

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Seven

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Number Three



Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

The Dunes by Roy Brown

What's Happening

Did you overlook the notice about the prize contest inaugurated by the Finance Committee? If so, look it up at once in the first number of the "Herald" for this year.

Four new Baptist church buildings have been opened and dedicated in Estonia during 1928—an amazing achievement for this small and poor country in a single year.

Rev. H. C. Baum, our new General Evangelist, will begin his work by holding a three-weeks series of special meetings with the church at Goodrich, N. D., Rev. Fr. Alf, pastor.

Rev. J. Luebeck, pastor of the McDermott Ave. Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba, has resigned to take effect March 31st. Rev. H. P. Kayser of Parkston has received a unanimous call to become pastor at Winnipeg.

Have you entered the prize contest and are determined to give your best in thinking and writing about the challenging subject of how our young people can be effectively linked up in furthering our denominational enterprises? Enter the lists and get busy.

The Sunday school membership of the world, according to a compilation by the World's Sunday School Association for its Tenth Convention at Los Angeles, Cal., is over Thirty-Three Million (33,014,952). In North America alone the Sunday school membership is close to Twenty Millions.

The B. Y. P. U. of the Emery, S. D., church, Rev. G. W. Pust, pastor, has introduced the envelope system and the members are quite enthusiastic over the new financial results. The society has pledged \$50 toward the support of Missionary A. Orthner in Cameroon and \$50 for Rev. Jacob Speicher of China.

Miss Marie Baudisch, missionary of the Evangel Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., who was severely injured in an automobile accident in Chicago at the time of the General Conference, is back at work again after an absence of four and a half months. The Evangel church is real pleased that Miss Baudisch has recovered and is able to take up her work again.

Rev. C. F. Zummach, pastor of the Oak St. Church, Burlington, Ia., baptized 12 on Dec. 2nd and six on Dec. 30th. A number of others are awaiting baptism. They are the result of the evangelistic meetings under the leadership of evangelist Chas. H. Wieand during November. These meetings were not alone an inspiration to the church but filled many of the members with zeal for the salvation of others and much personal work was done. The Finance Committee of the church is planning a concerted effort on the part of the church during 1929 to wipe out the remaining debt by 1930.

The Fleischman Memorial Church, Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. M. L. Leuschner, pastor, conducted its evangelistic meetings during January by holding an English service every Tuesday and a German service every Wednesday night. This method was adopted in view of the conception that it is well nigh impossible for city people to attend every night for two weeks and it does not disrupt the organizational work of the church. These services were called "Inspirational Services" on the announcement cards, since one of the goals is the renewed dedication of the lives of the young people.

The Young People of the New Haven, Conn., church, about 30 in number, made Christmas and New Year's calls, especially on the sick and shut-ins. The singing and prayer at each place proved to be a blessing to all. The officers of the Y. P. Society for 1929 are: Henry Behler, president; Alice Kaaz, vice-president; Richard Nallinger, treasurer; Ammiel Dill, secretary. Chairman of the membership committee is Carl Nallinger; of the program committee, Lena Spalte; of the social committee, Otto Nallinger. The church surprised pastor Julius Kaaz at the Christmas service with an envelope containing \$125 as a Christmas gift. The church observed the week of prayer, beginning Jan. 6.

Program for Twin-Cities Mid-Winter Institute—St. Paul, Minneapolis

February 22-24, 1929

Friday, February 22

7.45 P. M.: Opening session and moving pictures at First Baptist church of St. Paul.

Saturday, February 23

9.45 A. M.: Devotional. 10.00-10.45: Discussion led by Rev. A. P. Mihm. 10.45-11.00: In charge of Recreation Committee. 11.00-11.45: Discussion led by Prof. J. Heinrichs of Chicago.

12.30 P. M.: Dinner.

2.00: Sports, in charge of Recreation Committee.

6.00: Supper.

7.45: Dramatization of "Queen Esther."

Sunday, February 24

A. M.: No conference session.

2.45 P. M.: Union service. Rev. J. Heinrichs, speaker.

7.45: Union service, Rev. A. P. Mihm.

All of the Saturday and Sunday meetings are to be held at the First German Baptist church of Minneapolis. A united chorus is to furnish special music on Friday evening and at the Sunday services.

CH. OF PROGRAM COMMITTEE.

Baptists in Russia

From a continental religious paper we extract the following, which appears a fairly balanced statement. It refers to certain reports received from Russia:

"We see at the same time how objectively and impartially our brethren in faith take their stand in relation to the Government. Though they have to endure a great deal of pressure on account of the prevalence of an atheistic attitude, they nevertheless clearly and thankfully recognize the positive achievements of the Government—for example, the relative measure of religious freedom which is guaranteed them. They can assemble without hindrance for prayer, for spiritual exhortation, for the preaching of the Word; they can hold conferences for religious edification, and missions—a thing forbidden in Czarist times. They recognize also, as in a letter that lies before us, the splendid effort of the State for the physical welfare of the working classes, and they recognize this although they themselves have no share of the advantage, since they and especially the preachers do not belong to the privileged classes of the proletariat, but to the lowest group of those who 'speculating upon the stupidity of their fellow men,' use them for their own profit, and poison them with the 'opium of religion.'"

He Got His

He raced the train! He got across!
And lest you think I rave
When I assert "He got a cross"—
It's right here on his grave.

—Judge.

The Baptist Herald

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Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:

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

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The Baptist Herald

The Religion of Youth

THIS is the title of a symposium published in the November issue of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School Bulletin to which a number of Baptist college and university pastors have made important contributions.

It is illuminating to study these articles. They help us to learn what is going on in the minds and hearts of collegiate youth, a section of young people who are destined to be the leaders of the world in the days to come.

Space at our disposal prevents us from giving such full and copious extracts as we would like to give from these articles. They are revealing, challenging, sympathetic and at times, startling in what they bring. We will endeavor to point out some salient and significant features from these noteworthy statements.

One college pastor reminds us that it has been variously asserted by supposed authorities on the subject that youth is religious, irreligious, non-religious and anti-religious. All these assertions are correct . . . for a part of youth. Youth is but a cross section of life and has its different types just the same as other groups.

Youth Has a Religion

says this writer. It may be designated as "a gospel of freedom," freedom from inherited dogmas and creeds, freedom from superstition and fear, freedom from the authority of the church and from slavery to infallible scriptures, freedom to think fearlessly and to speak boldly, freedom to discard the old in favor of the new and like the scientist in this age of science to recognize truth wherever it may be found. Such is the spirit of the religion of youth.

The religion of youth, we are told, is anything but a religion of authority. While the young man is not necessarily hostile to religion, his attitude is characteristically and constantly critical and challenging. Youth is showing a decided tendency to try out new things and not to accept without examination the opinions of older people.

There are young people who take pride in their radicalism and delight to be cynical about organized religion. They often have no intelligent basis for their negative and denying statements but enjoy the thrill of posing as heretics. The average young person is not an original thinker but he likes to think that he is. These students are told to think and they glory in the right of independent thinking. Nevertheless a high percentage of these undergraduates while they have the native capacity to think,

do not have a disciplined ability to think. Their minds are full of a multitude of things which they have not fully evaluated and consequently their thinking is jerky, unbalanced and unfinished. Some are

Intoxicated With Mixed Mental Wine,

some of which has been brewed in the class room by an excessive emphasis on the ego, freedom and self-expression. They are described as being in a religious ferment, in a state of confusion and unrest respecting the different features of orthodox belief.

It is not denied that some of these young people are lukewarm about religion during college days. They often seem to shun the church groups and church workers. "Many suppress their religion, voluntarily suppress it," said one senior in an university.

Again it is pointed out by these pastors that the advance of science has produced prosperity and increased luxury with the result that some young people deem themselves comfortable enough without religion. Reference is made to the "fraternity mansions." American undergraduates, a British visitor to our colleges is quoted as saying, have too many comforts, too much ease. There is not enough struggle for most of them. Religion thrives least where luxury is most enjoyed.

Yet modern youth is described as being earnest in its desire to know the truth. Youth has a craving to discover a philosophy of life which will be productive of the most abundant living and be in harmony with the teachings of science. This desire is not to be criticized, the writer goes on to say. He believes if the leaders of youth become convinced of a certain attitude of the worthwhileness of a given program, the younger generation will flock to its support with earnestness and wholehearted devotion.

One of these pastors who has had experience with young people in conferences and assemblies remarks that these young people are unusually thoughtful and responsive in regard to vital experience of religion and its ideals of life. They seek guidance in regard to questions of life and conduct. They are often eager to know Christ in a deep personal experience.

Neither religion in its true sense nor the teachings of Jesus are in danger of being overthrown.

Jesus Is a Great Character in the Eyes of Youth

His teachings make a tremendous appeal to youth when rightly presented. The religion of Jesus is

not in danger—but the Christian church is. If the church is to survive it must throw open its doors to the spirit of youth. Let the young people make a few mistakes. They will be the first to correct them as they become evident.

From the contacts made by these college pastors it also is evident that many young people are much more interested in religion and religious questions than many of their elders suspect.

Some of our finest young people, writes another college pastor, are now taking an active part in the program of the church. Where they find opportunity for active participation in a progressive program they are loyal to the church. They crave a chance for self-expression and development in a worthwhile type of Christian activity and service. They are found ready to share responsibility in movements to make the world Christian.

Youth's Religion is a Religion of Doing

Some one has remarked that when Jesus said, "Follow me," he was really going somewhere. Youth wants a religion that will take it somewhere. The church will grow in favor with youth as it gives them this opportunity and encourages them in the assumption of religious leadership. The church that is warmhearted and sympathetic towards its young people and their questionings and provides early a basis for answering them; the church whose leaders have a religious message that meets the needs and hunger of these young people and a place and program for their activities, will not fail to find its young people responsive and loyal.

How Can We Help These Young People

discover religion and vitalize it? asks another college pastor, and then in reply he offers two principles.

First, we must recognize and appreciate the questions of youth, face them frankly and give them something better than the stereotype answers of the past. The second is this: There must be presented to youth some visible results of religion. Their confidence in religion will depend on the tests they see in human life. To see and know an ideal life and to realize that it is the product of religion is the most effective argument that can be given. If all those who believe in Christianity would believe in it strong enough to reproduce, in so far as they are able, the life of Jesus, the effect on religion of youth would soon be felt.

