make."

"But what can we talk about?" said Lydy, full of anxious confusion. "I don't know no religion."

"Then leave him learn you some," advised Sarah. "He can do all the talkin'. He don't give much, I think for such a bold girl that is big with her mouth."

With palpitating heart Lydy set the extra plate for Simeon. Mennonite etiquette demanded that he sit on the bench with the boys directly opposite her own place at table. Throughout the meal the girl sat with downcast eyes. If she started to say something, she straightway forgot it. If she tried to swallow, the food stuck in her throat.

"It looks like Lydy is sick," Noah whispered to Sarah.

For answer he got a kick under the table. But he failed to comprehend until Sarah whispered behind her hand, "Luf-sick. If you ain't the blabber-maul."

Noah reached and speared another slice of bread. He spent the rest of the meal in the mastication of the staff of life, and

in the assimilation of this new idea which his better half had succeeded in projecting so adroitly into his mind.

Supper over, Sarah got the Bible, and opening it, apparently by chance, at the Book of Genesis, said, "Tonight we read this." She indicated the passage she desired.

Noah was very obedient, and with a deep, low voice he read the beautiful story of Isaac's wooing of Rebecca. Then they all knelt while the nominal head of the house implored divine care and protection throughout the night. Each member of the family was held up individually before the Lord for a special blessing. Nor did he forget the young man who, if Sarah had her way, was soon to become more than a casual guest.

When the dishes were washed, Sarah announced that she and Noah had to take Ephraim to Schwartztruber's. It was too bad, but Ephraim had to have a "chob."

Simeon was disappointed, and he showed it. He ventured to explain that, for their entertainment and edification that evening, he had been about to launch into a dissertation on the resurrection of the body. It was a little disconcerting to find himself suddenly without an audience.

"There's Lydy," Sarah reminded him. "You can tell it to her."

But Simeon soon discovered that in spite of Sarah's encouragement, the profound subject he had chosen did not suit the occasion. Lydy seemed to be more interested in the transitory things of time, such as floor mats, than she was in the dead and the probability of their ultimate revivification in the life eternal. There seemed to be nothing for Simeon to do but to twirl his awkward thumbs and try to hide his embarrassment.

"It's a fine night," the poor fellow ventured to remark. He had been in the house since four o'clock, and he hadn't the remotest idea what sort of weather was brewing.

"Yes," agreed Lydy, whose knowledge of the prevailing elements was equally negligible.

An interminable period of time passed, so it seemed, with Simeon's eyes on Lydy and Lydy's on her work.

"Is it hard hookin' mats?" asked the young man, at length. He congratulated himself on hitting upon one of the very few subjects with which the fair girl before him seemed to be conversant.

Only another monosyllable, a negative one at that. Lydia had a wild impulse to put the canvas and the hook into his awkward masculine hands and let him try it. Should she undertake the next-to-impossible task of teaching him how to do it? She wanted to talk, to be agreeable, but her mother's warning rang in her ears. She had it on her incontrovertible authority that Simeon "wouldn't give much for such a bold girl that is big with her mouth." And above all things she wanted Simeon to want her.

(To be continued)

Pray for the Missionary

LYDIA BORCHART

When you are enjoying your life of ease
And living yourself alone to please,
Do you ever drop upon your knees
And pray for the missionary?

The missionary, in far-off distant lands,
The heathen around him with beckoning hands,
And he alone with the True Light stands,
Have you prayed for him today?

Perhaps he is lonely in his heart today
With loved ones thousands of miles away,
Letters have not come for many a day—
And friends have forgotten to pray?

Or maybe on a bed of sickness he lies
With fever and scarce able to open his eyes,
His strength is gone, he's unable to rise—
Oh, pray for him today!

For prayer is the strength of the work
over there,
In Africa, in China, and everywhere,
They all have need of more and more prayer.

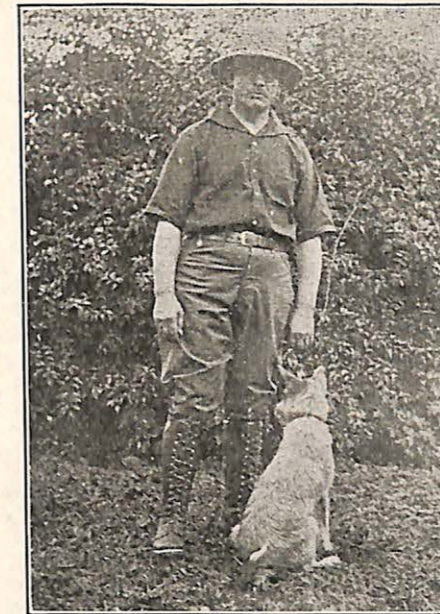
Oh, pray for him today!

Chicago, Ill.

Greeting from Africa

After a wonderful six weeks ocean trip, I landed at Tiko, Cameroons. It was my third trip to Africa, and I enjoyed it very much. The Lord was near me every day. Bro. Sieber, who arrived one month before me at Cameroon, greeted me at the pier. When our steamer "Wadai" dropped anchor, it was twilight and all the passengers had to stay on board over night. The next morning we made an automobile trip from Tiko to Soppo. Eighteen years ago I walked the distance several times. Near the mission station the school boys came marching, by the beat of the drum, singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Each boy was carrying a white stick resembling a rifle, all the boys saluted me at once. Following them came the girls, singing, and greeted me, then all the teachers and evangelists, the Christians from the nearby village, and our dear missionaries. The teachers composed a song for my reception and the students were singing it again and again. This reception gave me more courage and strengthened my faith for the work which lies before me. May the Lord help me to fulfill my duties here in Cameroon to please him!

Since a few days I am here on the African soil far above the sea, on the slope of the beautiful Cameroon Mountain. On a clear day I can look toward the sea far away where sea and sky seem to meet. But my thoughts are wandering still farther to that country where my loved ones are and where I have many dear friends. But here I can not stay much longer, for in all haste we are preparing for that long inland journey where we shall look for a suitable place to begin our new work among the savage



Missionary A. Orthner just before the journey into the North of Cameroon

tribes. The great gift of God to all mankind shall be made known to them, and this is our task. Somewhere among the hills and mountains of Mambila, or farther north near the shores of Benue, the greatest tributary to the Niger River, I shall think of the Christmas joy of my dear young friends and Sunday school workers and also wish them a "Happy New Year."

Yours,
A. ORTHNER.

The Christmas Celebration in Our Children's Home

The annual Christmas celebration in our Children's Home in St. Joseph is one of the great events in the lives of the children there. Some weeks before Christmas the children are busy writing letters to Santa Claus, and telling him what presents they would like to have for Christmas. Sometimes it is possible to arrange for the fulfillment of their wishes and in other cases it is not. Many of the presents are gifts of Sunday schools and churches and annually some money is sent for the purpose of purchasing Christmas presents. Besides that the children have their yearly feast at this season because some churches are remembering the Home around this time with gifts of poultry. At one meal the children had each a pigeon, sent by a church in Dakota. And oh, what a feast it was for them! Each one a pigeon for themselves. It was great!

The Christmas celebration began at 4 P. M. on Christmas Day, in the living room where chairs had been placed not only for the inmates but also for some guests from St. Joseph and Benton Harbor. The pastors of our churches there were present with their families, also Rev. Otto E. Schultz, who was visiting his children. Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Netting of Detroit.

With the singing of "Silent Night, Holy Night" the meeting began. Rev. H. Steiger read the account of the wise men's

visit in Bethlehem and made some fitting remarks in connection with it. He also gave notice of some special letters with Christmas greetings and Christmas gifts and mentioned gratefully the liberality of some churches in providing for some of the delicacies of the Christmas table. All these things our superintendent of course, always acknowledges by personal letters. After him Mr. Conrad Netting made a little speech and then the guests and children filed into the dining room where the Christmas tree stood and the presents were found by the boys and girls on the tables at the places where they regularly sit at meal time. Needless to say that the joy was great as each package was opened and its contents examined and admired. It was a pleasure for the older folks to see it all and share the joy with the little ones and the bigger ones. Thank God, that we felt again, here indeed we have a real home for our children, and they know it too. We are certainly grateful to the churches and other organizations as well as individuals who enabled us to prepare this beautiful celebration and bring such joy into the hearts of the children.

Now, a word in this connection concerning the new addition authorized by the General Conference to be made to our Home and made imperative by the urgent need for suitable isolation wards and adequate private rooms for the help. The plans have been made and tentatively accepted. The Building Committee has decided to go ahead as soon as one-half of the needed amount has been collected. As known to the delegates to the General Conference, Bro. Christian Schmidt of Newark has started the ball rolling by a subscription of \$1000, Bro. Max Sock has subscribed \$500, others \$200, \$150, \$100, etc. About \$12,000 or more are needed.

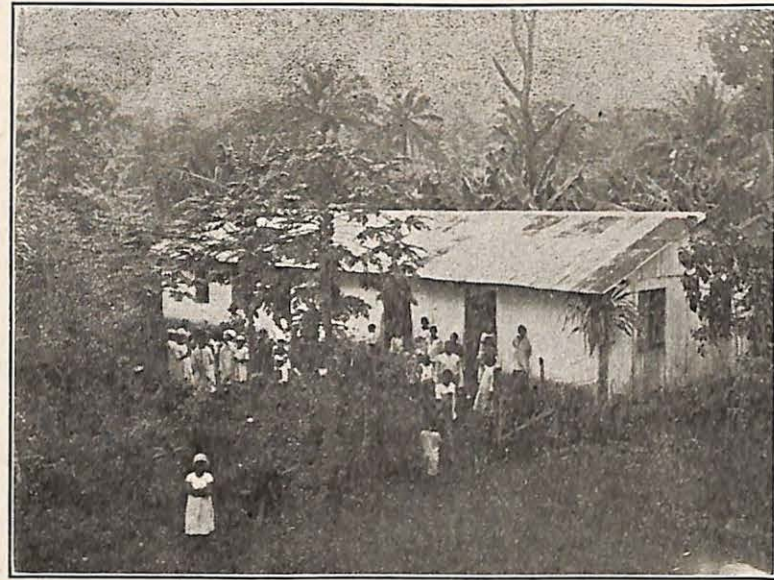
Just a few days ago letters have been addressed to members of the Orphans Board asking them for their own individual subscriptions. As soon as these are in, appeals will be sent to other friends of the institution. We shall not appeal to the churches but the building committee, of which Bro. E. Elmer Staub is chairman and the undersigned secretary, would be grateful to the pastors and other friends of the Home if they would send us lists of such names to whom an appeal might be sent. Or if any one reading this account feels prompted to make a contribution we would only be too glad for that. All contributions could be sent to our treasurer, Mr. Wm. Benning, 825 Wisconsin St., St. Joseph. Such contributions will be gratefully acknowledged and a receipt be sent to the giver, so that through the local Conference treasurer credit may be given to church and donor. We trust that by spring we may be able to proceed with the building.

ECKHARDT UMBACH, Secretary B. C.

* * *

Fair Maid: "I wonder what causes the flight of time?"

Brilliant Young Man: "It is probably urged by the spur of the moment."



Our Missionary Chapel in Soppo on the Cameroon Mountain

Baptist World Alliance Sunday February 3, 1929

An Appeal to Baptists of All Lands

There is no central authority to lay down customs and regulations binding upon Baptists. Our organization is voluntary and fraternal; our unity rests not on law, but on love.

It is the more impressive and significant that observance of "Baptist World Alliance Sunday" has become in many lands a fixed custom of the churches as a whole. The Executive Committee of the Baptist World Alliance hope that it may become universal, so that on this Sunday our people in every part of the world shall draw together in prayer and praise and testimony.

