

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Seven

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Number Nine

## SAVING MOTHER

NIXON WATERMAN

Be thrifty, O you prudent Home,  
And save against tomorrow;  
Esteem whatever gifts may come,  
Nor waste them to your sorrow.  
Conserve your wealth in every way  
To better one another;  
Save for that sometime "rainy day,"  
But most of all, save Mother.

Save Mother, whose great giving makes  
The home so rich about her;  
Her life is lived for others' sakes  
That were so poor without her.  
To save of gold and worldly things  
Is only idle pother  
Compared to all the joy life brings  
The wise ones who save Mother.

Make smooth the path her feet must tread;  
Be to her needs most tender;  
About her life, ask God to spread  
His blessing's holy splendor.  
From all the trials that annoy,  
From all the cares that bother,  
For her good self and for the joy  
Of all the home, save Mother.

Save Mother! The one precious thing;  
In every home the fairest;  
Of all the gifts good angels bring,  
The Mother is the rarest.  
Be, oh! so very, very choice  
Of Father, Sister, Brother;  
But most of all you shall rejoice  
If only you save Mother.



## What's Happening

Rev. L. Baier of the South Chicago church baptized five Sunday school scholars and one adult, a Sunday-school teacher, on Easter Sunday.

The Lake States Assembly will be held in Linwood Park on Lake Erie from Aug. 5-11. Let our Ohio and Michigan young people and others from adjoining states plan to attend. Program and announcements will follow later.

Rev. J. A. Pankratz has accepted the call extended to him by the First Church of Chicago on April 7th and will begin his pastorate with this historic church on May 1st. He succeeds Rev. H. C. Baum who became our General Evangelist. Bro. Pankratz was formerly pastor of the Second German Church of Chicago.

Immanuel church Sunday school, Milwaukee, made an Easter Offering of \$60 for Missions and Benevolence. At the Evening Easter service the Young Men's Bible Class led in a very acceptable discussion about "Immortality." The Young People's choir sang the cantata "The Garden and the Sepulchre," by Daniel Protheroe.

Rev. Frank Kaiser, who has retired from the ministry and now lives in Rochester, N. Y., is proving himself a very acceptable supply for Prof. O. Koenig of the Seminary while the latter is still laid up from his accident during the winter. Bro. Kaiser is teaching the German and the History classes of the disabled teacher.

Miss Frieda L. Appel, after a year's furlough, expects to sail for her field in the Philippines from San Francisco on May 24. She expects to reach her destination about the middle of June, in time for the opening of the school year. Our young people can help Miss Appel in her work in various ways. See how in the "Baptist Herald" for April 1. Her address is "Care Baptist Mission, Iloilo, Philippine Islands."

As a result of revival meetings at the church at Jamesburg, N. J., Rev. C. Peters, pastor, in which Rev. Chas. W. Koller of the Clinton Hill church, Newark, assisted, the church has been visited with showers of blessing from the presence of the Lord. On April 7 Pastor Peters received 25 new members into the church, of which 22 came by baptism, 1 by letter and 2 by restoration. The recently organized young people's prayer group has proven to be a great blessing. May all the new members be kept faithful to Christ as Lord and Master!

The British and Foreign Bible Society of London celebrated its 125th anniversary in March. During the first 100 years of its existence the Society disseminated 186 million copies of the Scriptures in 378 languages. During the first 25 years of its second century career, it

has circulated more than 200 million copies. The Bible or parts of the same are published and spread abroad in 613 languages by the Society. The Bible Society ascribes the secret of its success to a faithful adhesion to its policy of circulating the Word of God without notes or commentary.

The Turtle Lake, N. D., church and field was visited by the Editor of the "Baptist Herald" following the recent institute in Goodrich. Rev. E. Broeckel, pastor, has an extensive territory of five stations to cover. Bro. Broeckel has spent most of his ministry in North Dakota and is highly esteemed for his work's sake. Many miles are traveled in the course of a year by our North Dakota pastors in ministering to their own fields. Sunday forenoon and afternoon were spent at Zion Station in the country, 16 miles from Turtle Lake, and for the evening service we were at the latter place, preaching to a crowded house. On Monday we drove from Turtle Lake, with Rev. H. G. Braun to the Tabor church, where we had an afternoon service, and then to McClusky, covering some 52 miles by car and experiencing something of No. Dakota roads after the winter breakup. The evening before the Sunday School Convention reported in this issue, we preached to a large and attentive congregation at McClusky. Bro. Braun has built up the work here, both spiritually and materially. A practical basement has been added to the McClusky equipment.

### Progress at Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.

Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, reports greater progress during the past year than during any other of its eighty years of existence. Reports presented at the annual business meeting on Thursday, April 11, showed a financial gain and an increase in church and mid-week service attendance. More than ten candidates for church membership have recently come before the church.

Church Clerk Charles Klausmann reported that during the past 12 months 33 new members were received: 17 by letter, 4 by statement, and 12 by baptism. 13 members were lost: 4 by cancellation, 6 by death, and 3 by letter of transfer. Membership was thus increased from 384 to 404. Records show that 95% of the members attend the services and are enrolled as contributors.

Members have given for church support during the past year \$11,036 and for missions \$48,814. In addition a total of \$5000 was given for various purposes by members, outside the church treasury.

The Church school has a membership of 500; the Women's Missionary Society, 100; the World Wide Guild, 60; and the Mothers' and Teachers' Circle, 40. The

church has three divisions of B. Y. P. U., Junior, Intermediate, and Senior. Henry W. Speidell is leader of the Boy Scouts, Troop 64.

Reports of the treasurers of organizations and of the auditing committee were followed by election of officers. Those elected were: Trustees, for three-year term, Christian Schmidt, Charles Koos, Sr., H. Theodore Sorg, and Clarence Vickers; financial secretary, George Joithe; treasurer of deacon's fund, Samuel Mueller; church clerk and head usher, Charles Klausmann; missionary treasurer, Harry Klausmann; and the auditing committee, George H. Schneider, Walter R. Staub, and Eric Schmidt.

The church officially expressed its deep appreciation to our pastor, Rev. Charles W. Koller, and to Mrs. Koller for their work the past year.

### Revival Meetings at Cathay, N. D.

During the three weeks of evangelistic meetings, held in our church from March 17-April 5, we have experienced a revival as a church and young people. Our Evangelist, Rev. H. C. Baum, was with us for 14 days and preached to good-sized audiences every evening. The Holy Spirit was at work in our midst in rekindling our love for Christ and in leading us to consecrate our lives more fully to the service of our Master.

We are especially happy to report that 13 of our Sunday-school scholars and one woman were converted and rejoice in the forgiveness of sin. May the Lord bless these young disciples and make them grow in grace and spiritual knowledge. We are looking forward to a happy baptismal service in the near future. May the Lord continue to use Bro. Baum as a mighty instrument in bringing the lost to the Savior! MRS. J. SCHWEITZER.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

### The Life That Counts

The life that counts must toil and fight;  
Must hate the wrong and love the right;  
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;  
In darkest night make melody;  
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;  
The cares and needs of others see;  
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;  
And turns not from the cross—the rod;  
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—  
This is the life that counts.

—Author unknown.

### Mothers' Day—a Forward Look

EDWARD S. LEWIS

ONE of the most beautiful of our anniversaries is Mothers' Day. This has quickly taken our hearts, and we are glad of the opportunity of remembering the dearest of earthly friends, present with us or departed, and the home of our childhood, within whose sacred enclosure was nourished all that we count the purest and most precious in our lives. We shall never do too much to honor the good mothers to whom we owe not only our life, but much of what makes life valuable to us. Editors and essayists and poets and artists have done their utmost to praise them, and yet we all feel that our mothers' affection and devotion to their children transcend all the possibilities of glowing expression.

Naturally, we look backward on this anniversary, but perhaps a forward look may also be taken. Our society is changing rapidly, and it will profit us little to glorify the departed if the forces of evil succeed in stifling the motherhood of the future. "What is home without a mother?" was one of the slogans of the past; but we are beginning to raise the question now, "What is a mother without a home?"

Our country is growing rapidly in population. Our cities are growing more and more crowded. Rentals are high. Guest rooms are disappearing; also living rooms. The mania for "going" has become a social menace. Family life has been revolutionized within a generation. Nowadays, it is a happy family that has the privilege of meeting to-

gether at the meals or at any other time. Cramped apartments are displacing the single residences, whose floor space is measured by the inch and charged for accordingly. Most people can afford but room enough for their own necessities, a fact which is apt to bar guests and babies alike. The tiny kitchenette replaces the ample kitchen of the old days. The delicatessen shops flourish, and we eat mainly from tin cans. Societies and clubs abound, practically all of which have an eating attachment; and these are another raid on the old-fashioned home. Families bear the same name, and sleep under the same roof, and get their mail at the same door. But much of the old home life has been seriously impaired. Automobiles and shows and parties have struck the home a hard blow by dispersing its inmates. Family life depends upon family association, and when this is broken up, family ties are broken also.

Even motherhood may be impaired. This lovely and sacred relation cannot flourish where selfish attractions drive parents and children apart. We have just read a news item that tells of a mother who was fined a hundred dollars in court for beating her sixteen-year-old daughter. This girl was whipped because she refused to tell her mother where she had been in the family automobile. The girl had her mother arrested. The mother refused to pay the fine, declaring that she would go to jail first. This is but a single incident in the common run of these perplexing days.

Then there is the paramount question of the children. No child, no mother. Large families have nearly vanished, even in the middle classes. Divorces multiply, and very many children are homeless. The Federal Children's Bureau has just made a study of institutions in the Middle West, and reports that in one large city, out of 5035 children in care of children's agencies, only eight per cent were full orphans and forty-nine per cent had both parents living. An experienced worker with children says: "There is no necessity for the establishment of an institution for the care of orphans. Probably less than one-tenth of the dependent children of the United States are full orphans. These would much better be placed in foster homes where they might receive intimate personal care and training."

This state of things reveals a back-lying failure of the home. The greatest need of society today is a renewal of home life, with parents and children dwelling together in love and service, learning the vital lessons of mutual good faith and good will. Only mothers can make homes. A mother cannot make it alone, of course; still the home is her domain and it depends largely upon her. Somehow we must contrive to rear our girls to put home life and home happiness above all things.—Classmate.



