

The Northwestern Lutheran

Rev. C. Buenger, Jan 21
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The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers; let Him not leave us, nor forsake us. 1 Kings 8: 57.

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QUASIMODOGENITI

("Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.")

John 20: 29.

Savior, all-glorious,
Mighty, victorious—
Thou hast arisen
From death's dark prison,
Conquering Satan, and Hell, and the Grave.
Thy blest redemption
Doth grant us exemption
From wrath eternal.
Thy power supernal
Sinners from Hell's dark dominion can save.

Thy Blood releases
Us, precious Jesus,
From condemnation.
Thy free salvation
Grants us eternal life, pardon, and peace.
Son of the Father,
In love Thou dost gather
The lost and straying;
O hear Thou our praying,—
Let Thy blest Spirit our weak faith increase.

Grant us, dear Savior,
Thy blood-bought favor.
Let Peace unending,
From Heav'n descending,
Strengthen our feeble faith,—banish all doubt.
In Thee believing,
Thy blest Word receiving,—
Our Shield and Tower,—
O grant us Thy Power
To shed Thy Light o'er the darkness without.

Jesus, dear Savior,
Be praised forever!
Though earth decry Thee,
We glorify Thee,—
O Son of God, in Thy Name we believe!
Mighty Deliv'rer,
Thou, Thou art the Giver
Of Life Immortal.
Thy Heaven's bright portal
Is open wide Thy redeemed to receive!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

"PEACE BE UNTO YOU"

John 20: 19

"Peace be unto you," this to the troubled and frightened disciples assembled behind closed doors for fear of the Jews. The death of their Master had been a terrible shock to their faith. "We trusted that it had

been he which should have redeemed Israel," complains Cleophas on the way to Emmaus. Had the rock yielded on which they had founded their faith; had all their hopes proved vain?

"Peace be unto you," it is the figure of the beloved Master that stands before them. His countenance they behold, His loving eyes meet theirs. There are the nail prints in His hands and feet, there is the wound in His side. The same, and yet so different. The door had not opened to admit Him, and still He stands before them. Again the floods of doubt and fear engulf their souls for a moment; do their eyes and ears deceive them, are they the victims of a hallucination, are they beholding a spirit?

"Peace be unto you," once more the lips of the Risen One utter these sweet words, and before these words doubt and fear take flight, their faith rises victorious over the turbid floods, a deep calm steals over their soul. "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Their soul again rests secure on Him who by His resurrection is proved to be the Son of the Most High, the Prophet whose every word is truth.

"Peace be unto you," Israel has been redeemed. Not, indeed, from its earthly oppressors for an earthly glory, but from its sins, that had separated it from its God and brought it under the curse. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained." Behold the pierced hands and feet and the open side; from the bitter agony of the passion, from the tree of curse, from the abyss of hell and from the tomb, Jesus brings peace with God to men.

"Peace be unto you," but what about the angry world on the other side of the protecting doors? It cannot disturb the disciples of Jesus in their faith, for His resurrection proved the world a world of lies; nor need they fear its wrath, for He who has overcome sin and death and hell, has also overcome the world. His own are safe.

"Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." This is to be their life's mission, to declare the peace of God through the Risen Savior to the world.

"Peace be unto you," after a life of battle and suffering, the eternal, undisturbed fruition of the peace He brought from the grave.

Grant us Thy peace, O Lord!

J. B.

COMMENTS

"Without Funds" "The Treasury is absolutely without funds, money had to be borrowed from the bank to defray current expenses," reads the report Mr. W. H. Graebner, our Treasurer, made in our paper two weeks ago. We telephoned the Treasurer today, who tells us that conditions have not materially improved since then, though he is optimistically looking forward to the Easter collections. Our Treasury is absolutely without funds—the simple statement of a fact, yet a very impressive statement, if considered thoughtfully. For, what does it mean?

It means that you and I, unless we are exceptions to the rule, have failed to live up to the promises we made at New Ulm through our delegates. It means that, if we were not able to obtain credit, our professors and our home and Indian missionaries would today be without their daily bread, so far as they are dependent upon us for their support. It means that these men would by this time have been compelled to seek other employment in order to provide for themselves and their families, and that preaching would have ceased in many fields. It means that our institutions would have been compelled to send away the young men who are preparing to serve our congregations as pastors and teachers.

It means that Christ has vainly asked you and me to place our earthly possessions at His disposal. This simple statement cries out against our coldness and neglect. Its accusing voice rises in discord over the harmony of the Easter anthems we have been singing.

The fact that we were able to get credit, does not alter the case. The deficit is there and will very likely remain to be found in the report the Treasurer will make to the synod.

Coming from Calvary and from the open tomb of the Risen Savior, what are we going to do about this report, "The Treasury is absolutely without funds?"

J. B.

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Sober Judgment One of our contemporaries prints a report from Siam that "the outcome of the War has been a tremendous triumph for Christianity. Hitherto the Siamese people have been accustomed to view the great Christian nations of the West as land grabbers, using their power unjustly against weaker peoples. Now they see the altruistic spirit of the Christian faith shine forth in the sacrifice of blood and treasure in the cause of righteousness, in the feeding of starving millions of other races, and in the severe rebuke to strong nations who would enrich themselves at the expense of the helpless. This . . . is virtually a breaking away from the teachings of Buddhism, which makes indifference the highest virtue. This stirring up of the national consciousness from the depths is a great preparation for the acceptance of Christianity."

Such reports as the above are saddening because to sober judgment they are so very dishonest. It may be that an American book agent, with a War Book to sell, has been let loose on Siam; but for us at home here it is time to look things more squarely in the face and humbly to confess the truth. During the war the term "Christian" and things sacred were pressed into many an unholy use to further the ends desired. It is time, for mere honesty's sake to drop such practice and face the truth. The war came because the world was not Christian enough to hinder it and the selfishness and savagery that ran rampant during the time of it did not further the cause of Christ, though it did furnish objects enough for Christian charity. God permitted the world to punish itself for its Godlessness, the war was the scourge. Let us drop the sacrilegious twaddle and penitently ask God to turn to our good what we so wickedly brought upon ourselves.

And, we conclude, in the words quoted above: "This stirring up of the national consciousness from the depths is a great preparation for the acceptance of Christianity." G.

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Two Murders A few weeks ago school boys in a western city beat a schoolmate to death. He was the "Raggedy" of the school, a foreigner besides, and then he was excelling them in their studies. The story is so horrible, the fate of the victim so pathetic that one cannot speak of it without being overpowered by indignation. But picture the youthful murderers: they are not scowling, "hardened" sinners; very likely they are bright, clean-looking, well-dressed little citizens whose mothers, like all other mothers, tell their neighbors about their boys' good qualities, about their ambitions, about their extraordinary talents. Do not forget Raggedy, but what of these?

Did ever a mother live, it matters not how depraved she was herself, who did not tell her children that they "must be good"? Every mother does that. If you tell some mothers that possibly their children are not receiving proper moral guidance they inform you witheringly that there is not a child in town that is more often admonished and more earnestly and lovingly watched over than theirs. Mothers are like other people, like legislators, for instance; they believe that when they have passed a law they have rooted out the evil against which it is aimed. But in most cases mothers have to be content with the success so many others have that follow so faulty a course: the result of their moral training is priggishness and hypocrisy. They are traditionally the very last to hear of the waywardness of their offspring.

We have spoken of mothers as the guides of their children and seemed to forget the fathers. We did not forget them. They seem to forget their children. The American father has long ago abdicated. He

takes pride in his negligible condition. With an air of princely magnanimity he declares that "the wife runs the house"—that includes the children. He is satisfied that all is going well as long as he is fed—and often he learns to be quite modest in that respect. He goes further than that, of the vague opinion that churches are something like his lodges and clubs he blandly informs you that "the Missis belongs to some church in the next block." What kind of church? "O, it's a red brick church." And he feels that he shares a bit of her remarkable sanctity because he has told her repeatedly that he hasn't a thing against it. Besides, it strikes him as eminently fair that in return for his tolerance in matters of church he may take a night off now and then at the club or the lodge.

