

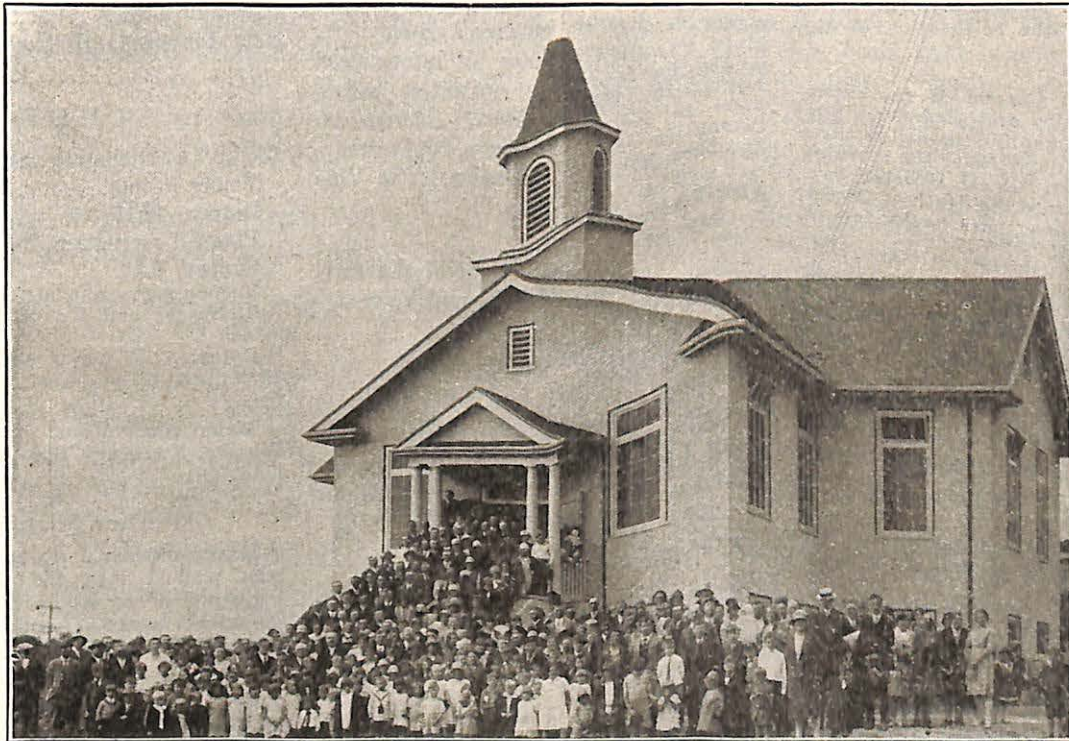
The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Seven

CLEVELAND, O., AUGUST 1, 1929

Number Fifteen



New Church Edifice at Vancouver, B. C.

What's Happening

Rev. Theo. Frey, pastor at Trenton, Ill., has resigned to accept the call of the German Baptist Church at La Salle, Colo. He begins his new pastorate Sept. 1.

Rev. C. E. Schoenleber has become district missionary for Oregon and Washington. He will reside in Free-water, Oreg., and devote a good part of his time in serving this field.

The church at Plum Creek, S. D., is building a modern basement under its present edifice which, when completed, will offer better opportunities for intensive work on the part of the young people's and other societies.

Rev. F. H. Heinemann, pastor of the Minnetrista church, St. Bonifacius, Minn., baptized 6 persons on Sunday, June 30, and extended the hand of fellowship to the happy group on Sunday, July 7, in connection with the celebration of the Lord's supper.

The church at Corona, S. D., experienced a day of joy and gladness. Rev. O. Lohse of McLaughlin preached three times during the day. After the morning service, the pastor, Rev. D. Koester, baptized 12 converts into the death of Christ. May they all become trustworthy followers of their Lord!

Miss Caroline Krueger of Kankakee, Ill., recently graduated as registered nurse from the Nurse's Training School at Mounds Park Sanitarium, St. Paul, Minn. Miss Krueger has been appointed as instructress at the Nurses Training School at the Midway Hospital, St. Paul. Congratulations!

Rev. C. J. Bender and daughter Erica held their last public meeting in the Second German Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 10 before departing for the Cameroons from New York. They were each presented with a mother of pearl fountain pen and a sum of \$60, all societies of the church participating. This was a pleasant and complete surprise for the recipients.

Rev. Bruno H. Luebeck, pastor of the Plum Creek, S. D., church, had a great baptismal service Sunday, June 9. Fifteen persons, ranging from 10 to 40 years of age, were baptized. Nine of these were from Menno, S. D., where the little church is progressing successfully. The newly organized young peoples society at Menno is developing splendidly. It now counts 32 members.

The Eightieth Anniversary of the Lebanon, Wis., church, full report of which is given on another page of the "Baptist Herald," was made notable by the services of Prof. Bergman of Watertown, an outstanding pianist in that vicinity. The

North Ave. (Milwaukee) Church Junior male quartet and the Watertown mixed quartet also assisted with a number of selections. The interior and exterior of the Lebanon church building was recently renovated. A new pulpit, new shades and new platform carpet were installed.

Atlantic Conference

The church in New Britain extends a sincere invitation to all representatives of member churches to be their guests at the next Atlantic Conference which takes place from August 28 to September 1, 1929. The committee on arrangements asks that the following information be submitted. Names and addresses of all persons planning to come, indicating whether delegates or visitors, time of arrival, length of stay and whether coming by automobile or train. Indicate also if you have already made arrangements to stay at someone's home here. Make an effort to have all information in the hands of the committee before August 15. Please send all communications to Ed. Kiesewetter (Chairman, Committee on Arrangements), 82 Vine St., New Britain, Conn.

The Lakes States Baptist Assembly at Linwood Park, Vermillion, Ohio

August 5 to 11, 1929

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

- 9.30-10: Chapel, Rev. B. Graf, Dean.
 10.05-10.50: Rev. J. Leypoldt: "Choosing a Life Work." Rev. A. P. Mihm: "Teachers that Teach." Rev. P. Wengel: "Pepping Up the Y. P. Society."
 10.50-11: Recess.
 11-11.45: Rev. W. S. Argow: "Efficient Baptist Church Organization." Rev. A. P. Mihm: "Young People's Life Problems." Rev. H. F. Schade: "The Apostolic Church."
 12: Dinner.
 1.30-5.30: Recreation under direction of Rev. W. L. Schoeffel. Tuesday, Games and Swimming. Wednesday, Games and Swimming. Thursday, Golf Tournament and Games. Friday, Games and Swimming. Saturday, Baseball Game—Michigan vs. Ohio.
 6: Supper.
 7.30-8: Sunset Service, Edw. W. Hoek.
 8.15: Opening Service, Rev. B. Graf. Social Hour, Rev. W. L. Schoeffel.
 Monday 8 P. M.: Get-Acquainted Meeting.
 Thursday: Stunt Nighth.
 Something different every night.
 Sunday August 11. 11 A. M.: Assembly Sermon, Rev. Paul Wengel.

Assembly of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of Oregon

Twin Rocks on Pacific Ocean

August 18-25

DAILY SCHEDULE

Reveille, 7.30.
 Breakfast, 8.
 Devotional, 8.40-8.55.

CLASSES

9-9.50

Young People's Methods.....
Rev. A. P. Mihm
 German Baptist History.....
Rev. A. Husmann
 Junior Work.....Mrs. E. Meier

10-10:50

Christian Ethics.....Rev. Wm. Graf
 New Testament History.....
Rev. A. Husmann

11-11.50

Social and Recreational Problems of Young People.....Rev. A. P. Mihm
 Dinner, 12.15.
 Planned recreation, 2-4.
 Supper, 5.30.
 Vesper service, 6.30-7.15.
 Addresses and stunts, 7.30-8.30.

Rates: \$7.50 per week for board, Tent 75 cts. and up per week. \$1 Registration fee.

Make reservations with Miss Theo. Wuttke, Secretary, 335 Morris St., Portland, Ore.

Another Scotch Story

Have you heard about the Scotchman who walked into the five-and-ten-cent store and asked where the furniture department was?—George L. Hay, in "Judge."

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Our Missionaries

MARGARET SANGSTER

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand
 Thy vanguard in the distant land!

In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,
 Sustain, we pray, each lifted head!

Be thou in every faithful breast,
 Be peace and happiness and rest!

Exalt them over every fear;
 In peril, come thyself more near!

Let heaven above their pathway pour
 A radiance from its open door!

Turn thou the hostile weapons, Lord,
 Rebuke each wrathful alien horde!

Thine are the loved for whom we crave
 That thou wouldst keep them strong and brave.

Thine is the work they strive to do;
 Their foes so many, they so few.

Yet thou art with them and thy Name
 Forever lives, is aye the same

Thy conquering Name, O Lord, we pray,
 Quench not its light in blood today!

Be with thine own, thy loved, who stand
 Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land!

Dormitories

GOD has not provided sleeping apartments in his vineyard. He has given us work to do, tools to work with, and a precious fruitage for the toiler; but no dormitories.

Asleep in the Home

What would you think of a son snoring comfortably on in his bed while a sick mother was gasping for the last breath in the next room? Many Christians are in no better light. Yes, the wife is tenderly cared for, the children are fed and clothed and sent to school, the house is nicely furnished and kept in order; yet the father, the mother, the builders of that home, are asleep! The Christian light may be in the house, but it is burning low and serves rather to light the way for burglars. The Bible is hidden under the daily newspaper, the current magazine or the latest novel. The family altar has never been erected or has been thrown down. Perhaps the daily meal is taken without gratitude. The young man begins stopping at the saloon and the gambling rooms and the daughter drifts into the gin parties

and the ball room; yet there is no parental warning, but rather mild sanction, if not open encouragement. Asleep in the home!

Asleep in the Church

The sleep of inattention: You present yourselves before the Lord expecting not to work but to be wrought upon. Asleep while singing—spirit not entered into; while Scripture is read; while some one leads in prayer; while collection is being taken—rousing up just enough to recognize a "money-trap;" while the preacher is preaching;—asleep from invocation to benediction. The sleep of inactivity: what could not a church of two hundred members do? You recall that three hundred men held back the millions of Persia in Thermopylae. Only God can measure the work of a few faithful hundred. Yet we sleep as to missions, as to philanthropy as to soul-winning, as to Bible-knowing and Bible-doing. The work that is done is by the few, who are awake; alas, the many are yet asleep!

Asleep in the Community

Enter the gay circles assembled in parlor, around the game-table, or by the festive board; you are shocked to find that the young ladies and the young gentlemen are but walking and talking in their sleep; their tangled jabbering is but the audible part of their spiritual snoring. Go into the store and office of the Christian business man, and you will often find that spiritually he is but a somnambulist; he does more business for himself than he does for God. And so in positions of honor and trust there is outward fidelity to the laws of men when sometimes there is sleepy indifference to the higher laws of God.

Asleep in the Individual Life

Born into the Kingdom, but sleeping into dwarfdom! Walking to the edge of a precipice, but unconscious of the danger! Possessed of power and capacity for large work, but giving over to sleep; leaving faculties unused; hiding the talent in the napkin; laying plans to increase wealth. to rise socially, to advance politically, to develop mentally, but leaving out of sight the chief of all! Thus great opportunities are slighted, imperative commands are unheeded, the cause of Christ is hindered, and the Christian slumberer is both a worry to himself and a stumbling block to his fellowmen.

Awake, Thou That Sleepest!

Public Opinion

THE man who tries to please everybody generally pleases nobody. Long before the Christian era Esop illustrates this in his story of the old man who tried to conform public opinion in the treatment of his donkey—all that he had—and not only

miserably failed but lost his donkey into the bargain.