No special form of service is suggested. Nor is the Alliance making any financial appeal in connection with the day. We merely plead and urge that the *first Sunday of February* shall be observed by the churches in all continents as a

DAY OF THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER FOR OUR WORLD-WIDE BROTHERHOOD, AND OF EMPHASIS UPON OUR DISTINCTIVE PRINCIPLES AND WITNESS.

There is much for which to give thanks as we look back upon the year 1928. The wonderful unity of our people revealed in the great World Congress at Toronto; their growth in numbers and influence in many parts of the world, especially in the U. S. A. and South America; the completion of a hundred years of blessed mission service in Burma, and a half century in Congoland—these are among the obvious reasons for thanksgiving. The Bunyan Tercentenary has also called public attention to Evangelical and Baptist teaching, and we are thankful to God for the far-reaching influence which this great Baptist has exercised.

There is much for which to pray as we look back upon the year 1928. Materialism, theoretical and practical, is rampant in many lands. Love of pleasure, and in-

difference to the claims of God characterize multitudes. International relations are not based on justice and love; class selfishness and individual self-seeking abound. The professions of "religious" people are too often formal; and what is called "Christianity" is associated with sacerdotal sacramentarian and superstitious elements. The clamant needs of the heathen world call for the united prayer of all our people. But there must be no pharisaism in our approach to God. Have we in our church life and in our personal life understood and accepted our responsibilities? Are we true to the heritage we have received? Are we seriously setting ourselves to work for the Reign of Christ in the whole life of men? Are we abiding in fellowship with the Lord, without whom we can do nothing?

In the choice of hymns, in the thanksgiving and prayer, in the sermons of Sunday, February 3, 1929, let there be a stress upon the world-fellowship of the Baptist people in thanksgiving, in petition, and in resolve. Let us together draw near to God that, strengthened in him, we may with one heart and purpose fulfill the tasks of our high calling, so that—to adopt the phrase of the great leader so lately called home—"Baptist Life in the Worlds' Life" may be worthy of the grace of God that has appeared in our Lord Jesus Christ.

On behalf of the Executive Committee of the Baptist World Alliance,

We are, yours in the fellowship of the Gospel,
JOHN MACNEIL,
President.
J. H. RUSHBROOKE,
General Secretary.
CLIFTON D. GRAY,
Hon. Associate Secretary.

For Emergency

Mother (with aspiration for her daughter's radio voice): "Do you think, professor, that my daughter will ever be able to do anything with her voice?"

Professor: "Well, madam, it ought to come in handy in case of a fire."

New Books

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

Enlisting Laymen. Frederick A. Agar. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. 80 pages. \$1.00.

To the growing group of books on themes of practical church interest, the efficiency and methods secretary of the Northern Baptist Convention has added another full of practical, constructive suggestions for improving our church spirit, organization and work. It is not a book about the laymen, but a book for the layman by a fellow worker. Many of our churches are not functioning properly or producing results worthwhile. The reading of Dr. Agar's book may lead to a proper diagnosis and will suggest remedies, which if followed will lift the churches to a plane of power and production that will bring honor to God and success to his church. We commend this book to laymen and to pastors as well.

The Life of Jesus for Junior High School Pupils. James Hanford McKendry. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. 256 pages. \$1.50.

The author has been Community Director of Religious Education of Oak Park and River Forest, Ill., since 1921 and during his administration has seen the enrollment of pupils in the weekday classes for religious education grow from an enrollment of 1100 to 3300 and the teaching staff from four to ten. This book had its origin in the growing recognition of the need of such a body of material for use with pupils of the junior high school grades. It was shaped in contacts with such pupils and has been tried out in the classroom. It is suited for use either in the church school or in week-day religious education classes. The arrangement of the material impresses us as very practical and the list of questions, Bible readings and readings for pupils increase the teaching value of this attractive text-book.

Stories for All the Year. Every-day Life Stories Religiously Interpreted. Sara Ward Stockwell. The Judson Press. 293 pages. \$1.50.

Good stories are constantly sought by the teacher of children in the Sunday school and by mothers to read or better, to tell to their children at home. Here is a book of one hundred and eight stories of special interest and teaching value to children from six to ten years of age, dealing with the common experiences of children but lifted out of the matter-of-course and made arresting by connection with the religious view of life. The author is specially qualified both as a religious teacher and as short story writer to furnish such a book. Sunday school, week-day school and vacation Bible school teachers will welcome this very acceptable book. A. P. M.

Men who undertake considerable things ought to give us ground to presume ability.—Burke.

Crown Christ King

Jesus Christ still comes to us offering to be our King. He comes not as the king of a day, but as king over all our lives, forever. There is a hymn of many stanzas, that the little children sing. It begins, "Praise him, praise him, all ye little children." One day, sitting at the piano with a little lad, a mother played and sang this hymn. He followed her through the stanzas: "Praise him, praise him, all ye little children;" "Love him, love him, all ye little children;" "Serve him, serve him, all ye little children;" and at that she stopped. The little boy looked up into her face and said, "But, mother, you have forgotten the last stanza," and so they sang together, "Crown him, crown him, all ye little children." We have not given Christ his rightful place until we have crowned him Lord of all.

What Others Think About It

Recently the book "Simple Talks on the Holy Spirit" by Rev. D. H. Dolman was sent to our pastors in active service and some others. From a large number of letters received we are here publishing some interesting extracts.

"I want to express my sincere thanks for the book by Pastor Dolman 'Simple Talks on the Holy Spirit.' I have the conviction that we must give the Holy Spirit the right of way in our heart and in our life before we have a right to expect a thorough revival among our churches. It almost seems as if the Holy Spirit is departing from our midst. Is it because our body and our life is filled with so many other things that there is no room for him? Another thought: Our pastors could enlarge their influence for the increase of the spiritual life if they would now and then publicly recommend to their congregation some spiritual uplifting book. Real spiritual literature is lacking among our members."

"I received the book, 'Simple Talks on the Holy Spirit' and read it with great interest. It expresses very much my heartfelt desire and conviction. My earnest prayer is, that I might be so completely yielded and surrendered to the Lord, so that I might anew experience this fullness of his presence and joy. I truly believe that it is the one essential necessary in every true follower of Jesus Christ, in order to be what he wants us to be, and especially so as leaders in the churches. May we all seek more earnestly for the fullness of this joy, and so vacate our lives from all selfish desires and ambitions, so that he can possess our every being!"

"Another reason for profound joy goes deeper. The consciousness of the fact that concerted action is being undertaken or that the thought of many ministers is being unified through the reading of some message or book is to me a great inspiration. To know that two hundred and more ministers and missionaries are

thinking about the same problems and issues of life ought to unify the spirit and challenge the will-power of our people. A spiritual revival can easily begin in such a unified experience. You have set that spirit aglow by your thoughtful gift.

Rev. D. H. Dolman is a master in the presentation of challenging, gripping sentences and in the description of stories. Vital sermons are brought in a few words. 'The gift of the Spirit shows itself in our service and in our whole being' (Page 48). 'The lark sings not only before and after the storm but also in the midst of it. Christians can also sing in the night of suffering' (Page 57). 'God's work is silent' (Page 172). 'The fruit is formed out of the concentrated juices of the tree; it is the result of the activity of the internal life' (Page 174). 'Practical holiness carries on its banner the motto: "Nothing for myself." Then you will find joy in living for others, in making room for others' (Page 178).

The story of Mendelssohn, visiting a cathedral in Europe and listening to the playing of the organ with the request that he be allowed to play on it, which was refused by the old organist because of lack of recognition, touched me deeply. It was told masterfully. The adaptation to the reader was heart-reaching. 'If you only knew what wondrous harmonies Jesus could bring forth from you, would you but allow his pierced hands to touch the keys? Do you know that he is waiting, patiently waiting, his hands ready to touch the keys?' If we only knew!"

"Several weeks ago I received the book 'Simple Talks on the Holy Spirit' by Rev. D. H. Dolman. I have read it with interest, and I trust, with profit.

We are all aware that there is something lacking in the spiritual life of today. I have never yet been satisfied with my own spiritual attainments nor with the spiritual life of our churches; it is too shallow and barren. There are unmistakable evidences everywhere that we lack the fullness of the Spirit. But how can we attain unto the power and fullness of the Spirit?

To my mind the experience will never be ours if we seek it for itself alone. It is like happiness or like the peace that passes all understanding. If we seek these blessings merely to be thrilled by their possession, we will never find them. They are by-products. If any man will make it his business to make others happy, then he will be the happiest man himself. And if any man will make it his aim in life to be of the greatest possible service to others, then he will receive an even greater measure of the Holy Spirit. Most people are too selfish and greedy and too materialistic in their conception of life to ever have the fullness of the Spirit. For if we have received the fullness of the Spirit we will not be as a reservoir constantly receiving, but rather as a fountain constantly giving out streams of blessings.

It is my desire to surrender myself

more and more to God that he may use me as he sees fit."

"The book by D. H. Dolman, 'Simple Talks on the Holy Spirit' is one of the best I have seen on the subject. The statements are simple, clear and scriptural.

While I have had the experience of being filled with the Spirit, I felt that I needed a new infilling, and I have consecrated myself to God anew to be his forever, with body, soul and spirit, to be used as it pleases him. The reading of the book has been a great blessing to me."

"So many of our dear people are constantly losing Christ because of their lacking the Spirit-filled life. Therefore a closer study of the rich promises of Christ and a better understanding of the Paraclete who wills to reveal him to us—will finally result in a finer and deeper spiritual experience on the part of all those who will give themselves to such study and contemplation."

"I received the book 'Simple Talks on the Holy Spirit' and read it with great interest. It is as if a friend were talking to you, and I received a great blessing. Surely, if we would all be so filled with the Holy Spirit, what a difference it would make in our Christian life. I spoke about it in my Adult Class as well as from the pulpit."

"I have just finished reading 'Simple Talks on the Holy Spirit' by Dr. Dolman. It is a sane and edifying treatment of the important subject and helps to fill one with a greater desire and willingness to receive the fuller blessing so much needed for effective work and sweeter trust."

The Great Commission

The prospectus of a new book on the Great Commission, by Dr. O. E. Bryan, contains in its ten chapters a most admirable outline of the Magna Charta of Christendom.

1. The absolute Lordship of Christ—"All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth."
2. Stewardship growing out of Lordship—"Therefore."
3. Our Lord's Marching Orders—"Go."
4. The Church Commissioned—"Ye."
5. The Chief Purpose Stated—"Make disciples."
6. The World Program Announced—"All the nations."
7. The Imperative Duty Commanded—"Baptize them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit."
8. Following up Evangelism—"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."
9. Christ's Spiritual Presence Affirmed—"And lo, I am with you always."
10. The Glorious Consummation—"Even unto the end of the world."

The Young People's Society

Purpose—Program—Plans

No Idle Workers Needed

God never goes to the lazy or to the idle when he needs men for his service. When God wants a worker he calls a worker. When he has work to be done he goes to those who are already at work. When God wants a great servant he calls a busy man. Scripture and history attest this truth.

Moses was busy with his flocks at Horeb when the Lord called him.

Gideon was busy threshing wheat by the winepress.

Saul was busy searching for his father's lost beasts.

Elisha was busy plowing with twelve yoke of oxen.

Nehemiah was busy bearing the king's winecup.

Amos was busy following the flock.

Peter and Andrew were busy casting a net into the sea.

James and John were busy mending their nets.

Matthew was busy collecting customs, and Saul was busy persecuting the friends of Jesus.

Classify Yourself

One of our exchanges referring particularly to the Bible class and the young people's organization, though it applies equally to all forms of church work, wants to know whether you are

An attender or an absentee?

A pillar or a sleeper?

