


THE BAPTIST HERALD



SIR WILFRED GRENFELL
ON BOARD "STRATHCONA"

June 1, 1935

What's Happening

The Rev. Hans Penner, pastor of our church in Franklin, Calif., baptized 11 converts on March 24 as the result of evangelistic services conducted earlier by the Rev. Fred E. Klein of Wasco, Calif.

On Sunday evening, April 28, the Rev. Martin De Boer, pastor of the German Baptist Church at Chancellor, S. Dak., baptized 20 converts. The occasion was a red-letter day for the church and the community.

On Sunday evening, May 12, the Rev. Philip Geissler, pastor of the Bethel Church, Buffalo, N. Y., spoke over radio station WEBR between 10 and 11 o'clock. He was assisted by the choir and men's quartet of the Bethel Church.

The Rev. and Mrs. Adolf Reeh changed their residence in May to Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada, where Mr. Reeh will serve as pastor of our church in that community. Mr. Reeh was formerly assistant pastor of our Winnipeg church.

The Rev. J. H. Pankratz, pastor of our church in Beatrice, Nebr., baptized 12 people on Easter Sunday. These converts were received into the fellowship of the church along with several others on the first Sunday in May.

The Rev. Philip Potzner of Dallas, Texas, the secretary of the Mission Committee of the Texas and Louisiana Conference, visited our Texas churches in Cottonwood, Waco, Crawford, Gatesville and Kyle during the last two weeks in April in the interests of our denominational missionary enterprise.

The Carrington Association of German Baptist Churches in North Dakota will be held from June 12 to 16. A splendid program has been arranged with Saturday evening, June 15, reserved as Young People's Night. The Rev. M. L. Leuschner, General Secretary of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, will be among the speakers.

On Easter Sunday evening the Rev. Lewis B. Berndt, pastor of our church in Sheboygan, Wis., baptized 12 persons on the confession of their faith in Jesus Christ. From March 4 to 15 the Rev. John Wobig of Wausau, Wis., had assisted Mr. Berndt in evangelistic services, which were most successful. The church rejoices with the pastor in this period of spiritual revival.

The Minnesota German Baptist young people are looking forward to great days at their annual summer assembly to be held at Medicine Lake, June 20 to 23. Professor Helmut Dymmel of the Rochester Seminary is to be the guest speaker and teacher. A question box of the problems of the young people will be

a high point of interest among the many other worthwhile attractions.

The Oak Park Church in Forest Park, Ill., of which the Rev. Theo. W. Dons is pastor, honored its church choir on Wednesday evening, May 1, with a special program of recognition. The choir under the leadership of Mr. Harry Krogman, who is also church organist, is faithful and highly efficient in its ministry. On Easter Sunday evening Mr. Dons baptized four converts.

local radio station with members of his church. The choir, men's chorus, male and mixed quartets sang several selections and Mr. Ehrhorn spoke on "The Two Phases of Salvation." Quite a number of letters and phone messages of appreciation were received.

The Sunday School in our church at Bridgeport, Conn., is growing steadily. The membership is 108. On Easter Sunday the attendance was 146, the greatest number at any session since the Sunday School began. When the Rev. Emil Berger began his ministry in 1922, the Sunday School numbered 50. Mr. Berger is retiring from the pastorate after a fruitful ministry and 13 joyous years of service in the Bridgeport church.

Several ministers and their wives recently observed their 25th wedding anniversary. On May 10 the Rev. and Mrs. Philip Geissler of Buffalo, N. Y., quietly observed the anniversary marking 25 years of happy married life. On May 11 the Rev. and Mrs. J. Leyboldt of Cleveland, Ohio, observed a similar anniversary. The Rev. Frank Kaiser of Rochester, N. Y., officiated at both wedding ceremonies.

The B. Y. P. U. of the Ebenezer Baptist Church near Wessington Springs, S. Dak., extends an invitation to all young people affiliated with any of our churches to attend the annual convention of the South Dakota Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union to be held with the above church, June 10 to 13. Those who are planning to attend are requested to notify Mrs. Carrie Weber or the pastor, the Rev. W. Helwig, Wessington Springs, S. Dak.

The New England Young People's and Sunday School Workers Union held a Sunday School contest from April 7 to May 26, based on attendance, growth in membership and amount of offerings. The Union is planning a summer assembly for young people at Madison, Conn., from July 13 to 20. A new project which it has undertaken is a co-educational Junior Assembly for boys and girls from 11 to 16 years, which will be held from June 27 to July 3 at Madison Cottage.

From Easter to Pentecost the Rev. H. F. Hoops, pastor of the Willow Avenue Baptist Church, Hoboken, N. J., has been preaching on "The Sevenfold Objectives of the Christian Church." On Sunday afternoon, April 28, the Rev. Carl A. Daniel brought his services as evangelist in the churches of New York and vicinity to a close by preaching at a union service at the Willow Avenue Church. This mass meeting has been especially arranged by Mr. Hoops.

(Continued on Page 172)

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The Business Management.

The Rev. Lester N. Schoen, pastor of the Baptist Church in Elba, N. Y., who is well known to many people in our denominational circles, had the joy of baptizing 10 converts on Easter Sunday. More than 20 others will be baptized in the near future. Mr. Schoen has been at Elba for a little more than a year and has experienced marvelous success under his zealous efforts and with the help of God.

The Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn, pastor of our church in Lorena, Texas, recently had charge of a religious program over a

The Baptist Herald

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EDITORIAL

Pledged Partners

A NEW MOVEMENT is about to be launched among our churches, which will undoubtedly win the attention of our young people. It captivates one's interest. It is deeply religious in its appeal. It is based on scriptural truths. It ought to challenge the disciples of Christ to greater heights of achievement and to a renewed consecration of life to the Master.

As Christians we became "pledged partners" with Christ by surrendering our wills and lives to him, of which we gave public testimony in baptism. We are "bought with a great price" in Christ's redemption on our behalf. We entered the most joyous service possible as co-laborers with God, "by whom ye were called into the fellowship (partnership) with his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord."

But dangers and temptations lurk in the disciple's pathway. He is often content with the lowlands of achievement. He has frequently lost "the first love" of his Christian experience. He is hazy about carrying out specific tasks in the Kingdom of God. He stops short of the goal which God has set for him. He often fails to translate the spiritual inspirations of services of worship and Bible reading into practical deeds and glorious adventures as a follower of Jesus Christ.

The familiar story is told of Wilfred Grenfell who as a young man went to hear Dwight L. Moody for the second time in his life, several years after his conversion under Moody's persuasive preaching. After the service young Grenfell sought out Mr. Moody to tell him of that occasion some years previous, when he had been led to Christ by the message of the evangelist. And the reply nearly

stunned young Grenfell but it also directed his life into new channels of service. "What have you been doing since then?"

Every Christian disciple should catch a new vision of God's purposes in his life and should be led to consider penitently the little or nothing which he has done for the Master since his conversion. Every disciple as "a pledged partner" should prayerfully reconsecrate himself to that Christian service, which will demand more of self than ever before. He should make a definite committal of life involving his friendship to Christ.

Such is the call for "Pledged Partners" to the members of our churches. Those who affix their signatures to this pledge not only emphasize their original decision in conversion but they prayerfully and sincerely state that with God's resources they will strive for greater heights of faith and wider horizons of service. This will not be an easy thing to do. It will involve a decision calling for regular attendance at church services including the prayer and devotional services, regular contributions according to the best of one's means in the work of the church and the benevolent and missionary ministry of the denomination, and with God's help absolute purity in personal habits and practices. A definite expression of some actual service rendered or practical adventure of ministering in the name of Christ will be expected of each participant.

Study the last page of this issue of "The Baptist Herald." Consider the sacred obligation of your discipleship with Christ. Commit yourself more earnestly than ever before as one of his "Pledged Partners"!

A Student "Wop" in Labrador

By DAVID E. STAUB

YOU might say that I landed in Labrador with a thud—for that is what it was—forcibly deposited on the dock at Cartwright by a huge wave! But it was only the first of the jolts I received during my stay near Cartwright, where I took part in establishing a temporary hospital to replace the famous three story structure established by Sir Wilfred Grenfell in 1933, which had been gutted by fire on June 21, 1934.

Volunteering for Mission Service

I left Detroit rather suddenly, for it was not until two weeks before I started that I was certain I was going. But two weeks is ample time if you are leaving for adventure.



David E. Staub

You might wonder what I find adventurous in working, but adventure is only what you make of it. The object of the trip was to render a service to those people of Labrador, who do not have the advantages of climate and civilization. We, the initiates of the mission, were called "wops," a term applied to anyone who is willing to do any task, no matter how difficult or dirty. The "wops" of the Grenfell Missions are not paid for their services, and they even reach into their own pockets for the cost of their passage and keep while they are in the employ of the missions. All services are voluntary, but every year so many applications are received that the number selected is small compared to the number who offer their services. These volunteers are nearly always students of colleges and universities—future doctors, nurses, business men, and the like.

This captivating account of the author's experiences last summer in the Grenfell Mission gives the reader an intimate and descriptive picture of what Sir Wilfred Grenfell has meant to the natives of Labrador and masterfully portrays the Christ-like spirit of the world-famed Labrador mission.

On the Way to Labrador

The trip proper began at Portland, Maine, on June 22, on the "George B. Cluett," a one hundred and forty-four foot Nova Scotian fishing schooner owned by the Grenfell Mission.