In the course of a speech recently made in Perth, the "fair city" which Sir Walter Scott has rendered famous in one of his romances, Lord Dewar made some pointed observations on public opinion as it is today. He said that as one walked along life's highway one would find that public opinion was "paradoxical at every turn from the cradle to the grave." For example, if a man did not succeed in his calling he was pronounced a failure. If he made money he was called a profiteer. If he went to church on Sunday he was a hypocrite; if he stayed away he was a sinner. If he gave to some public object it was an advertisement; if he didn't he was stingy.

The vagaries of public opinion have played too great a part in shaping the destinies of nations as well as individuals; thus occasions have arisen when dictators were found the only means of disentangling nations from the muddling of "many men of many minds." If individuals were to follow the conglomerate advice so freely handed to them by their friends confusion and disaster would be inevitable. A man should be guided up to a certain point by the experience of others—this is only common sense—but his ultimate course must be shaped by his own reason.

"Wait a Minute Preacher"

"WAIT a minute, preacher, I want to say somethin'. I appreciate everything you've said about my boy. You've tried to give us a ray of hope—but I don't have a bit. It was too late for him and so I don't think there's any use hopin'."

Five hundred people gathered around the grave of a young bank bandit got the thrill they were looking for because none of them came out of sympathy. They came as curious folk to see a common bank bandit buried. There were no volunteers to dig the grave. Men were hired to do it. It was hard to find a preacher. And then somebody thought of Rev. Joe Schumack, pastor of Ellison Memorial Baptist Church of Fort Worth.

"No, I ain't got any hope. I tried to raise him to be honest but he got into bad company. I didn't take him to church cause I ain't never been a church man myself. I made a mistake and that with the bad company he got into brought him to this I guess. But I just want to say to this big crowd of people. From now on I am going to be a church man—I ain't got long and can't do much but I'm going to do what I can."

And with that statement the father stepped back to give the preacher an opportunity to finish his remarks.

But Brother Joe didn't finish his remarks as planned. A cold, dismal situation had been turned into a heart-melting opportunity—the simple remarks of a father had opened the way. As soon as the father had finished Brother Joe rushed to his side and pressed Jesus Christ upon his soul. He urged him in view of his statement to publicly accept him. No sooner said than done and Brother

Joe felt the warm grasp of a new disciple in Christ Jesus.

And then—two sisters stepped forward and said, "We want to accept Christ, too. And we are going to take our place in the church with father."

The burial of a bank bandit turned out to be the resurrection day for three souls. And Brother Joe says it was one of the glorious experiences of his ministry. It must have been.—Southwestern Evangel.

Are We Not Blind?

THE majority of us have yet to learn that "our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand." Men and women without number have sold farms or estates, and given up good positions and homes to go "somewhere else," because they were sure, if they could but exchange their present condition, they could succeed.

The richest gold and silver mine in Nevada was sold for forty-two dollars by the owner, to get money to pay his passage to other mines where he thought he could get rich.

Certain Brazilian shepherds once organized a party to go to California to dig gold, and took along a handful of translucent pebbles with which to play checkers on the voyage. After arriving in San Francisco, and after they had thrown most of the pebbles away, they discovered that they were diamonds. They hastened back to Brazil, only to find that the mines from which the pebbles had been gathered had been taken up by others and sold to the government.

Thus the world has seen one man after another fail hopelessly while in quest of success. On the other hand, by grasping opportunities where they were, thousands have made fortunes out of trifles which others, in the wild race for riches, had overlooked.

There is power and fortune lying latent everywhere about us, waiting for the eye that can see and for the mind that can utilize. We tread heedlessly upon the lids of great secrets of nature, easily discoverable to the observant eye and which would help all mankind along in the upward path of civilization.

Be Your Own Auctioneer

A STORY is told in "Association Men" of a farmer who had grown tired of working the farm which he had been tilling for the last forty years. He made up his mind to sell the farm for what he could get out of it, and went to a near-by town to see an auctioneer, asking him to put up the place for sale.

The auctioneer came out to the farm to get some facts for his notice of the sale. He jotted down a few items with his pencil, and drove away.

The next morning when the rural-delivery mail arrived the farmer found a long manila envelope in his box. He tore it open, and found a printer's proof

of an advertising poster announcing the sale. He read every word through with great interest until he came to his own name at the end.

In bewildered surprise he rushed to the telephone, and called up the auctioneer.

"Is that my farm?" he asked.

"Why, yes," was the reply of the auctioneer, "whose farm did you think it was?"

For a moment the farmer gasped; then he shouted over the wire: "Don't sell that farm. I have been looking for a farm like that all my life."

The imagination of the auctioneer enabled the farmer to see his farm in its true worth.

Many young persons are a bit like this farmer. They do not like the situation in which they find themselves. They find a host of discouraging features in the circumstances by which their lives are surrounded. Eagerly they are looking for a change.

What such young people need is to be their own auctioneer. Just suppose you were trying to sell your life to some one else, what could you say in its favor?

What we all need is not so much a change of circumstances as the imagination to see the splendid opportunities which are ours already.

Tamed and Untamed

MOST kinds of creatures have at some time or other been tamed by man. Man has wonderful powers of control even over the wildest animals. "Every kind of beast or bird, of creeping thing, and things in the sea is tamed, and hath been tamed by mankind," wrote one long ago.

Frank Buckland, a famous naturalist, once had a bear which he tamed. He dressed up the bear as a student of his college and presented him to a party of friends. The bear licked their hands, preferring not to shake hands with them.

Sir John Lubbock used to tell of a tame wasp that allowed him to stroke her; she fed on his hand, and never even showed her sting for months.

Birds are tamed. One man could whistle the wild birds to him. A robin in his garden would perch on his shoulder and even eat from his hand. Other birds he taught to take things off the tip of his tongue.

Others tame fish and keep them in large ponds. We heard recently of one who has a pond full of them. At feedingtime he rings a bell, and they swim toward him as fowls run for their corn. The little minnows even take food from his hand.

The writer who spoke about every kind of beast and bird being tamed, went on to speak about a little member, found in everybody's mouth, very difficult to tame.

He compares it to a fire, that out of hand, sweeps on, burning and destroying in its course. He compares it to a poison fang, a restless evil, capable of inflicting deadly wounds.

Tolstoi has a grim parable of two farmer neighbors who had been good friends, each ready to help the other whenever the need arose. One day their

women-folk quarreled. The quarrel arose out of a trivial thing, but it spread through both families. They went about abusing each other, and presently went to court, throwing away much money on lawyers. Finally one set fire to the other's house, and in the conflagration half of the village, including his own dwelling, was burnt down.

To tame the tongue is a greater task than to tame any kind of beast or bird or creeping thing. It is one of the biggest tasks that life sets us.

Doctor Hutton recently told the story of the Ethiopian slave who came to Socrates (the Christian Socrates) and desired instruction as a catechumen. The Christian teacher opened the Book of Psalms at Psalm Thirty-nine, which begins: "I said I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue. I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." Looking up from the page to begin his exhortation, Socrates found that the Ethiopian slave had gone.

Years passed. One day the old saint in the city of Alexandria, saw a youth whose face he seemed to recall. The youth also seemed to recognize the other.

"Why did you rush away from my presence when I had just begun my instruction?"

"Master, forgive me," said the slave, "but that one verse concerning the tongue I perceived would be enough to keep me occupied all my life."—Young People.

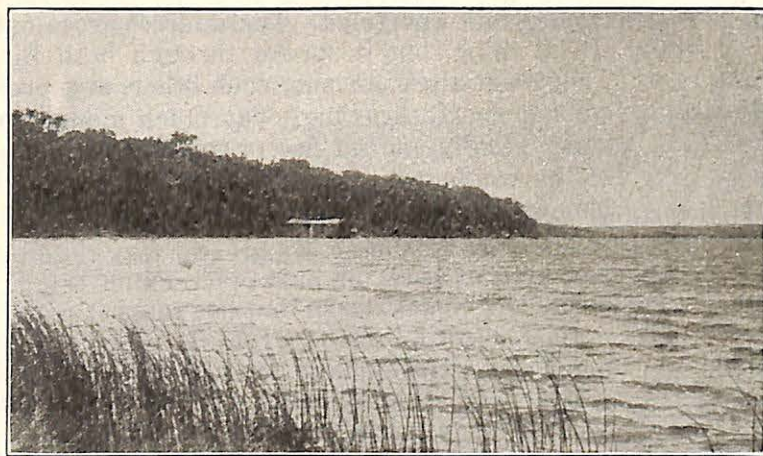
Editorial Jottings

AN UNUSUAL NUMBER of reports from various parts of the field came to us lately and on account of lack of space could not all be published in the "Baptist Herald" of July 15. We are giving them publicity in this number.

THE JUNE NUMBER of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School Bulletin brings a fine tribute by Prof. Lewis Kaiser to the senior professor in the German Department in his article: "Dean Ramaker's Forty Years of Service." It is accompanied by a fine full page half-tone of Prof. Ramaker.

REV. O. E. KRUEGER, one of our contributing editors, relieved the editor upon request from the editorial care and supervision of the last two numbers of the "Baptist Herald." This made it possible for the editor to give undivided attention to teaching work at a number of assemblies and conventions. The thanks of the "Herald" family are cordially extended to the Editor-pro-tem, who always does his work well.

REV. A. W. BEAVEN, pastor of the Lake Ave. Church, Rochester, N. Y., has accepted the office of President of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School and will be inaugurated in November. Dr. David J. Evans of Kansas City, Mo., has been elected to the Cornelius Woelfkin Professorship of Preaching. We rejoice with many others in these happy choices that promise well for the increased power and usefulness of our beloved seminary.



A view of Brush Lake, N. D., where Assembly was held

The Brush Lake Assembly Near Mercer, N. D.

"The more we get together, the happier we'll be." Those were the sentiments of all, young and old, mostly young, who attended the North Dakota Brush Lake B. Y. P. U. Assembly from June 24-30.

In view of the fact that this organization is still in its infancy, we are happy to say that the Assembly this year has been the most notable attempt of its kind here in this state. The success of this can be accredited to the untiring efforts of our president, Mr. A. V. Zuber, and our Dean, Rev. H. G. Braun, and our beloved instructors. The remarkable attendance and the excellency of the place added greatly to the success.

The forenoon sessions were opened with short devotionals led by the young people. The instructors then took charge of the classes which were as follows: Rev. A. P. Mihm showed us "The Why and How of Missions," Rev. J. F. Olthoff gave us a series of lectures on "Soul-Winning," Rev. J. C. Schweitzer on "Preparation for Church Membership," and Professor F. W. C. Meyer brought to us in an interesting manner "The Fundamentals of our Christian Faith." We are indeed grateful and express our hearty thanks to these brethren for the splendid co-operation and help they have given us.

The afternoons were spent in swimming, boating, hiking, and in various other forms of recreation.

The evening services consisted of lectures, devotionals and musical programs with the different societies rendering special numbers.

Sunday marked the climax of our Assembly. Rev. A. P. Mihm preached at the morning service on John 3:1-3. About 600 people were present. At the afternoon session reports were heard from the various societies, officers elected for the following year, and plans were made for even a greater and better Assembly next year. Then an unusually good program was presented in which the different societies took part.

According to all present, these were days of great blessing and a source of inspiration. As we went home we re-

solved to put forth greater efforts, as young people, for our Lord and Master. "THE REPORTER."