### A Prayer for Mothers' Day

**O** GOD, we offer thee praise and benediction for the sweet ministries of motherhood in human life. We bless thee for our own dear mothers who built up our life by theirs; who bore us in travail, and loved us the more for the pain we gave; who nourished us at their breast, and hushed us to sleep in the warm security of their arms. We thank thee for their tireless love, for their voiceless prayers, for the agony with which they followed us through our sins and won us back, for the Christly power of sacrifice and redemption in mother-love. We pray thee to forgive us if in thoughtless selfishness we have taken their love as our due without giving the tenderness which they craved as their sole reward, and if the great treasure of a mother's life is still spared to us, may we do for her feebleness what she did for ours.

We remember before thee all the good women who are now bearing the pain and weariness of maternity. Be with them in their travail, and grant them strength of body and mind for their new tasks. Widen their vision that they may see themselves not as the mothers of one child alone, but as the patriotic women of their nation, who alone can build up the better future with fresh and purer life. Put upon the girls of our people the awe of their future calling that they may preserve their bodies and minds in purity and strength for the holy task to which the future may summon them.

Bestow thy special grace, we beseech thee, on all women who have the yearnings of motherhood, but whose lives are barren of its joys. If any form of human sin has robbed them of the prize of life, grant them righteous anger and valiant hearts to fight this sin on behalf of those who come after them. Help them to overcome the bitterness of disappointment, and to find an outlet for their frustrated mother-love in the wider ministrations to all the lonely and unmothered hearts in thy great family on earth.—Walter Rauschenbusch, in the American Magazine.

### The Influence of Jesus on the World

F. P. KRUSE

**H**E was born in a stable, cradled in a manger, reared in a provincial town, and trained in a carpenter shop. On entering his public ministry the canopy of the sky served as the dome of his temple, the hillsides and the fishermen's boats furnished him pulpits, and the common people who heard him gladly, made up his audience. He had no home; foxes and birds fared better than he. When he died his legacy of material things consisted in the clothes he had worn, and his body rested in a borrowed tomb. His great heart of sympathy had gone out to the masses, who were like sheep without shepherds. He saw the dignity in MAN, not in position, money, title, or degree of education. The great in the eyes of Jesus were those who were great in loving service and great in faith.

### Uplifting the Masses

In the course of centuries the poor, the downtrodden, the enslaved, to whom ordinary human rights had been denied and who were looked upon as being created for the convenience and pleasure of the favored few, realized that they had a Champion, who loved them, understood them, had compassion on them, and allowed no artificial distinctions to separate them from the so-called upper classes. Gradually as the heart of both master and slave were touched by the spirit of the Nazarene, things began to happen, and they continued to happen. Bonds of the slave have fallen, womanhood has been elevated, walls of separation, of class and caste, are crumbling. Imperial tyrants have given away to limited monarchs, and they in turn are yielding their crowns and their thrones to the representatives of the people. Sons and daughters of humble merchants, artisans and farmers are sitting in positions of greatest power and guiding the destinies of nations not as autocrats, but as servants of the people. Industrial imperialism, more strongly entrenched in its citadel of mammon than political imperialism, is showing signs of weakness, and sooner or later must yield to industrial co-operation. Directly and indirectly, this uplift of the masses is due to the influence of Jesus.

### Promoting Peace

"On earth peace," the angel choir sang on that memorable night over the fields of Bethlehem when the Prince of Peace was born. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said King Jesus in his great inaugural address. When John and James wish to destroy the inhospitable Samaritans with fire from heaven, he reminds them that he came not to destroy but to save life. Peter, warned that he would deny his Lord, boasts that he is willing to die for him. When the soldiers are sent to apprehend Jesus, Peter draws his sword and boldly advances to the attack, but is restrained and ordered to sheath his sword. Jesus had a different method of dealing with enemies; he would not have his disciples resist evil, but love their enemies, do good to them, and pray for them.

To be sure he realized that that was a very hard lesson for human nature which harbored so much of the beast to learn, and that before this ideal could be achieved, there would be many wars and rumors of wars, with nation rising up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, accompanied by famine, pestilence, and earthquakes.

Despairing of world peace through the influence of Jesus and the power of the Holy Spirit, many have relegated the visions of peace portrayed by the prophets and the teachings of Jesus on this subject to a later dispensation, and indulge in something not far short of ridicule toward those who believe that the teaching of Jesus has promoted and is promoting peace. Nothing less destructive than the late World War was necessary to open the eyes of the world to view war as a crime against human-

ity and persuade it that there are better methods for settling international difficulties than a resort to force. Was it an evil spirit or was it the spirit of the Prince of Peace that prompted Mr. Kellogg to put in simple words the peace pact already signed by many nations with many more expressing their willingness to sign? We consider this document of greater importance than the Declaration of Independence, and equally as important as the Emancipation Proclamation. If by the education of a Christian conscience and an enlightened public opinion slavery could be overthrown, why should it not be possible to outlaw war? Jesus did it nearly two thousand years ago.

### Encouraging a Magnanimous Spirit

The rule of revenge is: a thousand lives for a life, for a slight, or a wrong. Haman in the story of Esther is an example to the point, who for what he considered lack of respect toward him on the part of a Jew, plotted to destroy the whole Jewish nation.

Strict justice, i. e. the law, demands an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; certainly a great advance over revenge, but Jesus advanced much farther. He would have us do more than is required of us, to go two miles when asked to go one; if sued for a coat to give the cloak also; to forgive not only seven times but seventy times seven. For fear we might interpret his sayings figuratively he interprets them by his own example, praying for his executioners while hanging on the cruel cross. Even Christians are for the most part far from reaching these Alpine heights of Christlikeness. Paul, who in character and teaching follows his Master closely, reiterates his magnanimous requirements by saying, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good."

While there may be a great lack of this spirit both in the church and in the world, the influence of this spirit of magnanimity as taught and practiced by Jesus is unmistakably seen in our penal institutions. Prisoners are no longer locked up in damp, dark, vermin-infested cells, clothed in striped prison garments, constantly harassed by armed guards and subjected to all kinds of cruelty, but are made to feel that though they have gone wrong, there is still hope for them, and the appeal is made to the best that is in them. Nor is this treatment barren of results, since the warden of Sing Sing prison informs us that he and his family move about among the prisoners serving for murder, banditry and equally atrocious crimes unarmed, with greater safety than they could walk the streets of any of our great cities. Kindness, forgiveness, longsuffering and forbearance emanate from the life of Jesus.

### Fostering the Spirit of Altruism

Altruism is defined as devotion to the interests of others. Jesus was the embodiment of altruism. He went about doing good, receiving all who came

to him in their perplexities and afflictions. He healed the sick, he cleansed the leper, he gave sight to the blind, he fed the hungry and offered comfort and rest to the troubled and burdened hearts. His mission was not to be ministered unto but to minister. Self-sacrifice and not self-seeking was the rule of his life. Human need and suffering touched his heart and caused the springs of compassion to overflow in helpful ministry.

When over the doors of orphanages, homes for the aged, hospitals and other philanthropic institutions we read such names as "The Good Shepherd," "The Good Samaritan," "Christ's Home," "Bethesda," and others similar to these, can there be any doubt that the founders of these institutions were influenced by the master Altruist? We look in vain in heathen lands for the expression of this spirit through like institutions except where they have been planted by missionaries of the Cross. And where but in a country like ours, where practical Christianity is taught as nowhere else, was there ever such an outpouring of contributions for philanthropic, religious and educational institutions, reaching the astounding sum of \$2,330,600,000 in 1928!

The tremendous influence Jesus exerts on the world is not exerted from without on the mass of humanity, but from within. The individual must be born again, and where hundreds, thousands, even millions of individuals in communities and nations have this new principle of life within them, Christ through them exerts a profound influence on government, education, industry, and the social life, even bringing under the sway of this influence such who are seemingly indifferent to the Gospel appeal. God be praised for the influence of his Son Jesus!

### How Good to Know

THORWALD W. BENDER

Some men, in ignorance of wisdom,  
Deny that aught is real,  
That eyes can't see  
Or hands can't feel.

Little there is for man's eyes to see!  
Little there is for man's hands to feel!  
Never man's eyes will find Life's key!  
Never man's hands with Spirit deal!

Man's Life is Spirit!  
Happy is the man  
Who knows himself; and knows  
What see or touch he never can.

God is Spirit!  
Man's eyes will never see!  
Man's hands will never touch!  
Man must in Spirit seek Life's key!

Spirit!—God!—The Key of Life!  
How wonderful for man to know  
Although he cannot see or touch!  
God!—Spirit!—Life! How good to know!





Young People at Easter Morning Service, Immanuel Church, New York City

### Immanuel, New York City "Jesus Lives!"

'Twas early dawn on Easter morn. Silence reigned o'er all the land. The sun had not yet risen, when the stillness was suddenly broken by the clear notes of a trumpet playing "Christ Arose," followed by many voices raised in singing that glorious hymn. On the steps of Immanuel Church in the heart of New York City, a group of Christians had gathered to worship Jesus Christ, our risen Lord and Savior.

When the song ended, we all entered the church and reverently took our seats. After singing some Easter songs with piano and trumpet accompaniment, our pastor, Rev. F. W. Becker, led our devotional meeting. He spoke inspiringly of the resurrection of Christ so many years ago, an old story but ever new to his loved ones. With testimonies, song and prayer our meeting ended.

We all gathered in our social room where we enjoyed a breakfast prepared by our young people. We are glad to say we had 40 out to this meeting, many folks traveling from outside the city to get here. The picture above was taken after breakfast.

The Lord has blessed us wonderfully this past year, standing by us in times of trouble, guiding and strengthening us so that we may do his will. This Easter we are especially grateful that the Lord made it possible for us to have our new piano for our sunrise service on the memorial-day of his resurrection. We started Easter Day with Jesus. God grant that we start every day with him!

BETTY CSAPOSS, Sec. Y. P.

### Shattuck Society

In the name of our B. Y. P. U. Society of Shattuck, Okla., I will write to the "Baptist Herald" and say that God has blessed us during the past year. In March we had our yearly anniversary. We also have a nice collection for God's work. We pray that God will bless us in the coming year, so that we will grow stronger and do more for God.

L. S., Secretary.

### A "Baptist Herald" Evening

On Friday evening, April 5, the young people of Tripp, S. D., spent a happy time together. Invitations in the following form were sent out to many friends:

*A birthday party we give for you,  
'T will be something pleasant as well as new.*

*This little lamb carries a sack  
For use in bringing or sending back  
The birthday money of young and old.  
An entertainment for you we've made,  
So don't forget the place and date.*

The special feature of the entertainment was that the "Baptist Herald" furnished every number of the program, both recitations and songs, so that it may be called a real booster for our Young People's paper. And everybody present was surprised that the "Baptist Herald" is such an excellent source in supplying the young people with all kinds of information, as well as furnishing the societies with suitable material for interesting and instructive programs.

