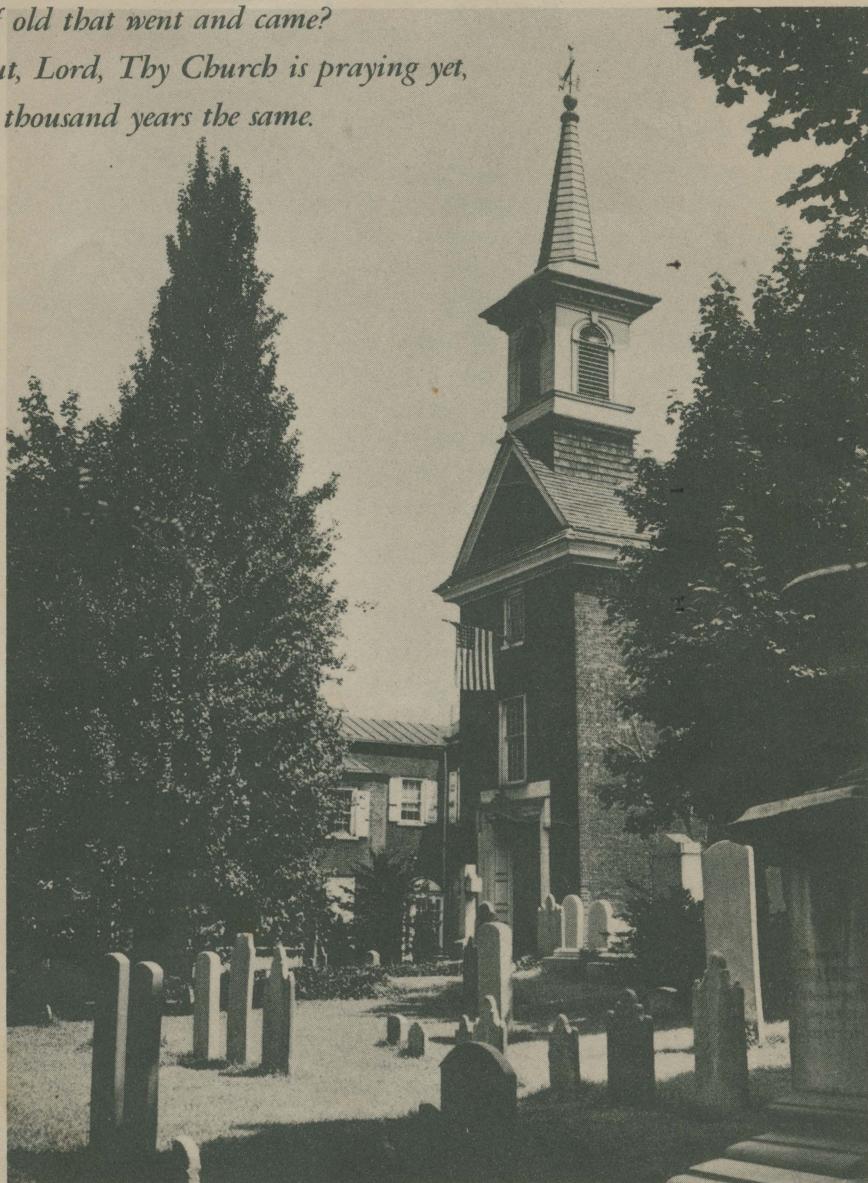


1834 - 1949 (115 YEARS)

*O where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.*

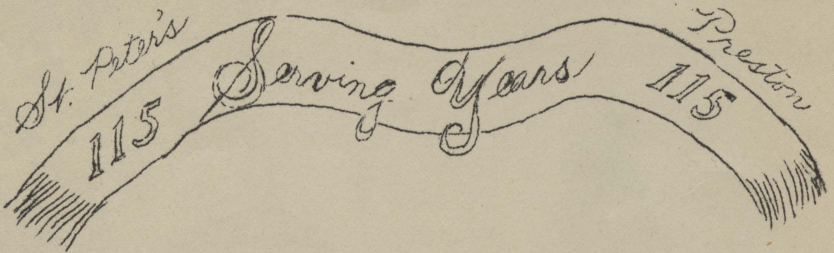


OLD SWEDES CHURCH PHILADELPHIA Built in 1700

God gives His Church strength to survive the storms of
many years, that it may minister to each passing generation.

Anniversary

1834 - 1949



The "INFORMER" in a very special way greets you all, - our present members as well as former members living away, and many of whom are returning to the home Town and the home Church for this Old Boy's Reunion. Our little bulletin extends the wish that you all may have happy associations and a profitable celebration.

One Hundred and Fifteen Years is a long time, but our fathers built well and wisely when on Dec. 1st. 1834, they founded St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran Church. It was the first church to be established in the little settlement of small and rudely constructed homes of settlers coming on the "Trail of the Conestoga" from Pennsylvania, many of them Lutherans, others Mennonite. They settled in the area about the Town, then called Cambridge, and cleared land for profitable farming in this rich area.

Rev. Bindemann, the only Protestant minister within a radius of 40 or 50 miles, a travelling German preacher effected the organization. In all these "115 Serving Years" the congregation has had but thirteen pastors. It all is interesting history, portrayed in our "Centennial Booklet" of 15 years ago, profusely illustrated. If any of our members, present and former, desire a book, please ask, as there are still some on hand. One charter member of the Ladies Aid, organized 79 years ago, aged 99 years, still lives and enjoys good health, Mrs. Dorothea Heise. God bless her!