It was a lovely day as we put out to sea amid the farewells of those remaining behind and the salutes exchanged with the different vessels in the harbor. There was little wind, so that we proceeded under auxiliary power through the first afternoon and evening. The hold was loaded to the deck beams with various food supplies and fertilizers, while on deck were lashed drums of oil, lumber, and various supplies, even to a small live pig, which along with the majority of the "wops" endured an uncomfortable period of sea sickness. On the third day out we encountered "dirty" weather with high seas which washed over the decks. The main hatch was closed to prevent water from going below. Sleeping was quite uncomfortable due to the constant pitching of the boat. At the end of eight days we arrived at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, in the teeth of a nor' easter, having come up through the straits of Belle Isle, one of the roughest spots on the coast, due to the meeting of the Labrador currents from the North and the Gulf streams from the south.

As I looked from the window of the small St. Anthony Inn on Sunday morning, I could see the rugged inhabitants of this Newfoundland town trudging through the driving rain up the winding road to the little United Church at the top of the hill. They all wore boots and oil skins. There is an old proverb to the effect, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." So donning my own "long rubbers," as boots are called in the North country, I proceeded to church. It was a rough but immaculately clean, little church with unfinished hardwood benches and a "pot-bellied" wood stove in the center, around which sat most of the congregation. Then to my amazement the minister took his place on the platform without removing his hip boots which had echoed throughout the room at each step since his arrival.

First Impressions and the Welcome at Cartwright

Fortunately enough, the "Kyle," a small coastwise steamer, which calls at Cartwright about every seventeen days, happened to arrive on the following day, and I boarded her for the next three hundred miles northward. For three days we pushed through dense fog, past numerous ice bergs which suddenly appeared out of the bleakness like strange white ghosts and silently floated by on the blue water. And then at last we reached Cartwright, a small gathering of white-washed frame

houses fringed along an otherwise bleak bay. Here for the first time since I had sighted Labrador I saw timber, which grew thickly in the interior but is not seen on the coast, and as I turned toward Paradise I felt within me a first love for this great land which Sir Wilfred Grenfell has claimed for his own. I shall never forget the impression I received as I gazed across the small inlet with Cartwright on one side and the Grenfell Mission on the other.

Shortly I was heading toward a small dilapidated trap boat. The water was quite rough and several times the small engine balked, as the water lashed over the tiny boat. As we neared the floating dock the capable Eskimo helmsman, Charlie Bird, attempted to put the old two cycle engine into reverse. It failed, and the boat, driving full ahead, was lifted by a monstrous wave onto the dock. As the water receded I stepped ashore and made my way up a narrow, muddy road to the first house that showed signs of habitation. Here I was greeted by two native girls and a small freckled face boy, who reminded me very much of the mythical Huckleberry Finn. I introduced myself in the most informal manner, but was most surprised to be addressed "sir" at every inquiry. To find such politeness and regard for strangers in this foreign country exceeded my expectations. Presently the door opened and a third young woman entered, a nurse from St. Johns, Newfoundland, in charge of the medical administration.

My First Errand of Mercy

By evening the weather had cleared, and I started on my first errand of mercy in the company of the nurse to administer morphine to a woman suffering from chronic tuberculosis. Across the small bay we rowed to a low, white-washed dwelling at the upper

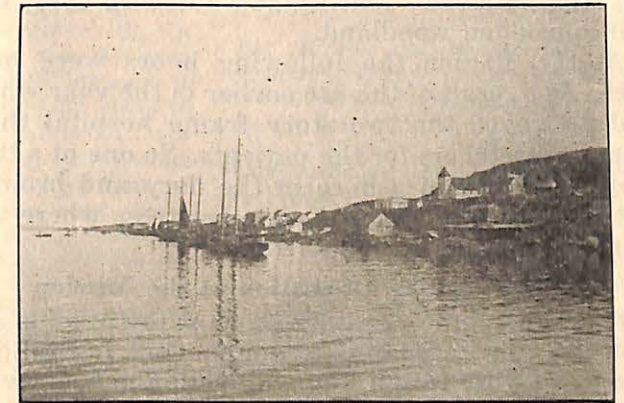


Natives of the Labrador at Work

end of the little community. As I stooped through the doorway into the combined kitchen and sitting room, I saw, huddled about a small, wood-burning stove, three small children, ranging from three to ten years in age. From the open door of an adjacent room came the cries of still another, born even after all hope for the mother had been abandoned. Next to the cradle in which the crying baby rested lay the mother, emitting an occasional dry, hacking cough.

The walls of the room were papered with sheets from old newspapers, and the only pictures were

those clipped from old magazines. One shelf contained a few chipped china dishes. On sparsely scattered nails driven into the walls hung a few blackened pots. An old bench and a table pushed against the wall served as the only pieces of furniture. There was nothing more in the room, not even a rug to cover the bare wood floor, worn smooth by children's feet. This house was typical of most of the homes in Labrador.



Battle Harbor, Labrador

In the meantime there was work to be done. The hospital, which had previously graced the site of the mission, had been completely demolished except for the few pipes and jagged walls which protruded from the ground in an unsightly reminder of the tragedy. The walls had to be levelled to the ground, and the pipes had to be salvaged for the new hospital. For two weeks we knocked the plaster from the walls, which were charred and blackened, and unscrewed pipe fittings, so that the site for the new hospital might be cleared with all haste. But until the hospital is completed in the future all first aid work must be carried on in the frame school house which is at the present time acting as the clinic, waiting room, general office and operating room.

The make-shift hospital was often called upon for surgical feats which seemed impossible at the time. But when the word "impossible" pops up in Labrador the doctors act, as is shown by

One of Labrador's Many Adventures

The "Maravel," a small sailer, was plunging south from an island near Hamilton Inlet, Labrador. A strong nor' easter was blowing the little ship nearly fourteen knots an hour. Although the seas were mountainous and the back wash from the rocky coast made the water choppy, the "Maravel" held an almost even keel under sail.

Below in the narrow, uncomfortable berths of one stateroom, writhing in pain at each rise and plunge of her keel, lay two natives, one a woman from Indian Harbor, suffering from appendicitis, and the other a trapper who was scarcely old enough to be called a man, but who had the grit and self-control that only the North can instill into her inhabitants. The woman was suffering greatly, for now and then a low sob rose from her cracked lips. Pain had so worn her face that the cheek bones could be seen, prominently outlined through her sallow skin. Di-

rectly across from her was the boy of not more than eighteen years with all the virile strength of perfect manhood. His lips were thin and taut, but now and then a smile forced itself to his fevered face. It was a smile of satisfied abandon, in spite of the pitching of the vessel which strained his infected organ and caused charges of pain to vibrate his entire nervous system. Far back in his mind he was visualizing his return to health, his ability once more to embrace the land he loved—that rugged northern coast line and untrodden woodland.

At the Mission the following hours were busy ones. As a result of the fire earlier in the year which had destroyed the two story frame hospital there were no stretchers for the patients. So one at a time they were carried ashore in the dory and brought to the temporary hospital on a mattress where two voluntary nurses attended them.

An Emergency Operation at the Mission

The Clinic and operating room at the Mission can in no way be compared to our modern institutions. The walls were rough Celotex, while the floors were constructed of coarse grained spruce, roughly sawed at the mill. The shelves containing the medical supplies and surgical instruments consisted of discarded gasoline crates left in Cartwright at the time of the Balbo flight. The operating table itself was composed of rough boards supported at either end by three of the boxes. The only light in the operating room other than the natural light from the sun through the windows was the dim glow from an old flash light. In one corner of the room stood a small wood burning stove which supplied the heat for the entire building.

By the time the patients were carried into the room it was too late in the evening to operate, for the light from the flash lamp cast shadows under which it was impossible to manipulate a scalpel with much skill. The operations were put off until the following morning.

At eight o'clock in the morning everything was ready. The instruments which had been boiled over the iron stove lay in neat rows on a fresh cloth on top of a pile of boxes. The woman was carried in by eight willing arms and set on the operating table. In one corner of the room the young doctor who was stationed at Cartwright was washing his hands in an enameled basin. The sleeves of his gray flannel shirt were rolled above his elbows, and brown moleskin trousers covered a pair of grey-white, rubber-soled, canvas-covered shoes. He was young, perhaps twenty-eight, and not long out of college. But he had volunteered his services for these simple folks.

There was little ether on hand and only a small supply of stovaine (a pale, yellow liquid used for spinal injections). The doctor decided to use the stovaine. He made the injection near the small of the back—ten minutes—fifteen minutes. Carefully he tested its reaction; the woman recoiled with a cry of pain. Again he waited—twenty minutes—twenty-five minutes—and again he tried. And again the woman shrank from his touch. He walked to

the shelf and returned with a half pound can of ether which the white haired doctor administered. Long minutes passed in which the ether had no effect other than to make the woman a little drowsy. The nurse stepped to the shelf and returned with the remaining half pound can of ether. Slowly, very slowly, the patient drifted into a coma. Then the doctor began his incision for appendicitis.

A Happy Ending to the Story

As the afternoon wore away the woman failed to recover from the effects of the ether. Even far into the northland bootleg liquor found its way, and the woman was undoubtedly an addict. Finally, after dark had settled over the town, she groaned. A nurse rushed into the room and found her writhing in agony. Morphine was administered to sooth the pain. For six days the patient was in a state of coma, and on the seventh and eighth days her life hung in the balance between death and recovery. And then the crisis was passed. She had fought a battle for her life in the rugged northland—and had won!

