

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Seven

CLEVELAND, O., APRIL 15, 1929

Number Eight

My Melody

To know Jesus and make him known.
To live the beautiful life that reflects Christ.
To have a pure, large, happy and brave heart.
To see earthly things in a heavenly light and do
my work with all my might.
To live in this world as a child on my Father's
estate.
To speak with the smooth voice that reveals a
gentle character.
To keep my eyes only on God as I strive to serve
him and all mankind.
To have the sweet consciousness of being of serv-
ice to God, matching creed and deed.
To be meetable, lovable and helpable to all kinds
and conditions of men, women and children.
To waste no thought on the evil acts of others.
To love nature in all its aspects—from gray to
gay.
To have the joy of adding my little to the good
done in this world, giving, under God, a full expres-
sion of my individuality.
To be ready at any instant to meet my King.
To end life with all debts paid and duty done.
To be patient until God says concerning my life
on earth, "'Tis done!" hoping also for his "Well
done!"
To be all for and through Christ.—Eph. 5:19.

W. W. BARKER.

What's Happening

Rev. D. Koester, pastor at Corona, S. D., has resigned to take effect the last Sunday in May or if needs be, until a successor is on the field.

The Young People of the Northern Association of North Dakota will hold an Assembly this year at Brush Lake, north of Mercer, June 24-30.

The Emery, S. D., church, Rev. Geo. W. Pust, pastor, participated generously in the denominational Easter Offering. The Sunday school gave \$150.86 and the church \$262.46, a total of \$413.12.

Rev. G. Ittermann, pastor of the German Baptist Church at Fenwood, Sask., has resigned to become the new pastor at Yorkton, Sask. He began his ministry at Yorkton on April 1.

The Sunday school of the Trochu, Alberta, church has arranged for the introduction of seven curtains in the church room in order to separate the classes at sessions and to make for efficiency in teaching.

Rev. Bruno Luebeck, pastor of the Plum Creek, S. D., church, was operated on for gall-stones in the Methodist Memorial Hospital at Mitchell on March 29. According to latest reports, he is making satisfactory progress to recovery.

The Young People's Society at Camrose, Alta., was reorganized and entered into the work of the Lord with new enthusiasm. The new officers are Arthur Weisser, president; John Müller, vice-president; Martha Link, secretary, and Mabel Schmitke, treasurer.

The Address of Miss Frieda L. Appel, which was lacking from the request for articles needed in her missionary work in the Philippines, published in the last number of the "Baptist Herald," is care of Baptist Mission, Iloilo, Philippine Islands. We hope many will respond.

The new address of Missionsinspektor Carl Fuellbrandt, the European representative of our General Missionary Society, is Hadersdorf-Weidlingau bei Wien, Cottage St. 9. (Vienna) Austria. All correspondents of Rev. Fuellbrandt will please take notice of the change.

The new address of Miss Winifred E. Baum, treasurer of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Central Conference, is 125 So. Humphrey Ave., Oak Park, Ill. All treasurers of organizations will please take note and forward remittances to new address.

The church at Edmonton, Alta., Rev. A. Kraemer, pastor, held evangelistic meetings from March 17-29. Rev. S. Fuxa of Nokomis, Sask., assisted Bro. Kraemer with marked blessing from the Lord, 32 persons testifying to having re-

ceived grace and peace. Six of these were from Rev. Kraemer's Men's Bible Class.

Pastor Fr. Alf reports the largest attendance in the Sunday school on Easter Sunday since he is pastor in Goodrich. The Young People's Society rendered an Easter Songalogue on "The Prince of Life" in the evening. A weekly church bulletin is being issued, the costs being defrayed by the business men of the town.

The Third German Baptist Church of New York City, Rev. J. F. Niebuhr, is now issuing a weekly Sunday bulletin, attractive in its make-up and interesting in its contents. During February and March three were received by baptism and five by letter. One of the deacons recently donated 50 English and 25 German hymn-books to the church.

Rev. C. N. Wiebe of the church at Elginwood, Kans., had the joy of baptizing 8 souls on Easter Sunday morning. They are the fruit of praying parents, faithful Sunday school teachers and especially of the special meetings conducted in December last by Rev. Theo. W. Dons of Oak Park. It was during those meetings that most of them decided for Christ. The church is hopeful of these young converts and trusts they may become soul-winners for Christ.

Three of our minister's homes have been invaded by the angel of death of late. Rev. and Mrs. Carl Swyter mourn the loss of their son Otto Theodore; Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Friederichsen of Maywood, Ill., mourn the loss of their daughter Grace Lydia, and Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Socolofsky of Creston, Neb., grieve over the loss of their youngest daughter Kathryn Clara. The "Herald" extends sincere sympathy to these bereaved families. May the Father of Mercies comfort them in their sorrow!

John Hartwick was ordained to the Christian ministry by a council called by the German Baptist Church of Mt. Sterling, Mo., on March 31st. Five pastors from American churches and Rev. A. E. Vogt, the candidate's predecessor, took part. After hearing Bro. Hartwick's Christian experience, call to the ministry and views of Christian doctrine, it unanimously recommended the candidate for ordination. Rev. J. S. Arvin of Owensville, Mo., was moderator. Rev. J. O. Brown gave the charge to the candidate. Rev. J. S. Arvin made the charge to the church, Presentation of the Bible by Rev. A. E. Vogt. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. F. Affolter and the welcome into the brotherhood of ministers was extended by Rev. H. J. Maples.

One grumbler in an ordinary family can keep up enough disturbance to make the home uncomfortable for all.

Gideons at Portland, First

Have you become acquainted with the "Gideons" of your city? They are a fine bunch of traveling salesmen, and very worthy of your acquaintanceship.

Sunday evening, March 17, the B. Y. P. U. of the First German Baptist Church, Portland, Ore., were entertained by a group of ten Gideons in the B. Y. P. U. hour. What an inspiration they proved to be! Their hearty singing, their enthusiastic account of their association and its progress, and their personal testimonies were one hundred per cent in participation as well as sentiment. They made us feel that we had a vital work to do and that Christianity was a real he-man's religion.

"The Gideons" is a Christian Commercial Traveler's Association in America and also international. Their object is to improve every opportunity for the betterment of their fellow travelers, business men and others with whom they might come in contact. Their most notable work is the placing of Gideon Bibles in hotel rooms. They have already placed 850,000 Bibles. There are evidences that these Bibles are helping souls the world over.

Let us all give our support to the Gideons; they are helping our cause along. M. M. P.

Gas?

A dentist says that he had an absent-minded motorist in his chair the other day. "Will you take gas?" he asked. "Yeah," replied the patient; "and you'd better look at the oil, too."

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Just Where Thou Art

Just where thou art, lift up thy voice,
And sing the song that stirs thy heart,
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand,
To lift, to save, just where thou art.
Just where thou standest, light thy lamp,
'Tis dark to others as to thee;
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

Out yonder, in the broad full glare
Of many lamps thine own might pale;
And thy sweet song amid the roar
Of many voices slowly fail;
While these thy kindred wandered on
Uncheered, unlighted, to the end;
Near to thy hand thy mission lies,
Wherever sad hearts need a friend

—Selected.

Our Prize Essay Contest and Its Winners

IN the first number of the "Baptist Herald" for 1929 announcement was made of a prize essay contest. This was started at the suggestion of Mr. E. Elmer Staub, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and the readers of the "Baptist Herald" were invited to enter the contest and to submit their essays according to the rules made in the above mentioned statement. The subject of the prize essay was: "Winning our Young People for our Denominational Enterprises." The undersigned were to act as judges in examining the essays and to make awards.

Twelve essays were sent in and received the close scrutiny and careful review of the judges. The three prize winners are as follows:

First Prize \$30

Miss Wilma Ehrlich, 83 Coleman Terrace,
Rochester, N. Y.

Second Prize \$20

Mrs. Helen S. Paxson, R. 2, Paterson, N. J.

Third Prize \$10

Mrs. Arthur Wirth, Vesper, Kans.

A special prize of \$10 was given for various reasons to Mr. Herman J. Weihe, 1071 15th St., Milwaukee, Wis., for his excellent paper on this subject.

While the number of contestants was not very large, the judges feel that the contest was worth while and for a first undertaking of its kind it was also in a measure successful. Some very fine papers were submitted and it was not so easy for the judges to reach their decision. A number of the essays ran close as far as points of award were concerned. The judges have tried to render their

decision carefully, fairly and conscientiously. Not all could win but we congratulate all who entered the contest. The effort to think on this topic and to express the thoughts of the writers is in a measure a reward and gain in itself to those who did so.

Seven of the essayists were men and five women but the women were at the top this time. Some no doubt had some previous experience in attempts of this nature and others evidently entered into a maiden experience. Two were from New York state, two from New Jersey, one from Ohio, two from Wisconsin, two from Iowa and three from Kansas. There seems to be more interest in the subject in the West than in the East and Kansas did itself credit by entering three contestants. Two writers were from the Atlantic Conference, two from the Eastern, one from the Central, four from the Northwestern and three from the Southwestern. The Pacific, the Texas, the Dakota and Northern Conferences had no entrants. We missed representatives from these important groups. It struck us rather strange that only one contestant was to be found in the large Central Conference. We can hardly imagine none in these conferences thinking about this important topic. They simply failed to write down the results of their thinking or else forgot to mail them in to us. We hope for a still larger and more all-around competitive endeavor at some later opportunity.

The prize essays will be published in the "Baptist Herald" in consecutive numbers as well as some of the other essays which showed merit.

E. ELMER STAUB.
WM. KUHN.
A. P. MIHM.

Judges.

The Peril of an Easy Religion

CHAS. F. ZUMMACH

"IT is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem" (1 Kings 12:28). So spake Jeroboam to the people of Israel. The words, though ancient, have a very modern application. Too many people are still looking for "an easy religion." A religion that costs nothing, a church that makes no demands, that places the sole emphasis upon the acceptance of its creeds, leaving the individuals to do pretty much as they please, this is the kind of religion many people like.

Though politically divided the two kingdoms remained religiously one. They still worshipped a common God in a common Temple. Jeroboam feared that this would eventually lead to a political unity, so he set about to deliberately destroy the religion of his people. The subtle way in which

he did it, does credit to the genius of Satan himself.