A wing or a weight?

A power or a problem?

A promoter or a provoker?

A giver or a getter?

O goer or a gadder?

A doer or a deadhead?

A supporter or a sponger?

A soldier or a sulker?

A server or a sorehead?

A work r or a worry?

A friend or a fault-finder?

A helper or a hinderer?

Answer these questions, and you classify yourself.

A Word in Season

Some time ago a small pamphlet, entitled "Twenty Questions," found its way to our desk. These questions have reference to the close of a year's work, and some of them are pertinent to our work. We quote as follows:

"Have you grown in knowledge during the last twelve months? Do you know more about India, China, Korea, etc.? Have you learned more of the work of Christ in your own land? Are you better acquainted with God's word?

Do you subscribe for the paper?

Do you read it?

Do you forget what you read, or do you talk about it to your friends, and so impress the facts on your memory?

Have you secured one new subscriber?

Have you remembered to make your offerings regularly?

Have you always contributed as much as possible, or as little as possible?

In what have you denied yourself that you might have more to give to him who for your sake became poor?

Have you endeavored to interest others in the work, and to secure contributions from them?

What have you done this past year to make yourself more fit for his service?

What are you going to do this coming year in the line of working, giving, praying?"—Western Baptist.

Do You Co-operate?

Members of the human body are not only not useful but are harmful if they are not organized into a body. So are members of the B. Y. P. U. or the C. E.

Recently a girls' quartet was scheduled to sing in a church service. The four had practiced and their voices blended beautifully. The service hour came, and the second alto did not appear. She had been asked out to dinner and, though she had promised to come, she did not appear. She not only did not help the quartet, she ruined it as a quartet by her failure. There is something morally wrong with such a person. The word idiot is derived from a word meaning one who cannot or will not work together with others.

I went through one of the large state hospitals for the insane. As we passed through the dining-room, where perhaps five hundred inmates were eating, one grasped the steward's arm and complained about the food. I said to the steward: "Isn't it rather dangerous to let them come together like this? If they should decide to get together they could easily overpower you." He smiled rather sadly and said, "That's why they are here. They can't get together with others." A crazy man can complain, but he can't harmonize with others. We surely have some idiotic people in Christian organizations. Are you one?

Is your society an assembly or an organization?

Young People's Problems

A young college instructor in English thinks we are working overtime the word "problem." Perhaps we are. But the problems still persist, whatever he thinks. The Commission on Christian Education of the Federal Council says that the following concrete problems directly affect young people: (a) The prohibition problem; (b) the problem of race relationships; (c) the problem of peace; (d) the problem of honesty; (e) the problem of sex relationship. The solution of these call for serious consideration.

The Real Problem

The real problem is not a youth problem. The real problem is how to have young people and elders understand one another and work together.

The young need the adults and the adults need the young. The young need the adults for stability, and the adults need the young for vim. The young need the adults for wisdom, and the adults need the young for faith. The young need the adults for prudence, and the adults need the young for hope. It is a frequent calamity that they do not work together.

If they get together, they will work together. If the adults will tell the young just what they want, and the young will tell the adults just what they want, and then the two sets of people will stick to what they have said, the kingdom of God will move gloriously forward.

Just As I Am

It is not often that the sentiment of one of the fine hymns can be adapted without spoiling it, but this modern prayer hymn, while it never can take the place of the great hymn which suggests it, has its own beautiful message effectively expressed.

*Just as I am, thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Savior dear, I come.*

*In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart, I come.*

*I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right;
I would serve thee with all my might;
Therefore to thee I come.*

*Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.*

Worth Much

A black boy was sold in Africa for a horse. The man thought he was stuck in the trade, and swapped the boy for a dozen bottles of whiskey. The boy afterwards became a bishop in the Methodist church.

What is your estimate of human values?

"If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing,
Let the words of true encouragement be
said.

Do not wait till life is over
And he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when
he's dead."

Heathen Liberality

When the early missionaries went out to the New Hebrides, it was the custom for the natives at their heathen feasts to cut off the tails of the pigs which they were about to devour and throw them into the bush as an offering to their gods. The tail was so small a part of the pig that it was never missed from the feast, while their offering was supposed to satisfy the evil spirits.

Many in Christian lands give conscientiously to the work of the Kingdom, but there are a vast number who give to religious purposes in proportion as the heathen gave in the New Hebrides. We who are such debtors to the gospel of Christ must be liberal in advancing the Kingdom.

The Re-Opening of the Ashmore Theological Seminary

The Theological Seminary of the South China Mission has been closed ever since 1922, but when in 1925 the Chinese Baptist churches demanded autonomy in all departments of their church work, Chinese leaders expressed keen desire for the re-opening of the seminary at the earliest possible date. This conviction was expressed in unmistakable terms at every annual Convention of the Ling Tong churches since 1925.

The Board of Trustees, appointed by the Convention of 1927, was instructed to formulate plans for the re-opening of the seminary during the year. There was considerable preparatory work to be done. It was felt that the local churches must assume a certain amount of responsibility, if this new venture was to succeed. To the surprise of all this was not found to be a difficult task. In all the churches men were found who were in hearty accord and no indifference or opposition was met, on the contrary, the Board of trustees was encouraged at every step.

Thus early in 1928 preliminary steps were taken and two men were chosen upon whom the responsibility and office of joint president were placed and the mandate given them, by the Board of Trustees and the Executive Committee of the Ling Tong Council, to organize a seminary faculty and plan for the definite re-opening of the seminary this autumn. The Chinese selected for this position, Rev. Lo Siah Ku, has been one of the leaders in this movement for autonomy. He is today the most acceptable spiritual leader in our churches. Lo Siah Ku was General Director of the Swatow Christian Institute for the past year or two and served with great ability to the satisfaction of all. His appointment as joint president of the seminary is eminently a good one.

The writer of this report was selected to serve with Rev. Lo Siah Ku as joint president of the seminary. At first, I had doubts as to the wisdom of electing a foreigner with a Chinese to this position, but the verdict of the Chinese was all one way. They felt that in the work of pre-

paring young men for the Christian ministry it was absolutely essential to have the aid of some foreign missionary. In view of such a direct mandate to serve, to have refused might have given the wrong impression as though we were not keenly aware as to the importance of training young men for the Christian ministry and that we were disinclined to co-operate with our Chinese leaders when it came to recognizing Chinese initiative and leadership. This appointment came to me entirely unexpected and entirely from the Chinese organizations dealing with the problem. Thus I was led to accept the heavy responsibilities and have since last spring been in almost daily consultation with Lo Siah Ku as to the best ways and means to be used in this important work.

The seminary was re-opened on the 18th of September. Over 30 applications had been received, but of that number only 22 young men were accepted. These men have come from every part of the South China Mission. All the Associations, excepting one, namely, Hopo, are represented.

For the present curriculum offers one year preparatory and three years regular seminary studies. In due time, we hope to add a year or two, making our curriculum five or six years. We should also condition graduation from a good senior high-school the minimum for admittance to the seminary work. Our faculty consists of four men, with a few other instructors giving a few hours each week. We are fortunate in having the co-operation of our missionary co-workers.

In addition, we hope to invite Chinese Christian leaders from Canton and Shanghai to give lectures on practical problems confronting Christian work in China at the present time. We trust the Board of Managers of the A. B. F. M. S. will make good its promise to send an outstanding American evangelist, who may be known as the Fraternal Evangelist of American Baptists to the Baptist churches of the Ling Tong Council. This evangelist might well spend a considerable part of his time with the students of the seminary.

In closing this report permit me to ask the reader to remember the instructors and students of this seminary in his or her prayers. We desire these 22 young men to become real spiritual leaders among their own people. You will agree with me that this is a work beyond human accomplishment. May God's Holy Spirit be our teacher and may both students and instructors have visions of a deeper spiritual life and of heroic service!

JACOB SPEICHER.

Swatow, December, 1928.

Problem in Thirst

A six-weeks-old calf was nibbling the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence for some minutes by the city girl. "Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"

Present-Day Heroes

Even in these civilized days of autos, airplanes, and radios, adventure is still to be found. Take the men who go to out-of-the-way places to sell Bibles—the colporters. The American Bible Society tells of some thrilling happenings in South America:

"Armed with whips, knives, and firearms, a mob sought to drive a colporter out of town. He gently declined to go. His bag of books was taken from him to be burned. He was turned out of his lodgings. Roofless, he remained in town, speaking patiently and kindly with those who would listen.

"Suddenly his bag of books was returned to him. People showed a curiosity to know what his books might be that was worth so much courage. He sold two New Testaments and thirteen Gospels, and left the town in peace.

"Upon his second visit he sold eight Bibles and twenty Gospels. The foundations of a Christian church are being laid in the hearts of these townspeople.

"In another village, Caruaru, a young man who read the Bible given him by this colporter, began to talk to others, without tiring, about the gospel. This did not please certain citizens, and one morning he was attacked by four individuals and killed.

"Four days later another colporter went to Caruaru and sold a number of books. There is now a church where the gospel is preached regularly.

"A colporter may fall, but the work must go on. Such is the spirit of these men. On the roll of martyrs must be included Feliciano, a humble seller of the Book in Mexico. Displeased with his success in interesting others in the Bible, fanatics surrounded his house one night four years ago and forced the doors.

"If they want to kill me," said Feliciano to his wife, "I am ready to die for Christ."

"A friend came to his aid and was also taken by the mob. At the edge of the village both men were shot. All persons who were suspected of reading the Bible fled from the village.

"But here is the dramatic sequel. One might suppose that so terrible a lesson would be heeded by the men of the Book. Yet within one month after the murder of Feliciano his successor, Victor Cervantes, was in the same village, offering Bibles and Gospels for sale. In giving the required report, he mentioned his visit to this village in a few matter-of-fact words, as if it were quite the natural thing for him to go there, since the other men could no longer carry on the work."

Auto-Intoxication

"What was the excitement down the street?"

"Oh a man in a reverie ran into a woman in a tantrum."

"Were the machines badly damaged?"
—Boston Transcript.

If You Think So, Try It

There is nothing original in the mere idea that you could improve upon what your elders have done and are doing; but to act in accordance with that belief may bring results which are original and remarkably worth while.

Something over two centuries ago, as a certain small boy of eighteen was leaving church, he complained to his mother about the dullness of the hymns which had been sung. An official member overheard the remark and sharply suggested that the young critic produce a few better ones.

In that age it would have been considered very unseemly for a youth so addressed to retort, "I could if I wanted to." Doubtless this one meekly kept his tongue; but at the afternoon service a new hymn was sung. Young Watts had wanted to offer something better and he did it straight away!

It was the beginning of a career from which the whole world since has been a gainer. Not only did Isaac Watts write "Joy to the World," "Come Ye That Love the Lord," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," and other hymns which are favorites even today; he set a new standard for church music and awakened a general demand for religious songs of greater freshness and vitality.

A somewhat different tale is that of a college freshman who told his English teacher that he could write plenty of proverbs as good as those ascribed to Solomon. "All right. Bring a dozen to class tomorrow," invited the professor. These proverbs have not yet been published; in fact, there is no record that the complacent collegian made any serious attempt to compose them. Had he tried to meet the assignment, he himself would have gained by the attempt whether anyone else did or not.

Frequently people throw down a book or magazine with the words, "I could write something better than that." Most such critics are content with saying so; they make no effort to prove their claim. Some, however, put the declaration to the test; and that is always worth while, though the results will not be invariably alike. The majority merely learn that good writing is not so easy as it looks. A few may be led into profitable experience in fiction or journalism.

