

# 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 Six

## The Risen Christ

**THE RESURRECTION** of Jesus Christ was his coronation. It has been called his birthday. By the resurrection he was declared to be a Prince and a Savior. What was the cross? It was the triumph of force, the triumph of the power of the flesh, the triumph of evil. What was the resurrection? It was the supremacy of the Spirit and victory over the natural forces of life. We are born anew unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

**THE RISEN CHRIST** restored the courage of the apostolic band. It brought the Church into existence. Whatever may be the import we place upon the life and teaching of Jesus, all the teaching and all the beauty of that life would have disappeared if it had ended on Calvary. There might have been a school of thought named after Jesus, but there could never have been a church.

**THE RISEN CHRIST** became the central Motive and the unfailing Source of the gospel message. Eternal life ceased to be a hope; it became a fact. Paul said, "If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable." The gospel rests not on a hope but on an actuality.

HUGH THOMPSON KERR, D. D.

## What's Happening

Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn of Okeene, Okla., recently has assisted in revival meetings at Durham, Kans., and at Ingersoll, Okla.

Rev. Chas. Wagner of La Salle, Colo., has resigned his pastorate to accept the call of the church at Marion, Kans. He begins his new work on June 1.

Rev. B. W. Krentz, formerly of the Third German Church, Portland, Oreg., is now pastor of the church at Streeter, N. D. He began his new work about the middle of January.

Rev. J. L. Hartwick, who has served the church at Mt. Sterling, Mo., as pastor for the past year and eight months, has announced his resignation to take effect on the first of May.

The Young Men's Bible Class of the Sunday school of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis., has selected Prof. W. Rauschenbusch's book, "The Social Principles of Jesus" as text-book for this year. Mr. E. Quade is the teacher.

General Missionary Secretary Wm. Kuhn, D. D., was one of the main speakers at the recent Minister's Retreats under the auspices of the North Dakota Baptist Convention in Bismarck and the South Dakota Convention in Sioux Falls. Most of our German Baptist pastors in both states attended.

An encouraging number of essays in the prize contest on "How Can we win our Young People to our Denominational Enterprises?" have reached the editorial office and are now in the hands of the judges. We expect to make announcement of the winners in "The Baptist Herald" of April 1st.

The many friends of Prof. Otto Koenig of the Seminary at Rochester will regret to hear of a painful accident which befell him through a fall on the ice. He broke his hip-bone and was taken to the hospital suffering greatly. We wish Bro. Koenig a full and speedy recovery and will unite in prayer with many to that end.

Mr. S. A. Hamel, Superintendent of the Temple Church Bible school, Pittsburgh, Pa., for many years, was presented with a white gold wrist watch in appreciation of his faithful service at an open meeting of the Bible school board. M. Fred. Weslager made the presentation speech. The Tabitha Class served a splendid dinner to the 85 persons present.

Rev. G. H. Schneck of the Immanuel Church, Milwaukee, Wis., recently baptized four persons. The Life Service League of the Milwaukee Baptist churches met with the Immanuel church

on February 3rd. The Mary and Martha Class served the supper. Rev. G. C. Mitchell, director of evangelism of the Wisconsin Bapt. State Convention, was the speaker.

The Young Men's Class of the Second German Church, Chicago, reports a visit in February to the Pacific Garden Mission in downtown Chicago to take an active part in the service. The male chorus rendered several selections and several members of the class played musical selections. Rev. C. A. Daniel read the scripture and offered prayer. It was the first time for some of the class members to witness a rescue mission service.

The B. Y. P. U. of the Immanuel Church, Milwaukee, Wis., presented the mission play, "The Color Line" by Irene Taylor MacNair on March 3rd and it is reported as having been a wonderful success. They expect to give a religious drama about every six weeks. The next one will be "Bread" by Prof. F. Eastman. Rev. G. H. Schneck coaches the players. The Young People's Choir under the direction of Wm. H. Wengel furnishes the musical program in connection with these plays.

Many requests have come to us for copies of the dialog for 5 girls, "The Burning Cross" by Rev. G. H. Schneck. We exhausted our first printing, but can now again supply to any who have omitted to send before. We can also supply copies of the dialog on "Our Camerons Mission" by Rev. B. Schlipf, announcement of which was made in a former number of "The Baptist Herald." For mailing costs send 3 cents for either or 5 cents in stamps for both of above to Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill.

The Father and Son Banquet held at the St. Joseph, Mich., church, Feb. 20, registered an attendance of more than 150. Under the chairmanship of Miss Nellie Benning an elaborate banquet was served by the Ladies Aid Society. Decorations carried out a patriotic color scheme and included emblems suggestive of Washington's birthday. Clarence Barth proved himself to be a splendid toastmaster. Rev. E. Umbach, the pastor, was the main speaker of the evening. Arthur Achterberg responded to a toast to "My Dad" and a toast to "Father and Son" was given by Arthur Blushke. The Tillman quartet and the men's choir gave selections. The success of this initial banquet will make such gatherings an annual affair in future.

The Agoga Men's Class of the State Park Baptist Church of Peoria, Ill., Rev. A. F. Runtz, pastor, has a custom of having an oyster supper each year about Washington's birthday. This year proved no exception, the supper being held Feb.

21st. And, as is also customary, the Men's League of the 2nd Baptist Church of Pekin, Rev. R. Blatt, pastor, was invited. (The Pekin boys always reciprocate with a fish-fry some time in June.) In 'all 68 men sat down to supper, 25 being from Pekin. After the supper a pleasant time was spent together with short talks interspersed with lively songs. The main speaker of the evening was a former Peoria boy, the Rev. Louis Broeker of Albany Park Church, Chicago, who brought a splendid message on "Men and Their Minister."

After the close of the Twin-Cities Institute, the Editor of "The Baptist Herald" visited the churches at Randolph, St. Bonifacius and Hutchinson, Minn., Feb. 25-27, spending an evening at each place, speaking in the interests of our Young People's and Sunday School work and emphasizing our Easter Offering. Rural Minnesota was still under a heavy blanket of snow and the roads were blocked in certain places, which had an effect on attendance. Rev. F. H. Heinemann is pastor at the Minnetrista church with almost a quarter century of service. The young people are reorganizing their society. They recently bought a fine piano for the church. At Randolph the people are rallying around their new pastor, Rev. H. C. Wedel. Hutchinson, after being pastorless for nearly a year, is taking steps to call a new pastor. This promising field should soon be manned. Throughout Minnesota the Mound Assembly of the G. B. Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, July 8-14, is being boosted with energy and enthusiasm.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

## How to Talk With God

BY A VETERAN PASTOR

WHEN the psalmist, Ps. 62:8, said, "Pour out your heart before him," he gave us the key to the "mystery" of prevailing and satisfying prayer. This implies that abandonment which is easy to childhood only; and it suggests the force of the Master's words, "Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18:3). The method and the conditions of true prayer are largely indicated by the habits of the normal child in the normal home.

1. Freedom. Do not be offish, or afraid to speak your mind. Be at home with the heavenly Father. Doubtless you will often blunder; what then? We learn by blundering on. The pride and timidity of adult years are a fearful hindrance. Many of your prayers will be unwise, no doubt; still, pray; pray freely. God knows your heart. (Rom. 8:27.) He has appointed his Spirit to the sublime task of stirring up your heart to prayer, and of guiding and animating your petitions. **Let loose!**

2. Early learn to pray more for other people than for yourself; there are more of them. Pray in the language of the universe, not of your own personality merely, or of your family, or clan, or race. God is concerned for all mankind; rise to his altitude. Get out of self. As God's child, your personal needs are sure to be met, though he loves to have you ask for these. To linger on the small needs of your own life is unworthy. Selfishness is a bar to communion with God. You must fly higher than this or you will not fly far. Do not stay in any corral. Get loose!

3. When praying for self, remember that a good heart is more satisfying than a full purse. How God must pity the petty spirit that reserves its agonies in prayer for cries after mere physical health, money, comfort, and such small wares! As a Christian, a son of God, you have come into the commerce of the universe, where money and comfort are as paltry as the brass cash of a Chinaman. Deal in larger currency than this— Pray for a right heart, and let smaller personal preferences slip out of sight or at least take their minor place.

4. Pray often—in bits, with a persistency of habit that betrays a childlike eagerness and absorption. Rise up to question God as children do their earthly parents—at morning, noon, and night, and between times. Ask him about everything. Acquire the home habit with him. Be a child in his hands. Do not fear lest he be too busy to listen, or too "grown-up" to care, or to understand. Just talk to him—in broken sentences, half-formed; with crude

wishes; in foolish chatter if need be. Make the heavenly Father the center of your life, the Source and the Judge of all your satisfactions.

5. If there be anyone whom you are tempted to dislike, or who (you think) has done you harm, by no means omit or tarry to put that person's name on your prayer list, to keep it there, and to pray for his welfare—until, at least, you have ceased to worry over your wrongs (real or supposed), to feel critical of the person involved, or to feel black inside when you think of him— And, observe, the slightest infusion of censoriousness in prayer for these alien lives goes far to vitiate and destroy it all. Turn these dark matters over to God. Let your heart be wholly "light in the Lord."

6. Get into the larger currents of life, where God resides. Have a concern for reforms, missions, great philanthropies, international statesmanship, the unifying of Christendom both secular and sacred, the full triumph of the Kingdom. Where God dwells you find him. Where he is most interested you find him most easily. To be on familiar terms with him involves some interest, and a growing interest, in the larger concerns of humanity. The prayer that has no Foreign Missions in it or close at hand is like the sun in eclipse—only a thin rim shows, or a reflected border. God's sons share in God's tasks and take lively interest in his revealed program and its daily developments.

7. Follow up your prayers. Never drop a name or a petition until the cry is satisfied, the want met, or the person removed from earth—the occasion somehow snatched away. Also, look for answers. Expect results. But be patient. George Müller is said to have prayed daily for sixty years for the conversion of more than one person. Time is nothing to God—or to God's child; the personal quality transcends time, as well as all other earthly limitations.

8. Seek occasion and energy for putting prayer into judicious effort. Prayer and work are twins. They cannot always go hand in hand, but they should never be far apart, and if they are real they are not likely to be. If you want a man converted or otherwise helped, do something, if at all possible, to get him converted, or helped—not blindly, not too soon, not under guidance of heedless impulse, but wisely, lovingly, persistently, as may be in your reach and power by God's grace.