He did not make war on religion, as Russia is doing today. "Man is incurably religious." He may have a very foolish, or even a bad religion, but some form of religion he will have. Nor did he tell them that their religion was wrong. A man's religion may not play a very vital part in his life, but let some one attack it, and you have a fight on your hands at once. Men have always fought for religion, even though they have refused to live it.

Making It Easy

No, he proposed to make it easy for them. "Your religion is alright, but it is giving you too much trouble, it is too expensive." Jesus always appealed to the heroic. "The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Nowhere do we read in the New Testament that discipleship is an easy matter. Christianity begins with self-denial. It is not a path where you can wander at will.

From bitter experiences I have learned to beware of the man who tries to sell you "something just as good, but it costs less," instead of the real article. These people thrive, because there are so many folks who are always looking for bargains, "something for nothing." Usually they end up with "nothing for something." The cheapest religion is the most expensive in the end.

"Earth has its price for what earth gives us." Physical strength is not acquired by lounging in an easy chair. We little realize the stern self-discipline behind the prowess of the athlete. Intellectual power is not acquired by reading cheap novels, the sporting page, and the funny strips. Well do I remember the late Dr. Woelfkin's answer, when one day a student asked him, how he acquired his wonderful mastery of the English language: "By reading Shakespeare through twelve times, and by committing whole scenes and acts to memory."

Few outstanding men in the business world today were born where "life was easy." Some one has said: "It takes but three generations to get from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." Too often the ease which comes with inherited wealth, brings with it a corresponding lack of ambition and decline in morals. I have read Howard's "Princes of the Christian Pulpit." I found that these great preachers, though differing in many respects, were all prodigious workers. Great preaching, like everything else is "10% inspiration and 90% perspiration."

The Successful Christian

is the one who works at his job. He takes his religion seriously, and is willing to pay the price. "O, I wish I knew my Bible like Bro. Faithful." Well, why not ask him how he got his knowledge of the Bible. "O, I wish I could pray like Bro. Devout." Try asking him, how he acquired his power in prayer. "O, I wish I were as Christlike as Sister Sincere." Alright, find out how she acquired her Christ-like disposition. Certainly not by taking religion easy.

It is "The Broad Way" that leads to destruction. The narrow road may seem steep and hard to climb, but it leads to "The Holy City." They say that Rembrandt's two paintings of himself are "too

tragic for tears." The first was painted when he was a struggling young artist. It shows the face fine and clean. But success brought him ease, and ease brought him moral decline. The other picture, painted late in life, portrays a face "in which the candle of the soul has been snuffed out by the choking atmosphere in which he lived."

Edgar Allen Poe was one of America's most brilliant men of letters. "He could write poetry like liquid music, he could outsing the sky-lark." But he was devoid of that sterner stuff required to master the dark passions which cast their shadow over his life. His "Raven" song is the tragic story of the final going out of the light of the soul.

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming;
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws the shadows on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted nevermore."

Obedience to the Heavenly Vision

LILY C. OSTWALD

THE oft-repeated answer "Lord, here am I, send me," is generally associated with the call to the foreign field, but doesn't an erroneous impression prevail in the minds of a majority of professing Christians that this answer only applies to the foreign missionary?

Christ's fields of service lie in every section of the universe, but his positions cannot be filled without a vision, and the vision is succeeded by a call: "Follow me."

How often Jesus must be walking up and down the aisles of the churches today, searching for yielded hearts and surrendered lives willing to respond to the "Follow me" call with the joyful answer: "Lord, here am I, use me as it pleaseth thee." He always has need of a consecrated spiritual life that is dedicated to his service, but there is a vast difference in performing a phase of work in the church for self-glory and receiving plaudits similar to a celebrity, than being engaged in a humble piece of work for the glorification of his name, confident that he has placed you to fit in his perfect plan for your life.

Choosing One's Own Work

instead of allowing him to choose it, proves disobedience to the heavenly vision. How the Lord could bless the churches if, instead of positions being filled through human efforts and influential friends, God's guidance were asked through prayer, and the disciples of his choice would be the only alternative. The Christian life is not measured by influence with men, but power with God. Ascertaining his will is revealed to us by the Holy Spirit through prayer. Earnest, God-pleasing prayers are the result of intense love to our all-sufficient, omnipotent Savior. A heavenly vision is resultant to fervent prayer, guidance being subsequently given, and God awaits the answer which must either be, "Yes, Lord, here am I, use me," or, the answer of

procrastination: "Not now, Lord, some more convenient season." Of course such a reply would be inaudible, but isn't the heart voicing it in silent acquiescence?

The life of Christian service consists of many avenues; some meek prayer warriors who are willing to be like the meekest of the meek, that beloved "J-E-S-U-S." Some "helps" willing to fit in wherever the Lord has need to be ministered unto and use the one ready to respond to his call: "Here am I, Lord, use me as it pleaseth thee."

Jesus uses others as nucleus of comfort to whom burdened souls go with their problems and are sure always to receive words of consolation, for they came to such who were willing to speak a word of cheer in the Master's name. Then, too, there are the numerous sick and shut-ins. Why, in many cases, are they so rarely visited by their colleague Christians? Could Jesus not find one who was willing to be obedient to this vision? Must they hear his answer some day: "I was sick and ye visited me not"?

Another vision frequently avoided is the

"Vision of Persecution"

if we may use that parlance. Persecution and revilings are generally the "high-test" pressure placed upon a consecrated life and it will either surmount the testings by becoming refined as pure gold, better fitted for the Master's use, or cause the recipient to careen down to a less useful sphere of service.

God will reveal his purposes some day, but the heart of a disciple whose days are given to the praise of the Lord is assured by the thought that a crossless person here is a crownless soul "over there." In order to reign with him we must have fellowship with his sufferings. What a fullness of heavenly peace and radiant joy permeates the soul as the Spirit whispers, O! so tenderly, within: "Jesus, too, was persecuted and you are called to follow him!"

Preeminent of All Tasks

is that of soul-winning. How many souls Christ causes us to come in contact with each day! Is a word of testimony for Christ given in their presence? Are they speaking to a living epistle of his or to one whose testimony has been lost? Christians! awake from the lethargy of indifference toward the unsaved who are daily going to perdition, and pray for a vision of Calvary which is essential before souls can touch other lives with blessing and radiate the "Jesus" life which is "known and read by all men." When Jesus calls you, do not cringe and make excuses, for by responding to the pleadings of the Spirit, with God's grace and strength, he can use you as a powerful instrument in his hand.

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision" is a personal question which every regenerated soul must answer to the Savior, for service is the next step to salvation. No one can borrow some one else's vision or do another's work. God is a God of order and harmony and has an eternal plan for every life which is revealed and gradually unfolded through the vision in the "upper room" prayer experience with God alone.

What power would be manifested in the churches in these very last days before his appearing, if the pews were occupied with souls "Obedient to the Heavenly Vision!"

Preparing for Leadership

NEVER a leader comes into any position of prominence and power without preparation. And sometimes that preparation is made without realization of the fact that it is a finger board pointing onward to greater days. For example, Moses with all the culture of Egypt and all the training and prestige of Pharaoh's court, was not fully prepared for his great life's work. He needed forty years in the wilderness not only to sober and sweeten his imperial spirit but also to acquaint him with the hard conditions which it was necessary for Israel to face during the long years of wilderness wanderings.

An instructive historical parallel to Moses has been found in the career of George Washington. As a young man he surveyed much of the country over which he fought during the American Revolution. Moreover, he learned the secrets of the wilderness through which he was to lead the patriots in their fight for freedom. The young surveyor was unaware of the preparation he was making for that military career which made him the Father of our country and linked his name with liberty throughout the world.

Many of our young people today may think they are living rather prosy lives when they are discharging the routine of their everyday tasks. Let them not minify the commonplace. Let them do their work, every phase of it, to the very best of their ability. It may be that in the mightier days to come they will find invaluable the training, the discipline, and the hard experience through which they are passing now.

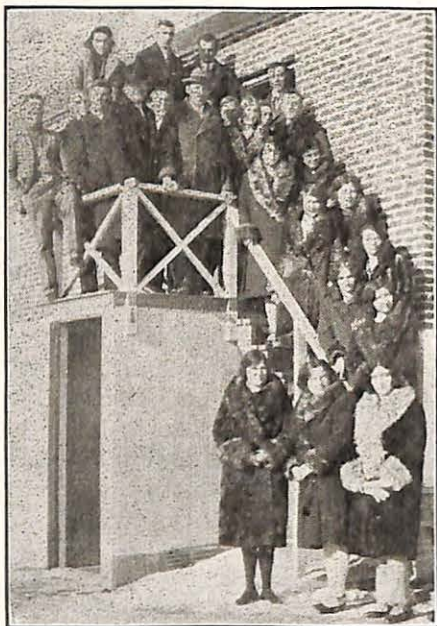
Editorial Jottings

YOUNG PEOPLE are apt to value the things of life in terms of money or of sensation. The great problem is to make them see life as Jesus saw it. His sense of life was the spiritual estimate.

WE SHALL NEVER GAIN anything by cheapening the terms of the gospel. At the cross the crowd said, "Let him now come down from the cross and we will believe on him." But Jesus never comes down to people's selfish desires. Men must always come up to him.

A FAIR ESTIMATE of our age is that it is efficient but shallow. The problem is to keep the efficiency of this age and recover the "practice of the presence of God." Prayer helps greatly in this practice. The kind of life that most people are called on to live today shuts God out.

WITH THE SEASON for Daily Vacation Bible Schools rapidly approaching, the article by Field Secretary A. A. Schade in this number is well-timed and opportune. It conveys a great deal of information on how to start and run a Daily Vacation Bible school. We ought to have more of them in our churches.



Group of Students at the Bible School at Leduc, Alberta, January, 1929

Bible Training School of the Alberta Young People's Union

For a long time it has been the desire of our young people and officers of our Union to hold a Bible school to train our young people for better service in their churches. After careful and prayerful consideration it was decided to arrange for such an institute to be held at Leduc from January 16 to February 14.

