

THE BAPTIST HERALD

December 15,
1940



Let Church Bells and
the Birds Join the
Whole World in
Echoing the
Christmas Song:
"Glory to God in the
Highest, and on
Earth Peace, Good
Will Toward Men."

—Photo by Boychuk
of Portland, Oregon

Printed in U. S. A.



What's Happening

● The Second German Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., has extended a call to the Rev. Herman Palfenier of Steamboat Rock, Iowa, to become its pastor, succeeding the Rev. Assaf Husmann. Mr. Palfenier has responded favorably and hopes to begin his service in the large and influential Philadelphia church on February 1, 1941. At that time Mr. Husmann will begin his ministry as the new promotional secretary of the denomination.

● Since November 1st the Baptist Church of Jeffers, Minn., has become independent of all mission grants and aid, according to an announcement by its pastor, the Rev. Wm. H. Schobert, that was forwarded to Dr. Kuhn, general missionary secretary. The church was receiving \$400 from the general missionary treasury. Such a voluntary action by the Jeffers Church is unusual and deserves special denominational attention.

● The Rev. Berthold Jacksteit, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Bellevue, Pa., for the past 5 months, and a former pastor of several German Baptist churches, and Miss Rebecca Jane Stevenson of Ellwood City, Pa., were married on Thursday afternoon, November 28, in the First Presbyterian Church of Ellwood City. Mr. Jacksteit's many friends will be happy to wish him and his wife God's blessing in their ministry and on life's pilgrimage!

● The Rev. Erich E. Bonikowsky, pastor of the Carrington and Pleasant Valley Churches of North Dakota, has been spending two months in Anaheim, Calif., until December 31, recuperating from a severe illness and recent operation for appendicitis. He is enjoying the warmer and milder climate of Southern California and is hopeful of a complete recovery. His many friends are asked to remember him in their prayers. His wife, Mrs. Ella Bonikowsky, is at home in Carrington, N. Dak., with her parents.

● Recently the B. Y. P. U. of the Strassburg Church near Marion, Kans., held its annual election of officers. The newly elected officers are as follows: president, Walter Weber; vice-president, Irma Vogel; secretary, Neva Heiser; treasurer, Herman Schlotthauer. Miss Dorothea Stenzel, reporter, wrote that "our B. Y. P. U. is now divided into classes, each having its own study course. We have just completed a splendid year with our young people's organization. Our aim is to continue our work for our Master."

● During the week of October 20 the Rock Hill Baptist Church of Boston,

Mass., held a series of evangelistic services in cooperation with a neighboring church. The evangelist was the Rev. William Stroh of the Fellowship Baptist Church of Passaic, N. J. The reporter, Mr. Joseph Atwater, wrote that "not only did we receive a great blessing from the evangelist's messages, but we also enjoyed his fine singing. Several persons accepted Christ as their personal Savior, and every person who attended the services received a spiritual uplift."

● Mr. C. Rempel, pastor of the Baptist Church in Whitemouth, Manitoba, Canada, was ordained into the gospel ministry at a service held on Sunday, November 3. The Rev. Phil. Daum of Winnipeg brought the ordination sermon in the evening service to a large congregation. The Revs. R. Schilke of Minitonas and Otto Patzia of Winnipeg were also present and took part in the proceedings. Miss Gertrude Hoffman of the East Ebenezer Church in Saskatchewan and the Rev. C. Rempel were married in the bride's church on Monday, November 25, with the Rev. Walter Stein officiating.

● Dr. William Kuhn spoke at the Humboldt Park Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., on Sunday morning, December 1, on "The Unseen Christ." Members of the church, on Thanksgiving Sunday, had given \$162 in a silent offering. In addition, the Phila-thea class presented the church with a \$25 gift. On the previous Sunday members gave \$41 in a special offering for foreign missions. The church has officially adopted the Baptist School Advance to be launched at the turn of the year with a 100% increase in enrollment and attendance during 1941 as its goal. The church's director of this program is Mr. Albert Gernenz, formerly of Kankakee, Ill., and at present a student at Northern Baptist Seminary. His wife is the secretary for "the school advance." Mr. Carl F. H. Henry is the pastor of the church.

● Revival meetings were conducted for several weeks late in October and early in November in the Baptist Church of Hutchinson, Minn., by the evangelists, Rev. and Mrs. R. P. Bronleewe. Afternoon meetings were held for the children of the community by Mrs. Bronleewe, which were very well attended. With vigor and persuasion Mr. Bronleewe preached nightly to large gatherings. Several persons made their decisions for Christ, and many others reconsecrated their lives. From the church steeple a daily broadcast of the old hymns of the church was made. A capacity audience at the

high school auditorium received a fine message from Mr. Bronleewe one morning, and he also addressed the local Union Youth Rally at the Evangelical Church. The Rev. Alfred Foll, pastor of the church, wrote that "the Bronleewe campaign is bereft of sentimentality and high pressure tactics, is sane and dependable, and, wherever a field has been duly prepared in advance, success will naturally follow."

● On Sunday, November 24, the Immanuel Church of Milwaukee, Wis., observed its 85th anniversary with festive exercises. More than 275 people were in attendance at the evening service, over which the pastor, Rev. H. W. Wedel, presided. The fine church choir sang several appropriate selections and the Junior Chorus, of which Miss Edna Wengel was in charge, rendered several numbers. Brief congratulatory addresses were brought by Mr. Harry Wichtel, Sunday School superintendent; by Mrs. Anna Scholtz in behalf of the Ladies' Missionary Union; and by Mr. E. C. Quade for the church. The Rev. E. J. Baumgartner of the North Ave. Church brought greetings from "a daughter church" and a congratulatory letter from the Bethany Church was read. The address of the evening was delivered by Rev. M. L. Leuschner, young people's secretary. The Rev. H. W. Wedel, who completed 10 years of service in the church on November 15, brought the German anniversary message at the morning service. On January 1, 1941, Mr. Wedel will begin his pastorate in the Baptist Church of Victor, Iowa. The church has extended an invitation to Prof. F. W. C. Meyer of Rochester, N. Y., to serve as interim pastor for three months after January 1, 1941, to which Prof. Meyer has responded favorably.

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The BAPTIST HERALD

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EDITORIAL

 LIGHTED candle in the window, splashing its golden brightness in a triumphant path across the snow, is one of the most precious symbols of Christmas. How our spirits

A Christmas Candle in the Window. strike a chord of gladness when we see that light! How our hearts respond with eagerness to the candle's message of hope and cheer!

Jesus Christ is the Light of the World! Every Christmas candle is an outward symbol of this unique spiritual truth, which the Christmas season proclaims. "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world!" Through his humble birth in Bethlehem, as he was born of the virgin Mary, Christ made his appearance among men, and "the glory of the Lord shone round about them." Wherever Christ has ministered to the hearts of men and women, the Light of God has shed its dazzling brightness of Truth and its golden splendor of Love.

The world of today is engulfed in darkness. Some have called it "the blackness of the jungle." Others have seen the unmistakable signs of the last days when sin and defilement are to be enthroned. From every point of view, mankind is groping around in a pitch black darkness which only adds despair upon confusion. "To whom shall we turn?" is the cynical query of many people who are like sheep without a shepherd.

At the windows of today let the Christmas candles burn! Let the light of Jesus Christ, the world's Savior and the world's only hope, dispel the darkness! Let the men of the world, including the leaders of the nations, turn to him if they would know the Truth that alone can make them free, and the Way that only leads to righteousness and peace. Let every Christian heart bring a radiant testimony for Christ, like the burning of a candle behind the window pane.

Here is the never failing source of good cheer. This is the true pathway that makes for peace. Through this message, embodied in the hearts of men and women, good will will come upon earth. For the Christ-child is Immanuel, the glorious God, who has made his tabernacle among men. His name is "Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." (Isaiah 9:6).

For a few days during the Christmas season the world comes closer than ever to the spirit of Christ and his Kingdom. The air is filled with the sweetness of the Christmas carols. Men's hearts are moved to compassion and sympathy. It is really hard to pull the triggers of guns and to release the deadly bombs on Christmas day. Even the word, "Christmas," presents Christ to the reader.

How passionately we wish that the warmth of these Christmas candles could melt the hardness of men's hearts and that their light might penetrate the darkness of their souls! Then the Christmas candle at the window would be transformed into the Light of the world in those lives! That is as it should be if Christmas is to be more than a passing celebration. That is the glorious experience of knowing that Christ has been born in us today.

A friend once said of a great preacher: "He put a lighted candle into my heart!" That is the supreme and unique revelation of Jesus Christ. "He put a lighted candle into the world," and "we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." At the window of your heart and home put a lighted Christmas candle with the prayer that it might truly symbolize him, whom Christmas memorializes, even Jesus Christ, the Light of the world!

Christmas, the Day of Wonder

A Christmas Meditation by the REV. JOHN SCHMIDT, Pastor of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois

"For unto you is born this day
in the city of David a Savior,
which is Christ, the Lord"
(Luke 2:11)

Spiritual darkness covered the earth, and mankind did not know where to find the light. Instead of communion with the true God, man bowed before idols of wood, stone and brass, or worshipped the phenomena of nature. Israel, the only nation which had some knowledge of the God who had created the universe, had no desire to share its light with other nations. Their own religion had developed into a dull, legal

ly hosts burst forth in praise: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

How wonderful that the great God, who dwells in eternal light, condescended to us in the person of his only begotten Son! "And the Word was flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

How wonderful that the eternal Son of God, the Prince of Peace, who was one with the Father in glory and majesty, exchanged the ivory palaces

the heart of man. Why be afraid of our Father who loves us? Why be afraid of the friend who cares for us? Here we can see the dreadful works of sin. It has wrought enmity between God and man, between families, nations and races.