We have tried to give some of the main points of the writers in this symposium. We are neither commending nor decrying some of the positions taken nor questioning the findings given. We feature them as an earnest attempt to seek an insight into the religious conditions of collegiate young people and as a sympathetic endeavor to understand and help them. Let us pray more for all who are dealing with the religious life of our young people. May they be endued with wisdom from on high!

"Is It Like That When You Get a Wife?"

O. E. KRUEGER

THE experience of getting and having a wife lies in the future for many readers of the "Herald."

There is only one other subject that is more absorbing and fascinating to young people, at least half of them, and that is the matter of getting a husband.

Which of these classes claims the greater amount of time and attention, no one is fairminded enough to judge. Here the sexline divides the votes absolutely.

Entrapping the Trapper

Which is being pursued and which does the pursuing, is still an open question. Someone has put it very tersely thus: "Courtship is man pursuing a woman until she catches him."

An adolescent lad who thinks a great deal but says very little began to philosophize on marriage recently. He said: "It seems I don't care very much for anything after I get it. No matter how badly I wanted it, it doesn't appeal to me when I possess it." Then something revolved in his mind and found utterance in these words: "I wonder if it is that way when you get a wife?" Let every young thing ponder seriously.

Pursuit and Possession

In spite of all the failure that can be observed, 99½% of matrimonial prospects know for sure that it is not going to be that way in their own case. Marriage is going to be a glorious paradise with them, the end of all their trouble! Which end? Why of course not the beginning end but the ending end! How could it be otherwise, for she is such a sweet thing and he is such a perfect gentleman!

But there are many things you don't care for after you have them, and they don't care for you after they have you.

Many years ago the Senior Rockefeller is reported to have said: "There is no real satisfaction in having money, only the making of it affords real pleasure." Should he ever ask me to dine with him, I shall inquire as to his present philosophy regarding money.

Money men generally seem to get enough satisfaction out of possessing money to hold it rather firmly with one hand while they grab as much as possible with the other. Who can blame them for that? I would do the same! And now be honest, you would too!!

A rather disillusioned professor in a Teacher's College in the Middle West let no student pass through his course, no matter what the subject, without impressing on the mind what seems to have stood in the center of his philosophy of life: "There is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession."

That is rather pessimistic, nevertheless sadly true in so many ways. Many men like to fish but care very little for fish, only to tell how big they were.

Many like to hunt ducks and rabbits but would never think of eating them.

Many men, and women too, have been so happy in the pursuit of matrimony and so unhappy in the possession of its prize that the divorcing judges have been just as busy as the marrying parsons and this sacred thing has become merely a "marry-around."

When it is considered that in some sections of our fair land the number of marriage licenses is being rapidly overtaken by the divorce-decrees, we are seriously concerned about the future. Is not the home the keystone of the state?

Shall She Obey?

We are discussing neither the cause nor the cure of the evil. We might prescribe a remedy but who would take the medicine? Paul charts a route into the calms for all matrimonial sea-farers. But our modern age regards him as an old fogey.

The trouble is people have never understood Paul. Formerly half of his requirements were read into the vows. She promised to "obey." Not many took that seriously, less lived up to it, why should they as long as he was not faced with his share of the game? Paul requires that he should love his wife even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for the church. Obedience to such a love becomes natural and easy. We should put both in or leave both out. "What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander."

Head or Feet—or Neck

Many husbands prate about being the head. We remember an old couple celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. Both being rather "hard mill stones" we wondered that they "ground" as well as they did. He insisted on having been the "head" and took pride in having ruled 50 years—what a glorious achievement. In her response she said: "Yes, the husband is the head but the wife is the neck" and then she went on to demonstrate how the neck controls the head and she took pride in her accomplishment.

Emancipation

In the face of so much unhappiness in legal marriage it is not at all surprising that many are blindly seeking relief in companionate marriage or in some other form of illegal connubium. While some hail this drift as the dawn of a new day of emancipation, others see only disaster ahead.

"Can woman beat matrimony?" is the subject of an illuminating article in the October number of "Plain Talk" by "Anonymous." No one would sign her name to such a confession as it contains.

At the age of 26 this woman fell in love with a man who had twice failed in legal matrimony very miserably. He could not obtain a divorce from his second wife. "Hal," as she calls him, began to shower his love upon her and she responded, feeling it was not a very girlish infatuation carrying her off her feet.

Hal warned that the price of their happiness might be very high but "Anonymous" advocating the emancipation of womanhood found herself ready to pay any price for she wanted "to live her own life" and not the kind that religion or convention had decreed. She would be his "wife-in-fact" while another was his wife merely in law.

And this is the formula for their supposed paradise: Love, friendship, companionship, independence, separate establishments, and freedom at the demand of either. The paradise proved a mere fancy. The work of each demanded respectability. At once they were haunted by the dread of discovery and scandal. Some of their friends who knew of the arrangement thought the age-old problem had been at last solved. But they knew nothing of the inside working of the experiment.

The storm on the connubial sea soon arose and carried them to Paris but not to peace. One difficulty led into another until Hal took to drink again and could not write his "symphony" as he had hoped. Coming back to New York with his capacity for work impaired she found it impossible to maintain two establishments and pay his alimony. Paris seemed a good place to hide the disaster.

From there she writes her story. She hopes that Hal will come back and make good his musical career. While hoping against hope she is driven to desperation. To pay the bills she must play the age-old game of her kind. She hates and despises herself, the bloom of her youth has faded away. If Hal comes back there will be no room for her in the picture. This is her own confession: "I must admit I cast my eyes backward—and that mournfully to the good old days. The end of the trail does not look very rosy for me. I honestly don't believe that all the wives who wish they had lived their own lives have so much the worst of it." And then she makes this surprising statement that ought to be proclaimed from the housetops: "I do believe that 999 out of every 1000 free love affairs end in disaster." That comes from a woman who has explored this land of promise and tasted its bitter fruit.

It Takes Two to Make a Quarrel

Indeed, but it also takes two to build matrimonial happiness. That is why choosing a mate is such a terrible serious thing. Marriage "is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly and in the fear of God."

There are some things that are better as possession than as an object of pursuit. Health is one of these. It is better, too, to sit behind the steering wheel of a thousand dollar car than to sweat in the foundry earning the money for it. But merely possessing it on \$50 down and twelve "easy" payments" and having it worn out before the last installment is paid, does not afford a great deal of happiness, nor does marriage on a similar basis.

When two lives have been divinely joined, possession too is better than pursuit.

"Drum prüfe, wer sich ewig bindet,
Ob sich das Herz zum Herzen findet!"



Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

Skating, Central Park, New York
by Mildred E. Williams

Bible Study Course in Passaic Farewell Service for Rev. A. A. Schade

Well, folks, we're still alive! The program committee of our Young People's Society, William Hoof, chairman, decided on a change of program for the fall meetings of our society and instead of a variety program, we had a course of Bible Study under the able leadership of Prof. L. Kautz of the International Baptist Seminary, East Orange, N. J. The course consisted of five lectures on the subject: "How we got our Bible." Following the lecture, the meeting was opened for questions, and what questions they were! The average attendance at the meetings for the entire course of lectures was about 50 a meeting. Our young people are thankful to Prof. Kautz for his willingness to give us his valuable time to come to our church and give us these very instructive lessons. They have been a real help and source of inspiration to all of our young people and as a result of these lectures, the Bible has become a new source of inspiration to us and we are glad to read it more because of its vital message.

At the last meeting of our society which was also the close of the fall Bible studies, it was unanimously voted by the members of the society that if the program committee includes in its program for the new year a course of Bible Study Prof. Kautz be invited and urged to teach the class again.

The officers of our society are as follows: Robert Alnor, president; William Hoof, vice-president; Ruth Kliese, secretary; Adolph Choinsky, treasurer.

We are looking forward into 1929 with a vision for larger service in the vineyard of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. Our prayer is that he may use us as never before in winning souls for him.

E. EARL TRAVER.

Temple Church, of Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, Pa., observed, on New Year's evening, a farewell service in honor of the pastor, Rev. A. A. Schade, and family. An interesting program had been prepared by the board of deacons under the able leadership of Dr. A. V. Riggs. Rev. W. C. Chappell and Dr. A. J. R. Schumaker of the Pittsburgh Baptist Association spoke briefly, followed by Mr. F. Goepfert, deacon of Temple Church, who spoke in the German language and related some interesting facts of the happenings and events which occurred during the seven years of Rev. Schade's pastorate. Next, Rev. W. L. Schoeffel of the East St. German Baptist Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, spoke on behalf of the members of the sister church.

Many church officials, members and organization heads made short addresses, and some of the names of the speakers follow: Rev. M. Schwartz, Mr. Wm. Waugh, B. Y. P. U.; Miss Meta Johnson, Missionary; Mr. S. A. Hamel, S. S. Superintendent; Mrs. Flora Kulina, Ladies Missionary Society; Miss Francis Kulina, W. W. G.; Mr. E. A. Sack, Clerk of church.

Presentation of loving remembrance gifts were made by Mrs. F. Kulina for the Ladies Missionary Society and by Miss Francis Kulina on behalf of the W. W. Guild, both gifts for Mrs. Schade. The congregation and friends, church officers, etc., presented a pot of flowers, to which was attached an envelope containing gold pieces, to Rev. Schade. Rev. Schade made acknowledgment of receipt of the gifts and expressed his thanks and spoke feelingly about his love of the work in our midst and for the members of the congregation.

The program was varied by the render-

ing of several appropriate selections by the choir under the leadership of the choir director, Prof. G. L. Smink. Bro. Goepfert, in his address, mentioned that during the seven years of Rev. Schade's pastorate the church made delightful progress in the following respects: A total of 287 members were added, 147 by baptism, 118 by letter and 22 by testimony. Of the 118 who came by letter, 29 came from Europe. Another 32 originally came from the First and Second German Baptist churches and returned to Temple with the enlargement of the English program. The remaining 44 had no previous connection with the church. Thirteen members came from German Baptist churches in our land, 31 were translated into the church triumphant; 37 joined other churches by letter; 28 were erased, some of which joined other churches to which no letters are granted.