So it is with those who think they could invent labor-saving machinery, improve the methods of a business, trade, or industry. Only trying will show whether this is true or not, so if you think you can do some worth-while thing in a better way, make the trial! Even if you cannot emulate Watts in his revolutionary influence upon religious music, you can follow his example in attempting to do the thing that you see needs doing.—Classmate.

* * *

Whatever, Lord, in yesterday's fair hours
I may have failed to do:
Or what, best left undone too late I rue,
Give me another chance, with equal powers,
My will to prove anew.

Lloyd George on Missions

Mr. Lloyd George was asked what he thought of missions, and here is his reply: "If Christian missions fail the rest of us had better close up shop. The missionary program represents the most successful enterprise for the reclamation of mankind that the modern world has ever seen. We cannot dispense with that program. And it is so much a reflection of Christian and of Anglo-Saxon idealism that I do not believe we ever shall dispense with it."

Babu English

A native clerk in India who writes English, usually very dubiously, is known as a babu.

"Respected Sirs," wrote a babu employee to his firm, "I have the honor to elucidate my soon departure from office in perpetuity, owing to excessive weariness of job."

Lucky At That

A farmer received a crate containing some fowls. He wrote to the sender, informing him that the crate was so badly made that it had come to pieces when he was taking the hens home with him, and they had all escaped. After much searching, he had succeeded in finding only eleven of them. In due time he received the following reply:

"You were lucky to find eleven hens, because I sent you only six."—Wright Engine Builder.

* * *

A proud young father wired the news of his happiness to his brother in these words:

"A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him the proper welcome."

The brother, however, failed to see the point, and wired back:

"I have no nephew. The young man is an impostor."—Tit-Bits

* * *

A certain automobile manufacturer claimed to have put a car together in seven minutes.

A few weeks after this event was heralded in the newspapers, a voice on the telephone asked:

"Is it true that your factory put a car together in seven minutes?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I have the car."—Southern Telephone News.

* * *

Life Guard: "How much can you carry?"

Mere Man: "Two hundred pounds."

Life Guard: "Suppose there was a woman out in the water drowning and she weighed four hundred pounds. How would you save her?"

Mere Man: "I'd make two trips."

Believes in Signs

Ginsberg: "Mister Ottist, I van you should make me a doughnut sign."

Painter: "Certainly, Mr. Ginsberg, but I thought you were a butcher, not a baker."

Ginsberg: "Sure, I'm a butcher; I vant it a sign

'Doughnut Hendel De Feesh.'"

* * *

To plan a little and complete what you plan is better than to plan much and spend all the time talking about what you intend to do.

* * *

Two artists arrived in Spain. Neither spoke a word of Spanish. Being hungry, they headed for a restaurant. They wanted roast beef, but the waiter could not understand.

"I'll make him understand," said one of the artists; and turning over the menu, he drew a sketch of a cow and marked "2" beneath it.

The waiter looked, smiled a smile of comprehension, and went away. Five minutes later he returned with two tickets to a bull fight.

Placing the Blame

A little girl ran into the house crying bitterly and her mother asked her what was the matter.

"Billy has broken my dolly," she sobbed.

"How did he break it?"

"I hit him on the head with it."

* * *

A mother, discovering her small daughter washing the kitten with soap and water, exclaimed:

"Oh, Betty, darling, I don't think the mother pussy would like her kitty washed like that."

Betty very seriously replied:

"Well, I really can't lick it, mother."—Children, the Magazine for Parents.

Not for Him

Growler: "I didn't sleep a wink all night. I had an awful toothache."

James: "Ah, you should try repeating to yourself fifty times every day, 'Get behind me, pain.'"

"Not much! Do you think I want lumbago?"—Answers (London).

* * *

"What was your car expense last year?"

"Five thousand dollars. I bought a new car for \$4000, and it cost me \$1000 to run it. What was yours?"

"The same. I bought a used car for \$1000, and it cost me \$4000 to run it."

* * *

Auntie did not know that Lonny had just received a spanking, so when she found him crying out behind the house she said kindly:

"Why, dear, what is the matter? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," was the tearful response, "it's all been done!"—Children, the Magazine for Parents.

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The Man With the Face of an Angel

This is neither a story nor a sermon. The author, Adam Sarks, attempts to describe certain experiences that have exerted a most helpful influence in his own spiritual growth. These experiences are now being published with a prayer that the Christian brothers and sisters of Adam Sarks in God's family through the reading may personally and very definitely be transfigured into the image of the glory of "The Man with the Face of an Angel." At the suggestion of some who have read this manuscript in advance. Adam Sarks will later endeavor with honesty and in detail to describe some of his outstanding experiences, while striving to realize this ideal for his own Christian life and to become like "The Man with the Face of an Angel."

Chapter One

SEEING THAT MAN

It was the most wonderful experience for Adam Sarks when for the first time he attended the summer assembly at Lakeview. This conference was a gathering for the discussion of scriptural truths relating to the deeper spiritual life. As the teaching at the Lakeview Conference was regarded as sane and scriptural, there were many serious-minded Christians from most of the Protestant denominations who annually went to Lakeview. Because Adam Sarks had been led by the grace of God to think seriously about his own Christian life, he too had gone to this summer conference.

Lakeview Conference offered many opportunities for hearing outstanding foreign missionaries. On that first Wednesday afternoon Adam Sarks found the spacious tabernacle filled with a capacity audience. It had been announced that Missionary John Pattongill was to speak. Wherever this missionary spoke he was always sure of a large and deeply interested audience. Fifty years of his life he had spent as a pioneer missionary on a most difficult field. His devotion and success had been so remarkable in the face of the most staggering difficulties, that he was revered in wide Christian circles more highly than most other men.

When John Pattongill arose to speak, there came a breathless hush over the audience. Notwithstanding his seventy years, he had a physique, of which many younger men would have been proud. His presence was a benediction. There was not one line of weakness expressed in the features of his wonderful face. From where Adam Sarks sat, it seemed to him in the mellow light of that late afternoon as if the entire person of that missionary was shrouded in a heavenly glow. Again and again he was reminded of Stephen, that bold witness for the Lord, of whom it is written: "And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." What was it that made John Pattongill so attractive? **If an artist had analyzed his face, he might not have found natural beauty or perfect physiognomy, but with a true**

appreciation, he would have found a far surpassing beauty. Saintliness, sincerity, strength and sweetness were all radiating from the face of John Pattongill.

In the course of his address it soon became very evident that his saintliness was not only expressed in his wonderful face, but that his entire life was dominated by an other-world spirit. Without any attempt at self-glorification, he related with a charming simplicity occurrences in his missionary experience which proved him an uncrowned hero and the possessor of an unconquerable faith.

There were not many dry eyes in that vast audience, when he related the death of his wife shortly after their arrival on their field. The natives had not only been indifferent in their attitude toward them, but they were dangerously threatening. Neither day nor night were the missionaries safe from an attack on their lives. In their rudely built home the young wife fell ill. The missionary alone sat in silent vigil at her couch, when her spirit took its flight. He must then with his own hands make for her a rude coffin into which he laid her precious form. Not far from that little home, where she had presided, he himself dug her grave. With the help of two friendly natives he lowered the coffin to its last resting place. With a pathos that touched every heart, he related how while he stood with broken heart beside the grave of his loved one praying, he had the same experience as the martyr Stephen when he looked up steadfastly to heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. He then knew that he had not been forgotten of God. The Son of God Himself had seen where he had laid his loved one, and He would surely call her again from the grave. He knew too that he would watch over him amid all the dangers.

Adam Sarks noticed a striking resemblance between John Pattongill and the martyr Stephen in the fact that notwithstanding the bitter and cruel enmity the natives had shown the missionary, he would not leave them. When the British captain sailed into the harbor of the island, where John Pattongill was stationed, and pleaded with him to leave

the natives, who in his judgment were no better than devils and swine, the missionary would not board the ship and be carried to safety, but preferred to stay among those who were daily plotting against his life.

Just once during that address the calm eye of the missionary flashed with fire and his whole being was stirred by a passion of resentment and anger. It was when he spoke of the Church of Christ in the home-land withholding the means necessary to carry on the work in the foreign field. With a biting scorn he told them how ashamed they must be to withhold the financial support, when scores of men and women had given their lives without stint and without reservation. He said that the missionaries with their broken health and spent life-forces would rise up and condemn the church at home before the judgment-seat of Christ. The millions who had gone down into the blackest hopelessness were even now condemning the rich and avaricious Church of Christ for withholding from them the gospel of hope. As he spoke these words of condemnation with an anger that burnt into the souls of the listeners, many in that tabernacle, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. And Adam Sarks silently and sincerely prayed that he might some day become a Christian like John Pattongill.

Chapter Two

SEEING HIMSELF

On Thursday morning Adams Sarks heard the second lecture at Lakeview, on the topic "Spiritual or Carnal Christians." The speaker based his address on First Corinthians 3:1-4: "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, as unto babes in Christ. I fed you with milk, not with meat; for ye were not yet able to bear it: nay not even now are ye able; for ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you jealousy and strife, are ye not carnal, and walk after the manner of men? For when one saith, I am of Paul; and another I am of Apollos; are ye not men?" Although the lecturer had a simplicity everyone could understand,

there was a directness and earnestness about this address that went to the marrow of every listener. In that first century the apostle Paul named the Corinthians "carnal" Christians. By definitely stating certain characteristics of the Corinthian Christians, the apostle Paul proved them to be "carnal" Christians. Although the apostle Paul did recognize carnal Christians as Christians indeed, he did not fail to emphasize the disadvantages under which they labor. The speaker on that morning became very personal and asked each one in the audience to apply this text to himself. He said: "Do the characteristics of your Christian life prove you to be a spiritual or a carnal Christian?" After hearing that address everyone in the audience had the sincere desire to become a spiritual Christian.

As far as Adam Sarks could recall, he had never heard an address on the topic. He was deeply interested from the beginning to the end. In the course of his address the speaker referred to the words which are used in the original Greek Testament to designate the spiritual and the carnal Christians. It was the word used to designate the carnal Christians that interested Adam Sarks most. In fact, he was almost stunned so that his heart seemed to stop beating when he first heard the word used to designate carnal Christians. The speaker said that the root-word for carnality is "sarks," meaning "flesh." This is the word used to describe our own sinful nature. It is the Adam-nature which we all have inherited from our original parent Adam. "This power 'sarks' in us," the speaker said, "hinders us from walking in the footsteps of Jesus Christ and so becoming genuine Christians. As long as this power 'sarks' dominates our lives, we can only be carnal Christians. It is only the 'sarks' in us that will not let the image of Jesus Christ shine through our mortal bodies. If we would become spiritual Christians, we must deny, and dethrone and crucify the 'sarks' in us. It is an inexorable law of God in the spiritual realm that only in so far as we die according to our 'sarks,' can we live spiritually.

Adam Sarks could hardly recover from the shock this address gave him. Now he was really being introduced to himself and looking deeper into his own being than ever before. He had often wondered just where the name Sarks had originated. There were so many in his community, who bore his own name. Although he was of German parentage, the name Sarks did not sound at all German. What was there in the history of his name that might be interesting? He wondered just why the first one in his lineage had been called Sarks. He concluded that the first progenitor of his had given such a striking demonstration of the power of "Sarks" in him and had been such a complete incarnation of sinful human nature, that his contemporaries had decided to call him Adam Sarks. He was very sure that his name Adam Sarks applied very aptly to himself. While studying his own life with some care during the recent months, he

had often seen the convincing evidence of this power "sarks" within him. Now he knew that it was his own sinful self, his depraved human nature, that which he had inherited from his original parent Adam. On that morning he had made the most unpleasant experience of having been introduced to Adam Sarks.