During this long period the congregation has not been without its trials, adversities and dissensions. But God has always had His faithful ones to carry on and bridge these difficulties, so that today St. Peter's enjoys the respect and highest regard in the community, and together

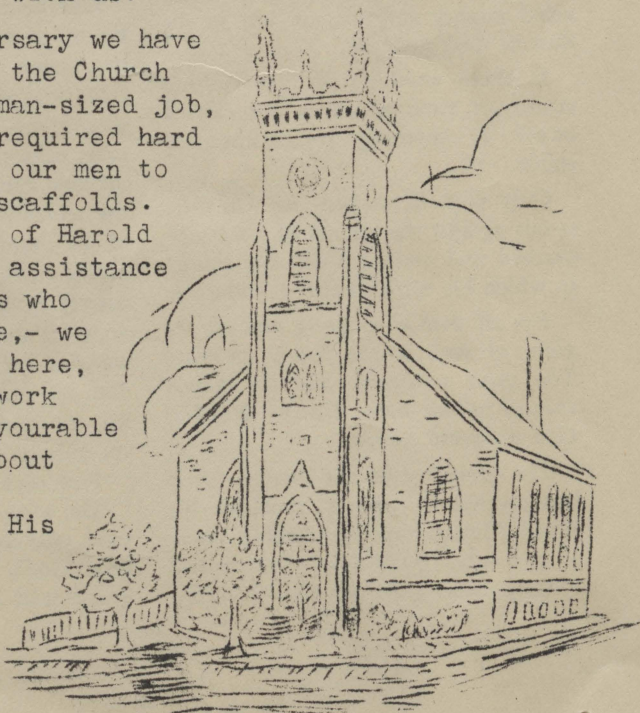
with the Lutheran Church in Canada, enjoys a national recognition as an orthodox and pure doctrine church, ever exulting the glories of Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God. We preach Christ and Him crucified.

As evidence of our thankfulness to the Almighty, who has permitted us to "serve" all these years, we are to-day to bring an anniversary gift, expressive of our appreciation for our Church. We will need by next March, \$12,000. for the purchase of the Brix property, adjoining. It is to safe-guard our beautiful church, so that no obstructive and questionable building be established or erected at the very door of our house of worship. So, let all our members bear this in mind as they bring their thank-offering. We appeal also to our young people to play their part towards the securing of this sizeable amount. All of us remember that it is to be a THANK-OFFERING.

We welcome to our Anniversary Services to-day three of the four sons of our congregation, who are assisting us in our celebration: Rev. Karl Knauff, Rev. Walter Goos, Rev. J. L. Kirchhofer. Thank you for coming and for giving of your services. We regret that Rev. Fred Goos of Philadelphia finds it impossible to be with us.

For our Anniversary we have had the interior of the Church cleaned. It was a man-sized job, and well done. It required hard work on the part of our men to erect and move the scaffolds. Under the direction of Harold Brill, and with the assistance of a crew of helpers who worked hard and late,- we cannot mention them here, individually,- the work has gone on to a favourable completion. Look about you!

God bless us all to His honour and service!



The Song of the Clock

HERE is a little song, the most tuneless and monotonous little song in the world—

Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.

This is the song of the clock, the song of time, marking the rhythm of hours and days. As it repeats itself endlessly, everything in the world changes, everything grows older; the streets, the houses, the people. We get older too. Time is a broad river carrying us along.

Perhaps we grow a little frightened sometimes, and would like to call out, *Stop! Don't go so fast! Let us stay where we are!* But we cannot halt the river of time. We cannot stop the song of the clock.

Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.

The little boy who starts off to school to enter the first grade soon comes back a senior in high school. The men who built the Pyramids, and ruled mighty empires, are lost in the dust of days gone by.

Is there anything in the rushing stream of time which is not carried away? Is anything permanent and stable.

Only God is unchanging. Only he stands against the stream of time, untouched and eternal. Only the things in which his spirit dwells are enduring.

For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away. But the Word of God endureth forever.

The Church does not change, for it was created by God to proclaim his Word. Church buildings tumble down, as any other buildings. Pastors and congregations grow old. Church organ-

izations, such as synods or denominations, change too. But the Church itself, in its true and inmost self, is unchanging.

It preaches the Gospel it has received from the Lord Jesus. It awakens and nourishes the immortal spirit in all persons who receive this Word and let God dwell in them.

Our congregations measure their lives in years. We celebrate anniversaries, the TWENTY-FIFTH, FIFTIETH, HUNDREDTH. But in so far as our churches do God's will, teach God's Word, awaken souls to immortal life, they remain forever young and strong.

Time is carrying us downstream. Our towns, our friends, our own bodies grow older each day. All things that are of the earth will die. But the things of God do not die—his Word, his Church, the souls of his children.

Our hours should be well invested, for we do not have an unlimited number. Some must be spent for temporary treasures, for the food, clothing, shelter we need. But constantly we must remember that the hours of permanent value are those we spend in the worship of God and in the work of his church.

We spend our money also for a variety of things, most of them soon done for and forgotten. But the money we give for the work of God's kingdom has unending value. It is a blessing to countless souls in generations yet unborn.

Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.

The song of the clock turns us to God, tells us to seek eternal things, to hear God's Word in his church, to guard well our immortal souls.