After the "Baptist Herald" program had been rendered, another short feature was introduced, namely a general guessing of riddles, which was heartily enjoyed. But the last part of the entertainment, in which everybody took part, was also greatly enjoyed, inasmuch as sandwiches and coffee, cakes and ice cream were plentifully served.

We had also the pleasure of having our esteemed president of the S. D. Jugendbund, Brother Arthur Voight of Avon, in our midst. He said a few words of encouragement to the young people.

And last, but not least, we were made to feel happy over the fact that the entertainment was not only socially, intellectually and spiritually a success but also financially, for the sum in the birthday bags amounted to \$90, which money is to be used in buying a new instrument for our station at Tripp.

H. P. KAYSER.

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Prayer is a soul-enlarging exercise, a fact which great souls have discovered.

### Sunday School Convention at McClusky, N. D.

McClusky was the place this Spring where the representatives of our 27 Sunday schools of the Northern North Dakota Association convened for a session.

We had the special honor of having with us the two secretaries of our German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, Rev. A. P. Mihm and Rev. A. A. Schade. Bro. Mihm is known to our people for years in this part of the country, but Bro. Schade had his first baptism of fire. We are very thankful for these two men, they certainly made a marvelous impression. During two evenings they spoke in the German and American language in the High school auditorium which was taxed to its utmost capacity. Even in the day-sessions we kept them very busy.

Our other pastors who were on the program also gave splendid addresses. Rev. Matz and Rev. Gieser opened the sessions morning and afternoon with a devotional hour. Bro. Balogh from the city where our state philosophers come from, Grand Forks, spoke on, "How can the Superintendent retain the interest of the school?" Mr. F. W. Godfring of Buffalo, N. Y., was a visitor in these parts and was asked to speak on, "How to interest a Young Men's Bible Class," to which he responded with a fine talk. Rev. Lucas read a paper on, "How can we work successfully in our schools?" Mr. W. F. Strobel, a layman from Fessenden, gave a thoughtful paper on, "How can a S. S. teacher stimulate the spiritual life of his pupils?" The minister from Germantown, Rev. A. Alf, addressed us on, "How to cultivate the singing in the Sunday school."

The hearty welcome speeches by the local superintendent, Bro. Wenig, and by the pastor, Rev. H. G. Braun, were tested at the tables in the new basement. They certainly have good cooks in McClusky. Neither will we forget the singing by the Gleaner's class of the McClusky Sunday school, of which Mrs. H. G. Braun is the teacher.

Our fall session will be held with the church at Rosenfeld. The six-months report of our S. S. Association shows 2386 pupils in 169 classes with 224 teachers. Their collections amounted to \$1831.23. Conversions reported were 56.

FR. ALF, Sec.

### No Hint Taken

"Is that clock right?" asked the visitor who had already overstayed his welcome. His hostess groaned.

"Oh, no," she said. "That's the clock we call 'The Visitor.'"

The bore sat down again.

"The Visitor?" he remarked. "What a curious name to give to a clock."

His hostess ventured an explanation.

"You see," she said sweetly, "we call it that because we can never make it go."

And even then he failed to see the point.—Boston Transcript.

# The Young People's Society

## Purpose—Program—Plans

### The Choice

All the folks in our house had to tell one day  
In which one of all the rooms they like best to stay.  
Mother chose the living room, where we mostly sit;  
Sister likes the parlor nights, with the big lamp lit;  
Grammy said her ownty room's better'n all the rest;  
Jack—he's always studying—likes the lib'ry best;  
I just love the attick, where there's room to swing,  
Or roller-skate, or spin a top, or play most anything;  
But when I asked my father, he laughed and said that he  
Guessed he'd choose whatever place mother chanced to be.

—The Congregationalist.

### A Business Meeting Bible Reading

This reading, from 1 Thess. 5:12-28, was used at the opening of a business meeting by a C. E. society in Pennsylvania.

*Officers of the society.*—We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake. And be at peace among yourselves. Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feebleminded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

*Lookout committee.*—See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

*Music committee.*—Rejoice evermore. *Prayer-meeting committee.*—Pray without ceasing.

*Social committee.*—In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

*Sunday school committee.*—Quench not the Spirit. Despire not prophesying.

*Temperance committee.*—Abstain from all appearance of evil.

*Pastor or other officer of the church.*—And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

All.—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

### Right Atmosphere for Socials

To make a social successful it is necessary to provide for a pleasant atmosphere. This can be done in various ways.

There are five factors which contribute to an attractive atmosphere.

1. *Light.* A brilliant light outside will suggest cheerfulness and happiness. Inside, the lights can be changed to depict ideas. Dim lights should be used in a quiet part of the program.

2. *Color Costumes* and colored lights may be used on many occasions. Colors suggest emotions, such as purple, royalty and wealth; blue, night, cold, and mystery; red, sunsets, home fires, warmth, and cheer. Every detail of the decorations should be the same color scheme, and they should be simple.

3. *Action.* An active, alert, vivacious attitude on the part of the leaders reacts in action among the players and maintains an "alive" atmosphere.

4. *Expectancy.* An active, alert, vivacious group should be kept in constant expectancy.

5. *Music.* Little need be said of the value of music as an element in providing a pleasant atmosphere. The emphasis, however, needs to be on good music. Church social recreation has no place for jazz tunes and cheap songs. Secure the best possible music in advance. Special music during refreshments will provide a background of pleasant melody for conversation and good fellowship.

### A Blotter Member

A blotter absorbs everything and gives out nothing. Don't be a blotter member. How much discussion would there be in your class if every member were to act as you act? What if you are timid? Others have overcome that defect by talking every time they were given an opportunity to say something on a question. We may be thankful that timidity is one trouble that can be cured.

### Back From the Convention

A cartoon on the front page of a recent number of the "Intercollegian" pictures a youth just back from his student convention. Evidently, from his manner, the look on his face, and from his swinging step, he is full of enthusiasm. He seems to be just ready to pour out the ideas and the plans with which he has been inspired at the convention.

At the bottom of the cartoon, however, as a suggestion of the real value of conventions, are these words of David Livingstone, "The end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise."

Members of young people's Bible classes and of young people's societies need, from time to time, to attend conventions on young people's work. They ought to come back from such conventions with ideas for doing their work as officers better, with a larger capacity for meeting wisely the lesson problems, with a greater enthusiasm for the whole Christian enterprise.

And yet, such a return is not enough unless when they come back they are really at the beginning of the enterprise. A thing has not been done when its method of doing has been explained and when enthusiasm for doing it has been aroused. The proof of the value of the convention is in what the young people actually do in the weeks and months after the first impressions of the convention have faded.—Exchange.

### An Alphabetical Roll-Call For Missionary Committees

An alphabetical roll-call affords a pleasant variety in a missionary program. A scrambled alphabet is passed around, from which each person draws a letter to be used as the initial of some important qualification of a Christian worker. If the size of the audience justifies it, more than one alphabet may be given out and called for as "Capital A and small a," etc. The leader should preface the roll-call with forceful remarks on the importance of each member activating some quality of a successful worker, the variety rounding out the ideal service that a church or a mission circle should render. The letters are then called for in rotation, their holders rising and responding in something like the following:

- A—Accept limitations.
- B—Be a Bible Christian.
- C—Circle the globe by your prayers.
- D—Don't pull down: built up.
- E—Eliminate non-essentials.
- F—Follow Christ: fear nothing.
- G—Give your best: get other folks' best.
- H—Have a well-made plan.
- I—Inhale power and exhale blessings.
- J—Joy, and give thanks always.
- K—Kindly respond to letters, courtesies, requests.
- L—Let your love be genuine.
- M—Manage little: pray much.
- N—Never give up.
- O—Obedience is the eye of the soul.
- P—Pray your plans through.
- Q—Quality means more than quantity.
- R—Responsibility shared means development.
- S—Sincerity is the seal of power.
- T—Think things through before acting.
- U—Unneeded vision.
- V—Verify rumors before repeating.
- W—Weights may be your wings.
- X—X-cept your disabilities.
- Z—Zenith seers look upward.

The letters may be collected at the close and used again at subsequent meetings, possibly throughout the year, guests drawing different letters each time, and thus getting the basal idea of universal service fixed.—The Missionary Review of the World.



# Toward Sodom

By B. MABEL DUNHAM

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

(Continuation)

Chapter IX

## HONOR AND DISHONOR

When spring was warming into summer, Bishop Benjamin Eby's health began to fail, and soon grave fears were entertained for his recovery. Dr. Scott attended him day by day, but to no avail. His heart, it seemed, had "went bad on him."

This was the time to extol the virtues of the good man. There was nobody but respected and loved him. His mental attainments, his genuine culture, and above all his kindly, unselfish, Christian character—these were the attributes which he exemplified, these were the impressions that would live on in the memories of the people long after his mortal life should have ebbed away.

Few men have served their communities as Bishop Eby had served Ebytown. It was he who in the day of small things, in 1807, to be exact, had brought over from Pennsylvania the first caravan of conestogas. On his property and under his supervision were built the first church and school, and he was at once the first preacher and teacher. No one ever came to him in need and was turned away, for he imparted not only spiritual admonition but temporal relief. He was, moreover, an industrial pioneer. On his farm was erected the first factory, the forerunner of many in the industrial life of the village which bore with pride his much-respected name.

The reports became more and more disheartening. The Bishop was sinking fast. He could not outlive the summer. The prediction proved only too true, for towards the end of June he reached the goal of his pilgrimage, and slipped peacefully away into that far-off, mysterious land which awaits the faithful when this life's fitful dream is over.

That was in the day and among the people of large funerals, but never in all the history of Ebytown had there been such a funeral as was accorded the great Bishop. From all over the country flocked the people of every nationality and creed, until the meeting house which he had built was packed to the doors. Four sermons were preached at that service, none of them so vital as the memories of the reasoned logic and the impassioned entreaties of him whom the finger of God had touched.

Then there rose the all-important question of apostolic succession. A bishop they must have, a visible head of the church. But where was the Elisha upon whose unworthy shoulders should fall the cloak of the great prophet? Where, indeed?

The question had been in Sarah's mind for some time. She had often talked to

the Lord about it. She never thought about Ben Eby and his exalted position, she told Him, that her own Noah didn't "come into her mind." Could it be possible that it was for this very hour that Noah had been brought forth out of Greenbush?

The Mennonites have a unique but very scriptural method of according the Lord the privilege of the final choice in the selection of the officials of his church. They offer him a few tentative suggestions, and leave the rest to him. So to them is the will of the Lord revealed.