The present wars in Asia, Europe and Africa with all the devastation of life and property can only be accounted for as the terrible fruit of sin and fear. To think that a single nation would spend thirty-six million dollars per day to destroy another nation of the same race and to refuse to stop this work of destruction for forty-eight hours in order that the birthday of Christ might be celebrated without the bursting of bombs proves only too well what sin can do in the hearts of men.

In the midst of these woeful calamities comes the message of peace and joy: "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Thank God for this message of hope which banishes the darkness of fear and brings in the light of joy!

Christmas, a Day of Glory

"Glory to God in the highest" was the keynote of the angelic symphony. "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen." Heaven and earth, separated through sin and fear, became united in Christ and joined in giving God the glory. This was a prophetic sign pointing toward the distant day, of which the prophets had spoken, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Let us join the host of heaven and the shepherds of Bethlehem in glorifying God. Let us believe the message proclaimed by the messenger from heaven. Let us accept the greatest gift of God's love and make Christ the King of glory in our life. Then we, ourselves, shall become citizens of his glorious Kingdom, the Kingdom of righteousness, of peace and joy.

Life shall then have a new meaning for us. There will be the thrill of a holy crusade in it. We shall share in the adventures of bringing the message of light and life to the people in darkness, to a world dying in sin and fear and hate. We shall share in the final victory of the glorious Son of God, when the other wonderful day shall dawn, of which we read at the end of the New Testament:

"The Kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever."

of heaven for the manger of Bethlehem! "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

Christmas, a Day of Joy

Again and again we read in the Scriptures how men were afraid to step into God's presence. Even when a heavenly visitor in the form of an angel would call, the result was fear in



"Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child!
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee."

formality and was a burden upon the common people.

There, in the midst of this darkness and hopelessness, dawns the day of Christ's birth, the day of light and wonder, the day of joy and peace and glory.

Christmas, a Day of Wonder

A wonderful message was proclaimed by a messenger from heaven: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ, the Lord." A wonderful chorus of heaven-

★ Sing These Carols of Christmas Cheer! ★

Translations of Familiar German Christmas Carols by Rev. Paul Wengel of Detroit, Michigan, to be Used as a Source of Christmas Blessing and Cheer

Hail, Christmas Tree!

(Translation of "Der schoenste Baum"—Singvoegelein No. 240)

Hail, Christmas tree, most beautiful,
We are to thee returning:
In gardens small or hidden nooks,
O see how wonderful it looks,
When all thy lights are burning,
When all thy lights are burning,
Now burning.

Behold, for in this wondrous night
The Lord of all we cherish
Was born to bring salvation free;
Had He not come the Lord to be
The world would surely perish,
The world would surely perish,
Yes, perish.

For there is joy and blessedness,
All night of fear dispelling;
O hear your Jesus sweetly say
That He forever and for aye
Would in your heart be dwelling,
Would in your heart be dwelling,
Indwelling.

So let Him in—'tis not a dream,
Your heart shall be His garden;
For there within a garden small
A fruitful tree shall grow withal
And yield eternal pardon,
And yield eternal pardon,
Sweet pardon.

O Come Little Children

(Translation of "Ihr Kinderlein, kommet"—Singvoegelein No. 247)

O come little children, O come, one and all,
See here in the manger in Bethlehem's stall
The Father in heaven hath given tonight
The Christ who can make us so happy and bright.

Come, see in a manger, the strange little bed,
The Son, sweet and gentle, is resting His head;
In swaddling clothes lying so meek and so mild,
Yet purer than angels, the heavenly Child.

Thou beautiful, blessed, Thou God-given Child,
From heaven Thou camest to be here reviled;
Lo, now in a manger, in poverty's woe,
Then bearing the cross Thou to Calvary wilt go.

O what shall we bring, shall we offer to Thee,
Thou best of all children, pray what shall it be?
No treasure of earth dost Thou seek to be Thine;
A heart that is humble to Thee I resign.

O Thou Beautiful Christmastide

(Translation of "O du froehliche, o du selige"—Neue Glaubensharfe No. 103)

O thou beautiful, O thou wonderful
Grace unfolding Christmastide.
Hail, little Stranger,
Laid in a manger!
Joyful be, joyful be, O Christendom!

O thou beautiful, O thou wonderful
Grace unfolding Christmastide.
Heaven's Light came beaming,
Mankind redeeming;
Joyful be, joyful be, O Christendom!

O thou beautiful, O thou wonderful
Grace unfolding Christmastide.
Angels descending,
Shepherds attending;
Joyful be, joyful be, O Christendom!

Blessed Christmas, Day for Children

(Translation of "Heilige Weihnacht, Fest der Kinder"—Singvoegelein No. 237)

Blessed Christmas, day for children,
Joy from heaven surely come
For the whole of Christendom:
Thou revealest now the Savior,
God incarnate come to earth,
Holding forth the sinner's worth.
So the Christchild e'er shall be
All the Christmas joy to me.

Peace, good will be to all people
And to God on high always;
Gratefully your voices raise:
Lo, within the city of David
You the Father's Son may see,
Sleeping there so peacefully.
Yes, the Christchild e'er shall be
All the Christmas joy to me.

Lowly now we bow before Thee,
Joining with the heav'nly throng
In this glad triumphant song:
List, O Jesus, to our singing,
Fill our hearts with love alway
Unto the eternal day,
When our hope shall ever be
Christ, our Christmas joy to see.



Laura Reddig, Clare and Paul Gebauer Enjoy Their 1939 Christmas Celebration Together at Mbem Following Paul's Unexpected Return from Bansa
(The Table Top is a Single Slab of Solid Mahogany Wood!)

Two Christmas Celebrations in a Row

The Story of the Missionaries' Christmas in 1939
Reported by CLARA GEBAUER of Mbem, Kakaland

We have now had five Christmas celebrations in Africa and no two have been alike. The first was spent in Soppo with the Schirmachers. The second Paul and I spent alone in our new hut at Mbem. Edith Koppin joined us by the third Christmas. And the fourth found four of us with two Englishmen as guests. But our fifth Christmas in 1939 proved to be the most unusual of them all, for nothing turned out as we had planned.

Long ago the government officer from up north planned to spend the holidays with us. The government doctor from our nearest medical center had invited himself up to Mbem, and we planned on a jolly time. However, the war changed things. Our two guests were forced to decline, as they had received orders to exercise strictest economy and that meant no unnecessary trekking.

Christmas Preparations

A few weeks before Christmas Paul had to make a necessary trip to Bamenda, visiting the German Baptist stations of Ndu and Belo enroute. He had been ill and I hated to see him go, but there seemed no way out of it. So off he went taking both horses along

to make double time getting back for Christmas.

Laura Reddig and I were busy with preparations. Previously we could always get Christmas tree candles from the German stores at the coast. The war changed this. Why not try to make some of bees wax? I had never dipped candles nor seen them done, but necessity is the mother of invention and after the first three I became fairly proficient. Ribbons and colored papers were made into decorations and branches of a cypress tree would serve as Christmas tree.

Paul's Sickness

On the Friday before Christmas I half expected Paul to come in. Instead came a letter from the government doctor saying that Paul was ill in Bamenda and would not be able to leave for some time. He would advise me to proceed to Bamenda at once. If I could make it to Bansa by December 27th, he would have everything arranged for me to go from there to Bamenda by truck, thus saving me five or six days walking. From Paul came just a note saying that he was not well and could not be back for Christmas. Since Paul, no doubt, intended to

keep me from worrying I decided to follow the doctor's advice for, surely, he would not ask me to make that tedious trip if it were not necessary. So after a consultation with Laura I decided to go. I figured I would need four days to walk to Bansa. This left me only Saturday to get ready. I disliked to leave Laura alone for Christmas, but finally we decided to have our celebration on Saturday night instead of Sunday.

What a hectic Saturday! All day packing loads, arranging for carriers, sending off messengers, giving instructions to laborers, closing up the house and attending to the unending series of interruptions as this one and that came with his petty palavers. At last all was finished! I got dressed and went over to Laura's for Christmas dinner.

The First Christmas

When I saw how festive her house looked, I forgot my tiredness and soon entered into the spirit of Christmas. Our long dresses in contrast to our daily attire of sport clothes added to the festive feeling. As we were ready to sit down to table, attractively arranged with green and red dishes on a

red bordered cloth, Laura only stared at the green and red plates and gasped, "The lobster—its gone!" A solitary cracker lay on each plate that previously held lobster arranged in a star pattern. The contented look of the cat told us that she had taken her share of the Christmas dinner, our first course.

We proceeded on to the ham, though, laughing so hard we forgot everything but having a good time—and that we did! It turned out to be a joyous evening in spite of circumstances. Watching the candles, we sang all the songs we could think of, both German and English, and often half and half. Deacon Johnny honored us by firing off his flintlock gun in three salutes. He and his wife came in and stayed for the reading of the Christmas story and prayer.

After they had left, we opened our presents one by one, admiring each artistic wrapping and carefully laying aside Paul's gifts for him to open. What lovely things we received! What joy they brought us, and how deeply grateful we were, we can only leave you to guess.

Second Printing of "Bender in the Cameroons"

A second edition of 1000 copies of the book, "Bender in the Cameroons" by Carl F. H. Henry will be ready about January 1, 1941. It will be a revised edition, bound in a heavy paper binding with an attractive two color front cover design. It will sell at the same reasonable price of 40 cents.

I stayed until the candles burned out. What a contrast coming from Laura's beautifully decorated house to mine, littered with bedbag, chopbox, folding table, chair, heavy boots, bush-lamps and what not, ready for an early start. How I dreaded the trip this time of year, hot and dry, and four days of climbing up and down hills! But that was all lost in the thought of poor Paul.

"Massa Go Home!"

