

THE BAPTIST HERALD

April 1,
1939

In the Glory of the Lilies!

"Be not affrighted: ye
seek Jesus of Nazareth,
who was crucified: he is
risen; he is not here . . ."
Mark 16:6.

Photo by Clyde Brown
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What's Happening

● The B. Y. P. U. of the German Baptist Church of New Haven, Conn., recently elected its officers for the ensuing year with the following results: Rev. Paul Schade, president; Mr. Thomas Adamson, vice-president; Miss Anna Panosky, secretary; Miss Elsie Nellinger, treasurer; Miss Mabel Lock, program chairman; and Mrs. Thomas Adamson, social chairman. The Rev. Julius Kaaz is the minister of the church.

● The Bethany Baptist Church of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, was officially recognized as a church of the denomination on Thursday, February 23, at a service addressed by the Rev. William Kuhn, D. D., general missionary secretary. The Rev. August Warnecke is serving as pastor of the church. A new church edifice is under construction. The recognition service will be held at a later date. The membership of the church numbers approximately 50 people.

● Recently the B. Y. P. U. of the Salt Creek Baptist Church near Dallas, Oregon, held its election of officers. For the coming year the following young people have been chosen: president, Norman Classen; vice-president, Irvin Voth; secretary, Viola Schneider; vice-secretary, Esther Schroeder; treasurer, Carl May; pianist, Ruth Buhler; vice-pianist, Mildred Schneider; librarian, Elmo Voth; and "Baptist Herald" booster and reporter, Evan Skersies. The Rev. Otto Nallinger is pastor of the church.

● Special Lenten services were held in the German Baptist Church of New Haven, Conn., from Thursday evening, March 2, to Sunday, March 5. Mr. and Mrs. John Sawin of the Evangelistic Association of New England conducted the meetings, singing and playing and bringing the messages. Two persons confessed their faith in Christ during the services. The Rev. Julius Kaaz, pastor of the church, announced that the 82nd anniversary of the church will be held on Monday evening, April 10, with a supper and festival program.

● The B. Y. P. U. of the German Baptist Church in Grand Forks, No. Dak., is publishing a fine four page monthly bulletin, called "The Mentor." It presents an editorial, biographical sketches of its members under the striking caption "Hoo's Hoo," and announcements of B. Y. P. U. and church activities. The editor-in-chief, Miss Elaine Balogh, is assisted by the following staff: Eleanor Spiess, Hannah Wolff and Eva Heine. Miss Elizabeth Werre served as guest editor for the

February issue. The Rev. J. C. Gunst is pastor of the church.

● The Young People's Society of the King's Highway Baptist Church in Bridgeport, Conn., recently gave a Bavarian Supper which proved to be most successful. The theme was carried out in the menu, decorations and waitresses' costumes. The newly organized Sunday School orchestra played German dinner music. This was the first time that the young people of the church attempted to undertake serving a meal without assistance from the Ladies' Society members. Miss Lillian Lucas wrote that "we feel that this enterprise was beneficial, as it gave us experience in accepting and living up to responsibilities."

● On the four Wednesday evenings in March the Bethel Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., held a School of Missions, in which the lives of Adoniram and Ann Judson, missionaries to Burma, were studied. A class for young people was taught by Miss Mamie Kose, and a class for older adults by the pastor, the Rev. Paul Wengel. Two other classes for younger adults and for children were also held. The B. Y. P. U. is publishing an eight page monthly bulletin, entitled "The Beacon," of which Mr. Gaston D'Haillecourt is editor. The typists are Betty Classen and Lorraine Neumann, the publishers Bill Kydon, Louis Alward and Paul Spites, and the circulator Earl Young.

● The men's activities of the Grace Baptist Church in Racine, Wis., are carried on through an organized Men's Bible Class. Meetings are held monthly, either in church or homes. The February meeting was held with one of the members, Mr. Otto Freimund, who is the enthusiastic host of the group at his home once each year. This is always one of the best of the year. Several members of the neighboring Kenosha Brotherhood were guests for the evening. The program consisted of a lively talk on Stewardship by a Norwegian Methodist pastor of the city, a peppy hymn sing and discussion. Mr. Charles Meier is the president of the class. The Rev. A. Engel is the pastor of the church.

● On Sunday evening, February 26, the B. Y. P. U. of the German Baptist Church of Bismarck, No. Dak., held a program on "Stewardship" in place of the evening service. A very interesting dialogue was given by four young women. On Sunday, March 5 installation services were held for the new minister of the church, the Rev. Karl

Gieser, with the Rev. P. F. Schilling, pastor of the Beulah Baptist Church, and the Rev. H. G. Bens of Bismarck officiating. The Rev. and Mrs. Karl Gieser were honored at a reception held in the church parlors following the program. Mr. Gieser was formerly pastor of the German Baptist Church in Turtle Lake, No. Dak.

● The Southwestern Conference Sunday Schools are engaged in a spirited contest, endeavoring to attain the Standard of Excellence set aside for the conference by its aggressive Sunday School committee. The standard calls for high average attendance, trained teachers, graded lessons, the use of the 6 point record system, an evangelistic program and teachers' meetings. Awards will be made at the sessions of the Southwestern Conference to those Sunday Schools attaining a rating of 75 per cent. The Reverends A. G. Rietdorf and J. H. Kornelsen have been active in the promotion of this commendable program. A report of this program will appear at a later date in the "Workshop" department of "The Baptist Herald."

● On Thursday evening, February 19, the Clinton Hill Baptist Church of Newark, N. J., had the joy of hearing the Rev. Percy Crawford, pastor of "the Young People's Church of the Air" and director of the famous Pine Brook Conferences at its "Happy Hour" program. During the month of March these Thursday evening services were especially interesting, as reported in the church bulletin. "Cages of beautiful canaries vied with soloists and the congregation in making melody to the Lord. Everyone who had a birthday in March received a special

(Continued on Page 139)

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The BAPTIST HERALD

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Number Seven

EDITORIAL

WE ARE living in an incredulous age. Reference is frequently made to the adage about "coming from Missouri" and, therefore, having

Easter's Niche in the History of Mankind. to be shown something before believing it to be true. We have been so

trained in the scientific method until we lose our grasp on those things which are not seen but which are eternal. Thomas, the doubting disciple, has many followers in our day. These point out the apparent inconsistencies in the resurrection account and question the historical facts that gave birth to Easter Sunday in the world's calendar.

Such assertions are soon seen to be the foolishness of human wisdom that must first of all put its fingers into nail prints before paying homage to the risen Christ. It has been the testimony of the centuries that the account of the resurrection of Christ from the dead is one of history's most irrefutable facts. That Gibraltar rock of Christian history has not been washed away by the tides of criticism and doubt. For the Easter story has been given its niche in mankind's history to confound the doubter and to confirm the faith of the ardent disciple.

The words of the apostle Paul, "Now is Christ risen from the dead," epitomizes this conviction in the heart of every Christian as to the historical reality of Christ's resurrection from the dead. The empty tomb and the frantic words of the soldiers stationed at the grave are a visible and tangible proof of Christ's resurrection. The testimony of many hundreds of witnesses who saw the risen Christ after his resurrection substantiate the story. There was a sudden transformation in the lives of the disciples, which changed them from cringing cowards to cyclonic conquerors, who, having beheld the risen Christ, began to turn the whole world upside down for their Master! Only some supernatural event and the

power of a living Savior can account for the triumphant march of the Christian Church down through the centuries.

Easter has a large and abiding niche in mankind's history for another reason, which to the risen Christ was of even greater importance. Innumerable hosts of people, among whom are many readers of "The Baptist Herald," can testify to the conviction in their hearts that Christ is living. His friendly presence is a daily experience. He lives in their hearts, so that they can have communion with him. He imparts truths to them for guidance and counsel, for comfort and strength, for the constant enrichment of life. Their song may be doubted but it cannot be refuted, as their words are uttered with increasing crescendo: "Christ lives again, I know, for he lives in me!"

The world lays great emphasis upon the scientific demonstration of some historical event. Even by such standards the resurrection of Christ stands in the annals of history as a remarkable event that occurred. But Christ announced that a far greater blessing awaits the one, who has not had a visible demonstration of proof of his resurrection, such as Thomas had, and yet has believed.

General Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army has given a beautiful expression to this overwhelming Easter joy which is the overflowing portion of those who, with eyes of faith, behold the risen Christ.

"The greatest fact of all history, the most stupendous achievement of the ages, is not Christ our Bethlehem babe, not Christ our dying Savior, but Christ our risen Lord. This is the Christ I have found! This is the Christ I love! This is the Christ in whom my life and breath and powers are consecrated! This is the Christ in whom I shall die! This is the Christ, the Christ of Eastertide!"

Easter's Eternal Message

The sublimest revelation of God's love and power in the resurrection of Christ from the dead is interpreted with the glowing passion of a personal faith in Christ by the youngest member of the faculty of our German Baptist Seminary in this brilliant Easter article.

By PROFESSOR FRANK H. WOYKE of Rochester, New York

WHY DO WE observe the Lenten season? Primarily we do so in order to meditate upon the meaning of the momentous events in the last week of the life of our Lord. Some people attempt to crowd all of their religious observances into these forty days. That is surely a mistake. But it is, nevertheless, important to observe this season as a time in which we become quiet and listen to the voice of God.

An ancient city, we are told, was built over a river, which at that point flowed underground. In the daytime, when all were active and noisy, no one would have suspected that there were waters flowing underneath. But when evening came and the voices of the people died down and silence reigned, the music of the running waters below could clearly be heard. It is so in our lives. When we become quiet, God's voice reaches us more clearly.

Easter, an Eternal Fact

We accept the resurrection of Jesus Christ as a fact. It was thus accepted and attested to by the early Christians, and there is no reason for questioning their testimony. The message of the risen Christ has always been and continues to be a central part of the Christian gospel.

Merely as a fact to be accepted, a doctrine to be believed, something that occurred many years ago, however, it leaves us peculiarly cold. We are interested in the message of Easter for us, in its meaning, in the eternal realities which it reveals. For Easter is not only an event in history, a thing that was once over and done. What happened is not merely something that happened. It is something which eternally happens.

When we recall Easter, we think not only of the past, but also of the present. Pilate at that time said to the people: "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" Neither he nor the people could escape answering that question, nor has anyone else since that time been able to escape it. Easter has eternal meaning.

What eternal truths come to us through the death and resurrection of our Lord?

A Message About God

The message of Easter is preeminently one about God. God was in Christ and revealed himself through him, especially in his death and resurrection. Good Friday and Easter are naturally not to be separated. Together, they throw a

powerful light upon God, revealing him more clearly than he has been revealed anywhere else and bringing him immeasurably nearer to us.

What is God like? *God is holy.* He cannot trifle with sin, and he cannot overlook it. Calvary shows us that. *God is loving.* While sin is alien to his nature, he loves those who are in its toils and would save them. He gives himself that men may be able to return to his Father-heart. *God is forgiving.* He does not judge us strictly on the basis of justice, but rather is willing to forgive. All who come to him in repentance, humility and faith, he will in no wise cast out.

A Message About Man

In the last events of our Lord's life, the spotlight is also thrown upon man. In the course of those events, we behold the attitude of unregenerated men toward the love of God, toward the bearer of the gospel of truth. Pilate said: "Behold, the man." Gazing upon him, the people cried: "Away with him! Crucify him!" He was in the world, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

Who was really being judged on that occasion? Pilate, the Sanhedrin, and the mob all thought that it was Jesus of Nazareth who was being judged. We can see now that this was not true. Rather, it was Jesus, who wore the crown of thorns, who stood as judge. The others were tried and found wanting, self-condemned and rejected of God, hostile to his truth and his love. Today they are remembered only because of the connection, infamous though it was, which they had with him, whom they thought they were judging.

The Only Hope for Mankind

Thus, men rejected the love of God, and, thus, men still reject it. A sorry picture it is, indeed. It is not the only picture, however. God sees man not only as he is, but also in the light of what he can become. And in those events God fashioned a way for man to be rehabilitated and to return to the homeland of his spirit. The message of Easter is eternally one of new life, of new men. Through our fellowship of suffering with Christ, through our death to sin, we also arise with him to newness of life.

