

# THE BAPTIST HERALD

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1936

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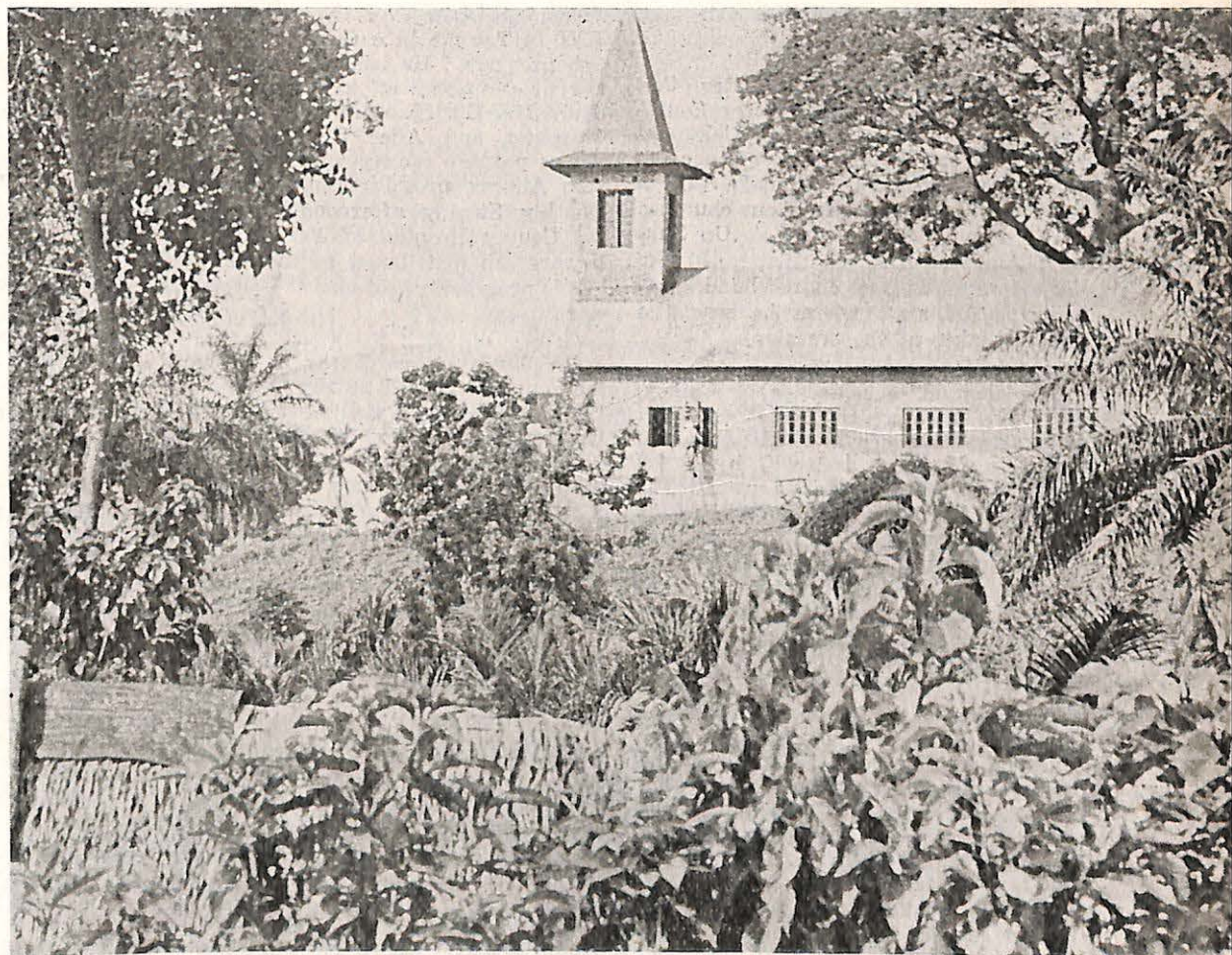
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# What's Happening

The Rev. Carl Swyter of Steamboat Rock, Iowa, has accepted the call extended to him by the First German Baptist Church of George, Iowa, where he will begin his ministry on Nov. 1. He will succeed the Rev. C. F. Dallmus, who has retired after a fine ministry in the George church.

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The Rev. R. E. Reschke of Spokane, Wash., spent Sunday, July 26, in the churches of Missoula and Flat Heads, Montana, where he preached in the services and visited with the Rev. C. A. Gruhn who, as state missionary, retired from active service at the close of August.

\* \* \*

An unusual religious class is being held on Saturday evenings in the German Baptist Church of Emery, So. Dak., for all school-age children beginning with Saturday evening, Aug. 1. Mrs. Eu. Raskens and Miss Elsie Olthoff are assisting the pastor, the Rev. Thorwald Bender, in this work of Bible drills, singing and religious instruction. Five groups of children have been attending these classes.

\* \* \*

Dr. William Kuhn and the Rev. Carl Fuellbrandt attended the recent Southwestern Conference in LaSalle, Colo., and the Texas and Louisiana Conference in Greenvine, Texas. On Sunday, Aug. 9, they occupied the pulpits of our churches in St. Paul and Minneapolis. On Sunday, Aug. 23, Dr. Kuhn attended the dedication of the new church building at Elberta, Alabama, where he was the guest speaker at the occasion.

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The Rev. E. Bibelheimer of Cathay, No. Dak., has accepted the call extended to him by the churches of Missoula and Pablo in Montana and will begin his ministry on the field about Sept. 13. His parorate of 5 years and 2 months in the Cathay church was richly blessed of God. The former pastor of the Montana churches, the Rev. C. A. Gruhn, brought his work to a close at the end of August and has entered a well-deserved period of retirement.

\* \* \*

The name of the Texas and Louisiana Conference has been changed to "The Southern Conference" because of the most recently organized church at Elberta, Alabama, which has joined the conference. The conference now includes churches in the states of Texas, Louisiana and Alabama. The conference sessions held from July 28 to Aug. 2 at Greenvine, Texas, simultaneously with the church's 75th anniversary were exceptionally well attended.

\* \* \*

The Rev. John Wobig of Wausau, Wis., has responded favorably to the call extended to him by the Riverview Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn., and will be-

gin his ministry on the new field on Sunday, Nov. 15. The Wisconsin Vereinigung will meet in the Wausau Church in October, at which time Mr. Wobig will have served the church for 5½ years. On Sunday morning, July 12, a baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wobig who has been named Sylvia Jane.

\* \* \*

On Sunday afternoon, July 19, the Rev. C. E. Schoenleber had the joy of baptizing 5 persons on profession of their faith in the waters of the Wallace River before a large and reverent audience. Mr. Schoenleber has been presenting a course of study, called "The Study of the History of Israel," to the B. Y. P. U. meeting twice a month which takes the place of the evening service. This course is a continuation of what was begun at the Vacation Bible School in June. Miss Ruth Schalo is president of the local B. Y. P. U.

\* \* \*

The Rev. George Lang of Tacoma, Wash., speaks every Friday morning from 7 to 7:30 over the radio station KVI in Tacoma in a German and English program. He has been assisted by the able singers of his church, especially Mr. Ed. Stabbert and the Misses Margaret and Alice Stuermer. The young people's society with Miss Elizabeth Ahrens, president, is in charge of monthly Sunday afternoon services in the County Hospital of Tacoma, where flowers are distributed to the sick and brief programs held in the women's ward.

\* \* \*

On Sunday, June 7, the members of the churches in and nearby Odessa and in Lind, Wash., as well as friends from Odessa and Warden gathered in the Odessa church for the morning and afternoon services to welcome their new pastor, the Rev. J. G. Rott, and his family. More than 100 guests enjoyed the dinner which was served in the basement of the church. At the afternoon service the Rev. J. G. Rott spoke on "The Attractive Christ." Since the first of June he has served the 3 churches of Odessa and Lind in this "promising missionary field."

\* \* \*

The First German Baptist Church of Salem, Ore., remembered the 87th birthday of the Rev. Gustav Schunke on Sunday, Aug. 9, by sending their greetings and best wishes to Seattle, where he was spending several weeks prior to the celebration. Mr. Schunke, one of the pioneer pastors of the Pacific Coast, is still enjoying excellent health. On another Sunday evening the Rev. William Osgood, a Baptist missionary in the Bengal Orissa field of India, who was a seminary classmate of Mr. Leuschner, spoke about his experiences on the foreign field in the Salem church.

On Sunday evening, July 26, the German Baptist Church of Eureka, So. Dak., brought a Vacation Bible School of two weeks duration to a close with a fine program of recitations and songs. Mr. J. C. Gunst, student pastor, brought a brief message on the topic, "The Greatest Treasure." At the close of the program Mr. Gunst, the acting instructor of the school, was presented with a gift by the pupils. "The Vacation School aroused new interest both for the children and the parents in Bible study and church attendance," according to the reporter.