9. Put lavish and specific thanksgiving into your prayers. Life is so rich and full! God is so good! "Let the redeemed of Jehovah say so" (Ps. 107:2).

10. In praying say, "Forgive," and also, "as we forgive." We are apt to be unduly sensitive to others' faults, dull of feeling as to our own. Perhaps we are prone to miss the deeper reason for this pe-

tion as placed in The Lord's Prayer for us? Forgive? God is always ready to do that. The trouble is with us. We cherish resentment. Thus God uses our sense of guilt as a lever. There is a divine art in the very order of the two halves of this petition: all prayer implies a forgiving spirit.

11. "Thy will be done" expresses but the natural feeling of the loyal and loving child of God. What is our will to his? True prayer always inserts or implies this clause. A rebellious will cuts us off—not from God's love, but from power with him.

12. Note that prayer in the name of Jesus does not mean the use of Jesus' name as a mere fetish, as if it were only a rich man's indorsement of your note at the bank. The name of Jesus stands for his person, character, station, work. To pray in his name means sharing with him in spirit, aim, task; in his loyalty to the Father, his devotion to the Kingdom, his love for men, his life of unselfish service.

13. In telling the Father of your sins and your temptations, keep it clearly in mind that he sympathizes with you to the utmost. Keep nothing back. Do not act as one charged with crime before a human judge, trying to put the best face on the matter. . . . God understands.—From the volume, "How to Talk with God."

### The Challenge of Christ to Modern Youth

AUGUST F. RUNTZ

MODERN YOUTH receives a good deal of attention in our day. Judges write books and travel over the country giving lectures on "The Revolt of Modern Youth." Magazines feature many articles on the topic. Educators are delving into the problem. Youth is being pitied, reproached, praised, abused, petted and blamed. "It has been variously asserted by supposed authorities on the subject that youth is religious, irreligious, non-religious and anti-religious." And all that is said has some ground truth.

But modern youth, and I speak primarily of Christian modern youth, is being challenged by Jesus Christ today as perhaps never before. The opportunities for "going the limit" in the wrong direction are doubtless far greater today than they were twenty-five years ago. Even so are the opportunities for "going the limit" in the right direction. Yes, there are many appeals to the base and the sordid. Nevertheless, youth is being challenged, is being dared, today by high spiritual ideals as perhaps never before.

#### A Heroic Rescue

In a college town a moving-picture house was showing a film based upon a book of "that modern variety which has gained such wide popularity in recent years because of its daring and its willingness to cater to the weaker side of human nature by trampling on the decencies of life and flaunting the base and abnormal in human relationships." Among the audience on a certain Sunday afternoon were two of the students, who had gone there because of the appeal of the picture. Suddenly the cry of

"Fire" rang through the theater, and in panic the crowd jumped to its feet and rushed madly for the exits. In a few moments the young fellows stood in safety on the fire-escape just outside the hall. They glanced back, and their eyes gazed on a scene of indescribable confusion and horror.

For only a second they stood there, stunned by the scene which met their eyes. But in that scene came the challenge to their spiritual natures, the real manhood within, and without a moment's hesitation they went to that pit of death from which they had just escaped. They forced an aisle through which women and children could pass to safety. They picked up the helpless ones from under trampling feet and lifted children over the heads of those that surrounded them, fairly tossing them to waiting hands beyond.

Finally one of the lads was knocked off his feet out the door and down the fire-escape to the ground. The other maintained his position until he could do no more. His clothing was on fire. Hands and face were singed by the flames. He made his way through the auditorium to the main doorway and stumbled out on to the street, still conscious but hardly recognizable. A few days later as he lay dying at the hospital, he would look into the face of his weeping mother and say with a ring of triumph in his voice, "Don't cry, mother: I have no regrets." And then he would add with evident pride, "Anyway, mother, I think I was the last to leave the theater alive."

Those young fellows followed the baser appeals at first, but as they saw the situation and the challenge in that theater something nobler dominated their lives. When modern youth sees the challenge of life clearly, there are never wanting those who will respond.

#### "Your Young Men Shall See Visions"

said the prophet of old, and Peter quoted those words in his great sermon. Youth always sees visions. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

"The dreamer lives forever,  
But the toiler dies in a day."

For thousands of years humanity harvested its wheat with the sickle and the scythe. Generation after generation plodded on in the foot-steps of its fathers, until one day someone had a vision of a machine that would do the same work, better and more quickly and without that back-breaking toil of the old tools. As a result we have our great harvesting-machines today.

Century after century wise and hoary men laboriously copied the wisdom of the ages with stylus or goose-quill. One day a mere youth accidentally dropped a piece of wood with which he was playing into his mother's dye-pot. Fearing a scolding he quickly plucked it out again. But the dye was boiling hot, so following a very natural law, he quickly dropped his block of wood to the floor. As he picked it up after a minute he saw to his amazement that the block had made certain dye-marks upon the floor. That youth, Gutenberg by name,

had a vision that day out of which have grown the great printing-presses of our time. The toilers are all gone and forgotten, but the dreamers live on.

Jesus Christ is challenging modern youth to see the vision of a better world; the vision of his kingdom. No one having seen that vision will ever be content with the muck-rake again. As you look at your own life, can you visualize its possibilities if it is linked up with Jesus Christ? As you look at your own church and Sunday school equipment and service do you say

"It was good for our fathers,  
And it's good enough for me"?

Or do you say:

"Regions Caesar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway;  
Where the eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they."

Jesus appealed to his disciples and said: "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." He challenges you to lift up your eyes and look.

#### Follow the Gleam

is of necessity the next challenge. "Hitch your wagon to a star," then be sure to stay on the wagon.

"Be good, my child, and let who will be evil.  
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,  
And thus make life, death and the vast forever,  
One grand sweet song."

Visions are wonderful, but we must use every effort to realize them. There is always the danger of being unwilling to pay the price that is demanded ere a vision can become a reality. Thus we become day-dreamers. That's what Charles Kingsley was warning against in the lines quoted above. Heroic souls strive to have their visions become realities. The price demanded is often stupendous. One day a little man climbed a tree to get a glimpse of Jesus; and that look cost him his fortune. From his own lips just a few hours later came the words: "I will give the half of all I have, Lord, to the poor, and if I have cheated anybody I will give him back four times as much."

Jesus gave his disciples a vision of a world to be won for him. Then he told them: "As they have persecuted me, they will persecute you. I send you as sheep among wolves. They will deliver you up to councils, and in their synagogues they will scourge you. Whosoever killeth you shall think that he offereth service unto God." But "Go!" And those heroic souls followed the gleam. Jesus Christ is daring modern youth to follow the gleam of its noblest visions.

"As they go out from the fair gardens of visionary youth into the wide, confused, turbulent field of life, they will bring with them the marching music of a high resolve. They will strive to fulfill the fine prophecy of their best desires. They will not ask whether life is worth living—they will make it so. They will transform the 'struggle for existence' into a glorious effort to become that which they have admired and loved."

Jesus Christ is challenging Christian youth today to further his Kingdom among men here on earth. There will be persecutions and disappointments. Even Jesus felt the sting of both. The most worthwhile tasks may be done among the least appreciative. What sane man however would lay down his life for money? The constraining power of love, thank God, makes any real man see that there are things dearer than life.

The Christian must win out by seeing the unseen. "Bleeding, appealing, wounded humanity, agonizing on the battlefields of industrial war, broken by the iron fist of greed, will one day say in deepest gratitude to those forward-looking American business men of vision, who, in the spirit of the One who told us of a good Samaritan, are binding up the wounds and leading the way to industrial peace, — I knew youth would come! I knew youth would come!" Jesus Christ is challenging youth to respond to the cry of humanity's millions, who with calloused hands and emaciated arms are looking to youth as their only hope.

"Is it worth while? The man who comes and mocks, the man who comes for rice, the Pharisee—it is worth while to spend a life on these? My God, my God, how could I doubt thee? Take my life and use it to the last shred for whomsoever thou wilt" (Captain Bickel).

#### The Challenge of Youth to Win Youth

No one can approach youth as youth itself for there is a sympathetic understanding. There is a great deal of misunderstanding about the religion of Jesus Christ among unsaved youth. And no one can clear away the cobwebs of misunderstanding as Christian youth. Older folks aren't even listened to. Christian youth must show that the religion of Jesus is not without its charms and thrills; that Christ is not a pale Galilean, fit only for folks who do not feel the pulse of life in their veins. Right here Christian youth can and does show that there is nothing snobbish and weak about him.

In a little book which bears the title, "What Christ Means to Me," Dr. Grenfell says: "If the hardest thing in the world to resist is temptation, we should present a vision of Christ that tempts men the right way. Real religion dreams and sees visions that intoxicate . . . only it intoxicates with deeds of kindness, justice, chivalry, love. It answers the insatiate demands of youth of high spirit for freedom from boredom and the pettiness of daily routine, every whit as naturally and undeniably as dram-drinking, petting-parties, gaming tables or the self-pollutions of lust and license which surely, if slowly, evoke the loathsome Hyde out of the knightly Jekyll which is in us, and, judged by the results, leave their devotees in hell here, whatever may await us beyond this 'bourne of time and place.' Paul's life was as full of thrills as Herod Agrippa's; Livingstone's and Lincoln's as Jay Gould's or King Charles the Second's."

Christ is challenging you that by your faith, your life, your words you win these splendid, gifted but erring youth to allegiance to him.



### "He Is Not Here; He Is Risen"

O the darkness of the villages  
Where no Easter lilies grow!  
O the shadows of the hillsides  
Which no angel voices know!  
O the mists upon the rivers,  
Flowing onward to the sea,  
Bearing yet no sign or token  
Of the earth's great jubilee!

O the nations that have never  
Heard the story that for aye  
Has been ringing down the ages  
Till we call it old today:  
How the Lord of life and glory  
Has come down to sinful man;  
How he brings the lost and wandering  
To the Father's house again!

If the Master call, what answer  
Shall we make him, or what plea?  
Have we digged and hid our talent  
That he claims with usury?  
If the Lord indeed is risen,  
If to us he makes the plea,  
We must send our Easter lilies  
To the lands beyond the sea.

We must send them, though their beauty  
Be to us like incense sweet,  
And their fragrance like the ointment  
On the blessed Master's feet.  
If to us "the Lord is risen,"  
What to him can sweeter be  
Than to send our precious lilies  
To his garden o'er the sea?