For the rest of the day Adam Sarks had become silent. Although there were many relatives and friends at Lakeview, he did not care for any social intercourse with them. He had strolled out alone on the shore of the lake. Seated in a secluded spot, he was reveling in the beauties of the sunset. Beholding the glories of the setting sun, he for a while forgot all that he had heard during that day. Unconsciously to himself the scene had shifted and he was no longer following the fiery ball sinking into the western horizon, but he was seeing a scene in his own life. Only a short while ago he had been in a gathering of young people of the National Young People's Organization. The president of that organization was to be elected. He had been pushed forward by his friends as a candidate for the presidency. The election had been hotly contested. There had been much said and done by the enthusiastic supporters of both candidates. When the ballots were counted, Adam Sarks had been defeated. Without any hesitation he had arisen and made the motion to make the election unanimous for his opponent. At the first opportunity he went and congratulated him on his victory. In that night Adam Sarks had learned to know himself better than before. After he had retired for the night, he could not sleep. There were ugly feelings of resentment, injured pride and frustrated ambition that surged through his soul. He was terrified when he saw what feelings and powers his defeat had aroused in his own heart. Try as he would, he could not conquer them. In his desperation he cried to the Lord for deliverance and forgiveness. When he awoke from his reverie on the lake-shore, the fiery ball of the setting sun had been extinguished as it dipped into the lake on the far horizon and he found himself staring into the deepening shades of the western sky and into the blackness of his own perverted heart.

Chapter Three

MEETING HIS WORST ENEMY

The few days Adam Sarks had spent at the Lakeview Conference had brought him new visions. These visions had not made him happy because they had only given him a deeper insight into his own self. What he saw there was not very flattering. The address of this Friday afternoon was only to deepen the impressions that had already been made. The speaker read from Matthew 16:13-28. He announced verse 24 as his text: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, if any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." "In these words," the speaker said, "the Lord Jesus Himself has given us directions how to enter the Christian life. As we enter and live the Christian life, we will always meet opponents. To be

successful as Christians, we must always conquer these opponents. Some consider Satan their arch enemy; others think their strongest enemies are to be found in their fellow-men. The Lord Himself designates the worst enemy of each of us; it is for each his own self. The Lord's own word and our own experience prove this to be true. It is as if the Lord had said: 'If any man will come after me, let him overcome his worst enemy: who is HIMSELF.'"

The speaker went on to say that this terrible fact allows of no exception. Whatever a man's station in life may be, whatever his temperament, whatever his height of culture, because of his innate depravity, he is always his own worst enemy. It was enlightening to hear an illustration in this connection. Prof. Tholuck was one of the saintliest and most learned of the theological teachers Germany ever produced. Just before he was to lecture before one of his classes, a friend in an adjoining room heard quite a commotion in the professor's room. Upon inquiring he found that the professor was disconcerted and ruffled because he could not find his shoes. With a boldness of a prophet of God this friend said: "Professor, how can you fly into a rage over such a trivial thing as not finding your shoes and in the next minute stand before your class and teach theology?"

The poet Alice Jean Cleator, the speaker continued, has caught this truth and expressed it very finely.

THE TWO SELVES

*Within each soul a strange duality!
Two selves—two foes that strive for mastery!*

*Each day a bloodless, unseen battle fought—
Defeat or victory in silence wrought!*

*No flying flag of war, no drum's loud roll
Proclaims how goes the battle of the soul!*

*The false, the low, the cheap, the commonplace
Striving the high ideal to efface!*

*Temptation's voice alluring, ever near,
And Duty's call insistent, sweet and clear.*

*We smile and say that war has passed away,
And yet—we fight a battle every day!*

Here the speaker digressed far enough to relate an incident from the life of that unique missionary Dan Crawford, whose personal ministry was often very searching; and who was no respecter of persons. He had the piercing eyes of the seer; and he was not afraid of uncovering sin. An African missionary told of his "one real meeting with Dan Crawford." This missionary relates: "It was in a forest path. I was returning to my station and he had recently passed through it. Dan Crawford had an amazing intimate knowledge of affairs there. He said: 'Come and sit here. Let us talk.' And he talked. First of all, my work. Then much that concerned the tribal life of those amongst whom I

worked. It was all new to me—I had not been out long. Then he spoke of me, myself; not much. Suddenly he paused, and looking at me he recited:

*There is a man that often stands
Between me and Thy glory.
His name is self.—My carnal self
Stands twixt me and Thy glory.
O mortify him! Mortify him!
Put him down, my Savior;
Exalt Thyself alone; lift high
The banner of the Cross
And in its folds
Conceal the standard bearer.'*

Dan Crawford's eyes saw clearly the deadly pride against which I had to wage my daily eternal war. Then he said: 'Victory is with the saints.' And we parted."

The poem quoted by Dan Crawford out in the forest path in Central Africa expressed perfectly the deepest convictions and desires of Adams Sarks so that the words seemed to be instantaneously photographed on to his memory that he had no difficulty in remembering that wonderful poem. It continually rang through his heart and mind. From the depth of his being it ascended often as an impassioned prayer to the Father's throne.

Chapter Four

IN HIS STEPS

Soon after the Lakeside Conference Adam Sarks received a very urgent invitation from an uncle to visit him in Switzerland. This uncle had been a foreign missionary and was now pastor of a strong church in one of the larger villages among the mountains of Switzerland. Late in August a so-called Faith Conference was to meet at the church of this uncle. Although these two relatives had never met each other, Adam Sarks was convinced upon the first reading of the invitation that the hand of the Lord was evidently in this matter. Without the experiences of the Lakeview Conference Adam Sarks might not have been so ready to accept the invitation and go to Switzerland. More than any other one motive that led him to decide to go to Europe was the passionate desire to find the secret, which might enable him to become like the man with the face of an angel. Shortly before sailing, Adam Sarks went into his library to look for a suitable book that he might read on the steamer. While scanning the shelves, his eye fell on a volume tucked away almost unnoticeable in the corner. It was entitled "In His Steps. What would Jesus Do?" He dimly recalled that he had read the book, but he remembered nothing of its contents. He immediately decided to put it into his traveling-bag and to read it on the eastward voyage.

Inasmuch as this was to be the first ocean trip for Adam Sarks, he was keenly alert to everything. It was all so new for him. Like every other passenger, he endeavored first of all to make himself at home in his own cabin and then to look over the ship. During the first hours on board, he stood at the rail and silently but very genuinely enjoyed the beauties of the harbor. Many things, however,

passed through his mind that could not be seen in that harbor. He was thinking of the next eight or nine days of the voyage and hoping that he would safely reach the other shore, without having to pass through the agony of the dreaded seasickness. Then too, he was trying to picture his uncle from that Swiss village and praying that the Faith Conference might bring him what he did not yet have. Again and again he would make a mental excursion from the rail on that upper deck to his cabin and pick up that book in his traveling-bag. In imagination he seemed to read on the fast disappearing shore in letters of silver: "In His Steps. What Would Jesus Do?"

On the first morning out, immediately after breakfast, Adam Sarks had his deck-chair placed in a quiet spot and settled down to read. Of course, he had no other book than the one that filled his mind even in his sleeping hours. He was not a little surprised that the book had been published thirty years ago. From the very first page, his whole soul was gripped. He became absolutely oblivious of his surroundings. He had become so completely engrossed that he could hardly be aroused when the passengers congregated at the rail and lustily greeted a passing steamer. Now he was seeing a new vision which promised to enable him to show forth heaven's life. Christ's life in his own person. He read on and on, neither hearing nor heeding the boisterous laughter of the fellow-passengers. As he sat in the dining-room at lunch, he could find nothing to say to those near him, although he was usually not a poor conversationalist. Amid the clatter of the dining-room and the hum of the many merry diners, with a clearness that was quite perceptible for him, it rang out constantly: "In His Steps. What Would Jesus Do?" As the strains of the orchestra reached his ear, it seemed as if he could hear the note of his new revelation blended into the most enchanting harmonies.

It did not take Adam Sarks very long to find the one dominating thought in this fascinating book. Here there was a wonderful secret being revealed to him. To be a true Christian, to reproduce the image of Christ in one's own life, to have the powers of heaven and the life of Christ actually realized in one's own life, one must walk in His steps; in simplicity of faith one must always be ready to ask: "What Would Jesus Do?"

The descriptions given by the author of such persons who were actually walking in His steps in the most varied and difficult circumstances of life, fascinated Adam Sarks to the utmost. He saw that this new principle for the direction of the Christian life was not visionary, but could be put into actual practice.

Late that evening Adam Sarks was standing alone on the upper deck at the stern of the steamer. The faint strains of the dance orchestra reached him from the Social Hall. Not far from where he stood was the Smoking Room. From out of the many windows there flowed into the quiet night the loud laughter and jesting of the many who were congregated there.

Here and there a silver crested wave became visible on the dark heaving bosom of the ocean. He could look far into the night and see very distinctly the wake of the ship, which seemed to be scintillating with a phosphorescent glow in the moonlight. As he stood there in that quiet moonlight night, he was conscious of a deep joy in having had this new revelation. Realizing God's presence, he reverently removed his cap and prayed: "Lord Jesus, I thank Thee that Thou hast today given me this blessed vision. Thou hast shown me that I can become like Thee if I will walk in Thy footsteps. I thank Thee that Thou hast lived among us and that the record of Thy life has been preserved for us. Here and now I give Thee my pledge that it shall be my earnest desire to walk in Thy footsteps. In the varying circumstances of my life I will always stop and ask: 'What Would Jesus Do?' As Thou wilt give me grace, I will try and do as Thou wouldst have me to do. Amen." When Adam Sarks retired to his cabin that night and quietly sought his berth, he had the exhilarating joy and consciousness that his entire being was filled with the peace of God, which passeth understanding.

The rest of the voyage offered to Adam Sarks many opportunities to put into practice the truth that had been brought to him through his new vision. At the first meeting with the gentleman who shared his cabin with him he heard this man grumble with an oath about the cabin that had been assigned to him. Very soon he knew that his cabin-mate had many ills that went far deeper than his physical being. In the intimate associations of those nine days Adam Sarks tried to listen to the voice that would tell him what Jesus would have done if He had been a cabin-mate of that old, unhappy and embittered sinful man.

It chanced that Adam Sarks associated more frequently with a certain Jewish gentleman than with any other passenger. This man was a buyer for a mercantile house. In the dining-room they sat beside each other. Many miles Adam Sarks strolled around that deck with his Jewish companion. How often Adam Sarks heard that still small voice in his own heart saying: "If Jesus were walking the deck with that Jewish gentleman, would He not tell him of God's salvation and God's only Savior?"

At the dining-table to which Adam Sarks had been assigned there were about twelve passengers. It was a merry congenial company. As far as one could see, there were not many Christians at that table. With but three exceptions, everyone at that table indulged in drinking beer or champagne. At the evening dinner the gentleman who sat at the head of the table usually drank a toast to the rest of the passengers. Adam Sarks was always conscious of the pledge he had made to the Lord Jesus standing out there in the moonlight night at the stern of the steamer.

Sitting for a while during the evening in the Social Hall and seeing the gay dancers whirl to the exciting strains of the orchestra or passing through the

Smoking Room after dinner and listening to the frivolous and sometimes unchaste conversations over the glass, Adam Sarkis was often confronted with the startling question: "What would Jesus do if He were in your place?"