The services of Bishop Moyer of the Twenty were secured for the occasion of the ordination. Three of the preachers had been nominated for the office, Josiah Ernst, his son, Simeon, and Noah Horst. There they stood in a row before the pulpit looking very humble and subservient to the divine will. Three new hymn-books were brought in, one for each of the candidates; and these were arranged on the pulpit. Everyone knew that the fateful words, "Ordained to be a bishop," were inscribed on the fly-leaf of one of the volumes, but which one it was, not even the presiding bishop who wrote them could affirm. After an earnest prayer for guidance, the preachers were asked to choose, in turn, one of the books. At a sign from the presiding officer, all three volumes were opened. The sacred charge was found in Noah's book.

"Nooi!" gasped Sarah, who had been watching her husband narrowly for some confirmation of her hopes.

"The Lord has chosen Preacher Horst for his bishop," said Bishop Moyer, placing his ecumenical hand in blessing upon Noah's head, as the latter dropped on his knees before him. "May he make you worthy!"

"Amen," was the universal response. So Noah Horst, late of Greenbush, became bishop of the Mennonite Church in Ebytown.

Of all the good wishes that were showered upon the new head of the church, none were more sincere than those of the wife of his bosom. Sarah was satisfied beyond her most rosy dreams, and her confidence in the Lord was affirmed. Her husband—her "Nooi"—a bishop! "That's why me and the Lord had to fetch you out of Greenbush," she said, triumphantly, when she had him alone. "Look what we led you into."

"Ach, yes, it is so," admitted Noah, yet without enthusiasm. It seemed to her that he could feel the suggested halter about his neck. A haunting fear for the future overshadowed him. He wondered how he could hope to be a successful leader of his people, when his own sons and daughters were breaking away one by one from his parental authority.

## THE BAPTIST HERALD

"You mean Ephraim?" said Sarah. "He runs with the Meddedischts," he told her.

"Leave him," advised Sarah. "He never was no good."

"And Esther, she's left off her bonnet."

"She'll put it on again," promised Sarah. "You can let that to me."

"Cyrus he makes me a lot of worry."

"Cyrus!" cried the boy's mother, with derisive laughter. "Now that chust shows how dumm you are to fret." She painted for him again the glowing picture which always hung prominently on the walls of her imagination, Cyrus exalted in the esteem of his fellow-men, the flower of his father's family, the joy and hope of his mother. No need to worry about her Cyrus.

But Noah did not care to follow his wife on these flights of fancy. He sat beside the kitchen stove and stared vacantly into space. Never in all his experience with her had she so irritated him. When at last she went off to bed, he fell upon his knees and poured out his soul in prayer. To God alone could he tell his fears for Cyrus. He would understand that he did not want to coerce Esther into wearing the bonnet, or to restrain Ephraim in his honest conviction that he ought to offer his life on the altar of the Methodist church as a missionary to Japan. They were his children; he, their father, but never their judge. For Lydia and Manassah he prayed that he might have them, at least, as souls for his hire. He brought Sarah, too, before the Throne of Grace, and invoked a blessing for her. But his most earnest prayer was for his own sinful self. It was entirely his fault, he confessed, that he did not love his wife as he ought. His character was full of blemishes, his conduct full of imperfections. Of himself, he was weak, but his strength was in the Lord. To him he looked for wisdom and guidance in the new responsibilities of his life. He wanted to be only the humble instrument through whom the will of God should operate without restraint, that his great Name might be exalted in the earth.

The next year, 1854, was a very eventful one in the history of Ebytown, for it was then that the corporation sloughed off its out-grown garments of village life and arrayed itself as became the dignity and importance of a town.

The occasion was not allowed to pass without fitting notice. Indeed, the first day of the new order was one of protracted celebration. From dawn until the wee hours of the following morning, the little German band piped and drummed about the streets and in the corridors of the new court-house where the elite of Ebytown tripped the light, fantastic toe.

Joy was unconfined. When the refreshments failed, liquid substitutes were provided from a neighboring saloon. After midnight the crowd began to thin out, but the noise became disproportion-

May 1, 1929

ately deafening. Two hours more and the little German band packed up and decamped, leaving the stragglers no alternative but to go home. Some of them were in no condition to go anywhere. A prominent woman had to be carried to her carriage by her half-tipsy husband, with the unfortunate result that he dumped her into a puddle, thereby ruining both her finery and her reputation. Everybody was talking about it on the streets the next morning.

"Ain't it awful?" said Noah, when the story had been bruited to his ears. "What do they do it for?"

"Ach, I guess they want to have a good time," said the purveyor of the delectable tale. "They must be happy."

"Happy!" hooted Noah. "Don't they know how to be happy yet? They don't have to be pigs."

"They don't know that, 'tseems," was the reply. "But if I was you, Bishop, I'd keep my mouth shut till I knew once who was all there. You don't mind me telling....?"

Noah was gone. The next minute he was driving like mad down Frederick Street.

Ephraim came to open the gate for him.

"Where was you last night?" demanded Noah.

"To home," replied the lad. "Me and Levi were studying for the Latin examination."

"Where was Cyrus?"

"To home, too," Ephraim supposed.

"Where is he now?"

"Dunno."

Noah threw the reins to his son and strode to the house. "Where was you last night?" he demanded of the astonished Esther.

"Why, I was to home, like always."

"You didn't sneak out in the night?"

Esther stared at him blankly.

"Where was that Rhoda Starling?"

"Rhoda?" said Esther. "Why, she was going to the ball."

"You stop away from her," commanded Noah. "She don't do you no good."

Where's Cyrus?"

At this moment Sarah hustled down the stairs and into the kitchen. She was flustered and excited.

Noah threw the question at her, "Where's Cyrus?"

"He's in bed," answered Sarah.

"In bed! It's ten o'clock."

"He's sick," protested the woman.

"He's thrown up awful."

"He's drunk," shrieked Noah. "Drunk! Fifteen years old, and drunk! My God, has it come to this?"

Sarah turned as white as a sheet. Drunk? Her Cyrus-boy? Never! She could explain it all. "He was over to Ernst's all night," she declared, "with Daniel. He ate something that didn't set good on his stomach." She believed they ought to send for Dr. Scott.

"I'll doctor him," announced Noah.

In all his life he had never been so furious. "I'll thrash it out of ihm. I'll learn him to fetch disgrace on us like

that." He seized the broomstick and was making for the stairway.

"Nooi!" screamed Sarah, throwing herself bodily at her husband. "Stop! Me you can thrash, but him you must not touch."

Esther was sobbing helplessly, hysterically, in the middle of the room.

"It's your fault," cried Noah, trying in vain to push the exasperated woman aside. "You spoilt him."

"You spoilt him yourself," retorted Sarah. She followed Esther's example and took a woman's refuge in a torrent of tears.

Noah had a tender heart. He let Sarah have the broom, and he felt himself being shoved into his armchair. He was all in a tremble. Tears streamed from his eyes. He clutched the chair and tried to pull himself together. The next minute he did not know what he was doing. Where was he, anyway?

"He's dead!" moaned Sarah, on the verge of hysteria. "It's me, Nooi! Don't you know me?"

Esther called Ephraim and sent him post-haste for the doctor.

A slight stroke, the doctor said it was. Fifty-four was young for that sort of thing. Was he worrying about something?

"Nothing," Sarah told him. "At least, nothing much."

"I thought I saw him in town half an hour ago."

"Yes, he was down," replied Sarah, "and when he came home he went chust like that."

"Strange," the doctor thought. "Everybody else well?"

"Yes," said Sarah, without so much as a tremor in her voice.

"I didn't see you at the ball last night, Mrs. Horst." A playful little gibe.

"Such carryings-on is not for us," replied Sarah.

The doctor turned, looked at her closely and said, "They are not always good for young people, that I know. Now don't let your guid man worry. Keep him quiet, and we'll soon have him around again."

As soon as opportunity afforded, Sarah asked Simeon Ernst if Daniel was sick, too, the night of the ball.

He was, Simeon remembered. His mother had said it would be a long time before she would allow him to go to the Horsts' again for the night.

Sarah's jaw fell. "Wasn't Cyrus over to your place?" she asked, feebly.

"No, Daniel was here, not?"

Sarah shook her head.

Simeon was forced to the conclusion, "They were both together at some place where they shouldn't ought to've went." There was no need to be more explicit about it.

"Daniel ain't any too good company for Cyrus," observed Sarah. "He learns him bad things."

"It don't take much to spoil a bad egg," Simeon shot back at her. "Mebbe you can think out what that means." It was a tactless speech, which did not discredit

Cyrus in the least, although it cost Simeon himself a sudden drop in the esteem of his mother-in-law.

Prosperity came to Ebytown with its new civic dignity. Those were the days when the war-clouds hung heavy over Europe, and famine stalked about the Crimea. But the farmers of Ebytown saw only the silver lining. For them the distress of Europe meant only an inflation in the price of their great commodity, wheat. The grain which they had stored in their barns the previous autumn brought fabulous prices, and the farmers were jubilant. Next year there was another bountiful harvest and an equally ready sale for their crops. They were getting rich hand over fist.

Phenomenal strides were being made in industry, too, as it was, by a great influx of population from the cities of Germany. Refugees from the economic persecutions of the mid-nineteenth century found a safe retreat in the most German town in the British dominions across the seas. Factories sprang up like mushrooms. Before long Shade's Mills had a formidable rival in the output of her industrial plants. A boom was on in Ebytown. Property increased in value, prosperity was in the air, success seemed easier than failure.

A new day had dawned in social life as well. The privations of pioneer life were passing away, and all manner of luxuries were being spirited into the homes of the people under the guise of necessities. New day, new ways. With the money that had formerly been spent in clearing more land the women now bought pretty dresses for themselves and for their children, and nick-nacks to give an air of distinction to the home. Old-fashioned candles and their accessories were being relegated to the shelf in the cellar, and their time-honored places were being usurped by new, nobby, coal-oil lamps. These were not always as pleasing to the nose as to the eye, but it was considered good form to practice indulgence in this connection. It was after all an evidence of advancing civilization.

Mr. Collins felt that it was incumbent upon him to see that education did not lag in these days of prosperity and optimism. He had a vision of a new school in the heart of the little town, a real school, large enough to accommodate not only all the elementary pupils of the community but his grammar school students as well. In two years this dream was an accomplished fact. A splendid new red-brick school of eight rooms was erected on Frederick Street, within a stone's throw of the court-house. Every morning the sonorous bell in its cupola pealed forth merrily the claims of education, a joyous invitation always, never a summons to duty.