A man can pile up a palace of marble  
and live the life of a pauper within it,  
or he may be able only to build a cottage  
and yet live princely within its walls.  
Material things count little in the accu-  
mulation of spiritual wealth.

### We Will Not Forget

#### To Give a Generous Easter Offering to Our Risen Lord and Savior

The Finance Committee is sending to each church a supply of special envelopes for the Easter Offering. We would suggest that our churches, Sunday schools and societies use these envelopes.

#### J. O. Y. Society of Lemberg, Sask.

J. O. Y. meaning Joy in Serving Jesus first, Others second and You last.

The J. O. Y. of Lemberg, Sask., was organized Nov. 24, 1927, with ten members. We meet monthly at the home of different girls.

During this time, along with our monthly meetings, we have visited sick, had several outings and also had a tea and sale of baked goods, raised some money and with the proceeds we purchased an individual communion set for the church as well as a class ring for each member.

May the Lord Jesus be with us as we carry on in our meetings!

MYRTLE FIDELLECK, Sec.-Treas.

### General Missionary Secretary's Trip to Europe

The General Missionary Secretary is planning to sail for Europe on the steamer "Columbus" of the North German Lloyd on Tuesday, March 26. Mr. E. Elmer Staub, Chairman of our Finance Committee, is to accompany him. The Missionary Committee for Kamerun of the German Baptist Missionary Society will meet at Neuruppin, Germany, on Tuesday, April 9. This year there are certain important matters of policy to be determined at Neuruppin, and we will represent the General Missionary Committee at that meeting. Certain immigration matters will also claim the attention of the General Missionary Secretary on this European trip. Our itinerary will include a visit to Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Hungary and Austria in the interest of our own mission work in these countries. We are planning to return on the Holland America Line, sailing from Rotterdam on May 16 on the steamer "Stadendam." It is a pleasure to report that the ocean passage of the General Missionary Secretary will entail no expense either for him personally nor for our own society. During the secretary's absence in Europe, all correspondence with him should be sent to the office at Forest Park as usual, where it will receive careful and prompt attention.

WM. KUHN.

### Anniversary at Nokomis, Sask.

Here we are again. It isn't very often that the Station Nokomis is broadcasting, but just the same we're on the go. Although our society is but small with a membership of 60, we are an energetic lot trying to do our bit for our Master.

We have two meetings every month, such as literary, social as well as devotional. On the eighth of February we celebrated our seventeenth anniversary, the church being filled to its capacity. The program consisted of dialogs, pantomimes and also musical numbers from our orchestra and band. Our minister gave a very inspiring address on "The glory of the youth in their strength, and the beauty of the old in their gray hair" and "Without me you can do nothing."

After the program refreshments were served in the basement of the church. May God's blessing rest on our work during the ensuing year!

E. A. ZEPK, Sec.

Christianizing our pagan business and politics and international relations is a tremendous task still facing us. "The world is perishing," says a sociologist, "for lack of knowledge of the way in which human beings should live together. The Church holds one key to this knowledge; namely, the social ideals of Jesus." It will not suffice to say glibly that we must "follow Jesus." We must work out what following him in business and politics and international relations in this day really means. We must end war. We must equalize opportunity. We must eliminate poverty.

# The Young People's Society

## Purpose—Program—Plans



### At Eastertime

The little flowers came through the ground,  
At happy Eastertime;  
They raised their heads and looked around,  
At happy Eastertime;  
And every pretty bud did say,  
"Good people, bless this holy day,  
For Christ is risen, the angels say,  
At happy Eastertime."

The pure white lily raised its cup,  
At happy Eastertime,  
The crocus to the sky looked up,  
At happy Eastertime.  
"We'll hear the song of Heaven," they say;  
"It's glory shines on us today;  
Oh, may it shine on us alway,  
At holy Eastertime."

'Twas long and long and long ago,  
That happy Eastertime,  
But still the pure white lilies blow,  
At happy Eastertime;  
And still each little flower doth say,  
"Good children, bless this holy day,  
For Christ is risen, the angels say,  
At blessed Eastertime."

### Novel Plans

#### For Missionary Committees

**Picture Meeting.** Let each number on the program have for its text or subject a picture of something connected with mission work. A meeting on India could have a picture of William Carey, accompanied by a talk on India as Carey found it and as it is today. It could have another picture of a Hindoo idol, with a talk on India's gods and their worship. Another picture of a leper camp could go with a talk about Sam Higginbottom's work among the lepers.

**Globe-Trotter's Reception.** At the time for the program to begin an automobile-horn is heard outside, and with much noise and laughter a number of young

people enter in travelling attire, with suitcases, veils, steamer-rugs, etc. They are cheered by the audience, who may sing some appropriate song of greeting. The travellers sit down and the chairman gets from each in some informal way the story of his experiences. Some may volunteer their parts or be referred to by the previous speaker as being able to tell a particular story. As they talk, they take curios, pictures, and costumes from their suitcases to show their friends. The program may be varied with music, some of the travellers volunteering to sing one or more of the native melodies they have heard.

**Legacy Meeting.** An imaginary sum of money is left to the society, the interest of which is to be given to missions in the country that most needs it. It adds interest if a real lawyer can be induced to compose the will or legacy, just as a regular will would be made out, and then to have the reading of the will before the society in the beginning of the meeting. Half a dozen young people have previously been persuaded to represent a country each, and to come prepared to give reasons why each one's particular country needs the money most. If each can be garbed in a costume typical of the country he represents, it adds interest. Judges are appointed, and at the close give their decision as to which country gets the money. The whole society might vote by ballot instead of having judges. One society got two or three members to take part in this way who had never spoken in a meeting before.—Christian Endeavor World.

### The Fundamentals of Social Success

VERSIL S. CRENSHAW,

B. Y. P. U. Field Worker for Virginia

1. Secure a working knowledge of all social materials available.
2. Plan specifically every minute detail in advance.
3. Group all games, stunts, contests and refreshments around one central idea.
4. Include games, contests and music to obtain interest through a balanced variety.
5. Plan four, or more, extra games to avoid embarrassment coming from exhaustion of supply.
6. Let God guide in the preparation and make each social an object of real prayer.
7. Plan to serve refreshments that suit the occasion.
8. Advertise and announce each social so that each person will be informed.
9. Have each individual to become acquainted with all present early in the evening.

10. Do not permit interest to lag, close with as much enthusiasm as you open with, at a reasonable hour.

### Mission-Study Class-Leaders Take Notice

Here are twelve persons to be excluded from mission-study; get every one else included.

1. The back-number person who does not desire to be abreast of the time.
2. The narrow-gauge person who is content to be provincial.
3. The unambitious person who aspires after a limited culture and a limited equipment for his life.
4. The indolent person with leisure time which he prefers to fritter away.
5. The short-sighted person who is busy, but unwilling to release from his program the things of less value.
6. The easy-going person who does not value his religion, or who does not care to prize it more.
7. The selfish person whose social conscience is numb, and who prefers to have it remain so.
8. The materialistic person who lives on the lower levels, and is indifferent to the enrichment of his religious life.
9. The prejudiced person who declares that Christ is unnecessary to the world's salvation, and is too unwilling to consider the evidence in the case.
10. The cowardly person who is afraid to face the issues which expanded intelligence might precipitate.
11. The unreasonable person who, forgetting that he is a product of missions, does not believe in missions, and is not open-minded on the question.
12. The disloyal person who calls Jesus Lord and Master, but is regardless of his ideals, programs, and demands.

—From a Southern Baptist Bulletin.

### Mix the Colors Now

A young girl, speaking of a white-haired woman whom she had seen, said, "If I could be such an old lady as that, so serene, so sweet and lovable, I shouldn't mind growing old." Her companion replied, "If you are going to paint that sort of portrait of yourself to leave to the world, you had better be mixing the colors now." Some one has aptly said, "Carve the face from within; do not dress it from without."

You will not be wanted to handle other men unless you can handle yourself.—Hemingway.

A "white lie" is like a little nail in a tire: it is sure in time to work into the inner tube and cause a blow-out.

# Toward Sodom

By B. MABEL DUNHAM

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

(Continuation)

Chapter VI

## A COUNTY FIGHT

It was an interesting village, this Ebytown on the limits of which the Horsts had come to live. In half a century a thriving community of more than a thousand inhabitants had emerged from a stretch of uncleared swamp. Factories had sprung up and multiplied year by year, and it was confidently believed that the little settlement, now firmly established, was standing on the threshold of a great industrial awakening. It was certainly not without reason that the provident Sarah preferred Ebytown to Greenbush as the scene of the activities of her growing family.

Noah saw not the possibilities but the dangers of life in Ebytown. It was much too cosmopolitan a place for him. The time had long gone by when the women all wore bonnets and shawls and the men broad-rimmed hats, while they journeyed together like sisters and brothers in the Lord through this world to that which is to come. The Mennonite settlement had been invaded, yes, literally swamped, with refugees from the industrial and military persecutions of Germany. These people were either Lutherans or Roman Catholics, and they brought with them strange customs. They were imbued, the Mennonites thought, with very worldly ideas. Noah feared for his children, knowing how susceptible are unregenerated young people to the allurements of this life which now is.

Twelve miles down the river was Shade's Mills, a Scotch settlement totally different from Ebytown. It had been founded in the early days of the century by one Absalom Shade, a Pennsylvanian; and it had grown up almost synchronously with Ebytown, quite outstripping, however, in both population and importance. Vague rumors of the life these Scotch people lived had come to the Mennonites. Civilized Indians, some said they were, retaining their savage taste for firewater and indulging in their primitive war dances, clad in short petticoats, with bare knees exposed, while one of their number marched solemnly up and down blowing wind into great bags, and producing thereby a noise suggestive of the pandemonium of hell. Once they had defied Providence with a circus, and brought an epidemic of the deadly Asiatic cholera not only upon their own wicked heads but also upon many of the righteous neighbors in Ebytown. Sarah and Noah disagreed about Ebytown, but about Shade's Mills there could be only one opinion. They would both be glad if it had been another twelve miles distant.

Now it happened that at the turn of the half-century, Parliament in session at Toronto decided that the interests of the

country could best be served by the combining of contiguous townships into the larger unit of the county. Without giving the matter due consideration, the worthy legislators planned that Shade's Mills and its Scotch township should be unequally yoked together with four townships to the north inhabited by people of Pennsylvania Dutch and German birth. Of these counties, Ebytown was the most populous village and the geographic center. Yet it was decided that, tentatively, at least, Shade's Mills was to be the county-town.

