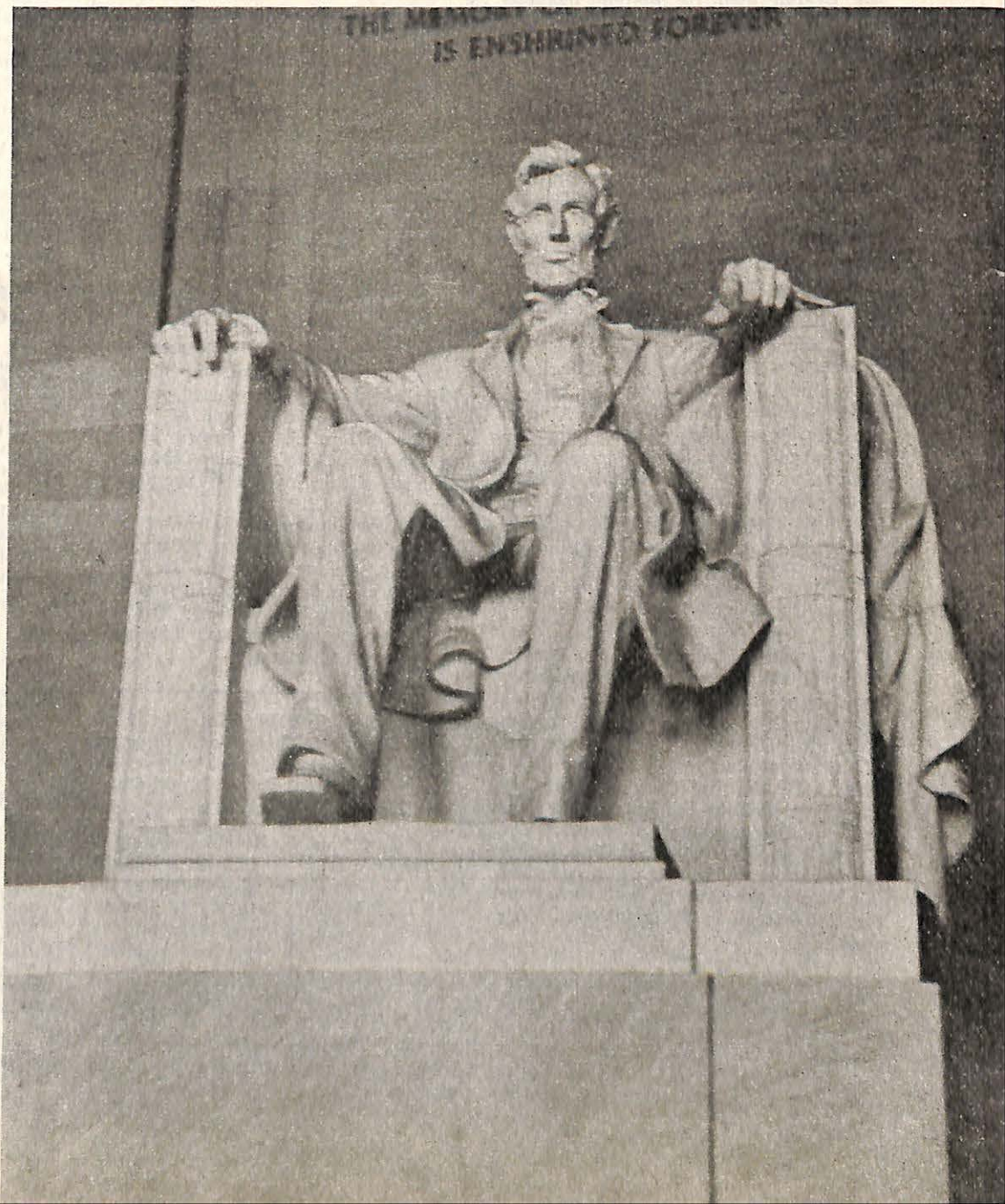


THE BAPTIST HERALD

*February 15,
1937*

**A Striking Picture
of the Statue of
Abraham Lincoln
in the
Lincoln Memorial
in Washington,
D. C.**

Photograph by
Mr. Winfield Ruelke



What's Happening

Mr. Nick A. Wiens, a member of the First German Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., is a student in the Northern Baptist Seminary of Chicago, Ill., and is engaged in Christian work at Westmont, Ill., where he is serving as assistant pastor and young people's director in the Baptist church.

A new organ was dedicated on Sunday evening, Jan. 3, in the State Park Baptist Church of Peoria, Ill. Mr. E. H. Miller, organist of the Central Christian Church, rendered an organ concert preceding the service of dedication. In the dedication the Rev. A. F. Runtz, pastor, and Mr. Walter Broeker, the church organist, had a prominent part. On Wednesday evening, Jan. 13, the church held its annual business meeting.

The Rev. Henry Pfeifer, pastor of the Beaver Baptist Church near Auburn, Mich., has recently resigned in order to accept the call extended to him by the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., where he will begin his ministry on Sunday, March 7. Mr. Pfeifer has rendered a splendid ministry in the Beaver Church and its mission stations, which included among other things the building of a commodious parsonage that was recently dedicated.

A young people's rally of the churches at Steamboat Rock, Parkersburg and Aplington, Iowa, was held on Friday evening, Jan. 22, at the Aplington Church with many young people in attendance. The Rev. Herman Palfenier, pastor of the Steamboat Rock Church, was the special speaker. The executive committee of the Iowa Y. P. and S. S. W. Union met in Aplington on the same day to arrange for its Iowa young people's assembly to be held in June.

The men of the German Baptist Church at Alpena, Mich., recently spent a week putting a new roof on the church building. Other repairs were also made in the church, the cost of all materials for which were about \$200. For the first time in its history the church will be the host to the Central Conference next summer. The Young People's Fellowship Club, a new organization, is rendering a splendid ministry in the church. The Rev. Walter C. Damrau is the minister in Alpena.

In January the second deaconess, named Sister Emma Herrmann, from the Bethel Deaconess' Home in Berlin, Germany was appointed and sent to Bulgaria to serve with Sister Lydia Doellefeld as a co-worker among the

gypsies in and about Golinzi. This deaconess will live with Sister Doellefeld in Lom. God has marvelously blessed this work of the German Baptists of North America among these Bulgarian gypsies in the Gypsy Baptist Church of Golinzi, the only one of its kind in the world!

The Pin Oak Creek Church at Mr. Sterling, Mo., which is one of the oldest churches of the denomination, is now enjoying the ministry of its new pastor, the Rev. John Kemnitz. The missionary offerings of Thanksgiving Day and Christmas for the denominational enterprise amounted to almost \$15. Miss R. Leimkuehler, the church

Front Cover Picture

One of the sacred shrines in Washington, D. C., which is visited by hundreds of thousands of people annually is the Lincoln Memorial, in the dim recesses of whose hall there is this marvelous, life-like statue of Abraham Lincoln, the great American Christian, whose birthday was again celebrated on February 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Ruelke of Brooklyn, New York, on their recent honeymoon were able to secure several unusual pictures of this Lincoln Memorial, one of the best of which is reproduced on the front cover of this issue of "The Baptist Herald." A news paragraph about Mr. Ruelke appears on one of the "What's Happening" pages.

The memorial words, chiseled into the marble above the statue of Lincoln, are as follows: "In this temple as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever."

clerk, wrote: "Brother Kemnitz is doing good work at this place. Pray for our pastor and us all that we may together do the Lord's work here according to his good will."

The Rev. Paul F. Zoschke, pastor of the German Baptist Church of Elgin, Iowa, had the joy of extending the hand of fellowship recently to 10 new members. Eight of these were Sunday School scholars, who had been baptized on confession of their faith in Christ as the result of evangelistic services conducted by the Rev. L. H. Broeker last fall. The Week of Prayer was observed in January with the use of the program edited by Professor Lewis

Kaiser appearing in "The Baptist Herald."

Miss Carrie M. Swyter, a daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Carl Swyter of George, Iowa, whose interesting article on "My First Year in Africa" is published in this issue of "The Baptist Herald," desires to acknowledge gratefully to the members of the Iowa Y. P. and S. S. W. Union their recent gift of \$50 to support the work in which she is engaged. Miss Swyter is a former member of the Union and has had an active part in its activities before going to West Africa a little more than a year ago.

For five consecutive Monday evenings beginning with Jan. 11 the ministerial association of the twin cities of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., has been sponsoring a "School of Christian Education" held in one of the Junior High Schools. Among the several courses offered is the course, "A Bird's Eye View of the New Testament," which is being taught by the Rev. L. H. Broeker, pastor of the First Baptist Church of St. Joseph, Mich. The attendance of more than a hundred young people has been very gratifying.

Professor Herman von Berge of Dayton, Ohio, addressed a seminar of choir directors from many of the churches in Chicago and vicinity in Chicago, Ill., on Monday evening, Jan. 19, on the subject, "The Technique of Church Worship." The seminar was held under the auspices of the Lorenz Publishing Company of which Professor von Berge is the editor. On Sunday, Jan. 17, he addressed the morning service in the Humboldt Park Baptist Church and the evening service of the Oak Park German Baptist Church of Chicago.

(Continued on Page 60)

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION
SOCIETY

3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Martin L. Leuschner, Editor

"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist, Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union.

Subscription price—\$1.25 a year.