But the great surprise of the decade was sprung when it was noised about that Ebytown was to have a weekly newspaper. Henry Eby, son of the late Bishop, was to publish it, and its name was to be "The Ebytown Announcer." The initial number contained an outline



of its policy, a dash of rather doubtful poetry, news rehashed from distant lands, a short list of the paid-up subscribers, a longer of the prospective recipients of unclaimed mail at the local post-office, and a variety of advertisements, including everything from snuff to whipple-trees. All this, and the chance of seeing one's own name in print from time to time, for two dollars a year, delivery to be made by a courier on horseback, to avoid the excessive postal rates, and payment expected only when, and as, convenient.

It was "The Announcer" that first hinted at the possibility of a railroad for Ebytown. The issue which contained the information was entirely exhausted on the very day of its publication. Here was news, vital news, for the whole community. A railroad would mean that the products of Ebytown's factories and of its farms could be shipped away without the inconvenience of hauling them to the train at Shade's Mills. In numberless ways it would spell progress to Ebytown. Long and spirited conferences were held to discuss the project. There was a period of strained anxiety but finally came the confirmation of their hopes. The railroad would pass through Ebytown. "Now," said the proud promoters of the enterprise, "watch Ebytown grow."

The track was to be laid diagonally through the bush end of the Horst farm. The engineers came first and surveyed the roadbed. A motley crowd of navvies followed and laid the ties and, on them, two parallel rows of steel rails. The Horsts had to feed and house the men. They were glad enough when they saw them throw their shovels over their shoulders, wave their farewells, and move to the next farm.

For the better part of a year the rails stood unused. They never would be used, some maintained. It was a mad scheme at best. Didn't they know how hard it was to keep an intelligent horse in a narrow roadbed? A huge, horseless machine on rails? Never! It was nothing short of an open defiance to Almighty God.

But the day came when "The Announcer" reported that the railroad was completed, and that the date had been set for its formal opening. The first train to pass over the rails would bring to Ebytown several government officials who had sponsored the project in Parliament and a few railroad experts who had been instrumental in carrying their ideas into fulfillment. The party would stop at Ebytown for several hours to give the citizens an opportunity to express their appreciation of the great public service. The work had been done most thoroughly and most expeditiously; the last tie would be laid, the last rail in its place before the election. That was a matter for sincere congratulation.

Elaborate preparations had been made for the visit of the dignitaries. Fortunately, the day was fair, and long before

the time set for the arrival of the train the welcoming crowds had congregated on either side of the track. They had waited for hours, it seemed, when at last the engine came screeching in, like a huge, black demon, belching forth clouds of dense, black smoke. Would the monster bounce off the rails and run amuck, or would it, perhaps, appease its hunger, or its wrath, or whatever it was that ailed it, by sucking into its power some unwary victim? There were those, foolhardy ones, who waved defiant arms and tried to outscreech the brute, but the staid, sensible majority stood staring in awed silence, as they might in the presence of some embassy from another world.

The uncanny thing stopped, sure enough, at the very spot where Dr. Scott and a group of town councillors stood in frock coats and silk hats, pulling their beards nonchalantly, as if this sort of thing happened every day. The notables alighted from the train, the little German band struck up a martial air, a parade was formed, and the politicians and their companions were driven into, and duly introduced to, Ebytown. Ephraim Horst and Levi Gingerich remained behind to inspect the mechanism of the great engine.

"Don't it beat all?" said Ephraim. "Don't it?" acquiesced Levi. "These are wonderful days we live in. What won't we get all in Ebytown next?" Ephraim allowed his fancy to run wild. "Some day mebbe we'll drive our own trains around in the streets," he said.

"Tracks?" said Levi. "Mebbe we won't need tracks," suggested Ephraim. "From Toronto already this came without horses." Levi shrugged his shoulders, skeptically. "Mebbe we'll fly around in the air like an eagle's wings," he said, poking innocent fun at his friend.

The engineer who had been listening to this conversation with no little interest cried out jovially: "Say, how long do you fellows think you are going to live, anyway? Those things won't happen in a thousand years."

Ebytown entertained its guests right royally. After a tour of the public buildings, the men were taken in small groups to the homes of prominent citizens for dinner and a social hour. The mass meeting was at two o'clock in front of the court-house. On a huge, temporary platform the visitors expressed their surprise and delight in the remarkable enterprise of Ebytown. In equally complimentary terms Dr. Scott voiced the municipality's appreciation of the foresight of the legislators. It was a sort of mutual admiration society meeting which gave everyone a comfortable, well-fed feeling.

It was hoped that the visitors would spend the night in Ebytown, and in anticipation of this event, a brilliant ball had been arranged. The lions of the day, however, excused themselves on the plea that they were expected that evening in the next town. It was with the utmost

difficulty that they finally tore themselves away. Ebytown was disappointed. The grand ball had lost much of its significance.

Early in the day, Cyrus Horst dropped the remark that he intended to take Elsa Reiber to the dance.

"Elsa Reiber? Her that works at Starlings?" inquired his mother.

"Yes, her. She's crazy about me." "She's Lutheran!" protested Sarah, with uplifted hands.

"I don't care what she is," replied Cyrus. He paused a moment to part his sprouting moustache and added, "I'm only playing with her, anyway."

"But you will burn your fingers," Sarah warned him. "Stop away from her, Cyrus."

"Stop your tongue!" sneered his mother's pride and delight. "I'm not going to marry her."

Manassah had overheard the conversation, and could not refrain from adding his comment. "A young man that trifles with a girl's love is a coward," he said. "Elsa Reiber is too good for the likes of him, she can be who she is."

The philanderer made a very wry face and told Manassah rather emphatically that he had enough to do to mind his own business.

In spite of the protestations and entreaties of the entire family, the son of much prayerful concern attended the dance with Elsa Reiber, Mrs. Starling's hired girl. Now Elsa was a pretty girl, and she danced beautifully. In Cyrus's eyes, she eclipsed both Rhoda and Veronica Starling, who had evidently set out to be the belles of the evening.

All went well until the girl smelled liquor on her escort's breath. Then she noticed that he was beginning to talk foolishly. Elsa was chagrined. "If you drink any more, Lucy, I'm going home," she threatened.

Cyrus laughed. "Some fool must have mixed the drinks," he said. "On with the dance!"

He came to her again, actually reeling. His hair was dishevelled, his necktie awry. The dancers smiled and looked away.

"The bishop's son!" said one. "At seventeen!" added another. "Yes, a Mennonite bishop's son!" said the first.

Elsa drew Cyrus gently but firmly out of the crowd.

"What's s'matter?" he growled. "We're going home, Lucy."

"Yes we are when I get good and ready."

"But I'm sick."

"What d'you go and get sick for?" drawled Cyrus. "Go home yourself."

Elsa was strong, and with much muscular persuasion she finally induced Cyrus to leave the hall with her. They sat outdoors on the steps for a time, and then she cajoled him into taking her home.

But in reality it was Elsa who took Cyrus home, supporting him all the way with her strong, right arm. They passed the Starling home without so much as

(Continued on Page 15)

### My Mother

BESSIE LOCKARD

God gave to me a mother, dear,  
To guide my steps aright,  
To teach his love and tenderness,  
His wisdom and his might.

Her sweet and tender care for me  
Means more each passing day,  
So much like his of Galilee.  
Willing her all to pay.

When tempted from the right to stray  
For fancies that allure,  
Her tender words come back to me  
"I prayed you would be pure."

When duty calls me from her side,  
Her great heart ever yearns  
That in God's care I shall abide  
And at his will return.

I do not ask a wiser gift,  
A blessing more divine,  
God gave to me a mother, dear,  
To bless this life of mine.  
—Kind Words.

### Father and Son Banquet, Second Church, Cleveland

The Sunday school of the Second Church in Cleveland, Ohio, has again sponsored a banquet for its boys and their fathers and its men and their sons. The enthusiasm manifested, indicates that this will be a permanent annual affair. We met on Thursday evening, April 11, and after mingling with each other for a while and cultivating that friendship that holds us together we partook of a splendid meal, prepared by our most noble ladies. Then we indulged in some singing led by our choirmaster and Sunday school songleader, Bro. Val Saurwein.

The toastmaster, Mr. Elmore G. Berneike, teacher of our Senior boys, officiated in a most masterful way and introduced each speaker with some appropriate humor.

Bro. A. E. Jenkins, leader of our Junior church and teacher of the Junior boys, started off with a short speech and was followed by Bro. Nick Giesse, assistant superintendent of the Sunday school and teacher of the Intermediate boys; Ed Bailey, president of the Young Men's Bible class; Rev. H. F. Schade, our beloved pastor, and the undersigned as superintendent of the Sunday school. All perintendent of the Sunday Pleas of Cuyahoga County, Judge Cary V. Weigandt, but nevertheless instructive as well as constructive. Bro. Harold Graafmeyer read an appropriate poem.

After some more singing, the principal speaker of the occasion was introduced. It was our good fortune to secure for this banquet one of the foremost judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga County, Judge Cary V. Weigandt, and he delivered an unusual address on the crime problem of today. His experience in court leads him to believe that an important remedy for the many evils that beset our generation is the re-estab-



German Baptist Sunday School, Glentana, Mont.

lishment of the home and the training of our boys and girls to have respect for law and sonstituted authority. He cited several cases out of his experience and thereby illustrated his points most vividly.

The boys as well as the men listened very intently and we feel assured that this address was not only interesting but exceedingly helpful.

May God bless the Dads and the Lads!  
FRED LINSZ.

### Easter Sunday at First Church, Portland

Easter Sunday was a beautiful day for us, here at the First Church, Portland, Ore. The day dawned bright and beautiful and some of the young folks arose early and attended the sunrise prayer service held at the Rose Bowl in Washington Park.

Our Sunday school period, Wm. Neubauer, Supt., was exceptionally well attended. The Spirit of the Risen Christ seemed to be coming forth from everyone, judging by the smiling faces.

For the worship service, the room was filled to capacity. Adorning the platform and choir loft were numerous pots of Easter Lilies and baskets of spring flowers. Our pastor, Bro. Kratt, preached on "The Risen Christ," while our choir told the glad tidings with song.

In the evening we witnessed the most beautiful service of all, "baptism." Thirteen children found their personal Savior and followed him in baptism. They were as follows: Henrieta Zink, Esther Zink, Lillian Heisler, Anna Ruth Kimmel, Dorothy Neubauer, Doris Redman, Linora and Lester Tischner, Reinhart Haak, Franz Ganguin, Irvin Knopf, Hazel Coyatt and the youngest of all was Jeneveve Boehi. Mrs. Meyer and Mr. Schmuke were also baptized. Following this service we had the pleasure of hearing our choir give an Easter Cantata, entitled "Victory" (Henry Wildermere).