This decree was very gratifying to the citizens of the prospective county-town, but it aroused immediately a most intense indignation among the people of the north. Ebytown, in particular, was insulted, incensed. What right had Parliament to disturb the quiet serenity of their nest by thrusting into it a bird of another feather? Were they expected to stand by, with their heads under their wings, while the intruder preened himself and prepared to rule the roost? Parliament had not reckoned with the people of Ebytown, who would soon show Shade's Mills its proper place in the corner or, better still, eject it altogether.

There was no lack of excitement in Ebytown that winter. Men stood on the street corners in zero weather waving their arms to high heaven and declaring that they would wipe Shade's Mills off the map. The women found a new and absorbing topic for a mid-day discussion over the back-yard fence. Huge snow forts were thrown up by the children, and there the younger generation prepared to do battle over the vexed question. The greatest care was always exercised that to the smallest, weakest tots should be commissioned the defence of the Shade's Mills fortifications.

But the people of Ebytown did more than talk. From time to time they sent formidable deputations to the Legislature at Toronto to advance, as diplomatically and yet as emphatically as possible, this argument and that in support of Ebytown's claims to the county honors. Sometimes in the ante-chambers these men encountered like formidable deputations from Shade's Mills with sheaves of arguments in support of that municipality. The wary legislators graciously consented to hear these conflicting dissertations, listened with doubtful interest, and made fair promises to both parties without compromising themselves in any way with either. When the disputants had departed, the bored parliamentarians aroused themselves from their lethargy, lit their fat cigars, yawned intermittingly, shrugged their irresponsible shoulders, and asked each other if they had any idea what the infernal row was all about.

All the while the feud was kept burning by frequent mass meetings in Eby-

town, in Shade's Mills, and at numerous intervening settlements. The crowds gathered early, and the question of the day was always discussed in small groups with invective surpassed only by that of the later and more experienced speakers on the platform. In the wee small hours of the morning, the men returned to their homes with their original store of arguments confirmed and augmented, and, alas, too often, with their cruse of bitterness filled to the brim.

The Mennonite preachers saw in this contention the snare of the great Fowler, whose purpose it was to embroil the plain people with the mundane things of life. They lost no opportunity to remind their people that Ebytown was, after all, no abiding city, and that its citizens were but pilgrims and strangers in it. They admonished them with all diligence to be sure of their citizenship in that eternal city towards which they were journeying, that celestial city, whose builder and maker is God. That only was important. And yet there were a few Mennonites, an unsaved remnant, who hankered after the mass meetings, thereby evincing to their more righteous brethren alarming symptoms of spiritual decay.

Feeling was running high at Ebytown when the exciting news was spread about that Shade's Mills had challenged Ebytown to a public debate with two speakers on each side. The largest hall in the Scotch village was being requisitioned to accommodate the immense crowd which the occasion was to draw. The judgment was to be as impartial as three disinterested members of Parliament could make it, and it was hoped that after the debate the legislators would be able to find no excuse for shelving the question any longer. The coveted honor would naturally go to the side that should win in the argument, and the municipality of the vanquished would be expected to bury the hatchet in silence, and forever.

Ebytown took up the challenge with alacrity, but declined to have anything to do with the Members of Parliament, who, they said, would have settled the squabble months before, if they had had the brains with which they were generally credited. They were sick to death of the everlasting see-sawing at Toronto. Leave it to the audience, they suggested. They alone could be trusted to give an intelligent verdict.

Shade's Mills still held out for parliamentary judges, but, unfortunately, they were unable to find a single member of the Legislature who would consent to so much as grace the meeting with his presence. This took the edge off the debate. Shade's Mills would have withdrawn the challenge, but Ebytown held them to it. The absence of the legislators would, the latter maintained, mean comfortable seats for three more local men with whom the question under discussion was a burning issue.

All arrangements had been completed three weeks before the date of the meet-

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ing. Half the hall was to be reserved for the visitors from Ebytown and vicinity, the center aisle dividing the Teutons from the Scots. Appropriate music and recitations were to be interspersed between the opposing speeches—like flashes of lightning, it was facetiously suggested, in the midst of a reverberating thunderstorm.

From the first, it was understood that Ebytown's chief representative in the great debate should be its reeve, Dr. John Scott, who could dilate on the uncertain pulse of the body politic fully as intelligently as upon those ills which flesh is heir to. Mr. Collins, the new grammar school teacher, who in a few months had earned a reputation for erudition second only to that of the learned physician, was chosen as his colleague. In these two men and in their confidence of the justice of their claim the people of Ebytown put their trust.

It was Mr. Collins' fertile brain that conceived the idea of having the Pennsylvania Dutch people of the community make some contribution to the program. Since they were the original, and for the first quarter of the century, the only inhabitants of the four townships, they must be aroused from their indifference and persuaded to support more actively the claims of Ebytown. He allowed the idea to revolve in his mind until at last he hit upon a plan. Ephraim Horst must recite—in Pennsylvania Dutch, if possible. Bedad! it was the very thing.

"Ephraim," he said one day at school, "do you happen to know a poem in the dialect of your people?"

"I know what everybody knows, 'Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick,' replied the boy. He recited it in part for the teacher.

"Splendid!" cried Mr. Collins, who hadn't understood a word of it. "It has a good swing. I want you to say it at the debate in Shade's Mills two weeks from tonight."

Ephraim was up against it. He knew how strong was the aversion his father and all his people entertained towards anything that savored of politics. And yet how could he refuse to do this trifling thing for Mr. Collins, who had done so much for him?

"Your father will let you go?" asked the teacher, who seemed to have suddenly sensed the situation. "I'll arrange that with him. Dr. Scott is driving, and we are to go with him."

"Ach, well, then," replied Ephraim, thereby giving his consent.

During the next fortnight the boy's time and attention was centered upon the insignificant part he was to play in the great meeting. He spent hours rehearsing his recitation, practising the intonation, the emphasis, and the gestures. Sometimes at night he was awakened by the sound of his own voice in strange, strained accents. He seemed to be saying something backwards.

On the eve of the long-expected day, Manassah announced his intention of attending the debate. He would take the team and the bob-sleigh and as many of the young men of the neighborhood as could be packed in. They would start

early in the afternoon in order to secure good seats.

"Then I'll go with you," said Ephraim, unconsciously stressing the last word.

Manassah pricked up his ears. "Was you thinkin' about goin' with somebody else?" he inquired.

"With Mr. Collins and Dr. Scott," replied Ephraim, "but I'd feel more at home with you."

"With them you was going!" ejaculated his father. "Did you ast them could you go along?"

"No, they ast me," said Ephraim. It was evident that Mr. Collins had neglected to interview his father on the matter.

Noah was genuinely alarmed and not a little indignant. "Mr. Collins, how you call him, was to be learning you Latin," he said, "and now, 'tseems, it's politics. Politics!" He repeated it censoriously. "But if you start on the downward road, it goes quick. One thing leads on to the next."

Out of consideration for his father's feelings, Ephraim forbore to announce at this time in what capacity he was going to Shade's Mills. He felt a little guilty about withholding the truth from his parents, but not at all about going. If politics are bad, he reasoned, it is only because bad men get into them.

The sleighing party gave every promise of a real jollification. The floor of the sleigh-box was covered with straw, and in it a score of husky farmers' sons faced each other and stretched their nether limbs from side to side. Manassah was the driver, and on the bench beside him sat Ephraim and Levi Gingerich, the hired man. Every mother's son of them was bundled to the nose and warm as toast. Every youthful breast beat high with anticipation. All was ready. They made themselves comfortable in their allotted places. Manassah picked up the reins and told the horses to go on.

Before they reached the gate, they encountered Simeon Ernst, with distress written upon his face. He had hurried and was puffing like a porpoise.

Manassah stopped the horses. "What's wrong?" he asked.

Sarah ran up from the kitchen door. Was Lydia sick, or was it the baby? She wrapped her hands in her apron to keep her teeth from chattering.

Levi nudged Ephraim. "He wants to go along," he said, "but he don't know how to say it."

"Him?" said Ephraim, dubiously. "Why, he's a preacher."

"Chust you wait and see," said Levi, confidently. He remarked on the fur coat and cap and the great woollen scarf that Simeon had muffled superfluously about his neck and ears.

"You didn't tell me yet is Lydy sick," said the anxious mother.

"No," said Simeon, when he could get his breath. "She's not sick but wants Esther to go right away over for company with the bubby. She's always so afraid at the dark."

"At the dark!" was the general exclamation. It was one o'clock midday, and the sun was shining in all its glory.

Somebody tittered in the front seat. "See," said Levi, as he poked Ephraim's elbow.

Simeon had already placed his foot on the runner and was trying to pull himself and his fur coat up into the front seat. "I'm going, too," he announced.

"Must Levi go?" The preacher turned and looked hard at the hired boy.

Simeon's intention had dawned upon Noah. "You're not going?" he said, incredulously. "And you a preacher yet?"

"It's not that I want to go," Simeon explained, "but I feel I must. If something would happen to them, it would always be on my mind that I left them go alone."

"It's the devil's own camp-meeting," opined Noah. "Yes, you go along, Simeon, and watch them good."

"Ephraim can stop to home," observed Sarah.

"Or Levi," was Simeon's suggestion.

"Him, too," agreed Sarah. "They can both stop. Then Cyrus could go. With Simeon along, they can't do him nothing."

This brought forth an indignant reply from Manassah. He declared that what he had said before he would say again, namely, that he wouldn't take Cyrus if he had a dozen vacant places. To his way of thinking, it was Simeon who should stay at home.

"Can you go with Dr. Scott and Mr. Collins?" whispered Levi.

Ephraim shook his head. Only that morning he had told Mr. Collins that he was going with Manassah.

"Well, you must go," decided Levi, who alone of all the crowd shared Ephraim's secret, "so I must stop."

Simeon heard and announced Levi's decision with great glee. He had been standing in front of the two boys waiting to pop into whichever seat should be vacated for him. He pulled out the robes that Levi had tucked so carefully about his legs.

"It's not that I want to stop," Levi remarked in mock seriousness, with a sly glance at Simeon, "but I feel that I must. What if something would happen to the cows? It would always be on my mind that I let them alone."