In this new and divine life lies the hope—and the only hope—for mankind. Dr. Henry C. Link in "The Rediscovery of Man" tells of the follow-

ing incident. A father was busy reading his evening paper but annoyed because his little daughter continually interrupted him. Finally, he tore a map of the world out of the paper and into small pieces, giving them to the little girl and telling her that it was a jig-saw puzzle to be put together again. Soon she returned proudly exhibiting the map all put back together again. He was amazed and asked her how she did it. Her answer was: "There was a picture of a man on the other side, and I put him together and the world came out all right." If men would only accept the new life in Christ and permit him to rehabilitate them and keep them well put together, the world would come out all right. This is the eternal message of Easter!

A Message About Victory

What does Easter say about defeat and victory? When is a life victorious? Jesus' earthly life ended at a comparatively early age. Yet he said before he died: "It is finished." And he said it "with a loud voice," not in agony but in assurance and triumph. Easter is the completion of that victory. When a man dies in the prime of life, we often hear people say: "Too bad he had to go so soon, before he could finish his life's work." How do we know when a man's work is completed and what are the inscrutable designs of God? Easter tells us that the success of a life is not measured by its length, but by its quality and submission to the purposes of God. God sent his Son, Jesus, into the world to accomplish a definite task, and Jesus finished his work because he was true to his father's commission.

Easter says, furthermore, that true victory does not consist in an external conquest of foes, but in an inner conquest of self. Surely, in an external sense, Jesus seemed to suffer a most ignominious defeat. Calvary shows him crucified as a despised criminal. He died and was buried. Could anyone call that a victory? Calvary alone would not, of course, have been a victory. But in the resurrection death was "swallowed up in victory."

Consider the events of that week in their connection. On Palm Sunday, Jesus appeared externally to be a conqueror. The people hailed him as such. But could he have become a victor if he had acquiesced to the popular will to become a temporal ruler? We know that he could not, for then he would not have accomplished the will of God. In the garden of Gethsemane, Jesus appeared unduly agitated, when he was apparently in no immanent danger. On Calvary's cross, he suffered humiliation, defeat, shame, and death. *Yet he won the victory!* Jesus lost the preliminary battle, but he won a complete victory in the war against sin and death.

The Way of Love and Self-Sacrifice

Easter eternally brings us this message, that true victory comes, not through hatred and force,

but through love and self-sacrifice. Force can conquer the body, but it can conquer *only* the body, and even that it cannot ultimately hold. The soul can be won only by love and self-sacrifice, and God chose that means to "draw all men" unto himself.

How often does mankind, and even Christianity, forget the true nature of victory! To defend the truth of God, we draw the sword and tell ourselves that we have prevailed when we have only succeeded in breeding hatred. Is not this the lesson of the World War? Men say that we must be realistic. But is not the way of love ultimately the most realistic and effective force in the world, just because it is, in the physical sense, not a "force" at all?

Many people insist on pursuing an argument to the bitter end. Does the fact that they have had the last word prove that they have won? How often we lay careful plans to get our revenge, to "get even" with someone! Is such revenge truly sweet, or is it not bitter? The way of love may seem like defeat, but Easter proclaims it eternally the way of true victory.

A Message About the Living Christ

That Christ had risen from the dead was a fundamental part of the faith of the early Christians, and it must always remain such for all Christians. But even more vital and emboldening was the experience of the presence of this living Christ. In a sense, unexpectedly, but certainly overwhelmingly, they experienced in a new way the risen Lord. Christ had, thus, not only risen, but he had become the companion of all his followers. From the first, the experience of the presence of the living Christ gave courage and passion to his followers. The disciples on the way to Emmaus, although they did not at first recognize their Lord, said: "Did not our hearts burn within us . . .?"

The fullness of the consciousness of Christ's presence did not come until the outpouring of his spirit at Pentecost. Pentecost was the logical fulfillment of Easter. Jesus was now present, not only periodically, but continuously, living in the hearts of his followers in mystical union. And what power and passion his presence gave to those men!

To be triumphant, the Church must ever go back to the living Christ. Men may write learned treatises on the resurrection of Christ, proving that it happened, as though it has to be proved. Even if the arguments are sound and conclusive, they will not win the world for Christ. The greatest testimony to the resurrection will always remain his spirit living in a redeemed soul. Easter reminds us of this eternal truth: "The Lord is risen, and he lives—in us!"

Jittering Westward to the African Coast

The Story of the Adventures of Paul and Clare Gebauer, Our Cameroon Missionaries, On Their Trip to the Coast to Welcome Laura Reddig to Africa

On the last day of September, 1938, Clare and I got on our horses to go down to the coast to fetch Nurse Laura E. Reddig. That meant quite a number of days in the saddle and a number of days in a large African city to manage a ride westward. It meant a day of daring over more daring roads in the most daring truck. It meant another day of jittering westward on an African railroad, until our eyes beheld the Atlantic. It meant the crossing of rivers, the wrestling with mosquitoes and officials, the shaking of hundreds of washed and unwashed hands, the eating of all sorts of meals at all sorts of tables and at all sorts of hours. It meant the coming down from our wind-swept Kaka mountains into lands of sun and beastly odors. And of all that we shall talk in this article.

The FIRST DAY helped us over known trails with well known carriers. With us went campbeds, chairs, folding table, folding bathtub, picnic set, canned provisions, rice, potatoes, cook,

trousers, tried for the opposite bank, sank into mud, threw me off, was freed of saddle and battled through mud into a crumbling embankment. "Santa," Clare's horse followed, got his fat tummy deeper into mud, threw Clare off and placed himself right on top of the girl, who struggled to keep her nose out of the mounting swamp. We talked soothingly to "Santa," freed the girl from mud and horse, got the saddle off the horse and let him battle by himself against the swift current, the swampy embankment and the steep river bank.

Clare got up "all mud." Everybody put his load down to view the sight, to express regret and to look steadfastly the other way to give Clare a chance to restore beauty and whiteness. At the next water we got off our horses, groped chest-high through the current and over a slippery bottom, and with that and our clothes got the needed baths. At 1 P. M. we went through our ritual—into the chairs, off with the

worse. Dropping their loads and themselves next to them, they fell asleep without food. Headman Johnny did not tire. He went down to the river, inspected the crossing of the morrow, speared a horned viper, skinned the beast, kept the best of it for himself, and dedicated the rats found in the innards to the fleshpots of his fellow men.

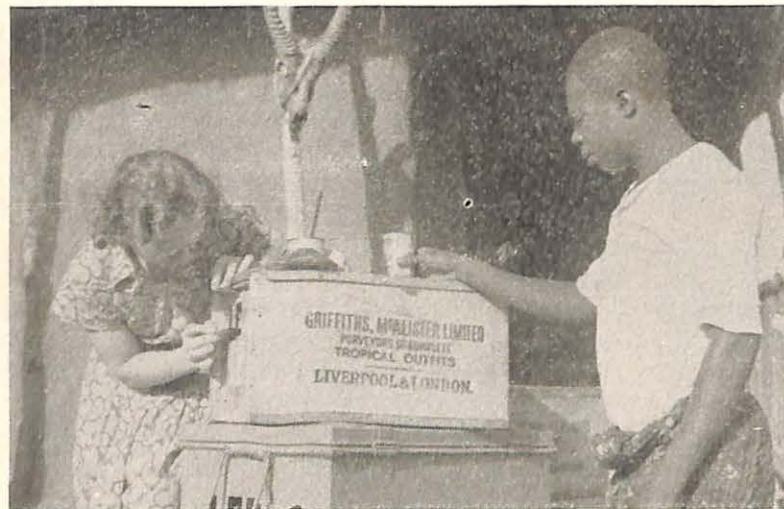
Hills waved in the distance. We escaped heat and unhealthiness with our SIXTH DAY. Markets and natives greeted us on the roadside. Food for our men became plentiful. Clare got her fill of bananas, peanuts, mountain climbing and mountain air. We began climbing onto the highlands of Bamum. Beautiful monkeys watched us from treetops while we breakfasted. Friendly women served oranges to all of us.

For the night we rested in a perfect house of a friendly chief. Twilight and evening songs mingled with the prayers of Mohammedans again. Late in the night the chief came to ask if the Germans had come. He, in his lost corner, knew more about the September troubles of Europe, than we, the wanderers.

On our SEVENTH DAY away from home we rode into a magnificent city that teemed with traders and French colonial officials and rumors of war. Horses were being examined for military service. Officials were on edge. In between horseshows and gossip we found shelter in the Sultan's palace. The feet of our carriers stumbled all over the stairway that led to our balcony and rooms. Feet and men were all eyes, for our Kaka men had never met with such a terrible thing as a stairway. But with this stair-climbing came their journey's end. In the shade of a hundred mango trees and kingly palms we purchased provisions, paid off our men, kissed the horses goodbye, and put up with the Moorish architecture of our palace, as if we owned the place.

With the Sultan and the leaning walls of his palace we stayed for some days. We learned to know his favorite wife and the rest of his harem. Deep below our balcony a row of flickering fires would wink up at us evening after evening. Each fire belonged to one hut, and in each hut one woman kept house for herself and family. Upon those flickering fires and restless women the Sultan's health and wealth depend. Gradually, the good man drifts the way his father's glory went. But long before he even touches at the outskirts of his father's power, this Sultan and his palace will be gone.

Clare had her time with the many



Miss Reddig, Assisted by "Jo," Her House-boy, Marking Her Storage Boxes "L. E. R." with Red Paint

steward, horse boys, and the line of carriers. With six hours through tall grass and taller heat we completed the day's trek.

A dome-shaped hut, ten yards in diameter, was to be our shelter. Arriving we went through the ritual—into the chairs, off with the boots, off with everything and into the bath, out of it for hot tea, food, the making of camp and friends. Our evening song mingled with the prayers which our friends addressed to Allah.

On the SECOND DAY we arrived in new lands. A trail had been cleared through the grass, but of bridges nobody had thought. That got us into difficulties. Saddle-deep we crossed a river. "Yola," my horse, forded cau-

boots, into the tub, out for tea and camp making and visitors.

Our THIRD DAY was like yesterday. New trails, more waters with no bridges, more tall grass, few settlements, limited food supplies for our carriers! We had a falling hut for the night. Stars, storm and rain came into our beds, straight from above. That was repeated on the following day, save that now we had entered a land depopulated by sleeping sickness and malaria. We had heat from above, splashing water from below, but we plowed on to escape this land of tsetse fly and mosquito.

We had our FIFTH DAY in the saddle. After seven hours of riding, no chairs suited us. Our men felt

rooms, the carvings in ivory and wood, the delicate weavings and the looms in action. Her sketch book followed the unique wall decorations and the bead-covered throne. She persecuted with her presence carvers, weavers and women alike, and for that the Sultan gave her the finest piece of his ivory collection as a parting gift.

Finally we had to come down from our palatial rooms and take a truck coastbound. Riding it out over 140 miles of winding roads, through coffee plantations and palm groves, we were dumped in a heathen city. The next day a railroad took us all, the way down to Douala on the Atlantic. What a place, this city! Pioneer Benjamin Graf would hardly know his Douala anymore. His days of silent canoe rides are gone. Modern ships berth at a modern wharf. A huge customs house ruins the skyline; airplanes heighten

the noise of a noisy city. Submarines and soldiers guard the glory of France. Perfect streets lead to offices; cars from Detroit and Flint disturb the tropical evenings. Cops hold the crossroads, even in the native town life goes on as always. Our Steffins of Trenton, Ill., would not find his mission station, if he came back to the Douala of today.

And what a let-down for us, this outing into western city life! Instead of our beloved canvas bathtub, we had to accept lukewarm showers. Instead of smoke-screened meals at dusty rest-huts, we now sat at modern tables, ventilators over our heads, French food for our astonished stomachs.

Have you ever been taken out of your morning slumber by the passing collection plate? That's how we felt at Douala during the first few days. At the hotel we saw in ten minutes more

white people than we had seen in Kaka in our last three years. Clare wrestled with fork and knife to keep up with the French custom and I with a pretty dentist to have the last of my teeth crowned.