The church program has been enlarged through the institution of the morning English worship, the Junior Church, the annual Educational Vacation Bible School, the weekly Bulletin, etc. The annual payroll was increased by \$2780 per year. A paid choir director and a church missionary were added to the staff of workers. Contributions to missions also greatly increased with the increase of membership.

After the close of the farewell service, refreshments were served by the ladies, followed by a Watchnight Service of the congregation.

A Sheaf of News from Sheboygan

Just a little about some of the happenings in our church at Sheboygan, Wis., in the last two months. In November our Ladies Aid sprung something new on our young people. They gave them an Evening of Joy, with a surprise program. The program consisted of humorous recitations and musical numbers, rendered in an unique manner, provoking the heartiest, even involuntary laughter. Even the older sisters of 60 years and over did not lack in literary ability and dramatic art. Though it was all set to provoke laughter, yet the material was wholesome and quickening for body and mind. The closing features were spicy refreshments and a collection. In the latter number everybody proved himself a cheerful giver. The whole evening was a fine example of good, wholesome, amusing entertainment in which our young people need not fear to indulge. Now the young people are challenged to give the Ladies Aid a similar entertainment.

On Sunday, Dec. 23, our young people gave a Christmas program entitled, "Bethlehem Pageant," with costumes. The pageant was beautifully and successfully presented.

On the first Sunday of the new year we were privileged to receive two new members, husband and wife, by letter into the church. They came to us from the Mennonite brethren connection.

A. ROHDE.

Considering our human frailty, we need faith in God rather than overconfidence in our strength.

The Sunday School

Is Memorizing in the Sunday School a Lost Art?

A teacher at a Sunday school meeting told of her experiences with children who came with their parents to a summer resort for two, four, six weeks or for shorter periods. They varied from ten to fifteen years of age, for she was a substitute teacher and seldom had the same class twice. The whole population of the place shifted and changed during the summer's stay, so she felt she had a fairly accurate means of judging the many schools represented, particularly when she tried the pupils on memory work.

As a starter, and to find common ground, she would propose that they all repeat the Twenty-third Psalm, or the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, or some short chapter or section usually familiar to Junior and Intermediate students. Some of the children would go straight through, some would lean on the glib-tongued ones and some frankly said they had never learned it. Yet they were, for the most part, regular Sunday school attendants at home and always asked for cards to be filled out for their attendance.

Sunday by Sunday she tried them out. Some of them knew John three, sixteen and others did not. The ten commandments and other important things were sometimes stumbled through and sometimes not known at all. They tried to learn as the rest went along, or promised to look the references up for themselves, but a week or two is not sufficient to leave much impression on children. Not satisfied with the experiment, she asked if they knew any poems that they could recite, and the result was about the same as with the Bible verses.

Of course, there always were and always will be Sunday schools where memorizing is not considered important; but is it a lost art among Christian people as a whole? Is memorizing a dim memory of the days when books were rare, and people saturated their minds with Scripture for the hours when they were away from the few volumes the community contained? Are we too busy to sit down and patiently teach the little ones the Bible verses, either in the home or the Sunday school? God forbid. To every person, young and old, there will come hours of illness when weakness will prevent reading, and if the mind is stocked with God's promises there will not be the loneliness and despair that come to poverty-stricken memories. A woman who was compelled to lie in a darkened room for weeks at a time found comfort and consolation in going through a complete list of Bible verses, hymns, gems of poetry and even lists of facts learned in childhood. The Psalm, the Gospel of John, several chapters in Revelation, selections from Job, the prophets and the New Testament

were recited along with the best of the church hymns. She was not lonely or sad even when her family was busy and the weather too stormy for friends to come in. The rich inheritance from a pious Sunday school teacher who taught every boy and girl who came under her teaching to memorize, still stands her in good stead to this day.

At least every Sunday school pupil should know the greatest things of the Old and New Testaments, and should be able to join in quoting them. In a recent very large assemblage of Christian people it was noticed that the older people far outstripped the younger ones when it came to reciting Psalms and portions of the Bible. Would it not be well for all Sunday school teachers to think prayerfully upon this subject and help to fortify their pupils against temptation by filling their minds with positive and gripping sentences from the Word, that they may always be able to meet every temptation with a "Thus says the Lord"?—Junior Teacher's Quarterly.

Prayers for Beginners

In order that the children in the Beginners' Department might learn the words of the concert prayers used Sunday by Sunday, the superintendent sent home a copy of each to the mother with the request that she teach the child the words, being careful that he understood the meaning. In addition to the prayers used on Sunday, other prayers were added to the list. One for morning use, one for evening, and a table grace. The prayers were not sent all at one time, but one each month. Each was typewritten on a slip of paper, and then attractively mounted on a colored card. Holes were punched in the side of the cards, so they might be fastened together in book form or strung one under the other in panel form. Some of the prayers were:

MORNING PRAYER

"Father, help me through this day,
In my work and in my play,
Both to love and to obey. Amen."

EVENING PRAYER

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, thy child to keep;
Thy love be with me all the night
And keep me safe till morning light.
Amen."

TABLE GRACE

"God is great and God is good,
And we thank him for this food.
By his hand must all be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.
Amen."

OFFERING PRAYER

"Since my heavenly Father
Gives me everything,
Lovingly and gladly
Now my gift I bring. Amen."

OPENING PRAYER

"This is God's house and he is here today;
He hears our songs of praise and listens while we pray. Amen."

—Children's Leader.

When God Calls

What is meant by the "divine call"? Does God call people into service? A recent writer has said: "Not one of them offers himself; they are all taken by force. All have something to leave. Abraham must give up his home. The rest must deny themselves. 'Do not send me!' entreats Moses. 'Go!' says Jehovah. 'Take away my life,' cries Elijah in the desert. 'Go!' says Jehovah. 'I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet!' exclaims Amos following his flock. 'Go!' says Jehovah. 'I am but a little child; let me go!' implores Jeremiah. 'Go!' says Jehovah. 'Save me from my infirmity!' prays Paul. 'Go!' says Jehovah. And that one imperious word 'Go!' occurring from end to end of the Bible epic, shatters all resistance, overcomes every obstacle, stimulates every heroism, and explains every miracle."

Give a Tithe

Tune—Send the Light.

There's a call comes ringing through your heart and mine,
Give a tithe! Give a tithe!
'Tis a call of duty from a voice divine,
Give a tithe! Give a tithe!

CHORUS:

Give a tithe, the blessed gospel tithe,
It will shine on every shore.
Give a tithe, the blessed gospel tithe,
It will bless you ever more.

May the grace of giving everywhere abound,
Give a tithe! Give a tithe!
And a host of tithers everywhere be found,
Give a tithe! Give a tithe!

Let us not grow weary with our gifts of love,
Give a tithe! Give a tithe!
Thus we'll gather jewels for our crown above,
Give a tithe! Give a tithe!

The Lord prepares a table for his children, but too many of them are on a diet!

Luther said, "The devil cannot stand music." On the contrary, judging by some forms of music we know, he has become a composer and uses music to destroy souls.

Toward Sodom

By B. MABEL DUNHAM

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

(Continuation)

The young man stood up presently, took the poker and stirred the fire. Then he sat down in Noah's big armchair and remarked that it seemed rather chilly.

Whether it was or not, Lydia neither knew nor cared. But she would have given almost anything but her hope of eternal salvation to dispel the terrible atmosphere of constraint which enveloped her. They weren't getting anywhere. She was losing him. Would her mother ever come?

Presently there was a scratching at the door, and the family cat entered the room, with arched back and uplifted tail. She went directly to where Simeon was sprawling in Noah's armchair, and rubbed her sleek, fat side against his trousers.

Simeon picked up the pet, and stuck her in the corner of his elbow. He glanced at Lydia. Her eyes were lifted momentarily. They met his, but only for a brief, confused second. Once more the mat absorbed her attention.

Again silence reigned, save for the purring of the contented cat, and the constant pulling of the hook through the canvas of the mat. The old grandfather clock ticked away, very slowly, very apprehensively.

"Lydy," said Simeon, acting upon a sudden impulse, "is this your cat?"

"Yes," said the girl, looking up bashfully. "Why?" She hoped Simeon would not consider the question bold.

"Because," said the equally bashful youth, "I want to hold something of yours. It can be only your cat."

Du liewig Zeit! What had he said? Lydia sprang up, dropping her hook and her mat, and her rags in one conglomerate heap on the floor, and rushed out of the room by the nearest exit.

Simeon was dumbfounded. He dumped the startled cat unceremoniously upon Lydia's mat, seized his coat and hat from the peg behind the stove and started for the door—not the same door, of course, through which Lydia had made her escape, but the outside one. He had been insulted, grossly insulted. No other girl had ever run away from him. He wasn't the kind of fellow the girls run away from. He was going home. That was all he wanted to do with the Horsts.

But at the gate the indignant young man met the party returning from the Schwartzentrubers.

Sarah scented trouble at once. "Where's Lydy?" she asked, trying to make her voice sound as natural as possible.

"She ran away on me," called Simeon. "She don't want me, and I can tell you I don't want her."

The situation was crucial. It required tact and discretion. But Sarah was equal to it. "If ever the Lord made two people

for each other," she told Simeon, "you're them two, you and Lydy." She caught the young man's arm in a familiar mother-in-lawish sort of way, and tried to lead him gently towards the house.

Simeon's masculine pride had been too deeply wounded to be so easily salvaged. He shook himself loose and walked away in a pout.

"Ketch him, Nooi," admonished Sarah. "Fetch him back till I get Lydy once. Ephraim, you can go in your bed, as quick as you otherwise can. Such things is not for your eyes and ears."

To tell the truth, Noah preferred to keep his fingers out of the pie which Sarah professed to be baking for the Lord. Let them take it who were to eat it was his policy. But he liked the fellow, and Lydia would "make him a good wife." Besides, Sarah wanted it. So Noah followed the very eligible young man. "Simeon!" he called. His voice was full of kindly sympathy.

The wrath was subsiding. The tall figure had stopped; it was coming towards Noah.

"It would make us all very much pleasure, Simeon."

"But it's Lydy." There was some wounded pride still unappeased. "She ran away on me."

"Mebbe she was chust a little backward," suggested Noah. "If you would 've went after her now..."