So you see, I am right when I say, we of the First Church, Portland, had a very beautiful Easter Sunday, for all things pointed to the Risen Christ. L. T.

### New Sunday School at Glentana, Mont.

Wolf Point, Mont., 4. 5. 1929.

Dear Bro Mihm:—  
Noticed in the "Baptist Herald" the mentioning of our work in Montana. This reminds me of my intention to send you some notes of our work on my field. Here is a picture from our Sunday school in Glentana, Mont. We have a very lively school there with good singing of "Selected Gospel Songs" and instrumental accompaniment. Every festival of the year is here observed, including the annual picnic. On the 17th of March "Bible Day" was observed with an interesting program rendered and a collection taken. It surely would surprise you, when I say that the school is about two years old, has about 40 members and the leader, Bro. Wolf, and family is in this country about three years, coming from Germany. There are two classes in English and one in the German language. Mrs. G. Sanders is a very able assistant. Later I will send a picture of Vida and a sketch of that work. This is the only Protestant Sunday school in town and community.

Wishing you the Lord's richest blessing in the work and with best regards,  
Yours in the Master's Service,  
EDUARD NIEMANN.

### A Testimony

In a cemetery, on a pure white stone that marked the grave of a young girl, were these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It is easier to be good when she is with us.'"

Marian was a preacher's little daughter and was accustomed to hear her father addressed as "Brother Phelps." One day a visitor sat down beside her and asked: "How many brothers have you?" "I have 'free bruvvers,'" was the prompt reply.

The visitor was surprised for he knew there were only two boys in the family. "Why, who are your three brothers?" he asked.

"I have Bruver Charlie and Bruver Wally and Bruver Phelps," said the child.



### To Mother

ABIGAIL CRESSON

I think I never truly knew  
How very much I cared for you  
Until I was a mother too;

Nor knew that any love could be  
As deep as that you gave to me.

A love that gives but does not ask;  
That changes every little task

To joy; a love that stays the same,  
A steady and enduring flame.

This love I give to her must be  
The same love that you give to me;

And gave to me through all my years;  
My joy, your joy; my tears, your tears.

Mother, I never truly knew,  
Until I was a mother too,  
Your love for me and mine for you.

### Winning Young People for Our Denominational Enterprises

WILMA EHRLICH

(PRIZE ESSAY IN CONTEST)

Jesus himself went about doing good. And multitudes believed in him. We who would carry on today, can do no better than adopt his methods. To win young people to his work, as it is expressed through our denominational enterprises we must have first his love, then his sincerity, and finally we must seek to have in as great a measure as is possible to us, his understanding of individual personality.

There are no two flowers, no two birds, no two faces,

#### No Two Souls Alike

The simplest sermon holds a different meaning to every listener. This is a verity which in the days of mass production we are prone to forget. White bread is food for the hungry, but it may be poison to the diabetic. Souls and minds have varied capacities and tastes too, but the most finicky soul may do the greatest work when properly fed. To win young people to our denominational enterprises we must give each one the food best suited to build him up for work, and then give him work to the limit of his ambition and power. If we are willing to study each case so carefully, surely we have the love and sincerity that made the King of Kings.

"Won't you come to church this Sunday?"—or to the young people's meeting, or Sunday school? They are not difficult words to say and with

#### A Little Friendly Persuasion

even a laggard will give a conditioned promise. And at the meeting: "Oh, I'm so glad to see you. I'd like to have you meet our pastor..." or our superintendent, or our president. Sincere cordiality is the hearth-fire in the house of friendship. Everyone has the touch of egotism that is flattered by a personal

mention. And in incidental praise of your leader, you may encourage him in his work.

But they are not all equally easy to conquer. There will be the cynical skeptic, waiting tongue in cheek to refuse your request. His wall you must break down through weeks—even years of siege, smiling friendship that gives all and asks nothing. There will be the easy-going Yea-and-Nay, who will promise everything and accomplish nothing. You will have to prop and encourage, restrain and impel each individual to the realization that his life can have its influence, widespread and important. People like to be liked, and they like to hold power—especially young people. What we must do is to like them, and show it; then teach them to exert all the powers they have.

#### We Have the Seed of Truth

from the hand of Jesus, we must prepare the ground for its reception. The weeds of distrust and unbelief, the stones of sneering and mockery—these must be removed before the pregnant seed may be planted. It is easiest to do before many weeds and rocks have gathered—but no field should lie fallow because it seems too rough to plow. There is so much surface seeding nowadays, so much sermonizing, the slightest wind of query blows the young shoots of potential power away.

Once you have got the young person's interest aroused, you may be driven hard to keep him busy.

#### The Self-Starter Will Go Right Ahead

carrying on your work, but there are many helpless willing who will need definitely prescribed things to do. Africa! India! China! Burma! The romantic mission fields are doubly so if there is a definite man or woman out there whose progress is a matter of church interest. Every church should have a missionary or two whom everybody knows. As for missions at home, it is really exciting to arrange a meeting for the local Rescue Mission or Gospel Tabernacle. It is only by personal participation in such work that real interest is aroused.

#### Walter Rauschenbusch—His Life and Work

that would be a fascinating topic for evening discussion, if the people themselves collect the materials and data. And there are other great Baptists. How many of us have an adequate idea of the history of the Baptists as we have of the history of these United States? If loyalty to the institutions of our country is fostered by a knowledge of its origins, surely our loyalty to our church can be fostered in the same way. Young people are inclined to think of church work as extraneous, something to do "if I have time." We must show them by comparison—in a fair and rational way—with other non-Christian civilizations that the church and its work is the cornerstone of modern safety. Utility is the cry, today; we must show the utility of the church.

### Personal Responsibility Ties People

to any organization. Every man has at least one talent which may be used—our work is to help him unearth it. Let the musical sing and play for the work;—let the artist make posters to advertise activities; let those who write make reports on interesting things. If each person feels he is contributing something more or less vital to the church, he will be part of it. Contests, socials, inter-church activities—all will make him feel himself a sharer in an important work. The activities reported in the "Baptist Herald" every month are doing their work.

#### And in Those Questioning Moments

when he tentatively treads upon the unfamiliar ground of spiritual values, let there be someone wise, and sympathetic, and with a great knowledge and understanding of all that has gone to make up our faith. Let this someone answer, not dogmatically, but with confidence, all doubts and questions—seeking not to arouse the false emotional ecstasy in which so many are converted, only to slip again, but rather a reasoning yet reverent perception of God. This is what the young people, some consciously and some all blindly, are seeking.

There is no definite prescription. And yet, if even a few of our

#### Leaders Have the Love,

the sincerity, and the understanding of the Great Leader, we need fear no dearth of young people to carry on the work. Our highest ideals, our best actions are a sort of hero-worship—and Jesus' work was the greatest heroism. Teach the young people this; teach them the necessity of Jesus—not through reiteration, but by concrete proof; teach them the importance of their task; and, when they have asked—they always do ask—teach them of God. That is the way to bring the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

#### Specific Suggestions

- Ten-minute discussions in Sunday day school assembly on:
  - Great Baptists. (One each time.)
  - Baptist History. (One phase or period each time.)
  - Baptists Missionaries now at work.
  - Baptist Influence.
    - Politically. (Petitions, etc.)
    - Local Baptist Statesmen.
    - Baptist relations with other churches.
- Literary Courses. (See topics above.)
- Lecture Courses. (See topics. Also missionaries on furlough.)
- Personal relations with the work.
  - Establish corresponding relations with missionaries.
  - Undertake specific projects, as supporting a definite foreign student, or native worker.
  - Social service work in relation with local missions.
- Conferences and Institutes.
- Personal work to raise money, etc.

7. Encouragement. Those who are really interested should be given if possible financial help to study for denominational work. This may be done by personal gifts, or by a system of endowed scholarships.

Rochester, N. Y.

### Builders of Bethel Banquet at Buffalo, N. Y.

The annual Father and Son Banquet of the Builders of Bethel was held on the 14th of March at the Bethel Baptist. Seventy-six fathers and sons were present; and it was indeed an entrancing sight to see so many radiant and hopeful faces.

The Church committee on culinary art prepared a most delicious meal, which satisfied even the most critical taste.

The Bethel Builders know that man does not live by bread alone, hence the committee on arrangements was careful to provide for an educational and inspirational program. To say that it was a good program for the youngest as well as for the oldest, is to say the least.

The president of the Builders, Mr. Arthur Kroecker, acted as master of ceremonies. The responsibility of toastmaster was entrusted to our jovial Mr. H. Wobig. The guest of honor and the speaker of the evening, our own Prof. L. Kaiser of Rochester, was introduced by Rev. P. Geissler. His very presence was a treat. He spoke to the boys as a lover of boys and to the fathers as a sympathetic brother. He used as his subject: "Fathers and Sons, far apart in Years, yet at Heart very Near to Each Other." "That was wonderful," was the verdict of all present.

A banquet without music? Unthinkable! Prof. E. F. Haendiges gave several piano selections and the Builders' quartet furnished a number of vocal selections. A film, entitled: "Men of Tomorrow," depicting the activities and value of Baptist colleges, was shown.

It was an evening well spent and will linger with us in happy memories. God bless the Builders of Bethel! What a power they are in the church!

A HAPPY GUEST.

### Little Buds for Father

NELL GRIFFITH WILSON

On Mothers' Day I love to wear  
Some flowers for her, and do my part,  
But there is some one else who holds  
A great big corner of my heart.

For mother says I would not have  
So much of very loving care,  
And many things to make me glad,  
If father did not do his share.

We have a rose that father says  
Looks just like me when I was small,  
You had to look real sharp to see  
If I was there at all.

Now, since there is no Fathers' Day,  
I s'pose he wouldn't like the bother,  
I thought I really ought to wear  
Some little buds for father.

### Unique Program at Carroll Ave., Dallas

A very interesting and inspiring program was rendered by our B. Y. P. U. last Sunday, when our four retiring group captains gave farewell talks and the four incoming captains responded. The talks were interspersed with musical numbers of the various groups. The following program was rendered: Song Service, Reading of the Scripture and prayer. "From a Group Captain's Memory Book," Mr. Herman Balka; "The Joys of Service as a Group Captain," Mr. Otto Barsch; "A Group Captain's Garden," Mr. Herman Steindam, and "A Group Captain's Poem," Mrs. Paul Petersen.