This is but one of the many similar incidents which are a daily occurrence in the north. In emergencies speed is the all important factor, but in the interior of Labrador, and along the coast, speed is sometimes impossible. But whatever the cause, the natives, and especially the doctors of the Grenfell Mission will lend their utmost for the accomplishment of the impossible.

At the present time the nearest hospital fully staffed and completely equipped is in Newfoundland, about three hundred and twenty miles from Cartwright across an open stretch of water. Perhaps some day the hospital at Cartwright in the Labrador will be rebuilt under the direction of Dr. Grenfell for the 25,000 natives of the coast and interior. Once the new hospital is established there will be many volunteers to offer their lives who, for the sake of humanity, forsake all else to give their services freely, willingly that others might live.

A Personal Appreciation of Wilfred T. Grenfell

On my way home from the Labrador it was my privilege to meet Dr. Grenfell. The meeting took place on the "S. S. New Northland," a steamship bound for Montreal. It was at that meeting that I learned why the name of Grenfell is a byword of every family of the northeast coast. His sympathies are always with the man less fortunate than he, and not once during the short conversation I held with him did he mention himself. His name is endeared in every home of the Labrador, and anyone working for the Grenfell Mission is a welcome visitor. He loves children; and in his visits to the orphanage at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, he is greeted as a father by the many children there. Even after more than forty years in the Labrador he is actively engaged in furthering his project in the north. His soul is in his work, and although the years have taken their toll of him physically, he has not lost that fervor for service, nor the complete satisfaction that comes from a life of self-sacrifice for his fellow-man.

Dust Storms and Our Western Churches

(Mrs. W. S. Jaeger of Hunter, Kansas, has written a graphic and descriptive account of the recent dust storms in Lincoln County, Kansas. The Bethany Baptist Church near Lincoln Center, Kansas, is one of several of our churches in the dust storm area. The Rev. John Heer is its pastor. The poem on this page was also written by Mrs. W. S. Jaeger, to whom we are indebted for her vivid pictures. Editor.)

In writing this requested article we wish to say that nothing will be exaggerated. Because of insufficient rain fall our wheat scarcely covered the fields and with dry winter months we faced the month of March with apprehension. Following more or less dusty weather we had our first severe storm on March 15. All day long a strong south wind kept the air filled with dust. About nine o'clock in the evening there was a sudden lull of quiet, and we stepped outside to look for the cause. It was so dark that even the moon, nearly full, had no effect on it. Just then the wind shifted to the north and came with such force that the house filled with dust and that a bright gas light could give little more illumination than a small coal-oil lamp. On March 20 we had a similar storm which occurred in the forenoon, when it was so dark that it seemed like night for a short time. About seven o'clock on March 26, following a beautiful day, a wall of dust rolled in on us from the north. This wall moved onto us quietly until it struck and caught some people unprepared. Several colors of dust could be seen whirling in this wall. Each of these storms lasted four to six hours.

Palm Sunday morning dawned beautifully after an all-day dust storm on Saturday, but before the morning service was over another storm was upon us, making driving dangerous. Some people drove into the ditch, others into dust drifts. Some cars were stalled with dust-clogged engines, while others stopped and waited for a lull so they could keep the road. Phones were kept busy until we knew that everyone was safe. Many grader ditches are level full of dust and drifts are often four feet and higher, but differ from snow in that they do not settle but are carried from place to place according to the whims of the wind. Because of this condition the spring planting of fields and gardens has been delayed. Fields are bare and where pasture has dry grass, it is nearly covered with a layer of dust. This situation and the fact that it is impossible to keep fodder clean makes a serious condition for our stock causing sickness and death. High priced feed is being trucked in, and if we wish to keep our stock we must pay the prices for the fodder. Russian thistles were stacked and put into silos last year and gathered from fences during winter and ground for feed.

If you would like to see what our homes looked like after one of these bad storms, here is the recipe. Take a 12 or 14 quart pail full of flour-like dust and scatter it through your rooms, over curtains, books, furniture, rugs, beds, clothing, dishes, food, into drawers, closets, and even boxes that you thought were closed tight. The suggested amount is not exaggerated, for it does not begin to equal the amount of dust carried out of a small house at one cleaning. Then when the dust is settled, clean up your house and you are ready for the next storm which may arrive in a day or two. Poorly built houses? Well, perhaps so. We found that weather stripping, however, had little effect in these storms. Dust is distressing to the lungs of many, especially those of young children and

I Wonder What It Means

How the dirt and dust torment us,
How we long for clean air to breathe!
When we think the storm is over
Then we find we are deceived.

"Ah! Kansas must be up in air,"
Distraught friends remark and tease.
How about flood-stricken areas,
Are thy better off than these?

When tornadoes come a whirling,
Hurl some to eternal doom,
Even souls that love their Savior
Thus are sometimes gathered home.

We think of prophet Elijah
Who went to the cave to hide,
How the earthquake shook the mountain
And storm-winds roared at his side.



Dust Drifts Near Bethany Baptist Church, Lincoln County, Kansas

the aged. In sick rooms such devices as a wet cloth over the face or on the bed, or a tent built of damp sheets help to relieve the breathing.

In answer to the question as to the effect on religious and church life, we would say that we have certainly learned how helpless we are in the face of such disasters. While the unconverted fear that the end of the world has come, the Christian looks to God's word for his answer and learns to commit himself into God's keeping more fully. Sickness and storms have decreased our church attendances somewhat of late, but such remarks, as "How happy we will be when we can all gather at church again," assure us that attendance will be normal as soon as possible. Collections have compared favorably with attendance. We still have many things for which to be thankful, for in western Kansas conditions are worse, while our lives and homes have been spared. We appreciate our church home and especially a pastor who is willing to stand by us in this test with service and encouragement. Our future is in God's hand.

When the fire broke out to sear him
And his God seemed nowhere near,
Till he, in the calm that followed,
Heard a still small voice come clear.

Is our God preparing the way
By storms that break o'er our head,
That we hear what he has to say,
And what by prophets was said?

Of the perilous times to come
We read on the sacred page,
Of selfishness, greed, flood and storm,
In days at the end of the age.

Will mankind understand the sign,
Seek God before it's too late,
Or prefer to seek "what is mine"
'Till o'ertaken by his fate?

Will our storms be followed by calm?
Will we feel our God is near,
And our heart receive its sweet balm,
As the still small voice we hear?

Elijah's God is still our God
We can trust him just the same,
He'll lead us safe through storm or flood
To the glory of his name.

Life Supreme

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO FOUND THE SECRET TO THE JOY OF LIVING IN HER HOME-TOWN

The Author

Miss Grace Schilling, the author of the story, "Life Supreme," which will be published serially in coming issues of "The Baptist Herald," is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Schilling of Gladwin, Michigan. Mr. Schilling has been a minister of our German Baptist churches for many years.

Miss Schilling is a Junior student at Central State Teachers' College in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, where she is partly working her way through school. During the winter term of 1934 while she was at home she enrolled in a correspondence course in narrative writing. She wrote the story, "Life Supreme," for that course. Upon the urgent insistence of her professor she sent the manuscript to the editor of "The Baptist Herald." Its unusual qualities of interest and beauty were so apparent as to make its acceptance a mere matter of course.

The author has written the story against a rich and varied background of adventurous experiences. She has lived with her parents in such places as New Castle, Pa., Detroit, and Gladwin, Mich., and Scottsbluff, Neb. She has made quite extensive trips into neighboring states with interested observation of the life in the out-of-way communities. After finishing high school she tried to enter a nurses' training institution but was not accepted because she had not reached the required age for entrance. She therefore entered the County Normal and selected teaching as her future career. Upon graduation with no work in sight she spent a year at home working at her scrapbooks, reading and writing. For four months she served as a substitute teacher in a small country school at \$40 a month salary with the understanding that she was to do the work as janitress besides teaching. Her experience with the 12 pupils in that school widened the range of her outlook on life.

She has been a member of a German Baptist church since her ninth year. Her activities in church work have included the offices of Sunday School teacher and church pianist. At Central State Teachers College she is a member of the Campus Y. W. C. A. Several of her short stories have already appeared in "The Baptist Herald."

CHAPTER ONE

The wind whistled outside. It howled down the chimney. It sent thousands of tiny, hard snowflakes pattering against the window pane, and the small house creaked and groaned as the raging blizzard shook it savagely.

It woke Margaret. She drew her blan-



Grace Schilling
Author of "Life Supreme"

kets closer about herself and curled up to keep warm, for it was still too early to get up. Presently, however, Bob would go down and start the fires, and then she too would get up soon after her father and mother, and the day would begin all over again. They would clean and cook and wash and iron and so on, day in and day out, while outside the wind howled and moaned and the gaunt trees stretched long, naked arms to the gray skies. Besides the school had already closed for the season, as the funds had given out, and the children would all be home. Peter would sit tinkering at the piano all day. Billy would look quietly out of the window, too weak and tired to do much else. Jerry and Ardith would romp and race, yell and laugh and cry, as seven and four year olds were wont to do. Then Daddy would come home in the late afternoon, cold and tired from long trips into the country, where he would go to make his regular ministerial calls. A little later Bob would come home, all smelly of horses and hay, and just when Margaret would feel she could stand it no longer, night would come and bedtime, then only too soon morning again, and the same thing over and over. "And this is life!" she thought bitterly.

How differently everything had turned out from what she had thought and expected it would! She had graduated from college in the spring, and throughout the following summer she had tried in vain to get a teaching position somewhere or any respectable position. She was only one

of a score of people who were not needed. She had, therefore, accepted the invitation of her parents and had come home, for there was no alternative.