This sally was greeted with a round of applause from the box. The discomfited Simeon pulled up the robes and Levi helped to tuck him in. A cheer for the hired boy, a jingle of bells, a shout of farewell and they were off—off for a night of excitement the like of which had never yet been known in the history of the far-famed village of Shade's Mills.

Levi's disappointment was intense. It was written on every feature of his face. His first impulse was to run to the barn to hide it.

"Levi!" It was Esther who called. The others had hurried back to the warmth of the kitchen, leaving the girl alone on the back porch. "Levi, come here once."

The hired boy stood a moment, undecided.

"Ain't you comin'?" cried Esther, a trifle testily.

"If I'm comin'?" answered Levi, still halting between two opinions.

"Well then, stop," Esther flung at him over her shoulder. She ran into the house and banged the door.

By this time Levi had decided to vouchsafe the girl the desired interview. He stuck his hands in his pockets and went to the house whistling. But Esther wasn't in the kitchen.

"What was you wanting?" asked Sarah, peering at him over her spectacles.

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Sarah. "Then what for did you come?"

"To see her—Esther."

"You chose a bad time," commented Sarah. "Esther's goin' right away to Lydy's over. I thought you was to mind the cows."

Levi beat a hasty exit, not to the barn but to the front of the house. There he waited in the cold until Esther came along. "Did you want something?" he asked her.

"I did," replied Esther, coolly, "but I don't now."

Levi thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, turned on his heel, and began to whistle.

"Levi."

"That's how they call me."

"You're laughing at me."

"Not at you," protested Levi.

"At who then?"

"At fate."

Esther stared at him blankly.

"A long mouth don't get you nowhere," the young man explained. "If the kettle won't boil, whistle; if it boils over, whistle twict as hard."

"You're a funny boy." Esther smiled expansively at him. "I could cry that you can't go to Shade's Mills."

Levi could himself, he declared, if it would do any good. He had never been so disappointed in all his life.

"Life is queer," philosophized Esther, from her experience of fifteen years.

"You want to go, but here you must set; I want to set, but no, I must go. Ephraim said I could have his Latin Book to learn a little, but I can't over to Lydy's."

"Latin!" exclaimed Levi.

"Yes, Latin. Don't you hear good, Levi?"

"But you are chust a girl."

"And girls, you think, have only rattles in their heads," retorted Esther. "We can think as good as you can. Better." She added defiantly.

Levi did not reply for fear of precipitating a quarrel. He never knew how to treat these incomprehensible creatures called girls.

Esther had an insatiable curiosity about Levi, and this, she decided, as the time to appease it. She asked him bluntly why he was studying Latin. Did he want to be a missionary like Ephraim?

"I'm not good enough for that," said the boy.

"Of course you're not so good as Ephraim," observed Esther, frankly, "but

you ain't so bad as the heathens yet. You might pull them a little out of their mud, if only you would feel to go to Chapan."

But Levi had no intention of becoming a missionary, and he wasn't going to let a mere slip of a girl push him headlong into the mire and slime of heathendom.

"A doctor, then, mebbe," suggested Esther. "Look at Dr. Scott and all the good he does. If you would be like him now.... If I was a boy, I'd be a doctor."

"I'm not clever enough," said Levi. "My brains are all rattles."

Esther shot at him an accusing look. "You're laughing at me know," she said.

"I'm not. All the time I'm laughing at fate."

Esther knew better, she said.

"I laugh to think how far off it is, and how hard I have to work to get there."

"Where?"

"To my ideal."

"To what you want to be, you mean?"

"Yes, to be a teacher like Mr. Collins," said Levi. "Little children I chust love. If I could learn them good...."

"Teach them, Ephraim says we must say," interrupted Esther.

The correction was received with good grace. "Mebbe it's because I'm only a poor orphan boy, but I feel so for the children," he went on. "If I knew enough to teach them. They would learn from me. That's what I'm trying for with the Latin. But it's a secret. Why did I have to go and tell you, I wonder."

"Because I ast you," laughed Esther.

Then Levi turned the tables. Why was she studying Latin, he wanted to know. She couldn't be a doctor, or a missionary, or a teacher.

Esther blushed to the roots of her hair. She suddenly remembered that she ought to be on her way to the Ernsts'.

"That's not fair," protested Levi.

"I don't want to tell."

"Nor I," Levi reminded her, "but I did."

"But mine's not grand and wonderful like yours and Ephraim's."

"Every ideal is wonderful," said Levi.

Esther's confusion increased with Levi's persistency. In all fairness she was bound to tell, but how was she going to do it? "It's—it's—most women are it," she stammered at last. "All but me, and I can't be. Mam said."

Levi stood and looked at her, puzzled over the enigma she had given him to solve.

"If you can't guess that, you won't make no good of a teacher," the girl added, running away from him. "Your brain is all rattles."

At this juncture, Sarah came to the door, and gave vent to vials of wrath. Levi had to take the brunt of it, for Esther was soon well up her way. "You leave her alone," she advised, among other things. "You can't have her. I won't give her up—never. Ach, me! I wish Manassah would 've had sense enough to have took you along to Shade's

Mills, and let you there always. It will give trouble, I can see, with you around."

Levi pulled his cap over his ears and went off whistling. Shade's Mills! What wouldn't he give to be on his way there at that moment?

(To be continued)

### Twin Cities Mid-Winter Institute

Last fall the Minnesota Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union decided to hold an institute during the winter months. Plans were discussed and made for a great institute. The time for our first Mid-Winter Institute finally came, and now that it has passed, we all feel that our first effort along that line was an overwhelming success.

The first meeting was held at the First Church, St. Paul, on Friday evening, Feb. 22. Rev. A. P. Mihm, our General Secretary, showed us the moving pictures which he had taken of our 1928 Mound Assembly and also pictures of young people at work and play in other parts of the country. It was rather amusing to see ourselves in the "movies," at work, at study, and at play. The pictures brought back pleasant memories and gave us an early invitation to our next assembly this coming summer.

The remaining meetings of our Institute were held in the Minneapolis church. On Saturday morning, Prof. J. Heinrichs of the Northern Baptist Seminary in Chicago led a discussion on "Young People's Work," and Rev. Mihm led another on "The Boy Problem in the Sunday School." These discussions were very practical and very helpful. Saturday afternoon was given over to a Toboggan Party, which took place at Columbia Park, Minneapolis. An enjoyable time was spent by many enthusiastic tobogganists, including several of the pastors. On Saturday evening, a group of young people from the various churches gave the story of Queen Esther in dramatized form. The cast was directed in all its rehearsals and the final performance by Miss Marcella Beise of St. Bonifacius. Rev. F. P. Kruse gave the introductory story.

The Sunday afternoon meeting was a Union Meeting at which Prof. Heinrichs brought the message. His sermon topic was, "Christ, the Teacher." In the evening, the closing message was brought by Rev. Mihm, who spoke on, "Youth—Thrills—Religion." He spoke of the thrills which are experienced in our various walks of life and finally encouraged us to seek the thrills of consecrated service.

An added feature of the Institute was a United Chorus composed of singers from several of the churches and directed by Miss Frieda Appel. This chorus furnished special music for all the sessions.

Now that our Institute is over, we are eagerly looking forward to our annual Mound Assembly next summer. May the Lord bless us as we plan for the advancement of his Kingdom!

MILTON R. SCHROEDER, Sec.

### Survived

A. A. SCHADE

Yes, that's right. That's the caption of my first report as a novice Field Secretary. It is true the boast must be modest, as only two months are involved, and the worst may yet be to come. Nevertheless they brought the first thrills and impressions of my fascinating experience. But what was there to survive?

First of all shocks which are administered by the varied, large or small, but uniformly distinguished audiences which everywhere faced me with eager expectation, with spiritual hunger, possibly mixed with some idle curiosity. Fortunately they were meek, looking up "as hungry sheep longing to be fed," as Charles Lamb would put it. Every public speaker knows what it means to face the crowd whose expectations have been keyed up by flattering introductions, and to come off saying to himself, "Survived again."

A like quality of courage was required to plunge into the conferences which followed the addresses in which the real conditions of the churches and the real problems of the work were spread out before our eyes, and in which the Secretary was bombarded with a broadside of theoretical and practical questions concerning every phase of our common task. To get through one of these thrills with a generous display of your wisdom and a careful concealment of your limitations is an accomplishment which deserves to be called a survival.

If further vindication of the title is called for, a reminder of the temptations placed before their guest by the generous hostesses who would feed him on the abundance and fatness of the land, of the walking sightseers who drag you from one world wonder to another and of the dashing "sight showers" who whirl through the busy thoroughfares and haul you from one vantage point to another, of the loads of luggage which the inexperienced traveller drags along and of the tugs of wife and children at home on your heart-strings while you spend weeks on your journey, these all ought to reveal the deep meaning which the term conveys.

But sure enough, neither body or spirit are any the worse for it. On the contrary, the insight gained into the problems which confront brother pastors and sister churches, the memory of the happy fellowship which rapidly whiled the time away and enriched our lives, the vital thrill which radiated forth from the throngs of enthusiastic people are all cherished possessions which are carefully tucked away in the heart to be brought forth again and again for pleasant reviews.

I came into contact with a total of 39 churches during these two months, conducting two larger institutes, delivering 33 addresses, conducting 18 conferences, speaking to a total attendance of over 4500 people and travelling 4000 miles. Many of the meetings were small, as I visited the smallest churches which often need outside aid the worst. The largest meeting was the enthusiastic New York



Graduating Class German Department of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School  
Back row left to right: Wm. Jaster, Wm. Voigt, Wm. Schweitzer.  
Front row: E. Gutsche, M. De Boer.

Jugendbund, meeting on Washington's Birthday, which filled the Second church of Brooklyn to capacity numbering 456.

What impressions did I carry forth from these meetings?

1. That we as a denomination have reason to be hopeful in view of the devotion with which our faithful and efficient pastors are laboring in their respective churches. It is an education in itself to come into closer fellowship with these excellent workers. They deserve our full confidence and a large place in our intercessory prayers. Knowing one another's trials and problems we cannot fail to pray more ardently for one another.

2. I was impressed with the faithful groups of Christians who gathered affectionately about their pastors and labored under their direction for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. It requires much courage and tenacious faith to stick to the ship unto the last while the stormy gale is lashing in on all sides and many take to the life boats to save themselves in larger vessels. But thank God, we have those who will not desert the heritage which has come upon them from their fathers. They will make their church triumphant to the glory of God.