Then something happens to Johnny. Some bad boys have exerted their evil influence over him. He was caught with the rest of the gang in some prank that was a little more serious than boyish pranks ought to be. Mother, of course, told the officer that it simply could not have been HER Johnny. But the distressing fact came out that he had the convicting evidence in his pocket. Here mother in her turn abdicates and reinstates father in his office as head of the house—including the children. Father feels the seriousness and importance of the occasion. He summons to his aid that judicial sternness which sits so well on the boss down at the factory. Johnny appears. And this is the crushing arraignment that falls from the lips of father: "Johnny, hasn't your mother told you again and again that you mustn't take things that don't belong to you? Why, I'm surprised!" But we're not surprised, we expected it right along.

Boys like Johnny killed Raggedy. . . .

In Chicago, Frank Piano, father, killed Frank Piano, son, because "he would rather have a dead son than a criminal son." If anything this story is more startling and disturbing than the other. Here is a father, reputed to be a good and faithful citizen, who is utterly helpless before the problem of his son's waywardness. It was instructive to read the reports of the press on the strange case. They could not but feel the powerful tragedy of it, all of them cautiously hinted at the "iniquity of a civilization" that produced so harrowing a result.

The father shifts the burden of responsibility: "We can't raise our children to do right in this country." Like many other transplanted citizens, he finds the generation born in the new country inhabited by a strange, elusive spirit that is not amenable to parental rule. The elder Piano seems to have taken his paternal duties seriously from the beginning and thought he had safely tided his son over the critical period when he discovered to his horror that the lad had left the narrow path to follow the lure of "easy money and gay times."

From one case we would not generalize. We would

not endorse the terrible charge of the father that our country's ways make it impossible to rear children to decent maturity. Rather would we make his charge cover all countries. And that is not a new development. Saint John knew the world for just such a treacherous, deceiving, and destructive seducer that Piano found Chicago, in particular, to be. Piano speaks of what he knows. Saint John speaks of his wider and better knowledge.

Piano did not find the cure in the revolver with which his desperation armed itself. But Saint John long ago gave us the infallible cure; a cure which does more than merely prevent the growth of evil, it restores the maimed soul and raises the sin-stricken. Read the second chapter of the First Epistle of Saint John. It is, in part, directly addressed to "fathers and young men." It is built on the saving power in the lives of fathers and sons (and of all others) of the Gospel of Christ. And that is the only solution.

Sin killed young Frank Piano, body and soul; it made a murderer of his father.

It is a terrible choice, but the world offers no alternative: either kill your son, like Piano did, or kill Raggedy, like the fathers of his murderers did.

If the Gospel of Christ is the only escape from the world and its horrors, why is it not worth embracing? Why not let the children grow up under its influence in Christian schools? We know even then the lust of the world will take its murderous toll in lives and, what is more deadly, in souls, but parents who recognized in their children something a little different and better than sawdust-stuffed rag dolls of the Pollyanna-Little Lord Fauntleroy species will have a measure of consolation in the knowledge that they tried to help their children with God and not against Him.

H. K. M.

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A New Field By the following report, from the Journal it would seem that the program of the Interchurch World Movement is still growing. We quote the following:

Washington—"An alliance of more than a score of church organizations made up of 25,000,000 members with \$10,000,000 at their command to check the Red menace in the United States is announced by the interchurch world movement. Robert Lansing, honorary chairman of the interchurch commission, will direct the antiradical campaign.

"Investigators found that racial colonies were centers for spreading radical propaganda and that paid agents of foreign governments were often at work among them. A concerted program is now mapped out to educate and enlighten immigrants in American standards. Training schools are to be set up in large numbers. Thousands of trained men and women are to be thrown out as an advance force at American ports and in centers where immigrants predominate.

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"It is proposed by joint church action to create a more desirable and modern foreign-language literature."

To us this would seem to be a new departure for the Church, avowedly doing the work of the State; however, if the above report be true, it would at least be a vindication of the term "World" in the title by which this movement is known. Of course, the Church is to preach good citizenship, she cannot help doing this when she preaches true Christianity; but when she singles out one particular form of bad citizenship as the avowed recipient of her attention she needlessly narrows down the scope of her general activity, awakes antagonism in the group of people thus singled out—antagonism toward the Gospel which is to make not only good citizens but also true children of God, and finally, in this case, lays herself open to the charge that she is doing somebody else's work at the cost of neglecting her own.

G.

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The Armor of God A writer in the *Living Church* tells the following story:

"In the great break in Manhattan Elevated Railway stock in, I think, May, 1889, Mr. C——, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, was caught heavily long of the stock, and suffered a loss of several hundred thousand dollars. He personally related to me how he went to his office after the second day's debacle, a broken, ruined man; how, after considering his position, the necessity of selling his splendid collection of pictures, and his apparently irretrievable position, he raised a revolver to his temple, resolved to end it all, when the chimes of "Old Trinity" began to play "Nearer, My God, to Thee," followed by "Rock of Ages." He flung the revolver in a corner and went home to a loving wife; a chastened man, but strong in faith, a faith which lasted him to an honored grave."

We are reminded of Eph. 6:13: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."

The crowing of the cock would have been nothing to Peter, if it had not reminded him of the words of the

Savior, who foretold his fall, but also assured him: "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." In this story the chimes of "Old Trinity" served but to bring before the soul of this man the Word he had heard before. What a wise thing it is to store the soul with many passages from Scripture against the "evil day" which may befall us when we least expect it. J. B.

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"Deflation" Under the heading "Deflation," the **Continent** prints an article worthy of consideration. The writer says: "The best boast that can be made for Christianity is that it is a normal religion for normal people."—"The everydayness of religion is its best quality." He then explains what he means when he argues that the church needs deflation:

—"The mind of the church needs to be deflated from its present abnormal trust in money.

—"The mind of the church needs to be deflated from its present abnormal calculation on forcing hasty effects by vehemence.

—"The mind of the church needs to be deflated from its abnormal trust in spectacular attractions alluring to the public eye.

—"When all 'movements' are done, the church will find itself back again plowing the field and scattering the good seed on the land."

This is entirely our opinion, and for this reason we refuse to engage in the many kinds of enterprises that the spirit of the times demand from the church. We have been quietly plowing and sowing right along.

J. B.

* * * * *

Frankly Bestial For a frank confession of moral bankruptcy we think the following, taken from the *News* of March 27, ranks highest among after-the-war statements:

Paris—"Socialization of men and elevation of girl mothers to national heroines has been proposed by Prof. Carnot of the academy of medicine, who sees in this innovation in the social system the only hope of saving France from race suicide.

He would form a "voluntary maternity corps" of girls willing to bear the pangs of motherhood to present children to the state.

To obtain a "perfect race," Prof. Carnot proposes that these girl volunteers choose the men they desire as fathers of their children, and that no man can reject such offers, but must accept all.

The plan provides for state support for the girls before and after confinement, while the children are to be reared at the expense of the state.

Married women are indignant, claiming Prof. Carnot is "trying to take our husbands away." They say the plan would disrupt morals and break down the whole social system.

In reply the professor says it is better for their husbands to build up a greater France than to have "soul mates," whom, he says, they inevitably will have, owing to the fact that 2,000,000 French girls, deprived of prospective husbands by the war, will not resign themselves to life without love."

The almost hopeless depravity of the above-mentioned scheme for obtaining a "perfect race" is enough to move a Christian heart to pity. What terrible judgments follow in the wake of a rejection of the Gospel! That a teacher and leader of a people can dare to openly suggest such methods speaks volumes for the people itself. All civilization without true Christianity is but a mockery, a veneer that blisters and cracks when subjected to wear. God pity poor France if such men as Prof. Carnot are her leaders! May He keep us close to our Savior in these evil times upon which we have fallen or, better still, hasten His last coming!

G.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

"Sowing the wind: reaping the whirlwind," is an old adage; its truth is being brought home to us in more than one instance at the present day. The following is an illustration, as reported in the Wisconsin News:

Kansas School Soviet Ducks Faculty

Hays, Kan.—"The Fort Hays normal school, where young Kansans are made into school teachers, is in the grip of a "student soviet," which is hunting down professors in their homes, on the campus or wherever they may be found, and throwing them into the lake on the college campus.

"Two men have come near drowning. Prof. P. Casper Harvey of the English department telegraphed state authorities at Topeka, asking protection, and Richard J. Hopkins, attorney general of Kansas, has directed the county attorneys here to prosecute persons responsible for the disorders.

"The trouble started when President W. A. Lewis of the school left the state a few days ago on business. Departing, he suggested a half holiday, on which men students should build a running track, while girl students carried water and prepared a meal for the toilers.

"Monday morning an announcement was posted on the college bulletin board that 'all persons, including the faculty, would be ducked if they failed to report for duty in the lobby of the coliseum at 1 p. m., Tuesday, March 23.'

"John Lindquist, editor of the college newspaper, and member of the school's debating team, was the first person ducked. Another member of the 'intelligentsia' to suffer was Prof. James Start, a bridegroom member of the faculty. Three students saved him from drowning.

"P. Casper Harvey of the English department fell into the hands of the students, and, after making a speech from a wagon beside the lake, dived into the icy waters before the students could throw him in.

"In a telegram to the state board of administration Harvey said all faculty members and students who failed to obey the 'soviet' were ducked.

"Both Start and Lindquist are veterans of the world war.

"I intended to do my bit gladly on the track,' said Start, "but I was threatened with ducking if I did not do as ordered. I decided not to be governed by force and threats."

Commenting on the above episode the Milwaukee Leader says the following:

"Down in Kansas the students have taken to the pleasant custom of ducking the teachers in a lake. Some of the professors, having neglected to patronize the swimmin' hole in their youth, and consequently being unable to breast the waves of the campus lagoon, came very near being drowned.

"All because they declined to yield to force. The students had announced that those who did not appear for duty in connection with the building of a running track would be ducked.

"The capitalist papers call it a students' soviet. They are shocked because the boys attempted to coerce the faculty and recalcitrant fellow students into helping to get the field ready for athletics.

"They need not get excited. The students have merely imbibed the psychology which the capitalist press and all the traitors disguised as patriots have been diligently teaching them for the past few years.

"If one did not want to buy a Liberty Bond—if he did not want to contribute to one of the numerous drives—force him to do so—that was the cry—and that was the plan that was put into execution.

"Since then, the same newspapers and traitors disguised as patriots have been diligently forcing men and women to cease agitating for better conditions. Raids and seizures without number have been pulled off.

"The Kansas boys have merely learned the lesson that has been taught them. When they wanted a track built, their first thought was that, if any one preferred to do something else, he must be forced to yield to their demand.

"The reign of crime now raging in many cities could, to a considerable extent, be traced to the same vicious teaching.

"What else could be expected? The law of cause and effect has not been repealed. Water runs down hill as usual. Wicked teaching has wicked results as usual."

The Leader is right in the conclusion drawn. Nor is it an exaggeration to assert that papers directly helped in sowing the wind from which we now are

reaping so sad a harvest. The following editorial was printed in the Milwaukee Sentinel, Feb. 11, 1918, and bears out this assertion:

Legal But Dangerous

"An interesting case is reported in the news columns concerning an unpatriotic citizen who, after being severely beaten for refusing to rise when the national anthem was played, was arrested on a charge of disloyal conduct.

"The court ruled that there was no law on the statute books requiring a person to honor the national anthem by rising, and released the prisoner.

"There was some compensation for the prisoner in ascertaining that he had violated no law. But we expect that the knowledge didn't bring him any particular degree of satisfaction, and we rather think that others who do not care for our national anthem will hesitate before following his example on the strength of the judicial decision.

"For what shall it profit a man if he learns that he is within his rights if he is beaten up because of his acts?

"The jurist is probably right about the law. But, in these heated times people seem to have a way, in these minor exhibitions of disrespect for the nation and its emblems, of administering a little summary punishment of their own before resorting to the law.

"It is like the story of the impecunious man who, being without a ticket on a railroad train, was ejected by the conductor.

"All the time the conductor was dragging him down the aisle of the car, dislodging him from the platform and kicking him out on the right of way, the impecunious one was exclaiming, 'I tell you you can't put me off a moving train. It's against the law.'

"And even after he struck the ground he shook his fist at the departing train and cried again, 'I tell you you can't put me off a moving train.'

"Maybe a man can't be punished for disrespect to the flag or the national anthem, but we would wager that the defendant in the case in point doesn't think so."

In conclusion, let's be reminded of a few important truths: the policy of opportunism is, at best, a very dangerous one; the end can never sanction the means; our sins have a way of coming home to roost, and their home-coming is often a rather public affair. And finally, let us as a nation think very humbly of the part we played in recent world events. G.

"I never forget."—Strange! yea, sad indeed, that sinners can make this their boast, when they threaten to revenge an injury; and yet they forget God, who has shown them such unmeasured mercy, days without number."

JERUSALEM AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD

A Descriptive Letter Written by Elisabeth Charles in Pre-War Days

(Concluded)

This has been a high day indeed. The Temple area, the precincts of the "Mosque of the Dome of the Rock," the Harem, more sacred to Moslems than any spot on earth except Mecca, fiercely contended for during mediaeval centuries, and jealously guarded from every infidel foot for centuries since, is this year opened to European parties by the pasha of Jerusalem "for a consideration," and to-day we went over it! When this was first attempted the Pasha invited the fanatical mollahs to breakfast, and politely detained them until the infidels were safely out of the Harem. To enter a corner of the precincts even now, except on these occasions, would be to peril life, but we were secured by a Turkish guard. With the accompaniments of Turkish guards and guides, thought and feeling were of course benumbed. All we could do was to turn ourselves as far as possible into eye and ear, and treasure up stores for memory.

The precincts are very large, surrounded with cloisters and high walls, towards the city: in the steeper part of the Kedron and Hinnom valleys the walls meet the rock and form a strong fortification, especially at the angle of the valleys of Kedron and Hinnom. The larger part of this platform is not covered with masonry, but is a clear space, sprinkled with pomegranates and cypresses, with here and there a shrine, and one arched well, from which pure, living water is drawn in buckets. We gathered some leaves and little flowers here. Above this space rises the platform of the great mosque, paved with marble, and ascended by a flight of white marble steps, surmounted by a beautifully carved screen or open gateway, also of white marble. It is the contrast of this with the fine dark cypresses which is so striking from the Mount of Olives, and recalls Josephus's description of Herod's temple, "a mountain of snow tipped with gold." The mosque is very beautiful, with a kind of barbaric beauty. The octagonal walls below the dome are covered with porcelain mosaic, the roof inside is of the richest woods, inlaid and carved, the floors of marble mosaic, the windows like jewelry of small pieces of brilliant Venetian stained glass. Beautiful columns, and an elaborately worked balustrade, surround the Holy Stone, which Moslems believe to be the center of the world, suspended from heaven by an invisible golden chain. It is a huge projection of the native rock of Moriah, the sloping summit, indeed, or peak of the hill, and must evidently have been spared for some special purpose to break through the usual level to which the Temple area was reduced. Some think it was the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, since large slabs of rock are constantly used for that

purpose in the mountain villages of this sunny land. Underneath it is a cavern, which is a Moslem sanctuary, containing four exquisitely carved marble shrines (apparently from the earlier Christian churches of Helena or Justinian), and called respectively the praying-places of Abraham, David, Solomon, and St. George. It was strange to encounter our old friend of the dragon-conflict in such society, but Moslem traditions are happily so entirely independent of facts, as in a way to perplex the historian. A plastered wall conceals the end of this cavern, so as not to belie the Moslem theory of the miraculous suspension of the rock between earth and heaven. In the floor of the cave is inserted a circular marble stone which gives forth a hollow sound when you strike it. It is the mouth of a deep pit, by which it is believed the living may have access to the souls of the departed, but the attempt of some bereaved ones to obtain such intercourse led to madness, and it is not now permitted. Oh, yearning human heart, beneath all the follies and hypocrisies of the dead or false creeds, how alike it beats! And here, here the Voice once was heard which pierced through all the disguises, and met all the yearnings, and brought the longed-for tidings from that other world: the Voice we know, for it speaks to us still.

What were this cavern and this mysterious pit? Were they connected with the Temple sacrifices? Did the blood of the sacrifices flow here, protesting for centuries that without shedding of blood is no remission of sins, until the true sacrifice was offered in no sacred place, but on a Golgotha, and the full propitiation was made which renders every place on earth as sacred as this was once? Were we, indeed, treading that sacred spot which for centuries no mortal foot trod save that of the high priests once every year? Roman fires and ploughshares, and heathen rites and Moslem ignorance have blotted out the answer. Here, as elsewhere in the Holy Land, our interest is in the general scenery, and not in any sacred spot of earth, as best befits a religion founded on facts, which, while it rejects the sentimentalism of sacred places, welcomes the confirmation of geography and history.

We descended the marble steps again, looked back through the arched screen on the beautiful great mosque, and crossed the green space to the beautiful Mosque El Aska, formerly the church of Justinian. It is a Greek church, Mohammedanized by the abstraction of all the pictures and Christian symbols, by praying mats directed towards Mecca, and gigantic Arabic inscriptions from the Koran on the columns. Near what was once the high altar, was a small marble canopy enshrining (the Moslems say) "an impression of the foot of Jesus." There is a third mosque on the Temple area, smaller than the others, and very plain. This is the original Mosque of Omar. It has windows looking across the valley of the Kedron, very steep

at this point. The whole of the area is excavated underneath into arched vaults, supported by vast columns. We looked down through a crevice into this. There are also enormous water tanks below.

After visiting the little simple Mosque of Omar, we descended by a marble flight of steps to the vault underneath the Mosque El Aska leading to the Golden Gate in the wall above the Kedron valley, which the Moslems have walled up and jealously guard to prevent "**Him whom the Jews expect**" from "fulfilling the old prophecy, and entering Jerusalem." A long, broad flight of worn and broken steps leads to this gate, which must have been one of the ancient entrances. Near it are columns of gigantic size, I think with lotus capitals, like some of those in Egyptian temples. Among them was one with a Corinthian capital. The walls were built of large blocks of stones.

When we left this mysterious vault or crypt, we mounted the wall of the Temple area near it, and sat there quietly some little time. On the outside of the wall close to us was inserted a fragment of an ancient column projecting over the Valley of Jehosaphat, on which, according to Moslem tradition, Mohammed is to sit to judge the world. All around, the rocky sides of the valleys are perforated with tombs, ancient and modern, for here the Jews also expect to stand before the Judge. And on that brown hill opposite is written, "His feet shall stand, and it shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley, and the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with thee."

Turning towards the city, the Temple area lay spread before us. There, on that hill, Abraham's heart rejoiced when the trial of his faith was over, and the ram was substituted for his Isaac; there David gazed and longed to build the Temple, and when forbidden the higher work, with a noble submission and self-sacrifice accepted the lower, and prepared the stones; there, at length (on whatever exact spot, whether on the site of either of the mosques or between them), **there** the glorious Temple stood—the hills rung with the joyous music of the great dedication feast; there the divine ceremonial was carried on; and there, at last, Jesus sat and taught, and denounced the hypocrites, and healed the lame and the blind, and stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," greater than Solomon, greater than the Temple—"my Lord and my God."

All this and much more seemed to rush through the mind in those few minutes, as we sat on the temple wall—somewhat in the way in which they say the whole of a past life rises before the drowning man—and then we rejoined the party, and left the sacred courts.

The afternoon was to me even more interesting, because we were left to ourselves, and escaped from the degraded city into the valleys around. We had

a delightful, quiet walk, out at the Zion gate, through fields of rough, parched clods. Thorns, long as little daggers, strong and sharp, grew on many of the bushes, and reminded us of the crown once plaited from them. Pomegranates were scattered here and there, their rich scarlet blossoms shining through the fresh green of their foliage. We passed several rock cave-tombs excavated in the hills, on our way to what is called the Pool of Siloam. It is a large tank or reservoir hewn in the rock, and completed with masonry. It contained a little muddy water when we were there. Above it, at the upper end, was a rock terrace, from which a rough arched doorway led down a flight of rock steps to a cavern over a stream of sweet living water. We descended to it and watched it flowing underneath the hill, until the ripple was lost in the subterranean darkness. This stream finds its way underneath the rock terrace to the "Pool of Siloam." Its source is a mystery; we found it again higher up. Bases of broken columns rise on one side of this tank. At the lower end a narrow stone stairs leads to the water, which flows out from it to some troughs for watering the flocks and herds, a little further down the valley. These at four o'clock in the afternoon we found nearly empty. One of our party had seen them full in the morning.

The water is turned off after the cattle are watered in the morning, to irrigate some gardens lower down in the valley. This is the pleasantest, greenest place we have seen near Jerusalem. There was the delicious sound of abundant falling water; there were pomegranates, mulberries, and figs in their freshest green. Thence we walked by the gnarled old tree, where, tradition says, Isaiah was sawn asunder, to another tank with a little stagnant green water or mud at the bottom of it, and close to it was a rude building, covering a fine deep well. Water was drawn up for us by a long rope, and we drank it from a skin. It was sweet.

We returned through the village of Siloam, with its flat-roofed stone cabins and small cisterns or rain-tanks cut in the rock before every door. Leaving the village, we came to the Fountain of the Virgin, a cavern in the hill-side underneath the city. We descended by a broad flight of stone built steps, and then by a narrow, rock-hewn stair, and drank of the sweet crystal water. It was the same as that we had tasted before in the stream which feeds Siloam. But it is not the spring. Again, as we tried to trace it, its flow was lost in darkness. It is said either to flow from a spring of living water which rises underneath the Temple, or to be supplied from Solomon's aqueducts from the south. We passed by a "place of skulls," or at least of graves and bones—a spur of Moriah, overlooking quiet retreats of olive gardens in the Kedron Valley, in at St. Stephen's Gate and home to Zion by the Via Dolorosa.

BUILDING A PARSONAGE

Hickorytown was a charge that was difficult for a minister to fill, and particularly so on account of one of the members whom we will call his honor the squire.

There were two chapters in the Bible in which his honor the squire took particular delight, the tenth chapter of Matthew and the tenth chapter of Luke. He never became tired of interpreting and explaining these passages of Scripture, especially in the presence of the minister. In this lay his whole strength, and he boasted not a little of the fact that not one of their pastors had successfully contradicted him. He concluded his explanation with these words: "I cannot favorably regard ministers who live on a salary; let them work as St. Paul did, and as other honest people have to do."

About ten years ago a movement was on foot to build a new parsonage in Hickorytown. All the members of the church expressed a willingness to proceed with the work, but at this time his honor the squire arose and made one of his powerful speeches based on his favorite portion of Scripture: "I would like to know," said he, "if St. Peter or any of the holy apostles had a parsonage? Don't think, my dear friends, that I am opposed to preachers. Oh, no! on the contrary, they are near and dear to me, but they must be preachers as the apostles were. Where can you read of them that they wore fine broadcloth? Or that they had a parsonage? They had nothing of the kind. The Lord said to them: 'Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, nor yet staves, and whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house, and in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give.' Now, I ask of you, where does it say anything about a parsonage? Refer me to one verse referring to a parsonage, or prove to me that the preachers nowadays are better and holier than the apostles. If the apostles had no parsonage then, the preachers need none."

This argument was convincing. None knew or dared to say aught against it. The parsonage was not built, and as many different ministers as came to Hickorytown during a period of twenty years expressed their dissatisfaction and inconvenience of living in the old tenement house, yet none could overcome the convincing argument of his honor the squire which he would present at every meeting of the session. No one would or could bring proof that they were better than the apostles, and so they neither needed nor enjoyed living in a parsonage. One minister came, another went.

There is an old saying that the pitcher goes off to the well till it breaks. So, after a time his honor the squire found his match, and in this wise:

There came to Hickorytown another new pastor. His name was Solomon. A modest, unassuming man,

who possessed no peculiar traits of character but his poverty and his name. With his wife and three children he moved, not into the parsonage that his honor the squire would not allow to be built, but into a cheap tenement house. It was a cheap house for several reasons. In the first place, it was where the village youth congregated and engaged in all sorts of noisy pastimes. On the other side was a pond of stagnant water; besides, it had the reputation of being haunted.

In this house lived our Rev. Solomon. At least, it might be said he stayed here with his family. But sickness overtook them. His wish that the church would build him a new parsonage was denied him for well-known reasons, as it was his predecessors. After having renewed his request, he was met one day by his honor the squire, who addressed him as follows:

"So you would have a new parsonage, would you? Did the Apostle Peter or any of the other apostles ever live in a parsonage? Have you ever read the tenth chapter of Matthew? Or do you perhaps think you are better than the holy apostles were?"

The pastor replied that he did not believe that ministers of the present day were any better than the apostles, and that there was much truth in the words of his honor the squire, and that he saw a great many things in a new light. He would study the matter over carefully and then make known his conclusions.

All seemed to be satisfied with this arrangement, but particularly happy was his honor the squire to think that he had converted another minister to his way of thinking. But "he laughs best who laughs last."

A few days later, as his honor the squire was enjoying his morning nap, a bold ring of the door-bell announced an early visitor. As he opened the door he beheld his pastor, Solomon, his wife and their three children standing on the veranda. Before his honor the squire could say "Good morning" the pastor stretched forth his hands and said: "Peace be unto this house!" Without waiting for an invitation he and his family stepped into the room and, although the earnest and dignified manner of the pastor as well as his unusually early call, seemed rather strange to his honor the squire, yet he regarded it simply as a pastoral call in expanded form. Apparently the pastor and his family had come to spend the day with his honor the squire. The morning hours were spent in pleasant conversation, while the children amused themselves in a royal manner in the squire's orchard.

The dinner over, the pastor excused himself, as he had several pastoral calls to make; however, he would return before tea, and after supper the pastor made not the least advances to return home, and his host began to think that the pastor not only wished to spend the day but the night as well. So he did; and a glorious night it was for the pastor and his family

once more to spend a night in a comfortable bed and house.

After the morning meal and devotional exercises were over, the pastor asked his host for a quiet room where he might "spend the time in praying, reading and studying the Word of God. Very true, I have no library, but the apostles had none either.* What you told me a few days ago comes to my mind very forcibly and I do not desire my circumstances to be other or better than theirs," and with a dignified demeanor he left the room. The turn things had taken did not present itself to his honor the squire.

In this manner passed one, two, three, four, five days. It seemed more and more mysterious to the squire and rather unpleasant; consultations were held by him and his better half. Then he could be seen going in and out in deep and earnest meditation until he arrived at the conclusion to ask the pastor of his intentions, and how long he expected to stay.

After many a shrug of the shoulders and after considerable coughing, the question was propounded. The pastor answered with a knowing wink: "I have decided to take up my abode under your hospitable roof until I shall go to another charge; but while I remain in Hickorytown I promise to do as the Lord commanded in the, to you, well-known tenth chapter of St. Matthew."

"So you really have given up living in the old parsonage, have you?"

"Indeed I have, and I never expect to live there again, for it is my full intention to live just as the apostles did, and they, as you well know, had no parsonages."

With an expression of astonishment his honor the squire inquired: "So your salary is not large enough to support your family without living with other people?"

"Salary!" said the pastor, "don't you know that the apostles had no salary, and to-morrow I will inform the congregation of this fact. I am no better than the apostles were."

"H'm, well, yes," replied his honor the squire, "that certainly is according to the Bible, and I will go at once to my neighbors and make arrangements that you can 'board' with each member in turn."

"I am sorry to say that I cannot do that, but my instruction on that point is very plain; it says: 'And into whatsoever city or town ye enter inquire who in it is worthy, and there abide till ye go hence;' and St. Luke says: 'And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give; go not from house to house.' I would be very glad to relieve you of this burden, and go from house to house, but the teaching is very plain and cannot be misunderstood.

* Paul, however, seems to have had one; see 2 Tim. 4: 13 ("books").

I must remain in your house as long as I remain in Hickorytown."

And now it was very clear to his honor the squire what course the Rev. Solomon would pursue, and the lesson taught was an impressive one, and it was not a difficult task to convince his honor the squire that a minister is not an apostle, and as the session met next day, the squire moved that a new parsonage be built, which met the approval of the entire church.—Australian Lutheran.

FROM WITHIN OR WITHOUT?

This interchurch movement has a vast program—a vast amount of machinery is scheduled to work. Practically all the Protestant denominations, excepting the Lutheran, are in it. The object is to get them all to work together and to make the movement in each locality a community affair. The great majority of ministers and church workers in the denominations directly concerned are enthusiastic and seem to be expecting great things for the kingdom of God—a great "revival" is being predicted; though there are some who, like the Rev. Rittenhouse quoted above, persistently keep on punctuating the program with question marks. The program outlined has the following chief objectives:

1. **Co-operation**, a marshalling of all the evangelistic forces of a community for the work.
2. **Survey**, making a house to house canvass of the community to get all the necessary religious data.
3. **Pastoral and lay evangelism**, utilizing every effective agency in the community, but placing chief emphasis upon pastoral and lay evangelism.
4. **Evangelistic meetings**, including union meetings, simultaneous meetings, and ringing of church bells and chimes at the noon hour to remind the community that the campaign is on.

A much fuller program of action has been worked out for the individual church or congregation, by which every possible force and agency and opportunity at the command of the local church is to be made use of, the whole to be directed toward Palm Sunday as the day of **decision**, and to end on Easter Sunday as the **day of ingathering**.

One wonders how, in the short time remaining until Easter, many souls can be wrenched from the power of the devil for the kingdom of God. Unless the interchurch movement has discovered a new means for converting men, we may safely predict that the Easter ingathering of real converts will not be great.

Also, we fear very much that too much is being expected from humanly planned machinery. The Lord said to the people of Israel, when they were building the second temple, and were lamenting that they did not have great armies, vast stores of gold and silver, and were not a power as a nation, "Not by might, nor

by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." There can be no lamentation now as for lack of money, nor for armies, nor for power as a nation; but we fear it is the very presence of these things, of human and material forces, of machinery, organization, elaborate programs, and the like—that these things will do the work, that will in the end prove the undoing of the whole grand undertaking.

Here is what one of these enthusiasts of this interchurch and community work has to say bearing just on the above thoughts. The person is a certain Henry E. Jackson, who for nearly twenty years was a pastor, but is now engaged in government work for the United States Bureau of Education. The quotation is taken from the Literary Digest for February 21st, which, however, took it from a book written by Mr. Jackson entitled "The Community Church." He is dealing with a revival of the churches and more particularly with the union of the churches and the elimination of all sectarianism:

"It is my conviction that the churches will ultimately evolve from sectarianism into community churches. They will do it when they are compelled to and not before. The compelling force will be the pressure of public opinion from the outside. Therefore, I conclude that the effective way to bring the pressure to bear is to organize community churches as new enterprises. It is the testimony of history that the church has almost never been reformed from the inside, but only by pressure from without."

It is many a day, if ever, since we read such silly twaddle as the above on so serious a subject. History since the days of the apostles knows of only one great reformation of the church and that was the Reformation of the sixteenth century. To say that that reformation came from without and not from within is proof that the person does not know what he is talking about. Or whatever one may think of the later religious movement in England that resulted in Methodism, it would be about the last thing a good Methodist would say that it came from without.

The only sense in which it can be said that a revival of the Church comes from without is that it comes from the Lord, from His Spirit, and not from anything that is in man, or in civilization. But the Spirit operates through the means of grace, through the Word and the Sacraments, and these have been given to the Church. These are the Church's source of life and power. From the very nature of the case, therefore, if there is to be any reform or revival, of the right kind, it must come from within. And may God never permit the day to come when, what the Church is to be and how she is to do her work, will be determined by "the pressure of public opinion from the outside." It is just this public opinion that is trying to run God out of His world, make man the offspring of the monkey, reduce Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, to

a nice Christian gentleman, His wonderful works to legends, His resurrection to a myth, and His atoning blood to a useless sacrifice. That's where public opinion is headed for. Is it any wonder that the Lutheran Church, which is still bound by the eternal Word of God, refuses to jump into this swim of public opinion? —Lutheran Standard.

† PROFESSOR HERMAN MEYER †

Again our synod has sustained a grievous loss. Another member of the faculty of our Theological Seminary at Wauwatosa, Prof. Herman Meyer, has been called from his labors in the church to his eternal rest.

On March 24th he was stricken with pneumonia, and his condition was almost immediately recognized as very serious. There followed ten days of anxious



† Professor Herman Meyer †

watching and prayer. Though he rallied sufficiently to receive the Lord's Supper for the comfort of his soul, the patient was almost continually in a delirium. On Easter day, just before noon, his spirit departed the mortal frame to join the Risen Savior in the eternal mansion of the Father.

The funeral was held on the following Thursday. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, Pastor Herman Gieschen conducted a brief service for the family in the home of the deceased. Then his body was conducted by the students of the Theological Seminary to St. John's church in Milwaukee, where it lay in state till two o'clock, being viewed by those who had held the departed in high esteem as an able and faithful worker in the vineyard of the Lord. Representatives of the institutions of the Missouri Synod and of our own had appeared to express their sympathy to the bereaved family and to the Seminary. The congregations at Goodhue were also represented.

The funeral sermon was preached by Professor August Pieper. Then the body was conveyed to the Union Cemetery, where it will rest till the glorious day of our Lord.

Herman Edward Ernest Meyer, the sixth child of Pastor Johannes Meyer and his wife Meta Behnken, was born at Caledonia, Racine county, Wis., on June 30th, 1881. After the death of her husband, which occurred when Herman was three years of age, Mrs. Meyer took up her residence in Watertown, Wis., in order to afford her three sons the opportunity to acquire a good education. At Watertown the deceased attended the parochial school and Northwestern College. His decision to serve the church as a parochial school teacher led him to our Teachers' Seminary in New Ulm, from which he was graduated in 1898.

His mother, having meanwhile removed to Milwaukee, Wis., Herman Meyer changed his plans and entered Concordia College. After completing the course, he took up the study of theology at our Theological Seminary. In 1904 he began his work in the ministry, serving successively the congregations at Eden Valley, Buffalo and Pelican Lake, and Goodhue, all in Minnesota. He was a faithful pastor and an earnest missionary. Two of the mission stations where he began the work are now self-supporting congregations.

In 1913 he was called by the board of the Lutheran High School at Milwaukee to take charge of that school as its director. Ever an earnest supporter of the Christian school, he did not hesitate to follow this call, fully realizing that the cause of the Christian training of the young under present condition demands Lutheran schools of higher learning. Only for two years was Professor Meyer permitted to remain in the direct service of the Lutheran High School, but this school has always found him a staunch supporter, and, frequently, a helping friend in need.

In 1915 our synod decided to add a fourth professor to the faculty of the Theological Seminary. Prof. Meyer was called. Cursory exegesis of the Old and the New Testaments, homiletics, and symbolics were assigned to him. Here, too, he proved his worth. After the death of Director Schaller, the Seminary Board had called him to the chair of dogmatics.

But the Lord had not so disposed. He has brought to an end the earthly labors of this able, willing and thoroughly reliable worker in the church. Prof. Meyer left us in the prime of his life at the age of 38 years, 9 months and 5 days. He is survived by his widow, Laura, formerly Miss Quandt, three sons, two daughters, his mother, two brothers, and his father-in-law.

We commend the bereaved family to Him who calls Himself "a father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows."

And for our synod we appeal to Him:

"Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O, satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory

unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." J. B.

THE TEAMSTER'S SERMON

Amos Blake was moving the wood-shed that stood behind the parsonage. He had set the building on wheels and hitched the horses to it. Now, at a word from him, the animals strained against the harness. Over the rough ground and along the edge of a steep embankment they pulled their unstable load. John Bowell, the minister, stood looking on. The rocking building seemed to him to topple dangerously; he thought that it would go over.

"Whoa! Whoa!" he shouted, excitedly. But Amos urged his horses on. The shed righted, and soon was safe. Then he let the horse stand still and rest.

Amos Blake looked at the minister. "Preachin' ain't my line," he said, pleasantly, "but I'm goin' to do a bit of it now, and this is my text: Never say 'Whoa' when you're in a bad place. If the horses had stopped when you hollered, that shed would have gone kersmash over the bank. Keepin' it goin' saved it."

Joe Simmons, who was standing on the sidewalk, heard what the teamster said. Joe was having a hard time. For six weeks he had been struggling to break the claims of a terrible appetite. Today he was in despair, for he felt that he could hold out no longer.

"That sermon is meant for me," he muttered. "I'm in a bad place if ever any one was. God help me to keep going."

On the bank above him the minister was saying, "That is a good sermon, Amos. Ministers do so much preaching themselves that they seldom have a chance to hear it from others. I thank you."

Amos laughed good-naturedly. "Now," continued the minister, "I want to get a man to level off the place where that shed stood, and to rake up the yard."

"Joe Simmons is a good hand when he's sober," answered Amos. "Seems to me he's been doing better lately. Suppose you try him. He just went by."

So Joe got the job of putting the yard in order. Work gave him courage; the minister showed a kindly interest in him; he began to attend church. His desire to live an upright life won him friends. Men noticed his changed habits, and he found steady employment. His path was not all smooth; often he was tempted, but his determination to "keep going" was strong, and he did not fall.

"It's the only sermon Amos Blake ever preached," he often says, "but it saved a soul. I wish every sermon might do as much!"—Selected.

"Christ sweetens all our comforts and sanctifies all our crosses."—Watson.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

A BANKRUPT BIBLE CLASS

It was formed in a big city as a result of a "great" revival, and a few years ago numbered several hundred. Of late it has languished, apparently, and a few "stunts" seem necessary to revive it again. So one local newspaper relates what took place:

"More than fifty members of Dr. —'s Bible class, gathering for a social time in the — Presbyterian Church last night, were entertained with talks, sleight-of-hand stunts, vocal and whistling solos. It was the first of a series of get-together sessions of the class this year, and proved to be an occasion thoroughly enjoyed by all in attendance.

"—, 'man of mystery,' with a trunkful of tricks, changed things about with a skill of a Hermann or Keller, right before the eyes of the classmen, leaving his audience at a loss to understand how ink from a pitcher could pass through a hat, and a piece of yellow silk into a glass located some distance away, etc. . . .

"John —, baritone, rendered, with pleasing effect, 'Because' and 'Mother of Mine.' Imitations of dogs fighting, chickens, a buzz-saw going through a piece of timber and striking a knot, together with whistling solos, were given by —.

"Rev. —, pastor of — Baptist Church, gave the principal talk, largely along humorous lines, with a little of the serious injected."

We wonder whether, under the circumstances and in the surroundings, this bit of opinion from the speaker was humorous or serious:

"He touched upon the need for clear-thinking men, Biblically, ecclesiastically, politically and industrially, to grapple with the important problems now disturbing the world; voiced the opinion that the days of differences between Presbyterians, Baptists or Methodists as to their respective beliefs are giving way to a clearer understanding that all are aiming for the one object, that of redeeming the world about them."

Doubtless, with such religious adjuncts, differences will disappear, but we wonder whether that is the way of redeeming the world about us?—The Lutheran.

HOLDING LIFE CHEAP

One of the unhappy results of war has always been a cheapening of the estimate placed on human life. Those who have seen death until it has become a commonplace, who have noticed how easily life is snuffed out, who have been trained either to kill or to regard killing as a matter of course, do not find themselves able in every case to come back quickly to the estimate placed by Jesus upon human life. The community to which war has become a matter of course often finds itself regarding shootings and self-killings with less repugnance than formerly.

More than 5,000 persons took their lives in the United States last year. There were two men to every woman. Of these, forty-three were lawyers, thirty-six were physicians, twenty-eight were teachers, eleven were clergymen, and fifty were prominent clubwomen. The number of suicides has increased since the armistice.

There is need again of emphasis upon the sacredness of life. Our pulpits have an opportunity in this regard. Murder is murder, and no easier word should be used for it, whether the victim is one's self or some other person.—The Baptist.

A STRAW

A Lutheran teacher in one of the schools of a great city desired to know what aims in life had already been contemplated by a class of boys. He asked those who had law in view to raise their hands. A number of hands went up. He then inquired how many intended to study medicine. Again many hands were raised. He then asked how many had the ministry in view. The boys took it as a joke, and an audible laugh was the reply. A sermon from the teacher resulted, in which he administered a merited rebuke. Reader, are you surprised at this? You need not be. Ask the parents of these boys what estimate they are placing upon the ministry and you have your answer. Catch the atmosphere of modern education, and you know the reason. People talk about the parochial school as being un-American. In those Lutheran bodies where it is still in favor, one thing is sure. The pupils honor the ministry. The largest theological seminary in the land belongs to a Lutheran body where the parochial school is still holding its own. Another thing is equally sure and that is that no better citizens are found anywhere than are trained in these parochial schools.—Lutheran.

THE BIBLE

J. F. Genung, in his Guide-Book to Biblical Literature, says: "The Bible reverently and constructively interrogated is its own interpreter. It is the product not of vague tendencies but of great personal authors, men of good sense and good faith. I study history for the sake of the Bible, not the Bible for the sake of history. I seek present spiritual values, not those which appeal predominantly to antiquarians. I have almost entirely ignored the clatter and clutter of skeptical criticism. I am not dealing with a literature like every other. This is unique literature, to be learned not by rote but by heart."—Lutheran Companion.

A WIDOW'S MITE

A Christian widow of the Cameroun, West Africa, found that she had no way of earning the money to pay a church pledge which she had made for herself

and two children. So with infinite pains the three caught and dried a number of small fish, which the women sold to a compassionate missionary for the amount needed. The fish were worthless to the missionary, but the little family which gave them would have eaten them gladly. It was another case of the widow's mite.—Forward.

WHAT SHE LEARNED

"I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the high north window, and had it fixed so it would swing round easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it—the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders; so when Hester was here I thought I'd give her the pleasure, too. She stayed a long time upstairs and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down I asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

"Yes," she says. "Why, it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside them, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doing in their outkitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for, night after night, and I just turned the light on their window and found out. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folks as rich as they, cuttin' apples!"

"And actually, that was all the woman had seen! With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time trying to pry into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."—Christian Uplook.

THE AGONY: ITS SECRET POWER

When the tempest comes; when affliction, fear, anxiety, shame come, then the Cross of Christ begins to mean something to us. For then, in our misery and confusion, we look up to heaven and ask, "Is there any one in heaven who understands all this? Does God understand my trouble? Does God feel for my trouble? Does God know what trouble means? Or must I fight the battle of life alone, without sympathy or help from God, who made me and has put me here? Then does the Cross of Christ bring a message to our heart such as no other thing or being on earth can bring. For it says to us, God does understand thee utterly; for Christ understands thee. Christ feels for thee; Christ feels with thee; Christ has suffered for thee, and suffered with thee. Thou canst go through nothing which Christ has not gone through. He, the Son of God, endured poverty, fear, shame, agony, death for thee, that He might be touched with the feeling of thine infirmity and help thee to endure, and bring thee safe through all to victory and peace.—Charles Kingsley.

"They that know most, are most often cheated."—Turkish Proverb.

BOOK REVIEW

Short Preludes to the Most Familiar of the English Gospel Hymns for Organ. By Fr. Reuter. Price, \$1.20 net.

As a composer Prof. Reuter of the Martin Luther Seminary at New Ulm, Minn., needs no introduction to the musical circles of our Joint Synod. His choral compositions, rendered in many of our churches in recent years, not only have met with kind reception, but have given much enjoyment to those privileged to listen to them. The writer of these lines himself has been impressed with the pleasing effect of some of these choral productions rendered by the choir of his congregation. We venture to say that the short preludes to some of our most familiar English Gospel hymns, here offered by the same author, will be welcomed with the same pleasure both by organists and congregations for services in the English language.

Preludes are here offered to the following hymns: 1, Abide with Me; 2, All hail, the power of Jesus' name; 2, Beautiful Savior; 4, Come hither, ye faithful; 5, Come, Thou Almighty King; 6, Draw nigh and take the body of your Lord; 7, From Greenland's icy mountains; 8, Holy Ghost, with Light divine; 9, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty; 10, I heard the voice of Jesus say; 11, In the Cross of Christ I glory; 12, In the hour of trial; 13, Jesus, Lover of my soul; 14, Lead, kindly Light; 15, My God, accept my heart this day; 16, Nearer, my God, to Thee; 17, Rock of ages; 18, The Church's one foundation; 19, The homeland, O the homeland; 20, There is a fountain filled with blood; 21, What a Friend we have in Jesus; 22, Zion stands with hills surrounded.

Very properly Prof. Reuter prefaces the preludes with the following words: "The Preludes herewith offered are intended for use in our English Lutheran services. It is universally conceded that in point of intrinsic musical value the chorals of our German Lutheran Church are undoubtedly superior to the greater number of the English Gospel hymns."

"It is scarcely necessary for the composer of these Preludes to state that he is in fullest accord with this opinion. If, therefore, he submits the Preludes to the most familiar of the English Gospel hymns to the consideration of Lutheran organists, his purpose is not, and cannot be, to displace our German chorals in the English service, but rather to keep out of our services musical material, so often used in place of preludes, material most strangely out of place in a religious service. Properly equipped organists of the Lutheran Church have ever been the watchful custodians of genuine musica sacra, and have never defiled the organ in our religious services by making it the camping-ground of secular music, be it ever so worthy as such."

"The Preludes, written in response to numerous urgent requests, are simple in character and contain

no contrapuntal complications. Each one carries out in full the melodic and rhythmical elements of the hymn to be introduced, so that the hymn itself will be clearly suggested. The hearer thus is fully prepared to join in the singing of the hymn immediately upon conclusion of the prelude."

"Suitable registration, of course, will materially aid in creating the mood which is to find expression in the hymn. Details in same have been dispensed with. For smaller organs the dynamic markings from *pp* to *ff* have been deemed sufficient. Organists having larger organs at their disposal will know how to employ the greater possibilities of their instrument in accordance with these markings."

"May, then, these Preludes meet with a kind reception, and may they contribute, in their small way, to the dignity and impressiveness of our English Lutheran services." J. J.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

France May Renew With Vatican

Renewal of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican is proposed in a bill pending in the chamber of deputies last week. The bill was temporarily tabled, but it is expected that favorable action will follow, as it has the support of President Deschanel and Premier Millerand. France broke off relations with the pope in 1906, at the time of the separation of church and state. Many reasons of political policy have been brought forward in support of a resumption of relations, one of which is said to be the desire of the government to soothe the wounded feelings of the French Catholic party, which has nearly 200 deputies. It is also argued that France needs the aid of the Vatican in her foreign policy in Morocco, Syria, the far east, in the administration of the former German colonies and in dealing with Alsace-Lorraine. It is also said that France hopes to win the support of the Vatican in her aim to detach the Catholic Rhineland from Prussian influence. From Rome it is reported that a papal official may soon visit Paris to pave the way for a resumption of the old relationship.—The Continent.

Ouija "Dupes" Under Prof. Jastrow's Fire

Madison.—Table lifters and Ouija board disciples came in for a severe tongue lashing by Prof. Joseph Jastrow of Wisconsin University in a lecture here on pseudo-sciences.

"A knack of temporarily dislocating toe and leg joints and a childish desire to mystify an apprehensive mother," Prof. Jastrow said, "led to one of the most disturbing spiritual revolutions in 1848 that this nation has ever experienced. The two well-known Fox girls, living near Rochester, N. Y., were the innovators of these tricks of scaring their immediate friends and relatives by cracking their joints and causing ghostly raps. They started this spiritual movement which soon had thousands of adherents all over the country.

"Doctors and scientists, succumbing to this supposedly marvelous communication with supernatural powers, aided the movement, until today people still stand before closed black curtains to hear utterances of their departed relatives. In 1888 the Fox girls publicly confessed their deception. Considering that these tricks of professional dupesters are so easily ex-

posed when subjected to the slightest scrutiny, it is appalling to count the number of present-day victims of clairvoyants and table lifters.

"About 1,800 years ago, Alexander, a Roman spiritualist, duped senators and pretorians with the same tricks that are being played today.

"An interval of 1,800 years finds the same calamity befalling a modern spiritualist, the shortly famous Mme. Paladino, an Italian peasant woman, who mystified gullible Americans for a long time by lifting tables and other inanimate objects, seemingly without the use of any natural force. A few too curious men, however, shortened Paladino's phenomenal act on the American stage by catching her lifting a table with her foot."—Sentinel.

A Good Record

St. John's congregation, Chicago, of the Synodical Conference, has given nearly fifty of the graduates of its parochial school to the work of the Church. Twenty-nine of these are now in the active ministry, twelve are parochial school teachers, six at least are preparing for these callings. This is a remarkable example of what faithful pastors, with a missionary spirit, can accomplish.—The Lutheran.

Bibles for the Filipinos

During the twenty years of American occupation in the Philippines the Scriptures have been translated into eleven languages and dialects of the archipelago, and two and a half million Bibles or portions have been distributed.—World Outlook.

Children Are Barred

In Denver, Colorado, children are barred from more than thirty apartment houses in the fashionable Capitol Hill district alone, according to reports made by the census enumerators. Dogs and cats are welcome, and many other pets flourish in the apartment houses, but children are barred. This is positively shameful. There ought to be a law passed preventing such a discrimination on the part of landlords.—The Free Methodist.

Turks Want the Bible

Turks are buying the Christian Bible, according to a letter from Constantinople received by the American Bible Society.

Disturbed conditions during last year made Bible printing impossible at the Constantinople Bible House, a branch of the American Bible Society, but 24,296 volumes of the Holy Scriptures were circulated.

Mr. W. W. Peet, Levant Agency Secretary for the American Bible Society, with headquarters at the Bible House in Constantinople, writes: "We have before us what will prove, I think, to be an unprecedented demand for Scriptures for the coming year. There are indications from all sides that the demand for Scriptures will be large, and this in all the languages used here. Probably Greek and Armenian will lead, though the demand for Scriptures in the Turkish language will doubtless exceed that of any previous year. We are doing all we can to get ready."

Girl Fined for Calling Spirits

Beloit, Wis.—Calling back inhabitants of the "spiritual" realm for the material dollars of this earthly sphere landed Mrs. Lina Montalta in municipal court here on charges of operating a confidence game.

The woman's specialty, according to the testimony of complaining witnesses offered in court, was to summon back spirits of the departed, for a consideration based on the size of the victims' bank roll and gullibility.

Paul Badolucco (he spells it Bad-a-luck-O now) is said to have paid \$135 for the privilege of carrying on a short conversation with the spirit of a deceased relative. Nicco Maltese admitted handing over a fee of \$140 for a similar talk.

At the instigation of certain leaders among the Italians, who believed the woman to be an imposter, Badolucco and Maltese were prevailed upon to appear against Mrs. Montalta in the municipal court when Chief of Police Charles Qualman and District Attorney Stanley G. Dunwiddie filed formal charges against her, stating that she "did wilfully and feloniously by means of and by use of a confidence game obtain money in a manner offensive to the peace and dignity of the state of Wisconsin."

After listening to the two men tell how Mrs. Montalta went into a trance, called back the dead at great effort, made them talk, and then wake up in time to collect her fee, the woman decided to bow to the will of the court. A fine of \$500 and costs assessed against her by Judge Clark was paid by her husband without protest.

According to the statement of the police officers making the arrest, the woman's house, located in the Eclipse Homes Addition, was elegantly furnished with fittings of considerable cost. Mrs. Montalta was a nice appearing young woman who claimed to be only seventeen years of age. Her victims were men apparently well past middle age.—Sentinel.

Bishop of London Cannot Live On \$50,000 a Year

Is it possible for a Lord Bishop—for the Lord Bishop of London, in fact—to live and maintain his episcopal dignities on \$50,000 a year? We have the testimony of the present incumbent of that highest of ecclesiastical offices in England that decidedly it is not possible.

The Right Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, K. C. V. O., D. D., LL. D., Dean of the Chapels Royal, Prelate of the Order of the British Empire and since 1901 incumbent of the See of London, referring in a session of the diocesan conference to "the clergy's starvation pay," announced to the consternation of many that he had found it necessary to put London House, one of his two town residences, upon the market in order that he might keep Fulham Palace going.

The Lord Bishop promised that he would make a supreme effort to maintain Fulham Palace in full dignity as his episcopal residence, inasmuch as this ancient pile had been a historic possession of the Church for 1,300 years. But he could not be certain even of this accomplishment in the face of the high cost of living.

To support his plea of an income insufficient to maintain his estate as his predecessors had done, the Bishop of London placed before the conference a frank excerpt from his yearly balance sheet. Given in terms of dollars it runs thus:

Income, \$50,000; income tax, \$15,000; supertax, \$7,500; rates, taxes and insurance, \$10,000.

This indicates an "overhead" of \$32,500 for the Lord Bishop of London, leaving him \$17,500 with which to do the following things:

Maintain Fulham Palace and gardens.

Maintain London House.

Support a staff of ten servants, feed and clothe them.

Run a motor car.—R. Ritchie.

A New Help to Missionaries

A new day has come for the missionary, too; not but that his is still a life of hardship and privation. The modern missionary is in most cases as a matter of necessity adopting the automobile and finding that it is a great help to efficient work.

Prof. Albion W. Small of the University of Chicago, in explaining why the survey of the Northern Baptists' new world movement included seventy-five automobiles, said Baptist ministers in Assam, Borneo, India, Africa and other wilds already are equipped with "devil wagons."

"A missionary with an automobile," he said, "can do three times as much work as one without."

Friendly Discussion

From an exchange it is learned that on the 9th of February a meeting was held in Chicago between members of the United Lutheran Church and of the Evangelical Synod, at which the possibility of a union between the two bodies was discussed. Dr. Gerberding of the Chicago Seminary at Maywood of the United Lutheran Church and Dr. Irion of the Proseminary at Elmhurst of the Evangelical Synod had been asked to prepare papers, each one discussing such a union from the standpoint of the principles of his body. Dr. Gerberding on account of sickness was unable to attend, but Dr. Irion was present, and in a clear, unequivocal manner set forth the doctrinal position of his synod. Another meeting was planned for March 15.—Lutheran Standard.

No More Baptisms in River Jordan

Baptisms in the River Jordan have been forbidden by health authorities of Palestine. An analysis of the river made by American physicians under the direction of the American Red Cross shows that the sacred stream abounds in germs of skin diseases and other contagious maladies. Because of the sacred traditions connected with bathing in the Jordan, restrictions have never been placed on the practice. At certain seasons of the year thousands of natives journey great distances to bathe in the river, believing that they will be spiritually benefited and that they will be made pure. The ban on unrestricted bathing and baptism probably will continue until the epidemic of typhus in eastern countries is checked.—Exchange.

Gifts to a Church Paper

Rather than see the price of The Watchman-Examiner, a Baptist church paper, advanced from \$2.50 to \$3.00, a layman sent in his check for \$5,000 to cover the increase on 10,000 subscriptions, in the hope that others would be led to make similar contributions. Gifts to the church paper are something new; but there is a growing sentiment that if the paper is really worth anything to the Church it is worthy not only of gifts, but even an endowment.

Those Good Old Days

Defenders of the good old days must admit that in some respects at least they were bad old days. For example, a hundred years ago it was not at all uncommon for churches to raise the money for a new building by holding a lottery—a practice which is now forbidden by the criminal law. The following petitions were granted by the New Jersey legislature: For a lottery to build the Reformed Dutch Church (1794); for a lottery to complete the Presbyterian Church in Caldwell (1795); for a lottery to rebuild St. John's Church in Elizabeth (1803). In those good old days rum flowed like water whenever a church building was begun or a new minister was to be ordained.—The Baptist.

Explain Jews' Plan for Hebrew Nation

The plans of Zionists to establish in Palestine a Jewish nation were explained to an audience at Temple B'ne Jeshurun Friday night by Judge Julian Mack, United States circuit court, Chicago, who declared that much misleading information has been disseminated.

"There are 15,000,000 Jews in the world, and most of them are satisfied and desire to remain where they are," said Judge Mack. "Also, there is room in Palestine for not more than 5,000,000 Jews, so the statement that it is desired to send all Jews back to Palestine is misleading.

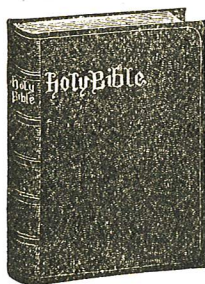
"It is proposed to establish a government giving all of the rights accorded to citizens of the United States, making Hebrew the language of the country, but permitting the utmost freedom in the use of other tongues and in religion. The old Hebrew music and culture will be restored." It is proposed to allow from 30,000 to 40,000 Jews to enter Palestine each year after the country is rehabilitated, Judge Mack said.—Journal.

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No. 510

S. JOHN, 11.

Death and burial of Lazarus.

12 Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well.

13 Howbeit Jē'sus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep.

14 Then said Jē'sus unto them plainly, Lāz'a-rūs is dead;

15 And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him.

16 Then said Thom'as, which is called Didy-mūs, unto his fellowdisciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him.

17 Then when Jē'sus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already.

38 Jē'sus therefore, again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

39 Jē'sus said, Take ye away the stone. Mār'tha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days.

40 Jē'sus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?

41 Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jē'sus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me.

42 And I knew that thou hearest me