"She didn't shut the door," Simeon remembered.

"Women are queer," said Noah, reading a page out of his own experience with the sex, "and every woman is somehow different. They make a lot of bother for us men, being like they are, but we don't go far in this world without them, do we now, Simeon?"

A radiant smile stole slowly over Simeon's face. Hope was revived. "Ach, we must have them," he said. "If only I would 've known that she wanted me to run after her." He was walking now at Noah's side towards the house.

Sarah and Lydia stood waiting in the front room. The candles were sputtering in their sockets, but they emitted enough light to reveal the triumph of the older woman, the blushing reticence of the younger.

The two men entered the room. A dead silence ensued.

Then Sarah took matters in her own hands. "The way you two ran apart, you'd think you had the cholera," she said.

"They're in luf, ain't they, Sarai?" interjected Noah. He kept shifting his weight nervously from one foot to the other.

"They must be if you could see it," Sarah replied, tartly. It was evident that quarter. She turned her attention again to the young people. "We can all

see you luf each other," she said. "But you didn't say so yet. Speak up, Lydy. You was the first to run."

"Leave them be," interposed Noah. "Leave them do it their own way."

"Leave them be!" cried Sarah, in derision. It was a "dumm idea," she said. Hadn't they tried to run away once? It would be the easiest thing in the world to do so again. She kept shoving the girl gently but firmly in Simeon's direction.

Lydia lifted her eyes presently and looked shyly at her lover, but the words which failed her were supplied by her mother. "She lufs you, Simeon. She lufs you so much she can't say it."

The three great universal words stuck in Simeon's throat, too, but he advanced to Lydia's side, took her small hand in his great manly one and smiled ecstatically into her eyes.

"Now you're promised," Sarah informed them. "In this room me and Nooi was promised, too. But we didn't act up so, did we, Nooi?"

"You was different to Lydy," replied Noah. The grandfather clock began to chime the hour. "Nine o'clock already. Time for old folks like us to be in bed."

Sarah watched the happy pair retreat to the same end of the long bench behind the table, and then she withdrew reluctantly to the bedroom. Behind the closed door she indulged an itching ear. It was a bold, unmaidenly speech she thought she heard Lydia make: "Do you want to hold something of mine now?" Simeon's answer was incomprehensible, to say the least: "Well, all right, so long as it ain't your cat." Whisped confidences followed, too low for Sarah's eavesdropping ears, and long silences with occasional giggles interspersed. A holy, happy time.

When the blossoms of spring had come again and the birds were mating in the trees, Lydia's "ausstyer" was ready. Simeon took it over one day to the nest in one end of the large house. It was all that could be desired. There was a place for everything. Then on the most glorious day of all springtime, Bishop Benjamin Eby paid another visit to the Horsts, and in the presence of as many friends and relatives as could be packed into the house, he made Simeon and Lydia man and wife. It was his pleasure, he said, to join in holy bonds of matrimony the hands of those whose hearts the good Lord had already united with the cords of love.

Chapter IV
EPHRAIM AND HIS JOB

Ephraim was working ten hours a day now with August Schwartzentruber, the village bookbinder. He had established himself at last on the bottom rung of a lucrative trade, and his ultimate happiness and prosperity seemed assured in the calling of his choice.

It had meant no little sacrifice on the part of the Horsts to let Ephraim have his way. He would continue to eat three meals a day at the family board, and for

years to come he would bring next to nothing into the family treasury. Besides, it was not a bookbinder the Horsts needed, but a pair of hands to work on the farm. It seemed unprofitable and unnecessary to pay a hired man to do the work which should naturally devolve upon a son of the house.

Manassah was fortunate, however, in finding a promising substitute for the brother who had deserted him and the farm. Levi Gingerich was his name. He could scarcely be called a hired man, for he was only sixteen, though he had a supple, sinewy body and a will to work. From earliest childhood Levi had been an orphan, his parents having been buried in the same grave after the terrible cholera epidemic of 1834. He was just emerging out of the chrysalis of charity and beginning to try his wings. Manassah came upon him at this opportune time and gave him the chance to earn his own bread and butter, and a little jam besides.

All went well until one day August Schwartzentruber apprised Noah that Ephraim wasn't giving satisfaction at the bindery. He was sorry he had taken him.

"But with books," stammered the disconcerted father. "We thought he would work with them."

"He won't work with nothin'," declared the irate bookbinder. "He's lazy. If I would leave him read all day long, yes, but that I won't do. How would I get my work done?"

Noah had to admit that the boy Ephraim wasn't "so great with his hands as with his head." His health wasn't good, either. He had taken him to Dr. Scott on one occasion, only to learn that he had a "firtation" of the heart.

"He didn't get that with me," said the bookbinder. Out on the street, mebbe. I don't leave no girls in my shop. You can take him and his firtation home again. Give him a buck-saw. That will cure him."

"Palpitation, that's what the doctor said he had—palpitation of the heart." Noah was glad to be able to correct himself and to uphold his son's reputation in a quarter where he was held in such utter disrepute.

"Doc. Scott can say all the big words he likes," replied Schwartzentruber. "Flirtation or palpitation, or what not all. I can say a big one, too. He's an abomination, that's what he is. I won't have the likes of him around."

Noah walked away in mediative silence. He had a private conference with Ephraim that evening when he returned from the bindery. The boy confessed that the work was not to his liking. It bored him to sit on a hard bench all day long, turning endless pages—collating, August his boss, called it. The needle gouged holes in his fingertips when he was stitching, and he loathed the smell of the glue.

"But you said you want to work with books."

"I do, yes," replied the boy. But it

was an aggravation, he found, to handle books that he could not read.

"You can read to home," his father reminded him.

Ephraim enumerated the books on the family bookshelf, the Bible, the Hymn-book, the Almanac and *The Martyr's Mirror*. "I've read all of them I want to," he said.

Noah was scandalized. He offered to buy a copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"That I have read already."

"Where?"

"From Simeon I lent it."

"So? The Life of Bunyan, then," suggested the disturbed father. "I haven't any money to waste on books, but bad ones you must not read."

"I lent that one from Simeon, too."

At this moment a bright idea occurred to Noah. August Schwartzentruber was a reasonable man, he was sure. If Ephraim would promise to work faithfully during the day, he might be induced to allow his apprentice to take a book home from time to time to read at night. He must have an interesting collection in various stages of repair. "And what you can lend of him," said Noah, "I don't have to buy."

Ephraim saw great possibilities in this proposal. He went to the bookbinder with apologies and fair promises, and had himself reinstated in the bindery. He made a solemn mental resolve never again to read during working hours. After a week of probation he might perhaps venture to ask Schwartzentruber for the privilege of taking one of the books home over night.

Temptation followed on the very heels of this laudable resolution. The next day there was brought to the bindery for repairs a large, illustrated book on Japan. Ephraim's heart bounded—a palpitation, no doubt. As soon as the bookbinder's back was turned, Ephraim seized the book and opened it. It haunted him all day long. He read what little he could by stealth in snatches. It was wonderful—wonderful. Before him, on the pages of that book, lay a new world, a marvellous fairy-land, inhabited by strange but charming people, with narrow, slanting eyes and straight, black hair. How strangely they dressed, and such queer vehicles as they used to carry each other about. Like wheelbarrows, they were, and yet wholly different. Ephraim's brains fairly buzzed with the discovery he had made. It wouldn't let him think about anything else.

Closing time came. The young apprentice put on his coat and hat, wished his employer a perfunctory good-night, and started for home. But he soon retraced his steps, opened the door of the bindery and peeped in.

"What's wrong, now?" said the bookbinder. He always watched Ephraim's movements with suspicion.

"If I could have that book about Chapan..."

"What?"

"That Chapan book."

"Such a book I haven't got," declared Schwartzentruber.

In the morning Ephraim carried the book with him to the bindery, and registered a mental decision to show his gratitude to the bookbinder by applying himself diligently to his trade. But when

But Ephraim knew he had. "The big one that you got this morning already," he explained. "The one with the pitchers in."

"Pitchers," growled the bookbinder. "How do you know what books have pitchers?"

"I looked once," confessed Ephraim. "If I could take it with me home..."

"Take it home?" The scowl faded from the bookbinder's face and gave place to a smile of satisfaction. "You want to stitch it?" he said. "So you will make good the time you have wasted by me? Ach, well, then, you can take it."

"I want to read it." Ephraim's tender conscience compelled him to acknowledge in all candour.

Schwartzentruber threw up his hands in disapproving amazement. "Read it!" he exclaimed. "Readin' is for rich folks that has time to waste, and not for bookbinders that has to earn their bread and butter."

At the first intimation of consent Ephraim had clutched the coveted treasure. He stuck it under his arm and hurried out of the bindery lest his employer should change his mind. He was well upon his way home when he heard, or thought he heard, the stentorian tones of his master's voice calling to him in vain from the work-shop window.

That was an outstanding night in Ephraim's life history. With a candle sputtering away on the kitchen table, and with his mother's sputtering protests from her bed in the adjoining room, the boy sat oblivious to the limitations of time and space. He was off on the wings of his imagination to far-away Japan. Strange people surrounded him. They fascinated him with their picturesque attire and with their novel customs. One minute he was in a house eating rice with chopsticks; the next he was riding through the narrow, crowded streets of Tokyo in a jinriksha drawn by a human horse, or winding his way along country roads to catch a glimpse of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain. It was all so entrancing.

One chapter of the book disturbed Ephraim's peace of mind and cast a gloom over the beautiful picture he had created. A terrible canker had eaten its way, it seemed, into the hearts of these charming people of beautiful Japan. On every hand were to be seen the open sores of their sin. The people were enveloped in the darkness of heathendom, in honor they were unstable, in morals, degenerate. With no knowledge of the Light of the World, they groped about, following blindly a dim, religious instinct. They built huge temples, but in them they bowed down to gods of wood and stone. Oh, the pity of it! By the roadside of life they lay wounded, dying, and Christendom saw, but like the Levite, passed by, unheeding, on the other side.

Schwartzentruber went out, as he usually did in the morning, "on business," the young apprentice promptly forgot his worthy resolution, and gravitated over to that corner of the room where the magnetic volume lay on its shelf. Away he was again, far away in the enchanted islands of Japan.