Our General Young People's and S. S. Secretary, Rev. A. P. Mihm, was consulted and gave us valuable advice. He also kindly consented to come and teach during the first two weeks. He instructed in the Life of Christ, Religious Education and Methods in Young People's work. Bro. Mihm was a great inspiration to our students. It was also our pleasure in having another efficient teacher for the last two weeks in Rev. W. J. Appel, pastor of our Minneapolis church. Rev. Appel's subjects were Introduction to the books of the New Testament, Missions and Practical Work in Soul-winning. We are thankful to Bro. Appel's church as well for permitting their pastor to give of his time to this undertaking. Both of these brethren have been a great blessing to us, and our young people are looking ahead with great expectation to the next term which is to take place, God willing, in January, 1930.

Other teachers that took part in this school were Rev. F. W. Benke, homiletics; Rev. E. P. Wahl, History of the German Baptists; Rev. Philip Potzner, Introduction to the books of the Old Testament, and Rev. Ch. B. Thole in Stewardship.

On February 14 the closing exercises were held in the auditorium of the First Church, Leduc. Appropriate music was rendered by the students. In addition to the teachers short addresses were given

by the Rev. A. Kujath of Calgary, Alta., Rev. A. Kraemer of Edmonton, Rev. F. A. Mueller of Camrose and Mr. H. Streuber of Winnipeg, treasurer of the Northern Conference. The students voiced their appreciation through Miss Alice Link of Camrose and Leonard Jespersen of Glory Hills. At the close of the service we were all invited to the basement to take part in the refreshments served by the young people's society of the local church.

Churches represented at this Bible Training School were: Camrose 6, Glory Hills 2, Edmonton 4, Craigmyle 1, Leduc Second 1, Leduc First 15.

We earnestly pray that God's blessing may rest upon all of these young people that they may be a great blessing in their respective churches and hope, we will have many more of our young men and young women present at the next Bible Training School in January 1930 at Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

REPORTER.

Ordination of Deacons at Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.

Ordination of deacons took place at a very impressive Sunday evening service at Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., on March 10. Charles Klausmann, George Joithe, and John Sorensen were ordained deacons of the church.

Rev. Charles Koller, pastor of the church, and Rev. Leroy Lincoln officiated. The deacon's obligation to the church and society was the subject of the sermon, delivered by Rev. Koller. Rev. Lincoln read the Church Covenant. The pastors laid their hands upon the heads of the three kneeling candidates. At the conclusion of the ceremony which closed in prayer, all ordained deacons of the church came forward and assembled on the platform. The service closed with the extreme solemnity that characterized it from the beginning.

The ordained deacons of Clinton Hill Baptist Church include: Messrs. Christian Schmidt, William Schmidt, Fred Nuse, Emil Wohlfarth, Walter Staub, Samuel Mueller, Charles Koos, Sr., J. B. Klausmann, H. Reisel, and the newly ordained deacons: Charles Klausmann, George Joithe, and John Sorensen.

King's Daughters of Lehr, N. D.

For a certain period previous we girls of the Ebenezer Church of Lehr, N. D., were not utilizing our spare time and humble talents to serve the Lord in the work among the young people. So led by the Holy Spirit we concluded on Dec. 4 to organize a society, the King's Daughters. The first meeting was encouraging, as a large number attended and showed the spirit of willingness to work. A preliminary committee of three members was elected to work out the constitution and to make plans for our activities in the near future.

THE BAPTIST HERALD

The society has held a meeting every two weeks. We are very enthusiastic for the future of the society. We are aiming for high plans and expect to carry them out. To make ourselves heard and seen, we intend to give a good program for Easter, with the Lord's help and by the faithfulness of the members. We surely will be able to brighten the corner where we are. May the Lord help us!

ELIZABETH BRUMMER.

A Good Time at Goodrich, N. D.

The Goodrich young people had a good time March 17-22. The immediate occasion of this good time was the coming of our General and Field Secretaries, Rev. A. P. Mihm and Rev. A. A. Schade, to conduct a Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Institute.

The weather was fine; the High School Principal was in good spirits and released those of us who wished to attend the study courses. The following courses were given: In the forenoon Rev. A. P. Mihm gave a study-course on the Life of Christ as it is reflected by the four Gospels. Rev. A. A. Schade followed with a course of the method for successful promotion of Young People's Society Work. In the afternoon the courses covered Sunday School and Christian Life problems. The program offered a total of twenty periods of study of one hour's duration.

In the evening our teachers spoke in both languages to large congregations which taxed the capacity of the church building. A happy spirit and a desire to learn pervaded the entire church. Enthusiasm ran high and many rededicated themselves, as we may believe, to a more consecrated and efficient service.

A number of the young people presented notes on the courses and were awarded certificates which they prize very highly. At the close of the service the congregation unanimously voted its hearty thanks to the Secretaries for their generous services and made a special offering for the support of the Union. Many expressed the desire that a similar institute be held in the not distant future.

Thus the good time came to an end long before we were ready for it. But let us hope that the good done by the meetings may never end and that many of the practical suggestions which were made may be realized in the work of the Goodrich church and the Young People's Union as well as in the Sunday school.

ROSIE SCHNEIDER, Reporter.

Young People's Society of Freudental, Alta.

We would like to say through the "Baptist Herald" that we still try to honor our heavenly Father. We are glad to say this in the boldness which we have toward him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us. Our young people are very busy in making our meetings interesting. Our aim and desire is to be more complete in our Christian life.

CHRIS. BERTSCH.

The Sunday School

The Superintendent's Alphabet

John Nevison, writing in the "Sunday School Reporter," offers the following "Superintendent's Alphabet":

A-ttend regularly.
B-e enthusiastic.
C-ome on time every time.
D-are to introduce innovations.
E-nter heartily into worth-while plans.
F-orge past your failures quickly.
G-ive the glad hand to all everywhere.
H-ave attractive program each Sunday.
I-nvite parents to visit the school.
J-ump at conclusions very slowly.
K-eeep things moving all the time.
L-isten to the suggestions of others.
M-ake use of all good helps.
N-ote signs of retrogression and progress.
O-pen your heart to the Holy Spirit.
P-raise whenever and wherever possible.
Q-uarrel with no officer, teacher, or pupil.
R-ound up absent or lazy teachers.
S-mile and "boost" all the time.
T-ake time to think, plan, and pray.
U-se the best up-to-date methods.
V-enture occasionally into untried paths.
W-iden your vision by wide reading.
X-pect the best from everybody.
Y-earn to do better next Sunday.
Z-eal! Make it your watchword.

First Aid to Absentees

Robert M. Hopkins calls attention to four obligations that the Sunday school owes its absent pupils: The Sunday school should (1) know who is absent; (2) know the cause of absence; (3) notify the absent pupil that his absence was noted and urge him to come back to his place the next Sunday; (4) so extend its pastoral work as to make the visitation of such absent pupils possible. No name should be dropped from the roll until such "first aid" has been administered.

What the Home Department Is For

We have never seen a better statement of the work of the Home Department of the Sunday school than the following. We find it in the admirable manual of a Presbyterian Sunday school in Philadelphia.

"The Home Department is a department of the Bible school in which those are enrolled who feel themselves unable to attend the sessions regularly, and yet are willing to study the lessons and belong to the school. These Home Department members, with their superintendent and visitors, constitute a regular department of the Bible school, like the Primary, the Junior, or the Adult department. The members are entitled to all privileges as pupils and are subject to all the duties, except regular attendance. They are urged, however, to visit the Bible school sessions, wherever possible.



Sunday School Class No. 2, Grand Forks, N. D. Marie Balogh, Teacher

"The duties of a member of the Home Department are:

- "1. To study the Bible school lesson each week for at least half an hour.
- "2. To visit the Bible school session when convenient.
- "3. To make a Bible school offering (if so disposed) weekly or quarterly.
- "4. To keep a weekly record of lessons, visits to Bible school, and offerings.
- "5. To have record and offering ready for the visitor at the end of the quarter."

—Exchange.

Bible Day at Portland, First

The Sunday school children of the First Church, Portland, came into their own again when they celebrated Bible Day and Easter with a program on Sunday night, March 24. Little Margaret Losli spoke the welcome piece and then we enjoyed a song by the beginners and primaries. Among other numbers was a dialog given by Bertha Johnson's class of girls. They tried to make plain why the Easter rabbit, chickens, colored eggs, the Easter lily and new clothes are all a part of Easter.

Last of all the "Melodeons" made their debut. The "Melodeons" are a newly organized young ladies chorus of about thirty voices, having for their leader Miss Evelyn Neubauer. For their first song they certainly chose an appropriate one:

"We've a song to be sung to the nations,
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord,
A song that shall conquer evil
And shatter the spear and the sword."

L. T.

Makes Ostentatious Display

The teacher had brought a glass bowl containing gold fish to school.

"Now," she said, "can any one tell me what a goldfish is?"

"I can, teacher," replied a little girl. "It's a sardine that has got very rich."

—Tit-Bits.

The Sunday School—Its Place and Purpose

The Sunday school has a real place in our life, particularly in the life of our youth. Our girls and boys have only two places to receive the Teachings of Our Lord and Savior. One is the home, the other the Sunday school. Very often, in our homes, we are a little negligent in this duty, and possibly the conditions are not just ideal for the religious instruction of our youth, so that often, the entire responsibility rests on the church to instruct the girls and boys in the matter of their spiritual life.

The importance of starting the habit to go to the Sunday school early in life can never be stressed too strongly.

The Sunday school endeavors to teach its boys and girls the sacredness of human life; its true meaning and our responsibility to one another. Where else, than in the Sunday school, can our youth be brought to the wonderful Savior, Jesus Christ, not only to realize that he is more than a revelation of God in flesh, more than just a by-word as some use his name, more than a God to whom they can turn in the hour of deep distress but that he really died on the cross for them. By knowing him and loving him for canceling their sins, makes their life different than what it had been so that they will always be willing to show the whole wide world, that being a Christian means a nobler, cleaner, purer and holier life.

Ask yourself, am I doing my part? Am I using my influence? Am I praying for the success of its noble mission?

In the arch of our church auditorium, just behind the pulpit, there is a fine motto, "Halte im Gedächtnis Jesus Christus," interpreted, Keep in remembrance Jesus Christ. There is no better way of doing it than by going to Sunday school and learning while you are young.