It was on the eighth day of the voyage, and in another twenty-four hours they expected to steam into the harbor. During the entire voyage Adam Sarkis had not only been reading the book, "In His Steps," but he had also been studying the life of Christ as it is portrayed in the Gospels. It was his purpose to trace more and more clearly the footsteps of Him, whom he had chosen for his example. On that morning he was reading the account of the miraculous draught of fishes, made by Peter and his partners by following the advice of the Lord. Simon Peter, having seen the divine majesty and the demonstration of the power of the Savior "fell down at Jesus' feet, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." That was the expression of the deepest feeling in the heart of Adam Sarkis on that morning. He was more than ever conscious of the sinfulness of his own heart and on this morning he felt convinced that this sinfulness could not be eradicated. To him his own case seemed hopeless. During each of the past days he had been viewing with raptured soul the revelations of the glory of Jesus Christ as pictured in the Gospels. It had been his sincere desire to walk IN HIS STEPS in all his associations with his fellow-passengers. Now he had to admit to himself that for the most part he had failed. He had not succeeded during the past week on shipboard in doing what Jesus would have him do. It was not only a consciousness of failure in a general way that depressed him, but there were distinct instances standing out in his memory in which he had not succeeded in walking IN HIS STEPS. In fact, he was also conscious of having at times a rebellious spirit against what he knew to be the Lord's will. The darkness of that hour of his deep discouragement was somewhat lightened through a gleam of light from the Savior, when He assured him that He would not cast him off but that he held in store for him better experiences hereafter.

Chapter Five

MEETING JOHN BOANERGES

When the steamer docked at Bremen, Uncle John was there to meet him. As he scanned the faces of the people waiting on the dock, he could easily pick out his uncle. It was a delightful surprise to find that he had been so thoughtful to come all the way from Switzerland. Although Adam Sarkis had never seen his uncle he recognized him at once. It made him very happy to notice the striking resemblance between his own mother and her brother. Adam Sarkis found him a much finer looking man than he had anticipated. He had such a commanding presence.

He was perfectly at ease in his company. There was not the slightest trace of the professional clergyman about him;

he was so delightfully human. As his uncle assisted him to get through the customs office, it was such a rich feast for Adam Sarkis to observe him minutely that he could hardly take his eyes off of him. It was a relief for Adam Sarkis to find that his uncle had assumed complete charge of him and his every movement during his stay in Europe.

The uncle decided that they were to spend the night in the quiet and refined "Hotel Columbus" immediately opposite the railroad station in Bremen. It must have been ten o'clock that night when they were walking arm in arm along the main business street of Bremen. There was much to attract the attention of Adam Sarkis. Uncle John had just remarked about the strangeness of their names. With a humor that won Adam Sarkis completely, he was telling him that he had come to Switzerland to spend his vacation with a most terrible kind of man; the Lord Himself having interpreted his own name as "Boanerges" as meaning: "Son of Thunder." He expressed the hope that Adam Sarkis might during an electric storm hear the thunder reverberate through the wonderful valleys of his native Switzerland, but he promised him that he would be kind and considerate of his own dearly beloved sister's only son.

He was just about to remark about the meaning of Adam's last name Sarkis, when they both stopped very suddenly to avoid a collision with a woman standing in the middle of the sidewalk. There she stood in the middle of the sidewalk, attired in the most gaudy raiment, with a brazen face and an insolent eye. She was out at this late hour prowling about and seeking any man, whom she might chain to her lustful self and lead to the gates of hell. She was one of the poorest among mortals; fallen from the high estate of womanhood, and now bartering herself to any bidder. Although she did not speak, she maintained her position on the sidewalk, so that Adam Sarkis and his uncle separated and passed her on either side. A shudder crept over Adam Sarkis as he passed. After a few moments silence, Uncle John continued and said: "Adam, I was just about to ask you whether you knew the meaning of your own family name 'Sarkis,' 'Sarkis' means, as you may know, 'Flesh,' or our depraved human nature. That poor woman we just passed is a most terrible example of 'Sarkis' fallen to a low degree. She is 'Sarkis' in its worst form incarnate." Just then they came upon three maimed ex-soldiers grinding their wheezing hand-organs and soliciting alms from those who passed by. Adam Sarkis' heart was so deeply touched at this first sight of the havoc wrought by the late World War that he could not refrain from dropping a coin into the basket of the one soldier. The value of the coin startled the soldier so that he forgot to grind for a moment or two.

Uncle John was such a good conversationalist that while they were in Bremen sight-seeing he could give Adam Sarkis bits from their family history that he had never heard before. Some of his more remote forefathers were be-

ginning to arise out of their past and live again in his very presence. Then Uncle John was preparing him for the wonders of Switzerland. He was an ardent lover of the Alps and such a sane patriot that one always delighted to hear him sing he praises of his native land. During the first day Uncle John told Adam Sarkis with much enthusiasm of the Faith Conference which was to meet in his own church. As Adam Sarkis listened the conviction took hold of him that he had been accorded the special privilege of spending the next weeks with his uncle John Boanerges, whom he had already learned to regard as a man with the face of an angel.

Chapter Six

OBEY AND LIVE

As they were to spend a Sunday in Berlin, they had decided to visit the Dom and worship there. This was the Evangelical State church formerly attended by the Kaiser and his family. They had been informed that unless one came to the Dom early, there would be no seat to be had. It was a great joy for Adam Sarkis to attend this Sunday morning service. The building is altogether different from any of the old cathedrals in Europe, because the Dom has been arranged for preaching purposes. The interior is bright and cheerful, without undue embellishment. It was a great joy to see the crowds streaming in on that Sunday morning. Although there may have been many tourists, the larger part of the audience seemed to have the characteristics of the native German. The singing by that wonderful male-chorus with the clear high notes of the boy sopranos surpassed anything he had ever heard.

There was a visiting preacher in the pulpit. In the Dom the service is of a liturgical nature, but nevertheless there was not enough formality and ceremonialism to chill the atmosphere. The preacher had chosen for his text Matthew 19:17: "If thou wouldest enter into life, keep the commandments." There was no stateliness nor pedantry in the preacher's style. In fact, he spoke with a simplicity which won his audience from the start. He announced that he would speak on the theme: "Obedience the Royal Road to Life." He brought out the setting of his text and described with considerable vividness the coming of the rich young ruler to Christ. Although this man had much, he lacked one thing essential. He lacked life: full, happy, heavenly, eternal life. With a directness which characterized all the Lord's teaching, Jesus had told him how he could come into possession of this life. He said: "Keep the commandments." The preacher went on to say that the commandments were simply an expression of God's will. They are all holy and just and good. Only by bringing one's self into perfect accord with God's will could anyone enter life. Many were seeking to reach the happy goal of life by other roads, but all were to be disappointed. Obedience, however, is the only way; it is Christ's way. The preacher then changed to a per-

fect conversational tone and continued with a smile on his face. He said that doubtless the tourists present would have already noticed the many signs VERBOTEN that the German authorities had put into many public places. Wherever one might find a beautiful lawn, or a fine garden or a beautiful flower-bed, one could always expect to see the sign VERBOTEN at the same place. In Germany everything seems to be FORBIDDEN. Humorists in all the world have made fun of Germany's VERBOTEN. No one will deny, however, that because of the public's regard for the sign VERBOTEN, the lawns remain beautiful, the flower-beds are never touched by destructive hands and the gardens are the delight of every tourist.

Then the preacher became serious and went on to say that God Himself had put his sign VERBOTEN on many spheres of our human life. What does it mean when God in His moral law repeatedly says "Thou Shalt Not"? If the people in general will reverently regard God's law and will not transgress His sign VERBOTEN, then the home-life and the marriage relationship and in fact all social relationships of humanity will blossom like the garden of God and no longer be destroyed by the ruthless foot of transgressors. It is God's law: "Obey and live."

As the preacher was about to conclude his sermon, a man excitedly stepped into the aisle and walked to the front. Neither in his dress nor in his general appearance did he show any marks of culture. Standing before the pulpit, with wild gesticulations and a rasping voice he cried something into the Dom that could not be understood. In his excitement he seemed to speak incoherently. The preacher paused. In a moment the hands of the ushers were laid on him and by force he was escorted out and ejected.

Adam Sarkis with many others wondered what the man had been saying. Was he an atheist voicing the protest of a rebellious heart against God's law? Maybe he was one of those poorest of mortals, who because of a benighted mind could not sense the impropriety of his actions. All through the sermon Adam Sarkis had been conscious of a protest in his own mind against what the preacher was saying. Whether there was something lacking in that sermon or whether the preacher of the morning had not taken into account everything the Lord had said to the rich young ruler, Adam Sarkis could not say. He knew, however, that there was also a strong protest in his own soul, which he could not voice as the wild stranger had done in the Dom.

Chapter Seven

THE KICKING STRAP

The weather was delightful when Adam Sarkis left the Dom with Uncle John. Leisurely they strolled along the fashionable promenade of Berlin "Unter den Linden." Before going to lunch they walked through the "Brandenburger Tor" and spent half an hour there in the "Siegesallee" among the many monuments erected in honor of Germany's notables.

After having arrived in the business section, they decided to enter an inviting looking restaurant for lunch. Uncle John walked over to the curb where a milk-wagon was standing drawn by a single horse. He asked Adam Sarkis whether he saw anything remarkable about the harness of that horse, but Adam not being posted in such matters, could find nothing remarkable.

At this moment the driver of the horse appeared and Uncle John in his delightful manner was soon engaged in a happy conversation. Pointing to a very heavy strap that went over the hips of the horse, and attached by the two ends to the shaft of the wagon, Uncle John said smilingly to the milkman: "Is it necessary for you to have that extra strap on your horse?" "Well," the driver said, "without that strap it would be neither comfortable nor safe to sit on the driver's seat. You see, my old horse is a kicker. If he meets anything that displeases him, or if I touch him only gently with a whip, he is very apt to get his hoofs too near the driver's seat. As I am following the policy "Safety First," I always harness him up with the kicking-strap."

This was all new to Adam Sarkis, but there was an understanding twinkle in the eye of Uncle John as he continued. "Well, how long have you been using the kicking-strap on your horse?" "Ever since I have been driving him, and that must be five years." Uncle John continued: "Don't you think it would be safe to take your horse out without the kicking-strap, after you have used it so many years?" "As much as I know about my old Hans, I would not like to risk it. You see he might lay me up with bruised or broken shinbones or something worse. I would much rather have the hoofs of my old Hans on the street, where they belong, than in my lap. Then I am not at all convinced that my kicking-strap arrangement has changed in the slightest the ugly disposition of my old horse. It has only held him down. You see, if old Hans wants to raise his hoofs too high with that kicking-strap on, he has got to raise a good part of the load of the wagon. The kicking-strap simply reminds him that he had better not, and takes the joy out of his kicking."

It was very evident that the milkman could not understand the purpose of all these questions about the kicking-strap, because he said quite naively: "My dear sir, if you care to buy my horse, you will find him alright. As long as you do not forget to use the kicking-strap, he is perfectly safe. You see, I am an honest man. Everywhere I drive old Hans that kicking-strap proclaims to all who understand his ugly disposition and tells of his one fault." Uncle John thanked the driver and assured him that he was not looking for a horse bargain on that Sunday afternoon; he was only showing his nephew from America some of the sights of Berlin.

After seating themselves comfortably and having given their order for lunch, Uncle John inquired of Adam Sarkis how he had enjoyed the morning service at the Dom. Adam spoke enthusiastically of his enjoyment of the entire service. He wondered what Uncle John had thought of the man who had protested so loudly and been ejected. He confessed, that in his mind there also had been a protest against some things said by the preacher, but with him it was all so hazy that he could not give clear expression to his thoughts.

Uncle John, being a man deeply learned in the truth of God, pointed out very definitely just where the error in the sermon of the morning lay. "Obedience to God's law," he said, "is the royal road to life for such creatures who have never fallen in sin. To attain eternal life through obedience it would require absolutely perfect obedience, not permitting one solitary transgression of God's law. Not one member of the human race has ever been able to render such perfect obedience. God's law can no more cure our innate depravity than the kicking-strap can rid the milk-man's old Hans of his ugly disposition, which always leads him to kick. The law like the kicking-strap may coerce, it may hold in check, but it will never change the nature. How many people are using the kicking-strap, and being disappointed."