With these thoughts still fresh in my mind, there came a knock at the door and a native messenger appeared with a box and the news that "Massa go come for tomorrow." I was stunned. I said, "No, it can't be! I am going to Bamenda tomorrow!" I dragged the bewildered native into the house and pointed to all my loads and said over and over, incredulously, "No, it can't be; I am going to Bamenda tomorrow!", to which he would answer, "No, Missus, no go for Bamenda. Massa go come for tomorrow."

I dashed over to Laura's with the news. In our dazed condition all we could think of was the fact that we had already had Christmas, had already opened our presents, had already burned the candle, had already eaten the ham—what should we do??? When the humor of the situation struck us, we laughed until I am sure we woke up half the sleeping valley.

Back in the house I found it im-

Christmas in Warwar

By Mrs. Louise A. Dunger

We enjoyed a very pleasant Christmas here in Warwar, Mambila, in 1939. Nurse Koppin and the Dunger family celebrated Christmas on "Heilige Abend," and for our staff we had a "chop palaver" on Christmas Day.

Daphne's papa built a wagon with wooden wheels for her Christmas, and her mother made a blue canopy for it. It is called "The Mambila Express."

On the day before Christmas we had "frankfurters" at Nurse Koppin's hut for breakfast. We had dinner at our house with Nurse Koppin's ham. In the afternoon we had coffee and pie. (One apple pie and one mince meat pie). That's as "Yankee" as it sounds.

In the evening we met around our fireplace, sang Christmas carols, read the story of the Nativity, and followed with prayer, in which we remembered all our loved ones and fellow workers near and far.

Needless to say—although Daphne was slumbering—the joy of knowing that God in the past year entrusted us with her precious life as well as our call to Mambila made our Christmas happiness replete with deep joy.

possible to think of sleep. Soon I heard footsteps. Laura came over. We laughed and sat down to discuss plans for a second Christmas. First thing in the morning, she would help me unpack and straighten up. Then we would put all our presents under the tree again. We'd make new candles and I'd make the dinner with the ham I had received from the King's Daughters of Portland's Trinity Church.

Laura left and I was much too excited to sleep and still not able to believe that I was not starting out on that long trip in the morning. So I lighted the lamp and tried to read. Soon I heard Laura's familiar whistle. I went to the window. "Go to sleep," she shouted. "I cannot." "Neither can I." Again we tried to sleep. It was about midnight now. Soon footsteps again. I opened the door—there stood Paul!!

The Second Christmas

When I finally regained speech, I blurted out the whole story and though Paul did not quite get it all at once, he went over and called Laura and the three of us sat amidst all my trekking outfit and talked it all out. Paul was taken sick at Belo and, after five days in bed, finally had to be carried to the government doctor in Bamenda. There was no thought of his getting back to Mbem for Christmas, but in that the doctor had failed to reckon with the Gebauer impulsiveness.

On Friday morning the patient hired a truck and that evening startled the doctor in Bansa. On Saturday the sick

THE 1941 UNIVERSAL WEEK OF PRAYER FOR THE CHURCHES

Each year during the first full week of January, there is a world-wide observance of the Week of Prayer. Next year the dates are January 5-12. All churches, except those of the Roman Catholic faith, join in this observance. It is a global fellowship.

The series of topics for next year has been written by Dr. Robert E. Speer. The theme about which the daily topics are written is, "Christ the Answer to the World's Need." The daily topics under this general theme are:—

- Sunday, Jan. 5—The World and Its Need of Christ
- Monday, Jan. 6—The Sufferings of the Nations.
- Tuesday, Jan. 7—The Sufficiency of God
- Wednesday, Jan. 8—Jesus Christ is the Answer
- Thursday, Jan. 9—The Responsibility of America
- Friday, Jan. 10—The Church and Its Business
- Saturday, Jan. 11—The Gospel for Today
- Sunday, Jan. 12—The Coming Kingdom.

Prayer is needed now if ever when the lights are going out all over the world. The darkness seems more impenetrable than ever before, because it is a projection not only of a slaughter of war, but also of a world upheaval. Strange yeasting forces are distributing the world order and bringing fear and insecurity to men's minds. Christianity has the answer.

How can the Church gird herself for this testing day? Primarily through prayer, for prayer at its best, is the effective identification of the individual or the group with a God of Power. Only the power of God can steady us in this crisis, make love the victor over hate, and enable us to believe in and work for a new order, grounded on love and justice.

The Week of Prayer booklets may be ordered from the editor of "The Baptist Herald" at the rate of five cents in stamps for a single copy.

man did the trip from Bansa to Mbem in one day, an unheard of feat. His carriers and the cook had given out hours ago and settled for the night in a small village. Paul, having heard that I was leaving in the morning, determined to get through that night. And he did!

On Sunday he was not able to leave bed, but on Monday he got up long enough to celebrate our second Christmas with us. In the excitement of Paul's return, no candles had been made. Paul asked if I had not opened the box he sent. I had completely forgotten the box which the messenger had brought the night of Paul's arrival. Its contents—25 dozen candles!!

Children's Page

By Mrs. Alice Pohl of the Laurelhurst Baptist Church, Portland, Oregon

Sing a Song of Christmas

By Helen Barret Montgomery

Sing a song of Christmas! sparkles in the air,
Crisp sounds and odors, floating everywhere;
Shouts of little children, peal of Christmas bells,
O'er the sad earth spreading merry music swells.

Sing a song of Christmas! secrets everywhere;
Councils in the parlor, whispers on the stair;
Gifts for little sister, gifts for brother tall,
Father-love and mother-love shining over all.

God's Promise to Mary

A long time ago in a country that we now call Palestine or the Holy Land, there lived a lovely, sweet girl. We do not know her father's name or even her mother's name, but we do know her name. It was, I think, the most beautiful girl's name in all the world—Mary!

Mary lived in Nazareth, a village on the side of a hill. It was a pretty place to live, for one could see, for miles around, the green pastures and the clear, cool brooks with shade trees on either side. Mary's home was a little flat roofed house. The walls were

At first she was afraid but then the angel spoke: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. And behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Most High: And the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke 1:30-33)

Mary was almost too surprised and too happy to speak. "Be it unto me according to thy word," Mary said quietly.

The angel went away, but Mary kept thinking of the wonderful secret. Some time after the visit of the angel, Mary became the wife of Joseph. Joseph was one of the finest and sincerest carpenters in all Nazareth.

I think he must have built many fine houses in the village. Perhaps he made the tables and benches for the people who lived in these houses. For those who lived on a farm, no doubt, he made the plows and yokes. A saw, a hammer and a plane were all the tools that Joseph had.

According to the Roman Law, all country people were to be registered in their "own city." Mary and Joseph were poor and lowly, but they came from a family who once lived in Bethlehem. That family and King David, the greatest king that ever sat on the Jewish throne, were their ancestors. So they had to go to Bethlehem to have their names written down.

It was winter, and, as they traveled, the way seemed long and weary. Mary was cold and so tired. It was late in the evening when they reached the little town of Bethlehem. They wanted to go to the home of friends, but each house was fully occupied with those who had come from all the outlying districts to register their names. They went to the inn, but every room was taken. They had come a long way, and now they had no place to stay. By this time Mary was very tired and the long journey made her sick. Joseph asked the innkeeper if he could please find some sheltered place where she could lie down. The innkeeper thought for a moment, and then he told them that they could stay in a cave in back of the inn, where the cattle were kept. There was plenty of hay for a bed and it would be warmer than out on the cold hillside. Joseph took Mary to the cave, and here they found rest.

That night God gave Mary the child he had promised. She wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, and called his name Jesus.



It's Milking Time for Nancy, the Goat, According to Barbara and Laura Weissner of Stafford, Kansas

Sing a song of Christmas! morning star o'erhead,
Wisemen meekly kneeling by a baby's bed;
Gifts of price they bring him, gifts of myrrh and gold,
More than heart can measure, more than hands can hold.

Sing a song of Christmas! hark! the angels sing!
With their anthem glorious, how the heavens ring!
Peace they sing and pardon, heaven and earth made one;
Joy in heaven unending; joy on earth begun.

Sing a song of Christmas! send it to the height,
Till the choring cherubs echo our delight;
Let the merry-hearted join with them that weep,
From the wide creation let the chorus sweep.

made of small stones held together with mortar. The floor was simply a layer of clay.

Mary helped her mother about her home tasks. She would clean the rugs and mats that covered the floor. Each day she carried water from the fountain in the village, for there was no other well in Nazareth. On the Sabbath day she would worship in the synagogue.

I think Mary must have been the sweetest and most lovable girl in all Nazareth.

One Spring day Mary was alone. She was thinking of the heavenly Father. She felt so thankful for his love and care. She bowed her head and closed her eyes in prayer, and when she opened her eyes, there was a strange light about her. She looked about and saw an angel.