Institute of the S. S. and B. Y. P. U. Workers' Union of Oklahoma at Ingersoll

This Institute was held from May 29 to June 2. A radical change had been made in this year's program compared with that of previous years. This year the Union had an Institute which was something new for the Oklahoma young people. In this day and age it is required of one to be efficient in the profession one chooses. Why should we not be more efficient in the work of our Master? Several of our pastors felt that the young people of their churches needed training in church work so that they might work more efficiently for their Lord. Consequently the Institute was provided.

Rev. A. P. Mihm and Rev. A. A. Schade, our field secretaries, were secured as teachers. The following books were taught: "The B. Y. P. U. Manual," "The Sunday School Manual," and "Training in Church Membership." The first two books were taught by Bro. Schade and the latter by Bro. Mihm.

The morning sessions were opened with a half hour devotional period. These were led by the following pastors: Meyer, Borchers and Ehrhorn. Then followed two class periods. Two other classes were held in the afternoon from two to four. Also on two evenings Rev. Mihm gave lectures on the book he was teaching, "Training in Church Membership." Several delightful social hours were enjoyed after the class work for the day had been completed. On Saturday afternoon a group gathered in the basement of the church to take examination on the books studied.

We were very sorry that the weather conditions were somewhat unfavorable. The bad roads kept a large number of young folks away who had planned on coming. But, in spite of the weather, those who came enjoyed their class work, and the other messages brought them.

On Saturday night the five unions had their literary program. Also at this time the efficiency banner was awarded to the

Gotebo B. Y. P. U. It is remarkable that the members of this union are almost all daily Bible readers.

The business session was held Friday afternoon. Edwin Geis of Ingersoll was elected president for the coming year. The other newly elected officers are: Rev. John Borchers of Gotebo, vice-president; Earl Geis of Ingersoll, secretary; Adolf Kosanke of Bessie, treasurer.

We are grateful to the Ingersoll church for the delightful way in which all guests were entertained. The young people felt that the Institute was a success, and they are looking forward to the coming one which will be held at Bessie.

Minister's Institute at Bradley Beach, N. J.

June 24-28, 1929

The pastors of the Atlantic Conference were again the guests of the Young People's Union of New York and Vicinity during their Institute at Bradley Beach, N. J. It was during the last week of June. Thirty pastors were present.

The weather was ideal, the ocean inviting for bathing and swimming; the fellowship most congenial; the discussions practicable and profitable. With one exception the outlined program was carried out.

In the evening sessions the following topics were discussed: "The Value of Friendship," by Rev. W. H. Barsch; "Take a little Honey," by Rev. C. W. Koller; "The Will that is Consecrated to God," by Rev. W. E. Schmitt; "Intentions that God Recognizes," by Rev. Fred Niebuhr.

The morning devotionals were led by Rev. Kuhl upon: "I am the Light of the World;" Rev. J. Schmidt upon: "I am the Truth and the Way;" Rev. L. N. Schoen upon: "I am the Vine," and by Rev. G. C. Schwandt upon: "Resurrection and Life."

The discussions were most profitable and were introduced with one paper by Rev. J. G. Draewell on: "The Antichrist and the Church," and another, "The First Resurrection, Transformation and Rapture." Rev. M. Leuschner very ably presented "The Papal-Mussolini Problem." Rev. J. Kaaz presented "The Spiritual Condition of our Churches." We realized it requires more than a discussion to settle these matters.

Prof. and Mrs. Neuschaefer, who have charge of the cottage this year, made our sojourn delightful. They have the co-operation of able assistants to provide for appetizing meals and gave wonderful service. Our experience enables us to commend the home to any one who wishes to spend a vacation at the seashore this summer. E. G. KLIESE.

The Professor Is Loose Again

The professor and his wife were returning from the church. "Now who is absent-minded?" he said, triumphantly, producing two umbrellas from under his arm. "You forgot your umbrella and I remembered not only mine, but yours too." "But," said the wife, "neither of us brought one!"—Tit-Bits.

Dedication Services of the First German Baptist Church, Vancouver, B. C., June 2-4

During the summer months of 1927 it was my joy to assist in organizing a group of baptized believers, most of whom were immigrants. Upon my return to our Seminary in Rochester, the work was carried on by Rev. A. Kujath and Rev. A. Hager.

In July, 1928, I resumed the task of serving the spiritual needs of these people. No time was lost in carefully planning our present church home. Much could be said how we labored under handicaps, but let it suffice when we say, that it was God's method, so that we will now more fully appreciate our new church. Our first quarter was a dilapidated store, which has never been occupied since we vacated same. Our second meeting place was more respectable but much too small. Soon we were compelled to leave there also, for another church organization purchased it for their own use. Nothing was at our disposal now but a large hall which was used for every imaginable purpose, mostly for dances and whist drives. The days where we can complain of not having an adequate meeting house have now become history. We rejoice that so soon did the Lord lend his ear to our prayers, and may we prove worthy workers for his cause in this great city!

Owing to lack of finances our General Missionary Society came to our aid and carried the burden for us. The neat appearing chapel does credit to our German work, and certainly also to our builder. It has a seating capacity of 350 people. Other conveniences, such as ladies rest room, baptistry room, equipped kitchen and full basement for Sunday school purposes are also included. The exterior of the building is finished with a fine distinct colored marble chip stucco.

It was mutual joy to have my father, Rev. F. A. Mueller, pioneer minister of the German Baptist churches of Western Canada, present. He preached the dedication sermon to a capacity audience. Rev. Klassen of Jarrow, B. C., Mennonite minister, spoke in the afternoon service, while Rev. F. A. Bloedow of Winnipeg spoke in the language of the land in a most impressive manner in the evening, followed by Rev. A. Hager.

On Monday evening it was our joy in having the English-speaking friends with us. Following men gave brief addresses: Revs. Ward, Harris, Bingham, Fraser, and Sloat.

The band under the direction of Arthur Wuerch, also the choir and male chorus under the leadership of the pastor rendered special music.

Lastly we must not forget to mention the ladies, who added much to make the dedication a real success. Both lunch and supper were served without charge to the many guests and friends who visited with us on Sunday.

FRED W. MUELLER.

Joy Class, Portland, First Church

These young ladies represent the "Joy" class of the Sunday school of the First Church, Portland. Their aim is to try and be present every Sunday also to be on time when Sunday school takes up. They have learned many Bible verses for they answer roll call with a different verse every Sunday. On completion of the last quarter of lessons, a test was given to see what they had learned. Gladys Teschner received the reward for having answered all ten questions right while Nettie Henke and Ruth Pohl came a close second.

The girls recently enjoyed their annual picnic held on the banks of the Pudding river. They swam, played volley ball and ate heartily of the many good things there were to eat, including large helpings of juicy watermelon.

My prayer for my class has always been that when they take their places in the business world they will continue to be true and faithful to their Lord and Savior.

Their teacher, MRS. L. TILGNER.

The Man Divine

ETHEL RENNISON

How splendidly manly, O Jesus, art thou—

How noble, how modest, how brave!
How thoughtful of others, how full of good cheer,
How able and willing to save!

How firm for the right, and how stern against sin,
And yet how forgiving thou art!
How wise is thy counsel, how kind thy reproof,
How pure and unselfish thy heart!

Most wondrous of all is thy love's sacrifice,
That draws me and lifts me to thee!
My trust and devotion, O Master of men,
Are thine, and forever shall be!

Dear Brother Mihm:

These lines were composed by Ethel Rennison, a girl in the Elgin, Iowa, church, who is living under a special handicap since birth. But she is a consecrated soul and employs her life in the distribution of tracts, Bible promises and other Christian literature in an effort to work together with Christ in the building of the Kingdom of God. She gave me this little poem in writing at my request, and I would appreciate its appearance in the "Baptist Herald."

A. A. SCHADE.

Smile Awhile

"Aren't you nearly ready, dear?"
"I wish you wouldn't keep asking that question, Clarence. I've been telling you for the last hour that I'll be ready in a minute."—Presbyterian Advance.

"Bump. The bell don't make."—Sign over a rooming house door bell button in a Pennsylvania Dutch city.—Christian Advocate.



Joy Class, Sunday School, First Church, Portland

Successful Banquet to Mothers, Brooklyn, First Church

The King's Daughters and Willing Workers Societies of the First German Baptist Church, Brooklyn, sponsored what proved to be a very enjoyable and most successful banquet tendered to their mothers on May 28.

There were 75 happy-faced mothers and daughters (motherless daughters having adopted one for the occasion) seated about the oblong table which was prettily decorated with tall pink candles, and favors consisting of a corsage bouquet of pink roses cleverly made with centers of a spool of darning cotton, these having been made and donated by our creative artist, Mrs. Chester Krouse.

The meal, prepared by some of our ever willing mothers, headed by our master cook, Mrs. Mehl, was excellent enough to please the most exacting palate, and was enjoyed to the full by all present.

Mrs. O. Johnson very ably handled the position of toastmistress. Entertainment consisted of singing of songs dedicated to our mothers, a number of well rendered recitations by our small elocutionist, Peggy Zinke, solo selection by Mrs. Frank Arnold, and a long to be remembered address, or rather talk from the heart about the various problems of parents with children given by Mrs. G. Howard Estey, president of the Long Island Association Branch of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society. We were especially grateful to Mrs. Estey, who is very actively engaged in all the enterprises connected with the work of the Baptist Woman's Home Mission Society, yet spared this evening to us.

Prizes were awarded to the youngest mother present, to the oldest mother, and after a very unique parade of mothers and daughters to determine which mother and daughter most closely resembled each other, and for which Mrs. Estey and Mrs. Schlinger acted as judges, a prize was awarded the winning mother.

This was the second Mothers and Daughters Banquet, and to say that we are looking forward to the "third annual," is but to express the thought of all those present. God bless our mothers—and fathers, too!

N. MARQUARDT.

Toward Sodom

By B. MABEL DUNHAM

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

(Continuation)

Manassah Horst was among those whose hearts the revival had touched, but Simeon had doubts about the genuineness of his conversion, since Manassah declined to become emotional over it. "It don't look to me like the real thing," he told Manassah. "It don't sound right."

"It's not always the man that makes the most noise that has the best religion," replied Manassah, deliberately, as usual.

"A dead cat don't meow," retorted the preacher. "Say, Manassah, do you mind yet that night we went to Shade's Mills?"

"In the bob-sleigh?"

"Yes, to fight about the county town. I can see those men yet, how they carried on."

"And I can't get it out of my head how you acted," said Manassah.

"Me? Why, what did I do wrong?"

"Everything. You made Levi stop to home so you could go, and then you talked all the time religion."

"And what's wrong with that?"

"A political meeting is to talk politics," replied Manassah.

"If you can't take your religion there, you'd best not go at all," advised Simeon.

Manassah made haste to explain that his religion was a part of him, that he took it with him wherever he went. If he did not always take it, he tried to carry out its precepts in his everyday life.

Simeon was full of argumentation. Why shouldn't he talk religion, anywhere, everywhere, he wanted to know, even at a political meeting, if he wanted to? Wasn't religion the greatest thing, the only really important thing in life? Politics? A passing show. And yet people went mad over politics, fairly cracking their throats over the petty issues of the day. But because he felt constrained to shout eternal verities to sin-stopped ears, people said he was crazy. Was there any consistency in that? Was there, now? "The Lord had a hand in sending me to that meeting," he declared. "He was calling me even then to shout his religion like the men of the world shout their politics."

Manassah never could argue successfully with Simeon. It was because Simeon wouldn't listen to reason, he thought. Besides, Manassah felt bound to confess that he had a sneaking interest in world affairs, and he wasn't prepared to relinquish it because Simeon's too tender conscience told him it was of the devil. He spent hours poring over "The Ebytown Announcers" pot-pourri of European events; he tried to understand the problems of people of other lands and races. But chiefly he was interested in all that pertained to the land of his birth, and in what was going on in the Parliament Building in Toronto. For the life of him, he could not see anything wrong in that,

so long as he did not allow himself to be ensnared into any too active participation in political life.