It was a new and somewhat strange home to which she came. During her four years at college she had been home once. It had been understood that she would stay at college during the holidays, for her "preacher Daddy's" wages were very meager. The next summer she had become ill and mother had come to stay with her. At first she had been very homesick, but by the time the second summer came she had somewhat outgrown it. Then, too, her parents had moved far out into the northwest, and a trip home now would be long, tiresome and costly, and so she had contented herself by staying where she was. It hadn't been bad at all, either! She had made many friends, and there were invitations to week-end house parties and to summer cottages at the sea shore. There were good times, fun and laughter. *That* was life!

A rippling, little laugh caused her to look quickly at Ardith, with whom she shared her bed. Evidently she had only been having pleasant dreams, for her eyes were closed, dark lashes lying against rosy, dimpled cheeks, lips curved into a smile, and tiny, perfect ringlets clinging to her forehead. She was a lovely child in her place, but she did not belong here! Neither she nor the delicate blue-eyed Billy.

They had always been such a pleasant little family before. She was the oldest, then came Bob, two years her junior, then Peter, who was twelve now and still the family musician, and lastly Jerry, who was now a husky, lovable lad of seven. When she had come home from college she had found Billy and Ardith, new additions to the family. They had recently been orphaned, and because her parents felt sorry for the youngsters they had taken them in and later legally adopted them and given them the name of Worthington,—that name which had carried through generations without a stain! She had tried to show her parents the unwisdom of such an adoption. Nothing was known about them, except that they had lived with their widowed mother in a small hut on an acre of land, and there were seemingly no other relatives. Goodness only knew what blood flowed in their veins! They might even bring shame and disgrace upon the honorable family name and break the hearts of her parents.

Finally she rose to dress. The phone rang, two long and five short rings. Even before her mother called up to her she

had a pretty good idea who was calling her. It would be Myrtie. She would be calling her about her baby. It was her first baby and not a very healthy one. When Myrtie had discovered that the "pricher's dotter" who had a college "education" was home, she had felt very happy. Now there would be some one to tell her how to make her baby well. Didn't people learn everything in college? Margaret had taken a course on "Care of Infants" but only for her own benefit. She had never dreamed that she would be called upon to use her knowledge in that way.

Myrtie was by no means the only one to impose upon Margaret. All Forest County and even Forestville, the small village about a mile from her home, had immediately accepted her as their own. Mrs. Wiggins wanted her to give little Susie piano lessons, Mrs. Jules wondered if she wouldn't make her Mirandy a nice white dress for her birthday. Deacon Tims wanted to sell his farm and thought possibly she might know some one who wanted to buy a farm! Only yesterday she had been asked to serve tea at the Ladies' Aid Society and later to give a speech on the value of education. It was ridiculous! They seemed to think that she had been educated merely for their benefit, to serve them. Didn't they realize that it had cost her much work and her father hard-earned money to learn all this? The worst of it was that often she could not refuse them. She could not very well tell them to let their children die, for Forestville could not boast of a doctor, the nearest being in a somewhat larger village about thirty miles away. The roads were impassable during winter and spring, so she tried to remember all she had learned in each specific case and to put it to practice.

Then there was Bob who caused her much worry. Of all the careers and professions known to the modern world, he had decided to become a farmer. He had already spent one year at the State Agricultural College, but had stayed home this year to earn and save enough to return next year. Margaret hoped with all her heart that he would change his mind or that she could persuade him to do so. A Worthington, a farmer! But Bob saw nothing incongruous about that. He was very enthusiastic about it and said that there were unlimited possibilities in the farming world. Once he even went so far as to say that there was an art to farming!

It was all Stanley Burgess's fault, she thought heatedly. He owned the neighboring farm and had hired Bob to run it while he was attending last year at the same college. As a graduate of a university one would think he would have more sense. He wasn't content merely to farm himself, but he influenced most of the young men thereabouts to stay on the farm. He had organized a farmer's club, which met twice each month when he was home. Margaret couldn't understand what there was in farming that could be discussed twice each month. She

really wouldn't have minded that at all if only Bob would have stayed away. Stanley Burgess was entirely to blame for this, she was sure.

So Margaret toiled on, with the thought uppermost in her mind, that as soon as work picked up she would return to civilization and life. There she must work for a living, to be sure, but that would be different. She would have regular hours and real wages; she would be paid for what she knew.

Meanwhile, spring came to Forest County, and a glorious spring it was. The trees seemed to bud over night, and then over night again burst into bloom, while the blossoming orchard trees gave forth a wondrous, sweet fragrance. The children, happy to be released from their winter bondage, were glad to be able to play outside, and Margaret was only too glad to let them. Only Billy did not rush merrily out to skip and jump and shout. He had grown thinner and paler through the long, cold winter, and now he lay quietly on the couch nearly all day. Margaret worried about him, as did her parents. He was not strong enough to stand the journey by train to the city, and the roads which led to Unionville, where the old doctor lived, were not yet traversable. However, they had called the doctor, and he promised to come as soon as he possibly could.

Spring also brought with it Margaret's birthday, and the whole family planned to celebrate it. Mother had baked a huge, frosted white cake and put on it twenty-two pink candles. The children were delighted at this novelty, and their gay spirits could hardly be suppressed. There would be a birthday supper, served in the dining room, instead of the kitchen where most meals were served. Stanley was invited to the supper, too, although Margaret did not know it. So when he came over that evening she remarked to her mother that she thought it was to have been only a private affair.

"Well, Margie," mother answered her, "Stanley seems so much a part of the family. You see, he does so much for us. I thought it would be only right to have him over. Besides he is our neighbor and he gets rather lonesome sometimes."

"What is he doing for us?" Margaret wanted to know.

Her mother looked at her surprisedly. "Why, you know what he does," she said. "He's a great help to Daddy with the young people in church, and look what he is doing for Bob, helping—"

But Margaret did not hear the rest of that sentence, as she thought, "Yes, look what he's doing for Bob!"

Supper was a gala affair. Around her plate were gifts from everyone present, homely, simple little gifts for the most part. She tried to enter into the spirit of the occasion and show some appreciation, for she realized they were trying to make her happy. She thanked them all, and while she was joining the laughter and gay talk, she kept repeating to herself, mockingly, "This is life, and aren't we having a great time!"

"Gee!" said Bob suddenly, "I nearly forgot to tell you the latest news. What do you suppose is to happen to Forestville now?"

He received all sorts of answers, while Margaret listening silently, wondered what good really could come there.

"No, no, you're all poor guessers," he told them. "It's the best thing that's come to Forestville for a long time. Forestville is going to have a hospital!"

For a moment everyone seemed too surprised to speak, and when Peter spoke he voiced the thoughts of all. "Aw, quit your kidding," he said. "You don't think we believe that!"

"Believe it or not," said Stanley, "its so, unless—"

"Who is the benevolent person who is going to build it?" Margaret interrupted.

"Dr. Jeffers, the Old Doc's boy, is going to put up the building."

"And even if he does, who's going to furnish it and pay for the supplies, and who's going to run it, and—"

"Wait a minute, Margy," Bob stopped her. "It won't be such a big hospital right at first, and I guess if the building is up, Dr. Jeffers will see to it that it is furnished and supplied. As for running it, I guess there are some doctors and nurses left who'd be thankful for the job."

Margaret laughed a trifle scornfully as she said, "I'd like to see any real good doctors or nurses come here to earn their living—and some living it would be if they expect these folks to support them. Most of them can hardly make their own living, let alone pay for costly hospital care. Don't worry, we'll never live to see a hospital in this county or anywhere near here!"

"Well," spoke up father. "I'm not so sure. I've heard rumors about this for some time. The Old Doc even mentioned it to me one day last summer, when he was making calls around here. Of course there will be difficulties at first, until the people here become educated to the idea, and prices go up on their farm products. There won't be a large staff of doctors and nurses at the beginning, either, but I have no doubt that the junior Dr. Jeffers will find very capable and efficient people for these positions, who will probably be glad to get their food and shelter in these hard times, and who'll also appreciate the experience such work affords. Dr. Jeffers is certainly a mighty fine young man to spend his money on this hospital and to give up his position in the east to serve these people."

"Why, Daddy," said Margaret, surprised, "you don't mean that Dr. Jeffers is coming here to take up the work himself? I understood that he was the head surgeon in a hospital in New York. Surely, he won't give up that position to come here. He'd be foolish if he did!"

"Then he is foolish, Margy, because he's coming, but, believe me, Forest County will yet bless the day he is to come."

(To be continued)

Beginning the Day

A Scripture Passage and Meditation for Spiritual Progress
By the REV. PAUL WENGEL
OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Wednesday, June 5

Saints in Rome

"To all that are in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints."

(Read Romans 1:1-7)

A message "to all that were in Rome" was significant. It was a message to those who lived in a world metropolis. Many a young man or young woman who was once very active in the little church back home has become utterly lost to Christ and the Church in the big cities of today, which have become the sink-holes of moral filth and sophistication. As with the Christians at Pergamos (Rev. 2:13) the recipients of this letter dwelt where "Satan sat enthroned." It was hard to be a Saint in Rome. Christ has not called us to something easy. Rome may be my home, the office, shop or school.

"Father, there are those who must live and witness for thee in difficult places. Grant them the courage to be faithful and take out of their hearts the fear of men."

Thursday, June 6

"On Being Ashamed"

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel."