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(Continued on Page 479)

Statistics of Our Denomination, 1940

Conferences	Churches	Baptisms	Membership	Local Expenses	Missions	Total Contributions	Value of Property	Sunday Schools	Teachers and Officers	Scholars	B.Y.P. U.'s		Ladies' Aids	
											Societies	Members	Societies	Members
Atlantic ..	27	186	4484	\$110 703 05	\$ 36 849 82	\$147 552 87	\$1 061 000	27	463	3211	23	699	27	892
Central ..	28	267	6206	128 657 50	35 198 51	163 856 67	966 347	32	663	6893	24	964	28	980
Dakota ...	52	210	6564	67 797 53	13 296 72	82 229 42	498 850	58	531	8283	38	1535	46	1266
Northern ..	45	245	4959	38 631 44	8 827 26	47 458 70	253 300	51	354	4228	29	1248	29	758
Northwest'n	38	198	5473	76 852 84	17 103 26	93 956 10	707 575	33	452	4502	31	831	31	923
Eastern ..	15	60	2146	30 829 66	6 282 59	37 112 25	298 100	12	172	1683	10	324	11	419
Pacific ...	24	177	4076	60 260 49	17 948 13	78 208 62	334 900	27	339	3645	32	1265	23	849
Southern ..	14	33	1217	14 976 42	3 375 80	18 352 22	92 140	14	117	1111	11	561	8	185
Southwest'n	23	64	2609	35 253 53	11 846 07	44 701 86	222 900	25	325	2706	23	699	21	555
Total	266	1440	37734	\$563 962 46	\$150 723 16	\$713 428 71	\$4 435 113	309	3416	36262	221	8126	224	6827
Last Year ..	270	1587	36830	\$555 408 79	\$139 936 23	\$695 345 02	\$5 395 487	317	3620	37501	228	8573	224	6478
Increase ...			904	\$ 8 561 67	\$ 10 791 93	\$ 18 083 59								447
Decrease ...	4	147					960 373	8	204	1239	7	447		

The Boy from Hogan's Alley

By Eleanor Kees

SYNOPSIS

A cold and stormy night was the beginning of a long string of adventures for Jimmy, an orphan boy from "Hogan's Alley," and his dog, Toby. While stealing a dinner in a fashionable house, they were caught by the master of the place, Mr. Howard Ormsby, who took a peculiar fancy to the boy and gave him and his dog a place to sleep and decided to take care of them. Jimmy received an outfit of new clothes and was even given a new name by Mr. Ormsby, which was to be James Crandall. A new cook, named Mrs. Bartholomew, came into the house who showered her love upon the orphan boy and who was called affectionately "Mom" in return. Several years later the invalid Mrs. Ormsby, while on the front lawn, was greeted enthusiastically by James and Toby. The dog so frightened her that she wanted it sent away and killed at once. James was heartbroken and wanted to run away, but "Mom" dissuaded him and showed him that God's love is always shining back of the shadows. "Why, I never thought of that," exclaimed James.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Most of us don't think of it. We are so busy looking at the shadows that we fail to think of looking for the light. But it is there just the same. There couldn't be a shadow if there wasn't that light."

"Now a lot of the time we are responsible ourselves for the shadows. We allow things to come into our lives and linger there that get between us and God and shut off the light. Then we settle ourselves into a narrow little rut, with the shadows completely covering us, and bemoan our fate, when all we need to do is to move a little and we would be free from the shadow. We are like Peter when he started to walk on the water to meet his Lord. He looked at the waves instead of at Christ. We look at the shadows instead of at the Light."

"What are some of the things that will help us to keep out of the shadows?" asked James.

"Faith, trust, obedience, love, and prayer are a few of the things. Reading God's word is absolutely necessary. If we study the life of Christ, and take him as our great pattern as he intended us to do, we will find one of the greatest solutions for life's problems. Enough cannot be said of his example. We urge people to seek salvation, then many times we leave the task unfinished. We forget to urge them to pattern their lives after Christ."

We lead them to a point of decision for Christ, then leave them as though the work were complete, when that is only the first step. We must teach them to 'walk in the light, as he is in the light,' as we read in 1. John 1 to 7. If we are walking in the light there is little chance for shadows. It is when we fail to 'walk in the light' that shadows are more apt to come."

"Does God ever shut himself away from us so that we cannot see the light?" asked James.

"Sometimes. If the sun always shone on this earth it would soon be parched so dry that it would become unproductive, and all flesh would perish. But the clouds come, shutting out the light of the sun, and showers fall and refresh every growing thing. Just so with God. There are times when the shadows are a blessing to us. Sometimes they have to come so we will more fully appreciate the wonderful sunshine of God's love when they are past. We might be inclined to treat it as commonplace—even forgetting it was there—and fail to value it. But when God permits shadows to come it is always for a purpose just like the clouds are for a purpose—that he might rain showers upon us to refresh us."

"Then there are two kinds of shadows—the kind we are responsible for through our own neglect to keep in the light, and the kind God sends like he sends the rain clouds to refresh the earth with showers," mused James.

"Exactly so," replied Mom.

"How are we to know which kind are over us?" asked James.

"Solely through self-examination in the light of God's word. That takes us right back to the Great Example—the Great Teacher again. The fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew are wonderful chapters for Christian conduct."

"I think I'll read them before I go to bed tonight," said James. "I've read them a number of times, but I think I'll read them again. And, please, Mom, won't you pray that Toby won't have to die?" he ended wistfully.

Mom bent over and tenderly kissed the lad's forehead. "Yes, son, I'll talk to God about it, and while we're praying let's remember to pray for Julia Ormsby, too. She needs a Great Light to remove the shadows from her life, and she doesn't realize it. Some time she's liable to slip away without having seen the Light if somebody doesn't pray for her."

.....

Julia Ormsby was sitting in the sunlight again. It seemed to her that it had never been so bright before. She had been confined to her room so many years that she had almost forgotten that there really could be such warm sunshine. It had not been necessary for her to be such a shut-in, but when the realization that she must always be an invalid had come to her, she had voluntarily shut herself away from everybody and everything. She did not want anyone—not even her dearest friends—to see her and look upon her with pity. For a time she had even shut herself away from her husband, seeing only her nurse and the baby, but after a time the loneliness of such a life became too acute and she called for her husband, who almost became her slave every minute he could be with her.

And now she was enjoying the sunshine once more. She sat in her wheel chair and mused how surprised and delighted her husband would be when he came home and learned she had been out upon the lawn. They would spend their evenings together, she reflected, whenever the weather would permit.

She watched Jean as she set her tea table for her dolls, then hastily put them away before ever the "tea" was served, and turned to a book which was more interesting. Jean, she reflected, was growing up. Dolls were losing their fascination for her. She was eleven years old now. Oh, she would soon be a young woman!

Julia swallowed a lump that suddenly arose in her throat. The time was coming when Jean should be presented to society, and she (Julia) would be unable to fill her place as other mothers had when their daughters grew up. She would never be able to be in the social whirl again, and help her daughter into prominence as her mother had helped her. Jean would have to be held back because of an invalid mother, because even for the sake of her child Julia felt that she could never again open her home to her friends. No, they would give Jean the best education that money could procure, and she should have a career. Then if she wanted to break into society of her own accord they would encourage her to do so, but she must do it without the aid of her mother. She could not sacrifice her own pride for the sake of her daughter.

She turned her eyes to James, who was carefully digging around some

flowers in a bed, his lips set in a firm line. She had noticed how crestfallen he had seemed when he had helped Miss Childs take her down the steps, and had drawn the conclusion that he was feeling sad because his dog was to be killed. Well, he did not need a dog. He was getting too big to care for a dog any more, just as Jean was getting too big to care for dolls. Besides, a dog was a nuisance about the place. No doubt he dug up the flowers, or tramped down Howard's garden. She wished Howard had come home last night so the dog could have been out of the way by this time. When Julia made up her mind she wanted a thing done she was impatient until it was accomplished.

She laid her head back against the pillows, and closing her eyes listened to the clock of Miss Childs' knitting needles as she worked on a tiny jacket for a friend's baby. Suddenly they both were aroused by swift steps, and looked up to see a neighbor who lived at the end of the block hurrying toward them, wringing her hands.

"Oh, Miss Childs!" cried the woman, "won't you come quick? I think Bobby has swallowed a safety pin! Can—can you spare her, Mrs.—Mrs. Ormsby?" she implored, turning to the invalid, whom she had never seen, but had heard about from Miss Childs.

"Yes, certainly. Run, Miss Childs!" she answered excitedly. "James is here. I can call him if I need anything."

Miss Childs dropped her knitting and ran with all possible speed up the sidewalk with the neighbor, while Julia sat nervously twisting her fingers, and visioned the woman's baby choking to death. Jean laid down her book and crossed the lawn to where Julia was sitting to ask what the trouble was. But almost before Julia was through telling her Jean's chum, Adeline Sharpe, came running across the back lots with a large basket ball and called, "Let's play, Jean," and tossed the ball at Jean, striking her on the shoulder with it.

Jean bounced after it, catching it just before it dropped into a lily pool nearby, then tossed it carefully into Julia's lap. Julia screamed and laughed, forgetting for the time about the baby and the safety pin.

Back and forth went the ball, over bushes and flower beds, through a rose trellis and onto the front porch, where it bounced off and came bounding back to land with a thud against the wheel chair. Julia laughed and struck feebly at it. She had not enjoyed herself so much in years.

The spacious lawn slanted toward the street, and a kick from the toe of Adeline's white slipper sent the ball down toward the street with Jean pursuing it. She caught it and threw it back to Adeline, who tossed it back, but it went too high for Jean to reach, and bounced off across the sidewalk.

Jean bounded after it, seeing only the ball. Julia's eyes were following it also, and did not see an approaching

automobile in time to warn the child to look out.

It all happened in a brief moment of time. Jean bounded forward to grasp the ball; there was a squeak of brakes; a figure clad in overalls and white shirt made a blur on the lawn as James dashed out onto the street in front of the passing automobile, and the whole world turned black to Julia.

When she opened her eyes again she was lying flat on her back in her adjustable chair, her head was lower than her feet, and James was rubbing her hands and arms, making strokes toward her body.

"Jean," she answered, and almost fainted again.

"Jean is safe, Mrs. Ormsby," he answered tenderly. "Come, Jean, so your mother can see you."

Jean arose weakly from the lawn, where she sat softly crying in her chum's arms, and leaned over Julia.

"I'm—I'm—all right, mamma. James saved me. He grabbed me just in time."

Julia put her arms about the child, and drawing her to her broke into sobs. "Oh, my precious, my pet! Oh, I shall never see an easy moment again if you step onto the street! I fainted, I guess. I thought I saw the car strike you!"