Suddenly a step sounded upon the stair. Ephraim started and came back in the twinkling of an eye to the bindery. He banged the book shut. It fell noisily upon the floor. Confused with guilt and trembling with apprehension, he turned to face the angry Schwartzentruber, whose bulky figure seemed already to overshadow him.

It was a strange voice that spoke. "Where's the boss?"

Ephraim looked up to see Mr. Collins, the new grammar school teacher, a man of like generous proportions to his employer, but unlike him in that he was genial and without authority in the bindery. Ephraim presumed to pick up the book before answering. He placed it again upon its shelf.

"Where's the boss?" This time the strange voice was loud and imperious.

"He's out for his beer," replied Ephraim, with the candour characteristic of his race. "If I can do anything for you..."

Mr. Collins did not seem to be listening. He had walked over to the big book, and he began to leaf it over, page by page. Presently he looked up and said, "You like to read?"

Ephraim acknowledged rather shamefacedly that he did. Whether at home or at work, reading seemed to be with him a sort of guilty indulgence at which he was forever being caught.

"Have you read Shakespeare?"

The boy shook his head. He thought he had heard of him, though.

"Virgil? Cicero? Livy? Tacitus?"

Even the names fell strangely on Ephraim's ears. They didn't sound like Jeremiah, Isaiah, Amos and Obadiah.

Mr. Collins smiled kindly. "You don't know Latin, then?" he said.

"Latin?" replied the lad. "Who's he?"

Mr. Collins patted Ephraim on the shoulder. "It's not a man I mean, my boy," he said, "but a language—a language not spoken today, but one which forms the basis of many of our modern tongues. You can't get very far without Latin.

Ephraim's eyes opened wide with wonder.

"It's the greatest language the world has ever known," continued Mr. Collins, encouraged by the boy's evident interest, "and the study of it is a most profitable stimulus to education and culture."

Ephraim kept staring harder and harder.

"You see, my boy, I teach it at the school. I measure minds by Latin" Mr. Collins went on to say. "Latin isn't exactly what you might call easy, but it is decidedly worth while. The boy that can master one little book, the 'Latin Grammar,' can be whatever he wants to be in this world."

Ephraim stood and gasped. Just at that moment the bookbinder walked into the shop and ordered him summarily to work.

"I've been talking to him," said the teacher, nodding in the direction of Ephraim's bench.

"I talk to him, too," was the answer; "but it don't do no good. He won't work."

"Boys will be boys," returned the teacher. "I've had a lot to do with them, and I've found that some of the worst turn out to be the best."

The fat German shook with laughter. "That's Irish," he said. "That's what you call a choke."

"It's the truth," declared Mr. Collins. "If a boy won't work, there must be something wrong."

"With him it's laziness."

"There's something wrong with his work, I mean."

"Bookbindin' is a good chob." Schwartzentruber was on the defensive.

"For you, yes, but perhaps not for him. It may be he's one that was meant to work with his head, not with his hands. We are not all made alike, you know."

Ephraim's heart warmed to Mr. Collins. All day long he kept thinking of their conversation, and as soon as the day's work was done, he put on his hat and went to find the man who had inspired him with a new hope.

The teacher was at the supper table with his wife and children when Ephraim knocked at the door. It was a dainty little room into which the boy stumbled, a room adorned, quite unlike his own Mennonite home, with curtains and other furbelows dear to the hearts of the women of the world. The boy became suddenly conscious of his hands and feet. His broadrimmed hat continued to rest undisturbed upon the roofs of his ears. "You said you had such a book," he panted.

For his life Mr. Collins couldn't think what book it could be that the bookbinder wanted. There must have been some misunderstanding, he thought.

"It's not for him," Ephraim explained. "It's me. You said if I could learn it, I could be what I want to be in the world." He was flustered and woefully self-conscious.

"The 'Latin Grammar,' Agnes," said the teacher.

"What are you going to make out of this one?" said the woman, smiling blandly.

"Whatever he wants to be. Give him a new book, Agnes."

The woman brought the book and Mr. Collins gave it to Ephraim. "Come tomorrow at half-past seven," he said, "and I'll give you a start."

Ephraim gulped. He had expected, of course, to pay for the book. At that very moment he had enough money in his pocket to buy a dozen "Latin Grammars," but for the life of him he didn't know how to offer it. All he could do was to stammer incoherent thanks.

That evening Ephraim went over to Manassah's to show him his new book

and to tell him of his educational prospects. But he did not succeed in evoking any great enthusiasm from his rather phlegmatic brother. "It seems you ain't satisfied yet," said Manassah.

"No, I ain't."

"Didn't we do enough for you yet? We let you off the farm."

"Yes, but..."

"And we got you a chob with books like you wanted. We had to hire so you could go. But you—you won't work no place."

Ephraim hung his head. It was the inside of books he wanted, he tried to explain. "If I could only read.... chust read..."

"Reading is not working," Manassah told him. "You'll lose your chob with your foolish reading."

"But a bookbinder I will not be."

"The trouble with you is, Ephraim, you don't know what you will be."

"I do," protested the boy.

"Well, then, what will you be?"

"If I could be a missionary..."

"A missionary! Whatever!" exclaimed Manassah. "None of us people ever went for a missionary yet."

"No."

"Do you want to go and live with the Indians?"

"I feel to go to Chapan," said Ephraim.

"To Chapan, yet!" cried Manassah aghast. "You learned that out of the book that you lent from the shop."

Ephraim admitted it. Ever since he had read that wonderful book he had been fascinated by Japan and its people. He felt a call to go to them with the open Bible and the Christian faith.

Manassah refused to be unduly excited about the irreligion of a distant foreign nation. There were plenty of heathen in Ebytown, he declared. They didn't have to go outside their own meeting-house to find people who disregarded their solemn promises, hated their neighbors, and worshipped only their household gods or their landed property. "If you feel to preach, you can preach here," he said. "It says in the Bible you must start first in Jerusalem."

"But you must go to Judea, too, and to the uttermost parts of the earth," was Ephraim's rebuttal. "That means Chapan."

The following evening Ephraim went for his first lesson in Latin. It was all very strange, very different from the English and the German with which he was familiar, and Mr. Collins warned him that it would be increasingly difficult as they progressed. But Ephraim had some determination. Having at last found a plough to his liking, neither Manassah's apathy nor the prospect of unforeseen snags in the thorny path that leads to mental culture would suffice to make him look back. Mr. Collins chuckled. Here was a student after his own heart.

(To be continued)

* * *
Temptation is not compulsion. However it may sometimes seem, we are never compelled to sin.

From the General Missionary Secretary's Desk Rev. William Kuhn, D. D.

Our Home Mission Department is assisting a number of churches and supporting women-missionaries. All the women missionaries are doing constructive work in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. The following letter will help us to better understand the work they do.

Cleveland, Ohio,
January 4, 1929.

Dear Brother Kuhn:—

I thank you for "Simple Talks on the Holy Spirit." It is just what I need. It filled my heart with joy as I was reading what *might be* if we fully yielded to the Holy Spirit to have his way with us. I am pressing toward that mark.

The flu scarcely passed by any of our families. Some are very sick. Our pastor and his family especially. So far I have been kept, for which I am thankful. Our church has been blessed under Bro. Blum's ministry. The German services are especially well attended. Two precious souls for whom we long had waited accepted Christ and were baptized. A family of four from Koenigsberg united by letter.

Our Sunday school is doing well in all departments. This year we are making a special effort to increase the giving for missions. Each class received a missionary barrel. Hoping that they will vie with one another to excel in this grace also.

What about scholars who drop out of our classes? Has this work been in vain? I once had a promising boy in my class. He seemed so responsive to the lessons taught, but one day he was gone. He went to work and he went to the church where they confirm, where his mother went. Not long ago I met him, a young man, at his mother's funeral. He had not forgotten his teacher. He said he was living in Chicago and was attending the North Baptist Church. He was proud to give me his pastor's name. How true, "one soweth and another reapeth," but the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper shall mingle together in joy by and by.

I spent an afternoon with a young woman who had expressed a desire to be a Christian. Her parents were Catholic and she had married a Protestant. Neither of them went to church. A little daughter came into the family. This mother did not want her child to grow up as a heathen, so she was glad to find out what she must do to be saved. She had no idea as to what it meant. She did not realize that she was a sinner, until I showed her that *all* have sinned and that Christ came to save *sinners*. The more she realized her own sinfulness, the more she would appreciate what Christ did for her when he took her place and became her substitute. With the Gospel in hand, I led her step by step to Christ and she decided to accept him as her Savior. I presented her with a Bible, marking passages that would strengthen her. She

promised to confess Christ. Then a relative, a professed Christian, with whom she had gone to places of amusement before made fun of her when she saw that she was about to take a stand. So this soul has been hindered, hindered by one who should have rejoiced and encouraged her to go on. This too will not be in vain; his word shall not return unto him void.

At another time we took a Thanksgiving dinner to a very poor family who sent their children to our Sunday school. I found them very much excited about Spiritualistic meetings they had been attending because some of their friends received messages from the medium which they declared were true. And how did they know that, if God did not tell them? The father who was sick at the time was very anxious to know if I approved of it. Did I ever go? No, I never went because God forbids his children to have anything to do with it. If the medium ever told the truth, she did not get it from *our* God but from the God of this world who is the Devil, who goes up and down in this world seeking whom he may devour. So when the mediums get in touch with the Devil, he can reveal them some things that are true. I said if you want to become a nervous wreck, then keep on going to such places. If you want God's blessing on yourself and family turn away from the false and accept Christ, who is the Truth. I gave illustrations of the pitiful end of people who turned from God to the Spiritualistic Cult. At last I asked what are you going to do about it? You will have to choose Christ or the Devil, heaven or hell, life or death.

He said: "We will come to your church, we don't belong to the other yet." I really believe God let him see the danger he was going into. The children are more faithful, the man's health has improved and he is working, which he had not done for months.

Yours in His Service,
MINNIE E. GEBHARDT.

Humboldt Park Radiogram

During the year 1928 our Young People's Society was active in various ways. In the early summer, the pageant "The Striking of America's Hour" was given. In December a Christmas program was given. Stereopticon pictures illustrating various Christmas carols were shown. Talks explaining the origin of some of the best songs were given. Instrumental and vocal music in keeping with the Christmas season was rendered. Finally "The Holy City" was interpreted in pantomime.