(Read Romans 1:8-17)

This is in many ways one of the most shameless epochs of history. Every sin that devilish genius can devise is brazenly flouted in the face of an unsuspecting public. The most sacred and intimate relations of the human race are held up to public scorn. A refined sense of decency is ridiculed as prudery. Of all these things the Roman Christians were deeply ashamed (Rom. 6:21), but, like the apostle Paul, they were not ashamed of the gospel. That is why their "faith (was) proclaimed throughout the whole world" (1:3). Though there may be many who are unashamed to sin there are but few who are not ashamed of Jesus and his gospel of salvation.

Friday, June 7

Righteousness by Faith

"The righteous shall live by faith."

(Read Romans 1:17; 3:21-39)

This may very well be called the title of this letter, and the text has become famous since it was the turning point in the life of Martin Luther, the reformer.

The desire and attempt of men to live right is not new. All the religions of the world have as their objective "righteousness" or right living. The Jews had come to believe that it consisted in sacrifices until their altars ran red with the blood of slaughtered animals. They did not listen to the voice of the prophet

who spoke for God. "I desire mercy (goodness), not sacrifice," says he. (Hosea 6:6.) "To do righteousness and justice is more acceptable than sacrifice" (Proverbs 21:3). There is but one way to righteousness. It is tested and tried.

"My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name."

Saturday, June 8

Reward

"Who will render to every man according to his works."

(Read Romans 2:1-11)

It seems like a paradox to say that we are justified by faith but judged according to our works. The Christian as well as the infidel is subject to the laws of God in the universe. One cannot be a professing Christian and an avowed rascal at the same time. James cleared the air with regard to the controversy when he said, "But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith apart from works is barren" (James 2:19). So it is true that the works of faith will bring their equivalent rewards while a curse hangs upon the works of faithlessness.

"Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee; Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love."

Sunday, June 9

The Source of Peace

"We have peace with God through our Lord, Jesus Christ." (Rom. 5:1)

(Read Ephesians 2:11-21)

Pacifism has become more popular than in any period of history, at least in England and America. At the same time waves of opposition are rising against pacifism. Will the popular pacifism of today be able to withstand the increasing opposition of an over-emphasized nationalism under dictatorship? It will if it is the right kind of pacifism, not a pacifism that is argued in from without, but a pacifism that is the urge from within. That must be the kind of pacifism of which the apostle speaks in the meditation verse for today.

Jesus became the source of peace between Gentile and Jew. (Eph. 2:14.) He bridged the gap at that time, and he alone can bridge the gap between opposing forces today.

Monday, June 10

Practice Teaching

"Thou therefore that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

(Read Romans 2:17-24)

The graduate from a Normal School

or a Teacher's College is required to do practice teaching before a diploma will be granted. The Christian also must pass a period of practice teaching before he can become a teacher of others. The Apostle Paul was a great teacher and preacher but not without his periods of practice teaching, as one may gather from his words: "I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected" (1 Cor. 9:27). Talking to oneself may arouse suspicions regarding one's sanity but not in religion. The fool says to himself, "There is no God," or "Soul, thou hast laid up treasures for many days." But the Christian says to himself:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare."

Tuesday, June 11

No Religious Aristocracy

"For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God."

(Read Romans 3:9-23)

No human being can afford to look down on another with undo moral and religious pride. There is no need to quarantine oneself against the sins of another, for the same germ is in the blood of all. Pharisaism has no place under the dispensation of God's grace, for through all the ages it has been true that God desires "mercy" and not "sacrifice." When all have sinned and are conscious of their sin, it becomes hard to cast so much as the first stone at someone else. We dare not be so cock-sure as the rich young ruler who thought that he had "kept all these things from youth up."

Wednesday, June 12

Unwavering Faith

"He (Abraham) wavered not through unbelief, but waxed strong through faith."

(Read Romans 4:13-25)

The King James version says, "he staggered not." The person who staggers is one who has lost his equilibrium, who cannot hold a straight course. Staggering is a lack of control, a condition of uncertainty and confusion. When the smoke of depression clears away one often finds a lot of spiritual wreckage. Folks say that they have lost their faith because they have lost their money or property. No, that was not faith which they lost, but the crisis revealed their lack of

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faith, so they "staggered through unbelief."

When the Hebrews turned back from Kadesh-Barnea at the border of the promised land to wander through the wilderness for forty years, it was because of unbelief. (Heb. 3:19.) When the waves started to engulf the impetuous Peter, it was because of unbelief. Staggering, wavering Christian

"Only believe! Only believe!

All things are possible,

Only believe!"

Thursday, June 13

Cause for Rejoicing

"We rejoice in hope of the glory of God—but we also rejoice in our tribulations."

(Read Romans 5:1-6)

It is not hard to "rejoice in the hope of the glory of God," for all mankind lives in hope. But generally man has not learned to rejoice in anything but the hope of glory. A real spiritual achievement is when he can rejoice as well in his tribulations (trouble). At the bottom of the sea in Chesapeake Bay there are millions of oysters. The waves play with them and as they play they may drop a kernel of sharp sand into the shell. The shell closes and tries to eliminate the foreign substance. Sometimes the same wave will carry the grain of sand away but often it remains, a source of pain and annoyance. But the oyster surrounds the sharp corners with a soft substance that eventually brings to life a lustrous and smooth pearl.

Friday, June 14

The Depths of God's Love

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

(Read Romans 5:6-11)

How often this characteristic of God is revealed in his word! "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," or "Herein is love, not that we loved God but that he first loved us," and yet it is said that the love of God is preached too much. Nothing is more clearly emphasized in the scriptures. Manifestly, Christ did not die to appease the wrath of God, for God's attitude toward the sinner was and is love. He sees the prodigal afar off and goes toward him.

Saturday, June 15

The Far-Reaching Effect of Disobedience

"Through one man, sin entered the world."

(Read Romans 5:12-15)

Dr. John Timothy Stone tells the story of a grandfather whose home was godless and without a Savior. His own father had been a man of deep piety in his youth. However, this man was godless. His children were godless, and they in turn raised their families without God.

This all started when the great-grandfather had believed himself snubbed by a church officer and ever afterward refused to attend church. The way of God would have been forgiveness and reconciliation. The danger is not only that men's lives are wrecked by their own passions, but that they convey their passions to their children and their children's children.

Sunday, June 16

The Blessed Effect of Obedience

"Even so, through the obedience of one, shall the many be made righteous."

(Read Romans 5:16-21)

"He (Jesus) was obedient unto death" says the Apostle Paul. (Phil. 2:8.) The effect was not only his own exaltation, but the exaltation of many who have become the "loyal priesthood," to whom he has given the "power to become the sons of God." Who can estimate the eternal effect of the obedience of a Luther, standing before the Diet at Worms exclaiming: "Here I stand, God helping me, I cannot do otherwise," or of a St. Paul before Agrippa saying: "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision"?

Monday, June 17

Buried With Christ

"We were buried, therefore, with him through baptism into death."

(Read Romans 6:1-9)

There is still a great difference of opinion regarding the church's ordinance of baptism. Still, who can read these words of the Apostle Paul without sensing the deep meaning attached by him to the ordinance of baptism, how it portrays the death and the resurrection of the Lord, Jesus Christ! But more than that it is a symbol for an experience of the individual who also must first die before he can rise to a newness of life. The Lord knows that the death of "self" is the greatest obstacle to the full realization of the Christ-life. How hard "self" dies! If we could only put the "I" in its proper place, there would be room enough for God and Christ in our lives. Yet, that is what our baptism means. The "I" must die before I can live.

Tuesday, June 18

The Christian and Sin

"We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein?"

(Read Romans 6:8-14)

The Christian's attitude toward sin is a lofty one. Like God, the Father, he is enjoined to love the sinner and to have mercy upon him, but sin in any of its forms may not be tolerated. The true Christian must become the conscience of the world that is lost in sin. His social attitude is predetermined since he cannot condone any form of unrighteousness, for "all unrighteousness is sin" (1 John 5:17).

He dare not ever be accused of dulling the world's sense of sin, and must himself develop an increasingly keen sense of his own sin.

Wednesday, June 19

The Law in God's Plan of Salvation

"The law is holy, and the commandment holy and righteous and good."

(Read Romans 7:7-14)

No honest Christian can desire that men should be left in ignorance of sin. The modern trend is to eliminate law if it is disagreeable to the individual. Law is supposed to be disagreeable, for it is there that "sin might become exceeding sinful." Law is necessary that man may become moral and live according to the will of God.

PRAYER HELPERS

"Take it to the Lord in Prayer"

Fill Me Now

Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit,
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, o come and fill me now.

Shall We Pray for the Holy Spirit?

At this time of Pentecost this question is most opportune.

Before the descent of the Holy Spirit on Pentecost the apostles together with the women "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." However, Pentecost will never be repeated again because the Holy Spirit has now come to abide with God's people. The Lord Jesus Christ himself said, "Your heavenly Father shall give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." None other than a child of God can pray for the Holy Spirit. In that moment when a soul exercises personal faith in the crucified Christ God bestows his Holy Spirit. Then the inexplicable mystery of regeneration takes place. Then God seals the believing one with his Holy Spirit of promise as his very own. From the day of Pentecost to the end of this dispensation the way the apostle Peter described for receiving the Holy Spirit remains in effect, namely, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Every child of God is indwelt by the Holy Spirit, but not everyone has the Holy Spirit in the same measure, nor does the Holy Spirit control the same person at all times in the same measure. We need the Holy Spirit for fruit-bearing and for every kind of Christian ministry. Without the help of the Holy Spirit no one can be a Prayer-Helper. The prayer, "Fill Me Now," is appropriate for every believer every day.