To Foreign countries—\$1.50 a year.
Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch, single column, 2 1/4 inches wide.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

All business correspondence is to be sent to German Baptist Publication Society, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1923, at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The BAPTIST HERALD

Volume Fifteen

CLEVELAND, OHIO, FEBRUARY 15, 1937

Number Four

Editorial

MANY of our prayers are ineffective because they are too vague. A haze of generalities hangs over them that prevents their entrance into the clear skies of God's presence. They lack a focus on which attention and passion are centered. We need to be definite in the things for which we are praying to God until our prayer life becomes life's most earnest concern.

Why Not Try A Prayer List?

Any discussion of this matter presupposes a profound faith "that prayer changes things" by bringing God's power and grace to bear upon any given situation. Only such, to whom "he has given power to become the sons of God," know the infinite possibilities in the sincere act of prayer. But relatively few Christians actually live as if intercession for others in need and for great causes could produce results, for which the world cannot give any scientific or plausible explanation. Even at great distances the Christian has the means at his command in prayer to meet definite needs in others' lives, to awaken such individuals to God's ever surrounding love and redeeming grace, and to open the windows of God's blessings and power upon the stirring social events in the affairs of men. By such intercessory prayers "the whole round earth in every way would soon be," as Tennyson sang, "bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The apostle Paul prayed for Timothy "night and day." "Pray," said James in one of his epistles, "one for another." Jesus was very definite even in his praying for his enemies. The prodigal, Augustine, roaming in Italy in search of happiness far distant from his home in Carthage, was led to Christ by his praying mother. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, when asked the secret of his power, said, "My people pray for me." This record might be continued at great length with the same marvelous story.

Why not try a prayer list with a small but significant beginning? We are so constituted that, as creatures of habit, we need to establish certain practises before they have any binding effect on us. Let each reader begin during the first week after this editorial has presented its challenge by writing down in some booklet the names of five missionaries for whom he or she will definitely, earnestly, persistently pray. Remember their needs and tasks in your praying. Try to visualize the harvest fields of the world into which they have gone. This is suggested at the outset in view of the several missionary articles that appear in the current issue of "The Baptist Herald."

During successive weeks add five names weekly to that list. They can be names of people, who have never made any decision for Christ as their Savior, of persons facing critical decisions or distress, and of individuals with whom you cannot have fellowship because of some antagonism or misunderstanding. Add to this prayer list the names of your president or premier and of personalities who by their influence determine the future course of history. Do not overlook the great religious movements for social righteousness such as world peace, national temperance, racial brotherhood, economic justice, and the like.

Above all things, be audacious in your faith. Expect great things from God. Claim God's promises without reservations. Be humble and in accord with God's will in your own spirit. Make notations in your book of God's answers to your prayers and of experiences which have followed some of your requests. Such a prayer book may become a glowing record of the wonders and victories which God in his grace wants to achieve through you. Launch out upon this spiritual venture!



The Banana Stalk of the Tropics Must Bear Fruit Before It Dies!

Fruit Bearing Christians

By the REV. PAUL GEBAUER,
Our Missionary in the
Cameroons, Africa

THERE is something youthful and beautiful about a banana stalk. Rapidly it shoots up, once it has broken through the ground. Storms may shake the young stalk, but rarely can they destroy it. Torrents of sunlight flood the growing stalk, but it keeps up its hopeful, green growth. In its race against wind, rain and sun it grows skyward, for it knows its mission on earth. Try and kill one. It is so easy to fell it with one stroke of a sharp cutlass. Your damage seems to be complete. But wait a few days. You will then see another shoot struggling heavenward from the spot where it used to be. Cut that shoot down and a new one will soon take its place. And so on! There is no end to the struggle unless you take pains to dig deeply and widely in order to get the last stitch of root out of the ground. But if you forget only one little bit of root, the banana will resume its warfare. Why? It has to bear fruit before it dies! One big bunch of health giving bananas has to be borne, just one bunch, and then and only then, is it ready to die. You won't have to help it at that, for its going is as speedy as its coming, provided that it has fulfilled its mission of bearing fruit.

Professor O. E. Krueger wrote the following to us for our sailing day: "Except a grain of wheat fall in the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it beareth much fruit. The fruit of the wheat is wheat. Then the fruit of a Christian must be another Christian!" That is sound theology and good reasoning. Our work out here in the Cameroons will not be measured by the huts we have built nor by the schools which we have brought into existence. It will not be measured by the number of cases that have passed through the dispensary door, nor will our annual reports become the basis of judgment. The fruit of a Christian must be another Christian! Pray with us, readers, that such may become the fruit of our labor, namely, others.

I wish for myself more of that God-given stubbornness of the banana stalk. It cannot die until it has met with the basic requirement in God's economy, fruit, and fruit that is forty to sixty

fold. Our late Brother Bender quite often became angry with the army of bananas invading his gardens. Yes, he could look angrily at those struggling stalks and lovingly, for he admitted their stubborn desire to bear fruit. From his lips I heard for the first time the lesson of the banana and with it the secret of his life. He wanted to be as persistent in soul winning as that green host around his Soppo Station. And he was!

Beyond this prayer for ourselves, we desire to see this same holy eagerness in our African brethren. They have it right from the outset, provided it has not been "civilized" or "westernized" by some missionary.

Only three hundred and fifty yards to my right stands the hut of a Kaka Baptist Christian. He is a splendid fellow who is keen on imitating Jesus. He has a hard struggle with his wife, kin and himself, but he has seldom known defeat. Only once he weakened, and I tell the story that you may pray for him. One morning he came and asked for four shillings. I did not owe him that sum as far as I could remember, and I was therefore rather upset about his persistent demand. He later explained that he wanted four shillings, because I had just completed four months of service in his land. That made things more mysterious. Was he trying to get a head tax out of me? Daylight dawned when he spoke of these four shillings as remuneration for interpretation work and other odd jobs performed at the services. One shilling a month had been paid to him for that by another missionary before our arrival. But could he not do that for Christ's sake? Surely he could, but why disappoint a fellow-Baptist and a white one at that so long as such seemed to be the peculiar habit of the missionaries? Now this Christian brother does his useful share as cheerfully as ever and without pay since our conversation. He has fallen back upon his common sense and lets his first love have the right of way again—shilling or no shilling. He must bear fruit!

How about you, dear reader?

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Bearing the Cross of Persecution

By the REV. GEORGI STEFANOFF of Golinzi, Bulgaria,
Our Missionary to the Gypsies in the Danubian Gospel Mission Field

AS in former years, we have again observed the Harvest and Thanksgiving Festival in our little Gypsy Baptist Church in Bulgaria. Our members brought a great array of things into the chapel. Special joys were provided by our Sunday School scholars. Many of our poorest Gypsy children came gladly with their gifts, such as bunches of grapes, lovely quinces, golden pumpkins and walnuts. Four of the children came with cuts of meat, saying, "This is our offering for the Lord," and placed them with reverent joy on the platform. All of these gifts were then sold for almost 300 Lewes. (Bulgarian coins.)

On several occasions I have visited our mission station in the town named Artschar. Sometime ago two Mohammedan Gypsies were there converted to Jesus Christ. On October 26, 1936 these two Gypsies were baptized in our chapel in Golinzi and received into our fellowship at a communion service.

Not long ago I was again called to the same village for a wedding service. Four priests were there, to whom my visits in Artschar were most offensive. On the day of my arrival I went first of all to the town's mayor to announce my mission. He was not in the office, and so I told his secretary of the purpose of my visit. A detective, who was standing near by, was very much interested in my documents. I showed him my ordination certificate, which he seized and said that I could get it back within two or three hours. I also told him of the religious service which was scheduled at eight o'clock that same evening.

At six o'clock the same detective with several policemen came and took me hastily to the Clerk of Justice. A few other persons joined us. They looked carefully through the Bible and hymnal in my possession. Then they asked sharply, "What's your business in coming here?" I re-

plied that I had a service to render for our church members. They wanted to know if we had a church in Golinzi, to which I replied affirmatively. Without warning they started to beat me, striking me over the head and pummeling my face, until blood flowed from my nose and mouth. I pleaded, "Why? Why are you treating me so?" Without answering me, the

others in the group joined the policemen and drove their fists into my face and into my body until I fell over in a stupor and could no longer cry out. For an hour I received the same treatment, and finally they let me go.

A policeman brought my bicycle and the things, which I had brought along with me, and escorted me to the city limits. Then he told me to get going and never to return to Artschar. He stood there for a long time to see that I carried out his orders. So I rode off into the darkness of the night on my bicycle with my body aching in every limb.

The night was pitch dark. A heavy fog hung over the surrounding country. The road was very muddy. One of my eyes was bloodshot and so swollen that I could not look out of it. My head hurt me so much that I reeled like a drunken man. In such a pitiful

condition I had to go 35 kilometers (about 22 miles). But God gave me the necessary strength and grace, so that I could reach Golinzi.

Early in the morning I arrived at my village. I didn't want to frighten my family by relating my experiences. But on the way I had to remember how, according to God's Word, the way for God's children has to pass through the valley of persecution in following Jesus Christ.

The members of our mission church in Artschar are facing other difficulties. They do not enjoy freedom of worship in their services. But we pray for God's guidance and grace!



Rev. Georgi Stefanoff and His Family in a Picture Taken Several Years Ago.