\* \* \*

An unusually large group of young people from the small Wilcox Baptist Church of Colfax, Wash., will attend college this fall. Their names are as follows: Miss Madge and Mr. Max Klingbeil at the University of Washington in Seattle, the Misses Irma Jean Mohr, Ruth Krueger and Violet Kroll and Mr. Buford Kroll at Washington State College at Pullman, and Athana Krueger at a business college in Spokane. All of these young people are members and active workers in the Colfax church, of which the Rev. R. M. Klingbeil is pastor.

\* \* \*

The German Baptist Church in Olds, Alberta, Canada, dedicated its new church building on Sunday, Aug. 16, with appropriate impressive exercises. The Rev. E. P. Wahl of Portland, Ore., the first pastor of the church, was the guest speaker at the dedication service. On the day following these exercises the new pastor of the church, Mr. Gottfried Beutler, was examined by an ordination council and ordained into the Christian ministry. A report of the welcome reception for Mr. and Mrs. Beutler by the Olds Church appears in this issue of "The Baptist Herald."

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The reception for Mr. and Mrs. Sturhahn was held by the German Baptist Church of Spring Valley, So. Dak., on

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## The Baptist Herald

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# The BAPTIST HERALD

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## EDITORIAL

THE Christian always sees the world as it is in the light of what it ought to be. His spirit is always haunted by the ideals of truth and love and righteousness that ought to be the practise of life. His conscience is compelled to act, to witness for the truth, to usher in God's Kingdom, whenever he comes face to face with the contrasts of life.

### Contrasts That Compel the Christian Conscience to Action

The purpose of Labor Day is to focus the attention of the American people, and especially that of the Christian churches, upon the horrible and agonizing contrasts in our economic life. The sin for which America will some day have to give an account is not that certain men made their millions of dollars and others lived in luxury but that, in a country of sufficient abundance for all, there should have been such an unfathomable chasm between luxury and hunger, ruler and oppressed, wealth and poverty, satiation and starvation, factories capable of greater output and widespread unemployment. No Christian with eyes open and with heart sensitive to such contrasting conditions existing today can fail to say less than such things are wrong, terribly wrong, and that God and the principles of his Kingdom need to be brought firmly and definitely into the picture.

The Labor Sunday message for 1936 to be read in the Christian churches of America on Sunday, Sept. 6, begins with an arresting illustration. "On a day in the spring of this year this wireless message came from London: 'Edward VIII after visiting the great new liner, 'Queen Mary,' and the squalid Glasgow slums, turned to someone near him and asked, 'How do you reconcile a world that has produced this mighty ship with the slums we have just visited?'"

The message goes on to state with clarity of challenge: "Out of the crucible of these recent

years, an iron purpose should be forged; namely, the will that nothing shall divert us from the continuing effort to find those necessary ways of readjustment—whether through voluntary cooperative organization, through taxation, or through other practical social controls—by which those who are now doomed to a cramped existence may be set free into larger life."

There is another contrast which awakens the Christian conscience to continued zealous action when it is clearly seen. The lives of men and women of all races which have been transformed into beautiful souls and noble characters by God's grace and contrasted with those still living in the darkness of sin and superstition must ever challenge the Christian to grow in his earnestness for and his active participation in the missionary cause. The dramatic stories which the Rev. Carl Fuellbrandt has been relating at our conferences about God's power gloriously to change human life in the Danubian countries of Central Europe have challenged the hearts of many listeners. The accounts of our missionaries, Paul and Clara Gebauer, in this issue of "The Baptist Herald" also portray the same truth that God's entrance into a life is the watershed for that individual whereby all things become new by that event.

Who can be content with giving less than the best when once he has seen the picture of such contrasts on the foreign field? Can indifference to this cause of Christ or half-heartedness in its service ever be justified in a Christian's life, when he has truly witnessed the effects of the miracle of God's grace in another's life? Such living contrasts impel the Christian to a devotion for the missionary enterprise in which he yearns "to burn himself out for Christ."

O my soul, be dissatisfied with those evils in yourself and in society about you that cast their sharp outline of contrast with God's plan for life! Be ever alert and active until all of life has become the highway of the eternal God!

# Bound for Kakaland!

By the REV. PAUL GEBAUER, Our Cameroon Missionary

**K**INDLY take to hand a copy of the map of the Cameroons, published in the April 1, 1935 issue of "The Baptist Herald." That will make it easier for the reader to follow the report of our trip, outward bound for the Kaka field in the Cameroons, and of the work done by your tramping missionary and his wife, Paul and Clara Gebauer, during the first three months of 1936.

## God's Marvelous Guidance

On January 10 we started on the long trek eastward. By car, dugout, foot, rail, truck and horseback we covered mile after mile. From the regions of the tropical forests and from fever-ridden areas we passed over many a road and river into the grass country of the Cameroons. Such journeying requires planning, experience, patience, money, adaptability and, above all, God's keeping grace!

It is fine to have planned and to have been able to have purchased food supplies to such a perfection that every mealtime sees at least something edible on the table. It is tempting, indeed, to begin glorying in man's knowledge when the schedule of the trek runs off like a new record. But only one good blowout of the skies and the rest-house on which we banked for the night is no more. It may be only one swarm of termites which one encounters during the night but one has to ride without a saddle for the next day. Just one tropical cloudburst and trails, so securely placed upon a map, are no more. The moral of this is that without the God of hosts we plan and labor in vain. It was he who safely carried us over imperfect roads and trails and helped us arrive at our next mission station, Belo, on January 16. For the rest of the month we stayed there to make use of the carpenter shop and timber for our future huts in Kaka. During our stay at Belo we visited the churches to strengthen the faith of struggling and persecuted Baptists.

## Nearing the Kaka Field

On February 1 we left for the last leg of our journey. Day after day we trodded along the road that leads to Kakaland. We visited the churches and schools on the road and on February 9 stopped at Ndu, the third of the German stations, to have fellowship with the young church of an interesting field.

Having had the privilege during my first African years of serving each of the stations mentioned, I was interested in looking for change and progress. Soppo on the coast gains slowly in numbers and equally well in spirit of stagnation. Vitality is lacking. Indifference to sin within and outside the camp has crippled their development and their message. Fifty years of European supervision has given these churches no opportunity to test and to use their own strength.

Different are the churches of the Belo field. The time of persecution and the struggle with heathendom have not passed for them. The financial difficulties of Germany have prevented a flooding of these lively churches and their leaders with earthly gold. No wonder that they progress and kick against all attacks like youthful warriors ought to do. The Ndu field experiences baptism after baptism. If wisdom is used by the German brethren, this field will prove a fortress against the powers of darkness.

After Sunday, February 9, we were again in the saddles. Wild and beautiful is Kaka into which we entered on the tenth. On the next day we landed at Mbem, our home-to-be. Three Baptists greeted us, the first fruits of former visitation work.

## A Missionary's Day

More than one and one-half months have passed since that day, and what have we done? First of all, every morning we have faithfully climbed the hill on which our meeting-house has been built. Every day the cowhorn calls for prayer at six A. M. Once more it howls its invitation across the valley at six-thirty A. M. and after that the young natives appear. Songs and prayers in their tongue follow a short exposition of Scripture. So it has been done every morning.

On Sundays the little church is filled with old and young. A lively interest makes itself felt. That is hopeful after the very same people had heartily recommended the burning down of our first church. There is hope that they will turn to the one and true God. About him we have not only spoken at Mbem, our station, but also in the nearby settlements. Every weekend sees those who have come with us and at least two of the three Kaka Baptists are on the road to hold meetings everywhere.

Missionary work is not all preaching. It demands trying our hand at many things. We are builders, surveyors, physicians, teachers, carpenters and people of all trades, and that, humbly I say it, for Christ's sake. Some may not agree about wasting their theological training in building houses, but they enjoy thoroughly living in those built by former missionaries. They condemn manual labor of missionaries as wasteful, but they profit by the labor of hands performed by those before them. I am fool enough to build and to preach by word and deed that Jesus demands and uses the whole man and all of his talents.

## Greetings Across the Miles

My greetings to you with the words of the Apostle: "Thanks be unto God, who always leadeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge in every place." Pray for us. Your prayers are needed for the conquest of the dark land.



Beach of Victoria near Soppo in the Cameroons, Africa

# My First Experiences in Africa

By MRS. CLARA GEBAUER, on Arrival in Kakaland

**I**T is evening—a hard day of work is over. Outside the rain patters on the broad leaves of the three banana trees in front of the hut. The juju are abroad, making weird noises intended to frighten the women into subjection. Inside our new home we sit by the light of a kerosene lamp. Paul is busy at the typewriter, and I am thinking of the many young people in America who are probably wondering why they hear nothing from me. I wish again that I might have them all with me during these past months to see and to experience what I can never adequately put into words and to be awed and overwhelmed as I have been. It seems that a lifetime of experiences have been crowded into the past six months, and it has left me speechless. The many inconveniences I have been led to expect were far overshadowed by the joys of seeing and studying this strange people whom I am to serve.