"The devil sets his traps everywhere," Simeon warned him. "Before you know it, pop goes the weasel. Watch out, Manassah!"

The slightest opposition or criticism was only fresh fuel to Simeon's zeal. He was determined to die rather than depart one jot or one tittle from the faith that was in him. That was the principle of the martyrs, and a martyr he would be.

The work grew apace. Some of the leading members had professed new birth. The Spirit of God was being shed abroad in the hearts of the people. Like a bit of leaven hidden in a measure of meal, it was leavening the whole lump.

Old Josiah Ernst was a devout man and disposed to be lenient with the vagrancies of his son. This religion of his was a bubble of religious excitement, which would burst and evaporate in time, he thought, and Simeon would return to his normal life on the farm. But a year and more had passed. The farm was overrun with weeds, and the bubble was still soaring. Something must be done.

The old man confronted Simeon one day with his duty. "Have I got to feed youse all yet in my old age?" he said.

"You don't have to feed me," replied Simeon. "I eat where I stop. The laborer is worthy of his hire."

"But her and the boys."

"The boys can work."

"But they don't. They don't know how."

"Why don't you learn them? You learned me when I was younger than they."

"They won't learn," claimed Old Josiah. "They won't listen to me. I am too old. They need you, Simeon."

But Simeon steadfastly maintained that he had heard the call to greater service, and he must obey. That day when he was ploughing in the back fifties, the voice of God told him to go and sow the seeds of repentance in the hearts of the people.

The old man reflected a moment, hesitating to belittle in any way the call divine. And yet... "If you would go back and plough again chust once in the back fifties," he suggested, at last, "mebbe the Lord has something else he wants to say to you."

It was equally useless to ridicule, to reason, or to entreat. Simeon was "sot," immovably "sot." He had put his hand to the plough of the Spirit, he told his father again, and he dared not turn back. He and the Lord were going on together through ploughing and seed-time to his great harvest at the end of the world. Hallelujah!

When the seeds of Simeon's sowing began to sprout, there sprang up with them the tares of contention and strife. There were some who doubted Simeon's sanity as well as his religion. The whole revival was of the devil, they said. Everywhere there was suspicion and mistrust. Unkind thoughts were harboured, hard things were said. Soon the whole congregation was seething with malice and hatred.

"And this they call religion," said Noah Horst, the Bishop, when things had come to a terrible pass. "Well, if it is, it's not the kind I want."

"Me either," said Josiah Ernst. "We used to have it good till this here revival had to come along. Now look at what we've got. Nobody trusts nobody. It's all hate."

"I told Simeon long ago already he's going too far," said Noah.

Josiah had told him, too, but that was all the good it did.

It was not long before Simeon took the fatal step which brought him into the open conflict with the heads of the church. So long as he held his week-night prayer-meetings and his Sunday-schools in the homes of the people, nothing much could be done about it, but when he carried his so-called fanaticism into the meeting-house, that was another matter. One Sunday morning Simeon called down a revival from heaven in the regular congregation. In a voice pitched high with excitement, he urged the people to come and kneel in contrition around the pulpit, confessing their sins. There was a great crying to the Lord. Such emotion had not been heard before in all the history of the Ebytown meeting-house.

It was after this service that Noah Horst took his stand. Simeon's performance was not going to be repeated. He would put a stop to it. Simeon Ernst had been untrue to the traditions of the people called Mennonites. His name must be struck off the roll.

When Lydia heard the news, she hurried to her father in great alarm. It was not right, she protested. Simeon had done no wrong. He had done no violence to any of the doctrines of the Mennonites. He hadn't conformed to the world, had he?

"No," Noah was compelled to admit.

"And he didn't take the law?"

"No," again.

"Vengeance he did not show," said the distressed woman, "that I know. His heart is full of love for them even that talks the hardest against him."

"No, Lydia," said the bishop. "He showed no vengeance."

"And he preached what he found in the Bible," maintained the loyal wife.

"All his texts I read there already."

Noah's case seemed to weaken with every defence Lydia made. He groped around for some accusation he might lay down to Simeon's charge. "He didn't preach infant baptism like he might, or war, neither," he said at length.

"How could he?" replied Lydia. "He was all the time preaching the new birth."

Ah! the new birth. That was the rub. Noah declared that Simeon was off on a false road. It would lead him dear only knew where.

"Ye must be born again," Lydia quoted.

Noah shook his head. "In my Bible it says, 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.' That's the Mennonite religion. If it ain't good enough for Simeon, he can go."

"He will," said Lydia, tossing her head contemptuously. "My name you can strike off, too. Him and me will never darken the door of your meeting-house again. Nor your door, neither."

"Lydy!"

But Lydia was off, hurrying down the road toward her home in the country.

"Lydy! Come back!" Noah called it at the top of his voice. "Lydy!"

Lydia marched steadfastly on.

Poor Noah! Like some dejected patriarch he stood, his eyes swimming and his long beard blowing in the wind. Another hope shattered! Another dark blot on the escutcheon of his life!

The next day was Sunday, and when Levi called, as usual, in the afternoon, Noah was not yet up. He had a high fever, Esther said. Little wonder, either, after all the worry he had with Simeon and Lydia on top of all the dissension in the church.

"There's nothing more devilish than a church fight," opined Levi, addressing himself to Manassah.

Manassah could not give his assent to such a sweeping statement. He didn't see why people shouldn't differ on matters of religion as well as on politics, for example. It seemed to him that Simeon and his father were both right. At least, they were both conscientious.

"They preach the same gospel," said Levi, "at least they find it in the same Bible. One hangs to a text here, and another hitches himself to a verse there, and before they know it, they're scratching each other's eyes out."

"It's human nature," Manassah thought.

"Yes, but they call it Christianity," laughed Levi.

Manassah did not give up the argument. The strength of Christianity, he maintained, was the result of its struggles. The revival that had come down upon them was a godsend, even if it should split the church. It had stirred them up. They knew now what they really believed.

Levi smiled. "I don't give that for what a man believes," he said, snapping his fingers with emphasis. "It's how he acts that counts. What good is a man's religion if he can't live it? Say, Manassah, tell me."

Manassah did not know.

"If he lives right six days of a week," continued Levi, "if he does as he would be done by, I don't care a cookie what church he sleeps in on Sundays."

"That's another idea," said Manassah, with a laugh. "I can't quite agree with you. I say, if he lives right, he'll sleep nights to home in his bed."

On Monday Noah was worse. Doctor

Scott came. It was fever, typhoid, he feared. He must have every attention. Was there someone to wait on him?

"Me," said Esther.

"But you have your mother."

"Yes, I have her, too."

"Does she eat well?"

"Pretty good," replied Esther, "but I must feed her always."

"Does she dress herself now?"

"No," said Esther. "About all she can do is shake."

The doctor's eye fell upon little Mary. "The child," he said. "Couldn't you send her away?"

"Send Mary away!" gasped Esther. "I couldn't. She would make strange."

"Just for a few weeks," urged the doctor. "Your sister would take care of her."

"She has plenty of her own," Esther told him. "Seven boys."

Doctor Scott threw up his hands. This was certainly no place for a dainty little girl like Mary.

"I can't let her go anywhere," declared Esther. "You don't know what good company she makes me. She's all I have."

"But whose to do the work?"

"Me. Mary will help."

The doctor left medicines and directions and went on his way.

From day to day, Noah kept getting worse. If only they could get some one to nurse him, but everybody, it seemed, was afraid of the fever.

They had not reckoned on Lydia. She came in their hour of need, more afraid of her conscience, she said, than of death itself.

"Lydy!" cried Esther, overjoyed.

"This is no place for you," said the doctor, sternly. "You with seven boys."

Lydia did not wait to answer. She was off to her father's bedside, bending over his fevered body and entreating him to forgive her.

Noah stirred. He recognized her. "It's all right, Lydy," he whispered. "Now I can die happy."

"Won't he live?" Lydia asked Esther at her first opportunity. "Don't the doctor hold out no hope?"

"He says he will give him a week or ten days at the most," said Esther. "Can you stop that long, Lydy? Can the boys make out without you?"

"I told them I was going to stop to the end," replied Lydia.

So Lydia stayed on in spite of the doctor's protest. She never left her father by day or night. It was she who cooled his fevered brow and quenched his parched lips, she who read to him from his Bible. They were happy now, father and daughter, for their hearts were full of tender love.

Then came the terrible hours of crisis. Lydia stood in silence, watching now her father's face and now the doctor's. She prayed, as Simeon always admonished her to do, without ceasing.

Presently the doctor's face lit up with hope. "He's going to live," he said. "With good care, there is no reason..."

Lydia was staggering. She seized the bed post to save herself from falling.

Everything went suddenly black before her eyes. They put her to bed, where she should have been days before, the doctor said. Preposterous! Why hadn't they told him she wasn't getting her sleep? And seven boys! He was a fool to have allowed it.

"Is it the fever?" asked Esther, fearfully.

"No, it's the whooping cough," sputtered Dr. Scott, impatiently. "And who's to nurse her, that's what I want to know."

"Me."

"You? Can't you get help from Manassah's?"

"He's down with it, too," said Esther, "right in the thick of the harvest."

"Harvest be blowed!" exploded the doctor. He went over to Manassah's like a shot.

Down in the town the old homestead was designated by a new name, the fever-house. They might as well have called it a pest-house. The women brought baskets of provisions, but left them at the gate; the men who came to offer a hand in the harvest ate their meals at home. No one would drink a drop of water on the premises. Not a soul would enter the house, save the doctor and Levi Gingerich. Even the passers-by sought to protect themselves from contagion by cutting a temporary road through the fields. Neither Asiatic cholera nor the leprosy could have struck more abject terror into the hearts of the people of Ebytown.

Those were sad and lonely days for Esther. A groan, a moan, a complaint, and work, endless work, these filled her day. From bedside to bedside she went, only to be recalled to Sarah's rocking chair. Again and again she listened to the monotonous wail, "Home! Home! Take me home!"

Little Mary was the joy of Esther's heart during those long, wearisome days. She used to stop sometimes between duties to listen to the child crooning a lullaby to Sally Ann, her priceless rag doll, and the prattle rang in Esther's ears all through the day, like a haunting obligato.

"Be good, Sally Ann. If you don't be good now, you can't be like Estie till you're grown. That's what my daddy says, and he knows everything. He knows everything, Sally Ann!"

"Don't you want to play with Belinda now?" Esther asked her one day.

"No, not yet."

"But Belinda is a lovely doll, Mary, and your daddy gave her to you."

It was no use. Scarcely a look would the child bestow upon the costly Belinda, but she hugged Sally Ann to her bosom. "I love you, Sally Ann," she gurgled. "Next to Estie, I love you. Do you hear, Sally Ann?"

The doctor's efforts to find someone to help at the Horst's proved successful at last. He brought a woman with him one day and deposited her satchel on the kitchen table. His face beamed with satisfaction. "Here's a real womanly woman," he said. "Her name is Miss Reiber."

"Elsa!" cried Esther. "Why did you come?"

The girl waited until the doctor's back was turned before she answered. "It's for him," she said, then.

"For Cyrus, you mean?"

"Yes, for Lucy. I always called him that. You know how it was with him and me?"

Esther thought she did. "You loved him?" she said.

"Yes," said Elsa, very softly. "Do you know, too, what love is?"

Esther blushed, hesitating to make so great a confession to a comparative stranger.