With the crowned tooth and our Douala training we later took to new situations, new homes, new fashions, different languages. We had to move from city to city, home to home, table to table, bed to bed, steward to steward, handshake to handshake since Nurse Laura Reddig delayed her coming again and again. What a missionary sigh escaped us, when her boat finally came in! And for her coming and herself we thank you all who sent her, and who ordered us to fetch your nurse for a life in quiet valleys—valleys where streamlined bodies abound, where cars, telephones and sailors are unknown, and where the lights go out at 9 P. M.

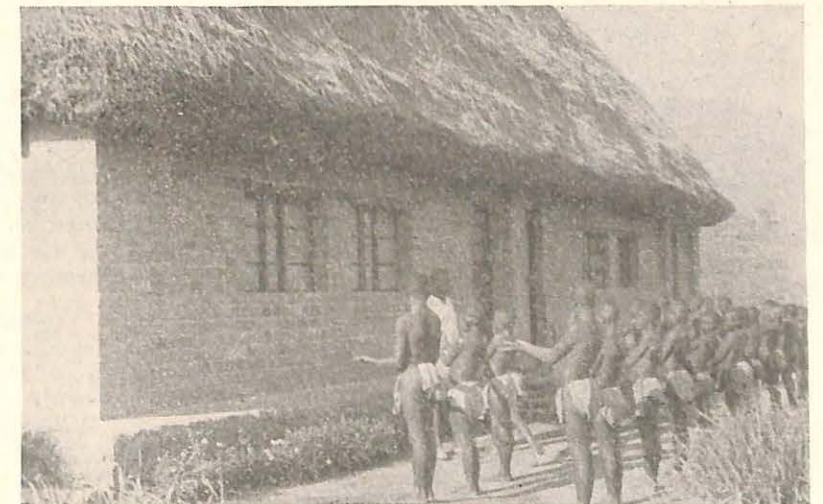
The Mbem Mission School in Action

By MRS. CLARE K. GEBAUER, Missionary and Manager of the School

The Mbem Baptist Mission School was opened on August 2, 1937, to accommodate the children of the Kaka areas. School was conducted in a bush hut under rather primitive conditions and with primitive equipment. However, from the beginning the aim of stressing individual instruction was put into practise by first making sufficient individual desks for all pupils before beginning classes.

At the present date the school is housed in a permanent brick building with two classrooms and storeroom. The rooms are equipped with individual desks and stools, occupying the front half of the room facing a full length wall black-board. In the back of each room is a large, low table so planned that the teacher might gather the entire class around her for informal instruction, handwork or project work.

Each room has open, built-in exhibition cases with removable shelves for display of handwork, nature study objects native crafts, etc. A locked cupboard contains a teacher's reference library of about fifty books, all copies of "Nigeria" and "Hygeia" magazines, all school equipment such as counting boxes, ball frames, charts, maps, etc.



Boys of the Mbem Mission School Enjoying Their "Daily Dozen" in Front of the School Building (Mrs. Clare Gebauer, the General Manager of the Mbem Mission School, Sent a Portion of the Accompanying Article as an Official Report to the British Government)

Also in the cupboard is the small beginning of a lending library of books written in basic or simplified English for the use of teachers, catechists and other natives with the ability to read. A bulletin board is kept in each room

on which are posted the latest clippings and pictures collected by the manager. Near the school are the garden plot and the football field.

It is the general aim of the school not to alienate the boys from their village life, and as much as possible to keep them from becoming dependent on the European for the supply of their needs. For this reason they are housed, native fashion, in strongly built huts, are allowed to wear no European clothes but only clean loin-cloths and are taught to write on banana leaves with a sharpened stick until the price of a slate has been worked off. Classes are not held to a rigid time schedule but they are encouraged to take time

(Continued on Page 139)

| STATISTICS FOR KAKAFIELD, December | 1936 | 1937 | 1938 |
|--------------------------------------|------|------|------|
| Organized churches | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| Church members | 37 | 141 | 290 |
| Candidates for baptism | 675 | 706 | 1237 |
| Native helpers | 5 | 9 | 13 |
| Chapels | 8 | 16 | 22 |
| Elementary day schools | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Elementary day-school teachers | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Elementary day scholars | .. | 14 | 30 |

B. Y. P. U. Topics and Programs

Edited by the REV. W. E. SCHWEITZER of Dallas, Texas

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Sunday, May 7, 1939

BEING CHRISTIAN IN MY LIFE WORK

Scripture References: Deuteronomy 10:12-14; 1. Timothy 6:6-12.

1. Vocations Evaluated

This being vocation Sunday, it is fitting to make an evaluation of vocations and to note the opportunities of Christian service in connection with them. According to 1. Cor. 12:4-12 God has given people a diversity of gifts but all these gifts or vocations should be dominated by the same Spirit of God. In our first Scripture reference we are admonished to serve and obey the Lord, because he is the Maker and Creator. In the second reference we are told to be content in what we are and have, because many people have and still suffer shipwreck of their faith as a result of their pursuit after money and riches. Money is, truly, the root of all evil. Nearly all crime and wrong in this world has a monetary basis. This could be different if people were more content with what they are and with what God meant them to be. Christians can make a contribution towards a better situation in this respect by being Christian in their life's work.

2. Vocations Defined

A Vocation is a calling or a call to or fitness for a certain career or occupation. Usually we think only of the ministry as God calling people to serve in it. However, the fact is that any worthy occupation is a calling of God. The farmer often apologizes for being a farmer, when it actually is a forerunner of all God's calls to men.

Long before there was an altar and before preaching there was farming. It has its beginning in the Garden of Eden! A farmer may do his work in contentment, providing he is a workman not ashamed of God and of the work which God gave him to do. The same is true down the line from the highest to the lowest occupation, from preaching to street cleaning, from the presidency down to the ditchdigger. My hat off ten times and reverence to the ditchdigger who digs a straight ditch and lives a godly life, before I would bow to a man with the gifts of a mathematician cheating God and man! It is being Christian or not being Christian which makes a man good or bad. The occupation in itself is holy before God!

3. What Vocations Offer

Not all vocations offer the same opportunities for Christian service nor

should any vocation be considered as a vocation for any man. The ministry, which is listed as a professional occupation, is the highest engagement of man. But not everyone is suited for the ministry. Only those are suited who are called by God. Medicine or law may seem a desirable profession to some, and yet may not be their call. If they are not mentally and emotionally equipped for the work, it is not their calling. If they enter it, they will be in the lower and failing group of the profession.

We should be content with the ability God gave us and not strive after things beyond our reach. Many people have suffered in life because they were ashamed of their status and desired to be something for which God did not endow them. However, a Christian should choose a profession not contrary to Christian teaching and where he may honor and serve his Lord. For example, a Christian ought not operate a pool hall, tavern, dance hall, liquor establishment, gambling dens, etc., even if he may make a financial fortune in it. Those are the kind of riches that especially have a tendency to wreck the faith and destroy Christian opportunities of service. Occupations that offer frequent social contact offer the greatest opportunity for Christian service.

4. The Choice of a Vocation

Vocations should be carefully chosen according to one's natural endowment by God. The day of doing what your father did has gone, for it was based on error. Some of the greatest prophets and ministers of all time came from the farm and from workshops. Great inventors and financiers hail from ordinary life. Were these people forced to do what their fathers did, then society and the church would have been robbed of great talents. Many high schools are beginning to employ vocational guides who have made it their life's work to help young people find themselves and discover their special aptitudes. More young people ought to consult such counsellors. This is also true for church work. Often a monotone insists on singing in the choir and practically ruins all musical effect of the talents of others. Such a person could serve more efficiently as usher or in capacities without musical pitch.

In conclusion, it may be said that the main thing in an occupation is happiness. If we are content at our work the hours become minutes and our happiness will help us to live the Christian life before others.

Sunday, May 14, 1939

WHEN IS A HOME CHRISTIAN?

Scripture References: Colossians 3:12-21; Ephesians 4:31-32.

1. Mother!

Search the long annals of proud Rome and Greece,
The tombs of war, the chronicles of peace.
Ransack the old and modern rolls of fame,
To fit the brightest splendor on a name,
The name above all names is "Mother."

The greatest word is *God*. The deepest word is *Soul*. The longest word is *Eternity*. The swiftest word is *Time*. The nearest word is *Now*. The darkest word is *Sin*. The meanest word is *Hypocrisy*. The broadest word is *Truth*. The strongest word is *Right*. The tenderest word is *Love*. The sweetest word is *Home*. But the dearest word is *Mother*.

Some mothers, especially modern smoking and drinking mothers are not desirable nor praiseworthy. But for most of us, thank God, everything which is sweet, beautiful, lovely and holy, centers around that name. Think of mother and you think of home. Think of home and you think of the Bible. Think of the Bible and you think of Christ. Think of Christ and you think of God. Mother and home are the tenderest notes on the keyboard of the human heart. Woe to the man who does not respond to the music of the words, "Mother" and "Home"!

It is, therefore, of utmost importance to have the greatest reverence for our godly parents, because they mean so much to the child and because it pleases the Lord, when we obey them. This world would be a better world and there would be less war cries if the prayers of Mothers would be answered by their children.

2. Home, the First School

Here the hours of recitation are Morning, Noon and Night. Here is the round table of infancy and childhood. Here are discussed the problems of the present hour and the possibilities of coming years. Here sit the students of youth and maidenhood. Here are enthroned two great teachers—endowed by God and sustained by human affection—Father and Mother. The greatest school in the world is the Christian home.

If America or any nation would progress towards better ends, it will have to set all machinery of government and education in motion to create and pre-

(Continued on Page 138)

April 1, 1939

The Glory of the Easter Dawn

A Page Devoted to Personal Experiences of the Christian Life

The Christ of the Easter Dawn

By Miss Ethel L. Rennison
of Elgin, Iowa

Outlined against the sky were three crosses. The faint light from the first streaks of daybreak was stealing into the quiet garden.

Mary Magdalene was in the blackness of despair. The One who had freed her from a living death was himself a captive to death. His enemies had crucified him, and now they had taken away his body. The last comfort of anointing that beloved form had been denied her. The bitter tears fell hot and fast.

Someone was approaching her—the gardener, no doubt. Mary's tears still fell. "Tell me," she cried, "where have you taken him?" There was but one word of reply, her own name, spoken in the same familiar voice she had heard so often. Mary hastily wiped away her tears. In the garden—now alight with the sudden brightness of dawn—stood Jesus, the marks of his recent suffering in his hands and face, the light of divine love shining from his whole being. "Master!" cried Mary. Into her heart came the glory of the Easter dawn.

I, too, was in the night of despair. I saw upon the cross One who was crucified for me. "Lord Jesus," I prayed, "forgive my sins, and make me thine forever." Then I saw him as my Living Savior. I accepted him as my Master and the dawn came into my heart.

You, too, may know the glory of the Easter dawn. He calls you by your name. You are dear to his heart. For you, as well as for me, that cross was lifted up against the sky. We may, each one, know the peace of his forgiveness and the joy of his presence abiding in our hearts. Every morning we may experience anew the glory of the Easter dawn.

The Saviour lives! my night is gone;
He lives! I know 'tis true.
The glory of the Easter dawn
I wish for each of you.

Christ, Our Risen Savior

By Mr. Gilbert Derman
of Anamoose, North Dakota

"He is not here. He is risen."

Aye, what a glory it is for us, as Christians, to know that our Savior is not dead but is risen! What a glory it is for us to know that he had the power over the grave and that he rose from the dead on Easter morn!

It had been a dark and dreary Friday for his followers, when he had been tried and then crucified. All their hopes and plans seemed to crumble

when their Master yielded up the ghost. They had not fully comprehended his teaching and knew not that God was to raise him from the dead on the third day. Then, let us imagine their surprise on that Easter dawn when, upon arriving at his tomb, they learned that he had risen.

What is the glory of the Easter dawn? To me it is the knowledge that Jesus did rise from the dead. It is the feeling that he lives not only with his Father in heaven, but that his spirit dwells in the hearts of them who love him.

Yes, we worship a crucified Savior, one who died for your sins and mine. Had there been no resurrection, we could have worshipped only a crucified Savior.

But God saw fit to raise Jesus from the dead. Could there be anything more glorious?

Christ is then more than a crucified Savior. He is a risen Savior. That to me is the glory, the crowning point, of the Easter dawn.

Now we may all join with the writer that "He lives forever with his Saints to reign. Hallelujah! Christ arose."