## Fascinating Creatures of Africa

A huge spider crawls up one side of the palm-rib wall and a queer creature that hops, flies, bites and eats wool is hopping across the floor. I watch them and laugh to myself as they remind me of the first night in Africa. Just ready to crawl into bed and glancing at the shadow on the wall, formed by the light of the kerosene lamp,

I saw a spider of uncanny size. Had Missionary Bender still been alive I would have suspected him of having painted it there to initiate the tenderfoot. Half paralysed but determined to be brave, I sat and stared at the thing when into my lap there landed a long-legged broadjumper. At least the spider stayed in his corner, but this creature was all over the place! Paul consoled me by killing the jumper and informing me that the spider eats mosquitoes and was therefore a friend. Then moving the lamp around near the floor he introduced me to a worse menace—oversized cockroaches—with whom in the days to come I was to make a closer acquaintance. In a day or two I became a veteran. Having them always underfoot, I would automatically step on each one I saw with no outward sign other than a slight puckering of the nose at the cracking sound, and then, leaving it to its fate, the ants soon destroyed the evidence.

About this time I noticed the boys one morning, armed with sticks moving around a tree in the garden, poking between the stones and having a grand time. So did I, watching them—until they produced the prize—a vivid green snake. I was informed that it was very poisonous and that the mate must be still around. It was a relief the next

morning to find it, next to its mate. The boys had again had their fun.

#### A Missionary Stroll

Full moon in the tropics is an experience. It was on one of these full moon nights that we decided to go down to the native village. Into the flimsy huts of palmribs and kerosene tins we went and squatted on the dirt floor with the natives in front of the fire, with the children asleep on a mat in one corner, the pigs huddled in another corner and the chickens perched on a roost above. A short chat, and then we went on to the next—from hut to hut—past the elders of the village gathered around the sacrificial stone in secret discussion, past the cheap hut that housed the wealthiest member of the village, past the cheap hut that housed the village historian and his typewriter, back for a word with Emilia, a faithful Christian, and finally home to wonder about them.

#### Visiting a Mountain Chief

The name of Saji calls to mind one of the many experiences of mine on the road from Soppo to Mbem. The entire event promised to be interesting—and it proved to be unique. We started at daybreak, a native teacher, carriers, Paul and myself, to visit the chief of Laakom, one of the few strong chiefs of the Cameroons. Over mountain after mountain, through beautiful country, we walked and finally zigzagged up seven thousand feet to the green grove at the very top of a mountain. Here, in a beautifully built compound, lives the chief with his two hundred wives and their children.

An interesting evening was spent with the chief and his elders explaining the word of God. It was an interesting setting. The dark room was lighted only by the flames in the stone fireplace in the center of the floor, and a faint shaft of light came from a small hole in the wall dimly displaying old trunks—the gifts of grateful white men—covered with dust and cobwebs. With a little imagination it gave the appearance of a treasure cave. Our chairs were placed next to the chief, and a leopard skin was spread on the floor before me. The elders sat against the back wall, and next to the chief stood a commanding figure, expressing dignity and self-assurance, a woman, clad only in a skirt wrapped in native fashion around her strong, well-formed body.

The next morning with Paul, acting dentist to the chief, I was put in the care of a woman, the same stately person whom I had seen the night before, namely, SAJI. She plays the most important role in this unusual household. As the favorite wife of the chief, she is always at his side at "affairs of state." She is manager of all his personal affairs, is in charge of his entire "harem," only stoops to the position of cook when the chief's tastes demand "white-man" chops which she alone is able to prepare.

#### The Women of the Village

To her I owe an interesting and entertaining morning. I liked her and was sorry I had to speak

to her through an interpreter. Through the entire compound she escorted me. It is really a village with row after row of small, square huts of palmribs, clay and grass, with no windows and only a small door. Inside, against the wall, are low palmcane benches which serve as beds, and in one corner three stones are pressed into the ground forming a fireplace over which, in native earthenware pots, the food is cooked. Above the fire, in the rafters, the corn is stored, preserved from rats and dampness by the smoke of the fire constantly filtering through the grass roof. As I went from hut to hut, squatting on the floor with the women to keep the smoke out of my eyes, I found various dishes in preparation—the staple African food, fufu, plantains, spinach and the delicacy, roasted locust.

I stopped to admire some naive drawings on the outside walls of one hut and seeing my interest, Saji proudly escorted me to her hut which she had painted with strange designs of black and white. They had no form nor meaning other than the expression of primitive impulse. Following her, I observed her as she walked with ease and assurance. It was clearly seen that this was her kingdom; here she reigned supreme. She looked capable of changing quickly from affection to hatred, and it would be wise to remain in her good graces. As I greeted women in passing, Saji now and then would call out of the group, to present to me, an old, old woman who was the daughter of a former chief, or a mother who had gained her prestige through a successful son. The women all gathered around me as we neared the entrance, and I took the opportunity to speak to them and to tell them of my purpose. They pleaded with me to stay in their country and to help them. As I explained that my duty was to bring the word of God to the people over the mountain, in their innocence they begged me to write to the people of America to let me stay with them.

#### A Macedonian Call

It so happened that a daughter of a chief had died and a three day mourning was declared. By the order of the chief all the juju of the country assembled in the courtyard. Group after group of dancers appeared, dressed in feathers, their arms and legs painted in weird designs and on their heads huge wooden masks, grotesquely carved to frighten evil spirits. The courtyard was in a constant swirl of motion as these horrible but graceful figures performed in rhythmic movements to the compelling music of queer native instruments. Around them danced hundreds of women—those to whom I had spoken and others who came to share in mourning. As we sat with the chief, viewing with fascination this never ending spectacle, I watched Saji again in her position of importance at the side of the chief, commanding with a nod of her head to the many women. Again I thought of the morning, as they pleaded—pleaded through me with you—Christians of America—to bring light into their dark world.

# Old Trails and New Adventures

By MISSIONARY PAUL GEBAUER

We skidded and rattled down the same old mountainside and in the same aching Ford of years ago. We hopped along the same Red Sea passage cut through an African jungle, where years ago Sango Bender and I tramped along for days. We listened to the same shrieks, songs, hums, and noises of a tropical forest. We saw the same African youth wasting beauty and strength in plantation work and in slums as years ago. Over the same old trail we raced to escape the depressing splendor of the primeval forest. And for the same fording at the big river we were headed to march east and into the interior. The same old trail—but something was new! A beaming, questioning, shouting, wondering, laughing, pointing, singing and overjoyed girl was at my side. In her reaction to the strange creation of Africa I suddenly discovered myself of years ago. Had not I also been struggling for expression in the presence of gorgeous forests? Did not then the never known beauty of Africa overcome me equally so that I could not speak? Once again I went through that first experience by watching her, and, doing so, I had a new adventure in the old trail.

#### ALONG THE WAY

It was the same old river that wrestled with high banks and taller trees for a run to the west coast. The same lively sandflies and the same waves of tropical heat hovered around the resthouse of ours. From its veranda one overheard the same silver gray rubber trees talking to the evening breeze. The same ocean of banana stalks filled the hillside between resthouse and river. Down at the water the same type of African and the same type of loafer hung around dugouts and palmwine bottles. Across the river the same French custom huts told of boundaries and smugglers. Perhaps the profits of smuggling had been limited but the lure of the gloomy trade was the same. I went across the parting waters and over the same road that leads to the railroad station and beyond. More coffee and more banana plantations had arisen to wrestle gain from soil and natives. More priests had gone in for the same coffee game to gain the premiums of the French government for the sake of the Lord and of greater cathedrals. That was new. Better news and a new experience was the politeness experienced with French officials. Without passport we traveled the roads of Mbanga and Nkongsamba to be helped and received cordially everywhere. I put on record this brand-new and delightful experience with officialdom.

Out of darkness and ever dangerous roads we tumbled into Bamenda Station and into well kept homes of British officers. The well known accuracy of style and habit surrounded us at their tables. Their carefulness in speech

was as good as ever. In their offices the same massive amount of paper was sent on its appointed way to rule the last frontier of British West Africa. But there was something pleasantly new which made me a better admirer of the English. We had been out for supper. On our return to the resthouse we found our beds carefully covered with perfect quilts in addition to our own blankets and next to our beds on neat tables flowers had been placed. A British medical officer, a bachelor, had done that in the heart of the grass country. God bless that man!

The road that leads to Bansoland is broad, and the sun loves to sleep on it. It was the same road with the same storm-crippled trees at its flanks. Towns, compounds and resthouses had not been moved. Clock-like we rode from stop-over to stop-over, had our baths, tea, meetings meals, rest, gifts, visitors and rejoiced in the fact that we were coming nearer and nearer to the goal of our long trek.

#### WELCOME AT JOURNEY'S END

Journey's end was near. We were slowly coasting down the last Kaka hills into the valley of Mbem. It had been planned to make Mbem our operating basis. Sunshine, blue sky and two gunshots welcomed us at the entrance into the valley. The shots upset our horses and the sky upset us. But we managed to reach the bottom of the little land safely and we dove straight into a patch of Kaka people, gathered pleasantly around the guilty sun. Songs had now taken the place of powder and flint. Powerful voices overpowered the sad effect, spread by that lonely group against huge mountains for a background. Their struggling ahead of us to gain the entrance into the marketplace made them messengers to those who did not care for missionaries.