Our Sunday evening meetings have been well attended. A constant effort is put forth by the group captains to make these meetings as interesting and instructive as possible. Once a month the young people have charge of the mid-week prayer service. Shut-ins are visited by the different groups on Sunday afternoons. We are planning to do more during 1929. With the leadership of Miss Voigt, our president, and the co-operation of each member and the inspiration of our God we shall succeed.

Surprise for Superintendent at Unityville

Quite a day of surprises was the 14th of October for our beloved Sunday school superintendent and his wife. In spite of the rain, the Sunday morning service as well as the Sunday school was well attended.

Shortly before the close of the Sunday school the pastor, Rev. J. G. Rott, asked the superintendent for time to make a few remarks. This was announced by Mr. Wobig, not knowing what was coming. So the pastor of the church announced the tenth Wedding Jubilee of our dearly beloved Sunday school superintendent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Wobig.

While singing a song, the jubilee couple marched to the front of the church. A nice bouquet of flowers was presented to Mrs. Wobig and a fountain pen to Mr. Wobig by the school. After a short talk by the pastor, hymn and closing prayer, dinner was served in the church basement.

Mr. Wobig has now served the Sunday school as superintendent for nine years. He is the successor of his father Mr. Wm. Wobig. May God bless his work and keep him in our circle for many years to come!

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

Unityville, S. D.

Cantata in Second Church, Philadelphia

On Tuesday, November 13, the ever beautiful cantata, "Ruth, the Gleaner," was rendered by the young people of the Second German Baptist Church of Philadelphia. This cantata had been so successfully given the previous spring that a number of urgent requests had led to its repetition. That the second presentation had been appreciated by the audience was evidenced by the substantial offering received which was added to the Piano Fund.

Much credit is to be given Mr. Herman Zackay, who not only played the part of Boaz but who also directed the cantata. Naomi was played by Mrs. Herman Zackay, Ruth by Mrs. Alfred Yahn, and Orpah by Miss Margaret Gaertner. Miss Eva Yung assisted at the piano.

Also on the program for that evening was a bass solo by our pastor, Rev. J. G. Draewell, and a song by our Male Chorus.

E. N. Z.

* * *

Your body has Sunday for a day of rest, but for your soul it should be a day of exercise.

* * *

A superficial glance at religion as it is practiced in the churches may lead a young person to believe that Christianity is altogether too complex. A deeper look reveals the fact that the Christian religion is simplicity itself. The first step as well as the last step is simply to follow Christ. But there is progress and enrichment all the way.

Thoughts on Fundamental Christianity

Professor LEWIS KAISER

I. A Fundamental Question

"But who do you say that I am?"
Mark 8:29.

An Ever-Recurring Question

What is fundamental in Christianity? An age-old question and yet one that is never outgrown. It has been thrashed through time and again and yet it challenges every succeeding generation to consider it anew. Why? For one thing, because of the persistent tendency in religion to lose sight of what is fundamental and to substitute for it what is accidental and incidental, to mistake mere form and shadow for substance and life. The word "fundamental" suggests the idea of a foundation. It is the character of the foundation that determines the solidity and strength of the structure reared upon it. Whether Christianity be right or wrong, weak or strong, living or dead, depends in the main upon what is made basic in Christian thought, experience and practice.

Christianity as commonly understood expresses itself in various ways. It denotes a certain "body of truth," generally believed, that is its theological form. It refers to an organized body of persons, who claim to be Christians, that it is institutional form, for instance as embodied in the Christian church. It is also the term for the religious profession of the individual Christian, that is its personal form.

It is Christianity as personal religion, with which we are most concerned in these meditations. We want to ask ourselves in all seriousness what it means to be a Christian. That seems on the surface a very simple question. Yet how wide apart are the answers given to it! There is no unanimity of opinion among those calling themselves Christian. There is a Catholic view and a Protestant view and again among Protestants there is a variety of opinion. Even we Baptists, who boast of the scripturalness of our beliefs, may yet fall far short of conforming to *real* Christianity in our daily walk and practice.

Nominal and Real Christians

A student put the question, "Why is it necessary to send missionaries to South America when the people there are already Christians (Roman Catholics)?" The answer was: "Because most of the Christians there are held to be merely nominal Christians." Student though he was, he did not understand the word "nominal." He was told, it meant "in name only." Our nation is called a Christian nation, because the dominant religion is the Christian religion, as distinguished from Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or some other religious faith and

form; but many of our citizens are Christians in name only.

However, in seeking an answer to the question, "What is a Christian?" we are not to think of the persons who are Christians in name only. Rather our question grows out of the conviction that there are *real* Christians as well as merely nominal Christians and that there must be a fundamental difference between the two. We make the distinction, because it is possible for one to be a Christian in an outward, formal sense without differing in his inner life and spirit from persons who do not even claim to be Christians.

A Life and an Attitude

In its essence Christianity is not a name, a form, but a *life*. That is the definite teaching of Scripture. Moreover, human experience shows that there is certainly a reality known among men as "the Christian Life." The Christian is one "born again" (or rather from above, from God), through the agency of the "Holy Spirit" (John 3:3, 5). What makes one a Christian is the divine life implanted in the soul and giving evidence of its presence through one's inner growth into God-like character. Jesus himself said, that "he had come into the world that men might have life and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10). Christianity is in its essence a "way of life."

Of course, it is a way of thinking too. Truth, doctrine, belief have their place and an important one too. But we are not genuinely Christian, until truth has been vitalized and transformed into purity and nobility of character, until it has become the motive force of our impulses and actions, giving to them the right direction. At bottom, all religion is a matter of *attitude* towards God. A man's mere belief about God does not make him a religious man. "The devils also believe and tremble"—and are devils still. What makes a man truly religious is that (by whatever process) he comes to assume a certain attitude of will and purpose towards God. So what makes a man Christian in the vital sense, in his own inner being, is that he comes to assume a certain definite life-attitude toward God as revealed in Jesus Christ.

Fact and Experience

Our concern then in speaking of Christianity as a definite life-attitude is with a *fact* and not with a theory only. The vital thing is the actual experience of that fact and not the mere explanation of the experience. The attempt to explain and define the facts of the Chris-

tian life and faith is what we call theology.

Theology undertakes to tell us what God is, what man is, how man came to sustain a wrong attitude toward God, how he is brought into the right or Christian attitude—and much more. The views expressed about these facts of religion have never been, and are not now, uniform. There have been many theologies in the course of the centuries. Theological opinion changes, but the vital spiritual and moral experience that theology seeks to explain, remains the same.

Millions have been afflicted with a disease called malaria. Once it was explained as due to the miasma of swamps or "night air." Now it is generally believed to be due to germs carried by a certain species of mosquitos. But the experience remains the same, though the explanation has changed. Those who experience malaria today shiver and shake with chills and burn with fever just as folks did centuries ago, before any one ever dreamed of the pernicious activity of the mosquito. Explanations may differ, but a given experience remains the same.

We would not underrate the importance of trying to arrive at some intelligent understanding of the facts of Christ's experience. Theology has its rightful place. But one is not therefore a Christian in the true sense, because he has a certain understanding of the content of the Christian faith, be it ever so correct and keen. He may have that and yet not possess the Christian spirit, nor be found in the Christian attitude. On the other hand, one may have very little knowledge of theology and yet be a very devout Christian. There are as there always have been multitudes of men and women, to whom theology, in its technical sense, is and must be a closed book. The language in which it is expressed and the ideas of which it treats are on a different plane from that on which they live. One need not be an astronomer to enjoy the beauty of the stars, nor need one be an expert in theology to be a friend and follower of Christ.

Christian Discipleship

What then is the fundamental quality of the Christian life—the basic fact that lies deeper than creed, church-membership or even mere convictions? What is *essentially* the Christian attitude? What does it mean to be a *real* Christian? "To be a disciple of Christ," many will reply. And rightly understood, this simple and brief statement contains the whole truth. It all turns in the last analysis upon one's personal relation to Jesus Christ. It is one's inner attitude to Christ, an attitude something like that of a pupil,

for that is what "disciple" means, to the teacher: "Take my yoke upon you (a rabbinical expression for becoming a pupil) and learn of me" (Matt. 11:29). The object of the pupil is to receive what the teacher has to give, to become what the teacher would have him become. To be a disciple of Christ is to learn of Christ in order to become like Christ.

The fundamental question then is the question of our personal relationship to Jesus Christ. It is the question that the Master put to his disciples on the way to Caesarea Philippi: "Who do men say that I am?" (Mark 8:27 f.) It was surely not curiosity to learn what people were thinking about him that prompted the question. Jesus knew the trend of public opinion. It was rather to bring his disciples to a profounder realization of their own inner attitude to him. So after they had given their judgment regarding the current sentiment, he turned to them with the heart-searching question: "But who do you say that I am?" Do you share the doubt and disappointment of the masses? Or do you sustain a different attitude to me? What am I to you? That was indeed a moment of deep solemnity, when the Master brought them face to face with this supreme question—when he challenged them to declare their inner relationship to him, not as their friend and teacher merely, but as their Christ and Lord.

"What think ye of Christ?" It all turns upon one's personal relation to Jesus Christ. The decisive factor in Christian experience is to be one in mind and will with Jesus Christ. (Phil. 2:5.) Here is the acid test: What sort of a reaction does his life set up in your life? When he stands before you, do you feel any desire to be like him? Do you really want him in your life as the dominant, directing, transforming influence, taking precedence over all the other influences which may affect your future course? "If the end and motive of Christianity and therefore of Christian missions," says E. Stanley Jones (The Christ of the Indian Road, pg. 35), "is to produce Christlike character, I have no apology for being a Christian missionary, for I know nothing higher for God and man than to be Christlike."

Life's Ruling Purpose

A Christian then is one whose ruling purpose in life is to become conformed, not only outwardly in conduct, but inwardly in mind and spirit, to the divine ideal, as manifested in Jesus Christ. We speak of a ruling purpose, rather than of a constant purpose. We are well aware that no Christian is absolutely true to a single purpose at every moment of his Christian life. But though he may be now and again swayed by other motives, the true Christian, like the needle of the compass to the pole, will always swing back to this one purpose as the one which rules his life. Through all the ups and downs of his life this one controlling ideal will gleam in the field of his vision, although perhaps with varying brightness.



Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

Cotton Pickers
by Knut Heldner

He too will know something of the passion of the Apostle Paul: "For me to live is Christ"

Lovest Thou Me?

Once more the supreme question of the Christian life is the one that the risen Lord addressed on the beach of the Sea of Galilee to the disciple, whose faith had been well-nigh wrecked in those crucial days of the Master's passion: "Simon, son of Jonas, *lovest thou me?*" (John 21:16) Lovest thou me? Christianity is *fundamentally* love to Christ. Love is the unifying power that makes us one with Christ; it is the transforming agency that makes us like Christ.

There lived once a young Christian woman whose grace and beauty of character were the remark of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket which no one was ever allowed to open. One day, in a moment of unusual confidence, one of her companions was allowed to touch its spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words: "Whom having not seen, I love." That was the secret of her beautiful life.

For Further Discussion

1. What does the word "fundamental" mean? Why is it necessary to stress the fundamental in Christianity?
2. In what various forms does Christ's anity express itself?
3. What is meant by nominal Christians? Are there such among Baptists too?
4. What makes one a Christian according to the teaching of Jesus to Nicodemus in John 3?
5. What is meant by theology? How much theology must one know to be a Christian?
6. Why were the followers of Christ called "disciples"?
7. What is the ruling purpose in the life of a true Christian?
8. Is the Christian ideal ever *fully* attained in this life?

In ordering his daily life and walk the Christian not only asks: "What would Jesus do?" There is a much more important question. It is this: What *was* Jesus? The Christian is not merely to imitate the conduct of Jesus, but to seek to be like him in spirit and to do what he did for the same reasons, which actuated the Master himself. The Christian life is not mere imitation of Christ; it is the reflection of Christ. Imitation is mechanical, reflection is organic. The one is occasional, the other habitual. Really, it is easier to be Christlike in conduct now and then, than to be Christlike in spirit. It is easier never to appear selfish, than it is actually to have no selfish will and desire. It is easier to control outbreaks of hatred than to overcome all hatred and be dominated by the spirit of love. The Christian is one who seeks not merely to do what Jesus did or supposedly would do, but to *be*—or rather *become*—what Jesus *was*.

Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

February 10, 1929
Jesus Teaching Us to Serve
 Matt. 20:20-28.

Jesus was primarily a savior. He came to do something for us that no one else could have done, to save us from our sins. But at the same time we can also speak of him as a teacher. Even those who do not accept him as Savior will admit that he was the greatest teacher this world has ever seen. But he wasn't a teacher of science or philosophy, etc., rather a teacher of moral conduct. He has given us some lessons that most of us have failed to apply to ourselves to this day. The lessons are simple enough, almost any child can understand them, yet they go against our grain, and so we either ignore them or else persistently refuse to live accordingly.

The lesson that he impressed upon his disciples on this occasion is sorely needed today, but very few will take it seriously. Jesus assumes that this is a way that leads to true greatness, but it's the lowly path of service. In the sight of God, the man who leads the most helpful life may be even greater than the mightiest king on his throne. We are to be ambitious, to strive for the highest things, but we must remember that they can only be attained by self-denial and faithful service.

Do all young people in our societies manifest this spirit? Is everyone really eager to serve and ready to take the lowest place? And aren't there almost everywhere some who think themselves superior to everybody else? Doesn't it occasionally happen that a young man quits the society because he wasn't re-elected president? There are some who haven't learned to play second fiddle; they want to have the leading roles or none at all. They still need to learn this lesson of service. But if we are not willing to take the lowest position anywhere, we are not following in the footsteps of Christ. How long will it take us to learn this lesson that service alone leads to true greatness?

February 17, 1929
How Much Should We Strive for Material Things?
 Luke 12:13-31.

There is no premium on laziness. Jesus himself was a hard worker. We can be sure that even while he was a carpenter in Nazareth he did the best possible work. It is usually assumed that he was the main support of his widowed mother. And anyone who is trying to become as efficient as possible in his chosen career is only doing what Jesus did. But at the same time Jesus also made it very clear that we are not to make material success the main goal of our lives.

The prosperous farmer in our Scripture lesson was called a fool, not because he was prosperous, but because he had made material gain the sole purpose of his life. It's a serious thing to call a man a fool. In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus says that if we call another man a fool we shall be in danger of the hell of fire. (Matt. 5:22.) Still Jesus himself calls this man a fool, so this farmer must have made a terrible mistake. He neglected the most important things.

In the following verses (Luke 12:22-31) Jesus tells us that not only the covetous, but also those who are over-anxious about earthly things commit the same sin. We worry about the wrong things, about mere trifles, such as food and clothing, while the needs of the soul don't seem to concern us at all. The only remedy for worry is that we seek first the Kingdom of God, strive for spiritual wealth, then God will take care of all our other needs. He will not necessarily make us rich, but will give us what we need.

How many are ever convicted of these sins? Many would never think of committing a crime, but they don't hesitate to worry, nor do they consider it a sin to be greedy. What is the main thing that you are striving after?

February 24, 1929
Why Is Christianity the Only Adequate Religion?
 Acts 4:8-12; John 3:16

Some seem to think that the matter of religion is something like Heinz's 57 varieties. If you don't like one, you might like another. If pickles aren't to your taste, then baked beans might appeal to you, etc. Just so, if one religion doesn't suit you, you can always choose another. Not everyone has the same tastes, and so everyone ought to be free to choose the religion he likes best.

But that is a false conception. There is but one true religion, there is but one right road, there is but one hope of salvation. And we claim that Christianity is this one true religion. But what are our reasons for making such a stupendous claim?

First of all, we can say that Christianity gives us the highest possible conception of God. God is righteous and just, but he is also merciful and kind. He is our heavenly Father. Nothing can go beyond John 3:16. Then Christianity gives us our rightful position. We are God's offspring, created in God's image, and even though we have grievously sinned, yet we can regain our post position. And Christianity gives us the only remedy for sin that will work. It offers us a Savior that can save to the uttermost. Christianity also gives us the most glorious hopes, hopes that extend

into the distant future and reach across death and the grave into all eternity.

Christianity is the only adequate religion because the Gospel contains a solution for all the problems and ills of the world. If we compare it with other religions, we will soon see that Christianity is as much higher than other religions as the heavens are higher than the earth. Men sometimes speculate about the religion of the future, but there never can be a better religion than Christianity, for Christ is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. He is the final revelation of God that this world will ever have. There never will be another Christ. And therefore we can say that there is salvation in none other, neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved. (Acts 4:12.)

March 3, 1929
Recruiting for Christ
 Matt. 9:25-38

(Consecration Meeting)

When we speak of recruiting for Christ, we do not mean the winning of others to Christ, but that we are to induce those who are already following him to enter some definite work for him. You must be converted before you can serve Christ. But many who are converted have never enlisted in the army of the Lord. There are more Christians today than ever before, but the laborers are still few. We must ever pray that the Lord will send forth laborers into his harvest.

Every B. Y. P. U. ought to be a recruiting station for Christ. Every individual member should be enlisted in some definite form of work for the Master. It will take quite a little persuasion on the part of the leaders to induce some to join the ranks of the active workers. They will have all sorts of excuses. Some will say that they have no special gifts, that they cannot speak in public, that they get too nervous and flustered, or that they have no time, or that they cannot be tied down by accepting an office, but a recruiting officer will never take "no" for an answer. He will be as persistent as he can be in tactfully presenting the claims of Christ upon all who profess his name.

How it must grieve our Lord that so many who accept his salvation for themselves are so reluctant to help in establishing his Kingdom upon earth. They should be made to see a lost world as Jesus saw it, they should be moved with compassion, and they should realize the joy there is in serving Christ, then they would offer themselves, saying with Isaiah, "Here am I, send me!"

February 1, 1929

"A call for loyal soldiers comes to one and all;
 Soldiers for the conflict, Will you heed the call?
 Will you answer quickly, with a ready cheer,
 Will you be enlisted as a volunteer?"

A volunteer for Jesus, a soldier true!
 Others have enlisted, why not you?
 Jesus is the captain, we will never fear;
 Will you be enlisted as a volunteer?"

A Quiet Talk With God Each Day
Daily Bible Readers' Course

Feb. 4-10. Jesus Teaching Us to Serve. Matt. 20:20-28.

" 4. The Greatness of Service. Matt. 20:20-28.

" 5. Helping the Needy. Matt. 10:1-10.

" 6. Produce or Die. Matt. 21:18-20.

" 7. The Purpose of Life. John 15:1-10.

" 8. Our Part and More. Gal. 6:1-6.

" 9. The Basis of Reward. Matt. 24:45-51.

" 10. Doing One's Best. Eph. 6:5-9.

" 11-17. How Much Should We Strive for Material Things? Luke 12:13-31.

" 11. Earning a Living. 2 Thess. 3:1-12.

" 12. Poverty of Riches. Luke 12:13-21.

" 13. The Wickedness of Worry. Luke 12:22-30.

" 14. The Better Things. Luke 12:31-34.

" 15. Men Versus Wealth. James 2:1-9.

" 16. The Vanity of Show. Isa. 3:16-26.

" 17. First Things First. Matt. 6:19-24.

" 18-24. Why Is Christianity the Only Adequate Religion? Acts 4:8-12; John 3:16.

" 18. Honoring the Body. Acts 3:1-10.

" 19. Enlightening the Mind. Acts 4:13-16.

" 20. Inspiring Courage. Acts 4:17-22.

" 21. Salvation from Sin. Acts 4:5-12.

" 22. A New Social Order. Matt. 6:19-33.

" 23. A Sufficient Motive. Matt. 22:34-40.

" 24. Assured Immortality. John 14:1-7.

" 25-March 3. Recruiting for Christ. Matt. 9:25-38.

" 25. The Need of Helpers. Matt. 9:35-38.

" 26. Our Supreme Business. Acts 1:6-9.

" 27. How Christianity Began. John 1:35-51.

" 28. How the Early Church Grew. Acts 2:36-42.

March 1. How Christianity Spreads. Acts 8:26-39.