Shi-sang's Chinese Prayer

By MISS BERTHA M. LANG, Missionary of the China Inland Mission Stationed at Pingyang, Chekian, China

"Shi-sang is dead!" Such were our pastor's words one morning here at Pingyang, China, soon after our return from furlough. Our hearts were heavy for we loved him as one of our family. But I must begin at the beginning of the story.

He was a mere lad of six or seven when I first came to Pingyang. A Sunday School class was started for children. He and his two smaller brothers were among those who attended the class. I remember him well for he was bubbling over with mischief and,

wrote it in my diary. This was his prayer: "Lord, I thank thee for my teacher; she is our shepherd and she has been faithful in helping us. Now, Lord, help us as boys to do our duty and bring other sheep, who may be caught in the thorns, to thee."

Time went on. He was now a young man of about seventeen. His father was a tailor and he worked with his father for a few years. They were a large family and Shi-sang felt he should earn more money. He heard that at Amoy bigger wages were paid

months, and then, as a bolt from the blue, a telephone message came, saying, "Shi-sang is dead. He died on the steamer coming home!"

The man who brought him home told us his story. For several weeks he hadn't been well. He had typhoid fever. He begged this man to take him home as he felt he would die. Daily they waited for a steamer. A week went by before one came that would take him to about thirty li from his home. By that time he was very ill. The steamship people saw how ill he



Courtesy of "Vanguard," a Publication of the Northern Baptist Convention

A Typical Chinese Scene on the Yangtse River Photographed by Dr. J. W. Decker of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society on a Journey from Shanghai to Chengtu, China

yet, while the singing was going on, no one could have been more interested than he. Often he had to be told not to shout so loudly. He was thoroughly enjoying himself!

He loved hearing the Bible stories and was always the first to answer any question. If he was missing on a Sunday, somehow the class didn't seem to be the same.

Some years later a class was started on Sunday mornings for boys only, and later, in order to help them still further in their knowledge of the Scriptures, they came to our home on Wednesday evenings. How well do I remember one time after asking someone to pray at the close of the meeting, Shi-sang was the one who volunteered! We had been studying John 10. His prayer made an impression on me so I

and he wanted to go. He came and discussed it with us. Our fear was that he would be led astray. Knowing that he was a Christian, I had asked him some time before why he wasn't baptized. He said, "Teacher, I'm still young; I fear I won't be able to stand when I'm out with unbelievers." I told him that Christ who saved him was able also to keep him. His reply was, "Yes, I know, but I'd rather wait—I don't want to bring discredit on the name of the Church."

A little over two years ago he left us. Occasionally letters came from him. He was earning good money but, alas, he had no time to go to church on Sundays and little or no time for the reading of his Bible or prayer. After returning from furlough I made enquiries as to what news there was of him. He hadn't written for several

was and at first refused to allow him to go on board. They pleaded with the owners and consent was given. The night before he died, he said to his friend: "Let me sit up and rest myself on you." He managed to sit up and then he sang a hymn and prayed before all the passengers. In his prayer he asked the Lord's forgiveness for the past two years of cold-heartedness and then prayed for the multitudes without Christ. That was his last!

His friend, fearing that they would throw him overboard if they heard he was dead, told them he was asleep. All night he lay under the same cover with the corpse lest he should be suspected. At the journey's end, fresh difficulties arose, for there were still the thirty li to go. No one wanted to take him in their small boat. However, finally two

(Continued on Page 58)

My First Year in Africa

By MISS CARRIE M. SWYTER, Missionary in Nigeria, West Africa

Is there anyone who does not enter a new field of service without some degree of anxiety? I must frankly admit that a year ago as I was on my way to Africa there were moments when through the strong wall of divine assurance waves of doubt sought here and there to force their way. How would I react to that which I should see, hear, smell, taste and feel? Now, at the end of this first year, I must appropriately apply the words of our Lord to Peter, "Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Not all has been pleasant without, to be sure, but there have been joy and peace within!

Two eyes hardly seem sufficient to take in all the new and various scenes, but as I recall what the first days revealed, I find the mental pictures as vivid as if it had been recorded only yesterday. There was certainly no feeling of disappointment as I entered the interior of Southern Nigeria. All the shades of green in the thick bush were perfectly blended. The ground was heavily matted by interwoven vines and ferns, above which rose the numerous bushes and trees, including the stately palm. What a luxuriously shaded home for beasts, birds and creeping things! Here and there among the green the thatched roofs and mud walls of an established village could be seen. And when the little black boys and girls came running down the narrow bush path, they only completed the natural scene.

My next interesting trip was down the Kaduna river, a branch of the lordly Niger. From what was once a large and sturdy tree a native canoe was hewn, in which for four days I sought to find the most comfortable position. The canoe was not more than three feet wide, and arched overhead from side to side was a grass mat for protection from those intense sunrays. In one end of the boat the loads were placed, and at the other end two other missionaries and I prepared to enjoy our journey. Since I had come so recently from a land where it requires ingenuity to contrive so novel an outing, I entered the canoe with all the enthusiasm of one who is about to partake in a most uncommon excursion. On either end of the canoe stood a broad-shouldered black man, our polers. But, alas, after the canoe was once in the current of the stream, it was hard to distinguish our polers from ornaments. We simply drifted with the tide. Only when the water became shallow or when at evening these men desired to reach a particular village did our canoe men exert themselves.



Miss Carrie M. Swyter, Missionary in West Africa, Holding a Native Baby.

From the canoe I now beheld, not the green so soothing to the eyes, but long stretches of glaring sand on either side of the river. Here and there along the sand bank, like sign posts along the highway, the large corn and onion fields informed us of a nearby village. One day as I stepped out upon the sand bank near one of these villages, I saw a pile of wood above which was placed a stick with grass wound around the

the security in the method. A yale lock, indeed!

It was on the sand bank that I first found comfort in the African night. Out under the starry sky the message of divine guidance was renewed, for as the course of the stars is ordered, so I knew my steps were ordered. With the peace of this assurance I would wake in the cool of the early morning to see the natives, my new people, near the water's edge seeking warmth, not from an army blanket but around the kindled fire. My steps had been ordered to Africa.

But there are other sights in Africa! I shall never forget my first visit to the stream where many of the village women were gathered. Some of them were washing their calabashes in which there had been all manner of food. Others were washing clothes which looked as if they were going through an annual process. Mothers took the opportunity to bathe the little urchins, and then from this same stream they all carried home their drinking water.

When I followed these women to their compounds, I again stood amazed. Food, which was soon to be sold in the market or used for the household, was spread out under the sun where chickens, goats and birds took advantage of every unguarded moment. One day as I entered a compound, I was met by two little dirty-faced children whose feet were covered with the pulp of the red palm kernel. They had just jumped from the mortar where with their feet they had been extracting the



The Stick, to Which Miss Swyter is Pointing, is called "Kuti," and Anyone Attempting to Steal the Wood is Supposed to be Killed by an Evil Spirit.

end of it. This, I was informed, was a fetish safeguarding the wood. Since that time I have seen little children, in ignorance, set up similar stick-protections over gathered grain, a load of grass or a load of wood. Although it immediately revealed heathen superstition, I could not help but marvel at

palm oil. I was highly amused, when a native took great pains to assure me that the little feet had first been well washed, for the black man's color seems to come off even after he pronounces himself clean.

These scenes of filth and native (Continued on Page 58)

A Song Forever

By Paul Hutchins

SYNOPSIS

Gardner Wilkins, whose love for Lela Harrison had been scorned because he wasn't enough of a "sport," become bitter and resentful and "just to show her" he had several drinks at the town saloon and joined the crowd at the dance hall and then took Lela home on a wild ride in his car that ended in a terrible accident. In the hospital at Stromberg Gardner learned several days later that his father, a sincere Christian, had died of heart failure because of the shock of his son's waywardness.

CHAPTER FOUR

Gardner's lips moved silently, then he spoke aloud. She could scarcely recognize the voice. "It was kind of you not to tell me yesterday. I'm afraid I couldn't have stood it then. I might have guessed from your words. But what did you mean when you said, 'It will be a little while yet, you will have to wait a little while?' Was that . . . that what you meant?"

"Yes," she answered. "Our life down here is just a little while, isn't it? Afterward we'll have the whole of eternity in which to live, after the little while is over, . . . if we have really known Him. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said feebly, yet with a peculiar note of strength vibrant in his voice. His hand sought hers in a clasp of sympathy and he sensed his first real touch of Another Comforter and of the Savior who can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

"I should have liked to see him once more, even as he is, but . . ." he bit his lip . . . "I'll have to stay here, I suppose."

When she had gone, in spite of the terrible weight upon his soul he could not refrain from allowing his thoughts to follow her. No wonder patients recovered in this hospital; no wonder Larry saw in her such charm and grace; no wonder Larry loved her.

The funeral that afternoon was somewhat as Clyde had anticipated.

At two o'clock the gray stone church was filled to the limit of its capacity. Down near the front of the church Clyde and Tommy and many of the near and distant relatives of Archer Wilkins sat quietly during the brief and solemn service. Their eyes were downcast and they did not look up when the dark-wheeled chariot followed the minister down the aisle to

the front of the church. They followed slowly and took their seats in cold silence. Tommy had cried until he could cry no more. Only dry sobs came now whenever he was overcome with the thought of his loss. What hurt him most was, Gardner not being here. Why couldn't Gardner come!