In the marketplace the chief waited for us. His fill of strong palmwine had not allowed him to leave the broad and level spot for a meeting on narrow trails. But nothing prevented him now from joining the procession. Somebody impressed him with the dignity and duty of his high office and the importance of the moment. He had to go with us to show us our shelter for the night. Skillfully he made the bends of the trail and safely passed unsafe bridges ahead of us. Safely he deposited himself and us at the hut, especially built for missionaries. There was brought to an end our piteous "entry into Kaka." The chief hastened to return to his compound and palmwine. The two and a half Kaka Baptists (one was under "discipline," therefore the one half), the blue sky and the hut remained with us to round out the small reception. A meeting closed the day.

#### THE AFRICAN'S GIFT

What about the next day? At six the horn called for morning worship. An unusual number obeyed and climbed the hill against which a meeting-hut was leaning. We had a delightful time praying with them. After prayer that part of a missionary's calling began, of which "the Marching Order" says nothing. We had to find a place for a station. British laws demand that only upon legally leased land were we allowed to settle. That meant that chief and leaders had to be consulted before the government had its say. Obediently we went to see the chief and went with him on the land hunt. It was a few days before we finally found four acres which were most suitable. The description, "most suitable," includes nearness of native settlement, neighborhood of good water, presence of soil suitable for Clara's vegetable garden, presence of clay for the building of permanent shelters, and abundance of grass and palms for the construction of temporary huts. After much searching we believe to have found such a fortunate piece of land. In the presence of the clanhead we received these four acres from the chief as a present. It really is not a gift, since he looks with both eyes at the indirect returns to come his way in the future—not to speak of the five shillings charged by the government per acre annually. But in the eyes of our Africans it is a gift. And what a gift!

Four acres of good soil have been turned over to us. The stalks of the guinea corn stood high upon it while we squared between them to perfect the deal with the chief. Beautiful palms and plantains are on the spot. Higher up, rows of sweet potatoes and yams wait for the harvest. More than that. To the left of our hut a healthy tree spreads its green branches, and under it the strangest medicine for barren women is brewed. Around that place green stalks thrive, the leaves of which are feared by Kaka men.

#### THE NEW HOME OF OUR MISSIONARIES

On the day on which we took possession of the land the old mother, who owns the potato patches, placed leaves from these stalks upon her farm and wistfully she told us strangers that impotence will trouble the man who dares to steal her harvest. Just below her farm another brewery of African magic grows and prospers.

Between our hut and that of Nurse Edith Koppin there looms another enclosure. That is the place of the hunters. There they offer sacrifice before the beginning of the hunt. Close to another hut of ours the bones of the mighty slumber peacefully. Truly, we have received

(Continued on Page 284)

# BEAUTY for ASHES

by Grace Livingston Hill

## SYNOPSIS

After a wild and disillusioning automobile ride, Vanna has been able to escape from the clutches of a former suitor of hers and, in answer to her prayer to the God of Robert Carroll, whom she recently met, she was taken aboard a slow freight train toward the village where she was staying. She got off at the station, "Ripley," which seemed to her to be near her home. In the pitch blackness of the night she felt lost and afraid.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

But at last she saw to one side something like a shed, and now the steep bank sloped gently, till finally the track was on the level with the general earth and a plank loomed out of the darkness before her unsteady feet.

She groped her way across the platform and felt the door. Yes, that would be a station door, but it was all dark within. In all her experience of railroad stations she had not known that one would be closed and dark with no one around to direct. A railroad station had always seemed to be the place to go. She had counted on finding a telephone to call up friends, and a place to wait until they came for her, and there was nothing but darkness!

A little way down the platform there was a tiny flickering uncertain light. A common lantern on a pole, lighting a sign of some sort. She hastened to and found the faded name of "RIPLEY" being illumined to the lonely night. Why would the night wish to know that this was Ripley? The chimney to the lantern was cracked and a light breeze stole in now and then and wavered the flame till it was almost extinguished. But she managed to make out the letters and so was glad to be sure at last that she was in Ripley. Well, that was something for which to be thankful.

She peered down on her little wrist watch but the flickering lantern did not give light enough to identify the trifling hands of the trinket. Well, it didn't matter much what time it was. The night had been years long already. And yet there was no trace of dawn in the sky.

She shivered and drew her burlap closer about her shoulders. She went around the end of the station and stood facing what ought to be the town of Ripley as she remembered it from the brief acquaintance in it, but there seemed to be no town, only blank darkness with occasionally a blacker shape looming.

The moon had withdrawn with the stars.

A chilly wind was blowing up. There ought to be the road toward Afton, going up a hill, but hill and clouds and sky were all one.

Over there should be a drug store and they would have a telephone. But there was no light anywhere. Every house seemed asleep. They would think she was crazy if she attempted to rouse anyone and ask help or a chance to telephone. She could not forget Matilda Coulter and her field glasses. It suddenly came home to her what a heinous offense this all night absence of hers would be considered in this old-fashioned town, and she shrank inexpressibly from meeting any such fire of criticism as there would surely be if this escapee of hers should place her two friends, Robert and Murray, into a trying situation. They would surely come in for part of any gossip because they had been so closely associated with her and her sister during the last few weeks. Meetings everywhere! It would be what Robert would call a "bad witness." She shut her lips firmly. Never, for her sake, should he have to go through anything like that. This was her own affair. She must get back to Afton before that happened, get inside the house where no one could see her. A sudden panic seized her. How long would it take to walk?

She had thought vaguely of a taxi. She had come in a taxi when she first arrived. But the place was as bare of taxis as it was of lights. There was nothing but her two feet to carry her back. And there was always the fear that Zane might have followed her in that car that was a wizard for flight, and that he might overtake her before she reached safety.

She stepped down from the platform, and set her foot firmly on the road. She must cross the highway here. Yes, here was a sidewalk. There to the left was the drug store. She could catch the luminous glow in one of the red bottles that stood inside the window. Only a glow, a glimmer, and then it was all gone again. On the right was the post-office. Yes, the sidewalk turned here. Farther on it would stop and one had to walk in the road. Then it was still a long way ahead to Robert's cornfield.

She hurried on, walking on the grass at the side rather than the pavement, not daring to let her footsteps be heard lest someone should put an inquisitive head out of a window.

It seemed a curious silent village, like a dead place. Not even the cry of a sick child to break the stillness. Overhead a bird stirred in the branches and uttered

a sleepy chirp. The sound of it made her heart stand still. Off in the distance the hoot of an owl fairly frightened her. How silly she was! She had never been afraid before.

All along the way were little soft stirrings and whisperings of leaves and night creatures. Beyond the village when she stepped into the road there were the crickets again, and soft gray moths flying about her. One struck her in the face and left her trembling. She began to cry softly, she was so very tired and hungry. Vanna Sutherland crying! And she was almost home, too, almost out of her trouble.

Or was she? She had yet to explain. She shivered and tried to think how she was going to do it, but her mind wouldn't work.

"Oh, God," she whispered, "Oh, Robert's God! Won't you help me? I'm so very tired!"

It was only five miles. She ought not to mind walking that even if she was tired and hungry and a little afraid, for she had done it on the golf course hundreds of times. But the way seemed interminable, and she wasn't just sure she was on the right road either. If it only wasn't so terrible dark!

She tried to brace herself by the memory of whose daughter she was! Of all the proud tales of bravery that belonged to her family. Of the grandmother whom she had never seen and the long line of pioneer puritan ancestors. She tried to take proud steps forward telling herself she was not afraid. She, Vanna Sutherland, had always been able to dominate any situation and she would still do it. A little thing like having to walk a lonely road five miles in the dark was nothing! Then she remembered that she had not been able to dominate Emory Zane that afternoon, and perhaps back of that there was something wrong, some reason why she had failed. She searched around in her mind and found shame lying there. She was ashamed, that was it. It wasn't just that she had to walk through the woods at the dead of night alone. It wasn't that she was tired and hungry and angry. It was that she had done the thing that had brought her into this strait. As she looked back now she knew in her deepest heart that she had known all the time that with her standards, merely her own wordly standards that she had worked out by herself, she never should have had anything to do with Emory Zane. She knew it was playing with fire, and she had knowingly gone and played, sure that she could control the fire before there would be any

danger.

It wasn't anything the world would count as wrong that she had done, just silly prideful things that did not savor of the finest and best,—and she had been learning of late to count these more important than any earthly values. But she felt the sin of her human pride keenly now in this awful night alone, and she hated to think of having to face the truth in the clear glance of Robert Carroll. Oh, it didn't matter whether she told him about it in words or not, he would know. He had eyes that could see, and she dreaded to find that hurt disappointed look in them when she met him. It would be there. It would surely be there. It was something, she imagined, like the eyes of God at the judgment, in lesser degree perhaps.