"The Lord Jesus offered the rich young ruler something much better than obedience to the law, which he could not of himself render. After trying to convince the rich young ruler of the hopelessness of attaining unto life through obedience to the law, Jesus said unto him: 'If thou wouldest be perfect, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me.' Only when we have joined ourselves to the Lord Jesus in vital union at the sacrifice of anything that hinders, however precious that may be, will we become life-partners with Him. Then we will no longer require the restraining power of the kicking-strap, but with His life in us, old things will have passed away, and we will have become new creatures in Christ Jesus."

Chapter Eight

IN THE ART GALLERY

Uncle John had arranged that on their journey south toward Switzerland they stop at Munich. In this old city there was much that would interest his American visitor. Here was that "Deutsches Museum," which being interpreted means "The German Museum," the largest and most complete museum in all Germany. It is for Germany what the British Museum is for England.

If Adam Sarkis had gone through the Art Gallery, called "Die Alte Pinakotek," alone and viewed these masterpieces, he would have found but little enjoyment or understanding of the pictures. With him the artistic sense was either wholly lacking, or its development had been sadly neglected. With Uncle John at hand to explain everything, he had learned much, while being more thoroughly convinced of his own backwardness in artistic appreciation.

In passing through the various rooms of the Art Gallery, Adam Sarkis had observed with interest the many paintings of Rubens. As these paintings portrayed scriptural incidents and scenes they were of especial interest to both Uncle John and Adam. An artist had placed himself before Rubens' "The Last Judgment" and was busy copying a part of that wonderful picture. Uncle John, who was very well acquainted with this picture, explained it to Adam. He said that in most of the pictures of Rubens his own wife appears. She can very easily be recognized. He then pointed out how the imps of Satan were successfully forcing a voluptuous person to perdition, notwithstanding his own futile struggles. The artist paused in his work and listened to Uncle John. He at once recognized Uncle John's insight into an under-

standing of Rubens' conception which had brought forth this wonderful masterpiece. Naturally and without any effort these two men were very soon engaged in a discussion on the appreciation of Art.

As Adam Sarks stood quietly by listening, he heard the artist say: "We never quite get over our astonishment at the genius of a master artist like Rubens. Our present day has really no one who could be called his equal. We are all trying to learn from the master artists of the past. You will see everywhere throughout the museum men and women copying the pictures of the masters. They are trying to learn the secret of the conceptions and the colorings and the technique. We all owe these masters of the past more than we can ever express. By studying their creations, we do make progress. Unfortunately there are no Rubens among the artists of the present day and Rubens himself, the master of the past, is dead. With him all his skill and creative genius was laid into the grave. If he were still living among us, he might teach us more than we learn by copying his pictures."

After spending an entire day in the German Museum, both men were so completely tired out that they gladly lounged in the hotel that evening. They had a late evening-meal, as is the German custom. With a frankness that had grown upon Adam Sarks since meeting his uncle, he said: "Now, Uncle John, I am really very glad that I accepted your invitation and came to Europe. It was very kind of you to come all the way from Switzerland and meet me at Bremen. You are responsible for the good time I have had in Germany. It has been one of the most happy experiences of my life to have been permitted to spend all these days since arriving at Bremen with you in such intimate fellowship. It seems to me that I have learned much more about the Christian life since being with you than for a long time before. Do not think that I am flattering you when I say that you yourself have been for me such a fine representation of a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. I will surely never forget the lesson taught by the milk-man's old Hans with the kicking-strap. To be honest I have often tried to get the 'kinks' out of my 'Sarks' with the kicking-strap, but I have always miserably failed."

"This morning in the museum I learned one of my most important lessons. I had not told you that coming over on the steamer I read Charles M. Sheldon's book: 'In His Steps. What Would Jesus Do?' Since arriving in Europe, I have been trying to walk in the steps of Jesus Christ and reproduce His life in myself. This morning that artist before the picture of Rubens told me why I had not succeeded better in copying the Master. It is simply because I am Adam Sarks and not Jesus Christ. Too much 'Sarks' in me, as you told me shortly before midnight on the street in Bremen as we passed that unfortunate woman, the incarnation of 'Sarks,' fallen so low. Our incomparable Master died on Calvary and was buried in Joseph's grave. After Him no one has yet succeeded in producing a masterpiece of life like His was. But I must admit, even I can say what the artist said in the museum, that we of our present day make much progress by studying and copying the Master."

Uncle John was not only a good talker, he was also an encouraging listener. He said: "Well, Adam, I am glad to see

that you are going through Europe with your eyes and your mind and your heart wide open. It is true as the artist said, 'the master-artist Rubens is dead.' I pray you, do not forget that our Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, is not dead, but He is living today. He does not only teach His disciples to walk in His footsteps by studying the record of His life, but he also enables every disciple by the power of His resurrection life to reproduce His own matchless life in his mortal body.

"Let me urge you to read the story of the first Christian martyr Stephen. While he was standing on trial, it is recorded of him: 'And all that sat in the council fastening their eyes on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.' When it is written that Stephen had a face as it had been the face of an angel, don't you think it means that heaven's life, Christ's life, so completely filled the martyr Stephen that it broke through his mortal body and shed its light even in that council chamber, where his enemies were gnashing their teeth over him? If it had been with Christ as with the master artist Rubens, that with Him all His power and His secrets and His skill had been laid in the grave, then ours would be the most hopeless task of trying to reproduce the masterpiece of the life of Jesus Christ in our mortal bodies. The master Rubens is dead, but our Master Jesus Christ is alive forevermore. You must learn God's own revealed secret: 'Christ in you, the hope of glory.'"

Chapter Nine

AT HOME WITH UNCLE JOHN

Nature became increasingly romantic as they proceeded from Munich to Switzerland. Crossing Lake Constance was not only a delightful change, but added rich enjoyment to the trip. It was late in the afternoon when they reached Zurich. As they proceeded on the homeward journey they saw the wonderful "Alpenglüh" on a few of the high peaks. It was night when the train pulled into the station of their destination.

Nothing in that village was quite so attractive on that night for Adam Sarks as the parsonage of Uncle John. His wife Aunt Mary received him with a graciousness and such unaffected love that he was overjoyed to be with his own dear relatives and with members of the household of God. It was only when the bell tolled twelve into the silent night from their own church-tower that they were reminded of retiring. Aunt Mary showed him his room. It was quaint, spacious and exceedingly comfortable. Before wishing him a restful night, she opened a door that led out to a verandah. "In the morning," she said, "you might find it interesting to step out on the verandah and look about."

Because he had been so very tired and it was all so quiet he awoke much later than usual. He could hardly wait until he could step out on that verandah. The first gaze showed him a panorama more beautiful than he had ever seen. Before him lay the larger part of the village with its quaint houses and its steep narrow streets. Around him were the mountain ranges, with their azure-piercing peaks, some being covered with snow. Dominating the scene stood a snow-capped peak, more beautiful than his boldest imagination could have painted. There is stood, solitary, silent, majestic, in the clear morning sunlight, with never a trace of a cloud. It was not until

Uncle John called him that he could free himself from that entrancing view.

The next two days were filled to overflowing; one new and pleasant experience literally chasing the other. It was such a treat to sit and chat by the hour with Aunt Mary; she was so intelligent, so cultured and so winsome that Adam found himself constantly admiring Uncle John's good judgment in choosing Aunt Mary as his wife. Adam never tired of walking through the village and getting acquainted with Swiss mountain life. It was the height of joy for him when Uncle John would introduce him personally to some church-member or other villager.

For the third day after arriving home, Uncle John had arranged for them a hike through the mountain. Every Swiss is keen for mountain climbing. They were starting Friday morning. For Adam they had secured mountain-shoes, the soles thickly studded with hobnails and, of course, a mountain climbing stick. Uncle John was attired like a veteran mountain-climber. When Adam saw Aunt Mary pack the knapsack which Uncle John had slung over his broad shoulders, he remonstrated about the generous quantity of food, but Aunt Mary knew better than he what that Alpine atmosphere will do for the appetites of two climbers. Then too, she knew from experience something of her John's ability to pack away good food in his spacious self.

All the morning they trudged upward toward the mountain he had seen from his bedroom verandah. This peak was "Die Jungfrau," one of the most beautiful peaks in that Upper Bernese region. Every moment of the way Uncle John was pointing out something new. Sometimes through a turn in the trail they would lose sight of the Jungfrau, but then unexpectedly in all her glory she would burst into full view.

When the sun stood in the zenith, their stomachs urged them to attack the knapsack. They soon found a sheltered spot in the shadow of an overhanging rock. They drank from the rivulet that came gurgling by on its downward way from the everlasting snow. After lunch Uncle John pleasantly remarked: "My knapsack is much lighter. Aunt Mary knew that we would repack all those victuals into ourselves."

After having satisfied his hunger, Adam feasted on the beauties of the Jungfrau, which stood directly before them, although miles away. Very seriously Adam remarked: "Face to face with the overwhelming evidences of God's majestic greatness, as we are now, it should not be difficult to live in holy fear before Him." Quietly Uncle John said: "Paradise, where our first parents sinned was doubtless a more beautiful place than this."

Thereupon Adam Sarks with an unusual enthusiasm caused by his intense feeling said: "Uncle John, do please tell me what experience proved most helpful to you in your Christian life. I mean, what one experience enabled you to become a better Christian, to more nearly realize the ideal of the New Testament?" This question of Adam's did not seem at all abrupt to Uncle John, because he for a long while had known of the intensity of Adam's desire. With a happy naturalness Uncle John said: "It is not very easy to pick out the highest peak in a mountain range. To the eye they may be deceiving. Even so it is with the experiences in the course of one's Christian life. There is, however, in my Christian

life on experience that stands out prominently towering over all like yonder peak 'Die Jungfrau.' This determining experience of my Christian life was when I learned the meaning of the New Testament term 'fellowship.' What an enriching revelation it was when for the first time I understood First Corinthians 1:9: 'God is faithful, through whom we were called into the fellowship of his son Jesus Christ our Lord.' It came upon me with revolutionizing power that being called into fellowship with the Son of God meant not only that I was to have communion with Him but that I had been called into PARTNERSHIP with Him. As his partner I actually and actively shared Him: shared His death, His life, His inexhaustible grace, His kingdom enterprise during the present dispensation, His sufferings in promoting this holy cause and ultimately to share the glories of His triumphant kingdom."

Adam Sarks was listening with rapt attention, while gazing with that far-away look on that dominating mountain peak "Die Jungfrau." With a startled cry of surprise he interrupted Uncle John. Before his astonished gaze he saw the imposing spectacle of an avalanche of snow. A cloud of light, dry snow was slowly arising from the depths of the precipice over which great masses of snow had just fallen. Then he saw the electric storm, so suddenly come upon them. He heard the crashing and rolling of the thunder echo and re-echo through the valley. Although he did not discuss it, he was convinced that the snow-slide had been caused by the vibration from the thunder crash. And from the lips of Uncle John he had heard that experience which had shaken his entire Christian life to its depth.

Chapter Ten

THE FAITH CONFERENCE

The visitors to the Faith Conference arrived all day Monday. Although they came about two hundred strong, their entertainment was very easily taken care of because Switzerland's specialty is the tourist business. In a village so beautiful for situation and affording such a delightful view of "Die Jungfrau," there was no scarcity of hotels.