The Rev. Carl Phillips, the only minister Tommy had really liked, said only a few kind words about Archer Wilkins. He was a true believer on the Lord Jesus Christ and one whose life was a noble example to all who professed to be Christians. Then followed a brief message. Clyde wished he hadn't preached that sermon. Afterward he strove in vain to dislodge it from his memory and to pull out the arrows it had plunged deep into his heart. A preacher oughtn't to preach a sermon like that . . . right straight at a fellow. No matter if Father had told him, only last week, that when the time came for him to die, he wanted an evangelistic message brought to the audience.

"Don't say very much about me," Father had requested. "You may say to those who come, that I knew ahead of time that the end was near and that I was not afraid . . . not because I am naturally a calm person or because of the life I have lived, but because I have Jesus Christ as my Savior. *No man cometh unto the Father but by Me*," Jesus said, and I take His Word in simple faith and I trust Him Alone to lead me safely to the other side."

"Mr. Wilkins requested me to ask a direct question of all who come to say good-by to the 'house' in which he used to live," Mr. Phillips said. "It is a pointed question and staggering in the immensity of the meaning behind it. This is the question. 'Where will you spend eternity? What will you do with Jesus?' This is a two-fold question, and where you spend eternity will depend entirely upon what you do with Jesus Christ. Accept Him and be saved. Reject Him and be forever lost!"

"At Mr. Wilkins request also, the final song will carry the gospel note, a re-echoing of the faith and life of the man who is now 'absent from the body, at home with the Lord.'"

The chorus of the song was:

What will you do with Jesus?

Neutral you cannot be,

Some day your heart will be asking

What will He do with me?

That was the worst part about the

whole thing, Clyde thought. Now he couldn't ever erase the impressions of the service from his mind. What if he hadn't accepted Jesus Christ? He hadn't rejected Him, had he? He could be on neutral ground if he wanted to, couldn't he? Gardner was supposed to be such a good Christian, claimed he hated worldly things, like dances, and look what he did last Saturday night! Got drunk! That's what he did; and made Father have another heart attack. He'd killed Father! That's what . . . killed him! Clyde burst into uncontrolled sobs from which he could not find relief.

"Poor Clyde!" one who was watching him said, "it must be terribly hard on him. And these boys without a mother, too. I reckon Gardner and Lela Harrison'll be getting married now soon. Although I suppose she'll be going back to college this fall."

To which another replied, "Yes, these things come to all of us. There isn't any getting away from sorrow in this life. I wonder if young Gardner'll follow in his father's footsteps when he takes over the paper. Seems like Mr. Archer was mighty narrow in some ways."

"It doesn't look like it . . . they say Gardner was dead drunk the night the car turned over. And Lela Harrison won't help him any either. She's an awful good girl, smart and cultured and all that . . . and awful pretty. I wouldn't say anything against her but . . . well she's all right, only Mr. Gardner wanted his boys to marry girls who were interested in the church . . . 'Christian girls' . . . as he used to say. But one can never tell about these young boys when they go off to college. Seems like they get changed there, somehow, and come back with a lot of their religious ideas all twisted."

Time moved along swiftly for Gardner. All the uncles, aunts and cousins and others who had come from near and far to attend the funeral, drove to the hospital to see him, before returning to their homes. Uncle Howard, Father's own brother from Minneapolis, came that very afternoon. Aunt Celia, whom Gardner hadn't seen since he was a freshman in High School, came in looking as artificial as any woman could be made to look, in these days of beauty parlors and a thousand brands of cosmetics.

Before leaving, Uncle Howard had a few words alone with Gardner. "Mr.

Grimes, your linotypist at the Citizen office, says he can handle the paper until you are out and able to take charge. It's an excellent opportunity for you, son. You are fortunate to have such a position immediately upon your graduation from college."

"I was going to take over the paper anyway," Gardner explained, "just to relieve Father of the responsibility. He must have been failing more than any of us realized. It has been a terrible blow to me."

"I suppose you'll rearrange things considerably, eliminate some of the features and add new ones. You'll want to take the Citizen out of its strait jacket policies and remove the handcuffs from the advertising program. Your father lost a great deal of money by his strict adherence to what he called 'principles'. He could have had quite a tidy sum laid away for you boys, if he had been less old fashioned."

Gardner resented this allusion to his father's ideals but he said nothing for the moment. Then, "I'm not quite sure what changes will be made, if any. I've hardly had time to think about it . . . no time at all to make definite plans."

"Well, I must be going now. The boys have arranged for Mrs. Abner Beckwith to come into the home and look after the housework. It'll be easier for her now that that good for nothing husband is in jail . . . got run in for stealing chickens. The poor fellow was drunk, but that didn't help him any, in the eyes of the law. Well . . . good-by, Gardner, we'll be thinking of you. Tomorrow we'll have to drive back to the City. Let us know how you get along."

The room was quiet . . . so very very quiet after Uncle Howard had left. Having Uncle Howard call on him hadn't made Gardner feel any better. He was glad that Mrs. Beckwith was going to help. She seemed so efficient and it was too much to expect her to come back and forth so often. So! Abner was in jail. Too bad for him but better for his wife. How did she happen to marry such a drunken good-for-nothing! He was so young, too, to be so completely bound by drink. He was a good mechanic . . . when he was sober. His car had never worked better than it had on that night . . . That night! He wondered if the dollar he had given Abner for working on his car had had anything to do with his getting drunk and being locked up.

A sense of loneliness swept over Gardner and he felt as if he had been accused by his Uncle of having a father who was a poor business man, ther who was a poor Christian who, because of his strong Christian principles had left his sons paupers. He knew that Father had had some money; the old home was free of debt and so was the Citizen . . . both the equipment and the building. Father was at least consistent with what he professed . . . At any rate he'd rather have that memory than to have had a

father like Uncle Howard, whose only interest in life seemed to be in the world and in its empty pursuits. Making money wasn't everything.

"No more company today, Mr. Wilkins," Miss Carroll announced, as she came in for a few minutes. "We want you to have absolute quiet for the remainder of the afternoon. How are you feeling now?"

"I have a headache or two," he said soberly, "but I'll get over them. I can't say I like these bandages, and the stitches are itching."

"We'll see if the Doctor doesn't want to pull them out before so very long."

The days passed and in due time the stitches were removed and Gardner asked for a mirror. "I want to see myself . . . every man is supposed to be vain, you know."

"Your battle scar, you will always have a distinguishing mark," Miss Carroll said as she presented the mirror.

"Not battle scar! . . . Bottle scar," he said bitterly. "May God forgive me, even though I may never be able to forgive myself! With what pride can I point to this mark?"

"It may be a constant reminder of God's hand upon you, His leading in your life," she said.

How simply, how beautifully she talked of these things; not as if they were irksome, but as though they were the warp and woof of her being, the Day Spring of her thoughts.

"I'm afraid He was not leading me that night."

"Perhaps not, but was He not watching over you? Though Satan and his tool may have been ruling in your life, God Who watches over us all, may have been holding onto the other end of the rope. Your scar may be to you a constant reminder of His Overruling Providence. It may also commemorate the day when he first fitted you into the mold from which you shall emerge, in His own time, the man He would have you to be."

She turned to leave and he felt a sudden pang of regret that she was going.

"I can already see," he said, "that He cared for me enough to allow me to meet and to know you."

When the door had closed upon her, once more the room was quiet, so very very quiet. But it did not seem so empty as before. It was as if the fragrance of her beautiful life had tarried behind to make the room seem hallowed and blessed. If Lela were only like that. Lela. He had not thought of her today, not since Miss Carroll had called early in the morning.

He lifted the hand mirror once more and studied his profile, examining the scar on his forehead, the tiny red marks where the stitches had been. In the mirror it took on the shape of the letter, "L". That would be something to remember Lela by. Remember Lela! That was a peculiar thought. It had come involuntarily, too, as if his love

for her were a thing of the past . . . the far, far away past! One week could seem like a long time to a man passing through a crisis where soul pains hurt more seriously than the pains of the flesh. Every time he looked into the mirror he would be compelled to remember the night when he had sold himself. A man would pay most any price for the favor of a woman; but foolish the man who sacrifices character for such a reward.

Why hadn't God kept him from doing that awful thing? Wasn't He the keeper of all His own? Oh yes, Gardner was a child of God; he knew the day when he had placed his faith in Jesus Christ, when he had definitely received Him into his life. Didn't the Bible say, that "*To as many as received Him to them He gave the power to become the sons of God*"? Then by the authority of that eternal promise he was a Christian. Oh, he hadn't been a faithful follower, he knew that. If he were a child of God, he had most surely been a disobedient one. Perhaps God had had to punish him for being so careless and uninterested in the more worthwhile things.

"Do you think my accident and all this heartache is a punishment for what I did last week?" he questioned Miss Carroll when she stopped at his room before going off duty at five o'clock.

She closed the door softly and stood for a moment, watching the expression on his face. She was without her uniform and, to him, seemed more charming than ever. It was not her natural charm as a woman which fascinated him, but the rare beauty of her spirit, her understanding of life and the laws of the Spirit of all Life.

"I should say, 'Yes' and 'No,'" she answered meditatively, yet with conviction. "What you did last week was only a single, rash act, a yielding to an impulse. The thing itself would seem to have been an accident. It may have happened undesignedly as far as you are concerned, and many such accidents do so occur. But yours was different. You were in the grip of alcohol, and the alcohol was directly to blame. More than that, the man who sold it to you was to blame as were the brewery owners and distillers. Behind that is a public opinion which allows this thing; and back of that are the hearts of men whose combined wishes and allowances are public opinion. It is the hearts of men, which are responsible . . . their hearts, and yours."