Suddenly out of the darkness of the sky a shiver of lightning rent across the sky, and a low rumble of thunder followed. Was she going to have to face a thunder storm with all the rest?

She hurried on breathless. The lightning had showed looming darkness ahead, and another flash showed it more clearly. That was woods, and she must pass there. Perhaps she would be caught in the storm under those tall trees, and trees she knew were dangerous in an electric storm.

She put her head down and began to run, and the lightning came up like a great bright monster and slithered across the sky above her, chasing her into covert.

She gained the woods and the thunder rolled ominously. She stumbled on breathlessly to get out from under the trees before the storm would break, and when she came to the open road again she staggered to the side of the road and sat down to rest. One heel had torn loose from her silly little shoe, and every step onward was painful. Presently the shoe itself came off as she hurried on again, and was lost in the darkness. She felt around in the road for it sobbing softly, though she was hardly aware of it, but it evaded her. Even when another long sheet of lightning lit up the sky again her eyes searched in vain for the shoe. She must go on without it!

She hurried forward, the stones hurting her unclad feet. She reached down and took off the other shoe, but that only put both feet at the mercy of the stones.

She went back a step or two to try to find the lost shoe again, but saw no sign of it, and the thunder sounded nearer now, long low rumbles. The wind was blowing fiercely and the trees were twisting and writhing like human forms against the hurtling battled clouds whenever the lightning came to show them. Strange that such a storm should come up after such a glorious sunset! Yet the night had been ages long. Perhaps it wasn't the same night. Perhaps she was delirious somewhere in a hospital, and not really walking stocking-footed in a strange dark road at night. Miles she had come. Would she never get there? "God! God! Robert's God! Robert Carroll loves you, God! He believes you can do anything!"

She was talking out loud to herself. There were cold drops falling now, far apart and very sharp as they splashed into her face. They looked like diamonds as the lightning played with them intermittently. She drew the burlap over her head and crouched as she ran breathlessly on.

She must be coming to Robert Carroll's cornfield pretty soon. That wasn't so far beyond the woods she remembered. What if she should be struck by lightning somewhere near his gateway, and in the morning somebody would find her lying there dead! What terrible things would be said. What unspeakable things could happen! Perhaps Robert or somebody else would be charged with murder, and she not there to prove it wasn't so—!

Wild insane thoughts these were. She recognized it even as they flashed through her tired brain. But crazy or not she must get away from here. Not a breath must ever touch Robert on her account. Yes, there was his gateway up ahead, and beyond was the top of this little rise in the road. When she reached the top it would be down hill for a little and not such hard going.

And then, almost opposite that gate that she was hurrying away from so fast, a light suddenly stabbed her in the eyes, two great red eyes of light, that every line of her sad young figure, every thread of her burlap attire, every nerve in her body it seemed, visible to the world. She stood petrified for an instant just where it had caught her. Then suddenly she sprang into action.

That was a car! That might be Emory Zane. He had come back and been to the house, and not finding her had come out to search again! Well, he might have more human kindness in his nature than she had given him credit for, but he should not find her if she could help it.

She darted to the right, away from Robert Carroll's gateway, straight into the shadow, creeping stealthily through the darkness, edging herself hurriedly into a great clump of elderberry bushes taller than her head, and drawing the burlap about her, even over her face. She stood so in the driving rain and waited breathless.

"Oh, God! Robert's God!" she prayed, and held her breath to listen!

\* \* \*

Robert Carroll had no definite plan when he left the Sutherland house and insisted to his friend Murray that he must go home, except that he wanted to get by himself and pray. He had a vague feeling that there still might be something further he could do that night to find the girl who had grown so dear to him.

But he had wanted to be alone, to look into the face of God and listen to his heavenly Father speaking through this sorrow that had come. He wanted to be alone when he took from his Father's hand the cup of bitterness that seemed to be his. His heart was crying out for

his beloved in spite of himself and he knew that he must be alone and quiet in order to have it stilled, and that it might be centered again in Christ.

As he drove along now he began to pray that no matter how much it meant of crucifixion to himself, Vanna herself might be saved.

"Just that, dear Lord," he prayed, "and show me beyond the shadow of a doubt what to do. But, oh, dear Lord, bring her back home safely!"

It was then he topped the hill and his lights shot out their two long bright rays and picked her out as she stood in the road, frightened, weeping, ready to drop.

He knew her at once and his heart leaped up. God had answered a part of his prayer at last. It startled him to have the answer come so quickly even though he was used to receiving startling answers to his prayers.

His car shot forward and came to a stop where he had seen her standing. He looked all about and strained his eyes but he could see no sign of her. Had it been a mirage, a sort of vision? He was overwrought he knew and weary beyond expression. Such things had been known, visions that were purely imagination.

But this had been so plain! He could not just go on and drive into his own gateway, ignore it utterly. He must be sure.

(To Be Continued)

## WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 270)

Tuesday evening, July 7. Mr. John Johnson, Deacon, was in charge of the program which consisted of musical and choir numbers, recitations and messages of welcome by representatives of the church. At the reception afterwards a wedding shower was given the bride and bridegroom with Mrs. John Buseman in charge of the program. On Sunday, July 12, the new pastor and his wife were given a warm welcome by the Unityville Church with a festive program and reception in their home.

\* \* \*

Miss Bertha Lang, daughter of the Rev. A. G. Lang of Parkersburg, Iowa, and for 14 years missionary in South China under the China Inland Mission, will again leave for China on Sept. 12 from Vancouver, British Columbia, on the Japanese steamship, M. Y. R. Heian Maru. During her furlough in America she traveled 24,000 miles and addressed more than a hundred congregations. Recently she has been speaking in the Iowa churches where farewell receptions were held for her. On Sunday, July 26, she addressed the evening service in the German Baptist Church of Tacoma, Wash., of which her cousin, the Rev. George Lang, is pastor. She will be in charge of 25 women missionaries on board the steamship bound for China, escorting them to their new fields of missionary service.



# Reports from the Field

## Dakota Conference

### Revival and Baptism at Wessington Springs, So. Dak.

Once again it is our privilege to report about our work in Wessington Springs, So. Dak. We are still busy in Kingdom building and during the past two months we have had experiences that will long be remembered. From May 10 to June 14 we had the Rev. J. T. Larsen of Minneapolis with us in a series of evangelistic meetings in all three churches. The results were very gratifying.

When our meetings came to a close 60 people had given their testimonies of having found Christ or of having been restored from their indifferent ways. The closing day of this fine revival also marked the closing day of the reporter's seventh year as pastor on this field. A large baptismal service was anticipated, but we were disappointed. Only 22 persons followed their Lord in baptism in the three churches combined, while 2 others were received by experience. Several families from other churches are rather undecided concerning this step, and we believe that we shall have one or two baptismal services before winter.

We have received many letters asking about the conditions in South Dakota. One cannot describe the drouth in a few words, but suffice it to say, that, aside from a few partly dried up Russian thistles and swarms of grasshoppers, there is scarcely a living thing in the fields. All the live stock is practically sold. Now comes the question, how are people going to carry on? We believe that somehow the Lord will provide.

REV. W. HELWIG, Reporter.

### Annual Report of the B. Y. P. U. of Madison, So. Dak.

We, the young people of the German Baptist Church of Madison, So. Dak., are indeed thankful to the Lord for all the bountiful blessings which he has bestowed upon us during the past year. Under the capable leadership of our president, Miss Eunice Kolachefsky, we feel that we have taken some definite steps forward.

Meetings were held every Sunday for a half hour before the evening service. During the month of June we had our meetings after the service, thus creating new interest. We had six socials during the year and besides, we were entertained at a roller-skating party by a neighboring society. Our annual program was given on Thanksgiving evening. Besides that we had two special services; one being a sunrise service on Easter morning and the other a play, "And the Greatest of These is Love," given on Mother's Day.

On July 17 we had a midsummer ban-

quet with an attendance of 50 young people. A star theme was carried out, with colors of blue, white and silver. Silver stars were used as place cards and blue candles illuminated the room. The Rev. H. R. Schroeder proved to be a very entertaining toastmaster, and Prof. O. E. Krueger, a son of the church, now of Rochester, N. Y., gave the main address. Pep songs by the group added spice to the program. We also had our annual business meeting at this time, and the following officers were elected: Don Krug, president; Ralph Backhaus, vice-president; Alice Husmann, secretary; and Orville Backus, treasurer.

We have an increase in membership and a larger balance in the treasury. May God guide us during the coming year!

PEARL ADAMS, Secretary.

## Northwestern Conference

### Anniversary Report of the Lebanon Ladies' Aid

The anniversary program of the Ladies' Aid of the German Baptist Church of Lebanon, Wis., was held on Sunday, July 19. After a song service we were led in responsive reading and prayer by E. J. Steinberg of Wauwatosa, Wis. Special musical numbers were a vocal solo by Mrs. Florence Rabenhorst and a selection by the Ladies' Quartet. Words of welcome by the president preceded the secretary's and treasurer's reports.