I am weakness, full of weakness,
At thy sacred feet I bow,
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.

PRAYER-HELPERS,
P. O. Box 6,
Forest Park, Ill.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 162)

The Rev. Paul Gebauer is spending the summer months in Paris, France, where he is diligently studying the French language in preparation for further service in the Cameroon Mission field. His address until the end of July will be Fraternelle de Missionnaire de Paris, 15 Rue de Orchidees, Paris 13e—France.

The Rev. Arthur Ittermann, pastor of the East Side Baptist Church in Chicago, Ill., baptized 7 persons on Easter Sunday and the following Sunday, April 28, and received 12 persons into the church on the first Sunday in May. The church is conducting a special Easter to Pentecost drive for the purpose of developing its spiritual life. The members are pledging themselves to attend the services, regularly and to read the entire book of Acts during this period.

On Easter Sunday evening the Rev. G. W. Pust, pastor of our church in Emery, S. Dak., had the joy of baptizing 36 converts before an audience which taxed the capacity of the church. Most of these converts had taken their stand for Christ during the revival meetings in January, conducted by the evangelist Phil Ward, and others had been converted several years ago under the evangelistic ministry of the Rev. H. C. Baum. At the communion service immediately after the baptism the hand of fellowship was extended to 39 persons by the pastor.

A provocative debate was held in the young people's meeting on Sunday, May 14, at the Second German Church in Philadelphia, Pa., on the subject, "Resolved, that the Christian churches are to blame for any future wars." The affirmative was upheld by Mrs. Louise Drotleff Hofmaier and Miss Eva Yung and the negative by the Messrs. Reuben Leyppoldt and Carl Pfeiffer. The purpose of the debate was to stimulate interest in peace movements, to help to make the young people realize that the problem of war is serious and to find what contribution young Christian people can make toward bringing about world peace.

The Rev. Geo. J. Geis and Miss Frieda Peters were married in Bhamo, Burma, on April 6. The former Miss Peters comes from a German family in St. Paul, Minn., and has been a missionary in Burma since 1910. Mr. Geis recently sent some news from the Kachin Mission field. "The Namhkam Kachin Association met from March 6 to 9 in a village where 12 years ago there wasn't a single Christian. This village entertained 2,166 persons and collected for the entertainment of the delegates 19 steers, 2 pigs, 224 bushels of rice besides vegetables. The present membership of the church is 2424 with 212 persons added to the church by baptism." Mr. Geis was an interested and active delegate at the association.

News Letter from Swatow, China

By MRS. ANNA SPEICHER

A recent letter from Mrs. Anna K. Speicher concerning the formal opening of the new Medical Library in connection with the clinic at the Swatow Christian Institute, Swatow, China, will be of interest to her many friends. This year marks the 40th anniversary of Mrs. Speicher's service as a missionary in China with her husband, the Rev. Jacob Speicher, who died in Swatow July 17, 1930. Mrs. Speicher's letter follows:

More than a year ago the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference contributed \$250 in United States money to be used in some way as a memorial to the Rev. Jacob Speicher. Much thought and consideration were given as to how this money should be used, so as to be a fitting memorial as well as a real service to the community. In the entire city of Swatow there is no medical laboratory and it was suggested by some of the doctors, that such a laboratory would fill a real need. Some physicians have a limited equipment to make simple tests, but many have none whatever.

After it was decided to establish such a laboratory and the necessary funds were promised, the next step was to secure a technician who could take charge. We succeeded in engaging a young woman from Nanking who arrived in October. We immediately took steps to procure the equipment and to make the necessary alterations in our medical department in order to make room for the laboratory. We were almost ready for the formal opening when the technician was called home on account of the serious illness of her mother and in going she could give us no assurance of her return to Swatow. All preparations were stopped since it was impossible to find another technician. We were very much disheartened and there was nothing we could do but "to take it to the Lord in prayer." After several months during which we were inclined to give up hope, Miss Chu wrote us that she was now able to return to Swatow. She arrived here in February. We continued our preparations and on the 12th of March all was in readiness for the opening.

This gift sent by these German Baptist young people of the Atlantic Coast church was not sufficient to equip the laboratory but others added the necessary amount to make up the deficiency. A brass plate has been placed in the laboratory telling in both Chinese and English to whose memory the laboratory has been equipped and by whom. It is our hope that the laboratory will be used by the doctors of Swatow and that through this added service to the community we may be able to honor and glorify him who came "not to be served but to serve."

We have found much during these past months for which to praise our Lord. For several years before Mr. Speicher

passed away he had earnestly hoped to begin Christian work in a very crowded and needy district in Swatow city, Black Bridge. He often said that that was one more thing he wished to accomplish in China. Before his desire could be realized God called him home, but we, who were still carrying on, had also caught the vision and realized the need. Three years passed before the way was opened to start this work. Little progress was made during the first year partly because our staff was inadequate to give the necessary attention and partly because our quarters were in too secluded a location.

During the past six months there has been a decided advance. Several series of evangelistic meetings were carried on which were well attended and had gratifying results. We now hold regular Sunday services besides a Sunday School. Meetings of an evangelistic type are held three nights a week. A class for women and girls has been opened where they are being taught to read and to know more of the Bible. We also have a Kindergarten of 24 pupils, which is about all we can accommodate in our small quarters.

There are some Christians living in that neighborhood who are quite active in the work. Recently one of the Christians bought thirty Bibles for use in the church services, so that those who come may have a Bible to use and thus follow the minister in the scripture reading. About 13 people have signified their desire to be baptized and in about ten days some of them will follow the Lord in baptism. We are hoping that in time a regular organized church will be established there.

The work in Black Bridge is greatly handicapped by our limited quarters and by the location. We are praying definitely that the Lord will open the way and provide the means for a better and more permanent location and a building more adequate to our needs. We are convinced that there is a promising future for this work at Black Bridge and that with God's blessing it will some time grow into a flourishing church such as our Kialat work has already done.

We earnestly beseech your prayers for this work at Black Bridge, the slum district of Swatow.

Christian Hotel in Shanghai

The New Asia Hotel was recently built in Shanghai by a firm of Chinese Christian business men and is to be run on strictly Christian principles. No gambling, no opium smoking, no social immorality will be countenanced here. A Bible in every room and rooms for Christian worship are features of the place. There are seven stories and about 300 rooms or apartments in the building, besides stores and offices on the ground floor.—Selection from "The Gideon."

Pacific Conference

FOURTH ANNUAL PROGRAM OF THE EBENEZER BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION

The Young People's Union of the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Los Angeles, Calif., celebrated its fourth anniversary on Sunday evening, April 7. The lovely decorations of calla lilies, sweet peas and ferns which had been donated by members of the church made an attractive setting. The program opened with congregational singing, followed by the scripture reading by Laura Mathews. A duet, "The Savior for Me," was sung by Helen Clauder and Esther Phelps, after which the men's quartet sang several numbers. A reading, "The Miracle," was given by Grace Koester. Selections were also played on the musical saw by John Feldmeth.

One of the features of the evening was an original play written and directed by Ted Feldmeth, one of our members. Those taking part in the play were Helen Clauder, Henry Klar, Lydia Stranske, Anne Belle Whitmore, Carl Feldmeth, Ernest Clauder, William Metzler and Louise Ritzman. Another duet, "My Jesus," was sung by Bruce Wittich and Laura Mathews. Dr. Fox, city secretary of the Baptist Missions, brought a stirring address on "Self Realization."

The new officers of the Union were presented to the audience by the pastor of the church, the Rev. K. Feldmeth. They are as follows: William Metzler, president; Ephraim Stranske, vice-president; Lydia Stranske, treasurer; Louise Ritzman, secretary.

REPORTER.

UNIQUE PROGRAMS BY THE B. Y. P. U. OF TACOMA, WASH.

The Tacoma B. Y. P. U. has held several interesting meetings on recent Sunday evenings. On April 28 "a Ladies' Program" was presented under the leadership of Miss Elizabeth Ahrens, formerly a president of our B. Y. P. U. society, who is here on a visit from Chicago. The general topic was that of "Nature." The several speakers presented interesting and little known facts about trees, singing insects and birds, especially about the humming bird, the smallest bird in nature. Some common superstitions regarding animals were also discussed. Daffodils and violets, the much loved spring blossoms, also had their share of attention. Two piano solos, "Rustle of Spring" and "Narcissus," fitted very beautifully with the topic, as was also true of several readings, "The Willows by the Brook" and "In the Hollow of His Hand."

On the following Sunday evening the men rendered an equally interesting and unique program. On Mothers Day the B. Y. P. U. members are to have charge of the evening service.

The chorus choir, composed among others of many of our young people,

presented the cantata, "The Resurrection Story" on Easter Sunday evening under the direction of Mr. Edward Stabbert to a large and appreciative audience.

Our pastor, the Rev. George A. Lang, is always willing to do all within his power to assist the young people in their work. We hope to grow in grace and knowledge and service to God and our fellow-men.

MISS HAZEL H. RIEPE, Reporter.

GLEE CLUB PROGRAM AT OUR ANAHEIM CHURCH

The Young Men's Glee Club of the Bethel Baptist Church of Anaheim, Calif., presented a musical program to a large audience on Sunday evening, April 28. Judging by the appreciation shown by the people and the silver offering the program was highly successful. The chorus of 20 voices is directed by Mr. Frank O. Stanway.