The True Appreciation of Easter

By Mr. Harold J. Petke
of Portland, Oregon

(Mr. Petke is vice-president of the National Y. P. and S. S. W. Union.)

How welcome is the light of day as it dispels the darkness of night! How sweet is success after defeat! How great is the joy when sorrow's tears are wiped away by gladness! And, oh, "the glory of the Easter dawn" as it drives the blackness of despair from the lives of men.

After the anguish in the Garden and the agony of the Cross, when the Master was laid away in the tomb, saddened hearts were without hope. How black the night of waiting—but how gloriously bright the Easter dawn when Christ arose victorious over sin and death to reign eternally as the King of kings and the Lord of lords!

Only as one comes to a realization of absolute hopelessness and then by faith accepts salvation through Christ, the risen Lord, can there be any true appreciation of the meaning of Easter, when all nature joins in proclaiming the resurrection of Christ by taking on newness of life.

May all the Easter finery be worn as a reflection of the gladness of heart, as all Christendom worships the risen Christ! "Let Us Build" by helping

others to an experience of the glory of the Easter dawn, not only by pointing them to the Cross, but by leading them there in all humbleness to the Christ who gave his life as a ransom for all. As he willingly gave his life, so he had power to take it again, and this same power is still able to transform souls to the newness of a more abundant and everlasting life.

At this Eastertide may many, who are now in darkness, come to a full realization of "the Glory of the Easter Dawn."

Easter Sunrise Services

By Martin L. Leuschner,
Editor of "The Baptist Herald"

The Easter dawn of our day still reflects the glory of the first Easter morning. For the golden brightness of that morning, which gradually enveloped the city of Jerusalem, proclaimed the story of the angels: "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth; he is risen; he is not here." And the glory of that Easter dawn has deepened with the years because of the testimony of Christ's disciples who sing the glad refrain: "Christ, the Lord, is risen from the grave!"

Every gospel narrative in the New Testament emphasizes the early hour of the resurrection account. "As it began to dawn" the women came to see the sepulchre. It was at the time of "the rising of the sun." Luke relates that, "it was very early in the morning." John announces that, "when it was yet dark," Mary Magdalene saw the stone taken away from the sepulchre. Because of these historical facts, Christians throughout the world have observed the custom of Easter sunrise services to hail the dawn of another Easter Sunday and to acclaim the risen Christ as their Lord and Savior.

Such Easter sunrise services have left their spiritual benediction upon my life. High in the Berkeley hills overlooking San Francisco harbor I have heard the clear trumpet call reaching throughout the hills as the first rays of the morning sun splashed their shining splendor across the Golden Gate. And my heart thrilled to sing the song of Easter praise: "He arose a victor from the dark domain, and he lives forever with his saints to reign!" From other mountain heights and in the quiet sanctuary of churches I have kept vigil with other Christians awaiting the Easter sunrise and entering into a deeper consciousness of the ever living, ever present Christ.

Marigold

By Grace Livingston Hill

SYNOPSIS

Marigold thought that she was in love with handsome Laurie Trescott. But her plans to go to an elaborate party at the Trescott home were cancelled, when her mother disapproved of the young man and of the dress which she had bought for the occasion. In order to forget her keen disappointment, Marigold went with her mother to Washington, D. C., to visit an aunt on her birthday. In the nation's capitol she made the acquaintance of Ethan Bevan, an attractive engineer. At first everything about him repelled her, but he didn't seem to mind. He merely went about doing his duty to show her the sights of the city. On the evening of the Trescott party at home, a birthday party was in progress in Aunt Marian's house with Marigold looking like a flower in her lovely dress. Ethan proudly announced that he had two tickets for the symphony concert that same evening. Excitedly they went together to the concert hall, with Marigold saying on the way: "I know I'm going to enjoy it tonight!"

CHAPTER NINE

When they were in the concert hall at last and the first great strains of the opening number were thrilling through the air, Marigold tried to think over their conversation on the way, and somehow she couldn't remember much that was said, but it had left a nice comfortable pleasant impression, as if they were in accord.

Occasionally when something in the program especially pleased her she glanced up at him with her eyes full of delight, and every time she found his pleasant glance upon her, evidently enjoying her pleasure. There was none of that aloofness, that disapproval, she had felt at intervals all day, and she was relieved and content.

He was enjoying the music too. She knew it by the way his glance met hers at the most exquisite climaxes. On the way home he spoke about certain phrases, the way the wood-wind instruments echoed the melody in the symphony, the technique of the solo artist, the depth of insight into the meaning of the score shown by the conductor. She listened to his comments with interest. She had never heard anyone talk about music in this way. None of Laurie's friends knew or liked any music but the weirdest jazz, and then only as an accompaniment to

dancing, or as a shield for their wild hilarious conversation. She felt as if this young man regarded it almost as a holy thing, music, real music. The kind of music they had been hearing tonight was probably what music had been meant to be before the world turned everything upside down so crazily.

Marigold was sorry when they got back to the house and she had to go to bed. She didn't want to be by herself. She was afraid she was suddenly going to realize that the party was now going on and she was missing it. But instead when she slipped quietly in beside her sleeping mother, all the thinking she did was to wonder about the look Ethan Bevan had given her when he said good night. Did it have withdrawal again in its quality, or was it just pleasant approval? Almost he had looked as if he were sorry to have to say good night so soon. But why should she care to discuss the matter with herself? Miles away at home there was a wonderful party going on now to which she had been invited and might just as well have gone! And here she was off spending her time with a young man she had never seen before, and hadn't at all liked at first. One who had decidedly disapproved of her at first too, she was sure.

Things were queer. Why was she here? She had no one to blame for it but herself. And why did she puzzle over this young man? Let him think what he chose. He had admired her dress, anyway. Or had he? Sometimes she thought he was just poking fun at her, laughing in his sleeve at her all the time. Perhaps he thought she put on that gay dress to charm him. Why should she want to charm him? She had Laurie. Or did she? Was he not perhaps even at this moment dancing with that other girl, giving that long adoring look into her eyes that Marigold knew so well, and up to two days ago had considered all her own?

Oh, well!

Marigold drew a deep sigh, turning softly over, and suddenly there came to her memory of those strong arms about her that had rescued her from that terrible sense of falling, and brought her to earth so safely that her fear was lost in content! In the memory of that she drifted peacefully off to sleep.

It was late when she awoke. Her mother had dressed and gone to break-

fast from a tray with her sister. Marigold dressed hurriedly and went down, wondering if Ethan Bevan would be gone.

He had finished his breakfast, that was evident, for there was only one place set at the table.

As she drank her orange juice she wondered about him. Perhaps he had gone back to his boarding house. It might be that she would not see him again before he left. He had said he had important things to do.

"Mr. Ethan had his breakfast early," remarked the maid as she brought the cereal and cream. "He went out to the breakfast mission, I think he said."

Breakfast mission. What might that be? Well, she would probably not need to worry any more what he was thinking, she could go her own way now and see the city as she pleased without having to wonder whether she was pleasing his highness or not. There must be old churches. She would look some of them up and find quaint old-time landmarks of sacred historic places of worship. She might have asked Ethan yesterday about them, but she was glad she had not. He would have thought he had to attend her again, and he had certainly served his time at being host to her. She would just wander out and find them for herself. There must be churches all about, and certainly a lot of places she would like to see at her leisure.

She had just finished the last bite of her delicious breakfast and was about to go upstairs to see her mother and aunt before sallying forth on her voyage of discovery, when Ethan walked in at the front door and flung his hat on the hall table.

"Oh, you're down," he said casually. "I didn't know whether the household had waked up yet or not. I had to go out on an early quest. One of my men, my laborers at the job, has been absent for nearly a week, and I wanted to hunt him up. He has been off on a drunk, I suspect, for he left with his pay envelope last Saturday. I had a notion he must be about out of funds by this time, so I went the rounds of the usual rendezvous and found him at last at the Sunday morning breakfast mission. I thought he'd be about ready for that by this time. I gave him a lecture and fixed him with the mission for the day, arranged with another fellow to bring him to the job tonight, and he promised me he'd keep straight

and be on hand bright and early tomorrow morning. I hope he will, but you are never sure."

"Oh, that was kind of you to go after him."

"Nothing kind about it," said Ethan gruffly. "It's my job, isn't it, to look after my fellow men? Especially those that are under me in my work. I only wish I could reach deeper down than just the surface and get their feet fixed on solid rock where they can't be moved. I'm always glad when that can be done!"

She looked at him in surprise. This was a new view of this young man. A man as young as he to care what became of his laborers!

But before she could make any remark about it he got up suddenly and started toward the stairs, then glancing at his watch he turned back to her and said hesitantly, almost brusquely:

"I suppose you wouldn't care to go to church—with me, would you?" He lifted his eyes and looked straight into hers, almost piercingly. The question was like a challenge. She had a feeling that he expected her to make some excuse and get out of it, but she lifted her eyes with sudden resolve.

"Why yes," she said gravely, "I would, very much. I was just wondering where to find a church."

He seemed almost surprised at her answer.

"But I won't be taking you to any grand church," he said with again a challenge in his glance.

"What makes you think I want to go to a grand church?" she parried. "I'd like to go with you, that is, if I won't be in your way."

Did his eyes light up at that, or did she imagine it? And why was there something like a little song in her heart as she ran upstairs to get her hat and coat?

The church to which Ethan took Marigold that morning was a plain little structure, not even in the neighborhood of handsome buildings, but the sermon was one that she would never forget, for it seemed to be a message straight from God to her own soul. Afterwards she couldn't quite remember what the text or main theme of the sermon had been. It had only seemed to her as if God had been there and had been speaking directly to her.

She was very quiet all the way home. Ethan did not seem to notice. He was silent, too, perhaps watching her furtively.

Just as they came in sight of the house she spoke, thinking aloud.

"I'm glad I heard that sermon. It made me think of things I had almost forgotten, things I can remember my father saying when I was a little girl and he was preaching."

"Was your father a minister?" asked Ethan in surprise. "I may have known it once, but I certainly had forgotten."

"Yes," said Marigold looking up with dreamy memory in her eyes. "He was a wonderful father, and he preached real things. I was only a child, but I remember a lot of them, and I needed to have them brought back to my memory."

He gave her another surprised look, mixed, she felt, with something like tenderness.

At last just before they reached the house he said:

"I'm very glad you felt that way. I'm always helped when I go to hear that man preach."

But as he helped her up the steps there seemed to be somehow a bond between them that had not been there before, a kind of new sympathy. Yet he said nothing more. Just looked at her and smiled as they entered the house together.

In the afternoon they took Aunt Marian for another short drive because the day was fine and the ride to Mount Vernon had seemed to do her so much good. They wound up at a street meeting held by one of the missions in the lower part of the city. Marigold was greatly interested. She had never been to a street meeting before. She studied the faces of the young people who were conducting it, giving their simple testimonies, and reflected on the contrast between them and Laurie's crowd. Yes, she had been getting afar off from the things her dear father would have wished for her, just as her mother had hinted. She was very thoughtful after that.

They stopped for a few minutes at the breakfast mission for Ethan to look up his man and see if everything was going to be all right for him to get back to camp that night, and then they went home and had a lovely buffet supper served in Aunt Marian's room with Ethan for waiter. They all sat awhile afterward listening to Aunt Marian's favorite preacher on the radio. By common consent they lingered with the dear invalid as long as she was allowed to stay awake, feeling that their time together was not to be long, and wanting to please her as much as possible. The nurse was out, and the patient begged them to remain a little longer, saying she was not tired, but at last when they insisted that she ought to be asleep, she said:

"All right. But first let's have a bit of Bible and a prayer! Ethan, you get my Bible."

Marigold sat down again and watched Ethan in surprise as he quietly got the Bible and sat down to read. Fancy such a request being made of Laurie! How he would laugh and jeer if anybody thought of asking him to do such a thing. A pang of troubled doubt went through her soul with the thought. Had she been brought here to watch this most unusual man, and see the contrast between him and Lau-

rie? She put the thought from her in annoyance.

Ethan opened the Bible as if it were a familiar book. He didn't ask his aunt where he should read. He turned directly to the ninety-first psalm and read in a clear voice as if he loved what he was reading:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in Him will I trust."