The secretary's report was as follows: "The year just closed has been a busy one for the Lebanon Baptist Ladies' Aid. There have been 8 work meetings, a Christmas party, and the annual business meeting. At the work meetings there was an attendance, ranging from 4 to 9 members and averaging 6 for the 8 meetings. The work completed was not so varied as some years, but we know the Lord will give manifold blessings to every hour which was spent in his service. About 100 bandages were rolled for Gebauer's use in Cameroon and 60 bandages were rolled for use in the Belgian Congo in Africa and in India. Curtains were made to provide a little privacy around beds in one of our hospital wards. Absorbent cotton and adhesive tape were cut out and sent to Mather School in Beaufort, S. C. The society purchased new shades for the church and mosquito netting and screen for windows and door of the social hall."

The treasurer's report showed a total sum of disbursements for \$60.02.

Mrs. V. Wolff recited a German poem, "Gold and Conscience," and the members of the society sang a German song, "Count Your Many Blessings." A play, "Soup, Sand, and Sagebrush," was presented by members of the society and Sunday School. The offering, amounting to \$12.87, was designated for the Gebauers in Cameroon.

ESTHER S. KRUEGER, Reporter.

## Northern Conference

### Mr. and Mrs. Beutler Welcomed in Olds, Alberta

On Thursday evening, July 2, the First German Baptist Church of Olds, Alberta, Canada, had the pleasure of welcoming their new pastor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gottfried Beutler. It was announced that on July 2 our new minister would preach his first sermon, and it was decided that the reception should take place after the service.

That evening our church basement was filled with people from far and near and beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The Rev. A. Kujath, pastor of the Calgary Church, led the service. After a song rendered by the mixed choir, Mr. Beutler brought a stirring message on the text in Hebrew 12:2: "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." The men's choir sang a song after which Mr. Kujath closed this service with a short prayer.

Mr. Richard Link, one of our deacons, took further charge and asked Mrs. Beutler to take her place on the platform beside her husband. After this, the representatives of the various departments of the church were given an opportunity of speaking words of welcome as well as pledging their loyalty and support to the new minister. Richard Link spoke in behalf of the church, Fred Unger in behalf of the Sunday School, Albert Unger for the Young People's Society and Choir, and Mrs. Ben Falkenberg represented the Ladies' Missionary Society. Fred Unger, our secretary, also welcomed them as well as our treasurer, Martin Wagner.

Mr. Beutler also serves the Knee Hill Church and the station Hoffnungsfield. Tony Walters and Mr. Bechler brought greetings from Knee Hill and Mr. Hiller represented the station. Other neighboring churches which brought greetings were as follows: Mr. Cirankowitsch from Trochu, John Naehner from Bethel, Rev. A. Kujath from Craigmyle and Calgary, Alex Biebrich from Freudental, Mr. Streity, pastor of the Evangelical Church, and Mr. Hilbert from the Torrington Sunday School. Musical numbers on the program were: a piano solo by Ruth Unger, a song by the Sunday School children, a solo by Edward Link, a song by the Ladies Aid, and a selection by the men's choir.

After the congregation sang the song, "Crown Him," our deacon, Richard Link, presented our minister and his wife as a bridal couple with an envelope of money as a wedding gift and wishes were extended to them for a long and happy married life.

We are very grateful to the Lord for sending Mr. and Mrs. Beutler to us and our prayer is that the Lord may bless them richly in this field.

Frances Link, Reporter.

## Young People's Program at Edenwald, Southey and Regina

It was a "Three-in-One" program for the Edenwald young people on Sunday, June 28. After attending their own morning service in Edenwald, Saskatchewan, Canada, they gathered in cars for a motor trip to Southey and Regina. They gave a program in the afternoon at Southey and in the evening at Regina. On their way from Southey to Regina they stopped in the valley for their supper.

The programs given in the above mentioned churches were of a varied nature consisting of dialogues, recitations, readings and ladies' and men's quartets. Mr. R. Milbrandt, student minister at Edenwald for the summer months, also took an active part in the program and brought a short inspiring address.

There were six cars filled with young people which made this round trip of approximately 110 miles.

Mrs. F. Brucker, Reporter.

## Saskatchewan Tri-Union Convention at Regina

The Tri-Union convention of the German Baptist Churches of Saskatchewan was held in Regina from July 3 to 5. It consists of three branches of church activities representing the Sunday School workers, the young people's societies and the choirs. From 13 Saskatchewan churches 67 delegates had come to the convention.

On Friday evening, July 3, the Rev. G. Schroeder of Nokomis, president of the Tri-Union, spoke a few words of welcome. Then the various young people's societies answered the roll call with Bible verses or choruses.

The results of the election of officers were as follows: Rev. G. Schroeder of Nokomis, president; Rev. A. Reeh of Yorkton, vice president; Rev. J. Kepl of Regina, young people's director; Rev. A. Biblheimer of Southey, Sunday School director; Mr. J. Butz of Southey, choir director; Miss Margaret Schroeder of Nokomis, secretary; Mrs. Anna Schultz of Regina, treasurer; and Miss Mary Sauer of Southey, pianist.

Encouraging reports were heard from the different branches of our work. Professor A. Bretschneider of Rochester, N. Y., spoke on "Der Hunger der Seele."

On Saturday morning Carl Dohms of Fenwood led the opening service after which Bible School work and business matters were discussed. It was decided to have another Bible school this winter. These Bible schools in Canada are similar to young people's assemblies elsewhere, but they are held over a larger period of time. The Rev. A. Reeh of Yorkton also spoke on "The Great Demands of our Age are Sunday School Teachers."

In the evening the young people's devotional service was led by Rudolf Milbrandt and Prof. A. Bretschneider. On this occasion the various prizes were distributed as follows: For young people's work: Nokomis, first prize; Ebenezer East, second; Regina, third. For choir

work: Regina, first; Ebenezer East, second; Nokomis, third. For Sunday School work: Nokomis, first; Regina, second; Ebenezer East, third.

Professor A. Bretschneider spoke at the Sunday morning service. In the afternoon the Rev. A. Biblheimer of Southey and the Rev. A. Rosner of Ebenezer East brought English and German messages respectively. The missionary offering amounted to \$107.25.

The closing evening service, on Sunday, July 5, was led by the Rev. E. Wuerch of Fenwood and addressed by Professor A. Bretschneider. A short period of testimonies and devotion brought the Tri-Union convention to a glorious close.

Hilda Weiss, Reporter.

## Central Conference

### Activities of the Beaver Baptist Church Organizations

All organizations of our church in Beaver, Mich., take great pleasure in presenting to the readers of "The Baptist Herald" some of their outstanding activities during the last few months. As the church is making plans to celebrate its fortieth anniversary, the organizations are listing their programs in which they praise God for his leadership.

The Ladies' Aid of our church, composed of about 30 members, celebrated its anniversary on Mother's Day, May 10. For seven years they have labored



Sunday School Workers of Bethel Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Eastern Conference

### Activities at the Bethel Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

The inspiration which came to us last November through the observance of the 40th anniversary of the Bethel Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., helped us off to a fine start for the winter's work. Our Sunday School enjoyed the best year in its history. It has an enrollment of 190. Through the Sunday School and the church we make contacts with 132 families. On the 6th of February the fathers and sons gathered for their annual banquet. The ladies of the church provided a tasty meal and the Rev. Carl G. Steward of the Kenmore Baptist Church brought a worthwhile message on "Dads and Sons." The mothers and daughters had their "Get-Together" on the 10th of June. Via the "grape vine" we were informed that "a good time was had by all."

On Sunday, June 28, our pastor, the Rev. P. Geissler, had the joy of baptizing 7 persons. The present membership of our church is 196. An anonymous gift of \$1000 for mission brought our mission offerings for the year almost to \$2000. All of our services are well attended, both by members, friends and strangers. Our vesper services during the month of July were held at the homes of our members in the country.

With the first Sunday in September our pastor, the Rev. P. Geissler, will begin his ninth year of his faithful ministry among us.

REPORTER.

and experienced many blessings of God. Proud to wear the carnations, presented to them by the young people, the women opened their program by reciting Psalm 23 and 1 Cor. 13. Their song, "Trust and Obey," revealed the sincerity of their mission. As four of their numbers presented the dialogue, "True Greatness," we were inspired to put forth our best efforts to attain that goal. The songs by the young people and the address, "Spiritual Growth," by our pastor, the Rev. H. Pfeifer, brought the celebration to a fitting climax.

The young people's society celebrated its 5th anniversary on the evening of June 28. From their reports we perceived that their meetings were sources of strength and joy. On the first Sunday of every month they gather in the church for meditation and recognition of God's wonderful plan with man. Then they listen to the study of the life and work of the Apostle Paul which is presented by our pastor. Once during the month they gather in one of the homes. In this service they give expression to the blessings they have received and make plans and preparations for a better service for the Lord. Such were the reports presented to us as the spirit of youth captivated our hearts at this festival. The most inspiring part of the program, however, was the presentation of the dialogue, "And the Greatest of These is Love."