Yours for a better study of Him in the Sunday school.—Ben J. Kallay, in The Pioneer, Bulletin of Spruce St. Bapt. Ch., Buffalo, N. Y.

Toward Sodom

By B. MABEL DUNHAM

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

(Continuation)

Chapter VIII

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION

By the time the snow fell that autumn the court-house was not a dream but an accomplished reality. Its magnificent cupola was the pride and boast of the county, but especially of the county-town. Because of it, Ebytown took unto itself a new glory.

The county council were delighted with the building, but vastly more pleased with themselves, the builders. When they assembled for their first meeting in the new and commodious quarters, they straightway forgot their petty differences, and gave themselves up to expressions of satisfaction and self-congratulation. It was an unusual occasion of felicitous harmony.

Now it happened that a certain very sagacious pedagogue chose this auspicious time to make an appeal for a cause which, he said, lay very near to his heart. He asked nothing for himself, whom he introduced as plain George Black from Shade's Mills, but he had a proposal to make which, if adopted, would cement into one neighborhood the three distinctive nationalities of the county. It was very simple—nothing more nor less than a friendly competition among the schools of the county, a sort of glorified spelling-match, if they knew what he meant. He suggested that three scholars be chosen to represent each school, and that a disinterested examiner be asked to rate their intellectual attainments. He could think of no better man than Mr. Sargent, teacher of mathematics at the Normal School in Toronto. The contest should be held in Ebytown, in that very room. Each school would be glad to provide for the transportation of its representatives in return for the wonderful opportunity of having the children see with their own eyes, indoors as well as out, the magnificent structure which men of wisdom and foresight had erected in the county-town as memorial to themselves for all time. (Cheers and laughter.) All that was needed to consummate the plan was—he said it as boldly as he dared—a hundred dollars.

"A hundred dollars!" A gasp went around the room. "A hundred dollars! What for?"

"For books."

A hundred dollars for books! It was outrageous.

"For prizes, you know," explained the doughty dominie. He had to his credit years of successful experience with school trustees and other refractory public bodies, and he knew how to handle them. "I have an idea that if we would go about it in the right way," he insinuated, "we might get another hundred out of the government."

THE BAPTIST HERALD

glory. The boy's ambition was shared and abetted by his mother. It was truly remarkable, she avowed, to what lengths the Lord would go to accomplish his ends, making governments, county councils, principalities and powers bow to his will in order that her Cyrus might be brought to public notice and exalted in the world.

When the long-expected day arrived, there was not a cloud in the sky. Never was there such a perfect Twenty-fourth. For years it had been the custom in Ebytown for the village blacksmith to initiate the day by striking on his anvil, at precisely nine o'clock, as many sounding blows as the good queen had years of life to her credit. But on this occasion the ceremony was postponed until ten o'clock in order that it might coincide with, and add pomp to, the auspicious opening of the competition. A great concourse of people had gathered in front of the court-house, standing, as it were, on the tip-toe of expectation, waiting for the play to begin.

Long before the appointed hour the forty-five youthful contestants were in their places. They were all boys, and every mother's son was arrayed in his Sunday best and in his summer underwear. Each eager, shining face betokened a heart palpitating with hope and excitement. On the hour, the smith sounded his salute, the boys told off the strikes—thirty-four. Loyalty and devotion to Britain and to Britain's Queen were voiced in the measured tones of the national anthem and later in a medley of reverberating cheers. The day was off to a good start.

Then the massive doors of the court-house were swung open, and into the court-room crowded an audience of retainers representing fifteen schools. The contestants filed in one by one, each one wearing on his chest a placard of cardboard bearing his number, the ominous thirteen being omitted as a concession to the superstitious. There they stood giving themselves up anonymously to the tender mercies of the presiding examiner.

Mr. Sargent had a kind face, albeit the firm, relentless jaw of the successful instructor of the young. The jaw itself was obscured from view by a flowing beard, but the boys had no reason to doubt its existence. When he stood up to make announcements, a hush went around the room. He would conduct the examination subject by subject, he said. If any one failed to answer correctly three successive questions in any department of learning, he was down and out, and could take his place until a new subject was about to be introduced. Every boy, barring none, began straightway to quake in his boots.

An amused smile broke suddenly over the face of the examiner. He encouraged the boys to dismiss their evident fears and to imagine themselves, if they could, back in their own school-rooms. They weren't to be afraid of him: he wasn't an ogre. It was his duty, not to discover the countless things they didn't know, but rather to give them an opportunity to demonstrate how great a fund

April 15, 1929

of useful knowledge they had been able to accumulate in six short months.

A grin of amused appreciation passed around the room.

"What's an ogre?" The first question was a general one.

Cyrus screwed up his courage and said: "It's a giant, please, sir."

"Correct!" cried Mr. Sargent, his smile breaking now into a laugh. "Give Number Twelve one point for a good start."

The committee of one made the secretarial record. Cyrus stood ready to explode with pride and consequence.

Mr. Sargent was scratching his head, propounding, it would seem, some weighty question to floor them all. But the poser proved to be one of very elementary variety. "Who discovered America?"

"Christopher Columbus," was the unanimous response, loud and certain.

This time no credits were given. "I think we are ready now," said Mr. Sargent. "I have found out that you all have tongues in your heads, a very necessary adjunct to an oral examination. I shall question now in numerical order, beginning with Number One. How many wives had Henry the Sixth of England?"

"Eight," was the immediate and cheerful reply.

"Wrong!" He was a minor and never married.

The audience for the most part appreciated the joke, but Number One's boon companions and all the teachers cast anxious, furtive glances at each other. The latter did not approve of that nefarious brand of trick questions affected by some members of the profession who ought to know better.

It became alarmingly evident that Mr. Sargent's questions were not to be lightly regarded. Nobody ever got a second chance, for the same question was never put twice, even in another form. The imperfect answer he corrected himself, thereby dragging into the examination hall what some considered an inordinate passion for instruction.

Cyrus stood high in general information. He answered all his questions with remarkable accuracy and precision, and at the end of the period he was one of the few who stood flushed and triumphant in the long, thin line.

Arithmetic was next. A huge, white sheet hung over the wall in front; and when Mr. Sargent had pulled it to one side, there was revealed an improvised blackboard covered with problems, embracing a great range of mathematical difficulties, the reduction of trillions of square inches to square miles, the multiplication of decimals and the division of the product by their differences, the computing of interest compounded at usury rates, the manipulation of absurd fractions. The boys' slates measured eight by ten inches and had only two sides, so that the question of space was in itself an awkward problem. The mensuration.

At noon the boys were dismissed until two for food and recreation. Many who had brought their lunches with them

gulped them down instantaneously, and went on a mad chase over Mr. Frederick Gaulkel's two-and-a-half-acre benefaction, singing from time to time the classic sing-song that belonged to the day:

*"It's the twenty-fourth of May,
The Queen's birthday:
If we don't get a holiday,
We'll run away."*

That was the proper way, they thought, to celebrate the glorious Twenty-fourth.

Alone, in secluded corners, far from the hilarity of their over-confident opponents, a few anxious ones sat with their noses poked in the fifth reader of the Irish National School-books. A marvelously informing volume it was, too, that text of an earlier day, with instruction on history, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, natural philosophy, a smattering of the science of the day under such headings, as astronomy, hydrostatics, optics, chemistry, electricity, galvanism, magnetism, all of which were mellowed to a melodious conclusion by thirty pages of poetry. Very informing, to be sure, but a surfeit on a holiday.

Sarah had insisted that Cyrus should go home for dinner, if only to inform her of his success. Successes he had had, assuredly, he was happy to say, but this was no time to elaborate on them. He bolted his food and hurried back to the excitement of the school-room. His mother could wait.

Mr. Sargent was in excellent humor when he greeted the boys in the afternoon. The arithmetic had been at once a surprise and a satisfaction, no fewer than twenty having made a hundred per cent. There was one slate in particular which he wished he could take back with him to Normal School. It was a credit to any school.

Young Cyrus pricked up his ears. In full view of the assemblage he patted himself upon the back. The slate in question was his, of course.

The afternoon session was devoted to literature, including reading, literary interpretation, and the recitation of poetical gems. There were questions about Abou Ben Adhem, Shylock, the Red Cross Knight, and many more of the storied people of literature, whom their teachers had held up as examples or as warnings. Each boy said his little piece. Cyrus's teacher had selected for him a poem that hadn't a "j" from beginning to end, but for all that he stumbled over several other linguistic snags his tongue was heir to. Fortunately, he didn't realize just how it sounded to the unaccustomed ears of Mr. Sargent.

But the proceedings of the day paled into insignificance compared with the spectacular spelling-match, which was staged for the evening program. On this occasion the court-room was packed to the doors by many of the leading citizens of Ebytown. The boy performers stood around the walls looking like so many timid sheep, placarded for a county fair.

Above everything else in the pedagogical world, Mr. Sargent loved a spelling match, and he never called a halt until he had spelled down the last boy. When

he appeared on the platform bearing an unabridged edition of Webster's unwieldy dictionary, the very air was charged with expectant excitement.

Was it "ie" or "ei," "able" or "ible," two "c's" and one "s," or vice versa? One boy here and another there dropped in his tracks in the terrible onslaught and was borne off, wounded in pride and spirit, to his consoling friends; and yet there was a thin, straight line who did not waver. It was a marvel how some of the shortest boys could wiggle their way through the most elongated verbalifications and stand their ground undaunted in the face of the sulphurous words which the examiner boomed at them like balls from the mouth of a thundering cannon.

When he had reduced the enemy to ten, Mr. Sargent called them "the invincibles," and summoned them to the front of the room. From that moment the battle, now at closer range, became more intense. The most deadly ammunition was brought forth and hurled ruthlessly right and left. A terrible slaughter ensued.

Only two survived, Cyrus Horst, the smallest of the forty-five original contestants, and a big, shambling, Scotch lad from Shade's Mills. They were pitted against each other, now, to death. Mr. Sargent was little more than an instigator, throwing at them the fuel which incited both to impassioned fury.