After the opening congregational hymn and the reading of the 95th Psalm by Paul Jungkeit, chairman of the program, the Glee Club sang a German composition as its first number. Ralph Klemm gave a reading, "The Voice in the Church," followed by a quartet selection, "When My Mother Prayed." The chorus rendered another number, "If Jesus Leads," and the Rev. O. R. Schroeder spoke briefly on the theme, "The Importance of Music."

Other selections by the Glee Club were "May the Lord Depend on You," "To Know Him is to Love Him," "Light is the Burden," "The Call of Our Captain," "The Harbor of Hope," "My Pilot" and other numbers in the German language. Miss Lois Schroeder rendered an organ selection. Melvin Remland and Carl Hedges participated in a number played with harmonica and guitar. Albert Urbigkeit gave a German recitation. Mr. Albert Pletz, the teacher of our young men's Bible class, who has been largely instrumental in organizing the Glee Club, brought a brief address towards the close of the program.

REPORTER.

Texas and Louisiana Conference

A BANNER YEAR FOR THE B. Y. P. U. IN WACO, TEXAS

Knowing that this year has great things in store for us as German Baptists of North America, we, the German Baptist Church of Waco, Texas, started it with a beautiful week of prayer. Strength and power to succeed in our plans came from prayer in the presence of the Holy Spirit. We as young people attended every service possible to hear the Rev. John Held, a Southern Baptist missionary among the foreigners in Texas. He kept our attention and interest aroused with his stereopticon pictures and inspiring message.

On February 22 the B. Y. P. U. celebrated its twenty-second anniversary.

The beloved president of the Senior Union, Margaret Kittlitz, with her able committee of Mrs. T. A. Kittlitz, Adeline Brenner, Fred Doye, and Bernice Niederer, arranged a program which was enjoyed by all visitors who had come from far and near. The two missionary plays were rendered with beautiful effectiveness by colored stage-lighting furnished by Walter Schaible. Orchestra selections, the invocation by the Rev. C. C. Gossen of Crawford, a welcome address by our general director, Mr. W. J. Hirsch, church choir selection, report of last year's activities, treasurer's report, a short address by our pastor, the Rev. A. Becker, completed the program. Refreshments were served by the social committee.

Another outstanding event on our calendar was the eighth annual Training School held from March 18 to 22. This was a record breaking affair. With Walter Schaible as chairman of the Instruction Committee we could expect nothing but progress. With the aid of the splendid teachers, the Rev. C. C. Gossen of Crawford, Mr. C. A. Bunning, our council member of Gatesville, and Mrs. Wm. Marstaller of Cottonwood, and the Sunday School and the various committees of the B. Y. P. U., the Instruction Committee was able to arouse a great deal of enthusiasm among us. The unusually fine attendance of those who took the examinations was over fifty.

HELEN MARIE STOBBE, Reporter.

Central Conference

EASTER AT CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, PEKIN

Thorough preparation in all phases of the Easter observance gave the Calvary Baptist Church of Pekin, Ill., one of the finest days in its 58 years of history. Twenty-one members were received into the church fellowship at the communion service on Easter Sunday morning as the result of two weeks of evangelistic meetings in March, conducted by the Rev. H. E. Garner of Oglesby. Twelve came into the church by baptism, the others by letter and confession. Five adults are still awaiting baptism after a period of instruction by the minister, the Rev. R. P. Blatt.

The climax of the day was reached at the evening service when the young people's choir sang the cantata, "From Death Unto Life," by Carrie B. Adams, in a most excellent manner before a large audience. An even larger congregation was present at the morning worship when the pastor delivered the Easter message, "Out of the Depths." The newly formed junior high group sang two numbers besides the beautiful anthem by the senior choir. The Church School reached a new record with 209 scholars and teachers present. About 40 attended the sunrise service conducted by the devotional commission of the B. Y. P. U. on the brow of a hill at the Mineral Springs Park.

Northern Conference

EASTER JOY AT SOUTHEY,
SASKATCHEWAN

Easter Sunday was a day of great blessings to the Southey and Serath churches in Saskatchewan, Canada, which held a combined Easter and baptismal service with the Rev. A. W. Bibelheimer, pastor of both churches, in charge. In our meetings of November held in Serath two young ladies took a definite stand for Christ, and in the meetings held in Southey during February, at which time the Rev. J. Kepl of Regina brought inspiring messages, 15 young people made their decision for Christ. All of these young people were received into their respective churches through baptism. We are indebted to the Rev. J. Kepl for his services.

Dakota Conference

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' CONVENTION AT WASHBURN,
N. DAK.

March 20 was a wintry day of snow, sleet, rain and cold, which for a time seemed as though they would check the attendance of the opening service of the Sunday School, Mr. Brenneise, welcomed Washburn, N. Dak. But happily the skies cleared and a fair sized crowd gathered from far and near for the conference.

The superintendent of the Washburn Sunday School, Mr. Brenneise, welcomed the friends and the Rev. E. B. Belheimer responded. Appropriate selections were sung by the primary department and a girls' trio. The message of the first evening was brought by the Rev. R. Sigmund of Fessenden on Luke 9:13.

The Thursday morning devotional period was led by Mr. August Kurzweg of Anamoose. The secretary of the convention, the Rev. Karl Gieser of Turtle Lake, presented a fine report of the work and program of the various Sunday Schools in the conference. A number of papers were read which contained much information and were most inspiring. The Rev. R. Sigmund read a paper on "What Do We Learn of the Twelve-Year Old Boy Jesus in the Temple?", the Rev. G. Rauser of Martin on "The Teacher as an Evangelist," the Rev. H. P. Kayser of Goodrich on "What Is My Duty as a Church Member Toward the Sunday School?", the Rev. J. J. Lucas of Anamoose on "Feed My Lambs," the Rev. R. Kaiser of McClusky on "The Cross and Crown of the Sunday School Teacher," the Rev. Daniel Klein of Beulah on "The Difference Between Preaching and Training," and the Rev. K. Gieser of Turtle Lake on "The Importance of a Sunday School."

The closing session of the convention on Thursday evening was addressed in German by the Rev. R. Kaiser of Goodrich on the 23rd Psalm and in English by the Rev. E. Bibelheimer of Cathay.

ENTHUSIASTIC ACTIVITIES AT GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA

Although Grand Forks has seemingly been asleep, a glance at our activities will show that we have been very much in the land of the living. Last fall our societies, which had taken a summer vacation, resumed activities. The Dorcas Club gave its annual program in November. The feature of the evening was a one act play entitled, "Ask Nancy." Two Thanksgiving playlets and songs completed the program. The whole performance was well rendered and equally well accepted by a large and appreciative audience. The Dorcas Club, although the youngest of our organizations, is one of the most active. Mrs. Ed. Hanson is our able and beloved president.

On March 17 our Sunday School observed Bible Day with a service in which all Sunday School scholars took part. It was a fine program and enjoyed very much by all.

Our young people's society presented a very impressive pageant on March 31 entitled, "The Challenge of the Cross," under the direction of Ernst Klein. The church was crowded and the sympathetic atmosphere that prevailed enabled the cast to put forth its best efforts. It was a service that will long be remembered by all who witnessed it. The men's quartet added much to the program with several numbers.

Our little church is hard at work in the vineyard of the Master. We strive to do everything for his sake and with the grace of God we will go on "brightening our corner."

MRS. FRED KRANZLER, Reporter.

EASTER COMES TO FESSENDEN, N. DAK.

As long ago the women came in the early morning to the tomb of the risen Christ, so on this Easter morning families came from near and far to commemorate the resurrection of our Lord and Savior at an Easter Sunrise Service, held at the Baptist Church in Fessenden, N. Dak. The meeting was held on the east lawn of the church with about one hundred persons in attendance.

The Sunday School had a splendid attendance of 195, and for the morning worship and baptismal service the church was filled to its capacity, numbering about 325. The 15 young people who obeyed the Master's command in baptism were recent converts in the evangelistic services, held here from March 4 to 29. The Rev. Noah E. McCoy of Carrington brought heart-stirring messages during the last three weeks of the campaign.

On Easter Sunday evening the choir of 25 voices, under the direction of Mr. Fred B. Paul with Mrs. Fred B. Paul as pianist, gave a very fine presentation of the cantata "Christ Victorious."

Easter of 1935 will hold cherished memories in the hearts of all of us for a long time to come, since the risen Christ made himself felt in our midst.

MRS. REINHOLD SIGMUND.

Atlantic Conference

SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF THE REV. AND MRS. JOHN SCHMIDT

The silver wedding anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. John Schmidt of Union City, N. J., celebrated on April 9, was an unusual gala event. The First German Baptist Church of Union City of which Brother Schmidt has been pastor for 9 years, the ministers and their wives of New York and vicinity and the Rev. William Kuhn of Chicago, Ill., who officiated at the wedding of the celebrating couple, had a prominent part in the festivities.

On the afternoon of April 9 the German Baptist ministers' conference of New York and vicinity and the "Persisbund" composed of the ministers' wives and the church missionaries met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt for a special program and message by Brother Kuhn on the prayer life of the Christian followed by a wedding anniversary dinner.

The evening service in the First Church of Union City was attended by a great crowd of friends. The Rev. and Mrs. John Schmidt and their four children, all of whom are intensely active in the church, stood before Brother Kuhn, who expressed the deepest thoughts and wishes of the audience in well chosen words of congratulation and in the prayer. This was followed by brief messages of felicitations by representatives of the church and its organizations. Gifts were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt by the local church and a bouquet of lovely flowers by the Second Church of Philadelphia through the Rev. Assaf Husmann. Among many telegrams of congratulation was a message from the church in Nokomis, Saskatchewan, Canada, of which Mr. Schmidt had been a former pastor.