Elsa knew the signs infallible. "I'm so glad," she said, "for then you know how I feel. You won't send me away."

"Send you away?" said Esther. "Why, you're almost like a sister."

Elsa stopped only a minute to hug her new friend, and then she put on a big apron and began a tour of exploration about her new kingdom in the kitchen of her loved Lucy's home. It seemed as though she had never been so happy in all her life before.

The patients progressed indifferently. Sarah was, if possible, more petulant, more exacting than ever. She would not tolerate Elsa in her presence. Let her keep to the kitchen. The Bishop was improving steadily. Not so, Lydia, who lay listlessly, almost lifelessly, on her bed, too ill to be moved.

"Send for her husband," Dr. Scott ordered, one day.

"She's not going to go, is she?" cried Esther. "Not to die?"

"Send for her husband."

But Simeon was nowhere to be found. He was off conducting revival meetings in some remote region, nobody knew exactly where. Before the message reached him Lydia's gentle spirit had departed to take up its residence in that other home, eternal in the heavens.

"She said she would stop till the end," said Esther, "but we didn't think it was going to end like this."

"The ways of the Lord are past finding out," said Noah.

"Home! Take me home!" wailed Sarah from her corner. "Oh, Lord, if only you would 've took me..."

Little Mary was left pretty much to the pursuit of her own devices during these distressing days. Very often her faithful Sally Ann was her constant and her sole companion. But one day the child was alarmed to find that there was something wrong with Sally Ann. She had a great hole in her skin, and the insides were all coming out. It made the dolly very ill, indeed; so ill, in fact, that Mary decided to take her to the doctor.

She knew the doctor was busy, but she was not prepared to see her Sally Ann and her ailment brushed aside. He didn't feel her pulse, nor look at her tongue. He didn't even leave a bottle of pink medicine. Some other day he would attend her, he said. Little Mary was worried to no end about it.

Of course, Sally Ann had the fever. She was burning up with it. Little Mary put her dolly into the cradle and rocked

her assiduously. All morning she nursed her, but the terrible hole did not show any signs of healing. In the afternoon Sally Ann grew worse and worse. About five o'clock she died. Little Mary shed no tears over the corpse. The funeral was held without delay. The child had found a pasteboard box, into which she laid the lifeless form of her dolly, and she dug a hole in the back yard for the grave. The sad obsequies were interrupted by a call to supper.

"I don't want any supper," little Mary called back. "I can't eat."

"Can't eat?" cried Esther. "How's that?"

"I don't feel to eat," said the child. "Sally Ann's dead."

Esther smiled sadly. What an imagination the child did have! She called her in, induced her to eat something and put her to bed. But she had an uncomfortable feeling about little Mary.

During the night the fever heightened. Mary lay in her little bed hugging the resurrected Sally Ann and whispering, "I've got it, too, the fever. I'm burning up with it."

"Hush," said Esther, trying to be cheerful. "Dr. Scott will make you better."

Little Mary had no faith in the doctor. "He let Sally Ann die," she said. "Can Sally Ann go with me in the box when I die? Can she, Estie?"

"Hush, hush!" sobbed Esther. "Oh, Mary, you must not die. What would Estie do without her little girl?"

"And what would Sally Ann do without me?" replied the child. "She's my little girl, Sally Ann."

The doctor came in the morning, and with him, Levi, in great distress.

"She's got it, too," sobbed Esther. "Oh, Levi, if only I would 've sent her away. The doctor told me to."

"Only because I saw your hands were too full," the doctor said, "I never dreamed the little one would take it."

"Where would you have sent her?" said Levi.

"I thought about Rhoda, but I couldn't..."

Levi's reply was decisive and emphatic. "Rhoda has no heart. Besides, you needed her."

"Precisely," agreed the doctor. "Now let's talk no more about it."

Sometimes the child was rational enough and chatted with Levi and Esther, but for hours at a time she was off in some wild delirium. Day by day she grew weaker. The doctor held out little hope for her recovery.

Levi never left the little bed, and Esther came and stood beside it whenever she had a moment to spare. They were both there when the end came. There was no struggle, only a closing of those bright eyes upon the light of the world until they should open again in that brighter, better world beyond.

Levi sobbed aloud when he saw the last flicker of mortal life on the face of his dying child. It seemed as though the light of his life had suddenly gone out and he was left to grope alone in the

darkness. Little Mary was all he had in the world and he loved her so. Mary!

Esther stole softly, silently, to his side. She placed her hand upon his shoulder. "Levi!" she whispered.

The grief-stricken man stirred. A voice had called in the darkness. He was not alone. He covered Esther's small hand with his large, strong one, and said her name very softly, "Esther!"

"You have me yet, Levi." The words slipped out in that unguarded moment when their hearts were stirred by their common sorrow. In that sad yet happy moment they looked unabashed into each other's tear-dimmed eyes and knew that they also had a common hope. It was a cheerful thought, though shrouded for the time being in the uncertainty of futurity.

"Esther!" It was Sarah who called, thinly but insistently from her invalid chair in the front room. "Esther! Come here once!"

"I must go," said the girl, withdrawing her hand gently from Levi's grasp.

The call of duty is ever stern. In Esther's case its performance was a succession of trivialities. Her mother wanted her right foot put over her left. A few minutes and she would ask to have the operation reversed. It was so hard sitting there all day long. So hard.

"She's gone," Esther announced, with a break in her voice.

"Her?"

"Yes. Little Mary."

"Is she chust went?"

"Yes, Levi is with her now."

Sarah heaved a deep-brought sigh. "And here I must set," she said. "Sometimes I wonder did the Lord forget me."

"I don't think he ever did remember me," said Esther. Her cup was running over with bitterness.

Sarah turned on her a pair of disapproving eyes. "I'm sure you've got it good," she said.

Yes, comparatively speaking, Esther had it "good." The lines had fallen to her in pleasant places. She had a goodly heritage, health, wealth, a sound mind, and happiness of a kind. The road she travelled was straight and safe, but it was the way of duty, narrow, lonely and commonplace. The by-paths were so alluring. Through flowery meadows and by rivers of water they led convivially on, it seemed, to the land of her heart's desire. Esther's eyes ached for a sight of that earthly paradise, but she knew that it was not for her. Footsore and weary, she must trudge along the highway of duty; she must carry her burden to the end. Ever and anon there came to her the memory of words she had heard in the long ago, and their truth was borne in upon her mind, "Those that will carry, can."

Three o'clock. Time for her father's medicine. No little Mary to shake the bottle for her. No one to help her count the drops. "Oh, Mary, Mary!" she murmured, "Estie loves you so."

They placed the child in her little coffin with Sally Ann, her rag doll, and

(Continued on page 11)

Fall Down and Look Up

THORWALD W. BENDER

If you've come to the end of your rope,
When threadbare your fabrics of hope,
And there's nothing to do but to grope,
Fall down and look up.

If you've rushed through life as on air,
When rose-colored clouds proved a snare,
And you've made no friends anywhere,
Fall down and look up.

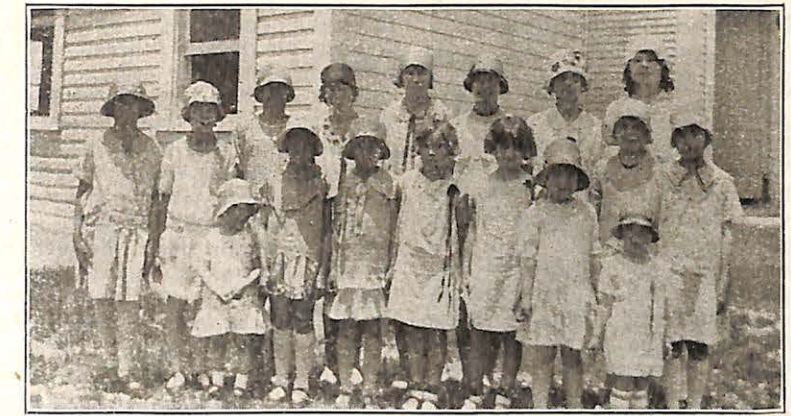
If you're anxious to have Him abide,
When your will and His will collide,
And you're stuck on your high mount of pride,
Fall down and look up.

Reception in First Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

After being without a pastor for 14 weeks we had the great joy of welcoming our new pastor, Rev. Wm. A. Mueller, and his dear wife in our midst. On Wednesday, June 12, a welcome festival was arranged for the church members and close friends in connection with a well prepared dinner served by the ladies.

Bro. John C. Lotz, our worthy deacon and leader during the absence of a pastor, acted as toastmaster. Our Sunday school room had been turned into a dining hall and was crowded to capacity. At the guest table were, besides Rev. and Mrs. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sievers, Mr. Orrin R. Judd and Miss Helen M. Grimmell, as well as our senior deacon, Bro. F. Ziehl, and the toastmaster. Mrs. Judd, who had also been invited, was out of town attending to some of her many duties as president of the Women's Home Mission Society.

Bro. Judd, president of the Church Extension Society of the L. I. Baptist Association and son-in-law of the late Rev. J. C. Grimmell, expressed the hope and wish that Bro. Mueller would be as active in the general work for the Master here on Long Island as he had been in Buffalo. Miss Grimmell drew our thoughts to the many members that have gone beyond and are now witnessing our joy. Bro. Sievers had been our church clerk for many years but now resides in the wilds of New Jersey. Being provided by God with the gift of preaching, he had several times followed our invitation to fill our pulpit. He extended his and Mrs. Sievers' hearty greetings to our new pastor. Bro. Ziehl spoke on behalf of all the officers, pledging their wholehearted support to Pastor Mueller. Frank Arnold, our Sunday school superintendent, expressed his joy over the active part our pastor had already taken in the Bible school and hoped for great things in the future. Harold Kris, the newly elected president of the B. Y. P. U. of Brooklyn and Long Island, spoke on behalf of the young people, voicing the opinion that we have a real young people's leader in our new pastor. The ladies of the church were represented by Mrs. J. Schlinger who suggested that, if Bro. Mueller was ever in need of any-



Sunbeam Class, Crawford, Texas

Sunbeam Class, Crawford, Texas

The above picture shows the "Sunbeams" of the Sunday school at Crawford, Texas. This class has made distinct progress in the last few years. Progress in membership and Sunday school work. Meta Engelbrecht is the much beloved teacher of this class. She takes great interest in the work of her dear Master. Some day she also will be among those who come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

thing, to come to the Ladies Aid Society and his call would not be in vain. Bro. H. Schmuers had put his thoughts into a poem, transcribed around the familiar song, "Gesegnet sei das Band," which he read to the appreciation of all. Our student pastor, J. Hellwig, related an interesting incident of the Seminary days when Bro. Mueller was studying in Rochester. The choirs brought their greetings in well chosen serenades. Emil Lepke, who is active in all three, pledged loyal support to our pastor on their behalf.

Following this welcome by the various societies Rev. and Mrs. Mueller made pleasant responses. We all felt it to be an occasion long to be remembered.

On Tuesday, June 18 we gave a public reception to our new pastor to which the German Baptist churches of the Metropolitan district and the neighboring Evangelical churches had been invited. The response was generous. Deacon J. C. Lotz again took the chair, and under his guidance the impromptu program was carried out to a successful ending.

The time was too short to give every minister present the opportunity to extend his personal greetings to our new pastor, so one minister was chosen to represent each group of churches. Rev. T. Tinsley of the Ridgewood Christian Church spoke for the neighboring churches, Rev. F. W. O'Brien of the Greenwood Baptist Church and moderator of the Long Island Baptist Association, represented that body. Rev. H. F. Hoops, pastor of the Second German Baptist Church of New York City, greeted Bro. Mueller on behalf of the Atlantic Conference.