"Receive."
"R-e-c-e-i-v-e."
"Siege."
"S-i-e-g-e."
"Seize."
"S-e-i-z-e."
Would it never end?
"Diphtheria."
"D-i-p-t-e-r-i-a."
"Down!" cried Mr. Sargent.

A great volume of shouts mingled with groans from the audience. The vanquished Scot dropped into inconsequence, and Cyrus Horst stood alone, the undisputed hero of the hour.

"Spell him down, too," cried the revengeful contingent from Shade's Mills. Cyrus tossed his head contemptuously. It was one thing to suggest and another to accomplish, his very manner declared. "If only he wouldn't show so big off," whispered Ephraim to Levi Gingerich.

"If they would have examination in common sense," was Levi's idea, "mebbe then they could learn him some."

Mr. Sargent took up the task of spelling Cyrus down, but he soon found that it was not an easy one. The child seemed to have a phenomenal instinct which guided him safely past all the perilous reefs known to orthography. He spelled words he had never pronounced, words of which he did not know the meaning. It was almost uncanny the way that boy could spell. The audience sat with bated breath, dumb with admiration.

"Try him with easy ones," suggested Mr. Black, whose hope and interest in the spelling match had died when his star pupil was laid down with "diphtheria."

"Lose," propounded the examiner.
 "L-o-o-s-e," spelled Cyrus.
 "Down at last!" was the jubilant cry.
 "You spelled 'lose'."

Cyrus made a wry face and dropped out of sight. He was mortified, chagrined. To have spelled through the dictionary and stumbled on a word of one syllable.

Mr. Sargent had the floor, and he took the opportunity to congratulate the boys and their teachers. There was no need to fear for a country that had such men in the making, he said, and such men to make them. The boys he encouraged to continue their studies in the grammar school and their instructors, he suggested, might attend the Normal School to their profit. A new day was dawning in the educational world, and it behooved them all to press towards the light.

The interest of the teachers and pupils alike was centered not so much in Mr. Sargent's helpful advice as in the import of the document which "plain George Black" held in his hand. A hum of excitement prevailed when the time came for him to give his report. His statements were bald enough, no danger of misapprehension. The most brilliant pupil had won fifteen books for his school. The red ribbon went to Number Twelve.

A round of hearty applause. Two blocks down Frederick Street the echo could be heard.

"Here, Number Twelve," cried Mr. Sargent. "Let me have the honor of pinning the badge on you."

Loud and prolonged cheers. Cyrus edged his way to the platform.

"What's your school?"

"Eby's, if you please, sir," replied Cyrus. Pride beamed in the faces of the teacher and the other boys of the little red school-house.

"And your name?"

"Cyrus Horst."

"A kingly appellation," said Mr. Sargent, petting the boy on the back. "You won the first credit of the day, and you have won the last. I hope you will not lose in the battle of life."

Everybody laughed and whispered the emphasized word. Cyrus felt that his inflation of self-esteem had been somehow pricked. He uttered a confused "Yes, sir," and left the platform.

The report went on to say that while the first prize had gone to Eby's school, the majority of awards had been earned by the Scotch boys of the south. It was gratifying to know, too, that there was not a school represented but had won some prizes. The numbers and names of the winners were read and the prizes allotted. It was the consensus of opinion that the contest had done much to advance the cause of education by standardizing the curricula and by giving a stimulus to study. They must have another next year.

Then came the votes of thanks. Mr. Black, Mr. Sargent, The Minister of Education, and the county council,—even the obliging blacksmith—all received their meed of praise. For fear that someone

might have been unintentionally overlooked, a general vote of appreciation was tendered to those who had shown their interest by their attendance that evening, and to all others who had helped in any way to make the occasion such an unqualified success.

It was all over but "God Save the Queen" when up jumped Dr. Scott with the request that he be allowed to address a few words to the boys who had participated in the contest. After all, this was their fete; the grown-ups were merely spectators. He had something up his sleeve that he wanted to show the boys. It was no metaphor he used, either, for he actually began to draw something from the armhole of his coat-sleeve.

Every eye was fixed on the good doctor. The dropping of the proverbial pin could have been heard in the farthest corner of the room.

To the view of the astonished boys the conjurer displayed a string of shining, jingling medals, some gold, some silver, some brass. "In Scotland," he said, "it is not polite to talk about oneself, but tonight I am in Canada. These are the medals I won in the auld land. They are not all gold, but even the brass ones represent my best effort while I was a student at the great university. They are not worth muckle in actual money, but they are my most treasured possessions."

"Dr. Scott is a very wealthy man," interjected one of the teachers.

That was evidently not the impression that the doctor had intended to leave for he went on to elaborate quite a different idea. "Every boy before me has the ability to win medals and honors from the world," he said. "But it means sacrifice. Remember we are not here in this world to kill time, for it is not ours to kill. Any day, any moment, we may be called away. Prepare yourselves day by day, laddies, to live useful lives. It is only what you do for others that counts. Leave the auld world better than you found it, and you shall not have lived in vain. Ten o'clock. You ought to be in your beds."

These words created a profound impression not only with the boys, but with their elders, for everybody knew that the doctor lived the doctrines he preached. But it was the glittering array of medals that caught the popular eye. Old and young alike pushed their way up the aisle to inspect them.

"Ain't it wonderful," said one. "All of the medals for one man. He must have the head though."

"He can have his medals," said another, "if he would give me what he has in the bank."

Cyrus Horst looked upon the tokens with covetous eyes. "I wish they would've given me a medal, me that earned it," he confided to a friend, "instead of books for the school."

The meeting dispersed at length with expressions of satisfaction on every hand. The contest had been to many a marvellous revelation of the great, unexplored depths of human knowledge, and

of the remarkable facilities at hand in these latter days for penetrating into it. They didn't have such advantages thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago.

It was a triumphant and self-satisfied boy who climbed up into the back seat of the family democrat that evening when it was time to go home. Compared with him, Ephraim and Levi, who sat in front, were as grasshoppers. But just as Levi picked up the reins, something happened that disturbed the equilibrium of Cyrus's mind, for the moment at least. A group of boys who were standing about the court-house door raised their voices and with loud and united cry they shouted, "Good-night, Lucy!"

"Who's your girl?" cried someone from out of the darkness. "Lucy who?"

"Don't you know?" came back the reply. "Lucy Horst."

There was a school-boy snigger, another "Good-night, Lucy!" and a boisterous shout of derisive laughter.

Cyrus bit his lip. He was glad enough for the cover of darkness. One of the group, only, he recognized—the big, Scotch boy who had been his rival in the spelling-match. "Good-night, Diphtheria," he replied. "I hope you are dead with it till you come home."

"Shame!" cried Ephraim, his cheeks burning for his shameless brother.

Levi jerked the reins and told the horses to go on.

* * *

Sarah was unconsciously proud of her boy when she heard the good news of his success. Cyrus had to explain to her in detail how he got ahead of the others. He had stood first, he was sure, in every subject and naturally his average was highest. It was the average that counted.

Sarah stopped him short. "The average," she said sharply. "What's that?"

"It's what the teachers struck," Cyrus told her.

"Did you see them?"

"In the corner they did all the figuring," said the boy.

"And what is an average?" said Sarah. "Tell me that."

Cyrus looked the contempt that he felt for her. "Such ignorance!" he hooted. "Don't you know yet what an average is?" And leaving the moot question unanswered, he continued the narrative of his triumphs.

Before Sarah dropped to sleep that night she found an opportunity to say to Noah, "That chust shows you what education is—real education. Look at how long I had to ask what an average is, and who tells me at last? Not my doddie, or my dumm man, but my bubby. You have to give in now that Cyrus is smarter than all of you. He's the peacock, Nooi, he's the peacock of the family."

(To be continued)

* * *

Encourage your visions, make good your dreams, and live up to your ideals.

* * *

If we are getting little out of life, it is a certain fact that we are putting little into it.

Some Sketches from Our Inland Tour

A. ORTHNER

A Visit to Our Mission Station Bekom

Where is Bekom? Not so very far according to our American idea of distance, for it is only about 200 miles from the coast and could be reached by auto in half a day, or in less time by an Aeroplane. The natives travel that distance in 10 to 12 days. We saved time by crossing over into the French Territory, using there the railway train and auto part of the way and in seven days of hard marching we reached the mountainous country of Bekom.

The Bekom people are very industrious and therefore employed by planters and businessmen along the coast as workmen. Many of them are working on the plantations in the nearest vicinity of our mission station Soppo on the slopes of the Cameroon Mountain. In Bwenga Beach near Victoria we have a flourishing church of these inland people, who not only found good employment and wages here, but the greater treasure, the Salvation in Christ Jesus. But we have only one teacher who is able to read his Bible and to minister unto his countrymen, as their language is altogether different from that of our coastal tribes and only recently some get the opportunity to attend school.

It is interesting, that far away in the interior of Cameroons, where no white missionary has worked is a Baptist church and a fine group of people who worship God and profess to be redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb of God. How did they receive the Gospel?

Some of the Bekom laborers were employed on our station Soppo during the time Bro. Bender had charge of the work here. They heard the gospel of Salvation and accepted Christ as their Savior. Returning to their homeland, they told the good tidings to their friends and countrymen. No one was able to read or write, but only by what they had heard, seen and the experience of their own hearts they could tell, soon winning others for Christ. A native pastor from Victoria visited them and baptized the new converts and organized a church. Now there are about 40 members who have built a church of their own, as you can see on the picture.

On our recent tour into the interior Bro. Hofmeister and I visited the church. It was on November 22 when we looked down from the high hills into the fertile valley of the Bamukom and across where on the slopes of the opposite mountain range our station Wombon lies. It was in the noonday heat when wearily we climbed upward, when with joyful singing the whole group of Christians came down to greet us. With perspiring brows and panting from exhaustion we dragged ourselves onward, the whole company kept on singing until we entered the station. Every one was eager to greet us, but we were handicapped by our inability to converse with them.



Our Chapel in the Bekom Country

Through some people who came in touch with the Mission in Soppo and Victoria other converts were won and this church was built. On Nov. 20 Bro. Hofmeister and I visited the people and had a meeting where Bro. Hofmeister preached in Pigeon English.

We could only somewhat converse with them in the "Pigeon" or the Negro English.