The talks were unusually well rendered and deeply spiritual and inspiring. In fact, so much was said and done, that the program had to be carried over and finished the following Sunday evening. It would be beneficial to all of the young people reading our "Baptist Herald" to hear these talks and we wish we might print all of them, but we know space would forbid. We will, however, give one, that of Group No. 3. Each Group Captain was given a subject and a text or scripture verse upon which to base his talk.

#### A GROUP CAPTAIN'S POEM

Text: Mark 14:8: "She hath done what she could."

*Am I glad or am I sorry that my work  
as Captain is done?*

*I really am a little sad, for being a Cap-  
tain is fun.*

*There is joy and happiness in knowing  
that as the leaders of old*

*The Lord elected me to lead and to me  
his plan did unfold.*

*He gave me 14 members to lead them in  
his work,*

*Some of them answered all my calls,  
others would always shirk.*

*The workers were a joy to me and made  
the task easy to bear,*

*The Shirkers they needed my constant  
help, they needed my every prayer.*

*It made me sad when time after time  
they refused to take any part,*

*When I knew they should never refuse  
as they had given Jesus their heart.*

*But, the Master and time work wonders  
and one by one they came,*

*To follow their leader and do their part  
all in His Precious Name.*

*The programs weren't always delivered  
so well and I was often to blame.*

*Instead of making a change here and  
there, they were too much the same.*

*Sometimes a program turned out real  
good and made me feel so fine*

*That I'd start planning the next one, then  
figured "There's plenty of time."*

*Yes, plenty of time, that's the trouble.  
Three weeks seemed long to me,*

*When before I knew it they were gone  
and 'twas Sunday for Group Num-  
ber Three.*

*No preparation. No special prayers. No  
thought as to speaker and part—*

*Could he really speak on this subject  
and speak right out of his heart?*

*I had no time to consider these things,  
the parts must be given out.*

*No wonder that my program fell flat and  
some didn't know what 'twas about.*

*And now I can see where sometimes I  
failed in not doing my best.*

*For that is all the Lord requires of us.  
He will take care of the rest.*

*To my successor I would say—Take my  
text and follow it true,*

*Do what you can and do your best and  
the Lord's words will come to you—*

*"She hath done what she could."*  
REV. F. W. BARTEL.

### "Love Never Faileth"

I know a home which is the abode of poverty, toil, and constant pain. Yet one cannot remain there, even for one brief hour, without feeling that something fine and sweet and good abides in that place. There is an atmosphere of love, kindness, courtesy, gentleness, contentment, such as one seldom finds on this earth. The poor furnishings are forgotten in the presence of this greater thing, which, indeed, is priceless.

There is one invalid mother in this home who knows that she will never leave her couch until her spirit is summoned to the better and higher life.

There is a father who toils long hours each day, and for a small wage.

There is a son, just entering high school, who delivers papers both morning and evening, proudly placing his earnings into his mother's wasted hands.

There is a daughter who, aside from her household duties, is stenographer for a great business enterprise.

Each day is filled to the brim with tasks which must be done.

Still, there are bright smiles, clear-ringing laughter, pleasing jests, cheerful optimism, and undimmed hope beneath this lowly roof.

A visitor, lingering for a happy moment just yesterday, noted these precious deeds, all done with a natural grace which marked them as being habitual:

The son entered his mother's room with twinkling eyes and one hand held behind him.

Said the mother: "What have you in that other hand, you blessed boy?" It was a bunch of violets, fresh from the woods, which he held gently to her pale, sunken cheeks.

The daughter came with a book from the public library, and, with a kiss, placed it in her mother's hands. "I think you will like it, mother," she said.

The father sat by the bed and told a funny story he had heard that day, yet one could see that he was all worn with toil.

"What a wonderful home you have," said the visitor. "What makes it so rich and full?"

"It is mother," said the son. "It is love and mother," said the daughter.

"It is Christ and love and mother," said the father.

"It is the love of Christ, the mind of Christ, in all of us," said the little mother.—E. C. Baird, in Christian Standard.



# Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

May 12, 1929

## Appreciating Our Parents as Leaders

Eph. 6:1-9; Luke 2:41-52.

It is always interesting to note the psychological development of a child. When a boy is still quite young, he is usually proud of his parents, he imagines that no one is as wise and great and good as his father. One boy was telling another, "My father makes more money than yours because he is a doctor. He writes a few words on a piece of paper and then he gets \$10 for that." But the other boy replied, "My father is a preacher. He just says, 'The offering will now be received,' and then it takes four men to carry the money forward."

But after a few years many young people begin to reverse their opinions about their parents. They contend that their parents don't know anything and call them "old fogies," etc. When they have reached that stage in their development they are on "fool's hill." Then when they get a little older, they gradually discover that their parents know something after all, and they begin to wish they had followed their advice a little oftener. Young people would save many bitter experiences if they would only stay off "fool's hill" altogether and really appreciate all that their parents have done for them.

There may be some parents who are too strict and deny their children the innocent pleasures of youth, but there are equally as many who are too indolent and let their children do just as they please. On the whole it can be said that all parents really seek the highest welfare of their children. They try to give them an education and equip them for the battle of life. In the home the highest ideals are set before them, a certain direction is given to their lives, and if they but continue in this way, they will some day be an honor to their parents. Our parents have learned something through their experiences, and as young people we should profit by all that they have learned. Our parents are not infallible as leaders, but if we only follow them as far as they follow the Master, we will avoid many mistakes we would otherwise make.

May 19, 1929

## Why Is Jesus the World's Greatest Leader?

John 15:9-16; 12:23-27.

When Jesus said, "Follow me," he was actually going somewhere; and anyone who accepts his invitation and follows him will soon discover that he has to leave some things behind and that he will have to climb upward and onward.

Jesus is a leader that isn't always easy to follow and for that reason many prefer to follow some other leader who will promise them ease and pleasure. But no one who follows Jesus will ever regret any sacrifice he has to make or any burden he has to bear because he is following him.

Jesus is the world's greatest leader because he has redeemed all who follow him. He has given his life for their salvation, he has led them out of death into life and out of darkness into light. No other leader has ever done so much for his followers. Then again he is the world's greatest leader because he loves his followers. He doesn't drive anyone, but draws him through love. It is easy to follow a leader that loves you, even though you don't always understand all of his requirements.

Again Jesus is the greatest leader because he is the most unselfish leader. His only concern is the highest welfare of his followers. Even when he asks them to keep his commandments or to lay down their lives for his sake, he does it because that is the only way they can enter into the more abundant life. And above all he is the greatest leader because he is the only true leader. He could say, "I am the way—no man cometh to the Father except by me." He came from heaven and consequently he knows the way back, he knows what a man must do and how he must live in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Is Jesus your leader? Have you chosen him as your ideal and are you trying to pattern your life after his? Have you made any progress as his follower or have you slipped back almost as far as you have advanced? Try to follow him with a determination that will overcome every obstacle.

May 26, 1929

## How Have Missionaries Been Effective Leaders?

Matt. 4:12-25.

If you really want to be a leader of others, you will have a far better opportunity as a missionary than you would have in any other calling. Other professions are often overcrowded, and you'll be only one in 10,000. Others will be far ahead of you and it will be hard to compete with them. But if you hear the call of God to go out as a foreign missionary, you will have a great field to yourself.

Missionaries have been effective leaders in building up a better home life among the heathen people. By living in their midst they have showed them what a Christian home is like. The home is everywhere the basis of all progress, so if a race or a nation is to be uplifted and

developed, its homelife must be improved first of all. In this respect missionaries have wrought marvels on every mission field.

Then missionaries have also been effective leaders in teaching the natives many useful arts. They have helped them to build better houses for themselves, and to construct better roads; they have taught them how to cultivate their fields and how to make better use of their products. Missionaries have opened many of the foreign countries to markets of the world.

They have been especially effective as leaders in the field of education. They have given many tribes a written language and a literature. They have established schools, hospitals and asylums. The missionaries have also in many cases laid the foundations for a better government, leading the fight against political and social evils. But above all else they have been especially effective in leading countless thousands out of the maze of superstition and idolatry into the glorious light of the Gospel. A new day has dawned wherever the missionaries have gone.

June 2, 1929

## Character a Growth, Not a Gift

2 Peter 1:5-8.

(Consecration meeting)

As young people we often speak of the great men and women of the Bible and the prominent men of history and secretly we wish that we might be more like them. We admire the heroic qualities of their character, we approve of their firmness and courage, their unselfishness and kindness, their wisdom and perseverance. We see the great difference between their character and ours. They were faithful even unto death, while we are so often unfaithful; they acted so wisely, while we act so foolishly; they were so sure of their convictions while we are so often undecided in our opinions. Then we begin to excuse ourselves, saying that they were so much better than we are because they had better gifts and opportunities.

But all the while we forget that character is a growth and not a gift and that we ourselves are responsible for its growth to a great extent. You cannot dream yourself into a strong and well-balanced character, you must hammer and forge yourself one. God has given us potential gifts that we perhaps never develop, they lie dormant in our soul. Paul once wrote to Timothy to stir up the gift that was within him. And the apostle Peter tells us in our Scripture lesson today that we are to build up our character, add one quality after another. Faith is the root or source out of which all other virtues will spring. Then he

May 1, 1929

enumerates several traits that should adorn our character, knowledge, self-control, patience, etc.

But we can never expect to attain these without any effort on our part. We must strive diligently after the noblest qualities of character, make the best use of the means of grace that we have, learn the lessons of life, and realize that all things work together for our good.

And then at last we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is.

## A Quiet Talk With God Each Day

Daily Bible Readers' Course

May 6-12. Appreciating our Parents as Leaders. Eph. 6:1-4; Luke 2:41-52.

" 6. The Gift of Life. 1 Sam. 1:9-20.

" 7. Our Material Needs. 1 Sam. 1:21-28.

" 8. Our Character. Acts 16:1-5.

" 9. Our Ideals. 2 Tim. 1:3-12.

" 10. Our Education. Prov. 6:20-23.

" 11. Our Homes. Luke 2:40-52.

" 12. Our Happiness. Eph. 6:1-4.

" 13-19. Why is Jesus the World's Greatest Leader? John 15:9-16; 12:23-27.

" 13. Jesus Knew Men. John 2:23-25.

" 14. Jesus Knew God. Luke 10:21-24.

" 15. Jesus Knew the World's Need. John 6:28-40.

" 16. Jesus Had Sympathy. Mark 6:34-44.

" 17. Jesus Had Tact. John 4:5-34.

" 18. Jesus Trusted Others. John 1:35-49.

" 19. Jesus Went Before. Mark 8:31-35.