"But I am a Christian, Miss Carroll; Why did I do that? Why did God allow me to do it? Why didn't He keep me from it?"

"Why? Because you have a free will, and even though you are His child, unless and until you are fully yielded to Him, He cannot control you. He did not make you do it, but He permitted you to. In your pursuit of

pleasure you stepped beyond the pale of His directive Will into His permissive Will."

Gardner reflected, understanding as he had never understood before. "Then I was punished for my deed!"

"Not for your deed only, but for your attitude of heart which drove you to take the drinks."

"But," he protested, "I didn't hate God, nor was I trying to do wrong!"

"No." She adjusted his pillow. "No, indeed, but you were not living close to Him, you did not love Him sincerely, your heart was cold . . ."

"Oh I see it!" he interrupted unknowingly. "I see it. I allowed myself to walk on the edge of the precipice. I was too far away in my heart life; I wanted a certain thing so much that I went beyond His Will for me; I sought my own desires at any cost! I am being punished for an attitude of heart as well as an act."

"Yes, Mr. Wilkins, but more than that: your present trial may change the whole course of your life. It can be, by His Grace, a preparation for the future."

"You mean?"

There was a sound in the hall.

"Supper is on the way and I must go now. Let me leave this thought with you." Her face became suddenly serious and she looked upon him with such earnestness as he had never seen on any face before. "Oh, Mr. Wilkins, I covet you for His Kingdom. Men of your education, talent and convictions are so needed. I . . . I pray you may be fully yielded to Him and that He may have you, body, soul and spirit, time and talent, completely for Himself and for a testimony to the world of His Love to men. Here is the thought I would leave with you: *Tragedies are His schools of training and discipline, the refining fires for dross-laden Christians.*" She smiled a pleading, earnest smile and was gone.

For many years the Mayville Citizen had steered a straight course. Under the watchful eye of its editor, Archer Wilkins, it had hewed to the line closely, being as nearly as possible a truly Christian newspaper. Residents of the little town of fifteen hundred population pointed with pride to the Citizen.

"It has the largest circulation of any weekly newspaper in the county." This was the statement repeated over and over again.

"Yes, and it's the cleanest paper in the country too," would be heard just as often.

But there were some in Mayville who where not so well pleased. Many had been looking forward to the day when a new editor would occupy the Citizen office. Few believed that Gardner Wilkins would follow in the footsteps of his father.

Late one night, about six weeks following Gardner's accident, Old Dan

(Continued on Page 62)

My First Year in Africa

(Continued from Page 55)

methods are often the source of our amusement, and when they do affect us otherwise, we may go home to enjoy a more refreshing scene from our own veranda. When in the evening I view the distant hills, the great Niger, and the surrounding bush, I enjoy it as a scene "apart".

But there are the pathetic sights which rouse our compassion. The man or woman suffering with large vile ulcers, the weary-eyed boys and girls suffering with an attack of the fever or covered with the abominable itch, and the leper, child or adult, doomed to a life of an "incurable"—all call forth our sympathy and bring home to us anew the fact that they are all suffering from the plague of sin and are in sore need of the great Saviour, the Physician of their souls. With new zeal we recall our mission, and on our knees we plead for renewed power and deeper love to minister to the needs of these lost men and women.

I was not in Africa for many days when I realized that my greatest task depended on my sense of hearing. As a child repeats what he hears and how he hears it, so I was now to reproduce some of the most absurd tongue-twisting sounds that my ear had ever caught. I found, for instance, that it would not be strange if a man received a robe when he asked for money, for the ear must discern the intonation which was put on the word, "ewo". From what my teacher said, it was hard at first to know whether he planned to teach me or to kill me, for the same word is used with but the slightest difference in intonation. Then, when in all patience and long suffering the teacher repeated the word for epileptics—"gbingbianakuwoncizi"—I decided that it would be well if all who had that disease could be cured and the word dropped. However, I must pause to say that not once throughout this past year has the wave of discouragement been overwhelming, not because I have found myself to be a linguist, but because the One who confused the tongues in ages past has promised to supply my every need.

If any sense might well be lacking in Africa, it is the sense of smell. What a variety of odors come forth from the native village, and all of them seem combined in the native market! Here the smoked fish is often so much alive that one might well expect it to walk. This, along with the putrescent cakes which are made from the bean of the locust tree, sends forth the most emetic odor.

It was a most pleasant surprise to find that the sense of taste was to be submitted to the least of all changes here in Africa. When the food reaches our table it is, for the most part, palatable. At times, when the appetite

is entirely lacking, we would appreciate a change from the steady diet of chicken, yam (potatoe substitute), onions and bananas, but I should most certainly not consider myself a martyr as long as these foods are set before me.

What of the sense of feeling? There are certain things in Africa which do make themselves felt. During this past year I have been reminded of our play as children when we allowed the sun to shine through a magnifying glass upon a piece of paper. Sometimes it would be a long wait before the rays would make an impression, and then suddenly the paper was scorched and the hole resulted. So it was after the first eight months that I began to wonder whether a magnifying glass had been placed above my head. At times those rays seem to burn like branding irons, and the result is wearying, as if one were harnessed and the reins drawn tight.

I must fail, and, gratefully so, in giving the description of or reaction to the sting of either a snake or scorpion. Although both are common in Africa, I have come in contact with neither. It is the sand fly by day and the mosquito by night that torment relentlessly. When one lies flat on his back with every bone aching and taking in the twenty-five or thirty grains of quinine daily, how big one little mosquito does appear! To have these creatures entirely removed would be desirable, but perhaps with the apostle Paul it is more profitable to hear, "My grace is sufficient for thee".

As this first year draws to a close, I can hear my Savior's pointed question, "Hast thou lacked anything?", and with a truthful, joyful heart I can say, "Nothing, Lord!"

SHI-SANG CHINESE PRAYER

(Continued from Page 54)

men were found who agreed to carry him in a chair to his home.

We got to his home shortly after they arrived. Because he had died away from home, his corpse wasn't allowed to be taken into the house. Neighbors would have stirred up a big fuss had he been brought inside, and so he lay out-of-doors on a few boards with a matting over his head until the afternoon when he was put in his coffin and taken to the hills. Burial will not take place for years, for his parents are still alive.

Yes, Shi-sang is gone! I wonder how many young people will make his prayer of years ago their prayer: "Lord, help us as boys to do our duty and bring other sheep, who may be caught in the thorns, to thee!"

Growing Old

Submitted by MARTHA HEPPERLE
of Plevna, Montana

Every day our work grows lighter,
Every day our steps more slow,
Every day our hair grows whiter,
Another at the helm we know.

We are sailing down life's river,
We are drifting with the tide,
Soon our faltering steps will guide us
Safely to the other side.

We are leaving home and children,
All on earth we hold most dear.
Soon we'll hear the Boatman calling,
"I am waiting, do not fear."

We have tried to help a neighbor,
We have tried to help a friend,
We shall try, and keep on trying
Until our lives shall end.

We shall meet with other loved ones,
Who have gone their way before,
They will welcome us so gladly
To that happy, peaceful shore.

Four Years Old

By MISS RUTH TIPTON
of Brooklyn, New York

Master Alfred Bernadt, Jr., of the
Second German Baptist Church of
Brooklyn, New York, was four years
old on Washington's birthday and this
poem was written for him.

How tall you are, my little man;
How bonny, bright and gay!
You're most as big as Daddy is,
You're four years old today!

Yes
I washed my hands and face so clean
And dressed myself, part way.
I ate my cereal right down;
I'm four years old today.

I showed my friends my brand new
toys
And we worked hard at our play;
I whispered in my teddy bear's ear,
I'm four years old today.

Then Mother said, "It's time for bed."
And I didn't cry to stay.
For big boys never do such things;
I'm four years old today!

Yes
You jumped into your little bed
And then I heard you say,
"Dear God, help me to be like Daddy
—for
I'm four years old today."

How fine he is, how strong!
As a man, Dear Lord, I pray,
He'll be as good, as true.
He's just four today.

Contributor's Page

Would I Be Wise?

By MRS. OLGA BURTZLAFF
of Anaheim, California

If I could know the future,
The long, long, weary way,
The burdens and the tasks so heavy,
That I must bear each day;
Would I be wise?

If I could know the future,
The steep, rough, rugged climb,
The many griefs and sorrows,
Which come one step at a time;
Would I be wise?

If I could know the future,
That in this world I share
Of earthly joys and pleasures,
That lead me everywhere;
Would I be wise?

If I could know the future,
The quiet peaceful way
That only leads to glory,
My life to Christ some day,
I would be wise!

Crucifixion

By MISS VIRGINIA ERBECK
of Richmond Hill, New York

There was something in Christ's face,
As he hung upon the cross,
Which told of love and grace
Triumphant over force.

There was something in his eyes
Seemed to counsel, "Peace on earth."
I shall die but to arise,
Then lead others to rebirth."

There was something in his voice
As he prayed, "Forgive them, Lord,"
For he knew he'd had his choice,
And this "death" was his reward.

There was courage in his being;
Living faith shone in his eyes,
For the angels he was seeing
Were to guide him through the skies.

Till he reached his Father's kingdom
High above those sinning ones,
Where the "King and Kings" would
welcome
And proclaim him "Son of Sons."

A QUOTATION

Long to Be Remembered!