3. Every church has its peculiar problems the solution of which is imperative if it is to fulfill its divine mission. With many it is the language problem, with others it is the church locality problem, with others again it is lack of equipment, and in one or two rare cases an excess of equipment. The solution of these problems calls for Christian statesmanship. A business that goes down from year to year will eventually fail, and a church that goes down, down, down ought to stop and take stock of its situation. It may be due to conditions, but it

may be due to church policy also. We should not be content to let things drift along. We must seek the remedy. May God give abundant life to his people, that they may thrive in their church relationships!

4. The church must look to childhood and youth for its growth. It cannot be adequately recruited by throwing the life line out and salvaging some of the human wrecks who spent the greater portion of their life in worldliness. It must wield the shepherd's staff and feed the lambs which God has entrusted unto it. If the outlawed brewers and distillers and cigaret manufacturers carefully cultivate the field of childhood and youth to recruit their shortlived patronage how much more ought the Church of Jesus Christ put the child in the midst of its program and bring it up in the ways that it ought to go, knowing that when it grows older it will not depart therefrom. Let a church put the child in the midst of its program as Christ placed a child in the midst of them and it will soon be rejuvenated and add many a span to the length of its days.

But I must not be lengthy. Others also have something to say, and our editor dislikes to use the scissors, so I must close with a "Hearty Thank You" for your kind co-operation, hospitality and response. I trust the sugar coating has dissolved from the pills now and that they are taking effect. Let the church work out the salvation of itself and its youth!

### A Meaty Plea

I never sausage eyes as thine,  
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,  
And liver round me every day,  
We'd seek some hamlet far away,  
And meat life's frown with life's caress,  
And cleaver road to happiness.

# Thoughts on Fundamental Christianity

Professor LEWIS KAISER

## IV. A Fundamental Appeal

John 15:4: "Abide in me and I in you."

### The Staying Quality

The test of the Christian life is its staying quality, its stability and permanency, its power to persist and to abide under all conditions. How often has it happened since the days of Jesus that "many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him!" On every church roll there are names of those who began well and for a time "ran well," as Paul says of the Galatians (Gal. 5:7), but by and by in the stress and pressure of daily duties, or in the face of opposition and ridicule, or because of the lure of worldly attractions, they lost interest and soon fell out of the ranks altogether. One of the symptoms of the sad decline in the spiritual life of the churches is the great number of lapsed church-members. And yet there can be "victory through the Lord Jesus Christ" only as those who bear his name are "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord" (1 Cor. 15:58). The abiding Christian is the victorious Christian.

### Facing the Test

It was a fateful crisis for the disciples of Jesus. He was about to leave them to go to his father by way of the cross. No wonder that they were mystified, bewildered and downcast. They had hoped for a different course of things. They had looked for his triumphant coronation upon the throne of David in the Holy City. The language of the cross was unintelligible to them. So their hearts were torn with disappointment and doubt. Their confidence in their Master was severely shaken. Indeed they were sorely tempted to turn their backs upon him. Jesus saw their mental distress, their doubt and wavering. He discerned the awful strain upon their loyalty to him. So he turns to them with tender solicitude and with all the passionateness of his infinite love pleads with them not to turn away from him, to keep faith in God and in him. (John 14:1.) He reasons with them, that what is about to happen to him, his death upon the cross and his rising again, will not mean loss to them but incalculable gain. He argues, that only as he shall go to the Father in the Father's appointed way, and only as the promised Spirit shall come, will it be possible for them to enter into fuller fellowship with the Father's plans and purposes, to live the larger life and "to do the greater works" (John 14:12).

At this critical time the disciples were facing the supreme test of their life. Disappointment and distrust had brought them wellnigh to the parting of the way with their Master. Hence his passion-

ate appeal: Do not turn away from me! Believe in me! Abide in me! If you turn away from me, you turn away from the Father and you forfeit everything that can make your lives fruitful in all that is good, noble and true. But if you abide in me, a future of richest promise awaits you. Then your lives will blossom out into ever richer beauty and grow into boundless fruitage. "Abide in me and I in you"—that is the fundamental appeal of Jesus, for only as we continue in his fellowship and cling to him in unquestioning loyalty can we live the victorious Christian life.

### Being a Branch

"Ye are the branches." It is a great privilege to be a branch. It is to share the best there is in the vine. A branch is a part of the vine, not something separate and distinct; it is the vine itself with all the vine's richness and fullness of life. The Christian does not merely receive blessings from Christ, does not merely enjoy his friendship, have his help and live under his protection. That would be a high privilege, even if it were all. But the believer enjoys far more than that. He is a branch of Christ, one with him, life of his life. Christ's fullness flows into his heart and floods every channel of his life.

There is, however, another side to this illustration of the branch. The test of true union with the vine is *fruitfulness*. The vine itself bears no fruit—all the fruit must grow on the branches. So it is not only a great privilege to be a branch, but also a grave responsibility. If a branch is fruitless, with nothing but leaves, it makes the vine a failure at the point where it grows. Christ is the vine, Christians are the branches. The life of Christ must express itself in this world through the lives of Christians. How? In Christlike character and Christly service. That is the fruit by which the branches are known.

As believers we represent Christ. The blessings which he would give to the world must be given through us. It is upon our human lives that the fruit must grow with which Christ would feed the hunger of men. We are "the body of Christ," our hands are his hands, our feet are his feet, our lips are his lips. While here on earth, Jesus lived in one human body, now his body is the whole company of believers. Are you a living branch or a dead branch? Though all the branches but one hang full of fruit, the one that is empty makes the vine a failure in the place where it hangs. Alas, how many dead branches there are in the churches! They are still within the church, but cut off from the vine, that is, detached from Christ, for Christ and not the church is the vine. "Abide

in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

### Thin Soil

In that matchless parable of the sower the Great Teacher compares different lives with different kinds of soil. One kind he describes under the figure of thin soil, too thin to bring anything to ripening. The soil may be rich enough in its quality, but there is too little of it. It consists only of a thin layer and then under it lies the hard rock. The seed sown springs into quick life, but when the sun rises the tender shoot is scorched and as there is no root because of the shallow soil, it withers away. What a striking illustration of a shallow Christian life! "This is he that heareth the word and anon with joy receiveth it, yet hath he not root in himself" and does not abide. Because it cannot bear the testings of the world it soon droops and perishes. (Matt. 13:20, 21.)

There are those who by reason of their spiritual shallowness do not furnish soil in which the good things of religious principle and character can grow. Worthy intentions do not solidify into fixed purposes. Good impulses do not become directing principles. Religious emotions do not ripen into fruits of noble character. Heavenly visions are not wrought into holy deeds. There is no root and the tender shoots soon lie withered and dead on the ground. There is a promising start, but an early collapse. Many begin to build, but are not able to finish. If all fine beginnings of character ripened into perfection, how good we all should be. But alas, the soil is too thin, the green shoots find no place to root and under the first hot sun they wither. What comes of all our good intentions, our fair promises, our sacred pledges, our solemn vows? Too often nothing but faded leaves. We do not abide.

### Weeding the Garden

There is that other parable that speaks of the soil in which the good seed sown failed because there was too much else growing in the same piece of ground. (Matt. 13:22.) The roots of thorn bushes had been left in the ground and when the wheat began to grow the thorns shot up too. They grew so rapidly and rankly that they crowded out the wheat and nothing came in the end of the good seed, which had started so hopefully.

Weeding is a very important part of a gardener's duty. The ground must be kept clean. Our hearts are like gardens. We plant the seeds, but the weeds are in

the soil too. If let alone, they soon will have full possession and all our gardening will be a failure. What are the thorns and weeds? Jesus says, the "cares, riches and pleasures of this world." These things stay in life, where the good seed has been planted and are so aggressive that they choke out the gentler growths.

In our day "the pleasures of this world" are one of the greatest menaces to the spiritual life of Christian youth. True, God means us to have pleasures. When these are kept in their right place and are of a wholesome nature, they really add to the vigor, buoyancy and charm of our life. Recreations—that really do re-create—are as needful for us as work. We need to supply used up energies, to restore and rebuild our physical and mental powers. But too often pleasures are allowed so to fill the thought and to engross the interest, that they crowd out all worthier things. Amusements of the right sort have their place, but when they become the controlling passion and the dominating interest, they unfit us for the more serious duties.

Like everything else in the life of the Christian, his diversion and recreation also should be in harmony with his Christian ideals and aims. We would suggest the following principles to guide you in the choice of your amusements: Choose such amusements that actually re-create, that is, tend to give wholesome, helpful stimulation to body and mind; avoid all those that have a baneful effect upon your spiritual and moral life. We should heed the advice of the mother of John Wesley: "Take this rule, my son, whatever impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscure your sense of God or takes the relish off spiritual things, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." "Doubtful pleasures," some one has said, "like doubtful eggs are so likely to be bad, it is safest to let them alone."

Then too our attitude to amusements should be determined by the effect of our example upon others. We are responsible for our influence upon others. Let us be certain that in the things we permit ourselves to do, we are not leading others into temptation. The apostle's admonition is: "Take heed, lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak" (1 Cor. 8:9). Beware of the thorns that choke out the wheat!

### Abide In Me!

That is the essential condition of spiritual life and growth. Joined to the vine we are linked up to an unending source of life. The vine sends its roots down into the soil, drinks in its moisture and turns it into the life-giving sap. The branch, abiding in the vine, receives from the vine this life-giving sap and transforms it into choice fruit. In union with the vine the branch not only works out its own destiny, but also fulfills the purpose of the vine. Salvation in the last analysis is *fruitbearing*. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring

forth fruit and that your fruit should remain" (John 15:16). "Christianity," one has said, "is Jesus Christ and his extension in human life."

### For Further Discussion

1. What are some of the common causes of backsliding among Christians?
2. Why did the disciples take such offence at the teaching of Jesus respecting the necessity of his death upon the cross?
3. What is a parable? Why did Jesus give so much of his teaching in parables?
4. What is the fruit that Christians should bear?
5. How can spiritual fruitfulness be increased?
6. In what sense is the church the "body of Christ"?
7. What should be the Christian's attitude to amusements and sports?
8. Is conscience always a safe guide to right conduct?



### Upon His Throne

Lord Jesus in the garden,  
With Easter glory fair,  
Poor weeping Mary's pardon  
Forever sealing there;  
For pain at sad defection,  
For many a broken vow,  
Joy of thy resurrection  
Bring nearer to us now.