Somehow as he read on Marigold felt as if he were reading these words just for her. As if, in his mind they had some special significance for her. She sat there listening, thrilled with the thought.

"Surely He shall deliver thee—"

Was he trying to remind her that when earthly friends were not by to help she was not alone?

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night—"

And now he did lift his eyes and look straight into hers, with a light in them that surely he meant her to read and understand. He was thinking of the dream she had told him and the terror that possessed her sometimes when she awakened in the night. It could not have been plainer if he had said it in spoken words, and suddenly her own face lighted in response. Yet it was all unobserved by the two dear women who were sitting by listening, though they would dearly have loved to have caught that look that passed between the two beloved children.

And the steady voice went on:

"He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee—" It was like a benediction and Marigold felt she never could forget it as his voice read on to the end of the psalm.

And then he knelt and prayed, such a simple earnest petition, filled with deep thanksgiving, humble confession, heartfelt trust, and joyful praise. And this was the young man she had scorned when she came. The man she wished anywhere else but where she was to be!

She looked at him with a kind of shy awe and mingled humility as they rose from their knees, and he smiled at her again as if she were suddenly one of the elect company of intimates to which he belonged. She couldn't quite understand what made the difference in his attitude but she knew it was there and it gave her a warm feeling about her heart. That was something more than just happiness. It seemed almost as if it were something like a holy bond.

She went to sleep that night wondering about it, and not realizing that she hadn't once remembered the party nor Laurie all day long. It seemed as if somehow she was entering upon a new era in her life. She didn't question what it was to be, but she knew that she could never go back home and

be the same thoughtless gay butterfly that she had been before. She found herself wishing wistfully that she might be with this wonderful young man and learn the secret of his sweetness and his strength. She hoped—and this was her last waking thought—that in the morning he would not again slam the door of his soul, leaving her outside. Not until she could ask him a few questions and perhaps get nearer to his Source of strength, anyway.

She hurried eagerly downstairs in the morning early, but he was gone. Gone without a word!

"Ethan was sorry he had to leave without farewells," said Aunt Marian to Marigold's mother, calling from her room as Mrs. Brooke went by her door. "Someone called him last night about a man, one of his laborers, and he had to go and hunt him up. Some poor soul for whom he feels responsible. He slipped out without waking anybody. He called me just now on the phone and asked me to say how sorry he was not to be able to say good-bye. He had not intended to leave until after breakfast, and was hoping to get another word with you both before he left."

Marigold at the foot of the stairs heard, and her heart went down with a thud of disappointment, the light out of her eyes, and the brightness out of the new bright day! So! That was that! She would probably never see him again, and their brief contact would pass into the had-been and be forgotten!

She stared blankly about her wondering what she would do with the day. Of course she could call up Mrs. Waterman now and find out if Laurie had called, but somehow it didn't seem to matter much whether he had or not.

Then she heard her mother's footsteps coming down the stairs and she roused to a cheerfulness that she was far from feeling. What was the matter with her, anyway? Silly thing! What difference did it make whether Ethan Bevan was there or away? He was nothing whatever to her. Two days ago she would have been glad enough to get rid of him. She ought to be glad that he went away with a pleasant smile and she didn't have to remember him as a grouch before whom she had been humiliated. He had helped her. She must be honest about that. And it was just sheer folly for her to be disappointed that he had gone without giving her a special word. What was she to him? What could she expect? She was nothing but one of his fellow mortals upon this earth who needed help. She was no more to him than that poor laborer who had called him from his sleep to search him out and save him. She was just a weak sister who couldn't bear to stand on a height and look down, and he had carried her down and given her of his strength, for the time being, to help

tide her over her dismay. She firmly believed that he had given her permanent help against that obsession, and she ought to be thankful that God had given her this brief contact with one so strong and so able to help others. And now she had to go back and meet her own world alone. But God had seen that she needed help and had sent her down here to get it. He had seen that she needed to be awakened to the fact that she was getting away from the things of her childhood's faith, the standards and customs that had been so safe and wise, and He had taken this way to show her where she was drifting. Now it was up to her to use her new knowledge. Or was it? Wasn't she just as helpless alone if she were still standing out on that narrow ledge above a great height of peril? She couldn't get back alone, could she? She needed someone's strength to steady her till her feet were upon solid ground. Some One, Ethan had said! How she wished she had asked him more about that experience of his own, in some of those silences yesterday. Now, probably she would never know. But he had, at least in his reading of the psalm last night, given her a hint of where her strength was to be found.

"Well," said her mother suddenly, watching her intently, "what are you going to do today, dear? You have your freedom now to go about alone as you wished. What is your plan?"

Marigold looked up with sudden illumination and laughed.

"Oh, Mother! I'm sorry I was so unspeakably disagreeable the night we arrived. I ought to have been spanked. He was lovely. He really was wonderful, and I enjoyed all the places he took me and had a very good time. I don't know about today. Isn't there something I could do to make a happy time for you and Aunt Marian? It seems to me I've had enough of enjoyment to last me a good long while."

"Well, that's sweet of you, dear, but I don't see what you could do for us, this morning at least. You haven't any car, and you couldn't carry your aunt downstairs. Whatever we do for her will have to be done in her room, until Elinor and her husband get home, since she can't get downstairs."

"I could do picture puzzles with her," said Marigold brightly. "I heard her say she loves them, and you know I always did like to do them."

"Yes, well, perhaps you could part of the day, toward evening. But I'm sure she won't be happy to have you cooped up all the time this lovely day. I think she would like it better if you went out somewhere awhile. She was speaking of some of the places around here she wanted you to see, to which you could quite well walk. I think it would be nice if you were to go out a little while this morning, and perhaps again in the afternoon for a few minutes, and then come in and entertain

her between whiles with what you have seen."

"All right. I'll go out for a walk. I'll bring her back a new puzzle she hasn't seen, and we'll do that some of the in-betweens. But how about yourself. You've been cooped up most of the time. Why shouldn't you go out too, or let me stay here and you go alone?"

Mrs. Brooke smiled.

"You know, my dear, the best thing I can do is stay with my dear sister. We've been hungry for each other for many long years. But I'll go out with you a few minutes for a walk if you would like it. Aunt Marian was telling me about a lovely place she wants me to see, and she says it's only a few blocks from here. She says it reminds her so much of our old home when we were children. I'll walk with you there, now, right after breakfast, if you'd like, and then you can be free until lunch time to go your own way."

So they went out together, and Mrs. Brooke studied her dear child's face, wondering if the wistful look in her eyes was for Laurie, and the party she had missed.

But Marigold never mentioned the party, nor Laurie either, and talked brightly of having her mother stay another two weeks after she herself went home. Talked blithely of little changes she meant to make in the apartment when they got back, new curtains they might have, to make things more cheery, and so they walked the lovely streets and came back to the house. Then Marigold started out on her lonely tour of investigation. But somehow there wasn't a great deal of spice in this independence after all. Where should she go?

Well, there was the art gallery. Ethan had said that was worth taking time to study. She would do that this morning. She would take a taxi and save time. And then in the afternoon she would go awhile to Smithsonian.

So she spent the morning in Corcoran, and came back impressed with the fact that she knew very little indeed about pictures, and only a very few of the great ones she had seen that morning had meant very much to her. As she entered the house the thought did come to her that perhaps that was because her mind had been more or less on other things all the time.

She had stopped at a store long enough to purchase a fascinating picture puzzle, and she and Aunt Marian worked at it until her aunt hurried her off to Smithsonian, telling her that she would find the time all too short until four o'clock when everything belonging to the government closed.

So she started out again, wandering here and there, getting a glimpse of this and that, and wondering what Ethan would have said if he had been here with her. (To be continued)

Reports from the Field

Eastern Conference

Encouraging Signs Are Noted in the Erie Sunday School

Happy and smiling boys and girls, men and women gather every Sunday at the Central Baptist Sunday School of Erie, Pa. Year in and year out they gather to worship, to sing and to pray, and to study the Word of God under the guidance of their teachers. Our superintendent, Mr. J. A. Zurn, with his staff of teachers and officers labor joyfully and harmoniously together in this worthy enterprise. It is a pleasure to notice how a small organization as ours carries possibilities of greater blessings for our community.

Just recently all the teachers, officers and a number of friends were invited to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Zurn. Around beautifully decorated tables we gathered to partake of a most delicious dinner. The group, inspired by such fellowship and generosity, will long remember that special day. It was a perfect setting to transact business and to hold the election of officers. The result is as follows: Mr. J. A. Zurn, superintendent; Mr. M. Gibbens, assistant superintendent; Matthew Hestzel, secretary; Carl Stoscher, librarian; Mrs. Otto Hiller, treasurer Mrs. R. Eichler, superintendent of the Cradle Roll; and Mrs. Wm. Meuser, superintendent in our Home Department. Encouraging reports from different departments were given. The happy occasion came to a close with words of inspiration and encouragement from the pastor, the Rev. Henry Pfeifer.

At the present time we are engaged in a "Better Baptist Sunday School Crusade," a five point contest between the Sunday School of the Immanuel Baptist Church and ours. We are hopefully looking forward to greater days for the glory of God.

REV. HENRY PFEIFER, Reporter.

Central Conference

"Jugendbund" Program of the Connor's Avenue Church in Detroit

In January of this year the "Jugendbund" of the Connor's Avenue German Baptist Church at Detroit, Michigan, held its annual election of officers. Are as new officers for the year 1939 are as follows: Ernest Barsuhn, president; El-Herman Wegner, vice-president; Frieda Yackle, secretary; Kurt Muth, treasurer; and Alice Riew, pianist.

Although in existence only a year, our young people's group, with the Lord's blessing, has grown to a membership of 37 young people, who have

Donation Day at the Chicago Home on Easter Monday, April 10

The annual "Donation Day" for the benefit of the German Home for the Aged in Chicago, Ill., will be held on Easter Monday, April 10, 1939, at 2 P. M. in the Home.

The exercises will be under the auspices of the Women's Union of the German Baptist Churches of Chicago and vicinity, to which everybody is most cordially invited. All donations will be thankfully accepted and may be sent or brought to the German Baptist Home for the Aged, 1851 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Come and cheer the old folks! It will make them happy, and bring joy to you as well!

MRS. JULIA W. DEUTSCHMAN,
Secretary.

taken active part in programs of music, recitations and spiritual messages, held every other Sunday before the evening service, which have proven to be both interesting and inspiring.

For the purpose of Bible study the group has planned to meet every second Tuesday of each month, under the leadership of our pastor, the Rev. William Hoover. To further the interests of our young people in Christian literature, we have established a library, consisting of a collection of new and used books, donated by various members of our group.

During the absence of Mr. Hoover, who was called to Winnipeg, Canada, on Sunday, March 5, to conduct evangelistic meetings, we were visited by the Rev. S. Blum of Cleveland, Ohio, whose messages at this time as well as on previous occasions, were inspiring.

During the year 1938 our group donated the sum of \$456 towards our church debt, and in February of this year we donated \$8 for missionary advertisements, sponsored by the Detroit Baptist Missionary Society.

We have also had three outings during the summer and fall months of the past year, one of which we held jointly with the Christian Endeavor group of the First Reformed Church of Flint, Michigan.

With God's grace we have completed a busy year, but have been very happy in furthering the Lord's work, and look to the author and finisher of all things for further guidance in order that our work may be a blessing to others.

ELFRIEDA YACKLE, Secretary.

The Oak Park B. Y. P. U. Honors Its President at Its 48th Anniversary

The Young People's Society of the Oak Park German Baptist Church in Forest Park, Ill., chose the occasion of its 48th anniversary on Thursday evening, February 23, at which to honor its president, Mr. Harold Johns.

Not one person of our society could think of words that might in some way be fitting to express how we appreciate Mr. Johns. It was therefore decided to secure a book in which each member of the Young People's Society could have an individual page where he or she could express their gratitude through his or her own personality. This and the pair of onyx book ends, which were presented to Mr. Johns, showed in only a small way how we feel towards him.

Mr. Johns is entering his twelfth year as president, and is looked upon as a "Guiding Light." He has taken many young men and women into his confidence, and has helped them, as well as letting his light so shine as a living example to the whole crew.