"Though we travel the world
over to find the beautiful, we
must carry it with us or we find
it not." —Emerson.

Submitted by Dorothy Lehr of
Alexandria, South Dakota.

God's Sun

By MISS EDITH MOLLHAGEN
of Altamont, Kansas

(Formerly a member of the First
Baptist Church of Lorraine, Kansas)

Thy hand, O God, is hovering still
In this Thy world so full of sin;
Above the busy stir and din
We see the reign of Thy great will.

There is so much of darkness here,
But mingled in, the blessed light
Of blessed sunshine makes all bright,
And then we know that Thou art
near.

Its warmth is radiance of Thy love,
Which touches us and purifies,
And closer drawn become those ties
Which draw us to our God above.

A Dedication

The opening words of a sermon by
the Rev. A. F. Runtz of Peoria, Ill.,
delivered at the Central Conference in
Gladwin, Mich., in 1936 and published
herewith at the request of some of the
delegates. Editor.

Four score and thirteen years ago
our fathers brought forth upon this
continent, among the German-speaking
people, a new idea of Christianity, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the task of bringing souls into a saving faith in Jesus Christ, and promulgating a religion of vital Christian experience.

Now we seem to have come to an hour of crisis, wondering whether our denomination, so nobly begun and so richly blessed of God, has outlived its usefulness.

We are not here to dedicate a memorial to those who gave their lives for this great cause, worthy as such a memorial may be, and we will not forget what they did in their day.

However, we are here to dedicate ourselves to the unfinished task remaining before us, which they thus far nobly advanced: that from their honored memories we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we highly resolve that they shall not have lived and labored in vain; that our beloved denomination, under God, shall have a new birth of passion to win people to the Jesus-way of life, and that soul liberty, the doctrine of the new birth, and vital Christian living shall not perish from the earth. We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

What's Happening News

(Continued from Page 50)

Mr. William Luedke, Jr., a member of the Humboldt Park Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., headed the list of 20 young people from Cook County who were winners of "the Roosevelt Inauguration Tour" competition, sponsored by one of the Chicago papers. He left on Jan. 18 for Washington, D. C., to witness the inaugural ceremonies, where he was one of many other honored young people from the country to be seated on the platform during the inaugural ceremony. After a sight-seeing trip in Washington, D. C., and its vicinity he returned to Chicago.

In boosting "The Baptist Herald" in the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., a novel plan was used by addressing a letter, announcing the coming features in the publication, to all the members of the church. An envelope was enclosed in the letter to be used by old or new subscribers of "The Baptist Herald" in which the subscription money could be placed and the envelope dropped in the offering plate at any of the church services. Ellen Nitsch and Norman J. Boehm are in charge of "The Baptist Herald" subscription committee of the church.

The Rev. A. Bredy, pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church of Indianapolis, Ind., is serving during 1937 as the president of the Indianapolis Baptist Ministerial Conference. Recently Mr. Fred Hamelehle, one of the older members of the church, gave the Bethel Church a beautiful stained glass memorial window and said that "he would rather have a window in the church than a tombstone on his grave." Mr. Bredy has started his 8th year of service as pastor of the church and was recently surprised by members and friends of the church with a pledge of loyalty and love at a social in his honor and that of his family.

Mrs. Hulda W. Smith, a sister of Mrs. Hans Steiger of the Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich., who has served with her husband, the Rev. H. W. Smith, since 1910 as a missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society in Burma, has assumed charge of the field in Burma which was formerly served by the Rev. George J. Geis, the beloved missionary who recently passed on to his eternal reward. She has continued the Bible School work and the evangelistic deputation trips in which Brother Geis was so deeply interested. It is hoped that a missionary in permanent charge will soon be appointed. The Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Smith are stationed in Rangoon, Burma, at the American Baptist Mission Press.

On Friday evening, Feb. 5, the D. L. Moody Centenary Celebration came to

an inspiring climax in Chicago, Ill., with a mass meeting held in the Coliseum attended by almost 20,000 persons. Besides addresses by outstanding preachers and Bible scholars of the world, the "D. L. Moody Centenary Celebration Chorus" of 1500 voices rendered several musical numbers. This great chorus was directed by Dr. Talmadge J. Bittikofer of the music department of the Moody Bible Institute. In the chorus there were about 25 young people from the choir of the Oak Park German Baptist Church and a number of young people from the other German Baptist Churches of Chicago who participated in the magnificent ministry of the mass chorus.

Miss Margaret Kampfer and the Rev. Alva E. McKenney, both of Chicago, Ill., were married on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 6, in the lovely Bond Chapel on the campus of the University of Chicago with the Rev. A. M. McDonald, superintendent of the Chicago Baptist Association, officiating. The Rev. Alva E. McKenney, a graduate student at the Chicago Divinity School, has accepted the call of the First Baptist Church of Marengo, Illinois, where he and his wife have taken up their residence. Mrs. McKenney is a daughter of the late Rev. George Richard Kampfer, missionary in Assam, India, who with Mrs. Kampfer served under the American Baptist Missionary Society in India from 1910 to 1926. Her mother, Mrs. Kampfer, is actively engaged in the Aiken Institute of Chicago, where she is serving as director.

From Jan. 4 to 7 the Week of Prayer was observed with special services in the German Baptist Church of Wiesen-thal, Alberta, Canada. On Monday evening, Jan. 4, the service was in charge of the church band led by Mr. William Pohl. The young people's society was in charge of the service on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5, with Mr. Reinhold Schmidt conducting the service. Besides musical numbers Mr. Arthur Smith, the president, spoke on "What is Our Duty as Young People in 1937." On the following evening the Sunday School led by Gustav Erdmann conducted the service. The Junior orchestra and the Sunday School children brought several numbers. The Senior orchestra had charge of the Thursday evening service with Mr. Arthur Smith leading in the song service. The pastor of the church, the Rev. F. W. Benke, brought the messages at these well attended and helpful services.

Mr. Winfield Ruelke, who is widely known in the Atlantic Coast churches for his fine leadership gifts and winning personality and who served for some time as supply pastor of the First

German Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., has become the assistant pastor and the Director of Christian Education in the Calvary Baptist Church of New York City, where Dr. William Ward Ayer is the preacher in the pulpit made famous by such names as John Roach Straton and Will H. Houghton. On Sunday evening, Jan. 10, Mr. Ruelke was introduced to the large evening congregation and led in prayer in the service which is regularly broadcast over radio station WHN. Mr. Ruelke is looking forward to a very happy ministry in this responsible position to which he has been called. He and Miss May Torge, who is also well known to the Atlantic Coast young people, were married last October.

The Bethel German Baptist Church of Anaheim, Calif., observed "the Week of Prayer" during the first week in January, and followed this with a week of inspirational meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life of its members. On Sunday, Dec. 30, the Rev. O. R. Schroeder, pastor of the church, baptized two persons on confession of their faith in Christ. In the annual report of the church a number of items were especially interesting. The treasurer reported that the church treasury had a considerable balance, even though the church debt was reduced during the past year. The salary of the pastor has also been increased. The services of the Christmas season brought much joy to the large crowds that attended. God's presence has been most perceptible in the ministry of the church. The Rev. O. R. Schroeder is enjoying the longest and one of his happiest pastorates in the Anaheim Church, having served the church since 1925.

The program committee of the General Conference met in Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday, Dec. 29, to plan for the program of the conference. The Rev. W. S. Argow is chairman of the committee with the Rev. E. Umbach serving as clerk. Other members of the committee who were present were the Reverends A. J. Ramaker, Charles W. Koller, Charles F. Zummach and Wm. L. Schoeffel, who was appointed to serve in the place of the late Rev. H. C. Baum. The following officers of the general conference were also present and assisted in the deliberations: Wm. Kuhn, general missionary secretary; O. E. Krueger, moderator of the conference; John Leypoldt, vice-moderator; L. D. Holzer, recording secretary; H. P. Donner, manager of the publication society; Samuel Blum, editor of "Der Sendbote"; Norman J. Boehm, president of the Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, and M. Leuschner, the general secretary of the same union. The program of the general conference to be held in Portland from Aug. 9 to 15 will later be published in full in "The Baptist Herald."

February 15, 1937

Reports from the Field

Northern Conference

Review of Activities in Young People's Society at Wiesental

During the past year the Young People's Society of the German Baptist Church at Wiesental, Alberta, Canada, held 21 meetings, which included a prayer service, a missionary program, several contest and program meetings, Bible Studies, programs illustrated with stereopticon pictures and musical programs. On one occasion we were delighted to have the Rev. G. W. Rutsch visit us, and at another meeting reports by the Tri-Union delegates were brought.

With the addition of 6 new members our society now numbers 68 persons. Members of the society rendered an Easter program and also a Mother's Day program during the year. A missionary meeting at Porto Bello was held by the society. Exchange programs were also given by us at the country church of Wetaskiwin and in the second church of Leduc.

The officers of the young people's society for 1937 are as follows: Arthur Smith, president; Reinhold Schmidt, vice president; Lydia Tiede, secretary; Nathalie Rudolph, assistant secretary; Reuben Rudolph, treasurer; Reinhold Schmidt, Ruth Borchert and Olga Zilke, promotion committee; Walter Meyers and Robert Arnholtz, collectors; August Pohl and Gustav Ertmann, ushers.

NATHALIE RUDOLPH, Reporter.