"Oh, what has happened?" called a voice anxiously, and Miss Childs came hurrying up.

Julia and Jean hastened to explain in broken sentences, while Miss Childs put the invalid in a sitting position once more, telling her the neighbor's baby was safe, and that they managed to get the safety pin out of its throat.

"How did you know what to do for Mrs. Ormsby?" she asked James. "You did just the right thing to bring her out of her fainting spell."

"Oh, I learned that in Boy Scout Camp," he answered meekly.

"I think we'd better take Mrs. Ormsby to her room and put her to bed," said Miss Childs. "I think she should rest. Why!" she exclaimed, as James turned to assist her. "What have you done to your arm? Why, you've been struck by the car yourself!"

James turned away from her. "Oh, it isn't anything—really. I'll help you up with her, then I'll go to the bathroom and wash up."

But Miss Child's capable hands took hold of him and turned him around.

"Oh, Mrs. Ormsby, look!" she cried, and turned him toward Julia.

James' right sleeve was almost torn from his shirt, revealing an ugly cut and bad scratches on his shoulder and arm, made by the fender of the car.

"James!" cried Julia. "You're badly hurt; Jean, go call Mrs. Bartholomew to help take me to my room. James, go to the bathroom and wait there for Miss Childs. She will come just as soon as she takes me upstairs. I don't want to go to bed now, anyway. If it is necessary, Miss Childs, call the doctor to attend to his injuries. And—Miss Childs—I—I think we won't say

anything to Mr. Ormsby about the dog. James, as soon as Miss Childs has attended to your injuries you'd better turn him out. I think I'll get accustomed to him playing on the lawn. I used to be very fond of dogs."

.....

Howard Ormsby sat on the edge of his wife's bed and held her hand while he listened to her story. Jean stood in the circle of his arm and added something occasionally.

"Howard," said Julia, "that boy is no ordinary lad. Even if he was an alley-dweller, he comes from something better than that class of people. He isn't their kind. The fact that he doesn't know anything about his own people proves to me that he was not born of that class of people—that and his splendid face. He may have been the son of poor people, but they were not low. I think it is time we were receiving him into our household. Miss Childs says he has splendid table manners. She has eaten a number of times with him and Mrs. Bartholomew, she says. Did you instruct him along that line?"

"I'm afraid the credit for his instruction in any line are due Mrs. Bartholomew and his teachers at school. I gave him shelter and clothing, and helped him a few times with his lessons, but otherwise I have had no time to bother with him. I have been thinking lately of taking him into the office and giving him some training there. Max is getting to lazy, and recently his grandmother has very obligingly died twice so he could get leave to go to a ball game, so I feel he is not to be trusted much longer."

"I believe you could trust James. Mrs. Bartholomew and Miss Childs both say his conduct is exemplary. I'd like to have him become one of us. From now on I expect, whenever I am able, to be taken to the dining room every evening to dinner. I think I would enjoy myself better. It is so lonely eating alone. I'd like for James to eat with us. If he doesn't do things just right we can help him."

"Then I think he should have a room here in the house. I want him to have the north-west room over the kitchen. It is so bright and cheerful, and has a big closet where the dog can sleep if he wants to."

Howard Ormsby smiled. "Toby always sleeps in the garage basement," he said. "We taught him to sleep there right at first."

"Oh, I thought perhaps he slept right in the room with his master. So many boys keep their dogs with them at night, and James seems so attached to his dog. Toby—did you call him? What an odd name."

Howard kissed his wife good-night an hour later and went to his room. For a long while he stood looking out of the window. It was a habit of his. He had known more joy today than he had known since his wife had become an invalid. He had been overjoyed when he had heard she had been out.

side. And now to have her at the table with him! Oh, just to have her near him, and have her find some pleasure in living! Shadows! Shadows! His life had been so full of them, but were they beginning to flee away? Was a ray of sunshine trying to filter through them into his clouded life?

"Mrs. Ormsby, I think we have a case of measles on our hands," said Miss Childs, coming into Julia's room one morning. The invalid's eyes grew big with fear.

"Don't be frightened, though," went on the nurse. "There is no danger if there are no complications. I have called Dr. Huntley."

"Oh, my poor darling!" groaned Julia. "Wheel me in where I can see her."

"Have you had the measles?" asked the nurse.

"Oh, yes, when I was about her age—fourteen. I was so sick, too. Take me in so I can see her."

Miss Childs wheeled the invalid across the hall into Jean's room. From the bed a flushed girl called thickly, "Good morning, mamma."

"Oh, my pet!" cried Julia, choking back the tears. "Are you terribly sick?"

"No, I'm not very sick, I guess. I feel hot, and my throat is sore. Look," she added, thrusting her arm from beneath the covers, "I'm breaking out well, Miss Childs says. Don't I look pretty?"

Julia took the hot hand in hers and looked at the white skin, now mottled and spotted. Yes, the child was breaking out well, but if she could be sure there would be no complications she would feel easier. Oh, to be able to get up and minister to her! If ever she had longed to be well, it was now!

"Wheel me into my room again and call James," she said to Miss Childs, then turned once more to Jean. "I want to learn, if possible, if he has had the measles. I'll be right back as soon as I find out, darling." And bending over she kissed the flushed face.

James hurried upstairs at Julia's call. He had learned to love Julia very much, and as he grew older a great pity for her had sprung up in his heart. Since the time he had saved Jean from being run over by the automobile, and had been taken into the household as one of the family, he had spent many hours with the invalid.

He had read to her on the lawn or in her room. He had wheeled her about on the lawn, and persuaded her to allow him to wheel her around in the low him to wheel her around in the neighborhood. He had made special flower beds for her, and planted her favorite flowers in them. In the winter months, when it was impossible for her to get out, he had spent many hours her to get out, he had spent many hours in her room reading to her, visiting with her, or singing to her, accompanying himself on the guitar. Many times he had been obliged to sit up and study until the small hours of the morning because she had required him to spend an entire evening entertaining her.

He was always patient with her, although there were many times that she was cross with him. She would become angry over the most trifling matters, and threaten to send him out into the world alone, or banish him from the household back to the garage again.

He never crossed her when she became angry, and never left her until she was smiling again. Only a few weeks previous to Jean's contracting the measles she had become angry with him because he could not think of the name of the book she had recently told him about, and which name she had also forgotten.

"James," she asked, "what makes you so patient with me? I should think you would hate me. How can you do it?"

"I learned from the Great Teacher," he replied meekly.

"From your great teacher? Which one do you call great?" she asked curiously.

"I mean from the Great Teacher. Christ set the example, and expects me to follow. I confess it is hard sometimes, and I am tempted to say something cross to you, then I remember he wouldn't have done it if he had been here, so I just don't."

"Oh, bosh!" exclaimed Julia. "Are you a religious fanatic, too? Where did you learn that?"

"Is it fanatic to live as the Master taught us?"

"I hadn't any idea you were religious. Somehow it doesn't fit the young. Why, religion is for old people who have all of life behind them, and are soon to die. You have so much of life ahead of you. Why spend time delving into fanciful tales of people who perhaps never existed? It's all right to be good. Who wants to waste a life in riotous living and wreck both body and intellect? On the other hand, who wants to spoil a whole life by being tied down by a religious fear? Have a good time, then when you are old and ready to die take up with religion."

"If it's a good thing to die by, isn't it a good thing to live by?"

"Oh, it might be if one doesn't carry it too far."

"Have I carried it too far in your presence? It has helped me to be patient with you."

"Say, the name of that book is 'Patient Patricia.' I just thought of it when you spoke of being patient with me. That book is a scream! It's about a colored mammy and her thirteen children. I want you to see if it is in the city library, and get it for me if it is."

This had ended the conversation regarding religion. Julia had felt that James was getting her into deep waters and was glad to get away from the subject. Anxiously she awaited him on this morning. She must learn, if possible, if he had had the measles.

"James," she said as he entered the room and greeted her, "Jean is sick!"

"Oh, said James, "what is the matter?"

"Miss Childs says she has the measles."

les. She has telephoned for the doctor to come right up. James, do you know whether you have had the measles or not?"

"Yes, I've had the measles, I know. I was real small, two or three years old, I guess. I remember distinctly hearing Barb tell a number of people that I had had them. They broke out among the children in the alley two times that I remember of. Hogan's boy had them and I carried water to him every day he was sick. I had scarlet fever, too, when I was five. I can remember that. I was very sick. Barb was good to me then. I think she fancied I was going to die, and she really treated me kindly."

Julia waved her hand to stop him. "Let's don't speak of it. I can't bear to think of you being there so long. You're not their kind. Wheel me into Jean's room."

James wheeled her in and spoke to Jean. "Pretty sick?" he asked.

"I—I—don't know. I feel kinda funny."

Julia began wringing her hands. "Miss Childs, do something for her! Oh, I just know she is going to die!" And she began weeping.

"Why, mamma, don't cry," said Jean, rousing from her own feelings to try to comfort the hysterical woman. All her life she had been taught to comfort the invalid, and as she grew older she, too, had been conscious of a tender pity growing within her for the frail flower-like mother. "Why, I'm not going to die. Even if I do, I'll go to heaven and live with the angels. Won't that be nice?"

"Child, who taught you such things?" exclaimed Julia.

"Oh, we learned all about that at Sunday School. Then on decision day I knew I would go to Heaven if I died. Something inside told me I would, and I haven't been afraid since then."

A great tenderness for the child arose in James' heart. Oh, she, too, young as she was had learned this great trust—this great peace.

"Miss Childs, I am sure she is delirious!" cried Julia. "Oh, call the doctor again!"

"I'm here," said a voice, and Dr. Huntley stepped into the room. "Oh," he added, stepping to the bedside, "another case of measles. They're all over the city. How are you feeling, young lady?"