Several letters of greetings were read from pastors who were not able to attend, as was also a letter of hearty recommendation from the Baptist Ministers Conference of Buffalo. Several other short talks were delivered by Rev. W. J. Zirbes, Brooklyn, Rev. John Schmidt, Union City, N. J., and Bro. Hueglin, a dear friend who knew Bro. Mueller from Rochester. Interspersed with these speeches were several fitting vocal selections.

It was a warm reception all around, the mercury having climbed so high that it was a bit uncomfortable, therefore the ice cream and cake which was served afterwards was welcomed by everyone.

May God grant Bro. Mueller's stay with us to be a long and blessed one! May he be used of God as an instrument to bring many lost souls into his kingdom!

WALTER L. ZINKE.

Toward Sodom

(Continued from page 10)

they laid her lovingly to rest. The old homestead never seemed the same again. In time the fever abated and life became more normal, but the sunshine had departed from the house and the clouds of grief hung heavy.

Towards the close of the year, old blind Grossdoddy Wismer departed this life in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He slipped away one night in his sleep, and somewhere beyond the veil he opened his wondering eyes upon the beautiful City of God. His old, black armchair stood empty now, where Sarah had always maintained it must stand when he should leave it, beside the kitchen stove in the old Wismer homestead.

"The young are took, and the old," was Sarah's constant complaint now, "but here I must set."

"It's the Lord's doings, Sarai," Noah kept reminding her. "We must let it all to him."

Not even Sarah could doubt the ruling of a beneficent Providence in the case of Simeon Ernst's motherless family. Three months of widowers' tears, and then Simeon met Leah's at her father's funeral. Three months more of happy anticipation and Leah became his wife. Too great a disparity of ages, some thought, but Simeon seemed satisfied. He required, first and foremost, a house-keeper, and Leah was well preserved, she had money and she needed a home. Let the busy world talk.

(To be continued)

More Vacation Sundays

WALTER A. STAUB

A year ago I told the readers of "The Baptist Herald" of various churches which were visited on Sundays spent away from home. The occasions referred to in that article, entitled "Vacation Sundays," extended over a period of years and quite a number of them were spent outside the United States. It may be of interest to tell of the Sundays spent away from home during one summer when we had no set vacation but were away from home over Sunday from time to time. The opportunity for new Christian contacts formed no small part of the enjoyment of these vacations Sundays.

In June of last year the Northern Baptist Convention met

In Detroit

For a number of years I have been serving as a member of the Convention's finance committee and have attended each annual meeting for six years without interruption. Detroit lured, not merely because of finance committee duties, but also because my brother and his wife, who is a sister to Mrs. Staub, live there. The days spent there, both in their home and in the Convention, were delightful and stimulating. One of them was a Sunday and with its special Convention meetings was a day of rare privilege. Being "drafted" to sing in an impromptu male chorus at the Convention meetings, under the direction of Professor E. O. Sellers, afforded opportunity for rendering a little service at these Sunday meetings.

The Baptist World Alliance

met in Toronto, Canada, right after the Convention meetings closed in Detroit. Because of certain business engagements, I could be at the Alliance meetings only two days. One of them was Sunday and again it was a day of high Christian privilege. It was a pleasure to hear the delegates from Germany, Austria and Poland who met Sunday morning with the delegates from our German Baptist churches in America, and in the evening to hear that famous preacher of the Southland, Doctor George W. Truett, in the church whose pastor, Doctor John McNeill, was chosen president of the Baptist World Alliance for the current term. A visit to the new building of the Yorkminster Church, one of the most beautiful Baptist churches I have ever seen, added to the interest of the day.

In no place do I like to be on Sunday more than

In Ocean Grove, New Jersey

where one of our week-ends was spent. One of the principal attractions is the services held in the vast auditorium, seating some 10,000 people. The Methodists established a camp meeting at Ocean Grove about sixty years ago and it has all through the years been an ideal combination of seaside resort and religious center. In addition to the meetings in the auditorium, where some of the finest speakers are to be heard—and it is to be noted that the auditorium is usually filled

to capacity each Sunday during July and August—there are other buildings in which meetings for young people and children are held each morning. At the young people's meeting each morning of the week the Criterion Male Quartet, led by Donald Chalmers, sings and a stirring message is given. During the week occasional concerts and other special features are presented in the auditorium. Madame Tetrazini, Sousa's Band and Victor Herbert's orchestra are among the notable musical features which have delighted visitors at Ocean Grove.

Sunday Observance in Ocean Grove

The unique feature of Ocean Grove, however, is its Sunday observance. Despite the fact that it is a seaside resort, with Asbury Park adjoining it immediately to the north, not a wheel—either of automobile or of horse drawn vehicle—moves in Ocean Grove from midnight Saturday until after midnight on Sunday. Time and time again efforts have been made in the New Jersey legislature to deprive Ocean Grove of the power to enforce this method of Sunday observance. Thus far, however, the Methodist Camp Meeting Association, which controls—or is—the municipal government of Ocean Grove, has triumphed and this year again Sunday will be observed there as it is in no other place on earth in which I have ever been.

Four years ago, during the time our home was being rebuilt following its destruction by fire, our family occupied a cottage in Ocean Grove. The Sundays, observed in the manner described, and enriched with the meetings in the auditorium, young people's temple, etc., were a rare delight. The opportunity of spending a week-end there last summer was highly appreciated by us.

During their grade and high school years our older sons spent each summer a few weeks in a Y. M. C. A. camp. Now our two younger boys have reached the time when they go to camp. We are fortunate in being only about forty miles from

Camp Wawayanda,

the New Jersey State Y. M. C. A. camp, on the committee of management of which I have the privilege of serving. The camp is located on a good sized lake among the beautiful hills of northern New Jersey. We spent two week-ends there with our boys last summer.

The Sundays we were there were days of rare charm. Fine scenery, a restful atmosphere, uplifting companionship, all contributed to refreshment of body and soul. On one of the Sundays I was the speaker at the morning chapel service. This service is usually held out of doors but unfortunately that morning rain threatened so that the service was held in the lodge. It was a privilege to speak to over 150 boys on "Heroes of Faith."

Each year I spend a few days at The Montrose Bible Conference

in the mountains of northwestern Pennsylvania incident to attending the annual meeting of the American Council of the Africa Inland Mission. Both my brother and I have served as members of the

Council for many years. My interest in this mission was first awakened by one of the members of the firm whose employ I entered in 1901 and of which I became a member almost twenty years ago. The Conference was founded by Doctor R. A. Torrey, the widely known evangelist, who passed on to his reward during the past year. It is a spiritual tonic to be able to spend a few days there.

After my brother and I, together with our wives, had been there last summer, we motored to a spot near Norristown, Pa., where one of my classmates at Girard College is pastor of the Norriton-Lower Providence Presbyterian Church, one of the oldest churches in the state.

The Norriton Church,

the original stone building of which is still standing, was founded prior to 1698 and the Lower Providence church in 1730. The two churches were united over a century ago, so that mergers are apparently not as recent as the present era of banking and industrial consolidations might lead one to think!

The church has a membership of around 600 and the Sunday service at which we were present was well attended. Incidentally, I did a bit of "pinch hitting" by teaching a class in the Sunday school. Vacation time doesn't entirely relieve one from the demands of service! Although near a fair sized city and on a main highway, the church has many of the characteristics of a country church and it was interesting to note the social atmosphere which prevailed before and after the service. The old sheds in which the farmers used to put their horses and buggies during the service are still standing on the church grounds. Adjoining the church is the graveyard, one of the monuments in which is in memory of a member of the church who, while returning from California, lost her life in the Johnstown flood of 1899. The gravestone bears a picture of the train being overwhelmed by the flood.

One of the resorts to which many Philadelphians go to escape the hot, and often humid, summer weather of that city is

Atlantic City

The two cities are only about 60 miles apart and quite a few business men commute between them during the summer. "Uncle Rube" Windisch has for many years been a warm advocate of the charms of Atlantic City and with his family usually spends at least a portion of the summer there. Pursuant to his suggestion, we spent a week-end at Atlantic City and enjoyed a refreshing few days there combined with the delightful fellowship of our friends.

When we left home Saturday morning to drive the 125 miles to Atlantic City, we were in the midst of the hottest and most oppressive spell which New York and vicinity experienced last summer. When we got to about 20 miles from Atlantic City we found a most delightful change in the atmosphere and during the several days at Atlantic City, while the newspapers were reporting scorching

weather in New York, we were having cool breezes from the ocean.

On the Sunday we were in Atlantic City we attended services at the First Baptist Church. An old friend of mine from Girard College days, Major Frederick Hickman, is one of the leading members of the church, as well as one of the prominent business men of the city. This church had the misfortune to have its building partially destroyed by fire several years ago, and now holds its meetings in the lower section of the building which before the fire was the Sunday school room. Another site has been purchased and plans have been drawn for a fine structure which shall do the Baptists justice in the eyes of the thousands who come to Atlantic City from all over the land. Work on the new structure is being deferred until the site of the present building, which is held at what to a layman seems a high price, can be sold.

I am not keen for long distance auto driving but there is one section of the country in which I do find autoing enjoyable and that is New England. Last summer we made

Our First Visit to Cape Cod

It was at Provincetown, out on the end of the Cape Cod peninsula, that the Pilgrims landed even before they came to Plymouth. We found a quaint community with interesting architecture, pleasant homes, sea bathing and so on.

The Sunday we were at Cape Cod we motored from Barnstable, where we were staying, to Hyannis, where, we were told, there was a Baptist church. We found one of those old New England churches, painted white, which are such attractive places of worship. We enjoyed the service and were cordially greeted by the pastor. The truth of the old adage that "this is a small world after all" was demonstrated when we found several acquaintances at this church who were summering on "the Cape," with both of whom I had become acquainted in the course of my work on the Finance Committee of the Northern Baptist Convention.

One was the Rev. Herbert J. White, president of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and the other Mr. H. M. Fillebrown, a member of the board of managers and of the finance committee of that society. Mr. White was for some years pastor of the Baptist church in White Plains, N. Y., but has recently become pastor of the Baptist church in Frankford, a suburb of Philadelphia. Mr. Fillebrown is a manufacturer in Pawtucket, R. I., and had but recently purchased a new home on Cape Cod not many miles from Hyannis. Mr. and Mrs. Fillebrown were kind enough to insist on our calling at their home that Sunday afternoon. Tea, conversation and Christian fellowship combined to make it a delightful visit.

At the General Conference, Chicago

Quite fittingly, our last Sunday of the summer which we spent away from home and our home church was the one in Chicago at the time of the Bundeskonferenz. I shall

not make any special comment on it as much concerning it appeared in the "Sendbote" and the "Baptist Herald" at the time. It is enough to say that it was, as always, pleasant to meet the old friends in Chicago and from other parts of the country, to learn of denominational developments, and especially to participate in the impressive communion service—attended by some 1200 persons—with which the Conference closed.

An added pleasure was contributed by the trip home over the Great Lakes which was made by a party of about twenty of us. And so ended a summer interspersed with many pleasant events and Sundays which furnished spiritual refreshment and new inspiration for the Fall and Winter's work in the Master's vineyard.

Pacific Conference in Portland

The 35th gathering of the Pacific Conference met this year with the Second German Baptist Church of Portland, Ore., Rev. J. A. H. Wuttke, pastor. The date was June 26-30.

The city of Portland with its imposing buildings, its beautiful homes and its celebrated roses and many other sights worth seeing, smiled its warm welcome, so that even the "Californians" looked for a cool place to rest between sessions.