Through Olivet's cloud broken,  
Ascending far in air,  
Thy last commission spoken  
To thy disciples there;  
From mortal sight though parted,  
Thee conquering Lord we own;  
How can we be faint-hearted,  
With thee upon thy throne?

—Richard Arnold Greene, in The "Christian Herald."

A noble character is a father's best gift to his son. \* \* \*

How shall I go up to my father if the lad be not with me?—Genesis 44:34

### Who Will Handle the Publicity?

In every group there is one person better fitted than any other for being publicity-director. How shall we find him (or her, often a girl is the best publicity director)?

Apply the following tests:

1. He is faithful to and enthusiastic over the Christian religion, the local church, and the great crusade to train young people through B. Y. P. U.
2. He has the respect, confidence, and admiration of the minister, the superintendent of the Bible school, and other church-leaders.
3. He is original in ideas, but sensible; not freakish or sensational. He can be counted upon to attract attention with his publicity, and to keep it on a high level befitting the aim of the organization which he advertises, the church of Jesus Christ.
4. He is alert to learn. A course of study of methods of publicity, or a Y. M. C. A. class, or a similar opportunity will find him eager to study. The city librarian knows him as a reader of books on publicity and advertising. He is constantly looking for new ideas.

5. He is tactful; giving credit where credit is due; not advertising persons so much as the purpose; keeping in mind the goal, which is to train others for service for Jesus.
6. He is prompt, always before time rather than late. For a "cold" news story is dead. Foresight is essential to his success.
7. He is thorough and accurate. He will be sure to get all the facts, the "who, why, what, where, and when" of his story, and in full detail. He is careful as to spelling, dates, etc.

8. He is one who perseveres. "Try, try again," is his motto. He knows no failure, is not easily discouraged, and is resourceful, always ready with a new plan to gain publicity if one plan fails.
9. He can run a typewriter, or can get the help of one who does typing, for newspapers prefer typewritten "copy."
10. He is a good general, an executive who can enlist and inspire others; who can radiate optimism, cheer, and progress; who can make the church of Christ so attractive that it will win others.

Submit these tests to each society in your union. Have each society vote upon and select the individual who best meets these tests, and name him publicity-director of the local society.

### Which Is Which?

They sat at the table and gazed into each other's eyes, what time he mechanically consumed the food that was set before him.

"Ah!" she said, "I am glad you like it. Mother says there are only two things I can make properly—potato salad and marmalade tart."

"Indeed," said he, "and which is this?"



Alberta Bible School Quartet  
Leonard Jespersen, Ruben Kirn, Harold Jespersen;  
Sitting in front: Arthur Weissner

### An Alberta Quartet

The above group of young men are students of our first German Baptist Bible school of Alberta. They are representatives of our German Baptist churches of Alberta. Leonard and Harold Jespersen, Glory Hills, Arthur Weissner, Camrose, and Ruben Kern, Leduc. They formed a quartet during their student days and carried on missionary work in the neighboring churches. Their zeal to do the Lord's work was especially proven when they went to Wetaskiwin on a mission trip with the thermometer registering 58 below. Nothing daunted these young enthusiasts, but like the great apostle Paul they were determined to spread out the message of God in word and song. Their recent visit to Wetaskiwin and other churches was much appreciated. May God continue to use them mightily in his work!

AN OBSERVER.

### 80th Anniversary of Spruce Street Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Ebenezer" for many years was the epithetic inscription which served as a background for the pulpit lights of the Spruce Street Church, organized as the First German Baptist Church, and how applicable this word seems to describe an 80th church anniversary, "Hitherto has the Lord helped us!" Then, too, eighty years, as the Psalmist describes it, symbolizes power and strength, but longevity in the Master's service does not signify the writing of an obituary. Spruce Street is still a soul-saving station, anchored upon the solid rock foundation, Jesus Christ, and we pray it may continue to thrive on the faith of our fathers, which is living still, as long as Jesus tarries.

Sunday, February 17, was a blessed day. One of the special features was the guest speaker, Dr. Wm. Kuhn, whose

forceful and inspiring messages, interwoven with pointed, jocular anecdotes used effectively, brought forth both the solemnity of the occasion and manifested the joy, peace and happiness of Christian fellowship and service.

The festivities began in the Sunday school session, which service was augmented by the morning worship held in the German language, the message being delivered by Bro. Elmer Baumgartner, former pastor of the church. Bro. C. E. Cramer, present pastor of the church, presided at the meetings.

The afternoon service proved to be very interesting and unique. Looking over the audience, representative Baptist pastors were seen from the two other German churches, the Polish, Italian and colored churches. In addition to the aforementioned polyglot assemblage, several Chinese Sunday school scholars were also numbered with the foreign-speaking roll call. An effective contribution to the afternoon service was formed by the prayers offered by visiting pastors which were illustrative of the barriers of race cast aside when we are all one in Christ Jesus.

Brief remarks were made by the pastor of the First English Baptist Church of which Spruce Street is a descendant. Dr. E. H. Dutton, Executive Secretary of the Buffalo Baptist Union, gave a condensed retrospection of the work accomplished by former pastors, the status of the field at present, and an encouraging outlook for the future.

Through the kindness of the ladies of the church, provision was made for those desiring to remain for the evening service and a delicious repast was served in the basement where we were also replenished with spiritual food by means of testimonies and prayers, interspersed with favorite hymns.

The doorway of the evening service was opened by "singing unto the Lord

with thanksgiving." Messages of greeting were brought by the pastors of the two German churches, Rev. Wm. A. Mueller of High Street and Rev. P. Geissler of Bethel. Each church contributed toward the program by rendering musical selections, but a special expression of thanks is due the organist and choir members of the Spruce Street Church for their various renditions and sacrificial time consumed in preparation for the occasion.

For his evening text Dr. Kuhn, with his usual ardent deliverance, dwelt on 2 Cor. 3:18, using as subsidiary remarks the excerpt "What would Jesus do?" from Sheldon's renowned book "In His Steps." Very fittingly the song "More like the Master I would ever be" was chosen, and as the zenith of the anniversary day, before dispersing "Blest be the tie that binds" reverberated within the walls of God's house of worship.

Thus the mundane sun went down on another day of congenial Christian fellowship, but the Sun of his righteousness never sets on those who daily concentrate on the meaning of the verse greeting the entrant to the church, "Halte im Gedächtnis Jesus Christus."

LILY C. OSTWALD.

### B. Y. P. U. at Salt Creek, Oreg.

Another year has passed into history and our hearts are filled with gratitude to our Lord for the many blessings received. On Friday, Feb. 15, we celebrated our 33rd anniversary in our beautiful new church, six miles north of Dallas, Oreg. Every seat in the main auditorium was filled and part of the gallery too. We were very glad to welcome friends and neighbors, some of whom traveled as far as 60 miles to be with us. We hope they did not regret it.

The introductory music by the band under the able leadership of Rev. R. E. Reschke was greatly enjoyed by all. The band was organized two years ago and has 12 members. Then a piano solo, scripture reading, and prayer followed. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed that we had literary and devotional programs, Bible contests, Bible studies and a debate. Our 55 members raised \$126.10 last year. \$100 of this was used to help pay for the new pulpit, table and chairs.

There were three recitations, two dialogues, a solo, duet, ladies' quartet, piano duet, men's quartet and a chalk talk illustrating "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." But the best of all was the address by Rev. J. A. H. Wutke from Portland. His subject was: "Jesus, the Young Christian's Ideal," Hebr. 12:2. We can learn much from great men of all times, but Jesus, with his prayer-filled life, knowledge and use of God's Word, and ever willing and helpful service to all during his life here on earth, is the only perfect example for young and old. May we follow him more closely during the coming year!

After the program refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, cake and coffee, were served in the basement and a social hour enjoyed.

M. V.

### On Easter Even

SUSAN COOLIDGE

When the sun sets, let me say,  
"Each day is an Easter day,  
When the Lord may rise in me,  
Bringing life and victory;  
Every eve an Easter eve,  
When my heart a glorious guest  
Must make ready to receive,  
Swept and cleaned and duly dressed.

On its altar there shall lie  
Lilies white of purity;  
Roses white and roses red  
Shall their grateful odors shed;  
Passion flowers with cross on breast  
Violet purple sweet, I'll lay  
Where my Lord's dear feet may rest,  
Haply—on this Easter day."

So each night, O faithful heart,  
Keep thy vigil, draw apart.  
Dress thine altar fair and fit,  
Sure the Lord will hallow it.  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Sin in vain would bar his way,  
And, each morrow in the skies,  
There shall dawn an Easter day!

### Rochester Seminary Receives Unique Valentine

Prof. F. W. C. Meyer at the Baptist Congress in Toronto confided in some of us, stating that he very much desired to have a fund of \$1000 for the Seminary Library so that the interest money, \$40, could be drawn annually, to buy new publications. Santa Claus did not get there but St. Valentine did—in the form of a large red heart, decorated with the usual Valentine magnificence—on the inside was a decorated slip of paper, covering a \$50 check with the following rhyme:

To the Seminary,  
A Valentine greeting sincere and true,  
From our Buffalo G. B. Y. P. U.  
An offering taken at our Institute,  
As a gift to you—we know 'twill suit.  
To "Say It With Books" is our desire,  
So that more knowledge you will acquire.

Although the check was entirely hidden by the rhyme our keenly perceptive professor found it—evidence follows—here is his reply:

My dear Florence Fischer,  
You'll need no well-wisher  
To get your young people to do a good thing;  
They surely to Rochester sunshine did bring!  
Just think of it, on St. Valentine's Day  
They hurried a "special delivery" away  
With a burden of love, a glowing red heart  
Resplendent with cupids all playing their part,  
And laddies and lassies all smiling benign,  
And small golden hearts that a secret entwined,  
A secret of something we need by the peck—  
At least you will say so—a fifty dollar check!

A check forever to check mental gloom  
In properly lighting our Library room  
With literature such as our students de-  
vout

Can hardly advance in their studies  
without.

I thank you and pour out my gratitude's  
cup,

For beautiful Giving Brings Young Peo-  
ple Up!

With loving good wishes to all and to you  
Henceforth we can spell G. B. Y. P. U.  
F. W. C. MEYER.