"Captain" Harold Johns has once again guided our B. Y. P. U. through the year to success. Our attendance has been very encouraging, the average rising to 64. All during the year God has sent rich blessings to everyone who joined our ranks, or shall we say, "the Navy of the Lord."

We docked at the harbors of Aiken Institute, Joliet Methodist Church, a Chicago Shelter Mission, and an Oak Park Methodist Church. All these groups brought us new faith, and set us sailing with new ideals.

Once in a while we left the ship of "Devotion," and boarded "Fellowship." We had many grand times at our Christian socials, and we are proud to say that Christ was always our guest of honor.

The cabinet consisted of the officers, who are president, Harold Johns; vice-president, Walter Baumgart; secretary, Carol Krieger; treasurer, Alwin Giegler; pianist, John Baumgart; asst. pianist, Jean Anderson; the editor of our revived paper, the "B. Y. Scroll," Ethel Boyer; the adult counsellor, Miss Dora Granzow; our missionary, Miss Ordner, and our pastor, Rev. Theo. W. Dins.

We were indeed happy to participate in the many activities, that proved to be genuine opportunities to show our colors. Now that last year's journey is only a pleasant memory, we say, "All Aboard," since the Oak Park German Baptist Young People's Society is starting for new heights!

CAROL KRIEGER, Secretary.

Northwestern Conference Bethany Church of Milwaukee Hopes to Dedicate Its New Edifice on Easter Sunday

October 28, 1938, was an eventful day for the members of the Bethany Baptist Church in Milwaukee, Wis., for on that day we started excavating for our new church building.

The Lord has continued to send us very favorable weather since that date, so that we were privileged to lay the corner stone with an appropriate ceremony on Sunday, December 4, in which our pastor, the Rev. Herbert Hiller, and our former pastor, the Rev. E. H. Otto, participated.

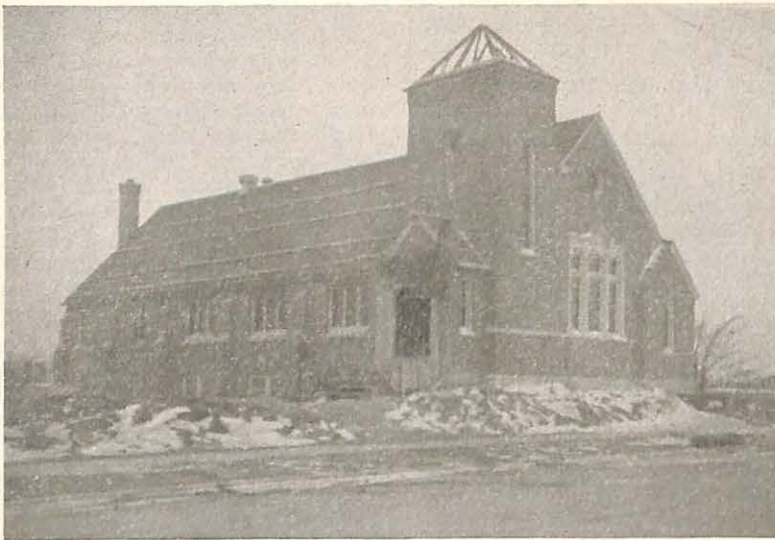
The building is being erected by the members of the church, who are donating their services during their spare time. We are in hopes of occupying it on Easter Sunday, April 9. It is located at the corner of North 42nd Street and West Hope Avenue, which is on the northwest side of the city, one block east of "Parklawn," the government housing project. The estimated

The reports of the secretary, Mrs. Wempen, and of the treasurer, Mrs. Henry Bronleeve, were brought. The message was given by the Rev. R. M. Siemans of Hastings, Minn., on "Shall Souls be Lost?" The offering amounted to \$78.61.

The Band at present has 33 members. Our meetings are opened with singing, Scripture reading and prayer. Each one present answers the roll call with a Bible verse. The program consists of missionary readings, musical numbers and a special study on the life of a missionary. We receive members from the age of 20 years and over and hope that many more will join our Band this year.

We have again had the privilege of making the orphan children happy by sending them cookies for Christmas. We sent one box to our Children's Home at St. Joseph, Mich., and one to the Bethany Orphanage in Kentucky. May we continue to receive these many blessings so that we may ever go forward, onward and upward!

MRS. AMOS WEMPEN, Secretary.



The Bethany Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., Under Construction
value of the church edifice, including real estate is approximately \$19,000. It is constructed of face brick, Indiana limestone and concrete block. A picture of the church building, taken on March 5, accompanies this report.

The members of the building committee are as follows: Arthur Kehrein, superintendent of construction, Kurt Roepke, Daniel Siewert, Paul Brenner, Albert Schielke, Robert Kilinski, Paul Juwig and A. W. Giesecke, chairman.

A. W. GIESECKE, Reporter.

Ninth Anniversary of the Mission Band at Buffalo Center, Iowa

On Friday evening, February 17, the Mission Band of the German Baptist Church of Buffalo Center, Iowa, celebrated its ninth anniversary. The service was led by the president, Mrs. Ed. Feldick, with the Scripture passage read by the vice-president, Mrs. Fred Stratman.

Northern Conference

Rev. and Mrs. J. Wiens Welcomed to Fenwood, Saskatchewan

Sunday, February 26, was a day for which we in the German Baptist Church of Fenwood, Sask., Canada, had been anxiously waiting, for we received a minister into our midst again. A call was extended to the Rev. J. J. Wiens, which he gladly accepted, and it was our great privilege to extend a welcome to him and his family on that day. Mr. Wiens is taking over the pastorate left vacant by our student pastor, Mr. C. Rempel, who left us in the fall to resume studies at the Rochester Seminary.

Mr. Emil Schmulland, one of the deacons, took charge of the program and spoke words of welcome in behalf of the church, and also introduced the rep-

resentatives of the various church organizations. Mr. Fred Werk spoke in behalf of the choir, which rendered a fitting welcome number. The B. Y. P. U. was represented by the president, Leon Wilkie, who expressed joy in anticipation of working together with the minister. Mr. Karl Schmulland, superintendent of the Sunday School, spoke in behalf of the school, and the Sunday School orchestra played and sang a very fitting welcome chorus. Mr. Jack Baron, director of the orchestra, also extended his welcome and pledged his assistance to the minister. Then the Rev. J. J. Wiens brought his message on the text, 1. Corinthians 4:1, "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God."

We are very grateful that the Lord has answered our prayers by sending a minister to us again, and we pray that we may be co-workers with him in his vineyard.

A. EDITH DOHMS, Reporter.

Dakota Conference

Golden Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weber at Wessington Springs, South Dakota

On February 14 Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weber were guests of honor at the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Wessington Springs, So. Dak., the occasion being their fiftieth wedding anniversary. The program, which was rendered at the church, was a very fitting one with poems and short talks. The Rev. A. J. Fischer spoke to a large and attentive audience on "The Joy of the Lord, Our Strength." Many useful gifts were presented to the honored guests by the children, the church and the Ladies' Aid. The guests of honor very fittingly expressed sincere thanks for the fine program and many gifts, and they also related interesting facts dealing with the fifty years of wedded life together.

Mr. Jacob Weber married Miss Ena Heuther in the Plum Creek Baptist Church on February 14, 1889. Shortly afterwards the young couple moved to North Dakota, where they lived eleven miles north of Herreid, So. Dak., and where eleven children were born to them.

In 1900 Mr. and Mrs. J. Weber were baptized and received into the Herreid Church. Since that time Mr. Weber has served as deacon in both the Herreid and the Ebenezer Churches. He was instrumental in helping to organize the work at the Ebenezer Church, always giving freely of his means and talents to the Kingdom's cause. The denominational interests have always been close to his heart.

All ten living children were present to help their parents celebrate the wedding anniversary and to praise God for his guidance and protection.

A. J. FISCHER, Reporter.

Pacific Conference

Thirty-Eight Persons Baptized in the Lodi Church Following Evangelistic Services

On Sunday, January 8, the Rev. A. Felberg, pastor of the German Baptist Church of Lodi, Calif., installed 21 of the new and re-elected officers of the church into their respective duties. At this time Mr. August Boese, who so faithfully served the church as secretary for the past 31 years and who resigned his office with this new term, was pleasantly surprised when he was called upon to accept a gift of \$31 in appreciation for his 31 years of service.

Beginning on Monday, January 9, we held our evangelistic services, conducted by our pastor, the Rev. A. Felberg. The Rev. John Leypoldt, pastor of the First German Baptist Church of Portland, held evangelistic meetings in the English language from January 15 to 27. These meetings were very well attended by members and friends who were eager to hear the messages which Mr. Leypoldt brought to us. During these meetings and shortly afterwards 34 persons consecrated their lives to the Lord.

On a Sunday evening in March it was the sincere pleasure of our pastor to baptize 38 persons upon their profession of faith in Christ as Savior.

BERTHA MEYERS, Reporter.

B. Y. P. U. News from Tacoma, Washington

Good fun and fellowship prevailed at the annual Lincoln and Washington banquet held by the Young People's Society of the German Baptist Church in Tacoma, Wash., on Friday, February 17. Our beloved pastor, the Rev. Walter C. Damrau, led the gathering in a short prayer. After a most delicious dinner, prepared by the Cooking Committee of the Ladies' Missionary Society, we were all in tune for the program ahead of us.

The toastmaster for the evening, Mr. Pete Yost, led us in the singing of a Pete Yost, led us in the singing of a stanza of "America." Jean Stabbert and Lois Hartung rendered an amusing dialogue, called "Studies," followed by a very funny skit, entitled "Surgical Operations," in which Gertrude Rahn, Al Ormay, and Lester Dingfeld took part.

Henry Schmunk then directed us in a few choruses, after which our president, Miss Elsie Blandau, introduced the speaker for the evening, the Rev. Rudolf Anderson, a pastor in this city. Mr. Anderson's warm personality won all our hearts, and every one listened attentively as he developed his theme, "Can You Take It?" He urged us to learn to rise above difficulties, to face situations squarely, and in all things to take a firm hold upon God.

clarifying his message with many apt illustrations.

ELFRIEDE GUEDELIUS, Reporter.



The New Parsonage of the Salt Creek Baptist Church near Dallas, Oregon

The Dedication of the New Salt Creek Parsonage

Sunday, February 19, was a day of rejoicing and praise for the members of the Salt Creek Baptist Church near Dallas, Oregon. On that day a new parsonage was dedicated, replacing the old one, which was destroyed by fire last fall.

In the morning, Dr. J. Kratt of Portland, spoke to us. His sermon topic was "The Second Touch." In the afternoon the Rev. J. F. Olthoff of the German Baptist Church of Salem, our neighboring church, delivered the dedication message. During this service the pastor of the church, the Rev. Otto Nallinger, was presented with the key to his new home by the superintendent of the building committee, Bernhard Lange. Following the afternoon meeting, all were invited to go to the new parsonage. After a men's quartet number, followed by Scripture and prayer, our pastor unlocked the door and the house was open to the public. Many visitors from our sister churches of Oregon and other friends were present.

The new parsonage has all the modern conveniences, including electric lights, running water, electric range, refrigerator, furnace and hardwood floors. The lower floor includes minister's study, living and dining rooms, kitchen, breakfast nook, two bedrooms, and bath. The upper floor also has two large bedrooms and a bath.

A church supper was served to all present. The Rev. John Leypoldt of the First Church of Portland delivered the evening message. His sermon was a very inspirational one on the theme, "The Church." The climax of the day came when one person found Christ as personal Savior through Mr. Leypoldt's message.

The music rendered by the choirs of the church added to the festivities of the day. We are thankful for the blessings of that eventful occasion.

EVAN SKERSIES, Reporter.

Southwestern Conference Women's Missionary Society of Loyal, Oklahoma

Another year has been brought to a close by the Ladies' Missionary Society of the Emanuel Baptist Church near Loyal, Okla. During 1938 eleven meetings were held at the church and in the homes of members.

The meetings were well attended and different programs were given. Some were held on the foreign mission enterprise and some were from "The Baptist Herald." We also studied three chapters each month from the gospel according to Matthew. Then each woman would bring questions on the Bible chapters. These studies were helpful to all. Mrs. Scot Maxwell, a missionary from Africa, spoke to our society about her work in Africa. Our membership is now 23.