Even Mt. Hood was very generous this time and showed his "snowhood" in all its splendor. To give the delegates the needed rest, as well as a better understanding of the beauty of "The City of Roses," an auto-trip was taken on Saturday afternoon on the famous Columbia Highway. A regular "feed" at Wakeene Falls, supplied by the young people of the entertaining church, topped off the whole affair in a most pleasant way.

Although the total membership of our conference is only a little over 3000, its area is large. The States of Oregon, Washington, California and Idaho each contributed its quota of delegates and visitors.

Your reporter will not attempt to give a full report in detail, as the space in the "Herald" is limited. Just a few impressions will suffice.

1. The year just passed was noted for erecting new churches. Bethany, Salt Creek and Salem have each built beautiful and practical buildings. May the new and attractive equipment also insure new vigor and success in the work for the Master!

2. On the other hand our churches reported less baptisms for the year. 40 less than last year, or a smaller number than has been reported for the last 16 years. Are we neglecting evangelism or is our love for the Master and lost souls receding? We hope not!

3. A new feature of the Conference was the devotional period at the close of each morning session. As we had the good fortune of having Prof. L. Kaiser, Rev. W. Kuhn and Rev. G. Fetzer to lead us in these periods, they proved helpful and inspired to a fuller consecration to the will of the Master. The regular prayer-meetings before each session were also of real spiritual value.

4. Another new feature was the showing of pictures of our missionary work in other lands and also a few of our own workers appeared on the screen. Evidently the pictures were received with great interest. But two questions have since come to the writers mind and he herewith yields to temptation and puts them in writing. a) Does the showing of pictures after an earnest sermon, in which the speaker has poured out his soul, deepen the impression made? b) Just how does seeing ourselves on the screen deepen our spiritual life?

5. Sunday afternoon was given over to the young people. It was an inspiring sight to see so many of them together; most of them were just bubbling over with vitality and enthusiasm. Prof. Kaiser gave a very inspiring address on "The Supreme Christian Service." May we all be better soul-winners for having heard that message! As each State, except Idaho, has their own Jugendbund now, it becomes necessary to have a new constitution. This will be taken care of by a committee, which is to report at the next session. According to the Standard of Excellence, Tacoma had 95% and Wasco came second with 84%.

6. This Conference was well supplied with musical talent. The combined choirs of the First and Second Church, the singers of Bethany and Salem, solos, male quartets, ministers' quartet and even, as some one called it, a ministers' mixed quartet, and last but not least the orchestra. I almost forgot to mention the rousing song services before the evening meetings. How the German Baptists do love to sing!

In closing let me mention the fact that all evening services and meetings during Sunday were held in Hibernia Hall which was often taxed to capacity, although it seats about 1000.

The business sessions and a special meeting on Sunday afternoon in which Rev. O. R. Schroeder spoke in German to the older people, were held at Second Baptist Church.

I will not take the space to mention all who took part and through inspiring addresses and sermons helped to make the Conference a success. Let it be noted though, that each and every one apparently gave of their very best. May we all have been encouraged to give our very best to the Master and his cause during the new Conference year! May God bless you, dear people of Portland, and repay in his way your kind hospitality! May the Lord grant us to meet again next year at Los Angeles to hear of greater victories for Christ and his cause!

C. H. EDINGER.

Abundant Reason

Everyone on the train was terribly impatient at the continued delay in making time. Presently the porter came sauntering through the day coach when one of the irate passengers demanded, "Why are we so late?"

"Well, sah," explained the gentleman of color, "de train in front is behind, and we was behind before besides."

Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

August 11, 1929

God's Goodness Revealed in Nature's Laws

Ps. 104:10-18.

The writer of the 104th Psalm didn't know as much about the laws of nature as we do, yet he saw the changes of season, the inexhaustible fertility of the land, and the most wonderful order everywhere, and all this spoke to him of the goodness of God and assured him that God actually cares for his creatures and that he has planned the world solely for man whom he has created in his image.

Some sceptically inclined men of our day can't see any evidence of God's goodness in nature. They tell us, "Nature is red in tooth and claw." They see nothing but the destructive forces of nature. One species is trying to devour the other. The large fish swallow up the small fry. The birds live on insects, and the animals eat one another. And besides, they remind us of the destructive storms, earthquakes, famines and other catastrophes. How can such a world prove to us that God is good?

Of course, we haven't the greatest proof of God's love and goodness in nature. If we had nothing but nature, we might doubt his love and care. But we have the greatest possible proof of his love in the gift of his Son, and because we have this proof, we can also see many evidences of his love in nature. The dependability of the laws of nature should fill us with wonder and awe. The laws of nature will never fail us. If a man acts according to the laws of nature, he can always expect certain results. If he tills the land and sows his seed it will grow and ripen into a bountiful harvest. Like will always produce like. You cannot gather figs from thistles. That is surely one of the most gracious laws that God has ordained. And the harvest will always be greater than the seed that was sown. The products of the earth will always nourish man if they are rightly used. The laws of nature treat all alike whether rich or poor, great or small. Surely the whole earth is filled with the glory and goodness of the Lord.

August 18, 1929

Making the Best Use of Nature's Laws

Gal. 6:7-10; Matt. 13:8; Mark 4:28.

Everything in this world can be misused. The laws of nature that were intended to support and protect us can be turned to our destruction as well. The law of gravitation is perhaps one of the most important of the many laws of nature. It would be utterly impossible to live on this earth if it were not for the

law of gravitation. It holds the universe together; it is strong enough to uphold the largest planet weighing billions of tons and at the same time tender enough not to destroy or crush a feather. If a man should jump from the 10th story of a hotel the result would probably be his instant death. No matter where the experiment might be tried, whether in St. Paul or New York or London or Tokyo, the result would always be the same. It never pays to trifle or to defy the laws of nature.

If a man burns the candle of his life at both ends, he is shortening his life as surely as he was born. If any man willfully disregards the laws of health, he cannot escape the consequences. And if any man sows to the flesh—if he leads a sinful life, he will ultimately reap destruction.

But the reverse is just as true. If a man obeys the laws of nature, he will reap an abundant reward. The assurance that a man shall reap whatsoever he has sown is one of the greatest promises God has given us. We should thank God for this truth. It should encourage us to keep right on sowing good seed for the harvest will surely come.

If you obey the laws of health, you will prolong your life. If you regard the laws of the social world and associate with the best people, then your own character will be ennobled. If you live according to the laws of the moral world, you will surely reap the reward of your virtuous life and your good deeds in this world as well as in that which is to come. If you seek first the Kingdom of God, all other things shall be added unto you. Why not try it?

August 25, 1929

Are Missions Proving Successful?

Rom. 10:9-16

Pessimists and men of little faith are constantly telling us that missions are a failure. Why continue to waste millions of dollars and countless precious lives in trying to evangelize the heathen? The little that is accomplished by these efforts isn't more than a drop in the bucket. Some even insist that Christianity as a whole has been a failure in this world. It has not abolished wars nor solved the social, economic or political problems of the world. And if anyone replies that Christianity hasn't been tried, as yet, then they will retort that that is the greatest proof that it is a failure for if it hasn't been tried in 1900 years, then it surely hasn't succeeded.

But such calamity howlers forget that with the Lord 1000 years are as one day and one day as 1000 years. We aren't to look for the conversion of the world in one day. It must of necessity be slow and a long drawn out process.

If anyone is at all sceptical or doubt-

ful as to the success of mission work, he should first of all inform himself as to the actual facts before he makes some sweeping statements. In some mission fields there are, of course, difficulties that make progress rather slow and hard, but in spite of all obstacles a marked success is evident everywhere. Hundreds and thousands of natives are converted and baptized every year. Age old customs and cruel practices are slowly being abolished. And best of all, on almost every field real native leaders are being developed. These native leaders, preachers, educators, doctors, statesmen will accomplish far more in the years to come than a few foreign missionaries ever could. The time may even come when the churches in the now heathen countries may have to help the churches in the so-called Christian lands.

But why ask about the success or failure of mission work? What are our marching orders? "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The Great Commission should always be the deciding factor. If we do our part then eventually the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

September 1, 1929

Being Loyal to Our Work

Matt. 16:21-25; Neh. 6:1-3

(Consecration meeting)

During this month of September we are to ring the changes on *loyalty*, and tomorrow being Labor Day, we naturally begin with the thought that we must be loyal to our work. Everyone has some definite work to do; everyone must choose some vocation or profession and then be loyal to that choice regardless of what the circumstances may be. Jesus never swerved for one moment from the great purpose that was before him even though it led to the cross, he faced it with a steadfastness and courage that couldn't be shaken. Nehemiah said, "I am doing a great work, I cannot come down. Why should the work cease while I leave it?" No flattering offer nor any threats of violence could induce him to give up what he had undertaken to do. That is the spirit that everyone should have.

Loyalty is a combination of *love* and *obedience*. First of all, you must love your work. If you do not love it, then to continue in that work would be nothing but slavery. Love, however, will transform all drudgery into delightful service. If you love your work, then you'll not be constantly wishing that you had chosen some other vocation. Love your work, be enthusiastic about it, and stick to it, no matter how hard it may be. The other element of loyalty is *obedience*. If you really love the position in life to which God has called you, then you

August 1, 1929

will also realize that you are under a certain constraint. Your work has the most imperative claims upon you. To refuse or to disregard these claims would be nothing less than treason. Paul says, "I was not *disobedient* unto the heavenly vision," in other words, he was loyal to the call of God. Be sure that you have found your life work, and then let nothing whatsoever induce you to give it up until you have finished your earthly course. Then the Master will greet you, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

A Quiet Talk With God Each Day

Daily Bible Readers' Course

- Aug. 5-11. God's Goodness Revealed in Nature's Laws. Ps. 104:10-18.
- " 5. God the Creator. Ps. 104:1-9.
- " 6. God's Bountiful Provision. Ps. 104:10-15.
- " 7. God's Merciful Adaptations. Ps. 104:16-24.
- " 8. God's Generous Gifts. Ps. 104:25-30.
- " 9. God's Providential Care. Ps. 39-45.
- " 10. God's Beneficent Laws. Ps. 119:89-104.
- " 11. Appreciating God's Goodness. Ps. 104:31-35.
- " 12-18. Making the Best Use of Nature's Laws. Gal. 6:7; Matt. 13:8; Mark 4:24.
- " 12. God's Laws Cannot Be Broken. Gal. 6:7-10.
- " 13. Taking Advantage of God's Laws. Matt. 13:1-9.
- " 14. Co-operating with God. Mark 4:26-29.
- " 15. Caring for the Body. Acts 27:33-38.
- " 16. Enriching the Mind. Prov. 3:13-18.
- " 17. Cultivating the Soul. Luke 10:25-28.
- " 18. Fellowship with God. Rom. 8:14-28.
- " 19-25. Are Missions Proving Successful? Rom. 10:9-16.
- " 19. The World's Need of a Savior. Rom. 10:1-8.
- " 20. Christ the World's Savior. Rom. 10:9-13.
- " 21. The Missionary Spirit. Acts 13:1-4.
- " 22. The Universal Response to Christ. Rom. 10:16-11:4.
- " 23. Intellectual Enlightenment. Isa. 9:1-4.
- " 24. Relief from Pain. Luke 5:12-26.
- " 25. Moral Transformation. Acts 19:8-20.
- " 26-Sept. 1. Being Loyal to Our Work. Matt. 16:21-25. Neh. 6:1-4.
- " 26. The Importance of Our Work. Neh. 6:1-4.
- " 27. Enjoying Our Work. Eccl. 11:1-8.
- " 28. Doing Our Best. Eccl. 9:7-10.
- " 29. Pulling Our Weight. 2 Thess. 3:6-15.
- " 30. Helping Others. Rom. 14:7-12.
- Sept. 1. Partners with God. John 5:2-18.