"Not so bad," replied Jean. She wanted to tell him that her throat was very sore, and that there was a bad pain in her lungs, but her mother's presence kept her from doing it.

"Oh, doctor," wailed Julia, "I know she's delirious! She's been talking about dying and going to heaven!"

"Has she?" answered the doctor in a pleasant tone. "Well, young lady, you're still quite a few miles this side of heaven. Miss Childs, I think it would be better for both the patient and the invalid if Mrs. Ormsby was taken to her room."

(To be continued)

Reports from the Field

Dakota Conference

Junior B. Y. P. U. of Corona, South Dakota

The Junior B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist Church in Corona, So. Dak., meets every Sunday evening, one hour before the evening service, for its regular session. The meetings are opened with songs, Scripture reading and prayer by the Juniors, after which we have a short program and missionary stories by members of the society.

Following this we have a course on "Bible Heroes" by Mrs. H. G. Braun. Before closing we have a short business session, roll call and report of contest, led by the president of the society. At various times we have had chalk talks, object lessons, Bible drill, a study of hymns, also a Bible course on the "Life of Christ" for Juniors by the leader.

Our meetings present a wonderful opportunity for memory work. Recently we have memorized the books of the Bible, 1. Corinthians 13, Psalm 1 and 90 and several Junior songs.

In Spring we gave our annual program, summing up the work of the winter. Besides memory work and two part songs, we gave the pageant, "The Living Bible." Last year the Juniors made a box for the orphans at Christmas time and this year we gave \$2.50 for "the Daphne Dunger fund." Our officers are president, Evelyn DeBoer; secretary, Bennard Weise; treasurer, Phyllis Miller; and leader, Mrs. H. G. Braun.

MRS. H. BRAUN, Reporter.

Northwestern Conference

The Men and Boys of the Racine Church Hold a Successful Supper Program

The men and boys of the Grace Baptist Church of Racine, Wis., gathered at a supper meeting on the evening of Armistice Day, November 11. The Men's Bible Class promoted the meeting with Charles Meier, president of the class, as the chairman of arrangements. The supper was served by the ladies of the church.

In spite of a severe wind storm which raged all day and caused considerable damage throughout the city, a large attendance was on hand. Due to a blackout, caused by the storm, the entire program was held by candle light which was suggestive and gave a sense of realism to all that was said, challenging the men and boys to lighten up this dark world with the truth of Christ.

A guest ventriloquist of high school age entertained with several comical political speeches and songs aided by a



Corona Junior B. Y. P. U. Members, Holding Their Daphne Dunger Banks (Mrs. H. G. Braun, Leader, is on the Left, and Miss Anna Kampen, Substitute Leader, is Center Rear)

wooden family of his own manufacture. Russell Griep, talented young musician of this church, cheered all with two brilliant trumpet solos. A male quartet sang and a patriotic hymn sing was led by Robert Schacht.

Brief messages were brought by the pastor, Rev. A. Engel, and by Mr. Ephraim Roman, superintendent of the Sunday School. The address of the evening was delivered by a neighboring pastor who spoke stirringly on Jacob and his sons.

Enthusiastic Reception for Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Hiller by the Bethany Church of Milwaukee

On Sunday evening, November 17, scores of friends and members of the Bethany Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., joined in welcoming home our pastor, the Rev. Herbert Hiller, and his bride, the former Miss Frohmuth Streuber of Winnipeg, Canada. At the program and reception in their honor every organization of the church was privileged to take part.

The evening service opened with the strains of Lohengrin's "Wedding March." Mrs. Hiller, wearing her lovely wedding gown marched down the aisle escorted by Mr. Hiller. After taking their seats on the platform, the moderator of the church took charge and introduced the representatives of the various societies. These, in turn, extended the best wishes and congratulations to the honored couple and presented them with gifts. The Rev. E. J. Baumgartner of the North Avenue Church was also present and extended his greetings to the couple.

At the conclusion of this service refreshments were served in the church's dining room and a program of a more

humorous nature was presented by talented members of the church.

In the short time that Mrs. Hiller has been in our midst, we have all learned to love her very dearly. While the McDermot Avenue Church of Winnipeg regrets the loss of Mrs. Hiller, we as Bethany people rejoice in having her with us.

May the Lord bless Mr. and Mrs. Hiller as they continue their work together in the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ.

ALMA SIEWERT, Reporter.

The Iowa Churches Ordain the Rev. George Eilers in an Impressive Service

On Monday afternoon, September 30, a council was formed by those representing the various churches of Iowa, who had been invited to consider the advisability of publicly setting apart George Eilers to the gospel ministry. The invitation was given by the Baptist Church of Steamboat Rock, Iowa, of which Mr. Eilers is a member in good standing.

The Rev. Herman Palfenier, pastor of the church, opened the service and gave the welcome to the delegates and friends. The council was organized in the usual manner. Rev. C. F. Lehr of Aplington was elected moderator, and Rev. John W. Walkup of Sheffield, clerk.

The candidate was introduced by Mr. Palfenier. In a very direct and convincing manner, he related his conversion, call to the ministry and doctrinal views.

In the evening a large crowd of delegates, friends and members of the Steamboat Rock church were present for the ordination service. After the singing of hymns, the Scripture reading and prayer, the Rev. Carl Sentman, also a son of the Steamboat Rock church, delivered the ordination sermon. Rev. George Ehrhorn of Parkersburg gave the charge to the candidate, and Rev. G. Dahlberg gave the charge to the church. The ordination prayer with laying on of hands was offered by Rev. H. Palfenier. Rev. H. Lohr of Parkersburg welcomed the candidate to the fellowship of the ministers, and the Rev. George Eilers pronounced the benediction.

Mr. Eilers was graduated recently from the pastor's course of the Moody Bible Institute, receiving also the Christian Education diploma. He is a gifted young man, a fine trombonist and baritone soloist. He is now associated with Rev. Carl Sentman as associate pastor of Radio Chapel in Mason City.

JOHN W. WALKUP, Clerk.

Pacific Conference The Pacific Northwest Association at American Falls, Idaho

It was, indeed, a glorious experience for all who were able to attend the Pacific Northwest Association at American Falls, Idaho, from October 30 to November 3. This was the first "Vereinigung" ever to be held in American Falls and a conference has not convened there since 1917.

The sincere friendliness of everyone and the inspirational messages made the days so very enjoyable. We must not forget to express our thanks for the meals that were so tastefully prepared by the ladies of the church.

"God is Love" was our theme. These three words were very impressively printed on the front wall of the church above the cross. This alone did much to create a peaceful atmosphere.



Ministers of the Pacific Northwest Association at American Falls, Idaho
(Left to Right: Reverends W. C. Damrau, J. G. Rott, A. Stelter, C. E. Schoenleber, G. Eichler, E. Niemann, E. Bibelheimer, C. A. Gruhn, R. M. Klingbeil, N. A. Christensen.)

All the ministers of our Pacific Northwest Conference were present, except those in Canada. The total number of out-of-state visitors was 48. This included 10 ministers, several of whom are retired. A picture of these pastors accompanies this report.

The opening sermon was "Three Sunbeams of Love," brought to us by Rev. R. Klingbeil of Colfax, Wash.

The messages brought during these days were deeply spiritual and helpful. A few of the topics which created much interest were: "The Relationship Between the Church and the Associations Within the Church," "The Anti-Christ," "What Can the Minister Expect of His Church," and the ever fascinating reports from our mission fields related to us by Rev. M. Leuschner. Some experiences of our missionaries were brought to life in the pictures we saw.

We, too, saw colorful pictures of the General Conference at Burlington, Iowa, which proved very interesting. The association voted to give \$25 for the Centenary Jubilee fund and \$50 to the general missionary fund.

On Sunday forenoon Rev. N. A. Christensen of Spokane, Wash., gave the mission sermon. The Sunday morning mission offering was \$92, and the offering of the Ladies' Aid meeting was \$41.20. The Young People's Rally on Sunday afternoon netted \$43.82, making a grand total of \$177.02 during the conference days.

The committee that furnished the music was very active. We heard solos, duets, violin solos, selections by the American Falls and Paul, Idaho, choirs and a ministers quartet composed of Revs. A. Stelter of American Falls, E. Bibelheimer of Missoula, Mont., J. Rott of Odessa, Wash., and G. Eichler also of Missoula.

On Saturday evening we had the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' banquet. The room was beautifully decorated and the meal was delicious. Elmer Dingfield of Tacoma, our president, led the meeting. The

THE BAPTIST HERALD

minutes were read and our new officers elected. Mrs. Schoenleber is our new president, and Mrs. N. A. Christensen secretary for the coming year. It was decided that our offering be sent to Forest Park for the "Dunger Mission Fund." The reports from local societies were encouraging.

In the afternoon a very fine program was rendered. Our departing president, Mrs. E. Bibelheimer, presided. After a hearty welcome by Mrs. Klein, president of the American Falls Society, our president replied. Mrs. Dingfield, Mrs. Krueger and Mrs. Schmidt served with solos and after a dialogue from the American Falls society entitled, "Faith, Hope and Love," the ladies sang a song. Our program came to a climax with an inspiring message from our beloved young people's secretary, Rev. M. L. Leuschner. In a vivid way he brought before our eyes and to our ears the important task of our Cameroon missions. The offering of \$41.20 testifies of the fine spirit manifested in our meeting.

Still our joys and blessings were dimmed somewhat by the illness of Mrs. A. Stelter of American Falls. Representatives of our Union visited her in the hospital and brought her flowers. May the Great Physician be her help and stay. The blessed days at American Falls will long linger with us as we go into the activities of the new year.

ANNA CHRISTENSEN, Secretary.