Our aim is to help build the Kingdom of God at home and abroad. The orphans of the Children's Home were remembered with a box of cookies. The sick were remembered with flowers.

MRS. ELMER HILL, Secretary.

Inspirational Days for the Editor of "The Baptist Herald" in the Lorraine Church

On Thursday evening, February 16, the First Baptist Church of Lorraine, Kansas, held its second annual Fellowship Banquet. Almost 400 members and friends were seated at the beautifully decorated tables and enjoyed the roast beef dinner which was served without any charge whatsoever. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Pieter Smit, D. D., was the genial toastmaster who led the singing, introduced the strangers and announced the numbers on the program. Following two selections by the High School orchestra, the editor of "The Baptist Herald," Mr. M. L. Leuschner, brought a brief address. The banquet had been prepared under the supervision of Mr. Ernest Peters, Mrs. Herman Rolfs and

Miss Vera Schroeder. Mrs. Harry Mollhagen was in charge of the dining room.

This fellowship dinner was the climax of an extended program in the church, in which the editor was privileged to serve. His experiences last summer on the Danubian mission fields of Europe were depicted in sermons, illustrated lectures and stories. The Lorraine Church is one of our best missionary churches, contributing thousands of dollars each year for our missionary enterprise and having several missionaries on its membership list. Miss Amanda Kruse, who serves in Nigeria, West Africa, is at home on furlough at present and attended several of the meetings. Miss Elizabeth Mohlman is serving among the South Carolina Negroes in the Mather School.

On Sunday, February 12, Mr. Leuschner spoke at the morning and evening services of the church and addressed the B. Y. P. U. meeting. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings services were held in the church auditorium with the attendance almost reaching or passing the 300 mark at every service. In the afternoons a church retreat was held with about 50 to 60 people participating, in which phases of Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. work were discussed and the needs of the present hour for the Christian church were considered.

The church edifice, which was dedicated on Sunday, November 28, 1937, is one of the most beautiful churches in our denomination. Built at a cost of \$75,000, it was a source of amazement for the editor to learn that all except about \$10,000 has been paid. Every provision has been made to include the best and most modern facilities for the completely departmentalized Sunday School. Separate classrooms with blackboards and tables, spacious assembly rooms, large windows providing an abundance of light, and a pervading atmosphere of cheerfulness mark this church plant as uniquely ideal.

Mr. H. A. Froning is serving as the general superintendent of the school, keeping an eye on the 22 classes and 320 pupils in active attendance. Mrs. Albert Kruse as superintendent of the Primary department and Mrs. Clausen Peters as superintendent of the Intermediate department are rendering an influential service.

The goals set by Mr. Froning for the Sunday School during the coming year, which are worthy of emulation everywhere, include "the increase of the amount of preparation of lessons by the students, the emphasis upon the memorization of Scripture and the deepening of the spiritual sources of power among the workers so that the gospel may be wholesomely contagious throughout the departments in the church school."

MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER, Reporter.

Atlantic Conference Quarterly Rally of the New England Y. P. and S. S. W. Union at New Haven

The New England Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union held its quarterly meeting on Monday evening, March 6, at the German Baptist Church of New Haven, Conn. We were fortunate in having as guest speaker the Rev. M. Leuschner, who gave a very interesting talk on missionary projects and also presented moving pictures, recently taken on our missionary fields in Africa. We also enjoyed the pictures which were taken in Europe during Dr. Kuhn's and Mr. Leuschner's trip last year. A special missionary offering was taken. Pictures were also shown which were sent by Robert Dittrich, a member of the Bridgeport Church, from Randolph Field, Texas, where he is studying aviation. This was followed by a social hour.

This meeting was attended by delegations from each of the four Connecticut churches, the fifth church in our Union being in Boston, Mass. In order that this group may participate in some of the Union activities, the New England and Atlantic Conference Unions are planning a visitation to Boston over the last weekend of March.

Plans are being made for our Junior and Intermediate assemblies to be held at Madison Cottage in the early part of the summer. Our experience during the last two years has been that these assemblies are of exceptional value and that the benefit derived therefrom is well worth the time and effort expended in this work among our adolescent boys and girls. The Rev. G. Friedenberg will be dean of the Juniors, ages 10 to 12, and the Rev. A. Hahn will be dean of the Intermediate Group, ages 13 to 16. LILLIAN LUCAS, Secretary.

Atlantic Conference Youth Hold Retreat at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Inspiration! Recreation! Information! Those are the things which we as young people and Sunday School workers of the Atlantic Conference obtained at the retreat held in Bethlehem, Pa., on March 3 and 4.

We were very happy to have our young people's secretary, the Rev. Martin Leuschner, with us again. A remark which he made to the effect that "your retreats are getting to be more like conferences" appears to be true, for each retreat seems to grow in attendance. About 125 young people from beyond the confines of Bethlehem were present.

We gratefully acknowledge the planning of the Bethlehem people to care for all of our needs and for welcoming us in their homes so hospitably. The committee in charge of the latter consisted of Ruth Sintay and Hilda Wilhelm.

The program chairman for the retreat was Reuben Blessing of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, but due to illness he was unable to participate at the meetings. However, his plans were carried out and our president, Margaret Macoskey, took charge of the meetings.

On Friday evening Mr. Leuschner showed the pictures "Fellowshipping With God's People in Europe," and brought a wealth of information about the people and places of interest in our European mission fields. The Bethlehem group served refreshments, thereby giving those present an opportunity to greet old friends and to make new ones. The committee in charge of this was Irma Lehman, Carolyn Wamser, and Helen Schreiber, who also planned for the meals in the Salvation Army on Saturday.

Saturday morning found the church filled to capacity. William Appeldorn of the Second Brooklyn Church led the devotions, using as his topic, "Light," and Mrs. Appeldorn favored us with a solo. Mr. Leuschner led us in a discussion on "Why Do We Have Missions?" Many important points were brought out so that we could see that "the Light" was essential in the mission fields. The souvenirs from various places in Europe were of great interest to us. If such beauty can be expressed by those in darkness, how much more would their lives be brightened if they only had the Light of Life within their hearts.

The sightseeing tour for Saturday afternoon was arranged by Albert Lehman and Bruno Schreiber. We were to be taken through the Bethlehem Steel Mills, but it was discovered it was for men only, and a limited number of them, so about 20 men were permitted to see the process of making steel. The rest of the group was escorted to the Moravian College, where we saw many rare old books, associated with the name of Count Zinzendorf, manuscripts, and paintings. Next we went to Lehigh University where we entered some of the prominent buildings, and viewed the city, mills, and nearby surroundings from the highest part of the campus, Lookout Point.

Following the evening meal we returned to the church for our fine inspirational message which was brought by the Rev. Thorwald Bender of Cleveland, Ohio. His thoughts were based on Paul's words, "present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" and "study to show thyself approved unto God."

With this closing service and the echoes of the other messages still ringing in our hearts we were brought face to face with the thoughts that "The Light of the World is Jesus," and that we should join in with the song, "Living for Jesus."

ALICE KAAZ, Reporter.

Southern Conference Dedication of the New Annex of the Carroll Avenue Church in Dallas, Texas

On Sunday evening, February 12, members and friends of the Carroll Avenue Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas, met to dedicate the new annex.

For a number of years the Carroll Avenue Church has been in great need of kitchen and dining room facilities. Many previous attempts to arouse enthusiasm in the project had failed, and the idea was practically dead. Having been our pastor for two years, the Rev. William Schweitzer saw the need of this annex and volunteered to build it himself if the church would pay for the material. The faith of the members in their pastor overcame the natural skepticism attached to such an offer.

At a church business meeting substantial contributions were promised, and it was definitely decided to accept the offer. He drew the plans and began laboring five and one-half days each week for a period of seven months. Approximately, 1800 working hours were required, of which, only 200 were put in by members of the church. The remaining 1600 hours were put in by Mr. Schweitzer in mixing concrete, laying bricks, sawing lumber, fitting windows, building cabinets, laying flooring and painting the interior. During these hours our dear pastor's wife also spent considerable time in helping him.

The annex, approximately 1700 square feet in size, cost about \$1600, spent for materials, while the construction price would have cost about \$3000. It is two-thirds the size of the church auditorium, which cost \$15,000 to build. It consists of a large room, which may be subdivided by sliding doors into three smaller rooms. It will be used



The New Annex of the Carroll Avenue Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas

as a social room, meeting hall for the B. Y. P. U. and for Sunday School class rooms. Adjoining is a modern kitchen complete with stove, sink and cabinets. Women of the church are stocking the cabinets with dishes and other equipment.

The Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn delivered the dedicatory address at the program, which included musical selections and brief talks by the leaders of the vari-

ous church organizations. After the service the doors of the annex were opened and refreshments were served to everyone. Ribbons with a brief inscription were given as souvenirs.

The newspapers of Dallas, "The Dispatch-Journal" and "The Times-Herald," published articles and large pictures of the church annex as built by our pastor. In "The Dispatch-Journal" the account was told in the following graphic words: "Like the children of Israel who, with tools in one hand and



Rev. William E. Schweitzer
of Dallas, Texas

swords to fight off the enemy in the other, rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem following the Babylonian captivity, so Rev. Schweitzer, with Bible in one hand and the implements of architect, contractor, carpenter and mason in the other, has done a good job on his

Mothers' Day

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

A Mother's Love. By Ella Geyer. A Mother's Day Play for three, one representing mother, one the son and one an older man. In four parts brief. 4 page manuscript.

10 cts., 3 copies 25 cts.

A Gift for Mother. Anonymous. A Play for 7 characters of teen age. 4 page manuscript.

10 cts., 4 for 30 cts.

Showing Our Love for Mother. For 10 teen age girls. 3 page manuscript.

10 cts., 4 for 30 cts.

Mother Blessing's Job. By Carry Lorenz. A one act play for 9 characters. Young people and an elderly lady. This is a secular production of merit, not suitable for Sunday but offers fine entertainment for a Young People's or Organized Class meeting. 20 page pamphlet. 35 cts. each.

Mother's Day Declarations. Eight leaflets of selected poems, one or more to the sheet according to their length. Each, 5 cts. of any selection.

The Paramount Mother's Day Book. A 32 page pamphlet of recitations, exercises, dialogs and playlets. No songs. 25 cts.

Mother's Day Selection. A Meigs publication of recitations, exercises, pantomimes and other suitable things. 32 pages. 25 cts.

Our Mothers. By Myrtle Griffin-Grimes. A secular play in honor of "Mother" with good sentiment for a group of young girls requiring eleven characters one of which should have a singing voice. Suitable for an evening entertainment, not just the thing for Sundays. Time about 30 minutes. 8 pages. 25 cts.

Mothers' Day Songs. Selected by Haldon Lillenas and Ada Gray. Eleven songs of Christian character centering upon mother's love. 16 pages 25 cts.

A Real Mother's Day. By Mabel Conklin Allyn. A Mother's Day playlet which was successfully presented on the program following a mothers' and daughters' banquet. It is very simple, very easily performed, but true enough to life to bring the Mother's Day message in a touching way. It fills the need for a short, easily produced, but appealing play. Requires six women and girls, and one boy. Time, 25 minutes.

Price, 25 cts. each

Mother's Day Helper. By Carolyn R. Freeman. Recitations, dialogues, motion exercises, musical recitations, tableaux and songs from which anyone can arrange a very good program to suit the need of the local conditions. Price, 25 cts. each.

MOTHER'S DAY FOLDERS

Each has an affectionate sentiment and an appropriate Bible verse. Very beautiful. With Envelopes.

No. 513. A heavenly blue background with roses, executed on a new shaded paper stock. The greeting reads: "A Prayer for You on Mother's Day." 5 cts.

No. 1014. Parchment paper with decorations in colors and silver and knot of ribbon. Greeting: "For You, Mother." 10 cts.

No. 1016. Parchment paper with old home scene and flowers. Ribbon knot and silver decorations. Greeting: "Mother's Day Greetings to Home and Mother." 10 cts.

Post Card Invitations. For use of Sunday schools or societies wishing to invite the mothers to a Mother's Day services.

Dozen, 20 cts. Hundred, \$1.25

German Baptist Publication
Society

MARGOT BAUER and CHRIS BEHR, JR.,
Reporters.

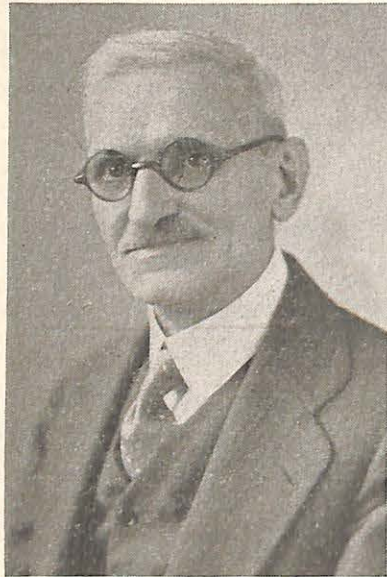
✠ In Memoriam ✠

Professor Otto Koenig

April 5, 1866—March 10, 1939

Professor Otto Koenig has made his triumphant entrance into the heavenly home! On Friday morning, March 10, he passed away quietly after an illness of several months in his modest home in New Haven, Conn.

It hardly seems possible that Professor Koenig is no longer among the living! We shall surely miss the former



The Late Prof. Otto Koenig

editor of the Sunday School lessons in "Lektionsblaetter," the highly esteemed former professor of our seminary in Rochester, N. Y., the author of numerous books and stories which still delight the hearts of old and young alike, the interesting collector of autographs and famous letters, the noble friend of God and man.

On Monday, March 6, the editor of "The Baptist Herald" in company with the Rev. Julius Kaaz visited Professor Koenig in his New Haven home. We found him at that time in a coma, unable to recognize those at his bedside. And in the prayer offered to God in the presence of his wife and daughters we felt the enfolding and comforting love of the heavenly Father. Nothing shall ever separate him from that love of God which was in Christ Jesus.

A private funeral service was held in New Haven on Monday, March 13, with only relatives and intimate friends in attendance. On Palm Sunday, April 2, a memorial service will be held in the New Haven Church, at which Professor Albert Bretschneider, dean of the seminary, will bring the principal address. The Rev. Julius Kaaz will also speak at that occasion, of which a full report will be made for this publication.

An autobiographical sketch by Professor Koenig himself appeared in the June 15, 1938, issue of "The Baptist

Herald" on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his ordination into the Christian ministry. He was born in Memel, Germany, on April 5, 1866. After studying in the German Baptist Seminary of Rochester, N. Y., and in the Baptist College of Bristol, England, he returned to Memel to be ordained and to serve as the very successful pastor of that large church from 1887 to 1893. In 1888 he married the daughter of Prof. J. S. Gubelmann of the Rochester Seminary, who ably assisted her husband through the 51 years of their happy married life. Then there followed pastorates for him in the First Church of Rochester, N. Y., the German Baptist Church of St. Louis, Mo., a brief period of service in Brooklyn, N. Y., the German Baptist Church of New Haven, Conn., and the Bethel Church of Buffalo, N. Y. In 1921 he followed the call to the German Baptist Seminary in Rochester, N. Y., where he spent 11 happy years as a member of the faculty. Failing health compelled him to retire from active service in 1932.



The Young Soldier-Minister in 1889, Shortly After His Ordination

A large circle of friends throughout the world will mourn his departure. His influence was that of a noble Christian, whose teachings were always illumined by the deeds of his life. He lived an abundant life that was always filled to overflowing with thoughtful expressions of kindness and friendly homilies of Christian counsel. He was one of the great men of our denomination, whose name will be held in loving remembrance and in high esteem as long as German Baptists continue their fellowship. His memorial will be found in the lives of large hosts of people which he helped to mould into the likeness of Christ.

M. L. LEUSCHNER.

B. Y. P. U. TOPICS

(Continued from Page 128)

serve the spirit of Christian homes. No nation and no home can fall with the fundamentals of our Scripture carried out nor can any nation hope to exist if these fundamentals are disobeyed. The very roots of America are undermined already because of the wrong kind of mothers raising loose children. The mother who raises Samuels, Samsons, Peters and Johns, has accomplished vastly more than the mother who makes grand slams in bridge or holes in one in golf. Kindness, tenderheartedness, forgiveness, mercy, humbleness, meekness, longsuffering, charity, peace, thankfulness, and the Lord Jesus, who has these in the fullest measure? Mother! When is a home Christian? When a home has these attributes it is Christian!

3. Mother's Letters

The greatest letters ever written, measured by their influence, were written by a Mother's hand. These are the genuine love letters of the world, written in the red ink of human affection, baptized with the tears of human and spiritual anxiety, and caressed with the hands of an unselfish devotion. Of course, by this is not meant that parents should spoil their children! This is done too often and the harm effected by it is only known fully by God. Intelligence must be used in the parent-children relationship as well as in other departments of life. A mother whose name has passed into history once wrote to her boy, saying: "If you could see me kissing your picture and then, after awhile, taking it up again, and, with tears in my eyes, calling you, 'My Beloved Son,' you would comprehend what it costs me, sometimes, to use the stern language of authority and even to occasion you moments of pain."

4. Mother's Prayers

The mightiest prayers ever offered have ascended from a mother's lips. "My mother's prayers haunt me like a ghost!" said a sailor whose conscience was stricken. "I knew that my mother was praying for me," said one who became a famous American bishop. "I knew that my mother was praying for me and it helped me!" It is the swiftest and most powerful thing in the world.

Sons, time, money, service are freely given to God by Christian mothers. A vast majority of God's messengers and laymen gladly ascribe much praise to their mothers for their salvation and Christian character.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill, I know whose love would follow me still;
If I were drowned in the deepest sea, I know whose tears would come down to me;
If I were damned in body and soul, I know whose prayers would make me whole.
Mother O'mine! Mother O'mine!"

THE MBEM MISSION SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 127)

out for repairing of bridges, road making and other practical projects.

Emphasis is placed on relating all instruction as much as possible to native life and on inspiring a greater appreciation for native crafts and tribal organization. It is expected to keep all instruction as informal and individual as possible. For this reason classes are not to exceed twenty pupils and all rooms and equipment planned to aid this purpose.

The Sunday School still remains the high light of all activity. The genuine enthusiasm and active interest of the scholars is a delight. Of the 55 names on the roll all are active members, as the youngsters of themselves vote off all names of those who show slackness in attendance. This report includes only the work among the children under 15 years.

A new activity has been taken over by the Sunday School. Every Sunday afternoon the youngsters visit the compound of one of the scholars. It is decided during class in the morning where to go, and the mother is informed of our coming. When the drum calls about mid-afternoon, the children gather at the mission, usually about 35 in number.

When all have assembled and we have had a short prayer, we start out single file along the winding trails. Often our destination is half an hour or more away and takes us through streams and over hills, but the singing which started the moment we left never ceases. It not only proclaims our coming but gathers in the curious neighbors from all around.

Always the reception is a welcome one, for who could resist the smiling faces of a long line of singing children? After singing several songs, one boy, especially chosen for the honor, steps out of the group to greet the mother in the name of the school and to invite all the neighbor's children to our School on the coming Sunday. Another boy tells the story of the morning lesson. After repeating the Lord's prayer in the native language, we again wind our way home singing as we go.

Often on the following Monday a woman, whom we have been unable to contact before, comes to the mission to salute us in the native way, with a small gift of groundnuts or bananas, to show her appreciation for our interest. Others, who have never set foot on the mission compound, have responded to the invitation of the youngsters and ventured into the church services. Our school has become "missionary minded."

Four new Sunday Schools have been started in the out stations during this year and we hope for more in the coming year.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 122)

recognition and received a lovely token of spring violets." The pastor of the church, the Rev. Verner I. Olson, spoke on the first of the Thursday evening meetings in March on "The Bloodstone and the Sparrow."

● The two weeks from February 20 to March 5 were a time of great blessing for the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, Pa. During that time special evangelistic services were held with the assistance of the Rev. Thorwald Bender of the Erin Avenue Church of Cleveland, Ohio. Through the preaching of the gospel night after night men and women were stirred, many Christians were led to reconsecrate themselves to the Lord and his service, and a number of souls found joy and peace in accepting for the first time Jesus Christ as their Savior. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Milton R. Schroeder, wrote that "we are truly thankful to God for these blessings that he has bestowed upon us. In the near future we are planning for a baptismal service."

● On Sunday, March 5, the Rev. M. L. Leuschner, editor of "The Baptist Herald," preached in the Ridgewood Baptist Church of Ridgewood, Long Island, of which the Rev. A. E. Kannwischer is pastor, and in the Second German Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., following an engagement at the large young people's rally of the Atlantic Conference at Bethlehem, Pa., on March 3 and 4. On Monday evening, March 5, he showed missionary pictures and spoke at the New England young people's rally in New Haven, Conn. At a union service of the two Philadelphia churches on March 6 and again at a meeting of the First German Baptist Church of Union City, N. J., with friends from nearby churches in attendance he brought pictures and an address about the European trip of last summer. On Sunday evening, March 12, Mr. Leuschner was the guest of the Bellwood Baptist Church near Chicago, of which the Rev. George Stanley Johnson is the minister. He was on the program of the Oregon Young People's Convention held in the Immanuel Church of Portland from Friday, March 17, to Sunday, March 19, speaking and showing missionary moving pictures. On Tuesday evening, March 21, he was a guest at a large service in the German Baptist Church of Edmonton, Alberta. From March 22 to 24 he visited the Alberta Bible School at Leduc, Canada, and attended the inspiring closing exercises of his school, at which Prof. F. W. C. Meyer was the special speaker. From March 26 to 31 the Rev. E. P. Wahl and Mr. Leuschner were the teachers at an well attended Bible School held at the Rosenfeld Church in Saskatchewan, Canada.

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Bringing the Gospel of the Risen Christ to the Fierce Warrior Tribes of Mambila



Missionary George A. Dunger Preaching to the Cameroon Natives
Through an Interpreter

The Rev. and Mrs. George A. Dunger, two of our Cameroon missionaries, have already entered that section of Africa, called "Mambila," and have established a new mission station at Warwar, Adamawa Province. Here they will work among savage tribes, whose cannibalistic practises were only recently brought to a close by the British government. Mr. and Mrs. Dunger, who are among the first missionaries to bring the gospel to the Mambila natives, are making their costly sacrifices in the work. Every reader of their letter, which follows, dated January 12, 1939, ought to be stirred with a fiery zeal to bring his or her own sacrificial Easter offering to the altar of the Lord's work.

MISSIONARY DUNGER'S LETTER

We set foot on Africa's soil on April 14, 1938. It was Brother Gebauer who, helpfully and expertly, saw to our landing as well as to the trip inland. Without him it would have been a costlier and more dangerous undertaking. We arrived in Mbem on April

30, finding the finest mission station we had seen in the British Cameroons. The following days were used to unpack and to organize for African living. Things were made easier again by an invitation of the Gebauers to have our meals at their table for the time we stayed in the Mission Resthouse—about two weeks.

During that time we began to make ourselves useful in the carpenter shop, general station work, visits to houses, to close quarters of Mbem, and, later, near outstations. It was a time when a deeper realization of African work and need in regard to spiritual, mental, and physical aspects was obtained.

A Bible Class for men was started which soon averaged an attendance of about thirty. Kaka was trekked once with Brother Gebauer, and, at a later time, with Louise, my wife. It was my privilege to instruct the Kaka catechists for one week each at three monthly meetings.

Another task was the acquisition of a few fundamentals of the

Mbem dialect. During the first half of September Brother Gebauer and I toured the southern part of Mambila, visiting some of the key settlements for future missionary work. During the months of October and November we had charge of the station, the Gebauers having gone to the coast to meet Miss Laura E. Reddig and escort her inland. These two months with their opportunities brought many enriching experiences.

"For the Lord of hosts hath purposed and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" (Isaiah 14:27). That was our Scripture verse for the year 1938. God gave grace to all.

Only several days ago we arrived in Warwar, Mambila, rejoicing. It is our task to plant the Gospel seed in the dark hearts and lives of these people. Conscious of your help in prayer and sacrifice, we ask you to continue in supplication and faith until GOD has accomplished his holy purpose with Mambila. . . .

**The Easter Offering will be Received by Your Church
From Sunday, April 2, to Sunday, April 9**