We send this to our genial professor  
through the "Herald," wonder if his vis-  
ualization faculties will discover it as  
quickly as the \$50 check.

My dear Professor F. W. C. Meyer,  
Of reading your good wishes we'll never  
tire.

Glad that to Rochester our "Fifty" sun-  
shine did bring,

Thank you for appreciation in the verse  
you did sing.

Loving regards to the Seminary we ex-  
tend,

Hoping more gladness other gifts will  
lend.

Although too late "to say it" with em-  
bellished "heart"

St. Patrick's Day season may do its own  
part.

In sending snakes—useful—with nice  
long green backs,

Or four leaf clover in pots, full of gold  
in stacks;

Also clay pipes filled with just "money  
to burn;"

Or high hat—to "pass the hat" for this  
cause we yearn.

And fat pig—filled with "chink"—in its  
back a wide slit—

That too for the library fund surely will  
fit.

The Irish potato stuffed to its very eyes,  
Coin for your most appreciative sur-  
prise.

May "Happy Easter" a great pleasure  
have in store.

Many nest eggs of silver and pure gold  
galore,

Reposing in grass—each blade a silver  
lining.

We know for a thousand you've long been  
pining.

Numerous waddling ducks—each one  
with a bill,

Will give you generous help—your quota  
to fill.

Osterhaas will come along—to do his very  
best,

Gold crop chicks and roosters to "feather  
your nest."

Whate'er we'll do—we'll do it with  
rhyme,

Hoping other societies will follow our  
line.

Our name will spell—Getting Busy Yields  
Plenty Universally,

Although it did spell Going Broke Yet  
Perfectly United—we gave all un-  
stingily

We thank you for this wonderful oppor-  
tunity,

To buy books of science, arts, travel,  
theology.

Philosophy, literature, philology and bi-  
ography too;  
Religion, history, fiction and periodicals  
new.

We wish our students joy and when they  
do grind,

Unlimited knowledge in these books  
they'll find.

With loving, kind remembrances to all  
and to you,

Buffalo G. B. Y. P. U. and Sunday School  
Workers too.

### New Books

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

*Fireside Talks for the Family Circle.*  
Albert W. Beaven, D.D. The Judson  
Press. Philadelphia. 142 pages. \$1.25.

This book is by the popular pastor of  
the Lake Ave. Baptist Church of Ro-  
chester, N. Y. Its purpose is to aid in  
making Christian Homes more efficient  
as centers for religious training by help-  
ing parents with definite and practical  
suggestions. Dr. Beaven proceeds from  
the conviction that religion should be  
central in wholesome parental thinking.  
Young parents who would develop a  
wholesome Christian atmosphere in their  
homes, who would make the home a  
happy and delightful place in which to  
rear their children in godliness, will find  
this book most helpful and suggestive.  
In a time when so many forces in modern  
life are at work to undermine and dis-  
rupt the home, an attractive book like  
this which emphasizes the responsibility  
and the privilege of the home is doubly  
welcome.

*African Jungle.* A. M. Anderson,  
A. B. Gospel Trumpet Company. An-  
derson, Ind. 192 pages. \$1.00.

The author spent seventeen years in  
intensive mission work in Africa. He is  
no parlor jungle writer, but one who has  
had close association with the heathen he  
portrays. He knows their customs and  
their manner of living. He gives a true  
and vivid picture of pagan life with its  
horrible witchcraft and degrading su-  
perstition. We follow in these pages the  
jungle baby from its time of birth to  
the death and burial of a heathen and  
the death and burial of a Christian.  
What a difference the Gospel makes!  
This book will stimulate missionary in-  
terest among young people and ought to  
find a place in Sunday school libraries.

*The Prayer Life.* Andrew Murray.  
Geo. H. Doran Company, New York.  
153 pages. \$1.00.

Andrew Murray was one of the most  
fruitful and most spiritual writers on  
the subject of Prayer. He has been  
called "The Apostle of Prayer." In a  
day when religious activity is stressed  
so much, we need to be reminded where  
the sources of power lie. We cannot  
neglect to cultivate the prayer-life.  
Prayerlessness is our sin and our weak-  
ness. The revival, so much sought for  
in our churches, will only come when in-  
dividual Christians again turn to prayer  
and experience its mighty power in all  
its fullness. We call attention to the



book at this time because one of our denominational leaders has offered a copy free to all of our ministers. We believe that many of our people in the pew will also wish to become acquainted with this classic on prayer.

*Trouble.* Jeff. D. Ray. The Judson Press. Philadelphia. 80 pages. \$1.00.

The author is professor in the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Forth Worth, Tex. It treats of the problem of suffering. This problem has taxed the minds and faith of multitudes in ages past. Job and Assaph and Jeremiah wrestled with it. Of course Prof. Ray does not attempt in this book of brief compass to give an entirely satisfactory solution of this problem. He hopes out of a long experience, a rather wide observation and a fairly close study of the teachings of God's word on the subject to say something that will help some who are suffering to bear such suffering bravely and even to rejoice in it. In this purpose the author has succeeded.

A. P. MIHM.

### Translation of the Hymn "Lass Mich Gehen"

C. A. DANIEL

Let me flee, let me flee!  
That my Savior I might see.  
Oh my soul for him is yearning,  
And I long to be discerning  
Him, and stand before his throne.

Tender light! tender light!  
Sun, that bursts through clouds of night.  
When shall I with saints enrolled  
Stand before him and behold  
All his glory pure and bright?

Sweetest song! sweetest song!  
Can I hear from angel throng.  
Had I wings, today I'd fly  
Over vales and mountains high,  
Just to hear that angel song.

Enter in, enter in,  
Through the pearly gates within.  
Salem's golden streets to roam,  
That is my eternal home.  
Lord, I hear thee call me home.

Paradise! Paradise!  
Sweetest fruit of Paradise.  
Under trees of life 'twill seem  
Like unfolding sweetest dream.  
Lord, bring me to Paradise.

### Reading Christians

The Christian should read books that call for the exercise of the mind; that enlarge and broaden his vision; that deepen his character, and put power into his personality. He should *know* more than other men as well as love more. He should have reason for the faith that is in him. He should be concerned with the work God is doing through his Church, and should be interested in all that is being said and thought about the faith. We need big men among our laymen as well as among our clergy, and it is books, thoughts—big thoughts—and the exercise of the reason, as well as faith, that make big men.—The Christian Work.

### A Lesson on Sunday Observance

Big business and Sunday observance are not generally associated together in the public mind, but "The Manufacturers' Record" (Baltimore) gives us striking instances in which two of the country's greatest business houses make it a strict rule to keep the Sabbath Day holy. John Morrell and Company, packers, a century-old firm of Ottumwa, Iowa, which last year did a business of \$75,000,000, observe the Sabbath Day so strictly, we read, that they do not permit any one in their employ to work for them on that day. This is brought out in a letter from T. Henry Foster, the president of the company, to Edward T. Fenwick, a Washington attorney, who had written that he preferred not to travel on Sunday to attend some of the meetings of the company.

"There is one thing, however, that I want to comment on, that is the fact that you do not like to travel on Sunday in order to appear at meetings in our behalf.

"I am glad to know this, and I want you to feel that you need never travel on Sunday in connection with any of John Morrell and Company's business. If, in order to reach a destination it is necessary to travel on Sunday, it can be understood between us that the work is to go over until the next day.

"In our business we observe the Sabbath Day everywhere, and have done so as long as the business has been in existence. We not only do not work ourselves but we do not want to permit any one to work for us, and, as long as the present management is in charge of this business, we expect to maintain this rule.

"We are really glad once in a while to come across people who have the same respect for the Sabbath Day we have."

In a letter to "The Manufacturers' Record" on the same subject, Mr. Foster says:

"A great deal of our success I attribute to the high standard of living maintained by the founders of our business and the importance they attached to spiritual values and made use of in their relations with their employees, their competitors, and the public.

"You will realize that we operate a highly perishable business, dealing as we do in live stock and fresh meats. Nevertheless, we have found it not only possible, but also entirely practical, to fully observe the Sabbath as a day of rest."

Another great Western firm, Marshall Field and Company, of Chicago, which has ramifications all over the world, has a similar rule in regard to Sunday observance. Seventy-five years ago, we read, Marshall Field and Company inaugurated a practice of pulling down their store-window curtains on Saturday night and leaving them down until Monday morning. This practice has continued to the present time. In a full-page advertisement in the "Chicago Tribune" some weeks ago that firm inserted the following statement:

"At the end of their first week in business the owners of a little shop lowered

the curtains of their windows and went home.

"On each succeeding Saturday night the curtains were pulled down and kept down until Monday morning.

"As the little shop grew the suggestion came from many sources that the curtains should stay up.

"The owners had an old-fashioned back-ground. They had been taught in childhood that six days are enough for the things that are seen. The first day of the week, they said, is for the things that are unseen—rest, and worship, and family life, and freedom from thoughts of business.

"Is this old-fashioned custom good, in days when so many old-fashioned customs are being crowded out? We like to think so. We like the idea that on the first day of the week the church and the home should come first.

"And prosperity is only permanent where there is reverence, and natural trust, and faith."

"Here," says the "Manufacturers' Record," "is a lesson for all America to study. May it be heeded ere it is too late!"—Literary Digest.

### Vengeance

Adolphe Sax, we have recently learned from a short account of his life, suffered a remarkable succession of misfortunes during his earthly sojourn. He was knocked down a flight of stairs, swallowed a pin, was burned twice, drank poison by mistake, was nearly asphyxiated, and, in an explosion, came close to having his component parts widely scattered. There is no definite record of the fact, but it seems probable that all this made Sax a bitter man and filled him with a desire for revenge against an unkind fate. Such circumstances frequently create in man a vicious ingenuity—and so it must have been with Sax. Before his demise, he triumphed. He invented the saxophone.—The Columbus Dispatch.

### A Rare Bird

Waggish Diner (with menu): "Chicken croquettes, eh? I say, waiter, what part of a chicken is the croquette?"

Waiter: "The part that's left over from the day before, sir."—Boston Transcript.

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The big car was speeding through the village at a mild forty-five miles an hour.

"Henry, dear," said the motorist's wife, "I don't think you ought to be driving so fast."

"Why not?" asked Henry in surprise. "Well," explained his wife. "I have a feeling that the policeman who is shouting and running behind us doesn't exactly like it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

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A visitor said to a little girl, "And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

"Diet," said the modern child.