Christmas Concert by the Winnipeg Choir

In spite of the fact that it has been a long time since a report of the mixed choir of the McDermott Avenue Baptist Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, has appeared in "The Baptist Herald," still we have been quite active and especially so during the past year.

Our choir has about 40 members who love to sing and to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ through their songs. Mr. Hans Schirmacher has been the capable leader of our choir for the last eight months.

It was on Sunday evening, December 27, that our choir rendered a fine Christmas Concert. The feature of the program was the cantata, "Die Verehrung" by Schuler. The concert began with a song by the choir, and after the Scripture reading and prayer by our pastor, the Rev. A. Felberg, a male double quartet sang. Miss Tilly Miller rendered a contralto solo, "Glad tidings". The cantata which consisted of individual numbers for mixed choir, male and ladies' chorus as well as quartet and solo numbers, was divided into

two parts. Between part one and two the large audience was favored with a violin duet by Mr. F. Kalweit and Mr. P. Penner and further with a soprano and tenor duet, "Sei du mit mir", sung by Miss T. Miller and Mr. H. Schirrmacher. After the second part of the cantata which ended with the song, "Joy to the World," Mr. Felberg gave a short address. Two further numbers on the program were a bass solo by Leo Schultz, "Selige Weihnachtszeit," and a male double quartet. The program was brought to a close with the "Hallelujah Chorus" by Handl.

The soloists for the evening were the Misses Violet Schultz, Edith Streichert, Alice Herb and Tilly Miller, Mrs. Amanda Wegner, Mr. Gerhard Streuber and Mr. Leo Schultz. Miss Dorothy Ross and Mrs. Frieda Schirrmacher were the accompanists.

ALICE HERB, Reporter.

Eastern Conference

The Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Cramer
Welcomed to the Union Church
of Arnold, Pa.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 7, the Union Baptist Church of Arnold, Pa., not only held a usual welcome reception but, in reality, an extraordinary home-coming welcome and reception for the Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Cramer, the new pastor of the church and his wife. After an absence of nine years from the church, the Rev. C. E. Cramer was given a most hearty welcome back to the pulpit which he formerly had occupied.

Letters of congratulation were read from out-of-town pastors by the chairman of the service, Mr. C. J. Theis. We had not invited a reception for any flattery or praise, but great plans and real acquaintances were born as a result of the service. We also tried to help to lighten the burden and to mitigate the regret which a pastor must feel after serving a church such as the Spruce Street Church of Buffalo, N. Y., which he has just left after a blessed ministry.

The church, which was crowded to capacity, was enveloped in silence and attention when the final response to the words of welcome by the various church organizations, city pastors, and members of the ministerial association was brought by the Rev. C. E. Cramer. His delight in returning to the same church, which he formerly served, lies in the fact that he will work with a new generation, which he knew when its members were quite small but who are now becoming active in the success of the church.

CLARENCE SUSEK, Church Clerk.

Northwestern Conference Activities of the B. Y. P. U. in the Kossuth Church of Wisconsin

Recalling the past few months, we find the B. Y. P. U. of the Kossuth Baptist Church at Manitowoc, Wisconsin, of which Rev. J. C. Kraenzler is pastor, actively engaged in the service of the Lord and Master. Some of these activities can be briefly reviewed.

On October 4 our young people journeyed to Sheboygan, Wis., and presented a program in the German Baptist Church in that city, including among other numbers a missionary play, entitled "Soup, Sand and Sagebrush."

On November 29 the B. Y. P. U. gave an interesting program in the form of a contest. The girls presented "The After-Meeting," a very inspiring missionary play and the boys' entry was an original dramatization. The members of the audience, acting as judges, cast their vote and the result was a tie.

On December 20 the Sheboygan young people's society entertained us with a program at our church. We enjoyed a very fine program which included an impressive play, entitled "The Prodigal Comes Home."

On Christmas Eve our orchestra opened the annual Christmas service by playing a medley composed of many of the well known Christmas carols. The small children brought recitations and the Junior Class gave a short play, entitled "Christmas In Other Lands," the "When The Little Angel Sang," the play rendered by the young people, showed how an angel's song over Bethlehem on Christmas Eve worked a miracle in the heart of a thief.

A Watch Night Service was held on the evening of the last day of the year.
JUNE SPECHT, Reporter.

JUNE SPECHT, Reporter.

Pacific Conference

A Review of the Sunday School's Activities and Ministry in Salem, Ore.

As we of the Sunday School of the First German Baptist Church of Salem, Oregon, look back over the past year our hearts are filled with praise and thanksgiving to God who has bestowed his blessings upon us so bountifully.

In the past year we were permitted to assemble 52 times with an average attendance of 105, an increase of 38 scholars or 36% over 1935. We were able to form one new class, bringing the total number of classes to eight, with an enrollment of 153 pupils and

10 regular teachers and officers. The classes are divided as follows: a Beginners' class, two Primary and two Junior classes, an Intermediate, a Young People's and an Adult class. The Adult Bible Class is instructed in German, and all other classes are in the English language.

The following special occasions were observed with well planned and well rendered programs and enjoyed by large audiences: Bible Day, Children's Day, Promotion and Rally Day, Harvest Festival and Mission Day, and Christmas. At each of these special offerings were taken for different mission enterprises amounting to \$96.52. There were \$29.47 received from the birthday offerings. The Primary department has set aside the first Sunday of each month as Mission Sunday, and \$6.76 in pennies, nickles and dimes flowed into the "Mission Barrel" for the Cameroons. In all the grand sum of \$132.76 was raised for missions.

Seven Bibles were presented to graduating Primary pupils. New blackboards, tables, rugs and curtains were purchased for class rooms. We were also able to assist with \$30 in the remodeling of our baptistry.

The canvassing of the district within

five blocks in each direction of the church was undertaken, and 135 calls were made at homes where we knew there were children. Six new pupils were the visible results of this work.

The second Sunday of every other month is set aside for an officers' and teachers' meeting at which all the officers, teachers, substitute teachers and their families bring their lunch and eat together after which the problems and business of the Sunday School are discussed and transacted. Six regular and two special meetings were held. The few minutes spent in united prayer each Sunday morning before Sunday School opens has proven to be a source of spiritual strength and blessing.

A Sunday school library has been planned and \$50 have been set aside to remodel, equip and furnish a room in the church basement.

Officers and teachers have worked together harmoniously and zealously and we feel that by the Grace of God we have gone forward. In the coming year may each member of our Sunday School be found to be a loyal soldier in the army of the King, and may we not only win new members for our school but many souls for him who died for us!

WALTER WILLECKE, Secretary.

A SONG FOREVER

(Continued from Page 58)

Towers was storming belligerently, explaining to all and sundry just what he thought of the Mayville Citizen. Oaths and epithets poured profusely from his lips. Old Dan's oaths never came out hesitantly when his anger was fully aroused, although in ordinary conversation he was considered a "clean talker."

"What's the trouble now?" one of his ardent followers queried as he tossed down his dime for another mug of Towers' Best.

"That fool of a Gardner is just as stubborn as his old Dad! Won't sell me an inch of space for advertising."

His customer raised heavy eyelids and steadied his gaze, while he looked at Old Dan. "Don't he know it's legal now? Hain't the government standin' back of it, enough to satisfy him? He was drunk himself a little more than a month ago, wasn't he?"

"The government don't make no difference to him. He says the government don't run the Mayville Citizen nor the editor of it."

"Never you mind anyhow. The rest of us'll advertise plenty for you. Satisfied customers . . . that's the best advertising, anyhow."

To which remark another listener replied: "Yeah, fellows like you and Abner Beckwith!"

Old Dan scowled. "That'll be enough from you!" he snapped.

(To Be Continued)



For young people, the Gift Supreme!

NOTICE!!!

For a personally autographed copy of any of the Paul Hutchens Christian novels, "Romance of Fire," "This Way Out," "A Song Forever," "The Last First," "The Voice," order direct from the author, care of GOOD NEWS BOOK ROOM, GEORGE, IOWA. Price each, postpaid, only \$1.00.

BIBLE DAY

February 28, 1937

Honor God's Word
Make an Offering
worthy of the cause

Don't fail
to observe this day

A Chat About Books

By the Editor

During the past few months a number of splendid missionary books have come to the editor's desk to captivate his attention. It is increasingly amazing to observe how the needs of the world are vividly pictured and the story of the missionary enterprise graphically dramatized in these books. By the reading of such volumes, always reasonably priced, one can view the panorama of life in China or India or Africa as realistically as if one were looking at stereopticon or moving pictures of these countries.

RATS, PLAGUE AND RELIGION

The work of medical missions is given a marvelous portrayal in a book, that is unique in its name and contents, which bears the title, "Rats Plague and Religion," by Dr. John Spencer Carmen, M. D. (Judson Press—1936—346 pages—\$1.25). Dr. and Mrs. "Jack" Carmen are Baptist medical missionaries in Hanumakonda in India. They are members of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y. and are known personally to some of the younger ministers and their wives of our churches.

The physical needs of a vast population like that of the hundreds of millions in India are dramatized in stories which are taken from the actual experiences in the life and ministry of Dr. Carmen. It does not make for restful bedtime reading as the story of suffering is unraveled and the awful hideousness and indescribable misery of these people are set over against the superstitions and evil habits to which they cling so tenaciously.