The Oregon Young People Honor Harold Petke on His Election as President of the National Y. P. and S. S. W. Union

The highest honor which the National Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union can bestow on a young man was accorded Mr. Harold Petke of Portland, Ore., by being elected as its president at the General Conference in Burlington, Iowa, last summer. On Saturday evening, November 9, at an enthusiastic banquet in the Salt Creek Church near Dallas, Ore., the Oregon young people took cognizance of this event and added their congratulations to the honors already received by Harold Petke.

Approximately 225 young people occupied every available space at the banquet tables and feasted on the generous portions of a turkey dinner with all the trimmings that were served. The president of the Oregon Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, Mr. Sam Rich, ably served as toastmaster, spicing his well chosen words of introduction with bits of appropriate humor. Mr. and Mrs. Petke with their young son, John, were the center of attraction as the bouquets of heartfelt tribute were presented in their honor.

First on the festive program was the general secretary of the National Union, Rev. M. L. Leuschner, who was attending the Oregon Association at the time. He read a telegram of congratulations from Mr. Edwin Mark-

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lein of Brooklyn, the former Union president, and expressed his personal high regard for Mr. Petke. Dr. Norman Klassen of Dallas, speaking in behalf of the Oregon Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, voiced the conviction that the honor which had come to Harold Petke also carried with it the obligation for all Oregon young people to cooperate with him in this work of God's Kingdom. Mr. Earl Marks of Portland, the first president of the Oregon Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, spoke with warm feeling of the few big trees that stand out in a forest and of the snow-covered mountain peaks among the hills that lend enchantment to the landscape. The application of his address was not hard to make. The Rev. Otto Nallinger of the Salt Creek Church, representing the Oregon churches, found in Harold Petke one who "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," and the Rev. J. F. Olthoff of Salem, Ore., speaking for the Oregon Association, stated how wonderful it is to find gifted young people who have consecrated their talents to the service of God.

Other brief messages were brought by Mr. Harry Johnson of Portland, representing the Sunday School of the Trinity Church of which Harold had been a member in earlier years, Mr. Ed May of Portland, a former president of the Oregon Union, and Mr. Max Reck, president of the Immanuel B. Y. P. U. of Portland. Some of these speakers presented Harold with gifts in behalf of their organizations, and the Oregon Union gave him a very distinctive pen and pencil desk set. A song with appropriate words written by Mrs. Emma B. Meier of Portland was sung with much gusto, especially the second stanza:

*"Oh me! Oh my! Did Oregon rate high!
When Harold was made Prexy
Of Gen-er-al B. Y."*

The evening's program was made even more delightful by a great variety of special numbers, including a violin duet by Reinhold Sichau and Earl Ahrens, a vocal solo by Leland Friesen, a violin solo by Lottie Mewes, who has recently won honors as the soloist for the Portland Junior Symphony, a duet by Dorothy and Esther Rattey, and a male quartet from the Salem Church.

When the time came for the guest of honor to speak, he confessed that he was "floored." But with winsome modesty and in an inspiring challenge he said that his election had not been "an hour of triumph but one of great solemnity because of the trust that has been given to me."

The banquet committee of the Salt Creek Church composed of Mrs. Adolph Schneider, Mrs. Frieda May, Mrs. Aebi and Mrs. Jake Voth deserve special mention for its thorough preparation for the occasion. The colorful Thanksgiving Day decorations were provided by the "Up Streamers Class" of the church.

MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER, Reporter.

The Oregon Association Meets With Salt Creek Baptist Church

Those were memorable days of fellowship and missionary inspiration spent with the Salt Creek Church near Dallas, Ore., of which the Rev. Otto Nallinger is pastor. Under his thoughtful leadership the whole program ran smoothly from November 7 to 10. The Rev. B. F. Friesen brought the keynote message on the association theme: "Seeking the Kingdom of God."

The following morning we organized and heard the fine reports from the seven churches. The following officers were elected: moderator, Rev. J. F. Olthoff; vice-moderator, Rev. Fred W. Mueller; secretary, Rev. Otto Nallinger; treasurer, Rev. John C. Schweitzer.

The brethren T. A. Leger, Jacob Kratt, and J. Lucas led us in devotions. All of the discourses treated were taken from the Master's Sermon on the Mount. The writer of this report spoke informally on the subject, "The Characteristics and Privileges of the Followers of Christ." Rev. B. F. Friesen presented a paper on "Prayer as Taught by Christ." Rev. John C. Schweitzer preached before an appreciative crowd on Friday evening on "The Responsibilities of the Followers of Christ." Rev. O. Roth spoke on "Giving as Taught by Christ." The final discourse was presented by Rev. J. F. Olthoff on "Conquering Fear as Taught by Christ."

Sunday was, truly, a blessed day for all. Many attended all the services. The missionary sermon was preached by Rev. Fred W. Mueller, using as his theme: "Faithful Christian Stewardship," and \$56 were given for missions that morning. We were most happy to have the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner of Forest Park, Ill., with us during these days. His missionary zeal, as he spoke in the Ladies' Missionary meeting, and showed the stereopticon lecture and film pictures was enthusiastically received. It seemed fitting that Mr. Leuschner should bring the association to a close with a challenging message. Now we are looking forward to our next gathering in the capitol city of our state, Salem, where the Rev. J. F. Olthoff is the pastor.

FRED W. MUELLER, Reporter.

Young People's Sessions of the Oregon Association at the Salt Creek Church on Sunday, November 10

Many young people from the seven churches of Oregon were present for the Sunday meetings of the Oregon Association at the Salt Creek Church on November 10. Harold Petke, the new president of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of North America, led the song service. During the regular period scheduled for classes, Miss Herman from the Bethel Church of Salem, Mr. Earl Marks from the Immanuel Church of Portland, and Rev. Frank Friesen from the Trinity Church of Portland brought talks. The

topic of the talks discussed was, "Close to the Heart of God."

The Men's Chorus of the Salt Creek Church sang two numbers. This chorus was kept very busy during the convention days and their singing was enjoyed immensely. The message of the morning was given by the Rev. Fred W. Mueller of the Laurelhurst Church of Portland. It was a very good sermon on giving and tithing. The morning's offering was \$56.

The Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union had charge of the afternoon meeting. The service began with a song service led by Mr. Walter Schmitke from the Trinity Church of Portland. The state treasurer, Mr. Roy Rocks from the Bethel Church of Salem, read Psalm 23.

A mass choir composed of the Bethel Church and the Salt Creek Church sang two numbers during the meeting. They were the numbers, "God So Loved the World" and "The Lord is Good." Mr. William Glaske from the Laurelhurst Church of Portland led in prayer. Samuel J. Rich, the state president, welcomed the many people.

Dr. William Everson, the president of Linfield College, gave the afternoon's address. He gave a most spiritual message. His two points were the opportunity and technique that the Christian people today have at their command. If every Christian in the world would only apply the gospel to their practical life, all the troubles, doubts and fears of the world would disappear under the great love of our Savior, Jesus Christ. Due to the conditions of the world today, through the falling away of the people from the belief in God, we have opportunities today to bring our faith in God to its greatest test.

Harold Petke took a few minutes to thank all the young people and Sunday School workers of the state for their gift given to him on Saturday evening. He also read the resolutions of the Young People's National Union which were adopted at the General Conference. Rev. Martin L. Leuschner, who was with the convention, closed the service with a few remarks and the benediction.

From 7:00 to 8:00 P. M. moving pictures, brought by Mr. Leuschner, were shown. Two reels were from Africa, taken by Paul Gebauer. Two reels were taken by Mr. Siemund of the General Conference at Burlington, Iowa. All the pictures were very interesting.

The Rev. Otto Nallinger, host minister, opened the service with a hymn. The Rev. A. Heringer of McMinnville read the scripture. The mass choir sang the number, "Lord, I Hear." Prayer was led by Mr. Schweitzer of Bethany and Rev. Fred Mueller, vice-moderator, took a few minutes for remarks. The Rev. Martin Leuschner gave the message for the evening. His theme was the motto, "Forward With Christ." The whole day was a spiritual blessing, even to the very last minute!

MAXINE HAAG, Secretary.

ELIZABETH LEHMANN, Secretary.

B. Y. P. U. and Mission Program at Bethel Baptist Church of Alberta

On Sunday afternoon, November 10, the Young People's Society of Olds, Alberta, Canada, visited the Bethel Church at Carbon, Alberta, and rendered a splendid program. Mr. Ernst Bettcher, president of the Bethel B. Y. P. U. spoke a few words of welcome to the Olds group. The response was given by Mr. Vernon Link.

An inspiring program was then rendered by the Olds young people under the leadership of Mr. Vernon Link, president of the Olds Young People's Society. It consisted of one recitation, a solo by Edward Link, a piano solo, and a trio number. The choir rendered three songs. Two dialogues were also brought, including "The Lost Church." The Rev. R. Milbrandt spoke a few words of appreciation at the close of the program.

In the evening of the same day the Sunday School of the Bethel Baptist Church rendered a Harvest and Mission program. It was a very special joy to have the children recite and sing songs with praise, doing their little part in God's great Kingdom. The mission offering of the evening was \$178.07.

IRENE NEHER, Reporter.

Reception For Rev. H. Schatz and Family by the Morris Church

During the period of almost three months in which our field in Morris, Manitoba, Canada, was without a pastor we were privileged to experience the blessed words of Christ: "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." (John 10:14) Sunday after Sunday God's messengers came to us. We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Revs. Aikenhead, Phil. Daum, and Otto Patzia from Winnipeg, Mr. Rempel, Sr., from Whittemouth, Mr. Barber from Olds, Mr. J. Tou, Rev. G. Beutler from Olds, Mr. T. Kornelewski from Leduc, and Rev. B. McDormand from Edmonton. We shall always remember the kind words of good cheer and faith which they brought us.