" 20-26. How Have Missionaries Been Effective Leaders? Matt. 4:12-25.

" 20. A Manifold Task. Matt. 4:12-25.

" 21. Witnesses for Christ. Luke 24:44-53.

" 22. Promoters of Health. Matt. 9:27-38.

" 23. Christian Educators. Rom. 1:8-15.

" 24. Training Native Leaders. Acts 8:26-39.

" 25. Creating Industry. 1 Thess. 4:9-12.

" 26. Making Life Joyful. 1 John 3:14-24.

" 27-June 2. Character a Growth, Not a Gift. 2 Peter 1:3-8.

" 27. The Growth of a Soul. 2 Peter 1:3-8.

" 28. Recognizing Responsibility. Luke 18:11-26.

" 29. Obligation to Others. 1 Cor. 8:1-13.

" 30. Co-operating with God. 1 Cor. 3:16-4:2.

" 31. Growing Ideals. Rom. 12:1. 2. Humble Sympathy. Rom. 12:9-16.

June 1. Faith in Goodness. Rom. 8:26-39.

## Toward Sodom

(Continued from Page 10)

looking in, Elsa, silent, sure-footed, and thoughtful, and Cyrus, babbling and staggering in his drunken stupor. Right to the Horst house she led him, and pounded at the great front door.

Sarah was up and waiting for her boy, and at the sound of his coming she ran and opened the door. There lay Cyrus, the son of her dreams, huddled on the step in a heap of brutish dissipation. His companion was hurrying down Frederick Street.

"Lutherian!" Sarah shouted after her. "You made him this way."

Noah came and helped Sarah get Cyrus to bed.

"It's her fault," Sarah told him. "The best ain't ever safe in such company. To fetch us disgrace already."

"It's not her I'm thinking about, nor us either," replied Noah, after a long pause. "It's him—Cyrus. I didn't fetch him up right. It's my fault. My God, forgive me."

Sarah was astounded. "That's a different story you've got tonight," she said. "You've always laid it to me that I spoiled him."

Noah did not answer. He reached for his cap and slipped out into the darkness of the night.

The next morning Sarah noticed that Noah was beginning to look like an old man.

(To be continued)

## A Successful Dad

I may never be as clever as my neighbor down the street;

I may never be as wealthy as some other men I meet;

I may never have the glory that some other men have had;

But I've got to be successful as a little fellows' Dad.

There are certain dreams I cherish that I'd like to see come true;

There are things I would accomplish ere my working time is through;

But the task my heart is set on is to guide a little lad,

And to make myself successful as that little fellow's Dad.

I may never come to glory, I may never gather gold;

Men may count me as a failure when my business life is told.

But if he who follows after shall be manly, I'll be glad

For I'll know I've been successful as a little fellow's Dad.

It's the one job that I dream of; it's the task I think of most;

If I'd fail that growing youngster, I'd have nothing else to boast;

For though wealth and fame I'd gather, all my future would be sad,

If I failed to be successful as that little fellow's Dad.

## Mothers' Day

RUTH E. STEVENER

Only one day for Mother?  
She who has given so much?  
Even the life you are living  
Was caressed by her touch.

Only one day for Mother?  
For all she has given to you?  
Sublime ecstasies of kindness,  
Tender and loving and true.

Give all the year to Mother,  
Cherish her day by day—  
For Mother's love is the one love  
That passes not away!

## Baptisms at Walnut St. Church

The Walnut Street Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., was privileged to have its third baptismal service of this year on April 7. The first was on Feb. 3, when two young men were baptized whose wives became members of our church a year ago. Then on Palm Sunday two older persons followed Christ in baptism, one of the candidates being father to the one and father-in-law to the other of the men mentioned above. On April 7 a young couple whose three children are members of our Sunday school likewise witnessed for Christ through immersion. The last four people mentioned were fruits of our evangelistic efforts in February with which the pastors Rev. Chas. W. Koller of the Clinton Hill Church and Rev. H. F. Hoops of the Second Church, New York, assisted us. While we rejoice over these results we are not unmindful of the personal work carried on by the members and of the blessings which the Lord himself supplied. G. H.

## Come-to-Church Reasons

Rev. Arnold Edwin Moody, minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Muskogee, Oklahoma, was the author of the following convincing Come-to-Church message in a recent half-page ad in "The Daily News" of that city. The same reasons would apply to Sunday school attendance:

### IT IS GOOD TO GO TO CHURCH

*Because*—Time is invested in the thoughts of eternity.

*Because*—The enduring things of life—faith, hope, and love—are stressed there.

*Because*—The routine of life is opened to the entrance of finer and higher things.

*Because*—We are God hungry by creation, and we may find him in the Sanctuary.

*Because*—Public worship, sincerely engaged in, helps us to draw nearer to God.

*Because*—The God who made us and understands us instructs us to do so in the Scriptures.

*Because*—The sins, sorrows, cares, and responsibilities of our daily lives can be more finely handled.

*Because*—Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the Savior of all who believe, went himself, and urges all to do likewise.



### In Spite of Poor Tools

"You might as well try to convert cattle!" exclaimed an American visitor who had visited an interior Congo village in Central Africa. At this village Henry M. Stanley had paused on his journey across the continent.

Until Stanley arrived, none of these natives had ever seen a white man. The people were amazed, not only at the color of Stanley's face, but perhaps fully as much by the fact that he was dressed, or that he was "in cloth," as they expressed it. So they did not call him "white man." They called him "Mundeli," which literally means "in cloth."

The missionaries found an unpromising people, the dark-brown Negroes of the great Bantu tribe. They had never had a written language and they were scantily clothed. Many women wore heavy brass collars weighing twenty-five pounds or more. These collars were slipped over their heads when they were girls. When they became women, the burdensome decorations could be removed only by cutting the collars with files. In sections of the country cannibalism prevailed; slavery was common; and polygamy was popular.

But only a third of a century passed after Stanley visited the Congo village for the first time, before there were two hundred members of the church, and they were supporting sixteen of their own number as teachers and evangelists in the surrounding region.

Among such a people a young American woman felt called of God to spend her life. When she applied for appointment to the Women's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, she was asked if she was willing to go where her services appeared to be most needed. She wrote in reply, "With the Master's clear call to Africa ringing in my soul, I cannot, dare not, go elsewhere."

This young woman was Dr. Catherine L. Mabie, who was born at Rock Island, Ill. After completing her medical studies in Chicago, she went out to Africa in 1898. Upon her arrival in Congo, she was assigned to Banza Manteke, where she found a small wooden dispensary which had been erected by an earlier medical missionary. A few feet away from that structure was another small building with walls and roof of corrugated iron—two bare rooms, called by courtesy a hospital. But she did not wait for better equipment. Year by year she made use of what she had, and gave a striking example of what a doctor can do with next to nothing in the way of a hospital.

Hundreds came for help. Among them was an old chief who had been wounded by a buffalo; he was brought to the hospital on a red blanket tied to a bamboo pole. People came from great distances for treatment. Occasionally a person would come loaded down with vessels which sick people had urged him to bring in order that he might take back medicine to them to relieve their pain.

Smallpox and sleeping sickness have lost some of their terror through the faithful service of this missionary. But her chief interest is in delivering the people from their spiritual disease. From the beginning of her work, she regarded the dispensary and the "little tin hospital" as experiment stations for the propagation of the Christian doctrine among the natives of that country.

Lack of equipment and a small plant which required little supervision made it possible for her to go on tours and to do work in other settlements. Carried in a hammock by eight porters, she has gone through the tall elephant grass and across swollen streams to heal the sick and to comfort the fearful.

Teaching was always fascinating to her; so when she was invited, in 1911, to become a member of the faculty of the Congo Evangelical Training Institution at Kimpesse, the opportunity seemed in keeping with her preparation, qualifications, and convictions. Her work of training native leaders will have a far-reaching influence. Dr. Mabie has given a practical demonstration of what a workman can do with only poor tools as their equipment.—Forward.

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"Do you think," asked the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better natured than small creatures?"

"Yes," answered the young man. "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."—Life.

### Keep Out the Poison

There is a general store in Lynn, Massachusetts, over which is a machine shop. In this shop the deadly chemical, cyanide potassium, is used, and it worked its way through the floor down into the store below. It so permeated the stock of the general store that it all had to be taken out and burned, together with the show-cases and all the rest of the store fixtures. This was done by order of the health commissioner.

There is a lesson here for all of us. The surroundings of our lives, our associates, our acquaintances, the people on the floor above us, have much to do with our success or failure. If they handle poison, it is likely to sift through into our life. The poison of doubt. The poison of licentiousness. The poison of hatred. The poison of ridicule. The poison of greed. There are many poisons of the soul that are quite as deadly as cyanide of potassium. Keep out from under!—C. E. World.

### The Difference

"Dad, what does it mean here by 'diplomatic phraseology?'"

"My son, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy. But if you tell her that her face would stop a clock, you're in for it."—Everybody's.

### The Fellowship Class

The Fellowship class is a real funny bunch,  
Not two of us look just the same.  
We have short ones and tall ones, some skinny, some fat;  
Some quiet and some you can't tame.

We have singers who sing with the voice of a lark,  
We have several who sing too fast.  
We have Plumbers, Carpenters, and Painters, and some who work after dark.  
Bill Krieger's a shoemaker, he'll stick to the last.

I could mention our differences long as I liked,  
But I think I have mentioned enough,  
For down in our hearts we men are all alike;  
The meek, the mild, and the gruff.

Fellowship has a purpose and an aim in view,  
To honor our Lord and to Bethel be true.  
So let us forget our differences of nature,  
And work one and all but don't be a failure.

Let us start to make this the best class in town.  
Let's work and pray and sing as we go our way.  
Forget all your troubles but never sob.  
Let's be at our best as we tackle the job.

From the Fellowship News,  
Bethel Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich.

### Excuse Me

If the alphabet were going out to a party, when would the last six letters start? After T.

What is everybody doing at the same time? Growing older.

What is it that comes with an auto, goes with an auto, is no use to it, and yet cannot run without it? Noise.

What is the difference between an old penny and a new dime? Nine cents.

If I were to see you riding on a donkey, what fruit would I be reminded of? A pear.

What animals are in the clouds? Rain, dear.

What is it that goes from New York to San Francisco without moving? The road.

What word will, if you take away one letter, make you sick? Music.

How can you shoot 120 hares (hairs) at one shot? Fire a wig.

How do you know Hebrews slept five in a bed? Because Moses slept with his forefathers.

In my first my second sat, my third and fourth I ate. Insatiate.

What great body of water did De Soto discover? De soda water.—Sunshine, Litchfield, Ill.