In the opening chapters the story is told with unforgettable vividness of the rats in Indian villages, legions of them, and of how they carry the dreaded Bubonic plague. A rat falls in a house from a roof-beam—the next day a boy in the family dies mysteriously—in a few days the plague has swept over the village! Dr. Carmen pictures the ministry of the medical missionary in such a scene, not only to cure the disease, but especially to lead in a campaign of prevention.

In successive chapters we witness the fight (and it is a battle that moves one deeply and sympathetically for the missionary!) against smallpox, typhoid fever, leprosy, tropical diseases, tuberculosis and the like. Campaigns for sanitation are like crusades for righteousness. The killing of flies is as serious a business in India as that of hunting tigers, for "flies are more deadly than tigers." Ignorance and superstition among these people are harder to combat than hostile armies. Women and children, whose suffering

is often due to neglect, are the most grateful recipients of this Christian ministry.

In India, where "death is lurking just around the corner," are these Baptist missionaries to whom "India has become a real home," sharing joys and sorrows together. Their ministry in the name of Christ is like that of the Great Physician who healed the lepers, gave sight to the blind and made the lame walk. This is a missionary book which you will read to the end once you have started it and the stories of which you will use again and again in church programs and services. Buy the book at any sacrifice!

CHINA CALLING

The editorial secretary of the China Inland Mission, the Rev. Frank Houghton, has recently written a comprehensive and fascinating missionary book about China, called "China Calling" (China Inland Mission—1936—183 pages—Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 50 cents). In introductory chapters the author describes the country and its people, its long and rich history and peculiar social conditions, its political problems and its several religions. But the emphasis of this excellent book is the story of Protestant missions in China in 138 societies, under whose auspices almost 6,000 foreign missionaries are serving with about 2000 ordained native workers. The keynote of the book as well as that of the Christian Church in China is "Life," the new Life from above, (hsin seng ming), in Jesus Christ.

BY LOVE COMPELLED

The marvelous story of the China Inland Mission, which began in the consecrated life and self-giving devotion of Hudson Taylor decades ago, is related most beautifully by Marshall Broomhall in the book, "By Love Compelled". (Hodder and Stoughton—1936—126 pages—Paper 35 cents). The first entry of 10 pounds in a London bank in the name of the China Inland Mission deposited by Hudson Taylor in 1865 has multiplied until five and a half million pounds (more than 25 million dollars) have been given for the work with no collections nor solicitation of funds! The small group of 24 missionaries serving with Taylor in 1865 has grown until today there are almost 1400 missionaries.

OIL LAMPS UPLIFTED

The challenge of the missionary enterprise finds a unique expression in a book of poems by a Baptist missionary in South India, Pearl Doer Langley, called "Oil Lamps Uplifted." (Revell Co.,—1935—86 pages—\$1.00). In

about 75 poems, which are "like miniature paintings, possessing depth of feeling, delicacy of expression and a quality of precision", the author describes the conditions of India, the victories of Christ and the opportunities for service. The missionary-author has an artist's feeling of beauty which finds its most complete expression in "the beauty of Jesus" in the Indian soul. These poems are missionary gems which will become more precious to the reader as the days pass by.

MISSIONS IN TEXAS

Every German Baptist should read a most revealing and interesting book by Dr. John A. Held, entitled "European Missions in Texas." (Broadman Press—1936—135 pages—Paper, 50 cents), in which the story of Christian missions among the foreign-speaking groups of the Southland is dramatized by one who, as a secretary of the Southern Baptists, is intimately acquainted with the facts. Of special interest are three extended chapters devoted to the history of the German Baptists in Texas, in which the story of such pioneers as Frank Kiefer, F. J. Gleiss and Friedrich Ernst is related with biographical completeness in connection with the history of German Baptists in the south. We are deeply indebted to Dr. Held for this comprehensive and stirring record of German Baptist history in Texas.

OTHER MISSION BOOKS

In the provocative book, "The Way of the Witnesses," (Friendship Press—1936—148 pages—\$1.00), Dr. Edward Shillito, one of England's great preachers and authors, shows how the New Testament is a missionary book.

"Le Chung" by Alice Pickford Evans (Judson Press—1936—174 pages—\$1.00) is the narrative story of a Chinese boy who leaves his home to accompany an uncle to America. The interesting and exciting plot leads the reader into a moving missionary story which finally reaches a happy ending.

Several invaluable books for a missionary study of the Negro in America can only be named, each of which is published by the Friendship Press at a dollar for a cloth bound copy and 60 cents for a paper covered copy. "A Preface to Racial Understanding" by Charles S. Johnson presents a vigorous study of contemporary negro life and interracial problems. "The Story of the American Negro" by Ina Corinne Brown is the dramatic story of the Negro in human history. "Twelve Negro Americans" by Mary Jenness presents a brief biographical sketch of outstanding Negroes of today in various fields of service.

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Beside the City of Roses

By SAMUEL J. RICH

This new department in "The Baptist Herald" will appear regularly until after the sessions of the General Conference in Portland, Oregon, next August. The author who lives in Hillsboro, Oregon, near Portland, "the City of Roses," will edit this column, opening windows upon the beauty of Oregon's trees and flowers and scenery, interpreting the Christian faith in the light of daily needs and current problems, and challenging the reader to a forward and upward look!

Mr. Rich is a member of the Bethany Baptist Church near Portland, where he is actively engaged in its ministry and organizations. He and his father are in the nursery business at Hillsboro. The editor is most enthusiastic about these inspiring meditations, "Beside the City of Roses," and warmly he speaks for them a large and eager reading audience. EDITOR.

THE ADVENTURE OF FAITH

"All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen". (Emerson.) We Christians often make the wish, "O, that I had more faith." Perhaps Emerson's quotation can help us to see why we do not have more faith. We often do not open the Book to "see."

Faith is a product of seeing and experience. God is revealed to us in many aspects in his word. There are some people who claim that they do not believe the Bible. Their reasoning is tragic. Have they no other proof of God than the Bible? If not, their vision is badly impaired, their reasoning void.

Today, by my window, I can see the snow falling. The fir trees are hanging low with the beautiful blanket of snow. Did these things "just happen" or is there a directing Mind, ever vigilant at his throne? Those who have experienced Christ have that spark of faith which urges them to go boldly forward in a venture for spiritual conquests.

Judson, sailing for Burma on the "Caravan", had no promise of physical safety, of positive remuneration, of comfort, or of great fame. But Judson had had a vision of the "Lodestar", and he could not but follow it where ever it would lead him. It was the vision that gave Judson the faith to venture anything for Him. Let us seek that larger vision!

An Announcement of General Interest

This concerns Plays and Pageants

To prevent confusion in the minds of our people as to the source of supply of literature of this kind, there has been an amicable arrangement established between headquarters at Forest Park and the Publication Society at Cleveland according to which the house at Cleveland becomes the repository, and all orders for such material are henceforth to be sent to the latter address.

The stock under the supervision of the Secretaries until now has been transferred to Cleveland where it will be classified with other similar productions and in course of time published lists will be available. In the meantime orders for any of the items can be filled.

German Baptist Publication Society.

Eureka!

An announcement of profound interest is the gratifying fact that the number of "Baptist Herald" subscribers has reached the

4000

mark. The upward swing has been continuous since economic recovery set in. Before that the cycle reached a low of 2322. That was in 1934. The improvement started in 1935, advanced continuously until we are quite on a level with 1929, the high spot in our so-called prosperity although the Herald's highest mark was 4634 in 1925.

We are therefore headed in the right direction and are rejoicing over the splendid showing to-day. There is no reason whatever for keeping behind the record established in 1925. Continuing the efforts that brought success before, will carry us up to and beyond our best achievement of the past.

This statement is for the encouragement of the "Baptist Herald" group. The Management.

Last Warning!

"Baptist Herald" readers who were subscribers in 1936 are apprised of the necessity of dropping their names from the lists after this, the fourth number of the volume 1937, has been mailed unless a renewal reaches us promptly.

The only interpretation to be placed on a neglect to communicate with us, either direct or through the church booster, is that the "Herald" has lost attraction and is not longer wanted. This would be deplorable and mean chagrin for the editor as well as the publisher.

The Management.

Daily Bible Readings

Based on the International Sunday School Lessons

Friday, February 19

Our Resurrection Assurance

Read I Corinthians 15:19-26

Saturday, February 20

Triumphant Over Death

Read I Corinthians 15:50-58

Sunday, February 21

The Price of Redemption

Read Isaiah 53:1-6

Monday, February 22

The Beauty of Brotherhood

Read Psalm 133:1-3

Tuesday, February 23

The New Commandment

Read John 13:31-35

Wednesday, February 24

Love, the Way of God

Read I John 4:18-21

Thursday, February 25

Love in Daily Life

Read Colossians 3:12-15

Friday, February 26

The Proof of God's Love

Read I John 4:7-17

Saturday, February 27

Grateful Love

Read Luke 7:36-50

Sunday, February 28

The Supreme Expression of Love

Read John 15:12-17

Monday, March 1

Abiding in Christ

Read John 15:1-7

Tuesday, March 2

The Life

Read John 10:2-29

Wednesday, March 3

The Truth

Read John 8:31-40

Thursday, March 4

The Way

Read Hebrews 10:19-25

Friday, March 5

None Other Name

Read Acts 4:1-12

LIVING VICTORIOUSLY

By E. Stanley Jones

Our lives do not need stirring—they need filling. If Christ is not in the depths of our being, no amount of stirring will make life come sweet and victorious. With Him there it does so, naturally and inevitably.