Sept. 2-8. What Does Our Church Ask of Us? Rom. 12:4-8.

- " 2. A Spirit of Unity. Rom. 12:3-5.
- " 3. Service. Rom. 12:6-8.
- " 4. Enthusiastic Christian Living. Rom. 12:9-18.
- " 5. Regular Attendance. Heb. 10:19-25.
- " 6. Systematic Support. 1 Cor. 16:1. 2.
- " 7. Studious Intelligence. 1 Tim. 4:12-16.
- " 8. Sympathetic Prayer. 1 Thess. 5:12-22.

The Golden Jubilee of the First German Baptist Church of Bethany, Oregon 1879-1929

This notable fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the mother church of our German Baptist churches in Oregon was held June 23-25. It was accompanied by glorious weather and large attendance on the part of neighboring congregations of our faith and order.

Back in 1876, in the month of May, a number of baptized believers from Switzerland settled in Washington County, Oregon. They came from one of the "free churches" in which there were also pedobaptists and for that reason, they also had liberal views concerning open communion. Coming in contact with some German Baptist members in English Baptist churches, they became acquainted with the observances of Baptist churches and resolved to celebrate the Lord's supper with baptized believers only. They were confirmed in this resolution by a visit of Rev. F. W. Schaelicke from San Francisco who instructed them more fully in our scriptural principles. A regular Baptist church was organized on June 22, 1879, with 18 members under Bro. Schaelicke's leadership. The Bethany church has the honor of being the First German Baptist church to be organized west of the Rocky Mountains or in our present Pacific Conference.

Rev. Wm. Farnkopf served as first pastor, 1880-1884. Under his ministry the first meeting house, which still stands, was erected at a cost of \$300. This sum represented sacrificial giving on the part of those early pioneers. A modest parsonage was also built. The little flock received great encouragement through a visit of Rev. J. C. Grimmell, at that time our General Missionary Secretary. Under the ministry of Rev. J. Croeni, 1885-1894, the church grew and became self-supporting. In 1890 the second church edifice was erected at a cost of \$1500 besides much voluntary labor and many gifts. The parsonage was also enlarged. Rev. Wm. Schunke became pastor in 1894 and labored with earnestness and zeal. Missionary E. R. Süvern came to Oregon from the Cameroons to recuperate his health and served as pastor 1898-1900. His ministry imprinted a missionary interest upon the church. Rev. J. A. H. Wuttke served as pastor 1900-1906. Rev.

A. Becker had a brief ministry of one year and was followed by Rev. G. Peitsch, 1908-1910; then he was succeeded by Rev. E. Huber, 1911-1913.

The church then called Rev. Wm. Graf of Startup, Wash. He was one of their own, having been ordained to the ministry in Bethany in 1906. He accepted and has been minister, to the church's joy, up to the present time, serving over 15 years. A modern, commodious parsonage was erected in 1923 and the present stately and attractive church home was dedicated in November, 1928, at a cost of \$20,000. A fine pipe organ has now been installed.

The Bethany church is the mother of the Stafford and First Portland churches. The present membership is 130. During the past fifty years 100 have been dismissed to other churches, 75 were disciplined and 53 were transferred to their heavenly home. The Sunday school has an enrollment of 150 pupils and the B. Y. P. U. numbers 52 members. A Woman's Missionary Society and a Ladies Missionary Guild are flourishing. The church is blessed with splendid musical organizations such as male chorus, mixed choirs and orchestra.

The program of the anniversary celebration was an elaborate one and our space forbids detailed mention of all the splendid addresses by the various speakers. Mention ought to be made of the splendid flower-basket from the "big daughter," the First Church, Portland, which served as a theme for Prof. L. Kaiser's apt address. He compared the 50 roses of manifold colors to the manifoldness of the members of the church in their characters and relations. On Sunday the church could hardly contain the crowds. All were served with a bounteous lunch. Nearly all the pastors of the Pacific Conference had a part on the program during the anniversary exercises. Former pastors who were unable to be present responded by letter. The Jubilee was worthy of the church. May the Great Head of the Church be with the Bethany flock in the years to come and crown them with even greater blessings!

Eighthieth Anniversary of the Lebanon German Baptist Church, Lebanon, Wis., June 23, 1929

The "Lebanon" church, near Watertown, Wis., is at present the oldest among our German Baptist churches in the State. It was founded through the missionary activities of the Rev. W. E. Grimm, a man who hailed from the town of Memel, East-Prussia, Germany, where he also had become the founder of a church, which became in the years to come a veritable "Antioch" for the whole province of East-Prussia and Russia and Poland. Mr. Grimm was a man of deep and unconquerable convictions which made it at times a little hard to get along with him, as his fellow pastors in this country found out, but he was filled with an unswerving loyalty to Jesus Christ and the Scriptures, as he saw it, and with an unquenchable zeal to spread the Gospel truth.

But religious liberty in those far off days in Germany was at a premium and not at all to be had for men of a character like Mr. Grimm. His zeal to preach and spread the Gospel truth, as we Baptists have it, brought him into constant trouble with the religious and government authorities in his home town and province and harrassed him to such an extent that he decided to emigrate and come to America, the land of Freedom. Several families, of the same faith with him, decided to go along. They all came to Milwaukee, where some settled down with him, and others went to neighboring towns or places. With those in Milwaukee Mr. Grimm founded a small church and became their pastor and then made extensive missionary tours, mostly afoot, to preach to his fellow countrymen. This led to the founding of the churches "Lebanon" near Watertown, Wis.; "Kossuth" near Manitowoc, Wis.; "Wayne" near Allentown, Wis.; and "Polk" near Richfield, Wis. Lebanon is the oldest amongst them.

Of the founding of the "Lebanon" church there is a record in the first record book of the church and made by Mr. Grimm himself. Therein he writes how he came to the people in this vicinity on the day before Christmas, 1848, and preached to them. They were interested in the message he brought and so he preached for them on the following two days. After several weeks he came again and found the word had taken root and there was an eagerness to hear more from him. And he surely did preach. Then, when he came again in the beginning of April, 1849, he found quite a few persons ready for baptism and on April 8, 1849, he baptized 16 persons and united them into a church of which he became their pastor, without, however, at first leaving Milwaukee.

In the course of the year Mr. Grimm baptized 21 more persons. He served the church till 1861 and also lived for some years among his people here. The church records, however, do not make this point very clear. Mr. Grimm had the privilege of baptizing more than 100 persons into this church and as the work was strengthened by immigration from the old country there was in the 50's and 60's quite a flourishing work here at Lebanon.

After the resignation of Mr. Grimm, a Mr. Rudolph Haab became his successor. Mr. Rudolph Haab hailed from Switzerland, where he had become converted to the Baptist faith. He continued the work of Mr. Grimm in a very acceptable manner till 1868 when the Adventists got in and not only crippled the work but also crippled him, so that he was forced to resign. But Mr. Haab was privileged to baptize some 80 persons during his ministry.

After Mr. Haab's resignation the Rev. W. Paul became pastor of this church. He served from 1870 to 1875. The Rev. Nagel served from 1875 till 1878. The Rev. John Miller served a little over a year. Then the Rev. H. J. Mueller, coming from North Freedom, Wis., began

his long and blessed ministry, serving from April, 1883, till December, 1897. Through his preaching and exemplary life and the influence that his family had over the church, there came "peace over Israel." More than 30 years have passed since Mr. Mueller has left the church and he has passed to his reward long ago, but it seems as even to this day the church bears the stamp of his life. The successors to the Rev. H. J. Mueller were the Rev. F. Reichle from 1899-1904; the Rev. P. C. A. Menard from 1905-1910; the Rev. W. E. Schmitt from 1911-1914; the Rev. Otto Lohse from 1914-1918; and finally the Rev. Herman J. Glaeske from 1919-1928.

During the summer months of this year Mr. Thorwald Bender, son of the Rev. C. J. Bender, our missionary in the Cameroons, is serving the church, and that in a very acceptable way. Through his activities, a revival has come over the church.

But now to a report of our jubilee. The writer of this report gave the sermon in the morning service. He preached from Nehemiah 8:10: "The joy of the Lord is your strength," and also read the history of the church as he found it in the church books. In looking through the books, in order to "find" the history, we were impressed with the fact that the church had always shown a great willingness to support the cause of the Lord. And they have it today. After the morning message we heard letters from their former pastors and members. For brevity's sake we mention here only the letters from their former pastors, viz. the Rev. F. Reichle, the Rev. P. C. A. Menard, the Rev. W. E. Schmitt, the Rev. Otto Lohse, and the Rev. H. J. Glaeske. All commended the church for the blessings that they had received from her.

After the morning service we had access to a very opulent feast in the shadow of the beautiful trees on the lawn of the church property. Some 200 persons partook thereof and also at supper. An ideal summer day made this occasion a most enjoyable experience.

In the afternoon the Rev. G. Wetter, of the Watertown church brought the good wishes of his people and preached in a very acceptable manner from Ps. 122:7: "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." The Watertown church is a daughter of the Lebanon church. In the evening service, the Rev. L. B. Holzer from Milwaukee brought a very appropriate message from Ex. 14:15: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." After each service a collection for missions was taken which amounted in all to \$101.14.

And now a word as to the future of the church. It numbers at present but 45 members. But as we intimated above, under the leadership of Mr. Thorwald Bender it seems to have secured a new lease of life and is seeing its obligation to its neighborhood. Under the new leadership it hopes to let its light shine. With good hope and the best of wishes, we look forward to a hundredth anniversary.

EMIL MUELLER.

Detroit Invites You!

The Bethel Baptist Church of Detroit invites the Central Conference most heartily to meet with them from August 27 to September 1, 1929.

It is hardly necessary to tell you something about "Dynamic Detroit," all we'll say is, "Come and see."

We are looking forward to a great time during the session of the Conference both from the spiritual as from the social side. May God bless us!

Will the respective churches kindly send in the names of their delegates and visitors to the undersigned not later than Aug. 12, 1929, in order that lodging may be reserved for all?

Bethel church is located on Mack Ave., corner of Iroquois Ave. Take the Mack Ave. street car at the city hall and ride to Seminole Ave., then walk one block East.

Yours for the Best and Biggest Conference,

J. E. CLASSEN, Church Clerk,
14616 Troester Ave.

What a Doctor Might Do

Houses in Africa are so constructed that they have no chimneys. The smoke drifts through all the rooms and creeps out in part through the leaves of the thatched roof. Smoke is a friend and an enemy of the people at the same time. It preserves the thatch on their roofs, but it injures their eyes, noses, lungs, and other organs of their bodies.

A missionary in Liberia, West Coast Africa, speaks of the little children in these houses as smoke-cured babies. But it would be more proper to speak of them as smoke-cursed. It is a fact that African infants are smoked from the time of their birth until death. They live in smoke, eat in smoke, sleep in smoke, spend all their indoor hours in smoke. When sick they are laid close to the fire and nursed there in smoke. The death rate among the infants is appallingly high. If a good doctor were there, this would soon be lowered, says the missionary.

Speaking of "Hard Times"

Everybody says times are awfully hard, and what everybody says must be so.

Times are so hard that the people of the country spend \$2,500,000 a day to see the movies.

Times are so hard that \$6,000,000 are spent daily in this country to keep the automobiles going.

Times are so hard that we spend more for gasoline than for schools.

Times are so hard that we can't spend much more for cigarettes than we do for the support of the churches.

Yes, times are awfully hard!—From an Exchange.

He Might Come Back

When the plumber died his wife took no chances. She buried his tools with him.—Life.