

The Northwestern Lutheran

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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No.

JUBILATE

("Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. . . . And ye now therefore have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." John 16:20-22.)

Comforter of all who mourn,
Precious Jesus,—risen Savior,
Grant Thy loved ones,—sad,—forlorn,
Thine own solace, peace, and favor.
Thou alone canst balm afford,
Dearest Lord.

When upon the cruel cross,
Thou didst die in pain and sadness,
Thy disciples mourned their loss,
While the foes rejoiced in gladness.
Thus this world, with wicked will,
Scorns us still.

Savior, wipe away our tears,
When of sin we make confession,
Thou canst calm our trembling fears,
Thou canst cleanse us from transgression
In the fountain of Thy Blood,—
Precious flood!

Thou didst die on Calv'ry's heights,
To secure our soul's salvation;
Thou wilt grant us Heav'n's delights,—
Free us from all condemnation.
Thou hast borne our sin's great load,—
Lamb of God!

Though the world doth scorn today
All who find in Thee their treasure;
Lead us still in Thy blest way,
Keep us free from sinful pleasure.
Let us in Thy Word so pure
Rest secure.

Though awhile the world annoys
With its unbelief and scorning,
Thou wilt grant us heav'nly joys,
Hush forevermore our mourning,
When our earthly course is run,
Risen One!

Thou wilt crown with joy divine
Thy redeemed, who now are weeping;
O'er the ransomed flock of Thine
Thou in love Thy watch art keeping.
Thou wilt give Thy poor oppressed
Heav'nly rest.

When the grave our friends doth take,
Tearing ties of deep affection,
Cheer us, for Thine own dear sake,
O Thou Life and Resurrection! (John 11:25)
Let us hear Thy loving voice
And rejoice.

Though in grief we weep awhile,
When our path is filled with sadness,
Soon the sunshine of Thy smile
Turns our mourning into gladness.
In our utter helplessness
Thou canst bless.

Thou art risen from the dead,
That Thine Own might live forever,
Bound to Thee, Thou Living Head,
Naught the precious Bond can sever.
Soon we'll see Thee face to face,—
Saved by Grace.

Safely through this vale of tears,
Tender Shepherd, do Thou lead us,
Thou alone canst calm our fears,
Thou with Bread of Life canst feed us,
Thou canst bid all sorrows cease,—
Prince of Peace.

Thy sure promise still remains,
Soon shall end our night of sorrow,
Thy blest Word our hope sustains,
Joy will come upon the morrow,
Then to Thy dear Name we'll raise,
Endless Praise!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

"THERE SHALL BE ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD"

John 10:16

"There shall be one fold, and one shepherd"—these words do not point us to a hope that is to be realized in the future, they state a present fact. There is to-day one shepherd and one fold.

The Shepherd is Jesus Christ, the fold is His Church.

He is the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep to save them from the fangs of the ravening wolf. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities." He died for all men, who without Him would have had to perish, to save them. They who are His own are at peace with God and have no foe to fear. They have everlasting life.

What it means to be His, He tells us: "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." Being known by Him and knowing Him, that is the life of a Christian. Receiving from Him and rejoicing in Him, is the happiness of the sheep of His fold.

He brings the sheep in: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice." That does not mean that He will make Jews of the sheep from the Gentile nations. It means that He will make Himself known to them by His voice, the Gospel, and lead them to know Him in a living faith. Nothing more and nothing less. "Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." The relation between the Shepherd and His sheep is a purely inward relation, depending in no manner whatever on outward things.

One fold—the bond that binds the sheep of Christ together is the purely spiritual bond of their common faith in Him. This bond unites the believers in the spiritual body of Christ, though they may not even know each other here on earth.

The Shepherd knows His sheep, and the sheep know the Shepherd. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." Not before the great day of the Lord will it appear to all men who really are the sheep of the fold of Christ.

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Not that there are no signs of this fold here on earth. "They shall hear my voice," Jesus says. Where His voice is heard, His sheep will be found. By His voice He gathers them into flocks: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood."

Then the various individuals and flocks should be in full harmony and fellowship with each other? Yes, that is the will of Him who thru His apostle exhorts us, "Endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

But the many divisions among those who confess Him their Shepherd! The fault does not rest with Him, seek it in man. From Holy Scripture the voice of the Shepherd sounds into the world clearly and distinctly; and if all who bear His name would follow it implicitly, there would be no divisions.

The remedy? He must bring the divided ones together by His voice. No other union has any spiritual value. Only so can true spiritual unity be established. To form organic unions, or to co-operate, without this unity, is to set aside the voice that alone can make us one.

Our duty? He states it: "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers." J. B.

"Justice is the activity of God's holiness."—J. H. Evans.

COMMENTS

Who Will Follow? We have this from a reliable source. Recently a pastor of our synod included in the announcements after the sermon the report of Treasurer Graebner that the synodical treasury was absolutely without funds. The pastor asked all who are in a position to do so to increase their contributions for synodical purposes. On Sunday evening a young lady brought him \$20.00 for the synod and a further sum for the sufferers in Europe. This young lady is, we are informed, not to be classed with the wealthy. She gave to the Lord from her earnings. Who will follow her example? A little more of this spirit in our synod, and the cause of Christ would not have to suffer for want of funds. Perhaps the following items from the **Baptist** will assist you in making up your mind:

"One Sunday morning I went to the store to purchase a newspaper. I purchased also four cigars for Sunday use and decided to take home some candy for the kiddies. On my way home I compared my purchase of luxuries with my subscription to my church benevolences—75 cents for the former and 10 cents for the latter. I then resolved that hereafter I would give at least a tithe in the interest of the kingdom, and with joy have practiced tithing ever since."

"There is only one member of the Baptist church at Sparks, Nevada, and that is the clerk. The church reported eight members of the state convention last year, but all have moved away and she alone remains. However, it is still an active church. The one member still on the ground—we wish we knew her name—keeps up a good Sunday school, raises money for missions, and says that when the big drive begins on April 25 she will do her best to raise the apportionment of the church. As State Director Snyder says, 'Give us more Baptists like that and there is nothing we could not do.'" J. B.

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The Trend A report by Mr. Francis M. Leaman published in the *Interchurch Bulletin* clearly shows the trend that much advertised movement is taking:

"In a town of 570 there is a church that cost \$42,000. It has a pipe organ and everything modern and can easily seat 750 people. This church is large enough to supply the religious needs of the entire community, yet through jealousy, another denomination has determined to build another church equally large and well equipped one block away. We are hoping that this will not be attempted until the field is thoroughly surveyed and the facts brought before the people."

Of course, the poor public was entirely unaware of this scandalous condition till the *Interchurch* man opened its eyes.

"We hope," who are these "we" who so disapprovingly shake their finger at the audacious ones who plan

to erect for themselves a house of worship, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Leaman declares that one church as entirely sufficient?

If we were to make a housing survey in Mr. Leaman's town, we should very likely find that his home is sufficiently large to accommodate one or two more families. Would we, then, have a right to frown upon Mr. Jones, who intends to erect another residence right next to Mr. Leaman's, instead of moving in with the latter gentleman? Or has religion ceased to be a private matter? Assuming that the church in question is a Baptist church and that the group planning another church is composed of Lutherans, does Mr. Leaman intend to tell us that a Baptist church is entirely sufficient for these Lutherans? And, is the only alternative for us to submit with due humility to the dictates of these "we" or bring down upon us the displeasure of the public? How blandly the gentleman declares it a case of jealousy that another denomination plans to build a church for itself! A wonderful thing, in a country that has but so lately been fighting imperialism.

We are still American enough to hold that it is nobody's business but their own if a number of men want to erect a church for their own use. All that the general public can do, is to refuse to contribute. No one is called upon even to bring such "facts" before the public in a manner that would to some extent discredit and discourage such a group of men.

