

THE BAPTIST HERALD

September 15,
1941



**Dr. William Kuhn
of Forest Park,
Illinois,
Who Has Attained a
Notable Record as
General Missionary
Secretary
of Our Churches
for the Past
Twenty-five Years.**



What's Happening

¶ The Baptist Church of Trochu, Alberta, Canada, held its first Vacation Bible School in a number of years from July 21 to 26. There were 51 children in attendance. The four teachers of the school were Selma Yost for the Beginners, Lydia Schram for the Primary department, Rev. and Mrs. Otto Fiesel for the Intermediates and Juniors, respectively. The school proved to be a fine success.

¶ Miss Edith Koppin, our missionary nurse in Mambila, Africa, arrived safely on board one of the Barber Steamship freighters in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Thursday, September 4. She was met at the dock by a group of members of the Immanuel Church of New York City, including its minister, the Rev. John Grygo. On Tuesday, September 9, she had a conference with Dr. William Kuhn in New York City and later addressed the sessions of the Atlantic Conference in the Second Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

¶ The Baptist Church of Olds, Alta., Canada, held a Vacation Bible School from July 14 to August 8 with 53 pupils. The teachers were the Misses Frances Link, Herta Krueger and Ruth Unger, Mr. Vernon Link and Rev. and Mrs. G. Beutler. A wonderful Vacation Bible School was also held in the nearby Knee Hill Creek Church. Before the school was started, the district was canvassed, and it was a surprise to see the unusual turnout of 37 children from that small district.

¶ The Rev. F. W. Bartel, the newly appointed evangelist for the Dakota Conference, has changed his residence from Avon, So. Dak., to Jamestown, No. Dak. He and his family are now residing at 1001 Third Avenue, South, Jamestown, No. Dak. Beginning with September 14 Mr. Bartel will begin his first engagement at the German Baptist Church of Beulah, No. Dak., of which the Rev. P. F. Schilling is pastor. Other engagements of Mr. Bartel will be announced from time to time in "The Baptist Herald."

¶ The Rev. Frank Orthner of Long Island City, N. Y., has had a busy summer in the supply of pulpits. He was the guest preacher in the Immanuel Church of New York City for 2 Sundays, in the First German Baptist Church of Union City, N. J., for one Sunday, in the Ridgewood Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., for a Sunday. Mr. Orthner wrote: "Oh, how I could wish for equal or similar opportunities for the rest of the year!" He is also active in the small Willow Ave. Baptist Church of Hoboken, N. J., on Sunday evenings and Wednesday evening prayer meetings.

¶ On August 1, 1941, the Rev. F. A. Licht of Niagara Falls, N. Y., quietly celebrated his 90th birthday. He received many hearty congratulations from a host of friends, former churches and societies on this festive occasion in his life. He is eager to express his gratitude to those who so kindly remembered him through the pages of our publications, since he cannot send his thanks personally to all of them. Mr. Licht is still enjoying fairly good health in spite of his unusual age. "The Baptist Herald" readers and editor desire to extend to Brother Licht their best wishes for a happy pilgrimage in the days to come!

¶ During the past summer the pulpit of the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., was ably supplied by the following guest preachers: Rev. G. Wetter of Watertown, Wis.; Rev. Paul Zoschke of Elgin, Iowa; Rev. Charles Biastok of the Birket Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich.; and Rev. R. Lietz of Flint, Mich. The B. Y. P. U. was in charge of the opening worship of the evening services. Mr. Arthur Schulz, a graduate of this year's seminary class in Rochester, N. Y., is still in Benton Harbor, helping wherever his assistance is needed and eager to give time in any pulpit of the denomination.

¶ The dedication of the new pipe organ in the Oak Street Church of Burlington, Iowa, has been set for Sunday, September 21st. The Revs. W. S. Argow of Erie, Pa., and Charles F. Zum-much of Trenton, Ill., will assist the Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt, the local pastor, in the morning dedicatory service. In the evening an organ recital will be given by Professor George Samson, noted organist of Iowa State Teachers College. A very cordial invitation is extended to all friends of the church to share in these inspiring festivities as announced by Mr. Paul Gerdes, chairman of the organ committee. The organ was purchased by the church for an approximate cost of \$9000.

¶ The Salt Creek Church near Dallas, Ore., has recently built a glass enclosed nursery for the mothers of the church with small children. A loud speaker in the nursery is connected with the pulpit so that the mothers behind the glass panel can both see and hear the church service. Contributions in gifts and labor were made by the Ladies' Missionary Society, Mr. Ben Lang and the Ed Schneider family. Two seminary students from the German Baptist Seminary in Rochester, N. Y., Messrs. Gilbert Schneider of the Salt Creek Church and Carl Weisser of Camrose,

Alberta, assisted the pastor, the Rev. Otto Nallinger, at some of the church services during the summer months.

¶ The Baptist Church of Wishek, No. Dak., held a Daily Vacation Bible School at the church from July 7 to 18. The school was under the supervision of the Sunday School superintendent, Mr. Vernon Herr. The enrollment consisted of about 50 students of various denominations and six teachers of the church. Classes were divided into four departments. The classwork included Bible drill, memory work, Bible stories, construction and handwork. On the last day of the school a picnic was held at the City Park. On the following Sunday a Bible School program was held which included class reports and various numbers by the children and a handicraft display. The Rev. A. Ittermann is pastor of the church.

¶ The Trinity Baptist Church of Portland, Oregon, has recently purchased a parsonage for approximately \$5500, into which the Rev. and Mrs. John Ley-poldt have already moved. The new address of this up-to-date ten room parsonage is 1847 S. E. 56th Street, Portland, Oregon. Every sixth week on Sunday mornings from 9 to 9:30 A. M. Dr. Leypoldt speaks over radio station KGW in Portland under the auspices of the Portland Council of Churches. He is the only Baptist representative in this continuous series of speakers. From October 9 to 12 the Trinity Church will observe its 50th anniversary with Dr. William Kuhn, general missionary secretary, as one of many guest speakers.

(Continued on Page 360)

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The BAPTIST HERALD

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Number Eighteen

EDITORIAL

WITH this issue of "The Baptist Herald" we honor one of the most deeply beloved personalities in our denominational ranks today. It is a notable milestone in our history which we

Honor to Whom Honor is Due! commemorate as we honor Dr.

William Kuhn on the completion of twenty-five years of monumental service as general missionary secretary of our denomination. For Dr. Kuhn has been in many unique ways God's gift to our enterprise. Unquestionably he was prepared of God "for such an hour as this" in our denominational history.

The imprint of Dr. Kuhn's spirit has stamped itself indelibly upon the face of our church life. It is no trite statement to say that the biography of Dr. Kuhn's life and ministry has been largely the history of our denomination. Years ago he pioneered for the establishment of definite denominational policies which have come to be regarded as imperative necessities for our continued growth and existence.

His aggressive leadership has inspired our churches to heed the call of God into the Danubian mission field of southeastern Europe and to the ever expanding work in the Cameroons of Africa. His firm convictions of faith have kept our denominational skiff in the waters of an evangelical and Biblical spirituality. As our people have rallied around this servant of God, imparting to him their utmost confidence, he has united and welded the conglomerate groups of our churches into a harmonious fellowship.

Dr. Kuhn's towering greatness consists largely in his humbleness before God and man. He has never lost "the common touch" in his relationships with others. He has literally burned himself out at times in physical exertion when duty demanded it of him. His self-effacement has always been a source of great amazement to those

who have worked with him. In the twenty-five years of his service as missionary secretary he has seldom taken a vacation. In glorifying Christ and strengthening the denomination he has found the greatest joy of his heart and the most dominant purpose of his ministry.

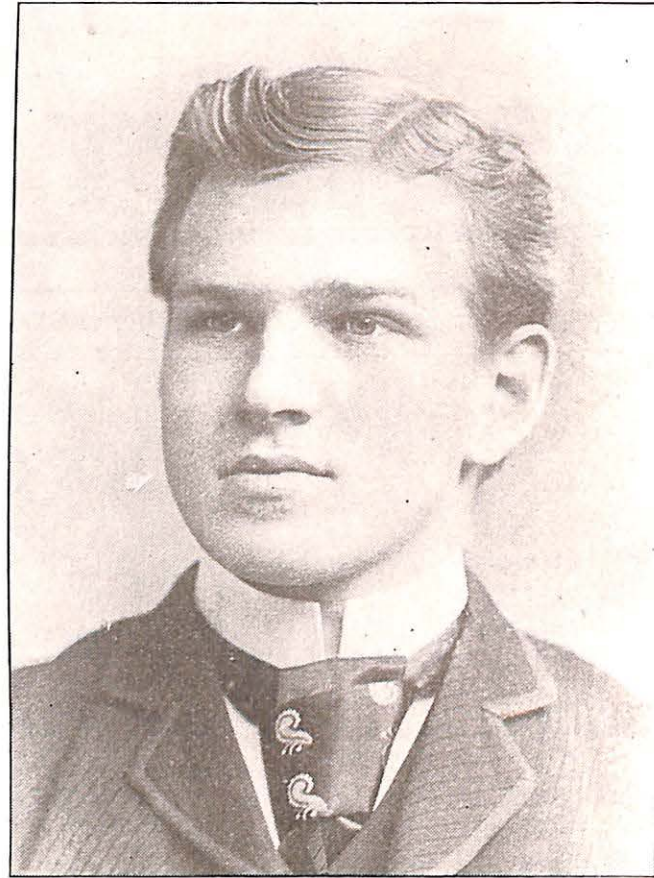
One of the most striking qualities of his ministry has been the manner in which he has accepted criticism in order to use it for the general improvement of our work in the building of God's Kingdom. Through the years he has adapted himself to the changing times and circumstances with youthful zest and ease. He is great enough to be able to say the word, "Pecavvi," which means, "I am wrong!" With strength of will he will fight for a cause or principle, but his democratic and Christ-like spirit also keeps him sensitive to suggestions and criticisms from others as to how definite improvements might be made.

Individually we can say that our lives have been immeasurably enriched by our companionship with him. As a denomination we have forged steadily ahead under his firm and aggressive leadership. For this we are truly indebted to him. There is hardly anyone in all of our churches who has not come under the spell of his preaching or who has not felt the glow of his spiritual influence. For Dr. William Kuhn loves his work and the people to whom he ministers so profoundly that all of his life during the past twenty-five years has been wrapped up in this one thing which he has done so well. We can even say that God must have ordained him from all eternity to be our general missionary secretary in this critical period of our denomination's history!

With spontaneous and joyous enthusiasm we rise to render him a well deserved honor and thereby to glorify the Christ, whose he is and whom he serves with every breath of his life!

Dr. William Kuhn in a Friend's Diary

An Article by Professor Herman von Berge of Dayton, Ohio, For Many Years the Most Intimate Friend of Dr. Kuhn, Written Especially for the Observance of the Silver Jubilee of Dr. Kuhn's Service as General Missionary Secretary of Our General Conference of Baptist Churches.



William Kuhn as a Handsome Young Man of 21 Years of Age

There is no more generally known man in our denomination than our General Missionary Secretary, Dr. William Kuhn. And yet on a number of occasions ministers have told me, perhaps, after some more intimate fellowship with him on a trip, or after having had him as a guest in their home, or after having worked together with him in some task, that they really had not known him before. They continued to say how much he had grown on them since their closer contact with him.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Kuhn's full program and the heavy pressure upon him of so great a variety of duties make these more intimate contacts with his fellow-workers difficult, and nobody regrets it more than he does. The occasion of his completing twenty-five years of service as our General Missionary Secretary brings the request for a peep into my diary. Perhaps, a better acquaintance with some of the happenings in his life may help his larger circle of friends to know him a little better.

"He Leadeth Me."

None of us can review the experiences of our lives without being conscious of the fact that the hand of God was in them. No one has ever been more conscious of that than Brother Kuhn, and he has often spoken of it in our heart-to-heart talks. Both of us have recognized it in our drifting together into that intimate friendship that has bound us together these many

years. It has meant much to each of us. How it came to be, neither of us knows. We just gradually and naturally got together.

His First Sermon.

At the end of the school year, which was his first and my second, we ventured out together as colporters for our Publication Society. Our first stop was at St. Joseph, Mich., where the Rev. H. Schulz then was pastor. He had been Mr. Kuhn's pastor not long before that in Philadelphia. It was on Sunday morning, May 14, 1893, when we arrived there by boat from Chicago.

The evening service of that Sunday was turned over to us, and to the best of my knowledge Mr. Kuhn then preached his first sermon in the long years of his fruitful ministry. He started out on the right note, for his text was: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." It had at least one excellent quality: it was short!

My diary records not only our triumphs but also our humiliations. It continues: "After that we sang a duet, in which Brother Kuhn got stuck." Well, he hadn't sung very much up to that time and was not as yet the singer of later years. After our duet, I had to preach. In those days we didn't only sing duets, but we also preached them, excepting on our last Sunday in St. Joseph, for on that day Brother Kuhn lost heart and backed out. Working

out sermons had not as yet become our major accomplishment.

The Swabian Among the East-Frisians.

From St. Joseph we went to Baileyville, Ill. Our church there was without a pastor, and so we were at once put into harness. On our second Sunday there, the church voted to ask one of us to stay with them for the summer, leaving the decision to us as to who it was to be. We at once decided that Mr. Kuhn should stay, and I went on to Sandwich, Illinois.

Ten days later I received an urgent letter from Mr. Kuhn asking me to return to Baileyville, since he had been offered a position in the Publication House in Philadelphia for the summer. Well, if I had been in Brother Kuhn's place and the members of that Baileyville Church had all been Swabians, I probably would have welcomed an opening in some Publication House myself. As it was, I stayed in Baileyville that summer and had a very happy time there.

But how different the groups are that we have in our denomination! And the adjustments necessary to be able to serve equally well in all of them come only with the years. Both of us have had to learn that.

Quartet Trip to Dakota.

Our mutual interest in singing led to the organization of our seminary quartet composed of Messrs. W. Kuhn, J. C.

Roerber, J. Kratt and H. von Berge. How little we realized what that quartet was to mean to us! We had nothing in mind than the pleasure we were to get out of singing. The calls on our services, however, soon became very heavy. The Rochester Y. M. C. A. claimed us as its regular quartet and we sang there every Sunday, and Secretary Whitford took us to the Y. M. C. A. Convention in Newburgh, N. Y., where we were the convention quartet.

Such experiences then suggested going out into our churches and in the summer of 1895 as the first seminary quartet we made the venture. Our destination was Dakota. Those were the pioneer days in that section of our land, and for four city boys like ourselves to go out into the conditions that obtained there at that time in mud huts, sod houses, etc., meant a decidedly unique experience. The Dakota Association turned us over to the Rev. August Liebig for working out our itinerary, and work it out he did!

During those two months we traveled over 900 miles per buggy or box wagon. We had services practically every day, sometimes two or three a day, and often no two successive services in the same place. At each place we had to make sure that we were not within 50 miles of any place where we had been before, for the good people followed us that far in their horse and buggy and box wagons, and so we did not dare use a sermon that we had used elsewhere within those 50 miles. Each of us knew all the others' sermons by heart in a short time, for our repertory was decidedly limited and we had no time to study new ones. But we learned to love our people there, and when the time finally came for us to return to Rochester, we did not find it easy to part.

Widening Missionary Horizons.

One of the outstanding experiences of that summer was our visit to Bridge-water, So. Dak. It was the occasion of Peter Wedel's wedding to the Rev. August Liebig's daughter, preparatory to their going to the mission field in the Cameroons. "Father" Scheve from Berlin was also there. He was at that time director of the Cameroon Mission work.

The personal contacts and experiences of those days brought the mission field in that African country very close to our hearts, and when in the years after that one after the other of our seminary friends responded to the call from that foreign field, our work there increasingly claimed our interest and our prayers. All these experiences meant much to all of us, but no doubt especially to him who years later was to become our General Missionary Secretary.

Entering the Schulte Family.

In the dining room of our Students' Home in Rochester Mr. Kuhn and I sat next to each other. One day his hand quietly sought mine under the table

A Testimonial Banquet

On Wednesday evening, September 17, a host of approximately 300 friends of Chicago and vicinity will honor Dr. William Kuhn at a Silver Jubilee Testimonial Banquet to be held in the First Baptist Church of Oak Park, Illinois. Mr. H. Theodore Sorg of Newark, N. J., will act as toastmaster, introducing the seven or eight speakers who will bring brief tributes to Dr. Kuhn in behalf of their respective societies or denominational groups. The principal address will be given by Prof. Herman von Berge. The Rev. John Leopoldt of Portland, Oregon, the present chairman of the General Missionary Society, will represent that organization. A full report of this festive occasion will appear in a later issue of "The Baptist Herald."
EDITOR.

But after that first year it wouldn't work any more. The individuality of each of us had asserted itself too strongly for that. His sixteen years in the active pastorate, however, with all that it brings into a man's life, had their own peculiar contribution to make to the equipping of our good brother for an office in which a sympathetic understanding of pastors and missionaries and their trials and difficulties is such an essential qualification.

"Friend, Go up Higher!"

The year 1913 brought his initial call into our general work. For three years he labored as our Field Secretary, largely, if not exclusively, in the interest of our young people. The echoes of his many "Synzygus" addresses of that period have not entirely



The First Seminary Quartet That Toured the Dakotas in the Summer of 1895

(Left to Right: J. C. Roerber, William Kuhn, Jacob Kratt, and Herman von Berge)

and squeezed it rather hard. I knew what it meant. His Ida had said, "Yes!" That brings us to another important chapter in the life story of our Brother Kuhn. It meant more than a happy personal relationship that has now seen them side by side in life's partnership for 44 years. It also meant Mr. Kuhn's entering into the Schulte family circle.

For his Ida was the daughter of Mr. J. A. Schulte, who was then our General Treasurer, and in later years Dr. Kuhn had many a call and opportunity to assist in the keeping of Brother Schulte's records. That, too, was not without its value to help him to an early understanding of our denominational interests and problems, at least, from the financial side. They were to be his own in days to come.

In the Pastorate.

Our graduation from the seminary finally led to the parting of our ways, when Mr. Kuhn went to the Second Church in Philadelphia to enter upon his eminently successful ministry to that church. In the first year of it he preached many of my sermons, and I many sermons of his. For he used to send me his sermon outlines, and I sent him mine.

died out even in our own day. Perhaps, none of us thought then that these three years were to be the final period of preparation for the office that has now claimed 25 years of devoted service.

It was a critical time when we met for our General Conference in Detroit in 1916. In March of that year Mr. G. A. Schulte, who for 24 years had served as our General Missionary Secretary, had entered into his rest. The World War had been on for some time and was fast drawing the United States into it. All kinds of difficult problems were facing us. We needed an experienced and competent leader to step into the shoes of our departed G. A. Schulte.

That Brother Kuhn's election was God's answer to our earnest prayers has been amply proven by his twenty-five years of inspiring service now lying behind him. He has been a man of large vision, a man of initiative, a man of deep spirituality and of large faith. God had prepared him and gave him to us, and today not only those of our own brotherhood in this land, but with us our co-workers in many lands beyond the sea lift up their voices in gratitude to God for our beloved Dr. William Kuhn.

Sing a New Song Unto The Lord!

The Message of the 98th Psalm as Interpreted by the REV. A. G. SCHLESINGER of Kenosha, Wis., in a "Series of Studies on the Psalms."

The ninety-eighth Psalm is one of a group of Psalms, in which the unknown author exhorts God's people, the Gentiles, and all creation to praise God, yea, to sing a new song unto the Lord.

It seems that every Psalm in the Psalter has some musical note of its own. In this Psalm, the invocation to praise gives a striking picture of the joyful tumult of the temple worship. Cries of gladness, loud shouts of praise, songs with musical accompaniments would ring simultaneously through the courts of the Temple.

That joy which throbs in this Psalm, that jubilation as a conspicuous element in worship, that effort to rise to a height of joyful emotion, are very foreign to much of our worship today. But it is a part of Christian duty, and certainly would be of Christian wisdom, to try to catch that tone of joy in worship which rings in this Psalm.

A Summons to Praise

This psalm is a summons to Israel to praise Jehovah and to declare his glory to the nations. It passes at once from the summons to praise, in order to set forth the divine deed which will shine by its own lustre to "the ends of the earth," whether it has human voices to celebrate or not. Israel is the recipient of God's loving kindness. Israel is, indeed, Jehovah's witness, and should ring out her grateful joy; but Jehovah's deed speaks more loudly than Israel's proclamation of it can ever do.

The Lord has brought salvation unto his people. Here before the Gentiles in the courts of Jehovah, the glad tumult brings vocal praise, mingled with the music of harps and trumpets and horns. The Psalmist hears the swelling chorus echoing through the courts, which is but a small part of the glad music from a redeemed world. His call to mankind throbs with emotion, and sounds like a great oratorio with instrumental accompaniment. The streams and the mountains, yea, all creation, is summoned to bring praises unto the Lord.

The Psalm has nine verses, in three groups, and in each there is a threefold division. It is a new song unto the Lord, and not only one of the greatest hymns of praise in the Psalter, but in all sacred literature.

The Eloquence of Its Poetry

When we study the book of Psalms as literature, we see in it a noble and impassioned interpretation of nature and life, uttered in language of beauty and sublimity, touched with the vivid colors of human personality, and em-

bodied in forms of enduring literary art. In this book, as elsewhere in the Bible, we find something which is not in any other book: a vision of God, a hope for man, and an inspiration to righteousness which is divine.

The poetical element of the Psalms is of great charm and beauty. The comfort, help, and guidance that they bring to our spiritual life will not be diminished, but increased by a perception of their exquisite form and finish.

The Psalms, even after their translations from the original, as we have them in our Bible now, are really and truly poetical. The Psalms are rightly called lyrics because they are chiefly concerned with the immediate and imaginative expression of real feeling. It is the personal and emotional note that predominates. They are inward, confessional, intense; outpourings of the quickened spirit; self-revelation of the heart. The Psalms represent the heart of man in communion with God through a thousand years of history. It is the golden treasury of lyrics, gathered from the life of the Hebrew people, the hymn-book of the Jews.

The most essential thing in the appreciation of the poetry in the Psalms is the recognition of the great spiritual qualities which distinguish them. One of these is the deep and genuine love of nature. The second quality is their passionate sense of the beauty of holiness. And the third spiritual quality is their intense joy in God. No lover ever poured out the longings of his heart toward his bride more eagerly than the Psalmist voices his desire and thirst for God. No conqueror ever sang of victory more exultantly than the Psalmist rejoices in the Lord. After all, the true mission of poetry is to increase joy. It must also be sensitive to sorrow and acquainted with grief. There is no perfect joy without love.

The Psalms in Life

In the Psalms is painted, for all time, in fresh unfading colors, the picture of the moral warfare of man, often baffled yet never wholly defeated, struggling upwards to all that is best and highest in his nature. It is the revelation of a soul, deeply conscious of sin, seeking to renew communion with God. It is this which gives to the Psalms their eternal truth. Here we have a manual of religion, devotion, prayer and praise.

The Psalms, then, are a mirror in which each man sees the emotions of his own soul. They express in exquisite words the kinship which every thoughtful human heart craves to find

with a supreme, unchanging, loving God, who will be to him a Protector, Guardian, and Friend. They translate into speech the spiritual passion of all mankind. So it is that, in every country, the language of the Psalms has become part of the daily life of nations, passing into their proverbs, and used at every critical stage of existence.

With a Psalm we are married and buried; with a Psalm we begin and also end our earthly existence. To weary travellers of every condition and at every period of history, the Psalms have been rivers of refreshment and wells of consolation. They alone have known no limitation to a particular age, country, or form of faith. In the Psalms the vast hosts of suffering humanity have found the deepest expression of their hopes and fears.

As our Lord himself died with the words of a Psalm upon his lips, so the first martyr, Stephen, also used the words thus hallowed. Thus also, in prison at Philippi, Paul and Silas encouraged themselves by singing Psalms throughout the night. It was by the Psalms that the anguish, wrung from tortured lips on the cross, at the stake, on the scaffold, and in the dungeon, has been healed and solaced. From the Psalms, hymn writers have drawn their most striking inspirations.

The Psalms have not only influenced human thought, but their workings in the sphere of human action have been equally striking and equally universal. In countless instances the Psalms have thus guided, controlled and sustained the lives of men and women in all ages of human history.

Music in the Bible

The author of this Psalm has played upon a harp of many strings, touching the varied experiences of men in a winsome and appealing way. This Psalm will bring hope to the sinner weary with sin, and joy and comfort to God's children on their homeward way. We are living in a day when there is much distress among the nations. Men's hearts are failing them for fear, but there is light on the hills, and a new day must soon dawn. The Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing in his wings. The people of God are watching and waiting for the Great Deliverer who will bring order out of chaos.

Christianity is a religion that sings. The sound of music is heard all through the New Testament from the "Gloria in Excelsis" at the birth of Christ to the great "Song of Praise" in the book

(Continued on Page 360)

Rev. Jacob Kratt, D.D.

† March 21, 1865 — August 21, 1941 †

Memorial Article by REV. M. L. LEUSCHNER,
Editor of "The Baptist Herald"

The Memorial Service

God has called home one of our most capable and radiant ministers. A giant tree in our denominational forest has been felled. A prize rose, which has been so generous in scattering its sweet fragrance, has been plucked from the garden of life. For the homegoing of Dr. Jacob Kratt of Portland, Oregon, on Thursday morning, August 21, has removed one of our best known pastors from the ranks of our ministers and one of our most beloved friends from the circle of our acquaintances.

It is significant that this memorial page should appear in the same issue of the BAPTIST HERALD with the article honoring Dr. William Kuhn on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as General Missionary Secretary. How eager he was to have a part in these festivities! For Brother Kratt was a member of the seminary quartet that toured the Dakotas in 1895, during which the lives of these four students were indissolubly bound together in friendship.

Mourned by Many Friends

From October 9 to 12 the Trinity Baptist Church of Portland, Ore., will observe its 50th anniversary with a memorable program, for which plans have been made for some time past. How fitting it would have been for Dr. Kratt to have lived to have seen those days, for he served that church for the remarkable period of forty years in "the first and only love" of his pastoral ministry.

But "man proposes and God disposes." Dr. Kratt had been suffering for some time, and in the closing weeks of his life his illness was known to be very serious. He had lived to see his only daughter, Mrs. Clara Gebauer, return from the mission field and to report at first hand about her experiences in Africa. He was ready to depart and to be with the Lord. He was content to do His will!

The memorial service for Dr. Kratt in the Trinity Baptist Church of Portland on Saturday afternoon, August 23, was one of the most deeply moving services ever held in the city. The church with a seating capacity for 700 people was crowded full with almost 800 friends. The entire platform of the church was banked with gorgeous and fragrant flowers. It was reported that a total of 85 floral wreaths surrounded the bier as visible reminders of Oregon's beauty, which Dr. Kratt always loved so ardently, and of the high esteem by which he was held by many friends.

The impressive service was conducted quietly and worshipfully by Dr. John Leypoldt, the pastor of the church. For fifteen minutes prior to the service the organist, Miss Margaret Passarge, played softly upon the organ. A quartet composed of Mrs. Emma Meier, Mrs. T. Schiel, Mr. E. Neubauer and Mr. H. Bertuleit sang several of Dr. Kratt's favorite hymns. The Scripture passage was read by Dr. O. C. Wright and prayer was offered by the Rev. J. C. Schweitzer. Brief memorial addresses with appropriate words of tribute were brought by Dr. W. T. Milliken, president of the Western Baptist Theological Seminary of Portland, speaking for the large hosts of Baptists of the city and state; by the Rev. Gerhard Neumann of Detroit, Mich., representing the church as a former member and assistant pastor for several years to Dr. Kratt; and by the Rev. M. L. Leuschner of Forest Park, Illinois, in behalf of the denomination at large. In all of these messages the sincere words of tribute only served to glorify Christ and to magnify his Kingdom!

It was a sad hour as the hundreds of friends from all of the Oregon churches slowly walked past the bier to have a last look into the sweet and smiling face of Dr. Kratt and to pay their last respects to a great man of God. Interment was in the beautiful Riverview Cemetery, where his body rests in the quiet and cool shade of spacious trees. All of the children were able to attend the memorial service and to be of loving comfort to their dear mother. Their devotion to her was another visible evidence of this remarkable family, of which Dr. Kratt was the beloved father.

Dr. Kratt's Obituary

The obituary was read by Dr. John Leypoldt, after he had spoken a few personal words of love and esteem for the departed. That resume of Dr. Kratt's life and influence is as follows:

Jacob Kratt was born on March 21, 1865, in Trossingen, Wuertemberg, Germany. He was the eleventh child in his father's family. He emigrated to America when 19 years of age and settled on July 26, 1884, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

He was converted on February 19, 1886, and baptized on April 25 of the same year. He married Miss Antoinette Koester of Pittsburgh, Pa., on May 19, 1896. The Rev. L. H. Donner baptized and married our brother. This wedding was blessed with nine children, 3

of whom predeceased the father.

Dr. Kratt began his ministry in July 1896 in Portland, Oregon, and for 40 years he served his Master and his cause faithfully. It was his great privilege to baptize almost 1000 converts during his long ministry. He was blessed with a strong constitution which enabled him to lead a very busy life. His ministry of four decades in one church was brightened with many blessings. He enjoyed his pulpit and pastoral work. The church appreciated his services and frequently expressed its gratitude toward him by visible tokens of kindness. Probably no other church in our denomination showered its minister with so many kindnesses as the First German Baptist Church, now known as the Trinity Baptist Church. This is not only a credit to Dr. Kratt but to the church of which he was pastor emeritus when he died.

"A Man Sent From God!"

During the past few weeks Dr. Kratt had the desire to depart and to be with Christ. The Lord called him home on August 21st. He is survived by his sorrowing wife, who ministered so sacrificially to him during his sickness; 5 sons: Dr. Theodore Kratt of Eugene, Oregon, Emil Kratt of Long Beach, Mississippi, Walter Kratt of Portland, Oregon, Edwin Kratt of Fresno, Calif., and William Kratt of Menlo Park, Calif.; and a daughter, Mrs. Clara K. Gebauer of the Camerons, West Africa; and 6 grandchildren.

For years Dr. Kratt was a member of the General Missionary Committee, president of the Portland Baptist Home for the Aged, and a trustee of Linfield College and Western Baptist Theological Seminary. After his retirement he was still active in church work. He taught a large Bible Class, frequently visited the sick and the aged and was a faithful attendant at the Sunday services and prayer meetings.

His example is worthy of emulation. He would undoubtedly say like the great missionary, Wm. Carey, said on his deathbed: "When I am gone, speak not about Dr. Carey, but speak about Dr. Carey's Savior." At this memorial service let us exalt Jesus Christ who made Dr. Kratt's ministry a blessing. There was a man sent from God whose name was Jacob Kratt. Now he has gone to God in order to receive his reward.

God buries his workmen but he carries on his work. Let us work while it is day for the night of death may come before we expect it. "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

Children's Page

OUR FATHER'S CARE

Never a sparrow falleth
Down through the frosty air,
But the loving eye of our Father
Marks it with tender care.
Never the weakest birdling
Cries for his daily bread
But the open hand of our Father
Shows him a table spread.

But dearer far than sparrows
Are the children of his love;
No weak ones are forgotten
By the Father heart above.
He knows the bitter hunger,
He sees the sculs unfed,
Of millions of his loved ones
Dying for living bread.

And he who fed the thousands
By Galilee's blue sea,
Sends to his fainting children
Portions by you and me.
Then gladly do his errands
Pass on the heaven-sent bread,
The gushing living water
Till all on earth are fed.

—Selected.

The Girl's Best Birthday Cake

Once upon a time there were two little girls. One was two years old and the other was six. Now it so happened that their birthdays were in the same month and just one day apart. What do you think they wanted for their birthday? Why, a birthday cake, of course!

Now these little girls were very fond of cake. Especially so, when it was their very own. Whenever their mother made a cake, they were always on hand to see just how many eggs it needed, and to make sure it had some sugar and flour. Of course, even if a small amount of flour spilled over the edge of the bowl now and then, it really was most interesting to see the flour trickle through the holes in the sieve.

On this particular birthday, mother let the girls choose what kind of cake she should make. First, she asked Helen. Now Helen was the younger little girl, and she didn't know exactly any names for cakes nor which cake she would like to have made. However, she did know that it must be "cake." "I like 'um," she said. So mother knew it would be easy to please her.

"Joan, you may choose," said mother. For Joan was the older, and knew the names of many cakes. She wasn't very long in making up her mind. In fact,

CHILDREN'S CLUB

In the November 15th issue the full announcement will be made of a Children's Club, to be organized by the readers of this page. Many new features are being planned for the Children's Page in 1942. Watch for this announcement!

she knew immediately what kind of cake she wanted.

She said, "Please, mama, make Helen and me a 'Noah's Ark'."

"Very well," Mother answered. "We shall make a 'Noah's Ark' cake, but first we must turn to chapter six in Genesis and read what 'Noah's Ark' is and why it was made."

"That will not be hard to find," said Joan, "for Genesis is the first book in the Bible."

So the girls listened while mother read the story.

It was all about how God saw that the people were wicked and how he wished that he had not made them. God said to Noah, who was a good man, that he was going to destroy all the wicked people of the earth.

God told Noah to build an ark. We would call it a barge, or a boat, or a ship, but in those days it was called an ark.

Now this is how it should be made. It was to be four hundred and fifty feet long. It should be seventy feet wide, and forty-five feet high. It must have windows, eighteen inches from the roof, a door in the side and three decks. So Noah built the ark.

God told Noah to take into the ark his family, his sons and daughters, and two of every living thing, of animals, birds, and reptiles. He was to take food for all. And Noah did all that God had told him to do.

Then what happened? It rained for forty days and forty nights. Water covered the earth and the ark floated on the water. When the wicked people were all destroyed, the waters went away, and Noah and all that were in the ark found dry land.

Noah and his family left the ark. They built an altar to God and established a home. "Now that we have read the story of Noah and his Ark, do you think we could make one?" asked mother. "Yes," said Joan, "lets try. All the while we are making it we can think of how God loves good people and cares for them and doesn't want them to be wicked."

So they mixed the eggs, the milk, the shortening, the flour, the sugar, and

the baking powder together and poured the batter into three pans. One large pan, for the first deck; a smaller pan for the second deck; and a still smaller pan for the top deck. After the layers were thoroughly baked and taken from the oven, the largest layer was placed on a big mirror.

"The mirror will represent the water on which the ark floated," said mother. After the pink icing was placed on the first deck, the second layer was placed on the first layer and iced. The third layer was put on top and iced.

"It begins to look just like a great ocean liner," said Joan. It took a little more work to put in the windows with icing and then, too, there was the door to make for the chimney. She thought it really should have a chimney. Then mother looked in the cabinet and there were all the animal crackers. They would use the icing that was left over and stick two animals together. "The Bible said two of every kind, didn't it, mother?"

"Yes, and here are the birthday candles. Let's put one handle on the backs of each pair of animals," she said.

Around the edge of the mirror walked the animals with their birthday candle and up the chewing gum gang plank.

"I think it's the nicest birthday cake ever," said Joan. "It's pretty. I like 'um," said Helen as she tasted a bit of cake icing that was left over.

Very soon daddy came home for dinner. The girls ran to meet him.

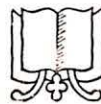
"Guess what we are going to have for dinner?" said Joan. But daddy didn't have time to guess, as Helen was just too excited. She just had to tell him. She took him by the hand and led him to the table to see.

Then it came time to light the candles. Joan thought that she was old enough to light them. The lights were turned off in the room. My! how important those animals looked carrying their birthday candles around the mirror edge, up the chewing gum gang plank to the pink Noah's Ark cake! The candle lights shown on the mirror and the reflection made the whole table bright.

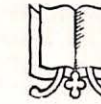
Daddy said, "Now you must tell me the story of Noah and his Ark." "We can, we can," came the response. They told the story as mother had read it to them that morning.

When the story was finished, Helen thought that she was big enough to blow the candle lights out. You see, Joan had lighted them, and it was Helen's turn to blow them out.

And so, that's the story of the Noah's Ark birthday cake!



The Vision



By Paul Hutchens

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SYNOPSIS

During the day Le Vera Webber worked as the dentist's assistant in the office of Dr. Beade Thorwald. She had helped Rodney Deland, the choir director in her father's church, to see the need of a full surrender to Christ as Master, and she had also tried to lead Shera Thorwald, the daughter of her employer, to Christ. But Shera was proud and self-willed and lingered outside the fold in unbelief. One morning she sat at the breakfast table, afraid of an engagement at her father's dental office where an ulcerated tooth would have to be pulled. The hour was set for nine o'clock that same morning.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER

At the revolving door entrance to the dental office building she heard a gruff voice call out, "Hi there, Shera! Going to pass me up this morning?" It was Gael. "What's the little eyebrow down for?" he asked.

She forced her eyebrows up. "Nothing. I'm just going to have a tooth pulled. I'm still trying to reduce, you know; and that'll take off another half ounce."

He looked at her skeptically, then he said, "Seriously, Shera, I wish you'd forget about that crazy diet you've been on lately. You're not looking so well, and you know I like 'em plump."

She laughed, "That's why I'm dieting—Well, I'll have to be going up." She broke away from him and hurried to the elevator.

On the fourth floor she stopped just outside the office door, gold-lettered:

DR. BEADE THORWALD
DENTIST

She had seemed very brave when talking to Gael, but she was terrified now. Maybe it was her dieting that was making her feel so tired lately. She would have to be more careful.

There was something in Gael's attitude recently that she liked, something in his eyes this morning she had never noticed before.

"WALK IN," the invitation on the door said. She felt more like being carried in. She stood with her hand on the knob, not wanting to go in until she was sure she could face the ordeal ahead of her.

And while she waited, hesitant, the elevator at the end of the hall opened, and Rodney, home from his vacation and hurrying at the earliest possible moment to see Le Vera, came swinging down the corridor toward her.

COMING FEATURES!

Following this story, "The Baptist Herald" will present a complete list of the best available church plays for use by young people's groups, (October 1st issue), an illustrated account of our mission fields, (October 15th issue), and several short stories in the following issues. Watch for the announcement of the new serial story which will begin soon in "The Baptist Herald."! EDITOR.

Seeing him she tried to regain her poise, and could not. She felt herself swaying dizzily, her hand on the door knob trembled. "Rodney!" she gasped. Her strength gave way and she knew she was going to faint. She saw the long marble hall whirling, saw the electric globe on the ceiling dancing crazily, fading away, becoming light again like the stars above the pulpit in River-view church, heard Rodney's running footsteps as he sprang forward to catch her, and then all was dark.

Le Vera had awakened that morning with a melody in her heart, one that was neither frolicsome like the gay little love song, "Whispering Rainbow," nor elegiac like the dismal chants that sometimes came in over the air. Both the words and the melody were her own, in process of composition during the Christmas vacation, to be sung for Rodney when he came back from Rexville.

He would like the new melody. They would harmonize it together, sing it together, live it together.

All the way down town on the street car she had sung it over and over to herself:

"There's a throne in my heart for Thee,
Dear Lord,
There's a throne in my heart for Thee;
Enter in and take control,
Be the ruler of my soul;
In my heart there is a throne for Thee."

Short gospel choruses were becoming very popular these days among the young people. They were God's answer the popular songs of the world which, through the medium of the radio, the dance, the theater, the night clubs and the rural hot spots, rhythmized their way into the lives of America's young people—a new trail by which Satan himself jazzed his way into their

hearts. Oh how subtly he entered in! And how cruelly he reigned when he was given the throne!

The retiring-room mirror told Le Vera that when Rodney came—and his train was scheduled to arrive a half hour ago, and she had come early in order to be waiting for him when he came—he would see a very happy, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed girl. They were blue this morning. The butterfly-wing pin at the base of her military collar helped to make them so . . .

"There's a throne—" She stopped abruptly. Was she truly surrendered to Him, as the Ruler of her soul? Suppose He should ask her to give up Rodney to Shera. Suppose Shera were a true believer? Would that make any difference to Rodney . . .

Another melody began to sing in her mind—"Lord, lay some soul upon my heart—" Do I really want Shera to be saved?

She moved into the Roentgen-ray room—operating room number two. There, yesterday, Shera had had a tooth X-rayed. Here, today that tooth must be extracted. And Shera was deathly afraid of a dental operation. Yesterday Dr. Thorwald had said, "We may have a little trouble with Shera tomorrow. There's something about a tooth-pulling that frightens her. Maybe it's because she fainted in the chair once, and can't get over thinking about the experience . . ."

Everything would be all right however, Le Vera assured herself. Shera was older now. In any event fainting didn't hurt anybody, and generally didn't last but a few minutes.

The equipment in this room duplicated largely that in number one: Chair, unit, cabinet, instruments, special emergency cabinet. . . . She knew in minutest detail the secrets of radio-therapy. It illustrated almost perfectly the work of the Holy Spirit, using the Word, the Bible, to show men their need of Christ. Without the Light of the Word, men would not see how sinful their hearts really were.

If Shera should come early this morning perhaps she could use this very thing to make her see her own need of Christ. Neither Shera, nor anyone else in the world, could understand Calvary until they saw their own hearts . . .

Years ago, the electric current (the light of God's Word), used by the Spirit through the medium of a faithful

preacher of the gospel, had shone upon her own heart; and the shadow of her sins were cast upon the cross of Christ. How hideous they looked there, her sins and all the sins of the world, crucifying the Dear Son of God, "Who bore our sins in His own body on the tree," "was bruised for our iniquities." No, Shera could never see the need for Calvary until she saw her own heart—and only the Word could show her that. Had she seen her sins, perhaps, but was unwilling to acknowledge and forsake them?

"There's a throne . . ."

The annunciator aroused Le Vera from her reveries. Would it be Rodney? Or Shera? In a moment she was hurrying past the developing room, into the business office, counting, One . . . two . . . three . . . for . . . Oh Rodney! I—I'm beginning to love you so . . . eight . . . nine . . . ten.

It seemed he had been away for months. In the doorway she stopped.

It was Rodney, carrying a woman in his arms! Rodney with Shera in his arms! With an expression of alarm on his face—and an unmistakable other expression.

"Quick!" he cried. "She's fainted! Help me! What can we do to revive her!"

That other expression! Like a reamer suddenly breaking through into the nerve of a tooth, the thing stabbed at Le Vera's heart, and in that moment she knew that Rodney loved Shera Thorwald.

She felt suddenly weak and faint, unable to act or to think. She saw Shera, pale and limp in Rodney's arms, saw again the strange expression on his face.

A frantic prayer flew for help. She braced herself, realized that she must do something, while telling herself at the same time that fainting didn't hurt anybody and generally didn't last long.

She gave rather faltering commands, which Rodney obeyed instantly, and in less than thirty seconds Shera was in the chair in operating room number two.

There, Le Vera's experience came to the rescue and she was able to think more clearly. First aid for fainting (cerebral anemia in a dental office was a simple routine). The instructions were: "Loosen clothing about neck and waist; push the patient's head forward and downward between the knees, with the arms hanging outside. This compresses the viscera and forces the blood to flow to the brain. Apply cold wet towels to the face and smelling salts to the nose. Maintain patient in this position until ears and back of head show definite redness." This was a more effective method than the usual procedure of making the patient lie down with the feet higher than the head.

But Shera did not resuscitate. Instead, she showed rather violent symptoms of nausea and difficulty in breathing as if there were something far more seriously wrong than cerebral anemia

—some dangerous circulatory complication.

"What can I do—Let me do something!" Rodney said, moving about nervously.

"There's nothing. — She'll be all right in a minute—" Of course she would. Fainting was not uncommon in a city dental office, especially certain types of patients, but absolute collapse was rare. This, of course, couldn't be the latter. And yet—

Absolute collapse happened sometimes to strong men who for no good reason at all, even before anything had been done to them, turned pale, broke out with perspiration and collapsed in the chair. There had been a similar case only last week, but the man had revived quickly.

Le Vera tilted the chair backward, and soon had Shera lying flat. One look at the face, a pale green, and the difficult breathing warned Le Vera that she must act quickly and wisely. Some heart stimulant would be necessary.

Rodney moved nervously about the chair. Yes, he loved this girl, Le Vera was sure. . . . Quickly she searched in her mind for the right emergency remedy.

Strychnine sulphate? No, that tends to shock.

Nitroglycerin? No, that dilates peripheral vessels, and reduces blood pressure; and the blood pressure might already be dangerously low . . .

The breathing seemed to be more and more difficult. All this Rodney saw, felt foolishly inadequate, while his heart sobbed because of his own helplessness. "Don't let anything happen to her! What is happening to her?"

Amyl nitrate! Le Vera thought, knew where to find it in the first aid cabinet. She crushed two pearls of it in a napkin, held it to Shera's nose . . .

Continued irregular and thready pulse! Continued heavy breathing and perspiration!

Why hadn't she sent Rodney down to the third floor for Dr. Hamilton? Why didn't Dr. Thorwald come? Why must he be late today?

There was one thing to do, and it could not wait for a doctor to come before being done! She had used it once in the nurse's school in Toronto—just in time!

For one bewildered interval which seemed to Le Vera to be too terribly long, she searched in the emergency cabinet for the especially prepared heart stimulant, which was to be used only in extreme emergencies. This was an extreme emergency! Which cabinet? In operating room number one? Or in number two?

While she searched, and while Shera lay gasping in the chair while Rodney stood looking grim and with clenched hands, Le Vera thought "Sifted Wheat! I too am being sifted!" Why should she be afraid?

Behind her was Shera's labored breathing, her face already as pale as that of a cadaver! A thready erratic

pulse. . . . Sifted Wheat. . . . Am I willing to surrender Rodney to her? It doesn't matter, willing or unwilling. The girl's life must be spared. "Oh Christ, spare her, for his sake—for her own soul's sake!"

Which cabinet? It was not in operating room number two. Too late to call a doctor! Have to find it quick . . . ! She turned to Rodney, "Get Hamilton—Dr. Hamilton on the phone. Tell him to rush up quick! Quick!"

Rodney sprang into action, and was gone in a flash. It seemed a thousand thoughts entangled themselves in her mind. She saw Shera in squirrel coat, kneeling and sobbing in the inquiry room in Riverview church, her wisp of a handkerchief knotted into a ball in the palm of her hand . . .

Here, Shera, let me help you. Here is not only a heart stimulant—here is life itself. ". . . that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners . . ." (1 Timothy 1:15).

Why can't I find it! "Help me to find it, and spare her now, and I—I'll give up Rodney to her!" Desperately she said it and as desperately meant it.

And then she found the object of her search. — Was it coincidence? It did not matter now.

The stimulant was already prepared in tin ampoule form, a sterile needle already attached, ready to inject . . .

Screw off the glass covering of the needle. . . . Withdraw wire from needle . . . Wash arm with alcohol, inject intramuscularly . . .

Save her life and her soul and I'll give up Rodney to her—without complaining . . .

Time agonized past. Shera's lips moved, her eyelids fluttered, "Rodney!" It was a breathy whisper. ". . . Rodney . . . Sinners! Save . . . me . . ." Le Vera heard, and hearing knew also that Shera Thorwald loved Rodney, and in the awful moment while they waited for the stimulant to take effect, she repeated her own prayer, with its promise.

The prayer was answered and Le Vera kept her word: she gave up Rodney to Shera. It was not easy to do, for as she soon discovered, love was a labyrinth from which there was no exit and upon whose tangled trails she so many times met her lover face to face. In her search for an exit, she sometimes found herself walking by his side. The intertwining paths of love were crossed and recrossed by the paths of duty: the morning and Sunday night broadcasts, the choir rehearsals, the duets which she and Rodney sang.

She did not tell him of the secret promise for that would have been to confess to him her love. The promise was a vow that could not be broken, as sacred as a marriage vow.

Nor did he ask her why the sudden change in her attitude toward him. Instead, he gave himself up to study and to find and polish away every flaw in his voice, and to acquaint himself with the Christian worker's chief text book, the Bible. Systematically he studied

under Dr. Webber's tutelage, learning to dissolve every excuse of man with a passage of Scripture. The whole world of men was without excuse, already lost — for, in the words of a famous Bible authority, "He who is not already saved, is already lost."

The life of victory for himself had come about in one climactic surrender of himself to the risen Christ. Yet he discovered that there must be a daily dying, a daily going to the cross, reckoning himself to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto Jesus Christ.

Oh Father, I do not understand it all, but I know I love Thee and that Thou art 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance' (2 Pet. 2:9a). If I must lose Le Vera—if she is not Thy chosen one for me,—Thy will alone be done.

His solo books grew in number, new and old and beautiful hymns, gleaned from a score of new and old books, were pasted into loose-leaf, leather-bound volumes. When he sang, it was with the conviction that his voice was a wing carrying the seed of the Word to some waiting heart, who would either believe and be saved, or reject and have no excuse in the day of judgment.

Throughout each carefully indexed solo book was interspersed an equal number of duets for tenor and alto voices. For, he told himself, some day surely, Le Vera would be his own . . . if it be the will of God.

By and by, as winter waned and the travail of nature cried that spring would soon be born, he began to think of home and of lazy walks and dreams along old Crawfish river, and of the spring vacation which should come so very soon.

Mother Deland had written Le Vera and Maybelle, inviting them to spend a week-end at Rexville, and Maybelle was all a-quiver to go, but Le Vera would not commit herself.

Rodney waited and suffered and could not understand. Suffering however, was a tutor under which many lessons were learned—the greatest of all lessons, that of the comfort that only the Comforter can give.

"Our ministry is eternal, Rodney," Dr. Webber had said recently in a private conference. "Eternal. We who have eternal life, preach the eternal Word which liveth and abideth forever, and which shall never pass away; it is heard and believed by men, who, the moment they believe, are given eternal life, and they shall never perish. Our fruit shall remain, forever."

The two men learned to love each other, and before spring came they were like father and son—like Paul and Silas; Moody and Sankey; Torrey and Alexander. The day of evangelism was not past. Evangelism was not dead, except where it lay buried in the passionless heart of a sleeping so-called Christian worker.

Sometimes Rodney listened to singing radio stars: to their acrobatic renditions of classical music; to the tearful wailings of their love songs; to the

lewd and raucous spewings of jazz; and within his heart he seemed to hear the Master say, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that you should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain."

Eternal fruit!

Timid spring pushed out warm sunshine feelers to touch the pulse of the dying winter, recoiled again and again until the time for spring should fully come.

Came a day when winter finally died and was buried; and from its grave there arose a world of sunshine, ornamented with flowers of a hundred varying shades.

The day was right for tennis, a warm May day, green with newly leaved trees and shrubs, and carpeted with clean new grass. Le Vera was off at three o'clock on Saturday afternoons. Next week Rodney's spring vacation would begin. There were some things he must have settled before then. He must know where he stood with Le Vera, if he stood at all. He could not bear the uncertainty any longer.

In the telephone booth near the Swan information desk he gave the number he desired. In a moment he would hear her contralto saying pleasantly, yet in a very business-like tone, "Dr. Thorwald's dental office; the nurse speaking."

Crazy old heart, he thought. Pounding so noisily. He remembered her words of last winter, "That's me with my little mallet and chisel . . ."

"Le Vera? This is Rodney."

"Crazy old heart," Le Vera thought. His voice set the annunciator of her heart to buzzing furiously.

"You're off at three today?"

"Y—es."

"The tennis courts were opened at the city park this morning, and I'd like to—"

"I'm sorry, Rodney, but I've promised someone else."

"You—!"

Rodney walked back to Drexel Hall. In his post office box was a newsy letter from Norda on the last page of which he read: "We're supposed to be surprised, Rod, so don't breathe a word, but Mother is getting letters every day from John Nystrom. He was here last week to talk over old times with Mother. I'd been out looking for pussy willows like you and I used to do when we were little kidlets, and coming back I heard our dear Mumzie talking with somebody on the rock. They hadn't heard me, I knew, but I didn't dare move, so I had to listen. I can't tell you what they said, but it looks like there's going to be a double wedding when school is out. Didn't you know about Jim and I? Well, it's so . . . Like it? You will, 'cause it was your radio singing that broke his skepticism all to 'smithereens.'"

"I even found out that Nystrom himself carved out the old stone bench with hammer and chisel many, many years ago . . ."

"It could be a triple wedding, Rod, if only my big brother would hurry up and decide . . ."

Rodney finished the letter and climbed the stairs to his room. For a long time he thought, and then he dropped upon his knees to pray, and could not, except that he said over and over again, "Thy Will, alone, be done, not mine."

Suddenly he arose, a resolution in full control of his thoughts. Le Vera had promised to play tennis with someone else. With whom? He wondered.

He decided to find out.

It had not been easy to say "No" to Rodney, when there was nothing in all the world she would rather do today than to vie with him in a game of tennis.

Yes, she had promised another. That other was not a man, however, but dawn-haired Shera Thorwald. Shera was proving herself a new girl these days, showing more and more interest in spiritual things. Some day she would come out boldly and unashamedly for Christ, and then she and Rodney would not be unequally yoked. And I will be able to forget. Others have lost their lovers and have lived and their heartaches have healed. Why not mine?

Three o'clock came, and two girls in white flashed forth and back across the tennis courts at city park. The canvas ball sizzled across the net, was met with a swift backhand stroke, a smash, a cut, a thud . . .

The glowing girl on the other side of the net did not seem at all like the one who four months ago lay gasping for life in operating room number two. Nor was she like the haughty, squirrel-coated girl who had fled the inquiry room that night at Riverview church.

The set finished, a 6-4 set, won by Le Vera, they stopped at a drinking fountain. Before playing again, they sought a secluded bench behind an ivy-covered backdrop to rest. The overflow of the fountain purred softly beside them, tumbling over a little bed of stones.

Shera's face, aglow now with health, was very sober as she retouched it with a bit of powder to erase the perspiration shine. Le Vera watched the strange, new girl who since the event in the dental office that morning, had shown such a friendly attitude. Her lovely hair, held in place with a blue ribbon and jonquils that Rodney had pointed out to her last week in the box outside his window . . .

"See that little two by four window up there on the fourth floor?" They were standing on the opposite side of the street from Drexel Hall at the time. "There's where I live my old-bachelor life," and he had added softly, "and there's where I first began to live."

He told her about the column of ice that had so beautifully illustrated God's reaching down to save us. "There's a little cave along Crawfish

river I want you to see. I know you'll love my mother. She'll be deeply disappointed if you don't come. Norda's been counting on it. Norda needs you, Le Vera, and your little sister Maybelle is going to weep her heart out if you don't come. You ought to think about her, even if you don't care about how much I may need a dental nurse."

And Le Vera had said suddenly, looking at her wristwatch, "Oh, it's office hours again! I'll have no hurry now. Goodbye."

No, she could not accept the Deland's invitation to spend a week at Rexville.

Shera stooped, picked a purple violet, angled herself into a comfortable position, tucked the stem of the violet through the mesh of her tennis racket, picked another violet, did the same with it.

"Le Vera," Shera began and stopped abruptly. There was a catch in her throat. In an opposite court, a close battle was in progress and voices were shouting, "Ad' here"; "Deuce"; "Ad' there"; "Deuce again" . . .

Le Vera sensed the tenseness of the girl's thoughts—this lovely girl whose very loveliness made her exceptionally attractive to men, but which had seemed to blind her to her need of Christ.

"Ad' here"; "Deuce again" . . . Shera seemed oblivious to everything except her own thoughts. The stem of a third violet and a fourth were pushed through the mesh. The two upper petals of each purple flower face were a darker shade near the throat; the three lower petals shaded into white. How beautifully they were made.

Shera's question was the signature for the solemn song that was singing within. The question was, "Remember that night at Riverview church?"

Le Vera remembered so well; the sobbing girl in the squirrel coat, led to the Cross by the Spirit Himself, and then running away from the life that comes only through death, and finding the death that comes only through self life . . . "She that liveth in pleasures is dead while she liveth" 1. Tim. 5:6.

"I've been trying to run away from God, Le Vera, but I can't, and I don't want to try any more. I want to give up, this afternoon. I want to live like you and mother and Johnny and Rodney and—Oh, I know I am a sinner in God's sight . . ."

The ivy-walled bower made a beautiful inquiry room; the robin's "Verily, verily, look up, look up!", the house wren's cheery roulade; the tiny rivulet's purling ripple—these were the overtones in the happy song which sang itself in the heart of Shera Thorwald just now . . .

"I've been rebellious. Oh, I know I'm a terrible sinner in His sight, but I know He gave Himself for me, all of Himself. And I want to give all of myself to Him, unworthy as I am."

Le Vera's New Testament was opened at the same place where it had been opened that other night, the verse

that said "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners . . ."

After they had prayed and Shera had believed and received peace, and had dried her tears, she said, "There's one other thing, Le Vera. I know now that I should have told you long ago. It's about Rodney."

Even the new joy at having led this dear girl to Christ was not a sufficient shield against the pain that now struck at Le Vera's heart. She caught her hand to her breast. There was nothing now to keep Shera and Rodney apart; they would not be unequally yoked. Shera would grow in grace and soon be the companion he deserved.

Le Vera waited and suffered. Hurry, Shera! Say you love him. Say anything!

"That last winter in Daddy's office," Shera pursued, "when you saved my life. You did, you know. Daddy says so. Oh, that was a terrible time for me—but it must have been worse for you."

There was a whole nestful of violet heads in the racket mesh now, their lovely fringed white throats opened toward the sun, like baby birds waiting to be fed.

"I thought I was going to die," Shera said, "and while I struggled on the border line between consciousness and unconsciousness, I saw how sinful I really was. I knew how Rodney loved you and I—promised God if He'd let me live I would give Rodney up to you."

A little cry of pain escaped Le Vera's lips.

"I should have told you long before, but I thought everything would work out all right if I just waited. But it hasn't. I decided yesterday I would have to tell you."

What Le Vera may have said in reply she would never know, for at that moment Shera loked up suddenly and exclaimed, "There comes Gael! He's looking for me!"

Booming Gael Schillman came bounding across the green in white shirt and slacks, tennis racket waving, black hair gleaming in the sunlight.

Shera sprang to her feet and waved and started toward him. Then she stopped and whispered to Le Vera, "Help me pray for him, will you? He's promised to come forward in the church tomorrow night."

In a moment Gael was there, laughing, his eyes devouring Shera, and being devoured by her's in return. Theirs was going to be a happy ending story.

"Listen, you two," Le Vera suggested, "you run along and play a game, or watch the monkeys or something. Hear them chattering over there? I have some very important thinking to do which requires absolute privacy."

The robin continued his "Verily, verily," the house wren his gleeful coloratura, the splashing fountain its merry gurgling. A mocking bird joined the ensemble, jiggling the songs of a dozen birds with the skill of an acrobat juggling base balls.

In it all was the song of a woman's heart, made glad.

THE BAPTIST HERALD

It was only a prelude but it was in the right key and there was no discord. There would be no more discords. Yet the song could not be sung alone, for love was never a solo, but a duet . . .

She did not hear him coming—the man who, lonely and disheartened, stopped at the fountain to slack his thirst. She did not know he was there until she heard the soft splashing of his voice, singing the soft, sweet words of Fanny Stafford's lovely hymn,

"Somebody cares when your heart aches,

And everything seems to go wrong;
Somebody knows when the shadows
Need chasing away with a song . . ."

He did not know she was there until he heard her contralto purling along with him—

"Somebody knows when you're lonely,
Tired, discouraged and blue; . . ."

He did not look toward her until the first stanza was finished.

Crazy old heart! Why wouldn't it behave? Why was she here alone? Where was the man with whom she had come to play? She was lovely today, in spring white, v-necked dress, tennis shoes, her burnished copper hair on fire . . . She was setting his heart on fire the way she was smiling, and blushing, with the veil lifted.

"Are you—alone?" he asked.

He thought there was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes when she answered, "I am. She left ten minutes ago."

"She?"

"With Gael. They've gone for refreshments, I think. By the way, I have good news for you. I've decided to spend a few days at Rexville—for Maybelle's sake. I want her to see Crawfish river and your cave, and maybe we'll bring back some pussy willows for the office."

For a long time they looked into each other's eyes. All the feeling of restraint was one. It was as if it had never been, and never would be again.

His heart was still on fire, still pounding away. "Listen," he compelled himself to say lightly, his hand over his heart, "is that you again?"

She laughed soberly. Only her tennis racket was between them, and they were both clinging to it. "That's me, with my little mallet and chisel."

"Trying to get in, or out?"

They found each others hands. "Neither," she said, "I'm barricading the door so no one else can get in, 'cause there's room for only one—I hope."

"Listen, Le Vera."

In another moment he would have taken her in his arms, but she pushed him away. "Wait," she said, "till next week. I've already made up my mind where I want it to happen. I have to have the right setting."

"And where is that?"

"Maybelle thinks it ought to be under a pussy willow shrub along Crawfish river."

Reports from the Field

Dakota Conference

Annual Picnic of the Bismarck B. Y. P. U.

The members and friends of the B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist Church in Bismarck, No. Dak., held their annual picnic on Sunday afternoon and evening, August 10.

The afternoon was spent at various exciting games for which prizes were given. This was followed with a wiener roast with conversation and laughter filling the air as the flames of the bonfire circled to heights above us.

After the social hour we held a vesper service which consisted of choruses, Scripture reading, a duet number and a reading. An address was also given by the Rev. H. G. Bens, a retired pioneer pastor of our conference.

It was a wonderful experience for us to have such an out-of-door service, enjoying this fellowship and enabling God in his nature to speak to us. May God bless our B. Y. P. U. in the future as he has done in the past!

MELITA SUKUT, Reporter.

Baptist Service and Gospel Team Program at the McClusky Church

The members of the Baptist Church of McClusky, No. Dak., gathered at a nearby lake on Sunday afternoon, August 10, for a baptismal service. Four candidates joyfully followed the example of the Lord Jesus Christ in baptism and were extended the hand of fellowship at the communion service held at the church on the same afternoon. We thank God for the new followers and our added co-workers in the church.

On Sunday evening, August 17, we were favored with a program presented by a gospel team of young people from Goodrich and Martin, No. Dak. The service was well attended and God richly blessed us through songs and messages. May his Word ever stir our hearts and minds to a richer and fuller life in Christ Jesus!

ESTHER KAISER, Reporter.

Eastern Conference

More Than 100 Children Attend the Vacation Bible School of the Temple Church of Buffalo, N. Y.

One of the great commandments which Christ gave to his disciples was to "go forth and teach." It was with this aim in mind that we of Temple Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., planned a Vacation Bible School. The results of our efforts were most gratifying, for over 100 boys and girls came to learn of Jesus.



Vacation Bible School Group of the Temple Church, Buffalo, New York

Under the leadership of our new pastor, the Rev. Herbert Hiller, and fourteen teachers, a well-rounded program of memory work, worship and handwork was presented. After an impressive worship service, our school divided into three enthusiastic groups, the Primary, Junior and Intermediate Departments. Sewing and Manual Training Classes were also offered as special projects for the boys and girls.

Each day stories and lessons brought to the children an understanding of what Christ can mean to them. "Missionary pennies," which were brought every day, enabled our school to send a check for \$24.10 to the General Mission Fund. Three weeks of work and play together were brought to a close with the presentation of a program for our parents and friends. Weeks of earnest preparation were well rewarded as the happy children proudly sang and recited for their parents, and then led them downstairs to see the fire exhibit of handwork.

E. A. HODGSON, Reporter.

Atlantic Conference

Daily Vacation Bible School at the Second German Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The pupils as well as the teachers at the Second German Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., seemed anxious to receive as much as possible from the two short weeks of Daily Vacation Bible School. Our attendance was almost perfect with usually about sixty pupils.

We divided our session into three parts: an opening session of thirty minutes, a handwork period of sixty minutes, and a closing session of thirty minutes. In the opening session we saluted the American and Christian flags. Then the children chose hymns. You would have enjoyed this spirited singing from memory.

During the closing session we again had singing, prayer, and memory but

the main feature was a missionary story of some boy or girl in India, Africa, China, or Japan.

Mrs. W. J. Appel taught the older girls to make dresses which they wore when the school took charge of the prayer meeting on closing day. Julia Veninga had charge of the popular handkerchief aprons while the younger ones made nice things under the direction of Mabel Kalin, Helen Stokey, Grace Appel, and Margaret Tipton. Sam Appel and Lawrence Orthner, our pianist, worked with the boys. The pastor, the Rev. W. J. Appel, and Helen Appel filled their car with little three and four year olds and took them for an outing during this time. They had quite a load when the number increased to thirteen.

We feel that we accomplished a great deal and that the children enjoyed the school and will gladly come again next year.

MABEL KALIN, Reporter.

The 1941 Young People's Assembly of the Atlantic Conference at Bradley Beach

Although there were only about fifteen students at the young people's assembly of the Atlantic Conference at Bradley Beach, N. J., we had one of our finest assemblies. The faculty became a harmonious and welcome part of our group and a large number of visitors brought their spiritual, mental, and social contributions.

The attendance at classes was almost perfect. We thoroughly enjoyed our study of "Building the Christian Home" under Prof. Frank Woyke and "Training for Christian Leadership" with Mrs. Josephine Rauscher. These courses were very practical and should certainly help us in our Christian living.

We did everything together, whether it was attending classes, playing ball, swimming in the surf, worship, roasts, or strolls on the boardwalk. The warm spirit of fellowship which existed between faculty and students was largely due to the expert guidance of our dean, the Rev. W. J. Appel, and our grand recreational leader, Miss Dorothy Zirbes.

Our setting was perfect. The staff of the Baptist Cottage at Brady Beach not only gave us delicious meals and comfortable rooms but quick and friendly service. Our inspiring vespers were held at sunset beside Fletcher Lake. Our forums and most of our recreation were at the beach.

We only hope that many more will experience the joys and the renewing of spirit and body which may be ours in next year's assembly.

MABEL KALIN, Reporter.

**Southwestern Conference
Vacation Bible School of the
Mount Zion Baptist Church
of Kansas**

"Are you going to have a Daily Vacation Bible School?" "When can we come?" etc. These were some of the questions that had been asked by children of the community of our Mount Zion Church near Junction City, Kans., since March and April.

For months plans had been in progress and much prayer and thought had been given to our Bible School work at the Mt. Zion Baptist Church, until at last, on July 21, our Bible School began and soon 51 pupils were so busy that you could not tell what phase of the work they enjoyed most, whether Bible stories, memory verses, work projects, discussions, choruses or baseball and other games.

After two weeks, which seemed as just a few days to teachers and pupils, our school closed on Friday, August 1, with an average attendance of 50 for the two weeks of school. Several testified to a new life in Christ Jesus, and all felt closer drawn to him. God alone knows the benefits of such a school, but we can say it was an inspiration, a joy and a blessing to our church.

On the closing night parents and friends crowded into the church for a demonstration program in which each class gave a short review of their work, and the 51 voices sang choruses to the honor and glory of God. At the close



Twenty-two Children Who Were Brought Daily to the Mt. Zion Vacation Bible School of Kansas by Car and Trailer

of the program parents and friends met in the church basement to see a fine display of the handwork, which was carried out in connection with the lessons.

Our staff of teachers was very efficient and consecrated in the services they rendered. They were Miss Betty Zoschke, Miss Laura Montague, Mrs. Thomas Lutz and Mr. Glenn Klamm. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Thomas Lutz, was the supervisor.

We cannot close our little report without mentioning our various ways of transportation. Some children walked, some came in cars riding two and three deep, while the pastor with a borrowed trailer transported 22 children to and from school every day.

THOMAS LUTZ, Pastor.

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doctrinal views, which he submitted clearly and in detail. A brief questioning by the council followed, after which all members expressed their satisfaction on all points and recommended that the church continue with the ordination.

A fine service took place in the evening in charge of the moderator. The Rev. W. Helwig brought the message based on 2. Tim. 4:2 after which the Rev. R. Vassel spoke the ordination prayer with laying on of hands. Mr. Vassel also brought the charge to the church. The Rev. Alfred Weisser brought the charge to the candidate and welcomed him into the ranks of the ministry. The Rev. John Weinbender then closed this impressive service with the benediction.

Thus, another young servant has been set aside for the cause of our Lord and his Kingdom. May he be a real soul-winner! That is our every prayer.

W. HELWIG, Clerk.

**Session of the Women's
Missionary Union During the
Southwestern Conference**

The Women's Missionary Union of the Southwestern Conference of German Baptists convened with the Zion Baptist Church of Okeene, Okla., on Friday, August 8, during the regular conference session.

The meeting was opened with the singing of "Where Cross the Crowded Ways." The president, Mrs. Wm. Brenner of Woodbine, Kans., led the devotionals. The Strassburg Society rendered a duet, which was followed by a welcome address by Mrs. O. Graalman of the entertaining church, to which the president ably responded. The society of the nearby Immanuel Church of Loyal, Okla., dramatized the "Missionary Barrel." This was followed by the singing of "Living for Jesus."

An interesting and inspiring address was given by Dr. Wm. Kuhn, who dwelt upon the thought of three courageous women of the New Testament who anointed their Lord, and of the courage and faith of our missionary women of today in foreign fields. Then, too, the women in the missionary societies at home may "anoint the Lord" even in the doing of menial tasks, so that when the time comes we may hear him say, "She hath done what she could."

The offering was received and the Union voted to send \$35 to general missions and \$35 to the Centenary Offering. The meeting was closed with the singing of "Have Thine Own Way Lord" and benediction by Dr. Kuhn.

A business meeting followed and the new officers for the coming year are: president, Mrs. O. Graalman, Okeene, Okla.; 1st vice-president, Mrs. M. De Boer, Shell Creek, Neb.; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. F. W. Socolofsky, Shattuck, Okla.; secretary, Mrs. Edward Kary, Durham, Kans.; and treasurer, Mrs. Ernest Hildebrand, Stafford, Kansas.

MRS. A. WEISSER, Secretary Pro. Tem.

Southern Conference

**The Southern Conference
Convenes With the Bethel
Heights Church Near Gatesville,
Texas**

On Wednesday evening, July 30, the Southern Conference convened at the Bethel Heights Church near Gatesville, Tex., for the 58th annual convention. Many and soul inspiring were the blessings received during the days from July 30 to August 3. Due to the excellent planning of those in charge, business matters were transacted promptly, thus permitting more time for spiritual blessings. We want to say a word of commendation concerning the fine work of the Rev. C. C. Gossen of Crawford, who acted as dean of the convention. Also, the hospitality of the home church cannot be too highly praised.

We were privileged to have two distinguished visitors with us, namely, Dr. Wm. Kuhn, our general mission secretary, and Dr. Charles Koller, president of the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary. Dr. Koller's messages delivered on Thursday night and Sunday afternoon will linger with us for many years. Dr. Kuhn gave us a number of inspiring messages on the following subjects: "I Will Never Leave You Nor Forsake You," "Our Mission Goals," "The Face of An Angel," "Fruit of the Spirit," and "Such As I Have Give I." We also received many blessings from the sermons and devotionals given by our local pastors, the Revs. L. Hoefner, P. Hintze, J. J. Lippert, and R. A. Klein.

Milton Lippert, our newly elected young people's president, led the Saturday evening vespers. The Rev. M. Mittelstedt, who was drafted for a third term as vice-president of our young people's work, brought us the message of the hour. On Sunday night, the Rev. P. Pfeiffer, mission secretary for the coming year, brought us the closing message.

We feel that much of the success of the convention was due to the untiring efforts of the Rev. W. H. Bueening, the home pastor, and his dear wife.

HAROLD EKRUT, Reporter.

**Young People's Sessions of the
Southern Conference
at Gatesville, Texas**

The Southern Conference Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union held its annual election of officers in connection with the conference which convened at Gatesville, Tex., on August 1. The vice-president, the Rev. M. Mittelstedt of Kyle, opened the meeting in the absence of the president, Mr. