

THE BAPTIST HERALD

November 15,
1939



**This Fuzzy,
Brown Koala Bear
of Australia
is One of the World's
Most Fascinating
Animals,
That Always
Delights the Hearts
of American
Children.**

● **Story of the Koala
on Page 428.**

What's Happening

● The regular annual business meeting of the German Baptist Old People's Home Society of the Pacific Coast will be held at the Old People's Home, 823 N. E. 82nd Avenue, Portland, Ore., on Monday, November 20, at 8 P. M. All members are requested to attend this important meeting, if at all possible. This announcement was sent to "The Baptist Herald" for publication by Mr. Herman G. Bachofner, secretary.

● The annual Fall institute of the Five Church Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of Detroit, Mich., was held during a very inspirational week from October 23 to 27 at the Burns Avenue Church. Two renowned speakers delivered the evening messages before large crowds that filled the church. They were Dr. Will H. Houghton, president of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Ill., and Dr. De Haan, Bible teacher and radio preacher. Mr. Herbert Knack is the president of the Union.

● Evangelistic meetings were held in the German Baptist Church of Cathay, No. Dak., from Monday evening, October 16, to Friday evening, October 27, with the Rev. F. W. Bartel of Avon, So. Dak., serving as evangelist. The meetings were well attended by children and adults, and proved to be a great blessing to all. From Monday, October 30, to Friday, November 10, evangelistic meetings were conducted in the Baptist church of Avon, So. Dak., with the Rev. Arthur Ittermann of Cathay serving as evangelist with spiritual blessing and effectiveness.

● In October the first issue of the new paper promoting the interests of the South Dakota German Baptist Young People's Union made its auspicious beginning. The paper, which is to be given a name by the young people themselves, consists of 8 mimeographed pages on attractive rose colored paper. The staff includes Eunice Kolashefsky, editor; Helen Heitzman and Harold Schroder, associate editors; and Dorothy Lehr, business manager. The paper will appear quarterly and will be distributed in sufficient quantities to every church. Mr. Otto Bleeker of Emery, So. Dak., is the president of the Union.

● The German Baptist Church of Parkston, So. Dak., is being served twice each month by Mr. Oscar Bonikowsky of Sioux Falls, So. Dak., This appreciated service has been rendered since June and will continue until the church has called a pastor. Mr. Boni-

kowsky is serving as teacher in the department of foreign languages at Sioux Falls College and is also taking graduate studies. On Sunday evening, September 24, the Parkston B. Y. P. U. rendered a fine program of 3 short missionary plays in the Plum Creek Church. This program will be repeated in other churches in the near future. Miss La Verne Mehlhoff is the B. Y. P. U. president.

● The choir of the Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa, rendered a sacred program over the radio station WCAZ at Carthage, Iowa, on Sunday afternoon, October 1, from 3 to 3:30 P. M. The Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt, pastor of the church, also brought a brief message. The Iowa Assembly held its annual sessions with the Burlington Church from October 2 to 5. On Sunday, October 1, the Rev. Paul Zoschke of Elgin, Iowa, served as "forerunner speaker" of the assembly by bringing special messages at both services. A petition of 139 names calling for the preservation of the Neutrality Act was forwarded to Washington, D. C., from the Burlington Church by Mr. Emil Hemmye.

● A young people's society was organized on Sunday afternoon, July 16, at the Beaver Creek Station of the Wishkek Church in North Dakota. The pastor, the Rev. Albert Ittermann, was in charge of the service in which the constitution was adopted and officers elected as follows: Gottfried Herr, president; Ruth Woehl, vice-president; Pearl Betthenhausen, secretary; Theodore Herr, treasurer; and Rev. A. Ittermann as leader and honorary member. The Beaver Creek B. Y. P. U. has 21 charter members. A fine program on "Prayer" has been rendered by the society since its organization with the following subjects presented: What is Prayer? Difficulties in Prayer, The Meaning of Prayer, and the Problems of Prayer.

● The minutes of the German Baptist Church of Madison, So. Dak., for a period of 50 years from 1885 to 1935, which were written in German, were recently translated into English by the Rev. F. P. Kruse of Kankakee, Ill., and typed by Miss Lulu Krueger of Kankakee, Ill. The voluminous record book with the translated minutes of the church includes 220 closely typed pages. The work was done at the request of the church's committee on records and history, composed of the Messrs. E. Kolashefsky, H. P. Backus and H. F. Krueger. It was also sug-

gested that other German Baptist Churches might make good use of other retired ministers of the denomination by requesting them to render a similar service for them.

● Revival services were held by the Plum Creek Church near Emery, So. Dak., from October 23 to November 3 with the Rev. Arthur Fischer of Wessington, So. Dak., bringing the evangelistic messages. The pastor of the Plum Creek Church, the Rev. J. C. Kraenzler, then served as evangelist at the Ebenezer Church of Wessington Springs, So. Dak., from November 6 to 17. The mission festival of the Ebenezer Church was held on Sunday, September 10, with the Rev. William Sturhahn of Unityville, So. Dak., serving as guest speaker. The B. Y. P. U. of the church held its "Laura Reddig program" in the interest of the "Bender Memorial Trek" on that same evening, a report of which appears in this issue of "The Baptist Herald."

● A citywide Baptist youth rally week was held at the Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa, from November 12 to 19, when members of the B. Y. P. U. of the five Baptist churches in Burlington united in special services. The guest speaker for the occasion was the Rev. Talton Parker of the Colgate-Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., the son of the Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Parker of the First Baptist Church, Burlington. A quartet from William Jewell college in Missouri provided special music. Various evenings of the week were designed.

(Continued on Page 438)

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Martin L. Leuschner, Editor

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EDITORIAL

MATCHLESS and marvelous greatness characterizes God and all of his works. For, as the Psalmist sang of old, "great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and his greatness is unsearchable." Those

who contemplate the wondrous acts of God in his grace and goodness toward them spontaneously break forth in thanksgiving with holy zeal and ardent joy.

That note of personal gratitude to God is dominant in the symphony of thanksgiving offered by us as a denomination at this season of the year. God's greatness has always overshadowed our poor efforts. Our faith in God's seal of loving approval upon our denominational enterprise is attested by the blessings which have been showered upon us "above all that we could ask or think."

The denominational statistics of the past year's activities, published in this issue of "The Baptist Herald," form an interesting picture for study and reflection. They portray a number of encouraging trends in our denominational enterprise. Whole hearted thanksgiving to God ought to be the response of every reader of these figures, embodied in which are the greatness and goodness of God toward our work.

A year ago the total number of baptisms was 1611, which represented a large spiritual harvest for our churches, as compared with previous years. During the past year the baptisms were 1587, which is almost on the same high level of attainment. Our evangelistic fervor as manifested in many concerted efforts and as blessed by the Spirit of God is bearing fruit in these harvests of souls. The net gain of 473 members for our denomination, giving us a total membership of 36,830 is the highest ever reached by us and is a real cause for gratitude to God!

Last year the Sunday Schools and young people's work showed lamentable decreases. This year the exact opposite is true. The Sunday School scholars have risen to the very encouraging figure of 37,501, and all the organized branches of church life have recorded gains and progress. The composite picture of missionary giving shows a total of \$139,936 given for missionary causes, which represents an increase of \$19,034 over that of last year. However, the Rev. S. Blum, editor of "Der Sendbote," aptly points out that this total sum includes at least \$40,000 given for causes outside of our denominational enterprise. We need to concentrate with passionate zeal upon our work, if we are to prevent our retreating on the foreign field.

The unexpected turn of events in the Cameroons of Africa because of the European War, which has opened wide the door of opportunity for us in America, is graphically described by Brother Kuhn in his correspondence with the General Mission Committee and will later be reviewed in the pages of "The Baptist Herald." Its momentous significance for our future missionary work in the Cameroons humbles us in the greatness of God's ways. Here is the entire Cameroon province, placed upon our doorstep by the succession of events beyond our control, in which God calls us to greater sacrificial service by accepting all mission property, staffing the stations with missionaries, and going forth with Christ into all of the Cameroons.

Like the apostles of old at this thanksgiving season of the year, we want to gather the church together and rehearse all that God has done with us, and how he has opened the door of faith unto those in darkness upon our mission fields. That will be our thanksgiving to God in the united praise of our denomination!

A Psalm of Thanksgiving

The writer of this thanksgiving meditation, who is the energetic and popular young pastor of the Zion German Baptist Church of Franklin, Calif., has drawn on many Scriptural passages of gratitude and on his own experiences to challenge every "Baptist Herald" reader to "bless the Lord and forget not all his benefits" at this Thanksgiving season.

By the REV. G. G. RAUSER of Franklin, California

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Psalm 103:1-2.

THE PSALMIST begins his thanksgiving by addressing himself. He saw before himself his own personal experiences during a long life, and he finds ample reason for full, heartfelt gratitude for the many blessings and benefits received from the Lord. So it is also with the children of God! As we come to this special season of thanksgiving, our hearts are filled with overflowing thankfulness to him, who is "the giver of every good and perfect gift."

Thanksgiving is an expression of the light and life that are within us. The life that is indwelt by God cannot but acknowledge God's goodness, for the light of life within sends forth the ray of gratitude. The apostle Paul was so overwhelmed by God's matchless grace that he exclaimed in Ephesians 1:3—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto the name of the most High." (Psalm 92:1.)

But in the light of this truth, it is possible for us to be so conscious of our own agency in securing our blessings as to lose sight of the divine action, and so to overlook them. It is possible to be so occupied with the present cares or pleasures or with future claims, that we may be indifferent to the spiritual blessings. What the wise and good man will desire for himself is that he will constantly carry with himself a deep sense of God's abounding goodness to him. As the psalmist says, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

In considering this thought of thanksgiving and gratitude for received blessings, our attention is drawn to a number of important facts.

The Author of All Blessings

We cannot credit ourselves with anything that we may have accomplished or acquired apart from the divine grace and the help of God. In James 1:17 we read: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variability, neither shadow of turning." Further-

more the Psalmist says in Psalm 127:1: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The Lord Jesus said to his own disciples before he went to the Father from whence he came: "Abide in me, for without me ye can do nothing." All the skill and the ability and the ambition of man avail him nothing apart from the divine blessings of God.

It is the Lord, the Creator of heaven and earth and all that is therein, who causes the sun to shine and the rains to fall and the grains to grow. He feeds the birds of the air, the fishes in the sea, and the cattle on the thousand hills. Yes, "the eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." (Psalm 145:15, 16.) "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." It is, therefore, blessed to give thanks unto the Author of every good gift, which is the Lord. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

The Nature of God's Blessings

Due to the limited space allowed for this message, we can neither enumerate nor elaborate on the abundance and nature of the benefits that are ours through God's great mercies. However, regarding temporal and spiritual blessings, no one has been overlooked. Our heavenly Father is not partial to nor a respecter of persons, but he giveth to all, freely and abundantly, of his goodness.

As we look back over the year 1939, all of us find reasons to bless the Lord for the daily needs that were supplied in some way or another. Some of us have not been on the sick bed. None of us have gone hungry, nor without clothes. We have a place which we can call "home". For many the harvests even yielded much gain. For others the road of life may have been somewhat of a different nature, and they sigh under a heavy burden or load which was their lot to bear. But when we stop to count our blessings, we make the same experience as the little girl, who, walking along on a dark night by the side of her father, noticed all the stars and said to him, "Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well,"

he said, "Count them." By and by he heard her counting, "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five." "Oh, dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many!"

I wonder if you have ever said within your soul, "Lord, I am going to count thy benefits," and then soon found your heart sighing, not with sorrow, but burdened with gladness, and saying to yourself, "I had no idea that there were so many!" When we are blue or discouraged, call the roll of God's blessings. Our blessings always outnumber our sorrows.

"When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
Do not be discouraged, thinking all is lost.
Count your many blessings, name then one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done."

Regarding the spiritual blessings we are simply overwhelmed by the great love and goodness of God. We are constrained to explain: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" The supreme gift given to the world is the Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior, through whom we are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places. As Paul says in Romans 8:32. "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" All things, mentioned in this preceding verse, are many, including the free gift of salvation by grace through faith in Christ. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." (Eph. 2:8.)

The Abundance of Spiritual Benefits

There is no greater joy nor peace than to have this assurance of salvation and of life eternal in Jesus Christ. The poet says,

"Since Christ my soul from sin set free,
This world has been a heaven to me:
And mid earth's sorrows and its woe,
'Tis heaven my Jesus here to know.
O hallelujah; yes, 'tis heaven,
'Tis heaven to know my sins are forgiven."

The Psalmist also mentions that as one of the benefits in verse three of our text. "Who forgiveth all time iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Blessed be God for this wonderful free gift of salvation in his beloved Son!

The access to the throne of grace by prayer and the certainty of an advocate at the right hand of the Father are also among the numerous benefits that are ours. What a great privilege it is to come to God in prayer and what a comfort it is to know that we have access to the throne of grace for all of our deep needs, which are so many! "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." (Romans 5:2.) Paul led us to another high pinnacle of this truth in Hebrews 4:14-16. "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which can-

not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." What an outstanding blessing for the saints of the Lord! Bless his holy name for this gift of his grace!

The Word of God, the Bible, the Church of Jesus Christ as the light tower of the world, the free land in which we are privileged to worship without hindrance are among the many spiritual blessings in Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. Is this not ample reason to make us join with the words of Paul in 2. Corinthians 9:15? "Thanks



"The Gleaners" by Millet

be unto God for his unspeakable gift!" So let us say with the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

The Results of Thankfulness

What a history it would be if we could only trace and learn what this Psalm has done for God's saints in all ages! What spiritual victories it has won! What strength it has imparted! What holy joy it has brought! The favor and benediction of God are upon his child that acknowledges his goodness and that comes before his face with thanksgiving.

A tired minister sat in his study on a late Saturday afternoon. The interruptions during the day were many, and his nerves were torn and worn. Then there was another knock at the door. He braced up and said: "Come in!" Into his room came his little daughter, and with a smiling face she climbed upon his lap and said, "Daddy, I did not come in to ask for anything but just to kiss you and tell you what a good daddy you are!" We can well imagine what happened in that minister's study. Even so the grateful child of God is well pleasing to him, and in return gains the favor and the benediction of God.

Let this thanksgiving season be a time of real thank-offering in words, in deeds, and in gifts unto the Lord, who has so bountifully blessed us with temporal and spiritual blessings. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Children's Page

Edited for "the Little Readers" of THE BAPTIST HERALD Family

Jesus' Thanksgiving

When Jesus was a little boy he must have run into the house from play, just as you do, and said, "Mother, I am hungry. Please give me something to eat."

Almost always Jesus' mother found the right thing for her boy to eat. Sometimes she gave him a fresh, sweet, ripe fig. Sometimes she gave him a bunch of juicy, ripe grapes. Often she gave him a piece of the soft, sweet-smelling bread she had baked. Sometimes she would say, "All the bread is gone. But I will hurry and bake some more."



Pilgrims Going to Church With Thankful Hearts

There were days when she would give Jesus a little dried fish with his bread. Those were the days when Joseph had been fishing and had brought home a string of fish for his family to eat. Or maybe a kind neighbor had sent Joseph some of the fish he had caught. But whether Joseph caught the fish himself, or a neighbor sent them, or he bought them, when the family sat down to the table to eat, Joseph thanked God for the food they had to eat.

When Jesus was a grown man he visited in the homes of his friends. He saw little boys and girls run in from play and ask their mothers and fathers for something to eat, just as he had done when he was a little boy. He noticed that fathers and mothers were glad to give their children good food to eat, just as his mother had been glad to give him good things to eat.

One day Jesus was talking about his Father in heaven. "Fathers and moth-

ers know how to give their children good things to eat," Jesus said. "Parents like to give their children gifts because they love their children. That is just the way our Father in heaven feels. He loves us and gives us all our good gifts. He knows even better than our fathers and mothers what we need. And he can always make what we need. He makes the fruits and the nuts to grow on trees. He makes the wheat to grow in the fields so that mothers can take the flour and make bread for their children to eat. Every good thing we have is given by our Father in heaven."

Jesus' friends nodded their heads. They knew that what Jesus said was

true. Not one of them could make a fish. But they could catch the fish God made and bring them home for their children to eat. Not one of them could make apples or figs or pears grow on a tree. But they could plant the trees and take care of them. And when God made the fruit to grow on the trees, they gathered it carefully and took it home for their families to eat. Not one of them could make wheat grow. They could plow the ground and plant the seed. But God had to send the rain and the sunshine to make the wheat grow. Then they gathered the wheat and brought it home to the mothers. And the mothers ground it into flour and made bread of the flour.

When they thought of all God's good gifts of food, Jesus' friends said, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good." And when they sat down to eat they gave thanks.

—"Beginner Teacher" of the Southern Baptist Board

The Koala Bear

The Koala is not a bear, though superficially it resembles a small one. It is an arboreal marsupial, and unique, the sole member of its genus. Its food consists wholly of gum leaves, those most favored being rich in oil content. The food-trees include the manna gum, the spotted gum, the yellow box, the tallowwood, and the red gum. Manna gum foliage is that most favored by "bears" in Victoria.

The young are born in winter time, in June as a rule, and no mother has more than one baby to care for during the season. The cub is carried in the pouch for about three months, then on its mother's broad, furry back, or it clings to her in front. The pick-a-back position, shown in so many photographs of a koala mother and child, is not, as generally supposed, most usual. Quite often the young "bear" is carried, apparently in the mother's arms, but really clinging to her between the fore-limbs.

Except in the mating season, the native bear is an unsociable animal, leads a solitary existence, though it may have neighbors in its home-tree, or adjacent ones. During the daytime it is sluggish or asleep, cosily seated or curled up in a low fork of the tree, to whose higher branches it will climb after sunset and enjoy a meal of tender gumtips.

Smooth-barked trees are favored by the koala, which, however, climbs with ease; its claws being sharp and strong, and its limbs powerful. On the ground it moves clumsily, yet is able to evade capture often by making a spurt for the nearest tree.

The Koala utters hoarse cries that have been likened to the noise made by a handsaw cutting through a thin board. They are loud and grating sounds, and only one native animal, the large flying phalanger, is the koala's equal as a "loud speaker" in the night.

When about six months old, the young koala ceases, literally, to be a burden on its parent. She no longer carries the sturdy cub around, clinging to her fur. It must fend for itself now, and, after some wandering, selects a home—a low fork in a gum tree, where it will sleep or drowse away the daylight hours. It may have a tree all to itself, or share one with other "bears."

—Front Cover Picture and Descriptive Article About the Koala Bear by Courtesy of the Australian National Travel Association.

Life Begins at Sixty-five!

By the REV. HENRY SELLHORN of Lansing, Michigan

Christian Adventurers!

(The Editor's Foreword)

How a retired minister of our denomination and his wife have transformed their years in the upper bracket of life into a song of thanksgiving and praise to God is related in this remarkable article, that has also appeared in the September, 1939, issue of "The Automobile and Trailer Travel" Magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. Sellhorn spent most of October at the New York World's Fair, after visiting friends and churches en route from Cleveland to New York. From there they have gone to Sarasota, Florida, by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Richmond, Va., Savannah and Jacksonville, Fla. Then they will spend most of the winter staying near "the Point of Welcome" on Route No. 41 near the winter home of Ringling Brothers Circus. Next Spring they hope to travel to South and North Dakota and to attend the General Conference in July, 1940, at Winnipeg, Canada.

On September 16, 1939, Mr. Sellhorn reached his 72nd milestone, still hale and hearty and eager to be off with his wife in their trailer on other adventures. He frequently serves our churches with inspiring messages wherever he goes. Both of them are examples of Christian lives filled to overflowing with joyous thanksgiving!

The Sellhorn's Story

"Life is slipping away, Pa. We are getting old. What is there left on earth for two such as we?"

There was a pathetic, catching note of despair in my wife's voice, accompanied by a long-drawn sigh, as she spoke the words I dreaded to hear, to even think about, back in 1932. I, too, had been thinking of that very thing, trying to study that horizon at the end of mortal existence that seemed on that day so hopelessly near and beckoning . . . trying to see what lay between it and two old folks who had reached the milestone 65. . . .

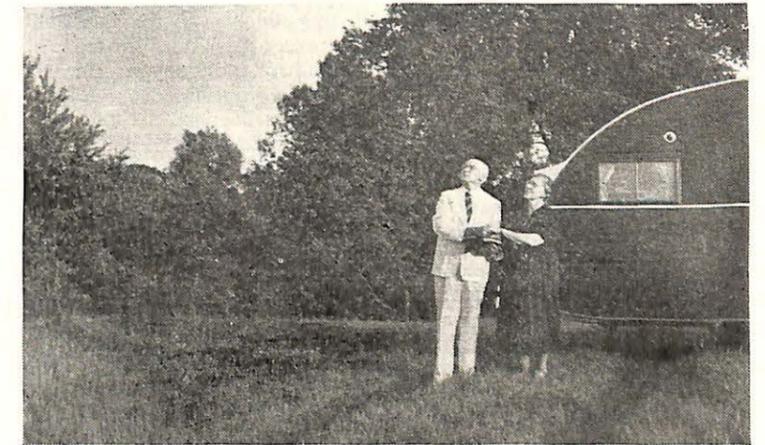
It was—well, on that day I was retired from the ministry of the German Baptist churches which I had served with my wife by my side since the day we were wed. In that alone was evidence that a turning point was at hand—that, to use a vernacular term, we were "on the way out." It was as if the very foundation of life crumbled beneath us. We were just two old folks alone, cast adrift to await that last great call.

Many thoughts raced through our minds as we sat arm in arm, in com-

forting silence . . . of the family of five wonderful children, once so much a part of us, now firmly established in their own pursuits . . . of their families, too, now blossoming forth in the life that we must prepare to depart. . . .

"Mama," I said at last, "let's get in the car and take a ride together. We can think of happy, pleasant things, and who knows but a new adventure may be in store for us?"

Together we drove, as we had countless times before, breathing the fresh, pure air of the country, absorbing the beauties of Nature abounding on every side. And the hard fact that we were passing the crossroad of life seemed just a little less real.



Rev. and Mrs. Henry Sellhorn Beside Their Trailer Home

" . . . at eventide we pause to give thanks to God that so much of life is left."

How far we drove we did not know, nor did we care. We had each other's comforting presence, the ever changing wonders of God's creation passing in colorful review to occupy our thoughts. If we could just go on that way, passing time in the vast wholeness of our Maker's garden until that last grave summons. . . .

Then suddenly it was evening. We must retrace our tracks, return to a world of stark reality. But wait . . . before us is an absorbing scene. From the edge of the roadside a broad, green valley stretches far into the distance, a placid lake, rippling clear and cool, in its depths, reflecting in glistening varicolored sparklets the last red rays of the sinking sun. And over it all are the lengthening shadows of stately trees, gently swaying, bowing greeting to the coming night.

At the very brink of the valley beside the road stands a house on wheels; a trailer home hitched to an automobile. And beside it, their backs to us, arms entwined affectionately, oblivious to all

save that glorious scene of God's splendor stand two white-haired oldsters like ourselves. . . .

The sheer beauty of it, the dramatic, human likeness to ourselves enthralled us. Without knowing why, I stepped quietly on the brakes. From a distance we watched, speechless, until the spell at last was broken and those two old people wandered along the grassy roadway, plucking the flowers that bloomed in profusion.

"Oh, Pa," my Anna cried at last, "let's talk to them. They, too, are alone. They won't mind that we are strangers."

Mind? I should say they didn't. They welcomed us with open arms. We chat-

ted happily for an hour, the passing time forgotten. We found that we had much in common, were amazed at the close parallel of life's experiences.

At last they showed us proudly through the little home that traveled with them as they roamed. For another hour we were thrilled at the stories of their travels, more so at the comfort and convenience, the infinite joys of living that were theirs wherever fancy guided their journeys.

There were other meetings with them after that, joyous carefree hours in which the four of us became great friends. But the lure of the open road was strong within them, the desire to witness new and wondrous sights like that valley beside which we had found them was like an unquenchable thirst. Regretfully we said goodbye, but not sadly because they had left us a valued lesson, had shown us the way to begin life anew at 65!

Of course it's not necessary for me to tell you what happened. We did (Continued on Page 439)

The Harvest

By Frances Rex of Aberdeen, Washington

THE CLOSING CHAPTER

Sand turned quickly. "A young man—father lost in the jungle, yes?—oh," he clutched Royal's arm, "go on, go on! Tell me! Is it possible after all these years—oh, dear God—"

"I'm not sure, of course, but it's worth looking into—he was born in Africa and raised by some missionaries by the name of Taylor."

"Yes, yes!," urged Sand.

"That's all I know except that he is a mighty fine chap. I like him very much. We crossed together two weeks ago. He is on his way to Africa now to join these missionaries."

"His mother?" Sand was scarcely breathing, so great appeared his anxiety.

"His mother, it seems, well—died when he was born. The missionaries gave her every care." Royal felt unutterably sorry for the man.

Sand clasped and unclasped his hands moaning, "Oh Marian, Marian, it was you, suffering and dying there in the jungle. Oh Marian!" He turned to Royal. "It is he, my little son, whom I have never seen. I was standing here talking to God about it when you came up just now. This is the answer to my prayers."

Royal was searching in his pockets. "Here are a couple of snapshots," he said, handing them over.

"His hair, his eyes—what color are they?" asked Sand pouring over the pictures.

"Dark brown hair, I should say, and blue eyes; very blue, with heavy brows and lashes like mine."

Sand looked from the picture to Royal and back again. "This picture where the two of you are together, do you realize how very much alike you are?"

Royal laughed. "My eyes are brown, of course, but that's what they say, always adding, 'if I wasn't so fat!'" He made a wry face.

Sand laid his cold hand on Royal's warm pulsing one. "My boy, all this is so important. You can't realize what it means to me. Tell me—does this Paul Taylor look at all like me?" He took off his cap and let the wind ruffle his thinning gray hair.

"Well, I don't know," said Royal helplessly, "your eyes maybe, yes, your blue eyes are very much alike."

"Of course, I've been through a lot and it has changed me. Tell me more about him—tell me every little thing."

So Royal related his meeting with

Paul, his Uncle's invalid guest and Paul's position as his companion. Sand sat with his hands covering his face and Royal saw tears trickling from between his fingers.

"Mr. Sand," he said gently, "Dexter Jordan is my Uncle. We'll be able to find out about things for you."

Sand's hands came down from his face and his wet eyes glowed at Royal.

"I thought so! I felt it from the moment I first saw you! You look so much like your mother!"

They were inseparable after that. Sand followed Royal about like a child, feasting his eyes on his face and exercising every opportunity to take his arm or touch his hand shyly. He asked innumerable questions about Royal's boyhood, his schooling, his friends. And Royal enjoyed it all. For the first time in his life, he had found some one who needed him. It was a new and pleasurable experience. Life took on a new interest. He even began his long contemplated dieting and spent rigorous hours in the ship's gymnasium.

The last night out they sat together in Royal's stateroom. Royal's suitcase, left carelessly open, displayed a large photograph of Lin.

"Your sweetheart?" asked Sand, always intensely interested in anything that pertained to Royal.

Royal flushed. "My cousin."

"Your cousin?" An odd smile played about the corners of Sand's mouth. "Not many young men are fond enough of their cousins to carry their pictures about."

"She is Lyndale Jordan. You will meet her soon."

"Dexter's girl!" Sand picked up the photograph. "He must have married Lyndal Hull after he returned from Africa. Has he other children?"

"No, Lin's mother died when she was two."

"So, you've been with Dexter since you were four?"

"My earliest recollection is of being frightened about something and yelling my head off. Uncle Dex wrapped me in blankets."

"A pretty girl," said Sand, keeping his eyes on the picture, "but a little spoiled looking."

"Uncle Dex fussed over her a lot. I guess we both did."

"Dex would. He and Lyndal Hull were both only children. They were spoiled themselves." He bit his lip and his face paled. He stood up abruptly.

At last, with every bag packed and last minute details attended to, they

"Think I'll go to bed. Tomorrow will be an exciting day. Goodnight, Royal."

He slipped out of the room so quickly that he scarcely heard Royal's mumbled "goodnight."

Royal sat there, feeling very much as though he had received a violent blow in the stomach. If Uncle Dex and his wife were both only children, how then, could he, Royal be the son of Jordan's brother, as Uncle Dex had always said? How could he have a nephew at all? Sand hadn't meant to let that out. He'd been fussed right away and left at once.

Royal felt decidedly ill and drank several glasses of water. Of course, Sand was mistaken, or there were two Dexter Jordans. But this man knew Lin's mother too and there couldn't be two Lyndal Hulls also. That was too much. If he wasn't the nephew of Dexter Jordan, who, then, was he? Royal drank another glass of water and lurched back to his seat.

Not really. Sand couldn't think that. But why not? Wasn't it altogether possible? Lin had first noticed the resemblance and spoken of it. That mysterious Brown had acted mighty queer, too. Sand's son had been left behind with Jordan and Plattson when Sand was lost. Both of their names were Royal. Uncle Dex might have—evidently Sand thought so—He'd been with Uncle Dex since he was nearly four, just the age of that little tike—well what of it? What if it was so? Sand was a fine fellow, a gentleman, and he'd been in business with Uncle Dex. But why all the mystery on Dex's part?

Royal opened the door of his stateroom and peered out cautiously. No one in sight and Sand's door was closed. Royal hurried out and sent a message to Dexter Jordan.

"Have met a Royal Sand on board ship. He tells a queer story. Wire details. Naturally I am interested. We dock tomorrow." Royal

That ought to clear things up, thought Royal and returned to his stateroom to spend a sleepless night.

Each made a definite effort to be talkative the next morning. Sand planned a quick trip west to see Jordan and then, if things developed as he hoped and believed they would, a return trip through Equatorial Africa to see Paul.

At last, with every bag packed and last minute details attended to, they

stood at the rail straining their eyes for the first glimpse of the statue of liberty as it loomed through the distant fog.

Sand put his hand into his pocket and drew out a black leather testament.

"I'd like you to accept this, Royal. I'd rather give you a new one but there will be no time for shopping when we land. You don't know God. Read it and learn of him who hears and answers prayer."

"Thank you," said Royal huskily, taking the small volume, "I'll prize it doubly because it was yours."

They did not talk after that and as Royal glanced covertly at Sand he had a feeling that the man was praying for him to that One who heard and answered, and it filled Royal's heart with a strange sense of comfort and peace.

There were two letters waiting for him at the steamship company's office. One from Jordan, written the week before, and a big thick one from Lin. Royal's heart pounded. He couldn't read it there among that teeming mob. He'd save it for the seclusion of his hotel. Jordan's was probably only dry business statistics; it could wait.

They got through the customs quickly and decided on a hotel. "I've some important mail," Royal told Sand. "See you at dinner."

He closed and locked his door and took out the precious letter, turning it over and over. What could she be saying to write him so much? His plump hands shook as he tore open the envelope.

"Dear Royal:

"The news in this letter is going to be a shock to you. There is no way of softening the blow or I would do it."

"She's marrying Blaine," thought Royal.

"The whole thing seems like a dream. I catch myself thinking that I will awaken to find things as they used to be; but I know I won't."

"Do you remember that day just before I went away? You asked me why I'd been so quiet and what was the matter with me? I was fighting that sermon of Paul's he preached the day we went to Melrose Junction. I fought it for weeks, and then I gave up and admitted that he was right. Yes, Royal, I'm a Christian now. I have it—that peace that passes all understanding, and it is this God-given peace that has comforted me these last days as I think of Dad and you."

"I'm writing all this first in the hope that it will help you and prepare you for what I have to tell you on the next page. I feel humiliated when I think what a selfish, silly creature I have been. I wonder Brown didn't choke me. Dad, of course, felt differently. He is my father, you know."

"It is just this, Royal: You and I are not cousins. We are no relation at all."

"Ah!" broke from Royal.

"Father wrote you that Mr. Brown died. He left a letter, a confession in which he admitted his guilt, with Dad,

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in being the indirect cause of your father's death. Mr. Brown, or Plattson, his real name was—"

"I begin to see," said Royal nodding.

"— were partners in business with your father. But there is no use for me to go into all that. Plattson's letter which I am enclosing, explains everything. By it you will see that you and Paul are brothers and that your surname is Sand. Dad says your father was a very fine man and a real gentleman, Royal Sand. It is a very pretty name, Royal, and you can be proud to have Paul for a brother. As for Dad—please don't think too hard of him. He just sits in his chair and cries all the time."

"What can I say, Royal? What else can I say except that I am sorry? Sorry about everything. How I wish things were different. I'm such a new Christian as yet that I cannot see just how God is going to work all this together for good but I know that he will, because his word says so."

"If I could only give your father back to you, Royal!"

There were several blots here and Royal knew that she had cried as she wrote it. He kissed each blot before he went on reading:

"Plattson threw his letter out of the window and Bill found and read it. He taunted father and I made him give me the letter. Bill is thoroughly repentant now and, I think, a truly converted youngster. You see I was able to show him the way, now that I know it myself. Small wonder that I accomplished so little with him before!"

"The business, you know, has failed and I don't even care so you see the change in me, Royal! Father has sold the house for a hospital."

There followed a few generalities and the letter closed with a pathetic attempt at bravery and with a humility that affected Royal deeply. Lin in that mood would never refuse him again. But Royal was ashamed at even thinking of such a thing. He would never take advantage of Lin, to win her in that fashion.

He picked up Plattson's letter and began reading it. He skimmed over the first page until he came to the real start:

"Dexter Jordan, Royal Sand and I

were in business together. Sand went to Africa to investigate a mining report in which we were interested. He wrote, advising the firm to buy. It looked like money and I suggested that Jordan and I join Sand and take a little hunting trip as a matter of celebration. My motives were deeper, however.

"I planned for Jordan and me to buy the mine ourselves as a private venture and thereby clear a million. When I unfolded my plan to Jordan, he objected, insisting that Sand receive his share. I finally won him over but he was always an unwilling cohort to the scheme."

"We meant to close the deal before joining Sand but he surprised us by coming to meet us. This necessitated our ridding ourselves of his company until we could accomplish our purpose."

"I wanted to leave Jordan with Sand and transact the affair myself but Jordan wouldn't trust me. He said that inasmuch as I was willing to double-cross Sand, I was quite capable of doing the same with him, and in this I suppose he was right."

"So I suggested that we take the route through the jungle to our destination, pretending that we wanted the sport of hunting along the way. Sand objected, because he had his little boy with him but I prevailed."

"By bribing the guides, we managed to get separated from Sand the second day. Jordan and I then doubled back the way we came, and finished the journey by train, leaving one of the guides and a couple of natives to take Sand on through the jungle. There was no danger in doing this as the guides were very competent and they were provided with everything necessary for their safety."

"But things did not work out quite as we planned. The guide I commissioned to look after Sand either forgot Sand's little boy, or did not wish to be bothered with the child, for when we finally realized that we were successfully rid of Sand we found the boy in our party. He was frightened and crying and Jordan looked after him."

"We were to meet Sand with a plausible story, on the other side of the jungle as arranged for with the guide. Sand's party did not meet us at the place agreed upon. We waited several days and then became alarmed and sent out a searching party. We never found even a trace of them."

"Jordan and I took turns blaming each other. One of the guides, who had overheard Jordan and me talking, accused us of plotting Sand's death. We were terrified and hushed the matter up. We tried to find his wife but as Sand had not told us where his camp was located, we were unsuccessful in that also. Sand's little boy cried day and night and Jordan looked after him with a devotion that was almost mania. He listed him as his nephew on the return trip and the die was cast. There was no reason why we should not have

been open about it but our guilty conscience kept us in constant fear and we sought refuge in deceit.

"Once in the states Jordan broke with me and, taking the little boy, went west. I ran through with my money and in trying to get more, landed in the penitentiary. I was an old man when my term expired. I needed ready money and bethought myself of Jordan, who, I learned, was doing a flourishing and honest business in the west. I wrote to him, demanding hush money. It was so easy, I decided to take all I could get and came west and announced my intention of spending the rest of my days with him. I invented tales to frighten him and demanded the best and he gave it to me.

"I found Sand's little boy now grown up and known as Royal Jordan. Dexter had done well by the boy. He had everything money could buy. I didn't like being with Jordan though, because Royal's voice was so much like Sand's.

"I kept to my own wing of the house and demanded a companion. Paul Taylor applied for the position. Never will I forget the day he came. I thought it was Sand's ghost, the boy looked so much like his father at that age. I questioned him and discovered that without doubt he was Sand's younger son, born in Africa. Jordan knew it too and paid him handsomely. Paul was a Christian and read to me out of the Bible. God convicted me of sin and I grew to regret the past. I found God and told Jordan so. He feared I might confess. I am sure that he dismissed Paul.

"He keeps me now a virtual prisoner, fearing to leave me alone with anyone a second. I cannot blame him. I, too, would act the same in his place were I without Christ. My strength is failing fast. I praise God it has lasted—"

The letter stopped abruptly with a scribbled signature.

Royal read it through again and again and at last opened Jordan's letter.

It corroborated the contents of Plattson's letter and asked Royal to send the two letters on to Paul. It begged his forgiveness, assured him of his father's sterling character. And then the end:

"If you can find it in your heart to think kindly of me after this, I want to see you just once more. I have learned to love you as a son, Royal, and would have been glad to have you as such. You know that. I am a very unhappy man. Freedom from a burden of secrecy has brought only a measure of relief. Lin tells me I need God, and I am seeking Him. . ."

Royal could read no farther because of the mist that blurred his eyes. "Poor Uncle Dex," he said.

He picked up the letters and walked down the hall and knocked on Sand's door.

It was opened immediately and Roy-

al handed him the letters saying, "You will want to be alone while you read these. I'll be waiting in my room."

He went back then, and picked up the testament that Sand had given him from where it lay on the table. "Royal Sand" was printed in gold letters on the leather binding. That was to be his name henceforth. Royal furled the leaves. Sand had marked verses in red pencil throughout the book. Royal began to read them . . .

A knock at the door.

He sprang to open it. Sand stood there, his fine old face aglow with a timid, eager light.

"My son!" His voice trembled.

"Dad!" cried Royal and took him into his arms.

Five years is a long time. Lin had finished her missionary training and was now occupying a tourist berth on a steamer bound for France where she would change boats for Africa. Lin had crossed before, travelling in luxury, but never had she so enjoyed a trip or looked forward to the future with more pleasure and excitement.

There were several other missionaries on board, including Paul, who, after a year's furlough, was now returning to his post. Lin was to be with Paul and his foster parents, the Taylors. Paul had arranged Lin's selection for that particular station and Lin was grateful that her first experience was to be among these dear people.

It was their second day out. Lin sat brushing her hair in preparation for the evening meal. Four years now, before she would see the United States again. The United States meant Royal to Lin, now that her father was dead. Lin had not seen Royal since that last visit home five years before. What had become of him? Paul never volunteered any information other than that he was "working in Chicago."

Lin realized now, what she had not before, that it had always been Royal with her; that it always would be. Dear, kind, understanding, patient Royal! They had corresponded that one year and then gradually the letters had stopped. Perhaps there was some one else. Quick tears came to Lin's blue eyes. But he isn't even a Christian, she reminded herself. Ah, but prayer changed things! Perhaps some day . . . Had Paul told him about her going to Africa? Why was Paul so stingy with news concerning his brother?

"Miss Jordan!" cried the bespectacled young school teacher who shared the stateroom with her, "there's the handsomest man on board!" She slammed the door behind her and dropped down upon the berth. "I can't imagine what he is doing 'tourist'! He looks like an actor, or an artist, or a musician—"

"Well, they aren't always rich," smiled Lin.

"But he would be! He'd be a tremen-

dous success at whatever he attempted!"

"I've known some very successful preachers who always travel tourist," said Lin.

"Of course, it depends on what one terms success." Miss Blake pulled off her beret and ran her fingers through her short bobbed hair. "But this Mr. Sand now—I heard his name was Sand—"

"Oh Paul!" laughed Lin, "so you've developed a crush on Paul!"

"Do you know him?" squealed Miss Blake.

"For over five years. He's a very successful young missionary."

"Please introduce me," begged the Spanish teacher, "I've just got to meet some man on this trip to talk about when I get home!"

"Paul will talk to you," promised Lin.

They went out on deck and Lin espied Paul with the Marstons.

"Mrs. Marston, this is my roommate, Miss Blake, Mr. Marston, and Mr. Sand."

Paul flashed his ready smile and Cora Blake's confusion was drowned in surprise. "It isn't he," she whispered, "there's a mistake—"

"Miss Wasson wants to see you," Paul informed Lin. "She's down watching them play shuffle board." Then to Cora Blake, "let's take a little stroll down here, Miss Blake . . . Are you a Christian?"

Lin watched them disappear and then walked on in the opposite direction. She had not gone far when she came upon a tall, slim man, leaning against the rail. She was about to pass when he turned and his profile faced her. Lin stopped short, her senses reeling. She put out a hand to steady herself.

"Royal!" she cried. "Royal!"

He turned swiftly.

"Lin! Lin! Why it's Lin!" He caught her hands quickly.

"Roy, Roy, oh Ro-wee!" sobbed Lin.

"Why Lin! Why Lin you aren't crying? You mustn't, you know—I—I can't bear—to see you—cry." His own voice was unsteady. He pulled out his handkerchief and began wiping her face gently.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed," said Lin, fighting for composure. "But what a shock! I thought—you were—way back—in Chicago." She laughed now and Royal said,

"That Paul! This is his doings! He never told me—the scamp!"

"Of course. He sent me down here. Do tell me about yourself, but please—let's find a seat. I simply can't stand up!"

They sat down on a pile of ropes and Lin looked Royal over wonderingly.

"How did you do it, Royal? How did you do it?"

"Tall, slim, dark," he quoted.

"And handsome!" she added. "Royal, you've lost pounds and pounds!"

(Continued on Page 439)

B. Y. P. U. Topics and Programs

Edited by the REV. PAUL F. ZOSCHKE of Elgin, Iowa

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Sunday, December 24, 1939

"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY"

Scripture Reference: Luke 2:1-11.

1. The Joy We Seek

If all the joy in the world were placed on the market counter for sale at a high price, how much would you be willing to pay for it? Some joy is now on the counter for sale, and people are buying it at a handsome price every day. Certain purchases which we make are not primarily for the things, but for the joy they bring. Is not that the reason for all these Christmas presentations? We want to make others joyful, and they want to do the same for us. How much money have you spent for Christmas gifts? And how many dollars' worth will you receive? Wasn't all that money spent to buy joy?

We seek joy not only at Christmas time but the whole year round. So many of our family activities are for the purpose of spreading joy one to another. Our social gatherings are designed to make us and others happy. There is always a price to pay; and that price is the price of joy. When we think of how much money the world spends for happy times in the form of liquor, tobacco, movies, dances, balls, carnivals, fairs, etc., it is an indication that we are willing to pay a high price for joy. But money buys only short-lived joy. When the season is far enough in the past and the commodity consumed, the joy is gone also. But the joy that lasts is not for sale.

2. The Joy Without Price

The joy which a commodity affords us is in proportion to our need of it or its desirability. An extremely heavy snow blizzard was raging one day as a man, who is a friend of the author's, was on his homeward way. He could reach home considerably earlier if he walked diagonally through a cemetery which lay directly in line with his home. Darkness had overtaken him but that did not matter, for he knew the cemetery as well as he knew the rooms of his house. The exit gate was clearly before him in his mind, but the distance to the gate seemed unusually long that day. Any moment now he should certainly reach that gate. Never should he reach that gate. He walked and walked, but his feet could not find the homeward path. It seemed to him he had walked half the night. If only some one would take him by the hand and lead him out to safety. But he was

all alone and lost. He finally decided to conserve his energy, so he lay down by a tree and covered himself with his heavy overcoat to await daybreak. The morning revealed that he was only ten feet from that illusive exit gate.

Have you ever been lost? Do you know what a feeling that is? Oh, how many people are wandering about in the cemetery of the world and cannot find the way home to eternal happiness and security! Their night may be terribly long. But to them comes a still small voice in the night saying: "Take my hand and I'll lead you home." There is no greater stupidity than to deny that you are lost. If you will only grasp the extended hand of the Babe of Bethlehem, now grown in our knowledge to be the Son of God, he will lead you to the warm hearth of God and offer you the Bread of Life.

3. The Growth of This Joy

The joys we buy diminish with time; the joy the Christ gives us increases the older we get. At first we do not realize how many-sided this joy is. Uppermost in our minds is that we are no longer lost but reunited with family and home. The hour of danger is past. The first thing we learn is that we have not only been saved, but the Savior actually comes in to live with us. Some noble-minded white people saved some Negroes from slavery, but to set them free is all they did for them. Jesus saves us and lives with us. In other words, we discover the joy of continued fellowship with our Redeemer.

But we experience not only that we have been saved once, but that our new Friend shows us where to walk and how to walk and thus be saved from going astray again. "He leadth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." Then, we learn, too, that when we are in his presence we are loving and lovable. We like other people, and others seem to like us better. This Savior corrects all our relationships. We do not actually see as yet what all he will do with us. We do know this, however, that some day all of those whom he has saved will be about our Father's knees in his "house with many mansions."

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

Sunday, December 31, 1939

HOW HAVE WE USED THE YEARS?

Scripture Reference: Matt. 25:31-46.

1. How Christ Judges Us

As we study this passage of Scripture, its implication becomes very interesting to us. Those on the right are accepted because they have done many services approved by the Lord. He said: "For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." The favored ones are surprised at this, for they were not aware during their lifetime of any such direct ministrations to their Lord. Lord, when did we do all this? Jesus accepts the social service done out of love and kindness as service done to himself.

Those on the left are rejected because of their lack of ministration in this manner. They, too, are surprised. "Then shall they also answer, saying: Lord, when saw we thee hungry, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?" There are many people who think that because they are so busy in church affairs, and even neglect some of their home duties, their services certainly will be approved. But what about those people who are needy in some manner and receive no assistance from those on the left because of their making church work an end in itself and wanting nothing to do with the undesirables? Punctiliousness in the temple is not the first requirement of the Lord. The first is the service of the Good Samaritan.

2. How Can We Judge Ourselves?

In thinking about how closely we measure up to the Lord's expectations of us, may we not forget that the fundamental requirement is our acceptance of him as Lord. This is not in contradiction to the former paragraph but rather assumed as the foundation of it. (Here the leader may ask the audience to quote Scripture verses pointing out our relationship to Christ. These are a few: John 3:36; Matt. 22:37, 38; John 15:4-9.) As you think about how you have used the year, can you say that you have met the first requirement? Have you accepted Christ as your Lord? If not, why not do so now in the last hours of this year? This is

(Continued on Page 438)

Reports from the Field

Southwestern Conference La Salle B. Y. P. U. Installs its New Officers

On October 1, the B. Y. P. U. of the German Baptist Church in La Salle, Col., held its installation service for its new officers. The retiring president, Mrs. Rhinie Croissant, was in charge of the program.

We were favored with several musical numbers and readings, which were followed by a short talk from the new president. The following officers were installed by our pastor, the Rev. C. H. Seecamp: president, Lloyd Gies; vice-president, Elma Staudinger; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Peter Croissant; reporter, Charlotte Meyer. The group captains are Elma Staudinger, Mrs. Albert Oster, Rhinie Croissant and Albert Renke.

CHARLOTTE MEYER, Reporter.

Annual Report of the Ladies' Aid of Creston, Nebraska

On Sunday evening, September 24, the Ladies' Aid Society of Creston, Neb., held its annual program before a large visiting audience. Our program consisted of two well presented dialogues entitled, "The Singer's Reward" and "The Unshadowed Cross," a reading, and numbers by a girls chorus, male chorus and the choir. The Rev. M. De Boer was the speaker for the evening. Our offering for the evening amounted to \$26.17, of which \$25 was sent to help support Sister Lydia Doellefeld of Bulgaria.

As a society we are functioning quite well. We meet at the church every third Sunday in the month, and in the past year we were able to meet eleven times, finishing a series of studies on the women of the Bible, which proved interesting and a blessing to us all.

From June, 1938, to January, 1939, we were without a president, but since the coming of Rev. and Mrs. T. Frey, this vacancy has been filled by the pastor's wife, Mrs. Frey, and everybody is again happy.

We feel God's nearness in our meetings and are grateful for the small things we can do in his service and for mankind. In the past year we sent eggs to our Old People's Home in Chicago and gave a wedding present and a wedding anniversary gift on two festive occasions. We presented several sick members with flowers, and also repaired our badly torn church hymnals, so that it is a pleasure to use them again.

In June we had the unusual pleasure of having Mrs. Friedemann, a former missionary of Czechoslovakia

with us who told us the fascinating story of her life and her husband's experiences as faith missionaries in this country. It is so seldom that we have outside visitors in our society to help us along and give us a larger view on missionary work. We keep our eyes fixed on the Lord Jesus Christ and his infallible word and do what we can for him. Our society increased by two members in the past year until we now number 18. Of these everyone is an active member.

ELIZABETH JONESCHEIT, Secretary.

Pacific Conference

The Tacoma Sunday School Increases its Average Attendance and Mission Gifts

As we of the Sunday School in the German Baptist Church of Tacoma, Wash., look back over the past year, we humbly bow before our Master and thank him for the blessings he has showered upon us. Old and young, we were privileged to gather together each Sunday of the past year and study his Holy Word.

We are most thankful for our consecrated and loyal superintendent, teachers and officers who so faithfully performed their tasks. Above all, we rejoice that a number of our scholars have accepted our Lord and Savior as theirs also.

Recently we held our annual business meeting, at which time we reviewed our past year's activities. We were, indeed, happy to note a decided increase in our average attendance and that twelve of our scholars completed a two year's perfect attendance record. Foreign and home missions are not forgotten in our contributions. At home, in our own city, our gifts include the fine work among the many Japanese, and the splendid and great work of the Rescue Mission.

GERTRUDE AHRENS, Reporter.

Wedding of the Rev. Henry Koslow of Montana and Miss Bernice Lucas of Salt Lake City

The Rev. Henry Koslow, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Anaconda, Montana, and Miss Bernice Lucas of Salt Lake City, Utah, were married on Thursday evening, September 14, in the presence of four hundred guests in the Immanuel Baptist Church of Salt Lake City. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Lyons, assisted by the Rev. R. P. Douglass, state secretary of Utah, Montana and Idaho.

Mrs. Koslow is a graduate of the University of Utah and has also taken post graduate work at the University

of California. She is gifted with a beautiful voice, having been member of the choir for many years. Prior to her marriage, Mrs. Koslow had been working as librarian in the University of Utah.

Mr. Koslow is a graduate of our German Baptist Seminary in Rochester, N. Y., in the class of 1935. For one year he served as pastor of the German Baptist Church at Max, No. Dak. The following year he went to Sioux Falls College, where he received his B. A. degree. After further study at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School in Berkeley, Calif., he received his B. D. degree and for the past year has been serving as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Anaconda, Montana.

After their wedding trip to Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon, the Rev. and Mrs. Henry Koslow made their home in the Baptist parsonage of Anaconda, Montana.

R. SIGMUND, Reporter.

Northwestern Conference

Recent Festive Events at the Grace Baptist Church of Racine, Wisconsin

The King's Daughter Society of the Grace Baptist Church of Racine, Wis., recently observed its thirteenth anniversary with a special program. The women of a sister organization in the neighboring Danish Baptist Church were invited and furnished several major parts of the program. The speaker was the wife of the pastor of the Danish Church. She chose as her subject, "The Inner Qualities of a King's Daughter." Music was furnished by a ladies' trio, and a piano and organ duet.

The following week the Women's Missionary Society held its annual "Birthday Party" with the ladies of the Immanuel Church of nearby Kenosha as guests. Mrs. E. Roman, the president, presided over an interesting program in which the Kenosha society took part. Autumn flowers and brightly colored candles decorated the tables at the luncheon which followed. Guests were seated according to their birth month. The feature of this annual observance is the missionary offering which is used for the support of a Bible woman in Burma.

Rev. James Hilker, a home boy who received his early Christian training in this church and who has now completed his second term of missionary service in Africa under the Sudan Interior Mission, spoke to a capacity audience at a recent Sunday evening ser-

vice illustrating his talk with his own reels of motion pictures.

The Sunday School held its Rally Day and Harvest Home Festival combining its program with the morning worship on October 15. Mr. Ephraim Roman, superintendent of the school, presided. The pastor, the Rev. A. Engel, closed the program with an appropriate sermonette. The offering was for our general missionary work.

A baptismal service was held on the last Sunday of October.

MRS. H. SCHACHT, Reporter.

Sessions of the Iowa Assembly of German Baptist Churches at Burlington

The Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa, was host to the Iowa Association of German Baptist Churches from October 1 to 4. The churches in the association, including the host church, are Aplington, Buffalo Center, Parkersburg, Sheffield, Victor, Elgin, George, Steamboat Rock and Muscatine, all in Iowa, and Baileyville, Ill.

The Rev. Herman Lohr of Parkersburg was elected vice-moderator, and he automatically became moderator at the conclusion of the sessions at Burlington. The Rev. C. Fred Lehr of Aplington was re-elected secretary, and Mr. Louis Johnson of Steamboat Rock was named treasurer. The Rev. Carl Swyter of George is the retiring moderator.

The assembly, which has adopted as its official name, "Iowa Assembly of German Baptist Churches," will meet at Aplington in 1940, the place where the assembly was organized in 1880, and will celebrate its 60th anniversary there, with at least one session to be held at Dreyer school house, the actual site of the organization meeting.

Those named on the mission committee, which the assembly at Burlington reinstated, are the Rev. Carl Swyter for three years, Mr. Charles Wilke of Aplington for two years, and the Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt of Burlington for one year. The assembly also adopted the revised constitution, which has been translated from the German into the English language. On the translation committee were Mr. Richard Mulder of Parkersburg, chairman; the Rev. Peter Peters of Buffalo Center, and the Rev. Carl Swyter of George.

The Rev. Paul Zoschke of Elgin was "forerunner" for the assembly, speaking at both morning and evening services at the church the day before the assembly proper opened.

The assembly theme was "Christ in His Church," and addresses were presented by the Reverends H. Lohr, Carl Sentmann, C. F. Lehr, William Kuhn, general secretary of the denomination, John Walkup, Paul Zoschke, Herman Palfenier, Alfred R. Bernadt, Peter

Peters and Carl Swyter. All conference sessions were conducted in the English language, with many delegates and visitors, as well as members of the host church, attending. Special music was provided by the choir of Oak Street Baptist Church.

Local committees in charge of the convention arrangements were: Emil Hemmye, H. J. Rieke, Henry Miller, housing and reception; Mr. Otto Schrieger, decorations; Mrs. H. O. Kohrs, music; Mrs. Arthur Schwerin and women of the church, meals; deacons and their wives as hosts and hostesses at meals; Walter E. Kohrs, publicity.

WALTER E. KOHRS, Reporter.

Dakota Conference The 93rd South Dakota Vereinigung Held at Chancellor

The South Dakota Vereinigung met for its annual session with the church at Chancellor, So. Dak., from October 2 to 4. Fine Fall weather made traveling comfortable and enjoyable, enabling delegates and visitors to come in good numbers. The friendly reception by the church members and the pastor, the Rev. J. Borchers, made us feel at home immediately.

The general theme and thought of the convention was "The Leadership of the Holy Spirit." During these times of materialistic striving and thinking it is important for Christians to submit to the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all phases of Christian activity. Practical, biblical and scholarly papers, given by some of the brethren, presented a comprehensive view of the theme. God's Spirit leads in "Church Life" and in "Personal Living." His Spirit works "Conversions" and is the guiding power in "Mission Enterprises." The Holy Spirit helps and leads the Christian in "Prayer." Morning and afternoon devotions also centered around this theme, always fitting and helpful to prepare our hearts for the subjects presented during the sessions.

It was our special privilege to have two visitors with us. Our young people's secretary, the Rev. M. L. Leuschner, brought some inspiring messages and reports of our mission fields. Present world conditions have seriously affected the work and communications with those fields. On the other hand, God's hand is visible in the opening of new doors to the missionaries and in increased demands for the gospel. The Rev. L. H. Broecker of St. Joseph, Mich., was also with us as visiting evangelist of the local church. His closing message was a fitting climax to the wonderful days of "Vereinigung" of the children of God.

Our deepest gratitude to the church, her pastor, to the singers for their inspiring songs, and to all who served, worked and worshipped with us.

WM. STURHAHN, Secretary.

Dakota Conference Projects Carried Out Enthusiastically by the Wessington Springs Church

The young people of the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Wessington Springs, So. Dak., have enthusiastically entered into the spirit of the Dakota Conference's two worth-while projects. One is the evangelistic approach to win the youth of our churches for Christ, while the other is "the Bender Memorial Trek." The Dakota Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union has agreed to support our missionary from the Dakotas, Miss Laura Reddig of the Cameroons.

On Sunday, September 10, our Harvest and Mission Festival was held, on which the evening service was devoted to the ingathering of our gifts and contributions toward Miss Laura Reddig's support. The Rev. Wm. Sturhahn of Unityville, So. Dak., spoke to a large and enthusiastic meeting. The offering amounted to about \$25. From this sum we have designated a portion toward the Dakota mission project.

During the day of the Harvest and Mission Festival the church enjoyed the real blessings of songs and messages. In the forenoon the local pastor, the Rev. Arthur Fischer, had charge of the services, and for the afternoon and evening the Rev. Wm. Sturhahn of Unityville was our guest speaker. Our church was too small for the several meetings. The offerings for the entire day were \$75.

Our people here show a fine interest in and enthusiasm for our general mission enterprises. They remember the cause in their prayers and with their contributions. Although it is not a great deal that they can do because of general economic conditions and poor crop prospects, they enjoy bringing their gifts.

The work progresses slowly. The last year we held two baptismal services, baptizing ten of our younger people. We had a very fine Vacation Bible School held in our church from May 29 to June 2. It proved to be a real help for Christian nurture and for fellowship, also in strengthening the faith of the pupils.

From November 6 to 17 special meetings were held in our church. We covet your prayers, since we have many of our youth who have not taken a definite stand for Christ; while others, who profess to be Christians, have not yet been baptized.

ARTHUR FISCHER, Pastor.

Sunday School Convention of the Dakota Central Association at Jamestown

The Sunday School convention of the Dakota Central Association was held in the First Baptist Church at Jamestown, No. Dak., from October 10 to 12 with the Rev. Albert Ittermann of Wishek presiding. On Tuesday evening the Rev. Chas. Wagner of Linton

gave a most helpful sermon, "The Hope of the World."

On Wednesday morning the opening devotions were in charge of Mr. A. F. Lehr of Gackle, and his topic was "Living for Today," based on Phil. 3: 13, 14. During the morning session topics of interest to Sunday School workers and teachers were given, the first one being by Rev. Albert Ittermann of Wishek on "The Teacher and His Work." "The Methods of Teaching" were then presented by Rev. Fred Trautner of Eureka, South Dakota.

The afternoon devotions were in charge of the Rev. E. D. Becker of Herreid, So. Dak. "Planning the Sunday School Lesson" was discussed by the Rev. W. A. Weyhrauch of Jamestown. "The Best Means to Maintain Attendance and Interest in Sunday School" was a theme treated by Mr. A. D. Schantz, colporter from Oklahoma. Mrs. G. W. Rutsch of Gackle gave a most interesting talk on the "Pastor of the Sunday School." She stated that the Sunday School is the greatest mission field and has a great work to do, but that it is not all up to the pastor to do this work, but that each one has a task to perform.

On Wednesday evening the Rev. Albert Ittermann was in charge of the song service. A number was given by a trio of Alice Remboldt, Lenora Remboldt and Agnes Kust. Prayer was offered by Mr. A. D. Schantz, denominational colporter. The sermon of the evening on the subject, "What is Expected of a Christian When He is Called," was given by the Rev. E. D. Becker of Herreid.

The Thursday morning devotions were in charge of the Rev. Wm. G. Jaster of Fredonia. In the absence of several speakers, it was decided to have the business meeting and election of officers at the morning session. The following officers were elected for the coming year: chairman, Rev. Charles Wagner of Linton; vice-chairman, Rev. E. D. Becker of Herreid; secretary-treasurer, Rev. G. W. Rutsch of Gackle. The secretary's report of the convention showed that we have 3217 pupils with an average attendance of 2235 in 260 classes and with 285 teachers and officers. \$3851.60 were raised for local and mission purposes. We also had 148 converts and 122 baptisms in our 33 Sunday Schools. A motion was made and carried that the Sunday School committee meet with the B. Y. P. U. officers to work out plans for a united time and place of meeting in 1940.

On Thursday evening a junior choir of about 25 voices from the Jamestown church sang a number of choruses under the leadership of Mrs. A. F. Janneck. The Jamestown church choir under the leadership of Dr. C. A. Landgren sang "Send Out the Light," accompanied by Miss Leuvina Remboldt. The Sunday School convention unanimously adopted a resolution that the

United States do everything in its power to stay out of war and this resolution was sent to the congressmen of North Dakota. The congregation then stood and sang "My Country 'tis of Thee." The Rev. Fred Trautner of Eureka spoke in English on "Practical Christianity." The Rev. G. W. Rutsch of Gackle took for his topic, "The Necessity of Prayer," and spoke in German.

MRS. ALBERT F. BUSHY, Reporter.

Dedication of the Parsonage of the Grace Baptist Church at Grand Forks, North Dakota

On Sunday, October 8, the new parsonage built by the members of the Grace Baptist Church in Grand Forks, No. Dak., was dedicated. Many visitors from near and far came to witness and participate in the happy event. The Rev. Alfred Bibelheimer, pastor of our church at Anamoose, No. Dak., accepted our invitation and ably served as guest speaker for the dedication.

On Sunday afternoon all members and visitors gathered at the church for the regular dedicatory services. The voices of the congregation rang out emphatically and clearly in singing, "Come, Thou Almighty King." The Rev. Rowe B. Million, pastor of the English Baptist Church, extended congratulations on the part of that church. A detailed building report, as to the plans, the beginning of the building, how the money was raised and the amount of work done by the members, was read by the pastor, the Rev. J. C. Gunst. The Rev. A. Bibelheimer brought a very fitting dedicatory message based on Ps. 127:1-2. The dedicatory prayer was offered by the Rev. Rowe B. Million. A solo, "God Bless This House," was sung by Miss Ruby Svare.

After the service at the church, there was "open house" at the parsonage. In orderly procession the congregation walked to the new parsonage, three blocks from the church. Mr. Jacob Werre, chairman of the building committee and also deacon of the church held the key to the home. Upon arrival of all visitors and members, a song was sung and prayer offered before the door was unlocked and the key turned over to the pastor. Upon his entry into the home, everyone was invited to take a first and good look at the newly finished and comfortably furnished six room parsonage.

It was a memorable day for the people of the Grace Baptist Church. They have every reason to be proud of the fine, new home for their pastor. The church is over 30 years old, but has never had a parsonage for its pastors. Since the church is small in membership and the work was largely done by the members, it called for considerable sacrifice. Donations in cash and pledges, as well as hours of labor on

the part of the members and friends, varied greatly. Cash contributions and pledges ranged from \$1.00 to \$100 per person. Hours of actual labor ranged from 5½ hours to 222 hours per member. A very gratifying amount of money was received from the civic organization of the city of Grand Forks. Many churches of the Dakota Conference and the Northern Dakota Association came to our assistance financially.

We would take this opportunity once again to extend our sincere thanks to all the churches of the conference who have helped in any way. The pastor and his wife wish to thank the church and the many good friends for making it possible that we can enjoy such a fine and comfortable new home. Since the response on the part of our sister churches has been so gratifying, we feel a greater bond of Christian fellowship and therefore a keener responsibility toward our denomination and God's Kingdom. For the future we as a church are looking forward to greater blessings and better service for our Master.

J. C. GUNST, Pastor.

Thirtieth Birthday of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church at Carrington, North Dakota

Sunday, October 15, will be long remembered by members and friends of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church in North Dakota. It was the thirtieth birthday of the church, celebrated in the town of Carrington throughout the Sunday with three services and meals. Among the many visitors from neighbor towns and churches were the Revs. Daniel Klein of Germantown; Arthur Ittermann of Cathay; N. E. McCoy of Jamestown, Mrs. Pearl Hamel, and R. McNiel.

The day began with a missionary service and a stirring message by the Rev. Daniel Klein on "The Church at Jerusalem." The first anniversary gift that arrived was a donation by the General Missionary Society to the amount of \$300 for the moving and rebuilding of the parsonage. In return, the church collected a birthday gift of \$100 to be sent to the Missionary Society.

Because of the large attendance, the afternoon service was held in the Federated Church in town. The Rev. N. E. McCoy represented the former pastors of the church in an earnest message on "Sowing and Reaping." The anniversary mail was read by the local minister, the Rev. Erich E. Bonikowsky. Miss Ella Albus reported on the past and present of the growing young people's society, whereupon the historic report of the church was read. Words of congratulations followed by the Rev. Daniel Klein, minister of the mother church in Germantown, supplemented by kind remarks of Mr. A. D. Schantz, visiting colporter. Musical numbers

were supplied by the choir and the well known Edinger Brothers Quartet, the latter singing a specially prepared song, "The Little White Church in the Valley."

The more informal evening service with a two and a half hour program in the over-crowded Baptist church was a fitting close to the day's activities. There was a variety of musical selections by the local choir and quartet, solos, and two numbers by the Cathay male chorus. An original poem was read, composed and dedicated to the church by Mrs. Albert Krombein. The two Ladies Aids of the church gave well prepared reports, and the Carrington Society presented a little play, "What Hast Thou Done?"

The Rev. Arthur Ittermann of Cathay brought the message of the evening on the theme, "Follow the Gleam," based on the words of Zechariah: "... at evening time it shall be light." (Zech. 14:17.) The theme was carried out further by a candle light service, immediately following the sermon. After a little girl had carried a candle to the platform while singing, "Follow the Gleam," several of the older members retold stories of the past, how they had followed the light of truth. With the prayer of dedication, with ministers and church workers clasping hands on the platform, we reached the end of a perfect day. We shall remember the day for the food of the spirit, the fellowship of almost 300 people at the tables, and the financial blessing of an offering of \$133.85.

The history of our church proves ably that our members followed the gleam through three decades. Only two of the first 21 members remain to tell the story. The church had its early beginning with the very first group of the German Baptists that settled in the state of North Dakota in 1883 south of Carrington. They, with other settlers farther north, organized the German-town German Baptist church. However, in 1909 those in the vicinity of Carrington asked to be dismissed by the mother church and organized the Pleasant Valley German Baptist Church near Carrington with 21 members. By 1914 the church had grown to a membership of about 50, and to a membership of 131 in 1939. A large number of baptisms were recorded in 1914 with 23 candidates, 22 in 1922, and 21 this last summer.

Another interesting fact is the comparatively large number of 14 young people of this church who prepared for the ministry and other special Christian service. The names of these students that we are able to list are: the Reverends F. Hahn, August Lutz, Thomas Lutz, all in the ministry; Lawrence Bauer, Fred Lutz, Gustav Lutz, Leslie Albus, Harry and Violet Albus, Harold, Clara, and Rosella Lepke, Lillian Edinger, Edith Stigelmeier.

The Baptist Herald Campaign 1940

The subscription campaign is now ready to be launched. Blanks and additional material have been sent to the respective boosters and there now but remains the individual effort to be put forth to win all possible subscribers for the approaching new year.

The CLUB PLAN is again offered to our churches under easier conditions so that more churches can adopt its privileges than in the past two years. As a result of this generous plan we are confidently expecting a record year. Detailed terms have been conveyed to our young people sponsoring the solicitation and to the stated representatives as well as to the pastors, but if there are any questions please confer with the Publication House in Cleveland.

Our young people will please remember that it is their problem to promote the circulation of the HERALD because it is, primarily, in their behalf that its publication was inaugurated. It still is a labor of love. Much power to them for the task.

The Publishers.

Ministers that served this church in regular pastorate and part time service are: Revs. August G. Liebig, 1909 to 1914; Philip Daum, student pastor, 1914; August Kraemer, 1914-1917; Albert Ittermann, 1918-1922; Christian Bischof, 1923; Jacob Rott, student pastor, 1925; Albert Krombein, 1927-1930; N. E. McCoy, 1931-1938; Erich E. Bonikowsky, 1939. The church owes much also to a worthy group of deacons. These brethren are: Thomas Lutz, Sr., 1909-1926; John J. Edinger, 1909-1910; Adolf Anweiler, 1910-1934; Frank Albus since 1929; Arnold Lepke since last summer.

Now after a review of the past, we take a look toward the future and a look of gratitude to God, from whom all blessings flow. The church is confident in its outlook.

ERICH E. BONIKOWSKY, Pastor.

The Missionary Dollar

By Mrs. W. S. Jaeger of Hunter, Kansas

The folks were poor, and money was scarce,
But their hearts were filled with love;
So the dollar that came to the neighborhood,
Seemed a godsend from above.

A daughter had sent it for Mother's Day

For a sacrificing mother;
"To be unselfish," she mused this way,
"I must pass it on to another."

"There is sickness at the parsonage now

And they need it more than I;
I'll take fresh milk from our dairy cow,
And slip in the dollar on the sly."

Now the minister's wife, the dear old soul,

Thought of gospel starved heathen o'er the sea.

"This dollar must go to the foreign field,

For they need it there far more than we."

A Recipe For a Golden Wedding

By Mrs. Edna Giesek of Trenton, Illinois

Take a couple of young people so deeply in love that a minister's words, "I pronounce you man and wife," are a blessing. Cream thoroughly with the sugar of contentment in a home in which both find equal pleasure. Blend with the well-beaten yolks of self-control and patience. To this mixture, add a certain amount of the flour of trust in one another to prevent separation of particles during the first few years.

As time progresses, sift often the balance of the flour of trust to which have been added a pinch of independence, small portion of the spices of temper and humor, and a sparkling of offspring. Add this to the first mixture, alternating with the milk of human kindness throughout the years, creaming well after each addition. Flavor to taste with the essences of sacrifice and service.

Lastly, add the beaten whites of truth, justice, and uprightness, upon which has been sprinkled a generous portion of the baking powder of faith in God and in mankind to insure lightness. Pour into the pan of constancy and bake at a fluctuating temperature in the oven of endurance through a period of fifty years.

The result will be a gloriously rounded out, golden day, appreciated by loved ones and friends. As a crowning covering for the icing, whip the accumulated sorrows and trials of the years into a beautifully fluffy mass, flavor with hope for the future years of happiness and of an eternity beyond, and spread thickly over the above production.

B. Y. P. U. TOPICS

(Continued from Page 433)

the most important test you have to meet.

Now, how have we as Christ's followers used the year? We can best measure ourselves by being confronted with what he asks of us: "Every one, therefore, who shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father who is in heaven." Have you confessed him?

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you." Of course, you have loved those whom to love was easy; but we should love the unlovable people as well. We should love them at a cost to ourselves, "even as I have loved you."

"Here, moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." You are a steward of your money, your talent, even life itself. Have you used all of these faithfully to glorify God for his benefits to you? How have you used the year?

3. Would You Like Another Chance?

This has been, indeed, a stiff examination. If you feel as I do, we cannot pass. We realize that "there is none righteous, no, not one." "There is no distinction; for all have sinned, and fallen short of the glory of God." We

see now that we are still far from being good children of God who think as he thinks and do as he does.

But let us thank God tonight that we do not have to stop here. We are "justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God set forth to be a propitiation, through faith, in his blood, to show his righteousness because of the passing over of the sins done aforetime, in the forbearance of God." "But God, being rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ, that in the ages he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus." We fail to pass Christ's examination, but if we believe in him, he saves us from our failure and passes us, nevertheless.

If we live into the new year, we will have another chance for improvement. Do you recall the story Jesus told of a man who had a fig tree that bore no fruit in three years? He ordered the gardener to cut it down. But the gardener said: "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I dig about it, and fertilize it; and if it bear fruit thenceforth, well; but if not, thou shalt cut it down." We all, if God grants us life, shall have another year to use better than the past and to really bear fruit for him!

WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 422)

nated as special nights, when student and professional groups were given special welcomes on their respective nights. In preparation for this week of services, the Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt of the Oak Street Church presented Sunday evening lectures at union B. Y. P. U. meetings on "Victory Through Youth," and the Rev. A. Van Benschoten of the Walnut Street Church conducted midweek classes on Wednesday nights at the First Baptist church.

● The welcome reception for the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Wagner and family at Linton, No. Dak., was held in the spacious high school auditorium on Sunday evening, September 3. More than 400 people had come from the mission stations at Temvik, Hazleton and Freudenthal, the local Linton church and nearby sister churches. The Rev. Albert Ittermann of Wishek was in charge of the festive program. Greetings from the Linton church and stations were brought by Mr. H. Bibelheimer and Mr. Jacob Kist in the name of the church, by Mrs. Jacob Graf for the Women's Missionary Society, by Mrs. Gottlieb Kraemer in behalf of the B. Y. P. U., and Mr. C. Albrecht for the Sunday School. Greetings were also extended by Mrs. Gottlieb Kraemer for the Dakota Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, by Rev. Albert Ittermann for the Central Dakota Sunday School Association, and by Miss Lorraine Kraemer for the Central Dakota Young People's Assembly. Many musical numbers and a gracious response by the Women's Missionary Society, by success of the colorful and warm reception.

● The First German Baptist Church of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, has recently changed its name to the Ebenezer Baptist Church. On Tuesday evening, October 17, the Rev. E. S. Fenske officiated at the wedding of the Rev. A. Kraemer, pastor of the German Baptist Church of Edmonton, Alberta, and Mrs. Hilda Rumpel of Vancouver, the widow of the late Rev. Henry Rumpel. The Rev. and Mrs. A. Krombein of Kelowna served as best man and bridesmaid for the bridal couple. Following a reception for them the Rev. and Mrs. A. Kraemer went to Victoria for their honeymoon and then returned to Edmonton, where another reception was held on Friday evening, October 20. The Rev. E. S. Fenske had the joy of officiating at the weddings of 4 ministers and ministers children in less than 10 days. On Sunday evening, October 15, the 12th anniversary of the Women's Missionary Society was held with Mrs. E. S. Fenske, vice-president, in charge. The Rev. A. Krombein of Kelowna was the guest speaker.

THE HARVEST

(Continued from Page 432)

"Athletics, diet." He crooked his arm to display his muscle. "I had to get into condition. Missionaries aren't to be soft, you know."

"Royal! You aren't—oh!" Lin's joy nearly choked her. "Are you to be with the Taylors, too? Tell me, it must have happened soon after—and I've been praying for your conversion all these years!"

"I'm to take a new concession three days journey from you folks. Father gave me his testament. He had it marked in red pencil. I wasn't half through reading the marked places before I'd surrendered. And with the surrender came the call. But I couldn't tell you, or accompany father west. I feared I might yield to the temptation to influence you; so I went straight to Bible School. I wanted God to work things out between us in his own way."

And as Royal looked down at the sweet face lifted to his, he knew that God had done exceedingly abundantly above all that he could ask or think.

.....
Outside the little church the hot African sun beats down mercilessly. Inside, the pews are filled with awed, wondering natives, come to witness their first white man's wedding.

The wheezing little folding organ begins the wedding march. Up the aisle she comes, the golden haired, blue eyed, bride. She joins the bridegroom at the altar. . . .

"I, Royal, take thee, Lindal . . ."
"I, Lindal, take thee, Royal . . ."

The End

Thanks for Everything!

By Mrs. William Schindler of Detroit, Michigan

Not alone for daily bread
And clothes and warmth and roof o'er head,
But, O, dear Lord for other things—
For skies so blue above,
For flowers that bloom in spring,
For sunshine and for rain,
For harvest's song I sing!

I thank thee in deep humility
For all these gifts of love,
For eyes to see thy wondrous things,
For ears to hear the birds above,
For feet that I can walk o'er plains
And fields and hills and see thy work,
For hands that I might do my share
To bring the light, where shadows lurk.

I thank thee, too, for tempests
That sometimes fill my soul,
For trials that drive me to my knees,
And then in sweet communion
Thy face, so loving, kind I see,
For bitter hours, too, O Lord,
With ever thankful heart I sing
Dear Father, humble thanks, I bring.

LIFE BEGINS AT 65!

(Continued from Page 429)

some figuring and found that my little pension would allow us to buy a house on wheels, that it would actually go farther in providing the necessities and a few of the lesser luxuries of life if we, too, went "on the road." And no longer would we need to sit alone and wait for that last setting sun.

We bought a trailer home, which is much more than that to us today, for it is the only home we have known during these five years of our new life. It has gone with us, serving us with comfort and convenience over countless thousands of miles, from the balmy breezes off the Gulf of Mexico to the caressing freshness of the Atlantic seaboard and the myriad wonders of the Great Lakes.

Need I mention that at 72 Mama and I are as full of the joy of living as we were when we started out at 30? Need I tell you that, with God's gift of health and strength, we have found the desire to stretch our span to the 100th milestone if it be his will?

Romance lives in our souls again, love is ever sweeter within our hearts, and life is fresh and clean and new wherever we may roam. In these five revealing years we have taken a lesson from the birds. Like those feathered friends, we follow the sun, to the balmy south in winter, north again to our native Michigan in summer. Then we visit alternately with our children. Always our own home is with us, our presence is never disturbing and we can not stay too long.

No longer is there a wistful tear in Mama's eyes as life slips by. No longer does she suffer the back-breaking drudgery of housework which only a few years ago kept her frequently under a doctor's care. We still, of course, own our modest city home, but it is rented and forgotten until our traveling days are over. When that may be we do not know. . . .

We've passed seven more milestones since life began for us at 65, and along the path to each we have acquired new friends, new interests, a new appreciation. The vast blue skies, the sun, moon and stars guide us ever onward, and all the grand outdoors is our playground, always changing, always at our doorway.

But it is a golden rule in our simple, happy routine to pause at eventide. Then, as the lengthening shadows spread o'er the passing day, as the setting sun paints all about us in the varied, gorgeous hues of peace and rest, we turn our eyes to heaven and give thanks to God that there is so much of life left for us and that we have found our full share of contentment amidst his own handiwork.

BLAZE STAR

An Exciting New Story by Paul Hutchens Will Begin in the Next Issue of "The Baptist Herald."

With an indulgent smile Dale Mars threw the letter into the wastebasket. Who was this Maria Louverne who wished him to call on her? It must be one of the foolish women who had fallen in love with his "perfect" radio voice.

The second letter followed the first into the wastebasket, but when the third one came Dale determined to find out just who Maria was. Was she small and violet-eyed, as he dreamed? What was the important thing she had to say to him? That night at eight o'clock Dale presented himself at the address given in the letter. Adele Waring's words were echoing in his ears: "I hope you won't make a fool of yourself!"

The events that followed that strange meeting form a story of tangled love, of the struggle of faith over doubt. You will not want to miss a single installment of this captivating story.

BLAZE STAR

is the TENTH FULL LENGTH NOVEL

from the pen of PAUL HUTCHENS,

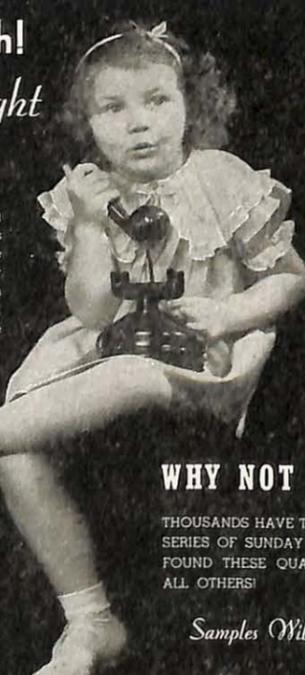
the evangelist turned story-teller through the intervention of God's hand. It follows a string of nine unbroken successes, the popularity of which has brought the number of Hutchens' books in circulation to 100,000 copies. Now he is known as the peer of American Christian fiction writers.

It is an amazing accomplishment that all these books have been written in the space of five years, but more wonderful still is the fact that most of them were written while Hutchens was on his sick-bed, suffering from that dread malady, tuberculosis.

Now he is enjoying his work more than ever before—because he is at heart, first, last and all the time, the evangelist. Says he, "I feel encouraged to know that I can still preach the Gospel, and that souls are saved through the stories the Lord allows me to write." Yes, Paul Hutchens can even say, "I'm glad I had tuberculosis," for through it God led him to discover his talent, that he might use it for God's glory.

BLAZE STAR Will Skyrocket "The Baptist Herald" Into Even Greater Popularity!

"Ohhhhhhhhh!
The Gospel Light Press!



Mother's not home. But I know about the Sunday School books. All the girls and boys are waiting for theirs. They're swell! I read mine all the time all by myself. The Bible stories are so keen and make Jesus so wonderful to me. I wish all the boys and girls in the world could have them."

WHY NOT TRY THEM?
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HENRIETTA C. MEARS, Editor

This Message Is For You!

When any household receives insufficient income to meet the daily needs, then it is time for the housekeeper frankly to face the existing situation in order to make necessary adjustments. That is the only safe policy for the management of our denominational household. We have survived the lean years of this long depression period by following this policy. It is true, we have learned to live economically and stay clear of debts. At this time, we know of no reason that would induce us to adopt another policy.

Our Present Financial Situation

In order to understand our present financial situation, we should acquaint ourselves with our denominational income. Let us take the five months, May, June, July, August and September as an example.

During May we received	\$10,774
" June we received	4,907
" July we received	5,603
" August we received	3,980
" Sept. we received	3,401
" 5 months we rec'd	\$28,665

This total of \$28,665 was then distributed according to the percentage schedules among the thirteen participating departments in the budget. In this distribution not one department received sufficient to meet actual needs. It will help us to understand the situation by examining the case of the Missionary Society. For the support of the following departments—Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Superannuated Ministers, Relief and Ministers' Pension—the Mission Society has a fixed monthly expenditure of \$5504, or, for the five months the total sum of \$27,-

520. During these same five months and for these same five departments, the Mission Society received \$17,637 from the budget, almost \$10,000 less than the expenditures.

Other participating departments have had similar experiences, although their deficiency may not have been so great. It is our purpose to avoid burdening this presentation with many complicated figures. However, it requires no mathematical genius to understand that our denominational finances are in urgent need of a most decided up-turn. Already the account of our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union is in the red. In our foreign missions account there is staring into our faces a much larger deficit.

How to Improve Our Finances

Someone suggests: "Retrench! Reduce your appropriations! Cancel some of your present beneficiaries! Adjust yourself to your present income!" We ask in all sincerity: "Shall we cancel the very modest appropriations made to our veteran pastors or pastors' widows? Shall we withhold our monthly checks from those of our members who are sitting amid the ruins of their former prosperity and eating the bread of sorrow and drinking a cup of wormwood? Shall we strike the names of some of our home mission pastors from our salary list? Some of these home mission pastors at present are receiving such low salaries that we are ashamed to publish them." We have not the heart to follow these suggestions for improving our finances.

Someone suggests: "Borrow money!" From the days of our fathers we have never administered our denominational work with borrowed money. Who would dare to fall prey to that temptation? What guarantee would we have that we would never be able to free ourselves from the burden of debt?

Ready for the Master's Service

We do not believe that we are deceiving ourselves. In fact, we distinctly hear many of our members saying: "Away with the suggestion of retrenching! Away with the suggestion of going into debt!" In this financial crisis we are ready to support our beloved denomination with heart and hand. Like the Christians of that first century, we would consecrate ourselves first of all to the Lord and thereafter to his cause. God may forgive us if, because of our selfishness, we have lived in the Homes of Plenty, while the Lord's cause is struggling with poverty. When the Lord sends a special messenger to us with the request for our "donkey" or for a special service or even for a very special money contribution in order to prepare for him a triumphal entry, we will listen to the Master's only argument, "The Lord hath need of him," and then gladly give what he demands of us.

We hope that this frank and unembellished statement will be read in the same spirit in which it is written. If it falls upon good soil, we can expect a thirty, sixty or even a one-hundred fold fruitage. Then those troublesome deficits will disappear from our books and the work of our denominational enterprise can go forward with rejoicing.

DENOMINATIONAL THANKSGIVING AND SACRIFICE WEEK

Sunday, November 26, to Sunday, December 3