J. B.

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Be Unafraid In one of our exchanges we recently read the following, which, on account of its direct bearing on present day conditions, we would recommend to our readers for thoughtful perusal:

"A Methodist paper reports that recently some one asked a bishop why he did not take a stand against destructive Higher Criticism. His reply was that he was afraid of 'splitting the church.' This gives us certain material for serious reflection. Is it possible that there are men in office, or out of office, in the ministry who are afraid of doing right because of the consequences? Did not every Methodist minister, when he was ordained, vow at the altar that he would 'Be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word'? If the ministry will not make an uncompromising stand against error, who may we expect to do it?

"The trouble today on these lines is that the landmarks are thrown down and there is no distinction between the precious and the vile. There is such a thing in the world as truth, and there is such a thing as error, and it is the business of a God-called ministry in all ages to show which is which.

"The popular cry against division would have condemned our Lord Jesus, for we read again and again that 'There was division because of Him.' There is such a thing in these days as being so sweet towards everything as to be sickish. The time has come for the spirit of John the Baptist to lay the axe at the root of the trees."

There is more than a grain of truth in the above. The spirit of fear and compromise which possesses so many to-day is a symptom of inner decay. "The truth shall make you free," the Savior said. That means, first and foremost, an inward freedom and therefore, too, a freedom from fear. In the measure in which we have put our trust on Christ the Rock of Faith in that measure will we be fearless witnesses for Him in a world groping in a maze of error. Fear and a wish to compromise with anything out of harmony with the truth not only undermine your own position but also discredit your testimony for Christ. The Church's message is not what she may from time to time adopt or agree on but what Christ has spoken for all time. What we need to-day is, therefore, not compromise and agreement with others but an unconditional return to the position of St. Paul: "I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you." As the Church gets back to unquestioning faith in the Savior and His Word so will her members be drawn together and united be a power in the world.

G.

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Things Changeable A London correspondence of April 17 to the Chicago Tribune reports the following:

"The 'Wilson room' in Buckingham Palace was renamed this week and is to be known henceforth as the 'Versailles room.'

"Before the war the magnificent chamber had been known as 'Bismarck room.' When the United States entered the war King George ordered it to bear the name of the American chief executive."

If reports at the time were correct, it was at the royal palace of London that President Wilson, speaking for the league of nations, made the following grandiloquent statement before King George: "Sir, the hour has come, when—may I not add the final—culmination of mankind is to be realized."

But how things, however great in the conception of man and undertaken for humanity's sake without a proof of a divine calling to that effect, do change and come to naught! Let the world know that all efforts of man to safeguard and bless mankind by means of his own are vain. "Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity." Ps. 62:9.

J. J.

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Why Not Also
the Others?

“Caution.
Persons
Suffering
from
Nervousness
or a Weak
Heart
Are
Requested
to Stay
Away
During
This One
Week
Engagement.”

“Both Are Barrymore!”
“See him as Dr. Jekyll
—beloved of woman—
sought by society—
serving the weak and
the poor.
“See him as the fiendish
Hyde—reveling in Lon-
don’s underworld dives
—strewing his wake
with victims of his
crimes and depravity.”
“The finest acting
achievement ever
shown on the screen.”

This advertisement of a “movie” house appears in an Eastern paper sent us by a friend. It is a bid for patronage. The advertiser evidently knows human nature. But, though this is clearly not his intention, he furnishes serious readers with food for thought. Does the good Lord give us a strong heart and healthy nerves in order that we abuse them by witnessing such harrowing affairs? Does the fact that we have a good stomach warrant our drinking water from a stagnant pool when this is entirely unnecessary? Should we try out a healthy pair of lungs on noxious gases just for the fun there is in it?

The announcement does not recognize the soul in man. Is it right to fill the soul, which God has made His temple, with such slimy, putrid stuff? Why crawl through sewers and cesspools when we are able to walk under the blue sky in the pure light of God’s sun? The people to whom the caution applies owe this manager thanks. They should stay away. But why not also the others?
J. B.

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A Response The following letter just arrived as we were preparing to take our copy for this issue to the printer; it is a response to an article in a former issue and we think may serve our cause best if we print it just as it stands:

To the Editor:

In the Northwestern Lutheran of April 18th I noticed

a comment on the sad condition of the funds for the Indian missionaries. It is certainly a sad state of affairs and it should not be; but, as it has come to pass, a way must be found to overcome it, and I believe that if the matter were properly put to the different congregations of the Synod, by the pastors and Church council, every congregation would willingly raise as much as it could and send it to the treasurer. In this way the work could be carried on both spiritually and financially to the honor and glory of God and His kingdom. Kindly consider and answer this suggestion.

M. C. S., Pres. of Grace Congregation.

You that read the above are perhaps also a member of one of our congregations and, therefore, also a member of our synod. We represent a large family and are doing family work. What moves us is gratitude toward our dear Savior and Master. If we were to offer up all we have and are in His service it would not begin to repay Him for what He offered up and is for us. Let us try to appreciate the high honor He confers on us when He permits us to serve Him in so high and blessed a work as the saving of souls for His kingdom.

We are sorry to say that the dearth of funds is not confined to the treasury for Indian missions; the need is general throughout our synodical household. So let all members of our large family do their best, that is all the Lord wants; and remember, it is the Lord that asks it.
G.

**INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT
CAMPAIGN**

Explaining in a sermon the interchurch world movement drive for \$336,777,572, which was conducted during last week, a Rev. Orin S. Jordon of Evanston, Ill., states that competitive denominationalism has failed. He says: “The failure of Protestantism in its present disorganized state is revealed by the figures that have been compiled during the last year by the interchurch movement. They reveal that even the strong and large denominations are either losing ground or making negligible gains.

“Religious work can no longer be done successfully by provincial denominationalism. The only way to advance the cause of religion is to bring about real unity in the Christian churches.”

Of course it is true that competitive denominationalism has failed, and must always fail as to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God on earth; and of course it is true “that religious work can no longer be done successfully by provincial denominationalism,” neither has it ever been done truly successfully in this way. It is equally true, that “the only way to advance the cause of religion is to bring about real unity in the Christian churches.” But does the interchurch

world movement bring about real unity in the Christian churches? That is contradicted by advertisements of its own. "We must go forward together," it is stated in one of them. "So the interchurch world movement was formed, a clearing house through which thirty denominations without sacrificing their identity in any way—can co-operate in the service of Jesus Christ." A clearing house for thirty denominations without sacrificing their identity in any way! Each of these denominations may maintain its own identity, that is, its own distinctive doctrines, doctrines which in many a case substantially reject the doctrines of others. Where is the real unity of those Protestant denominations there? Moreover, does true unity of the Church of God consist in external co-operative work? We know of no other union of the true Christian Church than union in spirit and in truth, union of doctrine, as the 7th article of the Augsburg Confession has it: "Unto the true unity of the Church it is sufficient to agree concerning the doctrine of the Gospel and the administration of the Sacraments. Nor is it necessary that human traditions, rites, or ceremonies instituted by men, should be alike everywhere; as St. Paul says, 'There is one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all.' Eph. 4:4.5."

Unity in preaching the Gospel of Christ for the salvation of sinners being the only unity of the Christian Church, co-operative work of Protestant denominations, that differ from each other in the very fundamentals of the Christian truth, is utterly impossible without denying the latter. The power for all legitimate work and purposes of the Church lies not in external union and organization of churches, nor in such imposing figures as the one quoted for the drive of the interchurch world movement, but it lies in the means of grace. Numbers may give us prestige, and in that respect give us larger opportunities to ply these means. But it is an error and disloyal thought, that co-operative work, such as the interchurch world movement aims at, at the expense of the purity of the Word and the Sacraments, in order to bring the world into the fold of the Church, could by any possibility increase the number of believers, who alone constitute the Church. Faith is the victory that overcomes the world, and only the Word and Sacraments contain the power of God which converts men to Christ and sustains their faith. J. J.