" 2. Telling Our Friends. Mark 5:15-20.

March 3. Telling the World. Acts 8:4-8. 26.

Pray. Lord, if it is thy will that I should be thy witness in other lands, make me to know it. If I may not go in person, then help me to go in sympathy, and by regular financial support of those who have gone to represent me and thee.

Christmas in Portland, Second Church

Our friends who have previously lived in Oregon will recall Christmas of previous years as a gay time and especially so in Portland, with flood lights straming out from their hiding in the hedge, treetops bursting like Roman candles into stars and windows wreathed in lighted garlands.

These were the more ambitious decorations but quite as pleasant and a great deal more intimately cozy. were the candle beacons that gleamed from the beautifully decorated tree at the Second Church.

There is no better way to speak the Christmas cheer that bides within the house than to share it even by so much as the light of a little candle, with all the world as it goes by. As Portia has it, "How far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Did you observe Christmas in any special way? Of course! How? We tried to put sentiment into it; put in kindness; good cheer; remembered our orphans and old people with gifts; wrote letters to far away relatives and friends; sent out Christmas cards to friends whom we treasure or remembered them in some other little way. By doing all this we did not leave out worship and gratitude to God and the acknowledgement of Jesus Christ. For after all, that which made Christmas was the coming of Christ.

The members and friends thoroughly enjoyed a well rendered program by the Sunday school and the Young People's Society combined on Sunday evening. There were recitations, songs, piano and organ solos, also orchestra music and a dialog entitled "Shall the stars shine?" which was admirably portrayed by eleven characters. It showed us how necessary it is to share our many blessings with our far away missionaries and their assistants. A chorus of about thirty voices sang several numbers under the leadership of Mr. William Freitag.

By the time the teachers had distributed Christmas boxes to each child we found that we really were exposed to the holiday spirit.

The crisis came at 5 o'clock Christmas morning when 27 young people met at the church and piled into cars to sing Christmas carols to our shut-ins. We sang to about 20 members and oh! how they did appreciate this little act of kindness and every caroler was bubbling over with real happiness and contentment. We again came back to the church kitchen and lo and behold, there was a surprise underfoot for us! What sort of

a whiff was there in the air that greeted our nostrils? O-o-h! Coffee and hot biscuits and everything good that "hit the spot" just right to a hungry bunch of young folks. And we say three cheers for the "Willing Helpers" who sponsored this wonderful breakfast! What would we do without our dear mothers who look after our bodily needs?

And thus ended a happy Christmas morning and we as a group of young people are striving to keep the Christmas tree alight in our souls from tip to toe. We want to make it everywhere and in every way, a lighted Christmas every day, lighted with love and friendship and simple gaiety as well as the cheerful rays of a more material resplendence.

"A happy and prosperous New Year to all our societies!" is the wish of the Second Church Young People of Portland.
 LYDIA MOSER.

Englewood Gospel Chorus

The Englewood Gospel Chorus of the Englewood German Baptist Church made its first public appearance on New Year's Eve. A very successful concert was rendered to the glory of God. Every member of the chorus was filled with joy and gladness as well as with thanks to God for the established fact that they were now entering into an active part in our progressive church program. May it please the good Lord to place his protecting and guiding hand upon this, heretofore so badly neglected and yet so vital an element in our church, namely our youth in action.

Six splendid selections were given, every one of which carried with it the wonderful Gospel message. May I here take the privilege to recommend to all who have and could have in their church a similar organization the "Rodeheaver's Gospel Anthems No. 1 and 2." Our Chorus is not only singing the gospel message, but it is also trying to bring through action the message of salvation to the lost. Therefore they are busy singing, praying and inviting, all for the glory of their Savior.

REV. E. R. LENGFELD, Director.

The Homeless Life

Mrs. Newlywed, as reported in "The Outlook," answered the real-estate agent who was trying to sell her a home, as follows: "Why buy a home? I was born in a hospital ward, reared in a boarding-school, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and married in a church; get my meals at a cafeteria, live in an apartment; spend my mornings playing golf, my afternoons playing bridge; in the evening we dance or go to the movies; when I'm sick I go to the hospital; and when I die, I shall be buried from the undertaker's. Why should we buy a house? I ask you. All we need is a garage with bedroom."

* * *

A long way leads to perfection, but that is no reason for sitting down hopelessly or contentedly by the road.

The Greatest Group Leader

In the "Westminster Leader" Dr. Herman H. Horne, Professor of Education in New York University, has an interesting article on, "Jesus as a Group Leader."

Some of the traits of Jesus as a group leader are suggested by Dr. Horne: (1) His was a prepared leadership. (2) His was a tempted yet victorious leadership. (3) His was the leadership of companionship. (4) He engaged the members of his group in instructive conversation. (5) He individualized the members of his group. (6) He gave them work to do. (7) He allowed them to practice the religiously unconventional and defended them in so doing, thus offending the hierarchy. For example, they husked grain on the sabbath; did not fast, and ate with unwashed hands. (8) He had a great purpose for his disciples: First, that they might be with him, and secondly, that he might send them forth to preach and teach. (9) He taught them clearly the greatest truths of life, using all the illustrative and expository arts. (10) He accepted a notable courtesy from one member of his group, Matthew Levi, who made for him a great feast. (11) He had an inner circle of most intimate friends, Peter, James, and John, forming the inmost trio. (12) He took a vacation with them. (13) His ear was open to suggestions. There was co-operative procedure. (14) He used what the disciples had and he used them as in the feeding of the five thousand. (15) He gave them the right attitude toward opposition. (16) He practiced good citizenship in both the Jewish theocracy and the Roman empire. (17) He prayed for them and also for those who later should believe through their words.

Other characteristics of Jesus as a group leader might be brought forth out of his unsearchable richness: "His choice of the members of his group, how his group came to believe in him, some of the examples he set for them, the esoteric element in his teaching, how he blessed his disciples, the responsibilities he placed upon them, the worship he received from them, how he challenged their personal loyalty, his preparation of them for his future suffering, his warnings of things to befall them, and many more such things."

Our study should, as Dr. Horne finally suggests, lead us to ask of ourselves as group leaders these two questions: Which of these traits are open to me to possess? How may I improve my practice to conform to them more nearly?

* * *

A Pennsylvania high school has adopted an admirable code and creed in order to develop strength of character. The keynote statement of the creed is: "I will become more than I am." If a youth should keep that ideal before him daily, he would become more useful to the world. He would be of service to an ever-increasing number, and would enable and beautify existence for all who come his way.

When I Am Old

MRS. W. T. EDWARDS

(Written for the mite-box opening program of the L. M. S., Immanuel Baptist)

Youth is passing, age is nearing, and I cannot help but wonder,
When the shadows creep upon me and I'm wishing not to stay;
Will my busy hands be happy when they can no longer labor?
Will my feet contented tarry, when the heart would up away?

Will the mind that loves to wrestle with the problem of the present
Be content with clouded vision and a nodding easy chair?
Be content to sit with patience, while the younger carry forward
All the tasks that I, who dreamed them, would most surely love to share?

Will there be, of those who love me, any left who have the patience
Which is needed for my comfort, understanding of my ways?
Shall I seem a helpless burden? O, I pray thee, Father gracious,
Let me not beget self-pity. Teach me so to live my days

That when evening comes upon me, bringing retrospection, leisure,
I shall have no evil memories, sadder, than my soul can bear
Of youth ill-spent and careless for naught but selfish pleasure,
Hearing not the cry of weakness, scolding not another's care.

May my life have sheltered someone whom no one cared to please,
My light so brightened pathways that were dimmed and dark away,
And my gifts have filled the altar of unselfishness to these
And as bread upon the waters, return in many a day.

Then I need not dread the shadow when the evening comes upon me,
Need not wish to cross the river ere the span of life is done.
If I've lifted up the fallen or brought cheer to those around me,
I too shall be uplifted, strong, the final race to run.

Kankakee, Ill.

Smiles

An editor of a small-town paper was severely upbraided by one of his readers because, in reporting the wedding of the reader's daughter, he had said in the course of the article, "The bride's roses were punk." The editor was most apologetic for the typographical error and assured the man that a correction would be made in the next issue of the paper. When the paper appeared, the apology was duly made and the correction ran as follows: "Instead of 'the roses were punk,' we meant 'the noses were pink.'"

* * *

No man is truly educated who lacks honesty and sincerity.

The Jews

A short time ago a magazine offered a prize for the best letter about the Jews. The winner, who was a Jew, submitted the following:

"The Jew is Dives; the Jew is Lazarus. The Jew is Felix Adler; the Jew is a gunman.

The Jew is Shylock; the Jew is Baron de Hirsch.

The Jew is Spinoza; the Jew is Maimonides.

The Jew owns Broadway; the Jew is homeless.

The Jew is Judas; the Jew is Jesus.

There are millions of Jews; 'the' Jew does not exist."

This simply means that there are good Jews and bad Jews, just as in any other race. There is no sensible reason for hating the Jews as a people.

New Way to Measure

A little girl went to visit her grandmother. While she was there, her grandmother had some sewing to be done, and the little girl noticed the queer way her grandmother had of measuring cloth. She would put it by her nose and then stretch it out to her arm's length. So one day she found a piece of cloth, and brought it up to her grandmother and said: "Smell this, grandma, and see how long it is."

What One

There are manifold and multiform tests of character. The "one" test is one of them. It was suggested some time ago by Dr. Frank Crane. Take these questions for example:

"What one book would you save if all others were to be destroyed? What man would you like most to meet? What one letter would you like to receive? What one country would you like most to visit? What one thing do you wish you had not done? What was the wisest thing you ever did? What one wish do you want fulfilled? What was your happiest moment?"

Perhaps some other question might come closer in upon your own life. Ask it of yourself and get your own answer.

Familiar Reactions

As soon as day begins to dawn
The meadow-lark starts singing.
As soon as evening comes a star—
The angel's lamp—starts swinging.
As soon as I am in the tub
The telephone starts ringing.
—California Pelican.

* * *

"There's a man outside who wants something to eat."

"Give him some doughnuts and coffee, Jane."

"He seems to have seen better days, mum."

"Poor fellow! Then let him have a finger bowl, too, Jane."—Boston Transcript.