B. Y. P. U. ANNIVERSARY IN SECOND CHURCH, UNION CITY,
N. J.

On April 4th the Young People's Society of the Second German Baptist Church, Union City, N. J., held its twenty-first anniversary. A play entitled, "The Woman of Samaria," written by Miss E. T. Jaeger, was presented by the young people. Recitations and solos were rendered by other members of the society. The Rev. Vincent Brushwyler, pastor of the Evangel Church, Newark, N. J., was the speaker of the evening. His message was centered around the thought, "David served his generation in the will of the Lord." It was a very encouraging address, challenging the young people to endeavor to do more than ever before to serve their Lord in ways that are pleasing to him.

Our meetings are now being conducted by our new president, Otto Weber, and we are looking forward to a new year and happy fellowship and service.

MRS. HERBERT DORBANDT, Reporter.

A CHAT ABOUT BOOKS BY THE EDITOR

Biographies are among the most widely read books of our day. That fact in itself is an indication of a wholesome quality in our voluminous modern reading. Biographies present to the reader the panorama of actual deeds and living achievements rather than the illusory paradise of fiction. In the reading of such accounts we usually identify ourselves with the struggles and victories of people, who have achieved fame, and are thereby challenged to greater heights by the very qualities which we idolize in their lives. It is my firm conviction that every person should read at least ten biographies every year, if he would understand the depths of human nature and be stirred by the heights of heroic living.

THE RELIGION OF FAMOUS MEN

A. J. Russell, a versatile newspaper correspondent of England, who depicted with sincere, and fervent enthusiasm the Oxford Group Movement in his book, "For Sinners Only," has rendered a notable contribution to the Christian Church in the writing of his most recent book, "Their Religion," (Harper and Brothers—1935—\$2.00—352p.). The author's purpose "to show how a company of 13 men, among the most famous who have ever lived on this earth, have responded to the questions of religion," is carried out with fascinating and persuasive effectiveness.

The lives of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Gladstone and David Livingstone were saturated with religious fervor and expression. Still each one of these men was accused in his lifetime of irreligion by those who misunderstood them. With graphic and striking pictures their religious faith is placed into the proper perspective against the background of history.

The religion of the heroes of the battlefield is shown to be the sincere expression of men who believed ardently at the same time in the righteousness of war. Cromwell constantly quoted Scripture and claimed Divine sanctions for his conduct. Napoleon brought one of the highest tributes to Jesus Christ. Marshal Foch had two supreme interests in life—religion and war! Admiral Nelson "prayed morning and evening and wrote special prayers in his log when about to engage the enemy in battle."

There are several interesting chapters on the lives of famous men, who in our estimation have been utterly indifferent to religious truths, but who at heart were profoundly religious. Such were Robert Burns, the Scottish peer, Darwin, the scientist, and Disraeli, the English Jew who joined a Christian Church for political attainments. Two further chapters on the religion of Charles Dickens, author of "The Christmas Carol" and "The Life of Our Lord," and William Shakespeare, dramatist, are illuminating for their interpretative value.

This book must be read carefully and

critically, but the reading of these biographical sketches will be of great inspiration in making real "the inner spiritual man" as well as the objective facts of notable careers.

A PILGRIMAGE OF IDEAS

The name of Sherwood Eddy has special significance to the students of America. He has probably helped more young people in our colleges and universities to a positive, evangelical Christian faith than any other person. Such is my personal testimony along with many other young people. Some of his 22 books are to be found in almost every minister's library. His pamphlets are published in dozens of languages of the world.

His autobiography, "A Pilgrimage of Ideas," (Farrar and Rinehart—1934—\$2.50—336 pages) is therefore a notable contribution to the religious biographies of our time. In my estimation Sherwood Eddy is the "Kagawa" of America, combining a warm evangelical faith in Jesus Christ with a flaming, prophetic evangel of social vision, travelling into every corner of the globe as missionary and interpreter of life, and publishing tracts and pamphlets for widespread free distribution.

Through the 63 years of his life Sherwood Eddy has never lost the zest for living. As he says, he is "a seasoned optimist in the eternal sun. I find neither in ethical theory nor in moral practice the dreary prohibitions of oppressive duty but rather the beckoning adventure of an ever-fresh, joyous pilgrimage of ideas. Considering it as a whole, despite the man made sufferings of humanity, I find life good—very good."

The early chapters are a critical analysis of his own life. His tribute to his mother, to whom the book is dedicated, is one of the loveliest to be found anywhere. His "mis-education" at Yale is a tragic commentary on the educational methods of forty years ago. His experiences in China and India as missionary and secretary, his intimate association for several decades with John R. Mott in the work of the International Y. M. C. A., his conversion to peace as a result of the horrible evils of the World War and his moral and religious leadership in the solving of contemporaneous problems of western, so-called Christian, civilization find unforgettable utterance in this book.

In later chapters Sherwood Eddy presents his pilgrimage of ideas in the fields of Christian missions, world peace, race relations, the sex problem, social justice and the changing economic order. A chapter on "dynamic personalities" is particularly interesting, in which he interprets the influence of others upon him, among whom Walter Rauschenbusch plays an important role.

To those who have heard or have come under the spell of Sherwood Eddy, this autobiography will be a book which they will want to read. For those who make

the acquaintance of Mr. Eddy for the first time through the pages of this book, "A Pilgrimage of Ideas" will interpret the critical times through which we are passing more adequately than any other treatise. Sherwood Eddy is a living example of his definition of faith, which is "not trying to believe something regardless of the evidence but daring to do something in spite of the consequences."

BOOKS BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose life has received a limited consideration in the pages of this issue of "The Baptist Herald," has written a small library of books, some of which will undoubtedly become classics in literature. They are being mentioned here for your personal benefit.

I have just finished rereading his autobiography, "Forty Years for Labrador" (Houghton Mifflin Company—1932—\$4.00—372 pages). This more complete account than "A Labrador Doctor" ought to be required reading in the life of every Christian. Grenfell's life is certainly one of the most adventurous, thrilling, inspiring accounts of men of God in our era.

The small book, "Adrift on an Ice-Pan," which relates his experience on a drifting floe of ice after he had ministered as Christian physician to a suffering Eskimo should be read by young and old alike. All of his books which relate the true stories of his Labrador experiences, emphasize the miracles of God's power in modern life. Such accounts are to be found in "That Christmas in Peace Haven," "Tales of the Labrador," "Labrador Days" and "Northern Neighbors."

The book, "Adventure for Life" is the compilation of a series of lectures on the meaning of Christ for our day. In "Labrador Looks at the Orient," he relates his reflections and experiences on a trip to Japan and China. The small book, "What Christ Means to Me" is a spiritual gem which radiates the ardent faith of the author and glorifies the Christ, whom he serves so sacrificially. "The Romance of Labrador" is a vivid treatment of the life, social customs, and religious habits of the natives of Labrador as well as the history and geological study of the northern country. Through all these books there shines the message of his Christian faith. "The faith in Christ upon which I have based my life has given me a light on life's meaning which has satisfied my mind, body, and soul. The answer to life's questions that rings out to the ages from the life of Jesus Christ is a challenge as clear as the sun at midday: 'Follow me!'"

Your library will be greatly enriched and your life deeply stirred by the reading of one of these books by Dr. Grenfell, which can easily be secured in your public library or purchased through our Publication Society in Cleveland.

PLEGDED PARTNERS

Jesus Christ is the Master of our lives and the hope of the world. We have given our hearts to him who "loved and gave himself for us," and in baptism we have manifested a public witness of that spiritual act. But we must realize the need of renewed consecration, when we shall assume unreservedly obligations of Christian service as "Pledged Partners" of Jesus Christ. We therefore resolve to open every door leading into the intimate chambers of our lives and wills to Christ, our Savior.

"God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship (partnership) of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord." 1 Cor. 1:9.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your bodies, and in your spirits which are God's." 1 Ccr. 6:20.



Courtesy of John Rudin and Co.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD
By Holman Hunt

As a disciple of Jesus Christ I renew my faith in him as Redeemer and Master and resolve by God's grace to carry out the following commitment of a Christian pledge to him.

1. I will be a regular and responsive attendant at the Sunday services of my church and at the devotional or prayer meeting during the week unless otherwise prevented from doing so.
2. I will devote some stated time with habitual frequency to the reading of the Bible and devotional literature.
3. I will enlarge the scope of my prayers to remember daily the needs of the world that "God's will might be done on earth as it is in heaven."
4. I will witness for Christ in a definite and courageous manner by striving to lead others to the Savior.
5. I will make some regular offering to the work of the local church and the benevolent and missionary service of our denomination.
6. I will follow the guidance of God in such fields of labor, to which he calls me according to his divine will.
7. I will earnestly endeavor to render some definite service which will put into practice the truths of my Christian faith or the committal of this pledge and will testify of these adventures for Christ by letter to "Pledged Partners," Box 6, Forest Park, Ill.

With prayerful earnestness and joyous consecration I will strive to fulfill the obligations of Christian life which Christ has privileged me to assume as his "Pledged Partner."

Name

Address

Church

**THIS COOPERATIVE SPIRITUAL ADVANCE FOR PLEDGED PARTNERS
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