The third organization, our Sunday School, has also been very active in making

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## 81st Anniversary of the Pin Oak Creek Church

One of the Pioneer Churches of German Baptists of North America

July 4th and 5th were happy days at the Pin Oak Creek Baptist Church at Mt. Sterling, Mo., the occasion being the 81st anniversary of the organization of the church. A multitude of members, former members and friends of the congregation and their families came from far and near to celebrate the birthday of the church that had been the beacon light in Christian religion, education and sociability of the sturdy pioneers of this vicinity for nearly a century.

It was not only the celebration of a rare occasion for a church, old in years but young in spirit and strong in spiritual influence, but also a two-day homecoming period of sociability, with the coming together of descendants of former shepherds of the flock, descendants of former members, now deceased or moved to other counties and states, and present members and their families.

The two-day observance of the event was devoted to devotional services, musical programs, basket dinners and addresses by able speakers, among whom were Prof. B. F. Hoffmann of Columbia, Mo., who presented the history of the church; Prof. Walter Giedinghagen of Kansas City; Rev. J. S. Arvin of Third Creek; Rev. Henry Gieding of Owensville; Rev. John Kennitz of St. Louis; Rev. Wm. Ratje of Drake, Mo.; Rev. Albert Linder of St. Louis, who composed and presented the beautiful poem, "Our Pin Oak Creek Church at Mt. Sterling"; Prof. Daniel Linder of St. Louis; Dr. S. E. Ewing of St. Louis, who spoke on the "New Testament Church"; Rev. A. R. Cole of New Bloomfield, Mo.; Rev. Henry Leimkuehler of Slater, Mo., who delivered the anniversary sermon; Mrs. Sophia Poe of Belle, Mo., who spoke on "Missions"; Mrs. Lizze Auf der Hiede of Owensville; and Mr. Louis Giedinghagen of St. Louis, who was in charge of the program.

A splendid history of the church was written and read at the celebration by Prof. B. F. Hoffmann of Columbia, Mo., son of the Rev. Andreas Hoffmann, the second pastor of the church, of which only a small portion can be published.

"This church was organized on July 4, 1855, when the first 7 members of the congregation were baptized in the Gasconade River by the Rev. August Rauschenbusch, who became also their first pastor. The names of these seven baptized members are as follows: Andreas Hoffmann, Johann Otto Kuhlhoeelter, Heinrich Wilms, Friederich Giedinghagen, Wilhelmina, wife of J. O. Kuhlhoeelter, Caroline, wife of H. Wilms, and Susanna Laubert.

"It is interesting to note, that these people in question had shortly before emigrated from Germany to find homes in this country. In a revival in Barntrup, Germany, they had become converted and had joined the Presbyterian

confession of faith. Together with Brother Rauschenbusch, who had previously been baptized with some others of St. Louis in the Mississippi River by the Rev. S. Kuepfer in the faith of the Baptist Church, they studied the Word of God and became convinced that the Baptist confession of faith conformed most closely to Biblical teaching, were baptized, and organized this Baptist church, with a membership of eight.

"According to the history of the church, the Rev. August Rauschenbusch was the first pastor, serving from July 4, 1855, to April, 5, 1858, when he preached his farewell sermon, having accepted the call to the theological seminary in Rochester, New York, there to become professor of theology. Before the year 1855 was ended, 3 more persons were baptized upon their confession of faith in Christ, giving the church a membership of 11.

"Rev. August Rauschenbusch was succeeded by the Rev. Andreas Hoffmann, one of the charter members who had felt the call to preach, and soon he was ordained to the gospel ministry. He was a devoted shepherd of the flock for 35 years.

"The first building which served both as meeting-house and school for the congregation was a one room log house which stood on a hill overlooking Pin Oak Creek. Here the Rev. A. Hoffmann conducted religious worship and taught religious instruction for several years under difficulties, but faithful and true to his tasks. This little cabin was later moved to the site of the first real church edifice, built in 1868-69, at the foot of the hill on Pin Oak Creek near the former site, and served for various purposes there.

"Ominous times were in the sixties on the community; for it was the period of the Civil War. In the fall of 1864 General Price led his Confederate Army over the State Road toward Lexington, Mo., almost in sight of the little log church building. The members were sorely troubled and distressed, because two of their beloved members, Budde and Kalteweiher, were maliciously shot down and killed by foragers and marauders from the main army, and others lost heavily in goods and property.

"However, God's work went on in the little church. A few new members were added and their meeting-house was, indeed, too small for them. In the spring of 1868 they again resolved to build, and on June 24, 1869, the meeting-house or church on Pin Oak Creek was completed and dedicated to the service of the Lord.

"Because of the fact that many of the members of the congregation lived so far from the church on Pin Oak Creek, recognizing their religious zeal and appreciating these hardships, Mr. Hoffmann established a mission in the early seventies on Third Creek. Out of this move-

ment there grew eventually the Baptist Church on Third Creek. After a long period of faithful and conscientious service as pastor Mr. Hoffmann was succeeded by the Rev. John Baasener as pastor, who resigned in Oct. 1892 to be succeeded by the Rev. A. Hoffmann, who, again in the interim between this date and the coming of the next pastor, conducted the religious services.

"The Rev. Eckhard Umbach became pastor of the congregation in Sept. 1895. He served the church for six years, the period of his service terminating in the fall of 1900. During the period of his pastorate here, two new meeting-houses were built, one on Third Creek, the other at Mt. Sterling, in which the 81st anniversary of the founding of the Pin Oak Creek congregation was celebrated.

"The Rev. John Miller succeeded Mr. Umbach on Oct. 29, 1900, and served the church as its pastor until July 1, 1907. The Rev. Andrew Hoffmann, Jr., son of the Rev. Andreas Hoffmann, Sr., was installed as pastor of the church on Feb. 25, 1908, and served until ill health compelled him to relinquish his post in the summer of 1919. As a "chip of the old block," the same as his father, he served the church in true love and sincerity, faithful and true to his task even during the trying times of the World War.

"Rev. A. E. Vogt was the pastor from 1920 to 1927. Several members were added to the church during his pastorate. A licensed student pastor, J. L. Hartwick, served the church from 1927 to the time of his ordination on March 31, 1929. The Rev. C. C. Barton of the Dixon Association of the Southern Baptists then became pastor of the Mt. Sterling congregation and served the church until 1932. The Rev. A. R. Cole, also of the Southern Baptists, was pastor from 1933 until 1936.

Although these changes have come about, we still have a great interest in the work of German Baptists. We have not as yet joined the Southern Baptists, of which we are somewhat surrounded. We still receive our Sunday School literature, though English, from the German Baptist Publication Society. Our mission offering, though small, still goes to the German Baptist board during the period of the last two pastors. The "Sendbote" and "The Baptist Herald" are still welcome visitors in the homes of some members.

At present, we are without a pastor. However, we meet every Sunday morning to carry on our Sunday School work. We hope and pray that the Lord will continue to help us as he has always done before, that we may soon again have a pastor, and that the work for Christ, our Lord, in the Pin Oak Creek Baptist Church at Mt. Sterling, Mo., might prosper as in the days gone by.  
R. Leimkuehler, Church Clerk.

## A Chat About Books

By the Editor

"I beg to direct your attention to Africa." That familiar sentence of David Livingstone need no longer be quoted in our denomination because of Paul and Clara Gebauer and Edith Koppin in the Cameroons and because of the mission field that has endeared itself to our hearts.

There will be great rejoicing over the announcement that the mission material for 1936-7, which will serve as the basis for study and discussion in evangelical churches, will be about Africa. Several unexcelled new books have been published, presenting a clear and up-to-date picture of the social and economic problems and missionary issues in that vast continent.

### CONSIDER AFRICA

A missionary book by Basil Mathews is a synonym for accurate information and fascinating reading material. His story of Livingstone, the Pathfinder (Friendship Press—\$1.00), published (Friendship Press—\$1.00), published for Intermediates many years ago, is regarded by young and old alike as the best short biography of the great missionary. The Christian world is also indebted to Basil Mathews for his latest book, "Consider Africa," (Friendship Press—Cloth, \$1.00, Paper, 60 cents—1936—180 pages), which sketches in a broad perspective the drama of social, economic, political and religious changes that are now transpiring in Africa due to the impact of Western civilization upon its peoples.

The approach of the author to the tremendous current problems in Africa is pictorially expressed in this brief paragraph. "Looking at the map of the world, we see Africa, shaped like a stupendous question mark at the feet of Europe. This is a symbol of the truth about that immense continent. It is a great enigma."

The old tribal life and social patterns of Africa are pictured as a background for the study of the chaos and confusion which have accompanied the coming of the machine into the continent. With a wealth of facts and illustrations Dr. Mathews portrays the disintegration of the old fetish religions along with the old established tribal customs. "The machine age is beating upon the frail shell of African tribal life and threatens to destroy it. There is, however, another approach. A comradeship, coming from without Africa, penetrating through the shell by its very warmth, can germinate the inner life." That approach as Dr. Mathews sees it, is the mission of Christianity!