The first meeting on Tuesday evening was most interesting for Adam Sarks. He immediately caught the atmosphere and was interested to observe the type of people attending the conference. Pastors from State as well as from Free Churches seemed to outnumber all others. The many deaconesses in their somber garbs attracted his attention. Later he also noticed that many men from business and professional life attended. Uncle John was both host and also the presiding officer of the conference organization. There was a delightful spirit of Christian fellowship in his well chosen words of welcome. According to European custom there was no formal address on this first evening, but a number of distinguished visitors brought Christian greetings. This gathering represented a company of happy Christians who had all learned the secret of rejoicing always in the Lord. There was therefore no trace of the depressing atmosphere of the sepulchre.

On Wednesday morning Adam Sarks was privileged to hear an address which made a deep and lasting impression on him. Although the preacher on that occasion had but little in outward appearance to mark him as a distinguished per-

son, he was esteemed in wide circles as a man of spiritual insight and discernment. He chose for his text Romans 6:22: "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life." The preacher said: "In this text there are three simple words each a monosyllable which together contain the essence of our glorious gospel: 'free from sin.' No better gospel can ever be proclaimed to our sin-cursed world. Many in the past and also in our present day have perverted these three words to their own harm, so we will do well to define them. 'Free from sin' in this passage cannot only mean free from the penalty of sin. Then too it cannot mean free from the possibility of sinning, because no one ever reaches that state. Nor can it mean free from the temptation to sin, because even Jesus was tempted. Nor does it mean free from the consequence of sin."

"A careful study of the context will convince every discerning reader that 'free from sin' can only mean being free from the dominion, slavery and coercion of sin. Everyone who has entered the happy state of 'free from sin' no longer has for his normal Christian experience that dismal description: 'for the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.'"

"Is there one among earth's mightiest heroes whom we can crown as the liberator from sin? Many men have tried and tried to win this liberty, but always in vain. God alone is the author of this liberty as it is written Romans 8:3: 'For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.'"

"Having become free from the bondage of sin, we have voluntarily entered another bondage by becoming 'servants of God.' It is only as we abide absolutely in this bondage of God, which comprehends every phase and department of our entire life, that we can attain unto holy living and unto eternal life."

The hearty congregational singing was like an outpouring of praise for the freedom from sin wrought by God and graciously bestowed upon God's redeemed ones. Then followed a season of prayer. Adam Sarks had really never heard such praying before. Although every prayer was extemporaneous, it was expressed with such warmth and intelligence that all hearts seemed to be blended into one symphony of prayer. Through it all there was the joyous note of gratitude of such who had experiential knowledge of having been freed from sin.

Nor were the prayers at all stereotypical. One man dressed in the clerical garb made humble confession of having again and again fallen into the bondage of sin.

Another brother, whose praying bore the evidence of deep understanding of God's truth emphasized most strongly that having been freed from sin, we would not again against our own wills be coerced into the bondage because we were even now living under grace. It was in the full conscience of a glorious victory that this brother quoted: "For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under law, but under grace."

Adam Sarks had been for so long a time living the life of constant and ever-recurring defeat that this note of victory

was entirely new for him. In the weekly prayer-meetings attended by Adam Sarks at home he was accustomed to only hear the mournful confessions of such who were under the dominion of sin, but could not become free from this servitude. On that Wednesday morning the Holy Spirit convinced Adam Sarks that BEING FREE FROM SIN was one of the fundamental blessings of the salvation of Jesus Christ. Because of the divine illumination that filled his soul, he appropriated this blessing and praised God for it.

Chapter Eleven

THE QUICKENING OF OUR MORTAL BODIES

Every day at the Faith Conference was for Adam Sarks a spiritual feast. The addresses were all of the same high order judged as to their spirituality. More of the hidden gold of God's truth had been brought out of the Scripture in those few days than Adam Sarks had ever seen before. The helpful discourses were not always by the ministers, but very often the most helpful thoughts were expressed by some Spirit-taught layman or lay-woman. Among the number of returned missionaries present, one from China spoke. His address was a practical illustration of a spiritual truth that was entirely new to Adam Sarks. The missionary spoke on Romans 8:11: "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you."

From the very beginning of this address it was evident to everyone that this speaker could lay no claim to oratory. There was, however, about this missionary a subtle fascination that everyone felt, but no one could describe. He announced that he would talk on "The Quickening of our Mortal Bodies." "It must not be understood," he said, "that the quickening of our mortal bodies means our resurrection from the grave. If that had been in the apostle's mind, he would have said the quickening of our 'dead' bodies. In these three wonderful chapters of Romans the apostle is primarily discussing the miracle and the method of filling our mortal bodies here and now with the new eternal life of Jesus Christ. The quickening of our mortal bodies means Christ's life being actually realized and evidenced in our mortal bodies here and now. It means that the image of Jesus Christ shall become visible upon us as we walk among our fellow-men. It means that we shall prove the genuineness of our Christian life to all with whom we associate."

"To accomplish this is not within the power of any earthborn son of man. It is only as the death-conquering spirit of Jesus Christ dwells in us that our mortal bodies can be made alive. This wonderful miracle took place in that first century, when Christ's first martyr Stephen witnessed so boldly for Him before the council. It is written: 'And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.' How happy we are that the quickening of the mortal body was not an experience only for the first century Christians, but it is for us; it is for every Spirit-born, Spirit-filled child of God during this entire dispensation. In fact, the quickening of the mortal body is the unquestionable proof of the genuineness of the Christian profession."

The missionary then proceeded to relate incidents illustrating how the mortal bodies of the Chinese Christians had been quickened in this time of eternal strife. He continued: "When the final record is written, no modern period of Christian history will be more inspiring than this present period in China. The loyalty of the Chinese Christians to the faith they have owned—their loyalty during these times of the Nationalist movement takes one back to first-century Christianity for a parallel.

"In West China the Chinese preachers have organized themselves into a 'Flying Squadron' whereby they can report immediately at any point where the pastor is becoming overwhelmed by anti-Christian propaganda—by means of interviews, public meetings, and tracts or posters, encouraging Christians and effecting reconciliation. They have taxed themselves to provide for the budget. They have, by written contract, bound themselves to provide funeral-expenses for any who may be slain by fanatics, and to provide for their widows and orphans.

"Two native pastors were imprisoned, after having been badly beaten. They were told that they would be released if they renounced their faith. It happened that the day on which they were imprisoned was, in the Episcopal Church calendar, sacred to the memory of St. Stephen. The two Chinese pastors stood up in the midst of their fellow-prisoners and preached the story of Stephen. 'We need men like Stephen in China,' said the prisoners—and together the whole company knelt and prayed that God would send more Stephens to the aid of China.

"At a recent meeting in Chungkiang when salary cuts were imminent many said, 'If we were in the employ of some other institution, the Post Office for example, we would now call a strike. We have talked the matter over. We have decided not to strike. The job of preaching the Gospel is not that of the missionaries but of us Christians. We will, therefore, return to our tasks even though we scarcely have enough to live. We will do our utmost, God helping us.'

"A pastor in a city of Hankow was taken by the 'Reds,' bound, beaten and carried in disgrace through the streets of the city. He was placed upon a platform before the jeering crowd. 'If you will renounce this Jesus,' said the tormentors, 'we will let you go.' 'I am a Christian,' said the pastor. 'You may kill me, but until death I cannot cease to preach. And if I am killed my spirit will remain in this place as a witness to my Lord.' In the face of such courage and testimony he was released.

"Most striking of all these examples of Christian devotion come from Nanking—Last March, during the entire day of terrors, when escape for the missionaries seemed unlikely, little groups of Chinese

boys and girls and preachers and laymen, between frantic efforts to save their foreign friends, slipped into hiding places and held impromptu prayer-meetings for the safety of the missionaries.

"It was a day of tragedy, but also a day of prayer. It seems almost certain that few of the missionaries could have escaped but for the sacrifices of the Chinese Christians. These men and women have been forced to remain to pay the price for their devotion. When the soldiers came to kill Miss Lulu Golisch, the girls of her school made a circle, three deep about her, knelt down in prayer and then told the soldiers: 'If you kill her you must first kill us.' The Chinese dean of that school remained all day, at his post, suffering the abuse of the soldiers. He refused to leave even when his own home was looted and his wife and children were driven away.

"'Until this tragedy,' said Miss Golisch, 'we never knew how deeply Christ had taken hold upon the lives of our believers.'

"One of the pastors at Nanking took his accumulated savings in order to buy soap, towels, toothbrushes, etc., for the missionaries who were hiding near his home. When they left he gave to each a bar of chocolate 'in case you are delayed.' The Ginling College girls were dispersed, but organized little groups and spent the day in the backs of shops or hidden in cemeteries, in continual prayer. When Dr. Price, an aged missionary, was told that he must pay several hundred dollars or forfeit his life, a group of Chinese Christians banded together and raised the sum, an almost impossible amount for Chinese Christians to give."

The entire audience sat spellbound during the quiet recital of the terrible experiences of the Chinese Christians. Here they were seeing the glorious miracle of the life of Jesus Christ becoming apparent in the mortal bodies of the Chinese Christians, while they were passing through the fiery furnace of persecution and death. Surely those Chinese Christians had given proof of the genuineness of their Christian profession. No one could charge them with being "rice Christians." Earnest prayer ascended that the Lord might sustain these Chinese Christians in this hour of their trial. Adam Sarks with many others left that conference meeting knowing better than ever before what is comprehended in "the quickening of our mortal bodies."

Chapter Twelve

ADAM SARKS'S TESTIMONY

The closing meeting of the conference was a vesper service on Sunday afternoon. It had not been planned to have a formal address by any one speaker, but rather to have this last meeting a testi-

mony meeting. As the conference gathered everyone could feel the vibrant joy in the atmosphere. Uncle John presided, although there was little need for a presiding officer. There were no pauses, prayer and testimony following each other in rapid succession. Many prayed with much humility confessing their shortcoming in appropriating the grace offered them in the redemption of Jesus Christ. Others with jubilant hearts praised God for the riches of grace in Christ Jesus. Although there was an intensity of feeling in everything that was said, there was not the slightest trace of morbid emotionalism. Everyone had submitted mind and heart to the rule of God's Spirit and God's truth.

Adam Sarks had not participated in any public way in the proceedings of the conference. In that last vesper service he was constrained by the Spirit to give his own testimony. While speaking his own lips trembled, but his heart rejoiced. He said: "Christian friends, these days spent here at the conference have been for me an inestimable privilege of God's grace. I have been on the mountain-top of vision and beheld glorious riches of God's truth. The Lord Himself by His Holy Spirit has come to me and has spoken to me and opened my mind, so that I might understand. By His grace I have been enabled better than ever before to comprehend the riches of the salvation of Christ Jesus. Months ago in America I had the privilege of hearing and seeing God's servant John Pattongill. When I looked upon his face and heard his message I was reminded of Christ's martyr Stephen, of whom it is written that he was a man with the face of an angel. On that afternoon I sincerely prayed that God might reveal to me the secret how I too could become such a Christian. During the past months God has graciously granted unto me more light. For a while I have groped along the way and sometimes erred from the right way, but I am assured that the Lord has brought me into the light. My Uncle John Boanerges has been for me by his example and his exposition of God's truth a faithful witness. God has used him to bless me. While my spiritual vision was so blurred and I saw God's truth only imperfectly, he told me: 'You must learn God's own revealed secret: Christ in you, the hope of glory.' With deep humility, but much rejoicing I can say that I have learned this secret better than ever before. All that I have been privileged to hear during the past week has helped me to comprehend and apprehend the riches of grace in the salvation of Jesus Christ. My sincere desire is that I might ever be a disciple of the Lord whose mortal body has been quickened through the indwelling of the death-destroying Spirit of Jesus Christ. I praise Him that He has revealed to me the secret of becoming a man with the face of an angel."