In the afternoon a meeting was arranged and in connection with it the Lords Supper. Bro. Hofmeister being better able to use that "native English," spoke through an interpreter to the congregation. He told them about "the good big Massa who live for up (God), him love all people plenty to much"—about Christ, the Savior—and "that kata, kata devil (deceiving) the bad big massa who live for down, him humbug people plenty with fetish and medicine so they no fit to take them good thing Massa Christ will give." He told them of Salvation and Christian life and hope. It was little that we could give them, but they listened attentively and I think they understood the message. The communion service was very impressive.

Some wanted to be baptized, but we asked them to wait until our teacher from Bwenga Beach visits them, who is able to converse with them in their own language. He is now there for a whole month and we hope that his work will bring forth good fruit.

At present this church stands very isolated. Even from our new inland station it will take seven days marching over a rough country to get there. The Catholics have entered the field and built a station about one mile away, where three white missionaries are. The Protestant mission of Basel is nearby and is willing to enter in, if we are not able to occupy it, as with the Bali language they reach out to other tribes.

We must find some way to minister to the Bekom people who are looking to us for help. They must be instructed more in the truths of God's Word. There is also the danger of mixing the "old wine with the new" or mixing the new teaching with the old inherited ideas of their former fetish worship. Will you,

my dear B. Y. P. U. members and S. S. Workers take it upon you to work and to pray for the salvation of these tribes in darkest Africa?

Heartiest greetings from your missionary.

Danish Baptists and Foreign Missions

An interesting development of foreign missionary enterprise appears in Central Africa. The Urundi district is now occupied by the Danish Baptists, the first missionaries, the Rev. M. P. Andersen and his wife, having taken up work at the beginning of December. The district lies north and east of Lake Tanganyika and forms the extreme eastern portion of the Congo Free State, the most convenient approach being in fact by rail from Dar-es-Salaam on the east coast. The missionaries have hitherto worked with the Swedish Baptists in Congoland, and their appointment to a separate field is an indication of the increased resources and interest of the Danish Baptists. Two nurses are to join Mr. and Mrs. Andersen next summer.

Christ, Our Helper

When I was in England, during one of the conferences, a lady said she was once awakened by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window-pane in a great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to get the butterfly; yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been millions of miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians. Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.

The Beauty of Sorrow

KATHARINE ZINZ SCHINDLER

Oh, fear thou not sorrow, revile not against it,
Each tear is a diamond of worth.
Wherever it falleth, a blossom of beauty
Will spring from the dark, barren earth.

In Nature's great garden the loveliest flowers
Need raindrops as well as the sun,
And raindrops are born in the clouds
black and gloomy
Which darken the earth as they run.

So, fear thou not sorrow, but meet it with courage
And bear it with fortitude calm.
And thou wilt experience as slowly it passes
It ever leaves with you its balm.

And others who follow life's pathway behind you
Will find it a garden sweet
With diamond dew sparkling on beautiful flowers
And cool, soft grass 'neath their feet.

A Valuable Supplement to the Church's Program for Childhood

ARTHUR A. SCHADE

All students of the Protestant church program for childhood agree that the children are getting the short end of the deal. The pews are built for adults and the little folk must let their feet hang down. The song books are compiled for the mature mind, and the little folk have to make the best of them. The sermon is aimed at the adult and the little folk are often bored because they cannot understand. The language of the church is often determined by the wants of the adult rather than by the need of the children. The pastoral calls are in honor of the fathers and mothers rather than their children. The family devotion seeks to meet the needs of older rather than younger members of the family. The denominational papers are written for the mature. Some of these facts cannot be changed, some probably could be modified. Be that as it may, there is an imperative need of supplementing the church's program for childhood. The hour-a-week Sunday school is not sufficient for its spiritual culture.

Progressive churches are seeking to supplement this program by instituting Junior Church services, by organizing Junior Young People's Societies, and by Vacation Bible Schools. The season for the latter is approaching and therefore these lines at this time.

What Is a Vacation Bible School?

It is a school conducted by the church, in the church for a period of from two to six weeks during the summer vacation. School sessions usually last from 9.30 to 12.00 M.

What Children Attend?

The children of the church and the community ranging in age from four to about 16 years are usually invited to attend. They are graded as follows: I. Beginner-Primary Department, ages 4-9. II. Junior-Intermediate Department, age 10-16. These are again divided for the study period in the four departments of Beginners, ages 4-6; Primary, ages 7-9; Juniors, ages 10-12; Intermediates, ages 13-16.

What Teachers Are Required?

The following teachers are required to conduct such a school: A general superintendent who has charge of the entire school. Two departmental superintendents for the major departments, and two assistants to the departmental superintendents to care for the other group when they divide for their study work. Two pianists. Additional teachers are often necessary depending on the size of the departments, but the number mentioned is the minimum.

High school boys and girls make valuable teachers and assistant teachers. School teachers are especially well adapted to the work. If handwork is carried on additional teachers will be needed for that.

Such school offers splendid opportunity for teachers to get valuable experience.

What Lesson Material Is Used?

The lesson material consists of the Bible, stories and songs. Dramatizations are often used also. Denominational lesson courses are prepared by most of the publication societies. Those put out by the Southern Baptist Sunday School Board are especially good, since they are complete, containing the program outline, stories for each lesson, songs and patterns for handwork. These lesson courses come in separate volumes for Beginners, Primary, Junior and Intermediate departments and cost about \$2 per volume. A comprehensive book list can be obtained by writing to the "International Association of Daily Vacation Bible Schools, Room 119, 381 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y."

What Is the Cost of Such a School?

If sufficient volunteer helpers can be secured so that none need to be hired, the expense is not very large. For a school of four departments, as outlined above, with probably an average attendance of 60 pupils, the following items of expense might be anticipated: Lesson material, notebooks, pencils, enrollment cards, buttons, record books, etc., \$10 or \$15 depending on the courses which are purchased. More could be well spent, but the above is a minimum for the first year. For Beginners and Primary handwork, material such as construction paper, crayons, water-colors, scissors, paste, pictures, etc.—from five to ten dollars. For refreshments, school pictures, prizes, etc., about ten dollars. The cost of handwork in the Junior and Intermediate departments will depend on the kind that is elected. A supply of basket weaving

THE BAPTIST HERALD

material will probably cost twenty dollars to start. Most schools charge the children for the material they use in these departments. If a man can be found to direct the boys in woodwork, and if tools may be borrowed and scrap lumber may be obtained from some nearby planing mill the cost is not great. A total cost of fifty dollars ought to be counted on for such a school.

Where Is the Money to Come From?

Often the Bible School finances the Vacation School. Some members who are interested, but unable to help in the work often make cash contributions to cover the expenses. An offering at the closing exhibition of the school usually covers the deficit. This expense is very small if we consider the amount of good done by such a school. A four week school offers fifty hours of religious instruction and training which is equal to the hour-a-week Bible school for an entire year. But the amount learned may be even greater, since the lessons are brought in close succession. A good Vacation Bible School ought to do nearly as much for the children as the Sunday school does. And they surely need this supplement.

How Shall This School be Launched?

It ought to spring forth from the pastor. It is his golden opportunity of coming into close contact with the children of his church and community and of influencing their lives. He might consider himself for that month the children's pastor. He might bring the matter before his official board, or before the church to enlist its interest and secure its sanction to institute the school. The Bible school or the church might underwrite the expense. If there is a deficit it will be thus cared for; if a surplus it will go into that treasury.

The Missionary Offering

Every day a little missionary story is told the children and they make a missionary offering. This often amounts to nearly as much as the school expense. It is a good plan to keep it in a glass jar before the eyes of the pupils and to let them see it accumulate. The children might be told of the needs of some mission fields and then let them have a voice in deciding where their offering is to go. That cultivates a missionary interest. The story of our Cameroons mission, its history and its present status and outlook would make excellent missionary material for that purpose. The children would gladly then see that their offering goes to that field. Another year our Home Mission Work could be treated in the same way. That would bring denominational information to the pupils. The possibilities for good through the Vacation Bible School are practically unlimited.

Further articles on this subject will follow. Put let us plan now to have a Vacation Bible School in many of our churches.

* * *

Only the weak and afraid run away from their obligations.

April 15, 1929

Easter Reverie

F. L. STROBEL

Spring lifts the pearly blanket
Of winter's sleet and ice;
Earth sounds a thousand voices,
Unloosed from death's cold vise.

A warmer sun shifts higher
Into the realm of space;
Her gentle rays work wonders
Upon earth's death-chilled face.

So too, man can accomplish
Great good, when high and fast
He binds life's worthy banner
To God's lone tow'ring mast.

'Twas rolled away, the boulder.
The vaulted Christ is free!
He lives anew, forever!
Great God-wrought victory.

Men, lift the bolt that hinders,
That seals life's sin-barred door;
Christ rose our lives to enter,
To leave us nevermore.

Banquet of Second Church Young People, Philadelphia

Well, here we are in the pages of the "Baptist Herald" again. This time we invite you to take a backward glance with us at our third annual banquet which we held on Saturday evening, March 2, 1929.

Six o'clock and all was well as the Young People's Society of the Second German Baptist Church in Philadelphia gathered around banquet tables to partake of the dinner about to be served to them. After a very enjoyable meal the program of the evening was given which consisted of the following features.

A German play was presented by a group of five young men. The plot revolved around a fake doctor who convinced a student he had a serious eye trouble called "Red Star." After charging him an enormous sum of money to cure it the doctor made a quick getaway, leaving a note for the student telling him that there was nothing wrong with his eyes, but thanked him for the money just the same. A solo by one of our members entitled "Little Doris" followed.

The next number was a humorous play given by five of our young women entitled "They Do Say." The five scenes took place in the living rooms of the five different players. The first scene introduced to us a young lady who had seen a "certain" man in church quarreling with one of the women members, and it seemed to her that he drew a gun from his pocket. However, she wasn't sure and requested that the story go no further. By the time the fifth scene was enacted so much imagination had been used by the five women, and so much exaggerating done that all the village hospitals were filled with patients and everybody was supposed to be half frantic all because of what happened in church on Sunday. The truth of the



Sunday School Class No. 3, Grand Forks, N. D. Eva Krenzler, Teacher

whole matter was that the "certain" man in church had drawn his handkerchief to sneeze and no murderous thoughts ever entered his mind.