Undoubtedly, the best chapter in the book is the one entitled "Trees in One Apple," based on the African proverb: "Any fool can count how many apples there are on a tree; but no one can tell how many trees there are in one apple." In this chapter the author gives a vision

of the possibilities of true missionary service in Africa, presenting Jesus Christ to the African and ministering to all his needs. Africa is "the world's supreme laboratory for the remaking of men."

Here is a volume whose drama and challenge will make every nerve tingle with the adventure of missionary service. Here is a book which can be read as a captivating account of a vast continent that needs to be won for Christ and his Kingdom and studied as a textbook to learn how the marching orders of the Master of mankind can best be carried out.

### OMWA? ARE YOU AWAKE?

Dr. P. H. J. Lerrigo, the missionary secretary of the Northern Baptist Convention, has written a stirring book about a recent trip of his to the Belgian Congo, published under the intriguing title, "Omwa? Are You Awake?" (Revell Co.—\$1.25—1936—175 pages.)

As the author says, "the book is about people." It is filled with human interest stories and folk tales illuminating the major problems of Central Africa and the missionary venture of the church—Mongo and Ngoumena, cannibals, tell their contrasting stories! Ngila, a young Congo girl, runs away because she does not want to marry the sorcerer and finds a home in the mission compound; Kikwaka, a native evangelist, relates his experiences preaching the gospel on a difficult overland journey into the interior; and many other characters come to life in the pages of the book. One of the most interesting features is found in the many African folk tales which the author relates such as those of M'wengi, the bush cat, Miss Antelope outwitting Mr. Leopard, Miss Hen claiming relationship with Mr. Alligator and the elephant asking the Animal Maker why it has only one child.

In this exceptionally fine book the reader becomes acquainted with the attractive Congolese men and women whose lives have been changed by the power of Christ and is privileged to witness the missionary's varied and multitudinous tasks with frequent attendant dangers. But the personal challenge towards the close of the book is its glorious climax. "What is needed today is that men and women should dedicate themselves to the missionary task, though forced to stay in the homeland, with the same wholehearted abandon with which the young people of our churches, who are able to go, throw themselves into it."

### CONGO CROSSES

Another book of distinguished merit on this subject of Africa is "Congo Crosses," (Cloth—\$1.00, Paper, 60 cents—1936—227 pages) by Julia Kellersberger. Although it is a study of Congo womanhood and will have special fascination for the American woman, the

book by virtue of its realistic and colorful portrayals of African life and the sincere warmth of its approach to an understanding of the natives will also be read with more than usual interest by the men and young people of our churches.

The author calls Africa "the Continent of God's Adventure," and that theme is the keynote of the book. From the opening pages as the impressions and dreams of the outward-bound missionary crossing the Equator are recorded to the closing vision of "the Bright and Morning Star who gave his life on Calvary's Cross that the world might be free," the reader follows the throbbing and thrilling story of Christian missions. He meditates upon "the might-have-beens" of African history and sees how "great doors often swing upon small hinges. He views the Congo as a country of contrasts, of colors, of sounds and of odors. He is held spell-bound by the bewitching beauty of the land as viewed through the eyes of the author. "We sailed over twinkling stars reflected in the sparkling waters of our forest pool, where fire-ants dropped down upon us from overhanging brush where fireflies lighted our way and ducks' nests drifted towards us on floating islands of dead leaves and twigs." He "saunters" leisurely through African forests and villages, seeing for himself the havoc wrought by the white ants and insects, the tragedy of slave marriage and polygamy, the continued use of the poisoned cup and the blight of native superstitions and taboos. He witnesses with the author "how Christ is indeed weeping over Central Africa" and is led at its close to take up his cross for the continent.

This book will make you cry and laugh with the African natives and will endear them intimately to your heart!

### OTHER MISSIONARY BOOKS

The book, "Christ in the Great Forest," (Friendship Press—Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 60 cents—1936—180 pages) by Felix Faure, a famous French missionary, is the account of "twice-born men" in Africa, the true stories of African lives transformed by the grace of God, related in an inimitable narrative style. "Out of Africa," (Friendship Press—Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 60 cents—1936) by Dr. Emory Ross describes graphically the changing life of the African people as a background to the account of Christian missions among them, all of this verified by personal experiences in Africa.

"A call is a need, plus a need that you know, plus a need that you can meet." The African call, as never before, merits our prayers, our knowledge, our gifts, our sacrifices on the altar of Christ's service!



## OLD TRAILS AND NEW ADVENTURES

(Continued from Page 275)

a powerful piece of land, and not without thought on the part of the givers. In case we should ever misbehave the entire army of Kaka magic and the spirits of the ancestors will be upon us.

Will we destroy the places? We should be fools if we did. Those trees and bushes are too beautiful to be burned, and the stones will be fine for building foundations. But will the natives not continue to worship at these places? The wise ones have already carried away by night the pots and healing stones. Piece by piece the magical means will be moved, in order that the last faithful dying rites may continue in the ways of the fathers. But before these faithful ones have assembled themselves for the last journey to their forefathers, they will have seen a new time and will have witnessed a growing generation that will place eternal meaning and value in the groping quest of their fathers. That generation will remove the remnants of ancient cults in order to proclaim a sacrifice, offered once and for all, in Christ Jesus.

## DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page 278)

Prayer: "Dear Father, we thank thee for the assurance of thy gracious supply for all our needs."

Tuesday, September 15

### The Mountain Made a Highway

"I will make all my mountains a way." Isa. 49:11.

Read Isaiah 49:1-13.

A religion that enables man to change a mountain into a highway is the only religion for us. When God leads, the mountain is no longer a barrier but it becomes a pass. Thus, Mount Calvary became a new and living way into the presence of God. Through faith in him we can transform the greatest obstacles into means for the attainment of true life.

Prayer: "Almighty God, thou didst lead Israel through the sea. So thou canst make the mountains to be a way through seemingly impassable barriers."

Wednesday, September 16

### Good Soil

"Other (seed) fell on good ground." Luke 8:8.

Read Luke 8:8-15.

Many things go wrong in life, like the seed in thorny and stony soil. But that should not make us cynical and sceptical. Remember that there was good soil, too, in which the seed grew and ripened. In spite of all the devilment displayed in the headlines of the daily press, there are lots of good people in the world as well as much fidelity, much love, much grace and much beauty.

Prayer: "Dear Master, we pray for clear and correct vision to see not only the evil about us but also the good."

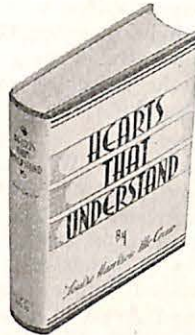
## ACTIVITIES OF BEAVER CHURCH

(Continued from Page 281)

ing our anniversary celebrations sources of joy and happiness as well as of blessings. From the youngest to the oldest scholar recitations and songs were brought. The 19th of July proved to be a day in which the true abiding values of the Sunday School were presented. Edward Streuing, who with his guitar and singing ability had formerly in-

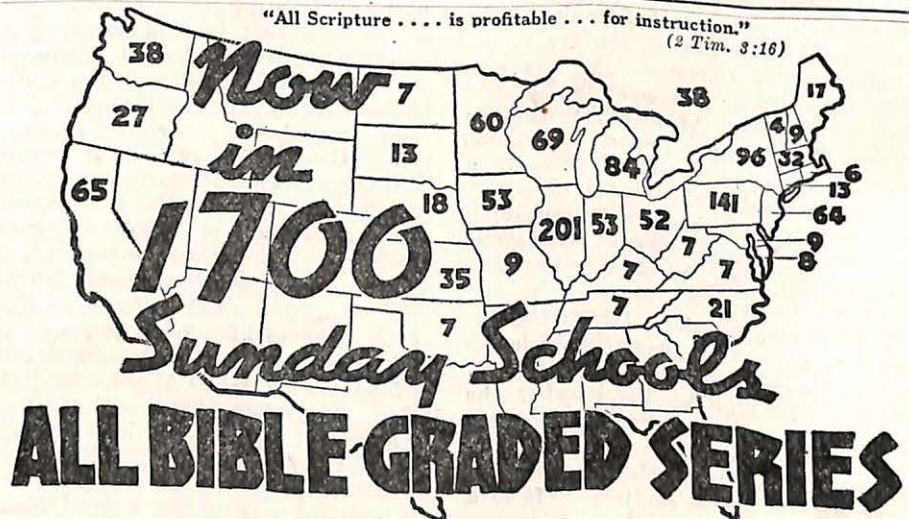
spired us, led us by means of his contribution to the land beyond the river. The highlight of the program, however, was the ministry of the "Golden Harmony Singers" of Bay City. Under the able leadership of Arthur Schiell, their songs rang forth in harmonious and delightful manner.

May the Lord continue to use these organizations in the advancement of His Kingdom in our midst! As he does so, we feel that every member will have a share in winning souls for eternity.



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