God has remembered us again in that he has provided us with a shepherd in the person of the Rev. H. Schatz. The reception was held for our pastor and family on Friday evening, November 8, immediately following their arrival here. A wholehearted, warm welcome in verse, song and speech was extended to them by every branch of our church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Schatz responded feelingly.

After the program a tasty luncheon was served by the ladies. Here an opportunity was given to friends and pastors of local churches to say a few words of welcome to our new pastor and his wife.

We thank God for his guidance and pray for his blessings upon his work and people here in Morris.

IDA HOFFMAN, Reporter.

Beautiful Wedding in the German Church of Winnipeg, Manitoba

Miss Frohmut H. Streuber of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, became the bride of the Rev. Herbert Hiller, pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., at an impressive wedding ceremony held at the McDermot Ave. Baptist Church on Saturday, November 9, at 6 o'clock. The Rev. O. Patzia, pastor of the church, officiated.

The altar was beautifully decked with palms, ferns and yellow chrysanthemums, and white tulle bows marked the guest pews. The auditorium of the church was filled with friends and visitors. To the strains of the bridal march from Lohengrin Miss Streuber was led to the altar by her father, Mr. Hermann Streuber.

The bride had the distinction of wearing her mother's wedding gown of ivory satin. Her bridal bouquet was in Colonial style. The bride's attendants were Miss Artrude Daum, daughter of Rev. Phil. Daum of Winnipeg, as bridesmaid, and Miss Margaret Rogalski as junior bridesmaid. They were in white with white bows adorning their hair. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Edmund Streuber, brother of the bride. The ushers were Messrs. Gerhard Streuber and Leo Schultz.

At the opening of the ceremony Miss Edith Streichert sang "Still as the Night," and during the singing of the register she sang "Because," the choice of the latter song being a special request of the bride. All nuptial music and accompanying was played by Mrs. John Schirmacher, daughter of the late Rev. F. Bloedow of Winnipeg.

A reception followed this service at the St. Regis Hotel. Mr. Edmund Streuber very ably acted as toastmaster. In a rich and varied program congratulations and best wishes were expressed to the bridal couple by speeches, recitations and songs. It was voiced repeatedly that the church was losing a most valuable member by the departure of Mrs. Frohmut Hiller to her new field of service in Milwaukee. Her services as president of the Young People's Society, pianist and Sunday School teacher had been greatly appreciated. The fact that she had attended Brandon Baptist College for three years was a noticeable asset in her work for the church.

The groom expressed his sentiments in a brief relation of how wonderfully God had met his need for a suitable helpmate, after having served his present church as a "bachelor minister" for over six years, and that now both of them are looking forward to a fuller, richer life of service for Christ.

Following a short visit in Winnipeg the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Hiller left for their church in Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITH STREICHERT, Reporter.

(EDITORS NOTE—A report of the reception for Mr. and Mrs. Hiller by the Bethany Church of Milwaukee, Wis., appears on page 473.)

A Musical Festival is Held by the Northern Alberta Churches in Leduc's First Church

On Sunday, October 27, in the face of a rain storm that turned into snow, the First Church of Leduc, Alberta, Canada, was filled to capacity with eager faced members from practically all of our churches in Northern Alberta on the occasion of the "Saengerfest."

The morning service was opened with a song service, and then Miss Myrtle Hein conducted a short period of chorus singing for the children. We went to our various classes for the morning lesson while Raymond Dickau and the Edmonton Men's Choir brought messages in song.

After the classes were over, we proceeded with our morning worship and the Rev. J. Kornelewski read the scripture passage. Then Mr. Riemer lead in prayer and the Rev. J. Schatz brought us the morning message and used 2. Tim. 2:3 as his text. The choir of Leduc's First Church assisted and the Rev. W. Waltereit closed the service with prayer and the Edmonton Men's Choir rendered another selection.

The ladies of the church served lunch for all present. The afternoon service was opened by the mass orchestra under the direction of the Rev. F. W. Benke, which rendered several beautiful selections. The Edmonton Bible School quartet, which toured the Prairie Provinces this summer, brought us a message in song. Then we were privileged to hear another selection from the quartet and the closing selection by the mass orchestra.

The audience sang several choruses while the choirs took their places on the platform, and then we heard the Mass Choir sing, "King, All Glorious." The following choirs each sang one selection: Leduc 1, Leduc 2, Edmonton, Camrose, Edmonton Men's Choir, and then the Mass Choir sang, "Lift up Your Heads." The Rev. E. P. Wahl gave a brief address in connection with our Bible School and Mr. Kornelewski brought us to the altar in prayer before the offering was received. After the offering we were again favored by the Mass Choir as they sang, "Blessed Are They," and then Edmonton, Camrose, Leduc 2, and Leduc 1 each brought a message in song. Mr. Benke spoke in appreciation of the Rev. J. Schatz's work with the mass choir, as he was leaving Leduc for Morris, Manitoba.

The Mass Choir brought its closing selection, "Let Mount Zion Rejoice" and Mr. Waltereit led in prayer.

R. E. STARK, Reporter.

The First Church of Leduc, Alberta, Gives a Reception For Its New Pastor, Rev. J. Kornelewski

Ever since the Rev. and Mrs. E. Gutsche discontinued their ministry at the First Church of Leduc, Alberta, Canada, and took up the work at Benton Harbor, Mich., we as members of this church have been trying our best

to keep the work from going backwards.

During the summer months we were privileged to have Mr. Frank Veninga, student of our Rochester Seminary, in our midst, who served the church faithfully and sincerely during this time. Since then we have prayed and trusted that the Lord might send a shepherd to his fold.

We were greatly encouraged and happy when Mr. Joseph Kornelewski accepted the call to our church and we were able to welcome not only him but his happy bride into our midst! They arrived during the latter days of October, their first Sunday with us being October 27. Since this was the Sunday of the annual "Song Festival" of the churches of Northern Alberta, we quietly arranged a surprise reception for them on Tuesday evening, Oct. 29.

Since this was the evening for the regular young people's meeting, the president, Fred Sonnenberg, opened the service with songs, scripture and prayer and then turned the meeting

A Christmas Present for Yourself!

You cannot give yourself a finer Christmas present than by ordering the 80 page book on "Bender in the Camerons" by Carl F. H. Henry. A new edition of 1000 copies will soon be ready for distribution. The price is 40 cents. Send your orders at once to the Roger Williams Press, 3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. You will not regret the purchase of this fascinating missionary story!

over to our deacon, Mr. H. Brown, who called on the pastor and his wife to come to the platform.

A short welcome program followed consisting of musical selections, recitations and words of welcome by the various officers of the church. Mr. and Mrs. Kornelewski responded with sincere words of appreciation and requested the prayers of the church that the work might grow and become great to his honor and glory!

At the close of this program several members spoke words of farewell and blessing to our deacon, Mr. H. Brown, and family who are changing their location. For years they have been active members in our church and we shall miss their help and activity as well as their faces in our church.

While refreshments were served at the close of the meeting in the church basement, the Ladies' Aid presented Mr. and Mrs. Kornelewski with merchandise in the form of a pantry shower. We trust that the smallest detail such as "spices" to the more important articles such as "firewood" will prove to be helpful and useful!

On the following Sunday, November 3, Mr. Kornelewski gave his inaugural message on "How Can Others See that I Am a Christian?" based on the Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world."

May God bless pastor and people during the coming days and years of their ministry with us!

AGNES PRIEBE, Reporter.

B. Y. P. U. TOPICS

A new young people's quarterly, TOPIC, published by the American Baptist Publication Society, has recently made its appearance. Since it presents a thorough and spiritually uplifting program for each young people's service at the reasonable cost of ten cents, "The Baptist Herald" in 1941 will merely present brief supplementary material to the same topics. We would urge all B. Y. P. U. groups to use this material of TOPIC and "The Baptist Herald" wherever possible. Sufficient quantities of the quarterly will be on hand at Box 6, Forest Park, Illinois, to send a copy to any person or group requesting it and enclosing ten cents in stamps. Please send your requests to the young people's secretary, Rev. M. L. Leuschner.

For the December 1 and 15 issues "the Young People's Topics" will be omitted in order to present the important Christmas material and many church reports. The following subjects for the Sundays in January, 1941, are treated in TOPIC. Jan. 5—Shall Christ's Cause Be Mine? Jan. 12—What Baptists Believe—about Baptism. Jan. 19—Personality vs. Property. Jan. 26—A Christian Looks at Education.

A Denominational Registry

(Continued from Page 469)

Dakota Conference—Rev. F. W. Bartel, Avon, So. Dak.
Eastern Conference—Evelyn Theis, 308 Saint Casimir St., Rochester, N. Y.
Northern Conference—Rev. E. P. Wahl, 7810—108th St., Edmonton, Alta., Canada

The Last Issue

—of—
The Baptist Herald
of 1940
Has been Printed

The next to appear will be the first number of the new year.

With most of our subscribers it is also the close of the subscription year which means that renewals are now in order. Of course they will want their service to continue without interruption so that none of the good things will be missed which has been promised. The year nineteen forty one will create an exceedingly interesting volume—the nineteenth—and you will be anticipating each number as it rolls from the press.

Please see promptly the duly authorized representative of your church or, if more convenient, send your remittance direct to the publisher in Cleveland. A blank for your convenience goes with this HERALD.

ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS

H. P. Donner,
Business Manager.

Northwestern Conference—Irma Boehlje, Sheffield, Iowa

Pacific Conference—Peter Yost, 3625 So. K Street, Tacoma, Wash.

Southern Conference—Vernon Ekert, c/o San Marcus Academy, San Marcus, Texas

Southwestern Conference—Rev. Wilfred Helwig, Ellinwood, Kansas.

The German Baptist Children's Home

1401 Langley Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.

Hans Steiger, Superintendent and Corresponding Secretary.

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