A HEBREW CHRISTIAN'S TEMPTATION

By Mrs. A. Silverstein

In The Jewish Christian Herald

He was only a boy. He had gone out from his home to far-away America to seek his fortune. Soon after he landed he had found a little place where they showed him that Jesus of Nazareth was the long-looked-for Messiah of the Jews, and after some hesitation and queries he accepted Him in good faith.

Joyous over the discovery, he wrote home to his father and mother and told them all about his newly-found happiness which meant to him more than all the millions this great and prosperous country could ever offer him. And while his letter was on its way he did all he could to spread the news among his fellow-workers in the Jewish shop, where he had found a position at three dollars and fifty cents a week. While telling of his new faith he distributed cards on which an invitation was printed in Yiddish asking the readers to attend meetings at the little mission where he himself had found Christ.

The inevitable always happens. The men and women in the shop would stop working to ask questions and direct arguments and he would try as best he could to answer them. The foreman would pass once or twice, and noticing that these daily arguments kept the people from work, finally decided to discharge the young man, who then would find himself in the streets of New York without money and without a job. At the next factory the same would happen. This made him unhappy and yet he could not resist that inner impulse to speak of his Messiah whenever occasion allowed.

Before receiving a reply from home he wrote more letters in which he described the happy and satisfied feelings which permeated his soul, knowing that his sins were forgiven him and imploring heaven that his parents, too, may accept this same Jesus, the Savior of the world.

Four weeks later, on a very cold December morning, the mailman brought him one of those large European envelopes bearing a number of seals and stamps, and addressed in the familiar handwriting of his own mother. And this is what he read:

"I wish I could call you 'my son' as I have in every letter I have written to you since you left the family hearth. But I may no longer call you 'my son.' Since you have chosen to believe in the accursed one, you have separated yourself from your loved ones. Your father asks that you no longer write to us and that your name be forgotten from now on by those whom you have learned to call father and mother, sisters and brothers. You are dead unto us. A funeral was held yesterday and you were buried according to the law, and your father said his last prayers over your grave, which closed forever. We have lost a son and a child and woe is me for it! You have brought shame to our name and disgrace to our generation. I, your own mother, am now forced to pronounce the curse upon you. I, who have watched at your bedside when you were dying, who have wept when there was no hope for your recovery, I, your mother, who have borne pains on account of you, who have nursed you and loved you back to life, I have to pronounce the dreadful curse of a mother in order to appease the wrath of the living God. Therefore, may you never

have peace nor rest in that far-away heathen land, thrice accursed, that has robbed me of a son and killed my child. May your feet be weary in search of food and may every step thou takest be a step twice cursed. May this curse be upon you and your children and children's children.

"Rain will bring thee no blessings nor the sun happiness. Your labors shall bring thee no fruit, nor your work, wages. Barren shall all thy endeavors be and unhappiness and sorrow thy reward. Your unhappy step has brought disaster upon your aged father and shame to your only mother. You have adopted as your redeemer the one whose name is the symbol of persecution, whose followers have always been the persecutors and murderers of your former people. I say 'former people'—for you no longer belong to the people of Israel. You are now a 'goy' (gentile) and are therefore more than an enemy to us; you are a traitor in Israel. Your sisters and brothers will deny you meat and drink and you will be always a stranger in a strange land, with no friends to help you and no one to comfort you in time of need. May this curse, coming from the broken heart of a disappointed mother follow you to the ends of the world, and only then be removed when you shall come back to the faith of your fathers and repent for the sorrow and tears you have caused to
Your Mother."

Tears filled his eyes as he read this letter written by his own mother. Great God! was it possible that she could have written this herself? Was this true or was it a nightmare, a horrible dream which soon would pass? But no, it was not a dream. It was true. His mother did write it. He was awake, fully dressed, and was holding the letter in his hand. It was true, his mother did curse him.

And he was only a boy. He still needed a mother's care. He was far away from friends that knew him and loved him. He was among strangers whose language he could not speak, whose ways he had not yet learned. He felt miserable and lonesome. And he was also hungry and cold. He remembered how his mother used to take care of him, provide for him, and with loving-kindness prepare special dishes that he liked so well. He also remembered how warm it used to be when he was home with mother and father, and how sorry they were to let their young boy go out into the world alone; he remembered his mother's tears as she got his things ready and how his father embraced him and kissed him and blessed him and prayed for him, and now . . .

He was dazed as he stepped out into the street, the letter tucked into his coat pocket. He had no overcoat, but he was hot; sweat drops gathered on his brow as he realized what he had done. He had paid a terrible price. He had thrown away a mother's love, a father's care, and his brothers' and sisters' affections. He had sacrificed his place in the ranks of Israel and was pro-

nounced an outcast. Death, yes, a fate worse than death was his penalty—for a mother's curse is far more terrible than death itself. His steps increased as he walked towards a nearby park; he did not know where he was going, nor did he care.

Arrived at the park he sat down and again read his mother's letter.

He shuddered when he re-read the curse. Then his eyes, now cleared from the tears that had watered them, stayed on the lines where his mother left an opening for the curse to be removed. ". . . only then be removed when you shall come back to the faith of your fathers, etc." He read this part of the letter over and over, and then gave himself up to deep thinking.

A voice, within him as it were, spoke audibly. It said, "You foolish boy, what is religion? Does a man give up father and mother for the sake of mere religion? Would he sacrifice the chance of seeing his parents again because of Jesus? Who is Jesus anyway? Was he not a man as you are, and has he not been dead all these years now? Look at your shoes; see how the dirt penetrates them. Would your mother and father allow you to go about like this? And then you are even without an overcoat. What have these Christians done for you anyway? Are there any among them who would do as much for that Jesus as you have done? How foolish of you! Look how easy it would be to make this all right with your mother. All you have to do is to write them a nice letter at once and tell them it was all a joke and they will forgive and forget. Then they will send you money and you will return to the land of your father. He is a well-to-do man and will help you into some business. These Christians have turned your head and they will only laugh at you. Even though you may continue in this new faith, they will still call you a 'Jew' and look down upon you. Brace up, therefore, and go back to the faith of your fathers and obtain forgiveness from your mother. Do you think God asks of anyone to be so mean to a mother such as you have? God forbid. The very fact that your loving mother has turned against you proves that this thing is not of God. Give it up and go back to your folks."

Suddenly the young man rose to his feet. He was agitated over these thoughts, which, like a voice from the dark, had reached his ears and heart. He walked up and down to get his nearly frozen feet warm again and then with a sudden decision to follow the advice of that voice he sat down. He reached for his hip pocket to get his handkerchief in order to wipe his eyes, for the joy of having found a way of reconciliation with his mother had forced tears into his eyes again. In reaching for his hip pocket he felt the outlines of the little book that was there. He pulled it out. It was so familiar. It was given him by the kind lady that first invited him to the mission where

he had learned of Christ. It was a German New Testament. He turned the book over and over in his hands wondering how to dispose of it. Of course he could no longer have it. Mechanically he opened it and curiously he read:

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Matt. 19:29.

He looked again and read this verse over. He could hardly believe his own eyes. Was it possible? Right here in this little book written so many hundreds of years ago—a message for him! He again rose to his feet and with the little red book opened in his hand he walked and kept on repeating the verse over and over again until he knew it by heart, and yet he read on as he walked.

He looked up. The world looked a bit brighter than it did a little while ago. The people seemed more kind and gentle, and one man even smiled as he passed the young man who was holding the little book in his hands and had a happy, transfigured face. He went to the place he called "home" and asked if he could not use the pen and ink.

And this is what he wrote:

"Dear Mother:

"I suppose you will read this letter anyway, whether you will read another one or not after this. But I must say that I have found such peace in our Lord Messiah as I can never attempt to describe. I was tempted to give it all up, but my new faith distinctly promises in no uncertain terms that you shall be returned to me with a love equal to one hundred fold the love you ever had for me, and all else will be returned to me in like measure—if I only hold out, and by the grace of the God of Israel I purpose to hold out.

"Dearest mother, your curse frightened me at first, but now I have no fear. Your curse has turned into an unspeakable blessing and I am happy and content. I will continue to pray for you that Jehovah may be pleased to show you and father and all our dear ones the truth concerning our King Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth. I propose to continue to write to you and I know you will not altogether ignore the loving letters of your saved son,
X. X."

After he had sealed the letter and mailed it he whistled his beloved and favorite hymn, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," and not even realizing that he had had nothing to eat since the evening before, purchased a German newspaper and became busily engaged reading the little two-line ads, where people advertised their requirements by beginning their ads with "Boy Wanted."

—Human piety is a vain blasphemy and the greatest sin that a man can commit.—Luther.

GLEANINGS FROM APACHE LAND

Since Supt. Guenther was stricken with the flu, and a subsequent relapse, the Rev. E. A. Sitz has been assisting in the White River Mission since March 8. He writes: "Believe me, this is a busy station. Sunday morning a service in the Boarding School with sermon; 1:00 P. M., service with a different sermon in the (public) school house (for the camp Indians); 7:15, another sermon at the Boarding School. Tuesday afternoons, one and one-half hour's religious instruction at Canyon Day School; camp visits below the Post (Ft. Apache); sermon at the Scout Camp at the Post at 5:00 P. M.; Bible School at the Boarding School, 7:15 P. M. Wednesday mornings, 8:15, address the School Assembly; Thursday mornings, 8:15, again. Thursdays or Fridays, camp visits on North Fork; Saturdays, notify the camps within a two-mile radius of White River of Sunday services, at the same time dropping a few crumbs of Gospel. Sandwich in your sermon work and the occasional necessary visits to Turkey Creek, Cedar Creek, and Carrizo Creek, and you can realize that this is a very busy place indeed."

And in a subsequent letter Mr. Sitz writes:

"I have just returned from an all-day trip to the camps below the Post. Besides teaching an hour of religion in the Day School there, I preached to four different groups of Indians in those camps and one more to the Scouts at the Scout Camp. Each sermon preached was a different one. In my work among the Indians here so far I have noticed how remarkable the course of the Gospel has been among them. There are more of them being saved by the grace of God than we have any conception of, I believe. Often the remark is made to me, 'Yes, we believe what you say,' and it is, more often than not, the older ones that say so. It is to me a verification of the word of the Lord, 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.'"

Rev. Wehausen, who is teacher in our Mission School at East Fork, relates the following little incident which took place during his last Christmas services:

"Reuben was to read the Christmas story as taken from Reu, about two full pages. When I called on him to read, he stepped up without a book and recited the whole story from memory!"

Rev. Alf. Uplegger recently reported an interesting baptism. An Indian was married to a baptized woman. He and his wife both took sick, during which they were frequently visited and consoled with the Gospel by the missionary. After convalescing from his sickness, this Indian came and desired baptism. The missionary was, of course, pleasantly surprised. But upon questioning the Indian the missionary soon learned that this Apache was sufficiently grounded in the Christian faith to be baptized. His wife had done the instructing. Surely, "the wife pulls her husband up or down to her level."

The medicine men are waking up to their responsibility! They notice that the influences of Christianity are weakening the power of their influence. One occasionally hears of cases where Christian Apaches are taken to task by the medicine men and asked to give an account for the authority of their faith. But the latest news is that a medicine man in Roosevelt is adopting the missionaries' tactics by causing the Indians to "line up" every Sunday morning for prayer! This is a hopeful sign indeed. For it is an acknowledgment on the part of Satan that the preaching of the Gospel is taking root among the Apaches; and in a last effort his satanic majesty is attempting to thwart the course of the Gospel. But his is a losing fight.

Incidentally it might be remarked that the medicine men are also preaching a triune god: the Father (the sun), the Son (a grandchild of the sun), and the mother (grandmother of the son of the sun). The sun is identified with God the Father. The sun's grandchild (Na-yi-nes-gonne by name) is said to be Jesus Christ. And Nayinesgonne's grandmother (Iszanna-tlezhe by name) is said to be the Virgin Mary. Hence some Indians claim that the Catholic religion is more like the Apache religion than the Lutheran religion is! A fruitful field for the Jesuitical theory of "accommodation"!

A Cibecue Apache, who was awaiting trial for alleged murder, committed suicide by hanging in the Gila County Jail. A very, very rare occurrence among the Apaches. The only other case of suicide known in this locality is that of three Apaches who, about thirty years ago, being condemned to be executed, took their lives in the same night.

The missionary in Globe reports some interesting visits to a Yaqui Indian, who was being held in jail preparatory to deportation to Mexico. Gregorio Villegas—that was this seventeen years old youth's name—almost literally "devoured" the Spanish New Testament which the missionary gave him. And in about ten days the Book was quite dog-eared, for it was being read by all the Mexicans in that particular ward. May this Book serve as a "Key to Heaven" not only to Gregorio but also to many of his fellowmen when he returns to his home in Mazatlan, Sinaloa!

Mr. Arthur Knoop, our sorely needed and much-looked-for mission carpenter, is now constructing a neat adobe house for Rev. Alf. Uplegger. If you could have seen the single-board, one-room (plus two pigeonhole "bedrooms") shack, in which our San Carlos missionary was forced to live for two years, you would say, "Well, it surely was high time that he got a house."

Fergus Sneezzy, a recent convert of the Globe Mission, walked ten miles on Easter morning so that he might attend church and partake of Holy Communion! And he had anything but "Easter clothes" to show off.

H. C. N.

TABOR AND THE SEA OF GALILEE

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

Early in the morning, on Friday, the 29th of June, we left the Latin Convent at Nazareth to resume our tent life. We had quitted no place in the Holy Land with more longing to linger there. But if we had stayed a year instead of a day, we must still have left with regret; and unless a visit can be prolonged into a residence, a few extra days, perhaps, scarcely add much to the force of recollection. The vividness of the first impression wears off, and there is no time to replace it by the familiarity of daily associations, so that what is lost in freshness is scarcely compensated by what is gained in acquaintance with detail. At all events, we tried to console ourselves with considerations of this kind, as we wound our way over the hills which separate from the world the mountain cradle of the life which has transformed the face of the world, and renewed the depths of every Christian's life.

It was very early in the morning when we started. The sun had scarcely risen. The long shadows of the hills lay across the valleys; the air was breezy and cool; our horses, especially the little nimble white horse I rode, were fresh and eager after their day of comparative rest, and paced quickly over the downs, and valleys, and wooded hills.

For the hills on that morning ride from Nazareth to Tabor might really be called wooded, especially as we approached Tabor. Not that the hills were clothed with those rich masses of wood which, in the moist atmosphere of England, often make the distant hills look purple, and soft as the plumage of a dove; but our path lay under the frequent shadows of oaks of various kinds, and terebinth and luxuriant thorn-trees. Many green and glossy shrubs grew as brushwood in the intervals, and the ground beneath them was often strewn with wild flowers which scented the morning air; thyme, pink convolvulus, a large blue thistle-like flower, and a deep blue prickly star. It was not a forest certainly, but it often recalled the scenery at the outskirts of an English park; trees and evergreen shrubs with shining leaves, standing apart, with full liberty for the development of each, and branches feathering to the ground; with flowers and green, flowering shrubs between and among them.

The oaks increased in size as we approached Tabor, and grew closer to each other, yet still you could not so much say the hill was clothed with wood as thickly sprinkled with trees, clustered in park-like groups, or scattered here and there, as on the edge of a felled coppice. The path up the hill was very steep and rocky, in many parts rather perilous, winding among the rocks and roots of the trees. In some places we had to climb rough staircases of rock, as on the hill road from Jaffa to Jerusalem; while in others we rode along green glades and terraces, shaded with oak and

terebinth, and sprinkled with syringa and other flowering shrubs. As we approached the summit the bridle-path widened into a carriage road, which had been hewn in the solid rock. There were grooves of chariot wheels deeply worn in this road, certainly not traversed by chariots for many centuries—probably not, at the latest, since Roman times. It led to a massive gateway; and on the summit of Tabor, to my great surprise, we found ourselves among the extensive ruins of ancient fortifications.

No place in the Holy Land more contradicted my previous image of it than did Tabor. From childhood, I suppose, most of us have pictured it a solitary mountain, on whose green pastures the flocks peacefully graze, whose brow rises quiet and lonely to the sky. Mountains in our northern climate give the idea of calm solitude, above the din and tumult of the lower world. Even if not peaked with wild rocks or crowned with snow, the last idea one connects with a mountain-top is that of a city. Yet the summit of Tabor must evidently have been, not a mere fortress or military station, but a city. We had been accustomed to look on the low rounded hills of southern Palestine as pedestals for towns or villages, and we had admired the regal site of Samaria on its isolated hill; but Tabor is not a hill, but a mountain, eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and rising more than thirteen hundred feet above the land immediately surrounding it. The walls have been very massive, and the fortifications very strong, as an engineer officer in our party assured us. A deep fosse surrounds the wall on the least precipitous side of the mountain. Along the walls, at intervals, were the ruins of towers. One of these had pointed arches in the doors and windows, and had, probably, been built or repaired in the crusading times. Others seemed far more ancient; and some of the gigantic stones in the walls appeared to be of Jewish or Phoenician workmanship. Underneath the walls and towers we explored a very large reservoir or water tank, lined with cement; several cisterns, smaller, but still of considerable size, shaped like bottles, with the long, narrow neck upwards; and some magazines apparently intended for corn or various military stores. Broken pottery lay around in these subterranean reservoirs, and great evergreen oaks grew from the interstices of the massive stones, which their gigantic roots had here and there displaced, and threw their broad shadows over the deserted chambers. Altogether, with the trees, and verdure, and large-leaved plants which sprang out of the crevices of the broken masonry, it reminded us of a ruined castle on the Rhine, such as Rheinfels. But the ruins of Tabor are not those of a castle but of a city, and the date of the latest is probably about that of the earliest of those fastnesses of robber or crusader on the Rhine. In one part we came on the remains of a church, lately partially repaired by the Greeks as a place of pilgrimage, and,

perhaps, previously repaired by the Crusaders from the earlier Greeks.

The peculiar feature of the ruins, however, is that they enclose a large space of green level ground, on which there is no trace of buildings of any kind. It must have been a strongly fortified town encircling a spacious park. This green and wooded platform is considerably lower than the edges of the hill, whose height is increased by the ruins of the fortifications. The summit of the mountain seemed to us to form something like a volcanic crater, whose edges were walled; although Tabor is not volcanic, but a limestone spur of the hills of Galilee.

We supposed it must have been a place of refuge, to which in times of war or danger the inhabitants of the surrounding villages fled for protection, encamping in the parklike space within the city with their cattle. An impregnable place of refuge it must have been in the days of arrows and slings, commanded or even approached by no neighboring height, and containing such ample space for stores, and even—if needed—for the tillage of crops.

Our saddle bags were opened under the shade of the oaks, and we sat as long as we could venture to linger among the trees and ruins; the thick foliage, the long grass and wild flowers stirring and rustling in the breeze around us, and the whole of northern and southern Palestine at our feet in successive landscapes, as we moved from point to point along the edge of the hill, and rested on the massive stones of the more ancient fortifications. In winding round the mountain on our way up we had caught various glimpses of the plains below, of the villages of Endor and Nain, and over Esdralon to Jordan and the Mediterranean. On the summit we kept chiefly to the side which commanded the north, and saw from the hills of Galilee across the high tableland above Tiberias, to the sea of Galilee, the gleam of whose waters just caught the eye in the distance, sunk in their deep basin below the plain. Beyond rose the long back of Hermon, from that point not rising in one grand distinctive summit, but stretching in a long, undulating line, pale with distance but quite clear, and streaked—not crested—with silvery lines of snow. Hermon from Tabor was not a sight we could easily leave; yet the unexplored country beyond us, the hills and lake of Galilee were, if possible, more interesting than these. We traced one or two streams across the hot brown plain by their border of verdure, and occasional clusters of olives, and we could see too plainly how considerable was the distance yet to be traversed that day, to admit of our lingering more than a few hours.

We descended the hill by a rocky road, over part of which we thought it safer to walk, leaving our gentle, sure-footed little horses to follow.

Barak and his brave ten thousand were on foot when they assembled on this mountain and poured

down its rocky side upon Jezreel, sweeping the cavalry and chariots of the Canaanites across the plain to Kishon and the sea. Cavalry would certainly have availed them little on those broken, wooded steeps. It was inspiring to think how the war cries of the little Israelitish army must have resounded from these rocks as they rushed on, irresistible with the prophecies of Deborah and the arm of the Lord.

But there was one event commonly associated with Tabor which would indeed pale the interest of all others if it occurred here. Can it be that on some secluded terrace of this wooded hill the glory of the Son of God for the time broke through the veil, and the garments "white as no fuller on earth can white them," and the face "shining as the sun," once beamed forth here through the night on the three wonder-stricken apostles?

At first the existence of this ancient fortress or fortified town on the summit of Tabor seems so to contradict the natural impression of the narrative as to preclude the possibility of this mountain having been—as tradition makes it—the scene of the Transfiguration. There are and were so many solitary and even desert hills in and near Galilee that one cannot easily conceive the close neighborhood of such a stronghold as this to have been the spot chosen for a manifestation, so zealously veiled from the eyes, and at first guarded from the knowledge of all but three. Yet Tabor is a mountain—not a mere ordinary hill—and on its rocky sides, doubtless, many a place absolutely secluded might always have been found, especially at night, when it is most probable the event happened. St. Peter's expression, "the holy Mount," implies nothing. The Presence consecrated the place. Many think Hermon the most probable scene, chiefly influenced, it would seem, by the far greater majesty of scenery of Hermon, its sublime mountain solitudes, and the constant presence, on its lofty clefts, of the snow, to which the glistening transfigured garments are compared.

But when narratives so circumstantial and simple as those of the three Gospels avoid every detail which could lead to a positive identification of the place, is it not probable that this indefiniteness is deliberate and designed? All topographical details which could give vividness and reality to the incidents are in the New Testament so carefully specified, and at the same time all curious indications which might lead to a superstitious identification of certain precise spots, are so systematically omitted, that there is no point more frequently pressed on one's attention in the Holy Land than this: that Christianity, whilst as a history of facts capable of standing the strictest tests of geography, as a revelation of truths and of a divine life, vouchsafes no assistance to the spirit of superstitious pilgrimage.

At Jerusalem you can feel with certainty that your feet are treading the footpath to Bethany, that you are wandering along the olive shaded valley where the garden of Gethsemane was, that you are standing on the very same sacred temple precincts where the blind and lame came to Jesus and were healed. But on what spot of that valley the forehead of our Lord was bowed in agony, or on what part of the hilly ground close to the walls of the city fell the precious drops of His redeeming blood no human being knows.

Again, at Nazareth you can roam about the breezy, thyme-scented hills and be absolutely sure you are gazing on the scenery of the early life of our Lord; but where the angel met Mary, or where the lowly house of the carpenter stood, no researches can discover.

And with regard to the Transfiguration, might we not still more expect this to be the case? Among all the incidents of Gospel History none have less of a local character than this. It is a fragment of the eternal light breaking in on the darkness of time; and whether the apostles had been rapt, like Paul, into the third heaven to behold it, or had seen it on this earth, would seem of comparatively little moment. It is the unseen world becoming for a brief interval seen, and proving that the unseen is not necessarily invisible. The persons in the scene are gathered from the depths of the invisible world, "whether in the body or out of the body we cannot tell." The scenery was not Tabor or Hermon, or any sweep of earthly landscape, or snowy heights of mountain solitude; but night and an overshadowing cloud. That cloud wrapped those within it as effectually from earth as if it had been millions of miles of planetary distance in the furthest heavens. Beyond it was the sleeping world, invisible, and night. Within it were two messengers from the dead, and the Son of God, and day;—the day of heaven beaming on the face of Jesus as the Sun, and glistening on His raiment whiter than snow; and from the cloud a voice, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." The light, and the voice, and the persons were of heaven, not of earth. It is only the next day, when they went down the hill, that earth meets us again, with its perplexities and necessities, in the questioning Scribes, the wondering crowd which ran to meet the Savior, the possessed dumb child He healed, and the poor, bewildered, agonized father, whose tearful prayer He heard. Locality is, indeed, of less importance to a vivid conception of the narrative of the Transfiguration than that of any other in the New Testament. Whether the cloud of glory rested on Hermon or on Tabor, or on the holy city whose foundations are precious stones and her gates pearl, would make no alteration in the scene. Those who were eye-witnesses of that majesty and listeners to that voice were blind and deaf for the time to all earthly sights and sounds; as we shall be when once more that glory is unveiled, and the mo-

mentary radiance of the Transfiguration shall fade into the permanent light of the glorious Epiphany of the Son of God.

(To be continued.)

TO OUR PASTORS AND FELLOW-CHRISTIANS

Our Church Extension Fund is immediately in need of funds. For some time the chairmen of the several mission boards have applied in vain to the treasurer for badly needed assistance. If we do not wish our work of missions, especially in the large cities and industrial centers, to suffer, it is indeed imperative for our fellow-Christians immediately and liberally to contribute to their support. Should this support be wanting our mission boards will be compelled to abandon mission stations, which give every promise of becoming important fields of labor, and withdraw the very sermon of the gospel from places in need of it and where it has been earnestly desired. We must neglect important fields to become the harvest fields of the sects!

What is this Church Extension Fund, do you ask? For what purpose are the moneys contributed to it used and appropriated? The Church Extension Fund, dear reader, is a Trust Fund. The moneys contributed into this fund are loaned to small struggling mission churches that are unable to provide for a house of worship or parsonage. By such loans from this fund these needy churches and fellow-Christians, or smaller congregations of Christians, are placed in a position to obtain and have a church home, which might otherwise be impossible for them to have.

Then, too, the chairmen of the several district mission boards are, under present-day conditions, entirely dependent upon this fund when establishing new mission stations in our large cities. It is an impossibility today to acquire suitable church property or even a building lot in our large cities without large sums of money. The few souls that our missionary gathers to found his mission and make the beginning of his future congregation are not in a position to obtain the necessary money to acquire a church property. Here, then, is where our Church Extension Fund lends a helping hand. This fund loans the means wherewith such mission stations are founded, the necessary property acquired, usually under legal title of the Synod. The mission churches are expected to assume the responsibility of returning the sum loaned to the Church Extension Fund at the earliest convenience. The several mission boards together with the missionaries are expected to carefully provide for the fulfillment of these obligations on the part of the mission churches. Thus the moneys once contributed into the Church Extension Fund always return, thereby becoming a sort of perpetually revolving fund, and especially when once this fund is sufficiently replenished, will again do service in the founding of new missions. The

moneys of this fund are never donated away, but always revert again to the fund, allowing the Synod ever and again to use them in other localities for the extension of the Savior's kingdom.

Within the last year a number of new "Doors of Utterance" have opened unto us, mission fields "white to the harvest" have been stretched before our vision. From nearly every district gladdening reports have been received. Especially the great industrial centers, the large cities, on account of their rapid growth, offer unlooked for opportunities of founding very promising mission fields. Surely we wish to harvest these fields! The Master bids us work while it is day! As soon as we become negligent in this duty our entire church body suffers loss. But for the fulfillment of this our duty we need not only your good will but your sacrifices, your offerings, especially your dollars by the hundred and thousand, wherewith our loving Savior and merciful God has so richly blessed us. And yet, for the very lack of these offerings the work of our missions is even now being seriously hampered and impaired.

Constrained by these circumstances, the central board of missions of our Joint Synod herewith urgently appeals to the brethren and pastors as well as to all our fellow-Christians in our entire Synod to kindly remember our Church Extension Fund in the very near future with a liberal offering to help relieve the immediate needs of this fund. We leave it to the discretion of the individual pastors and churches when and how to gather this offering. Those wishing envelopes for this purpose will kindly apply for same to Northwestern Publishing House at Milwaukee. We beg only that none of our Christians may lightly regard this call to help our need.

Within our circles there are, no doubt, to be found many fellow-Christians whom God has abundantly blessed with earthly possessions. To them especially we would address this appeal: Will you not eagerly grasp this opportunity with a personal gift to help build, yea, extend the Savior's kingdom? To help spread the gospel of Him who gave Himself for us all?

Our newest mission station of the Michigan District, the mission of Rev. H. Richter of Detroit, which gave a very promising outlook, was visited with a dire calamity on March 28th last. On that date the storm which raged in several states completely destroyed the little chapel that had been dedicated only two months before on January 11th. Although the calamity occurred during the evening service with a goodly number of worshippers present, all miraculously escaped without injury. With the destruction of this chapel, however, our Church Extension Fund has suffered a very keen loss. As this seems to be a very promising mission field, a new chapel ought to be erected at once. For this reason the undersigned especially appeals to our fellow-Christians of the Michigan

District to make a special sacrifice to help repair the heavy loss and damage. You, who have been so graciously spared, think of the tribulation of those who have been so sadly distressed.

May the love and thankfulness toward our Savior, who sacrificed Himself for us and so abundantly blessed us with spiritual and temporal gifts, yea, may our love and compassion for our brethren and co-redeemed urge us to regard this call as the call to our Savior's task and make us willing to gladly and cheerfully bring our offerings. In the name of the mission board,

J. GAUSS, Chairman.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

"TRAPPING" THE CONGREGATION

Whether a man comes of a praying mother, or is himself a Christian, is not the business of a minister to inquire during public worship, and the habit of some preachers and evangelists of calling on their congregations to proclaim their virtue or to admit their sin is not only bad manners but bad morals as well, we are told by *The Watchman-Examiner* (New York). The Baptist weekly is drawn to the subject by the story of a missionary who requested a number of seminary students to stand up if they had been blessed with praying mothers. It was a question of delicate intimacy, one which the missionary had no right to put. Of course, nearly the whole student body arose, "but what about those who did not rise? How did they feel?" Probably some of them did a "bit of lying" to shield their mothers:

"That minister did a foolish and ungenerous thing and some one ought to have said, 'Never mind our mothers, Mr. Preacher, just stick to us.'

"Years ago the writer had a popular evangelist assisting him in evangelistic services. The evangelist felt obliged to get results, and he resorted to every method known to evangelists, big and little. First he asked all the Christian people to stand that he might single out the non-Christian people, and ask them to stand with the Christians. Well, that did not work very well, and after all had been seated for a while he asked the whole congregation to stand. Then after a short exhortation he asked the Christian people to be seated. One lone man remained standing, and he was a handsome, up-standing naval officer. It was an electric moment. The preacher, a bit nervous, said, 'Sir, don't you want to be a Christian?' Quick as a flash came the answer: 'I can not say that I do at this time. I am standing simply because I am an honest and truthful man. You asked the Christians to sit down, and not being a Christian I felt obliged to remain standing.' Then he quietly resumed his seat. Of course, he had been insulted by the evangelist. He

never crossed the threshold of that church again when evangelistic meetings were in progress. He was right, absolutely right, and the pastor of the church was humiliated and ashamed.

"A church edifice is a place of public assembly. There are certain well-known courtesies and amenities due those who attend public worship. No minister has a moral right to divide a congregation into groups that will embarrass a part of the congregation. To do so is to take advantage of a common understanding which has become an unwritten law in the conduct of public worship. It is perfectly right to invite men to stand or to come forward in confessing Christ, because those who remain in their seats or their pews are not subjected to embarrassment. To lay a trap for people is not only bad manners, but bad morals. A man is entitled to immunity from insult even in a church.

"A pastor asked this question last week, 'I am going to gather tithing pledges next Sunday. Would it be proper to ask all who are tithers to stand and then to ask others to join them?' We can only say that such a method would not commend itself to the writer. We believe in tithing, but we know many generous and noble givers who are not tithers. Would a pastor have a right to embarrass these people by associating them with non-givers by a public vote? We feel that there is a better way. Let us remember the golden rule. Let us play fair with all manner of public assemblies." —*The Literary Digest*.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH

"In Kentucky I knew of a church built and run on the community plan for some two or three years. Different preachers preached there. Their Sunday school hours were at different times in order not to conflict. Each had his own preaching appointment. I think such an arrangement might be called a community church though not shared in by all the denominations around it.

"Things went on in this way for two or three years, and the church prospered wonderfully. But all the time the denominations represented were growing jealous of each other. The time came when neither would go to hear the other's preaching. The people of the community realized that the era of good feeling was over and really expected things to grow worse, which they did. It came with the 'mud-slinging' of the different denominations' preachers. The church, of course, died, and dead it is to-day.

"I do not believe that the community church is the thing for us all. How long are peace and harmony going to reign when 'close-communication' Baptists, 'sprinkle' Methodists and 'hard-shell' Baptists are crowded together on one little church roll? There is not a man unsectarian in belief, and all preachers belong to some sect or other, and have their own ideas. These are

going to crop out some day and the other 'sides' won't like it in a 'community church.'

"I do not believe a church will long continue half Catholic and half Protestant. It will become one or the other."—A letter in *The Continent*.

A SIGNIFICANT CONTRAST

There are in our country about 15,000,000 boys and girls in Protestant Sunday schools, and 27,000,000 more or less related to Protestant not connected with them. The 15,000,000, with the exception of those brought up in churches where there is parochial or catechetical instruction, get a half hour of religious instruction per week—and much of this instruction is vague.

On the other hand, there are 1,600,000 Jewish children in our country who receive five hours' religious instruction per week, and 8,000,000 Roman Catholic children who receive four hours' instruction per week. Everyone knows how hard it is to win a Jew to the Christian faith, and how tenaciously a Roman Catholic clings to his church.

The contrast is significant. It would seem to show that Jews and Roman Catholics believe they have something that is worth teaching to their children, and that they deem it important enough to make arrangements to teach them. It would seem to show that they regard their faith just about eight or ten times more precious and valuable to their children than Protestants regard theirs. It would seem to show, furthermore, that Protestants are satisfied with rocky-ground soil and are not much interested in plowing deep for the little sowing they do. They ought to see, however, that they are raising a big crop of rocky-ground religion where the seed springs up, gets its due share of emotional and sentimental heat—and straightway withers and dies. What sort of Protestant parents do we have, anyhow, that 27,000,000 baptized children should grow up around the churches as sheep without a shepherd? They have been sprinkled with very little religion themselves in their youth, and what little life they once had has withered and died. We ought not to be too wise and self-sufficient to take lessons from Jews and Roman Catholics.—The Lutheran.

POLYGAMY STILL TAUGHT

Rev. D. B. Cheney writes from Superior, Wis., of personal experiences with Mormon missionaries, as follows:

"Twice recently I have been called into homes that have been greatly distressed because of the teachings of Mormon missionaries. In each case I charged the Mormons with being as firmly polygamists as they have ever been, and both times polygamy was championed and defended. One missionary said, 'Polygamy was right until the United States legislated against it.'

The other missionary said, 'Sure we are polygamists; God commanded it and Jesus Christ taught it.' One of these young men volunteered the information that he 'was not a polygamist'—he 'was not pure enough.' 'Then,' I replied, 'the purer a man is, the more wives he should have—is that your philosophy?' 'Yes,' he answered. This brazen championship of the outlawed curse of plural wives was too much for the happy couples in these homes and they will not be troubled further by these scoundrels masquerading in the garb of sainthood. But the surprising thing to me is that polygamy should be thus openly and boldly championed at this late day and by young men—the possible future leaders of this powerful and unscrupulous organization.

"Another thing that has impressed me is the ease with which multitudes of good-meaning, honest members of our evangelical congregations are misled and duped by the horde of self-styled 'prophets of the Lord,' but who, if I may be allowed to judge, are agents of the devil, and who are tramping over the country 'seeking whom they may devour.' To offset the effects of the incessant, day-and-night propaganda in the interest of a countless number of fads and fancies, and the outpouring of tons of the most wierd, fantastic, insane interpretations of the word of God human ingenuity ever devised, a nation-wide dissemination of scriptural teachings regarding the great truths of redemption would seem to me a crying and immediate need, and the work can begin none too soon."—The Baptist.

WAS THE SPIRIT THERE?

In the beginning of an article on the Interchurch World Movement the *Southern Lutheran* is not quite sure that we Lutherans must for the sake of consistency refuse to assist in the gathering of the census undertaken by this movement. Toward the end, which we quote, he seems to have found the right answer:

"It is necessary, though, that we be on our guard especially in this Interchurch World Movement. Some of the things published by them in their official papers are pretty raw stuff. A sample follows. In the Interchurch Newsletter of December 4, 1919, we read:

"A Primitive Communion.—The communion described below by —, in charge of the survey being made in the lumber country of the Northwest, may not have been according to all the canons, but the spirit was there. It is interesting to note that this John's River community still holds the "old-fashioned" idea that it is something of an honor to welcome the minister—and feed him. Mr. — writes:

" "There is a small Christian church with services once and again by an itinerant missionary. Once I held services there. We concluded with a communion service. We received five into communion. The Bread

was pie crust. The Wine was blackberry juice brought to the table in a fruit jar.

““One father, with whom I had a long persuasive talk the night before, refused to confess and unite along with his daughter, but walked up the aisle when I gave the invitation, saying loud enough for all to hear: ‘I’m coming, too!’”

“This is reported as a communion service, it is called a primitive communion; but every child in our parochial school knows that this reported celebration was neither a primitive nor a modern communion, that it was in fact no communion at all, but a travesty on the Lord’s sacred institution and a sacrilege. And all that the men responsible for this movement have to say is the guarded remark that it ‘may not have been according to all the canons,’ but to pacify any spirit that might take exception to this remark they add ‘but the spirit was there.’ We do not under any circumstances wish to be identified with a movement under whose auspices such things are perpetrated in the name of the church.”

J. B.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Pastor Otto Hagedorn of Salem’s Church, Milwaukee, Wis., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination Wednesday, April 14th. The silver jubilee was observed with appropriate services at which Pastor J. Brenner of St. John’s Church, Milwaukee, delivered the sermon. Following the church celebration a reception was tendered Pastor Hagedorn by the members of his congregation at the Salem’s hall, during which Mr. Philip Lucas, for the church, and the Rev. A. Baebenroth, for the city conference, tendered congratulations and tokens of esteem. Pastor Hagedorn has been with Salem’s Church since 1900.

LUTHERAN DEACONESS SCHOOL AT FORT WAYNE, IND.

God, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, has richly blessed the efforts of our Deaconess Association to secure a large number of members, who, besides having given their first contribution for Deaconess work in our midst, speak a good word to their friends for this work, and remember this new charitable association in their prayers. The board of directors hopes to carry out the plan of opening the Deaconess School at Fort Wayne on September 1st of this year. Young women of our church, desiring to prepare themselves for the good work of a Deaconess are hereby asked to make application to the undersigned before the first of August. A question blank will be mailed to each applicant, which is to be filled out and returned, together with a testimonial from her pastor, bearing witness of her Christian character, and a certificate of health made out by her physician. Those entering the school should have a thorough knowledge of the chief doc-

trines of Scripture as taught in the Lutheran Church; they should be well versed in English and, above all, they should be merciful, meek and patient, filled with a fervent love of Him who said: “Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.” May the merciful Savior Himself make willing hearts to serve Him as Deaconess in the great work of seeking the lost, nursing and comforting the sick, taking up forsaken children, caring for homeless old people, and doing other works of mercy in the various charities and missions of our Synodical Conference.

PH. WAMBSGANSS, Pres.

2307 Broadway, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

PASTOR THEO. SCHROEDEL CALLED

Pastor Th. Schroedel of Detroit, Mich., has been called by the Board of the Lutheran High School, Milwaukee, as director of that school.

MEETING OF THE WEST WISCONSIN DISTRICT

Acting on an invitation from the St. Paul’s congregation at Menomonie, Wis. (Rev. J. Schwartz), the West Wisconsin District will convene, D. v., at Menomonie, June 23-28 inclusive. Particulars later.

O. KUHLOW, Secy.

NOTICE

Rev. Chr. Doehler having resigned as visitor of the Northern Wisconsin Conference, Rev. P. Kionka, Maribel, Wis., was elected to be his successor. All matters pertaining to this office should be referred to him.

AD. SPIERING,

Pres. North Wisconsin District.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Rev. G. H. Press, 1485 Detroit street, Denver, Colo.

ANNOUNCEMENT

In a meeting held on April twenty-second, the Board of our Theological Seminary elected Prof. E. R. Bliefernicht of New Ulm, Minn., professor of introductory Old and New Testament exegesis, pedagogics, homiletics and symbolics.

As the chair of dogmatics has become vacant through the death of Prof. Herman Meyer, the members of our synod are invited to nominate candidates for this position.

Candidates on the list for the first vacancy may be proposed for the position now to be filled, and must be proposed again, if they are to be considered.

All nominations must be in the hands of the secretary by May twenty-seventh.

J. GIESCHEN, Secretary,

623 Garfield Ave.,

Milwaukee, Wis.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Chinese to Have New Bible

The American Bible Society announces that a new translation of the Bible has been completed for the Chinese, the culmination of the efforts of many workers, both Chinese and foreign, during more than a quarter of a century. It will be known as the "Revised Mandarin Bible."

This version will go forth to more human beings than any other translation of the Bible that has ever been made. Over one-fourth of the world's inhabitants live in the Republic of China, which has approximately four times as many people under its five-barred rainbow flag as live under the Stars and Stripes. There has long been great need for this translation into the national language of the Chinese people, and it has been the purpose of the translators that the forthcoming Revised Mandarin Bible should rank as the most perfect literary production in the "Pun-tung hwa," as the Chinese say.—Herald of Gospel Liberty.

A Return in Power

Five years ago the wife of a Russian Baptist was murdered and he himself was beaten into unconsciousness by hostile Cossacks. When he recovered the evangelist went to the section from which his enemies came and has since baptized about eleven hundred of them.—Forward.

Winning Converts by Mail

"One of our most diligent and successful workers in the north of Brazil has a plan of now and then sending out by mail little portions of the Scriptures, inclosing in each a card with his address, stating that the entire Bible may be had for a very small sum of money. One of these booklets and a card fell into the hands of an alderman of a far interior town. He read, was interested, wrote for a Bible, and sent the money to pay for it, and told his friends about it. This man asked in one of his letters questions like these: 'What prayer should I make?' 'What does it mean to be born again?' His last letter reported the conversion of four merchants of the town who had ordered and read Bibles. The movement was spreading in the community, and the Bible worker has persuaded a missionary to visit the town," says Rev. H. C. Tucker, Brazilian representative of the American Bible Society, in the Bible Society Record.

A Higher Calling

When O Suga San Umezaki, a Japanese student at Ohio Wesleyan University and a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, was offered \$250 a week by the Chicago Opera Company for taking the part of Madame Butterfly, she said: "God will not let me do this. I must sing for his Kingdom."

Yes, an Old Patent

The man who makes ouija boards is building a \$150,000 addition to his factory and believes he has exclusive patent rights. According to Professor Wallace, it is an old patent, ouija having been a revered institution in Thibet for 2,000 years.

Dr. Wallace believes that spirits can be photographed. A sincere man came to this office with a "spirit photograph" of Charles Dickens. There was no question as to his good faith. But it was a photograph of an old painting of Charles Dickens, not of the man himself. The spiritualist could not explain how Dickens had taken the painting along with him

to the other world and made it pose for the photograph. In the slightly altered language of Johnson: "Sir, we know that spiritualism is a humbug, and there's an end of it."

But many spiritualists are sincere men and women, including mediums, sincerity being the first element of success in all professions. Among African witch doctors the most prosperous really believe they can bring rain, or tell who bewitched the chief when he has stomach-ache from over-eating.—News.

Jewish Union Begins Survey

Max Breslauer has been named president of the Milwaukee branch of the National Advisory Board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

This action was taken at a meeting Monday in the City Club attended by delegations from Emanuel and B'ne Jeshurun congregations.

The object of this forward movement of the union is to make a survey of the religious life of the Jews in America and Canada. It is also intended to stimulate a larger attendance at Sabbath and holiday worship; to provide adequate income for the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, to increase the publications of literature and textbooks for religious schools; the employment of field secretaries for organizing congregations in small communities, and to provide religious services in universities and colleges for Jewish students throughout the land.

The 225 reform Jewish congregations will be enlisted in this campaign and will appoint delegates to the national board. It is hoped to raise a fund of \$350,000 to carry out this work.—Wisconsin-News.

Church Destroyed by Storm

The Lutheran church (Ohio Synod) at Moulton, Ohio, was destroyed by a storm on Saturday, April 3rd. The storm struck the church during the evening service conducted by Pastor George Schultz. The pastor and about thirty members were injured, while one young man was killed. About five or six thousand dollars will be required to repair the damages done to the building. The pastor says: "There was no panic or sign of despair among those in the church, not a yell or a moan, because the Lord was with us."

Death of Theodore E. Schmauk, D. D., LL. D.

Through the recent death of Dr. Theodore Schmauk, the United Lutheran has lost one of its leaders. Dr. Schmauk was born in Lancaster, Pa., in 1860.

The son of Rev. Benjamin W. Schmauk and his wife Wilhelmina (Hingel) Schmauk, he graduated with distinction from the University of Pennsylvania when but twenty years of age. Three years later he graduated from the Philadelphia Theological Seminary, in 1883, and became assistant to his father in Salem Church, Lebanon, Pa. At his father's death he became senior pastor, serving the Annville congregation 1883; he was the originator and the editor of the Lutheran also.

Dr. Schmauk has edited The Lutheran Church Review since Graded Series of Sunday School Literature, begun in 1896; the literary or book review editor of The Lutheran since 1899; president of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary since the death of the late Dr. Seiss; and, since 1911, special lecturer on Christian Faith and Apologetics in the same institution. President of the General Council since 1903, his was the longest term in the history of that body, extending over the period of its widest development and greatest influence.

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