Its excellent moral of the dangers of gossip fitted in very beautifully with the talk made by Rev. Ralston I. Ellison of the Memorial Baptist Church in Philadelphia, the guest speaker of the evening, whose topic was "Mind Your Own Business."

Although the weather was dreary, the young people were in high spirits and there is no doubt but that everyone who attended went home feeling "A good time was had by all," and that if we mind our own business we won't have so much time to mind other people's. L. D.

† In Memoriam

It is with deep regret that we must write the loss of our president of the Young People's Society, Mr. Chas. Bontemps, of the Second German Baptist Church of Union City, N. J., at the age of 24 years.

Mr. Bontemps was removed to Saint Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N. J., on Tuesday, March 5, 1929, for pleurisy and succumbed on March 15 at 3.30 A. M.

He had been elected as president of our society on Feb. 14, 1929, and only served one meeting. He is survived by his wife, Ethel, and parents.

We are pleased to say that Bro. Bontemps was a true Christian, having been baptized three years ago. His loss will be keenly felt by all who knew him.

*One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.
Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage is done.*

ELIZABETH BRUMMER.

* * *

God is always ready to hold out a helping hand to the man who will help himself.

* * *

When you gossip about your neighbor you are laying the foundation for gossip about yourself.

Loyal Workers Entertain Old Folks

On March 4 the Loyal Workers' class of the Second Church, Portland, Ore., was privileged to render a program in our Old People's Home for the benefit of the inmates. The folks there were simply overjoyed; for they had been looking forward to our coming with happy anticipation.

As the opening number of the program, our president, Miss Emma Freitag, gave a short welcome address, followed by several musical numbers, a vocal duet, a musical reading and two songs by the class, besides a German reading entitled: "Nach vielen Tagen," and a German talk by the teacher of our class, Mrs. Hoelzer, on Psalm 92: 12-15. At the close of the program a little surprise was in store for the inmates, which was no less than a box of good old home-made candy for each individual. How they did appreciate this little act of kindness!

At the close everybody joined in singing "Blest be the Tie that Binds," and thus ended for all a happy evening.

LILLIAN LOHR, Sec.

The Widow's Mite At Interest

A friend of mine who is of a mathematical turn of mind said to me, not long ago, "Do you know how much the widow's two mites would have amounted to if they had been deposited in the savings bank at 4 percent compounded?" The amount she gave was about one tenth of a cent, but if this had been put out at interest until now, the result is almost unbelievable; if there were a million such worlds as this, each with fifteen hundred million souls, there would be enough money to give every man, woman, and child twenty million dollars. This seemed so astonishing that I asked the mathematical master of a Collegiate Institute if it could possibly be correct. He said that my friend was away below the mark in his estimate. The total would be very much more than he said. May there not be similar accumulating power in words and deeds that will make itself felt long after those who started them are in the grave?



Sunday School Class No. 5, Grand Forks, N. D. Mrs. Rose Wolff, Teacher

German Baptist Young People's and S. S. Workers' Union Third Annual Conference Portland, Oregon

Have your young people's meetings ever seemed monotonous and tiresome to you so that you have felt as if you didn't care whether you attended them or not? A panacea for this condition is a Young People's Conference! When young people from neighboring churches come together to discuss their problems and find solutions for them, at such a time new enthusiasm is produced and we depart to our respective unions with renewed vigor and vim to further the work of our Lord.

I am sure that every union represented at the Third Annual Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Conference which took place at the First Church, Portland, Ore., received a blessing which cannot help but be beneficial to them and those they come in contact with.

The Conference started March 8 with a sacred program consisting of musical numbers rendered by our young people. Mr. Henry Bertoleit of the First Church directed the song service this evening as well as during the remainder of the conference and did much to beautify the services.

Rev. Earl Cochran, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Salem, brought us a wonderful message on "Victory," which will not easily be forgotten.

We were very fortunate in having Dr. W. T. Milliken with us on March 9. His practical lesson on how to conduct a class of Intermediates or Seniors was both very interesting and instructional.

The banquet Saturday evening, March 9, was a huge success. Leave it to the First Church to supply the good eats and hospitality! We all enjoyed ourselves immensely. Directly following the banquet election of officers took place. They are as follows: President, Mr. Earl Marks, Second Church; vice-president, Mrs. Emma Meier, First Church; secretary, Miss Theo Wuttke, Second Church; treasurer, Mr. David Rich, Bethany, Ore.

Following the business meeting a short devotional program was given. Rev.

Wm. Graf of Bethany gave us an inspired message on the much discussed subject "Life Enjoyment in Youth."

Sunday, March 10. In spite of the fact that the weather was rather unsettled, we had a fine turnout. It would have done your heart good, dear reader, to see the mass of young folks with also a good showing of our older folks present this afternoon. The following unions were well represented: Bethany, Salem, Stafford, Salt Creek, First and Second Churches, Portland.

The program for the afternoon was entirely given by the young people. Three fifteen-minute addresses were ably delivered by three of our young people. Miss Irene Stalder of Bethany spoke on the topic, "The Young Christian's Friends." She showed us very clearly why we must choose Christian friends. "The Christian Choosing Her Pleasures." This subject, although it is a very "touchy" one, was brought before us admirably by Miss Lydia Moser of the Second Church. Then there was still another vital talk on "A Young Christian and What He Reads" by Miss Martha Pfaff of the First Church, which was very interesting.

We were also favored by special musical numbers by the Men's Chorus of the Salem Union and a Ladies quartet and piano duet by the Salt Creek Union.

Last but not least, Rev. J. Kratt preached the Sunday evening sermon in the German language on the topic, "The Highest Ideal of Our Christian Young People," and so amid blessings from all sides came the close of our conference and we can truthfully say that it was good to have been there.

THEO. WUTTKE, Sec.

Cockney motorists, riding near a farm orchard, stopped the car, got out, climbed the wall, and gathered half a peck of apples.

To complete the "joke" they slowed down as they went by the farmhouse, and called out to the owner: "We helped ourselves to your apples. Thought we'd tell you."

"Oh, that's all right," the farmer called back. "I helped myself to your tools while you were in the orchard."—Tit-Bits (London).

The North Texas Association

The North Texas "Vereinigung" was held in the German Baptist church of Dallas, March 14 to 17. As the weather was of the best, quite a number of delegates and visitors presented themselves to share in the blessings which the Lord would bestow, and to enjoy a few days of Christian fellowship with one another. Certainly it can be said that none were disappointed, for the spiritual atmosphere was of the best. Many attendants pronounced it the best associational meeting of their experience.

At the first service Rev. Bartel, pastor of the Dallas church, gave a most cordial address of welcome. Excellent Bible studies, addresses and sermons, given by the participating pastors, were helpful and a blessing to every one.

On Saturday night we had the privilege of hearing Rev. Vassel, our missionary secretary, who had just returned from Chicago where he attended the General Missionary Committee meeting. Bro. Vassel told us many interesting things about the missionary work that the German Baptists are doing. Our hearts rejoiced when Bro. Vassel told us that more workers were being sent out into the foreign fields. Our prayers are with them as they go, and may God's richest blessings be poured out upon them that many souls might be saved and brought unto his care.

Sunday afternoon was a special meeting for the young people. Our Council Member, Mr. Walter Schaible of Waco, gave us a very interesting and instructive talk. Rev. L. F. Gassner, pastor of the Cottonwood church, gave us an inspirational address on, "How much do you weigh spiritually?" This address was very inspiring to our young people and gave us a desire to weigh more in spirit.

The Dallas B. Y. P. U. rendered their regular program Sunday night. The topic for discussion was, "Giving God the First Fruits." Those that participated in the program presented their parts in a very interesting way. The program also consisted of several musical selections which was enjoyed by every one. Dallas has a fine group of young people who are faithfully working to carry on God's work. After the program Rev. C. C. Gossen, pastor of the Crawford church, delivered the closing address.

We wish to add a word of appreciation and thanks to the church at Dallas for their kindness and hospitality. They are a loyal band, both to our denomination and to the Lord. The blessings and Christian fellowship which we enjoyed in their midst will not so soon be forgotten.

R. E. E., Reporter.

Abraham Lincoln is reported to have once asked a man the following question: "How many legs has a sheep, calling the tail a leg?"

"Four," promptly answered the man. "No, four," said Lincoln. "Calling the tail a leg doesn't make it one."

The Young People's Society

Purpose—Program—Plans

A Worth-While Committee

It holds a meeting as soon as it is appointed.

It forms plans as soon as it holds a meeting.

It believes that big things are before it.

It understands that a large share of the society's success depends upon it.

It believes in B. Y. P. U.

It divides up the work among its members.

It supports the chairman, and the chairman supports the committee.

It co-operates with other committees.

It works with the society officers.

It is modest and yet confident.

It keeps records of its plans and of its work.

It makes a written report at every business meeting.

It is not disheartened by its failures, but uses them as stepping-stones to progress.

It trusts in Christ, and labors ardently for him.

And for all these reasons it succeeds gloriously.

A. R. W.

Speaking of Committees—Are You a Cog?

Co-operation. A cog is not a thing-in-itself. It exists for others, and others exist for it. A cog believes in team-work. Are you a cog?

Helping Others. A cog passes its energy out to another cog. All it gets from its neighbor behind it tries to pass on to a needy fellow beside him. Are you a cog?

One Who Fits. A cog ceases to function if it is a misfit. It must fit perfectly into the scheme of things, must sacrifice ornamentation, self-gratification, everything which would prevent a perfect fit into the whole. Are you a cog?

Push. A cog is chock-full of push. Every helpful impetus it receives it pushes on to its neighbor. Are you a cog?

Work. A cog asks no office or honor, or fame, or glory. Its insistent demand is an eloquent sermon. "Give me a chance to help another cog!" Are you a cog?

Strength. See those broad shoulders and rounded bulging muscles, that solid brace—no wiggle or wobble for Mr. Cog—he keeps things steady. Are you a cog?

Readiness. Always in the line and always stripped for action. A cog never overeats or overdrinks. A cog never indulges in any way; he is ever ready for his job ahead of him. Are you a cog?

Service. A score of other names could be named, but they are all epitomized in the word "service." Every bit of a cog's surface is a working surface. A

cog is one hundred per cent useful, one hundred per cent serviceable, one hundred per cent unselfish. Are you a cog?—From a church bulletin.

Varying the Meeting

"The Oregon Endeavor Bulletin" suggests the following methods for varying the young people's meeting. It takes only a very small variation, at times, to give a new character to the meeting.

Early Bird Meeting. Hold one meeting during the summer in the morning, either as an early sunrise prayer meeting, or just before the Bible school. This will be a pleasing variation, and will leave the entire afternoon and early evening free. Many societies adopt this plan for the entire summer. It may serve to get the attendance of the members who are afflicted with the "Sunday picnic" habit.

Picnic Meeting. Hold one meeting after the morning church service (a short meeting), and then adjourn with basket lunch to a picnic grove or to the country for the afternoon.

Sunshine Meeting. Hold one during the summer with some shut-in or elderly person, if possible. This meeting can be held on Sunday afternoon or evening, or during the week. It should be well planned, very simple in form, with some music in which the person visited can join, preferably older songs, and the talks should be very short and to the point. The entire meeting should not be more than thirty minutes long. It is well to take along some flowers or some remembrance to leave. There should be also quite a number of prayers in the meeting. It is wonderful how much enjoyment a meeting of this kind will bring to some shut-in who loves the church and is not permitted to attend the services. It also brings a blessing to the members who attend.

Neighborly Meeting. Hold one service at least with some other society, either in your own church or a neighboring church.

Hold one meeting at the church on a Friday or Saturday evening and adjourn for a "weenie" or picnic of some kind. (There may be some who object to a young people's meeting held on any other day than Sunday, but others may approve of it once in a while. Would recommend it, especially for the meeting the first Sunday in a month like July, as so many people go away over the third and fourth.)

Woodsy Meeting. One meeting may be held in the woods. Take a picnic dinner and go out in the country for dinner and spend the afternoon there, holding the prayer meeting late in the afternoon or early in the evening. This may be held on Sunday and is especially good for a nature meeting.

Dash to the North Pole. This meeting could be held on a week night, or on Sunday where there is no evening church service. The plans are known only by the leader and prayer-meeting chairman. The members meet at the church and receive notice that the first stop will be at Labrador, Greenland, or any such place. The street address is given. At that place further instructions are given, and the crowd makes the rounds of two or three houses, the last being the North Pole. This should be a home where there is a piano. A short, snappy meeting is held and followed by a short social time. If desired, ice-cream may be served. This meeting may be adapted for a missionary meeting, and the places stopped at may be countries on the way to the country to be studied, and light refreshments in keeping with that country may be served.

Company Meeting. This meeting is better held in the church, and each member is to bring some company. It makes no difference whether it is young people, children, or adults, just so long as they bring some company. The meeting should be well planned and should include some interesting special features.

Owl Meeting. One meeting during the summer may be held late Sunday evening, or after the evening church service. This would be especially good for real warm weather, and bring out some who seem to get out too late for the regular B. Y. P. U. meeting.

Did You Ever Try a Poster?

Oh, if there's one thing we like to do
And do it up just fine,
It's just to make some posters,
For posterizing is our line.

We make them large, we make them small,

We make them any size.

We put on them the things we know
Will surely make you wise.

For on each one there'll surely be
A message true for you
And for each and every member
In your B. Y. P. U.

So if you'll take up posterizing
And do as we have done,
You'll find that posterizing after all,
Is really lots of fun.

Service

A man staying at a small hotel went to the office and said to the young lady in charge: "I have never seen such dirty towels in my life, and I can't find any soap."

"You've got a tongue in your head, haven't you?" retorted the young lady.

"Yes," replied the traveler, "but I am not a cat."

The Busy Bee, A Creation of God

G. A. BARBISCH

III

It is said that the great Bismarck fashioned his German Empire upon the principles of the Beehive—the individual is nothing, the hive (the empire) all. Could we fathom all the secrets of the hive, learn how its population is governed, how its thousands of inhabitants accomplish their tremendous tasks without confusion, lost motion or waste of time, how its strikes are settled—for bees strike also sometimes—we could the better solve some of our own riddles of government. Indeed I wish it were practical for me and if space would permit to acquaint my readers with more of the wonders of the hive; of the tiny creatures who so much resemble human beings in many of their ways—their community life, their wonderful God-given intelligence and their obtuseness; their industry and their avariciousness; their moods and prejudices of which they have many.

The worker bees are the female bees. They are the bees that do practically all of the work, especially outside the hive. There are the water carriers; there are those who visit the flowers and draw out the nectar, gather the pollen also from the flowers; build the combs; act as police to guard against robbers and protect their home.

When honey is first gathered from the flowers, it is almost as thin as water. The bees store it in the combs and fan it with their wings at night until the water is evaporated. The ripening process takes more than a week. When it has finally become thick and thoroughly ripened, the bees "cap" it, or seal it over with airtight capping of pure beeswax. It is then really finished and at its best. It is estimated that it requires 40,000 trips of a honey bee to gather one pound of honey. As a worker bee wears itself out in about six weeks in a heavy honey flow and then dies of overwork, it is evident that it takes a great many bees a great many trips to gather a single pound of the honey you buy for a few cents.

After the bees have completed the work of gathering, storing and ripening the honey, there is still a great deal of work to be done by human hands before the honey is ready for your table.

Bees are queer little beauties, they not only gather nectar from the flowers and convert it into the purest and daintiest of sweets but they also make the beeswax that goes to make the honey comb.

Just as sheep and cattle eat grain and accumulate fat, so the bees in the honey producing season, when they wish to make honey comb, gorge themselves with honey, and hang in clusters in the hives in a great mass until the surplus honey they have eaten is converted into wax instead of fat, and oozes out of the pores of the bees like perspiration and is gathered by their legs and fashioned into snowy white honey comb.

The drones are the male bees and their only duty to perform is to mate and fertilize the young virgin queens as they go

out on their wedding flight. Nature has decreed that every drone who meets and mates a queen must give up his life. Drones can not nor do any other kind of work. Nature has not provided the drones with any tools to work with, neither can they sting as they have no stinger, consequently they can not protect themselves against enemies. Their life is short, as soon as the honey flow lets up, the workers ruthlessly drive the drones out of the hives. The workers seem to reason: these noisy brothers of ours have done their duty; they only consume our honey and stores. So out they go where they must starve and freeze to death. Yes, such is the fate of the drone. You have heard the expression: "He or she is as lazy as a drone." In nearly every church we find some of these drones, members, though gifted and talented who are always ready and willing to shift the responsibility on others and let others do the work.

Are you a drone, or are you a willing worker? Always ready to lend a helping hand? We sincerely hope you are and that you belong to the worker class.

La Crescent, Minn.

An Early European Baptist Church

The Rev. O. Ekemann, until lately minister of the church at Memel, has compiled a valuable and well-illustrated book entitled "*Gladenunder*" ("Miracles of Grace"), containing the story of that community. The Memel church is one of the oldest in Europe, having been constituted by Oncken in 1841—seven years after his own baptism in Hamburg. Memel was then at the north-eastern extremity of Germany; and the church was able, by reason of its geographical position, not only to influence the inhabitants of East Prussia, but to reach Lithuanians living on the German side of the Russo-German frontier. A vigorous missionary spirit marked the early years, and the influence of the church, in spite of the repressive measures of the Russian Government, extended even to land under the Czardom. The Memel Baptists were linked with the beginnings of mission work in the provinces that have now become the Republics of Latvia and Lithuania, and even in St. Petersburg itself. Memel-land is now an autonomous district within the Republic of Lithuania. This new political relationship opens up remarkable missionary possibilities, and it is to be hoped that a church which has accomplished so much in the past will prove a mighty auxiliary to the comparative weak Baptist movement in the republic.

So It Seems

"Zees American football game ees well named."

"Ees it so?"

"Oui. First ze team keeks, zen ze unpire keeks and zen ze whole crowd keeks."—Princeton Tiger.

Latvian Baptist Young People's Union

Pastor Janis Daugmanis, Foreign Correspondent and Representative in General Committee of the World Baptist Young People's Union.

Ugunciem, c. Talsiem, Latvia,
March 9, 1929.

Rev. A. P. Mihm,
Forest Park, Ill.

Dear Bro. Mihm:—

I am writing this to express to you my best thanks and gratuities, personally, and on behalf of the Latvian Baptist Young People's Union for the most valuable periodical, "The Baptist Herald," which I have received regularly all the time since July, 1927. I gladly assure you that the "Baptist Herald" has been of great service to us with its most valuable information and news for our Y. P.'s Magazine, "Rita Stari," of which I am one of the Editors. This Young People's Magazine is subscribed to by good many German young people too. I am glad to say that a good deal of work, especially of evangelization, I did together with Pastor K. Hartmann, the Prediger of the German Baptist church of Zante, near Tukum. Also some work I did together with Bro. Zaara, the pastor of the German Baptist church of Liepaja, Zalema. Both these men are doing very successful work amongst German people as well in some extent amongst the Latvians.

Now I have to inform you that by the middle of March this year I am leaving Latvia for America, in order to complete my studies in Religious Education. My purpose is to get a more complete theoretical and practical knowledge in Religious Education for the work in Sunday schools and young people's societies, in order to dedicate myself for the life-work of Religious Education in Latvia years later.

Although I am leaving Latvia territorially, still I shall be a co-worker of the Latvian Baptist periodicals, "Rita Stari" and "Kristiga Balss" = "Morning Rays" and "Christian Voice." Therefore may I kindly ask you to continue to send to me gratis copy of "Baptist Herald," only with the change of address, which further on will be as follows:

John Daugmann,
c/o Mr. P. Robinson,
871 Preston St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Expressing once more my best thanks and gratitude, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
J. DAUGMANIS.

Wister Grandma

Wife: "Now that I have had my hair bobbed, don't think I look so much like an old woman."

Husband: "No. Now you look like an old woman."—L'Illustration (Paris).

Wister: "I noticed that people who spend the time in complaining have very little time for anything else."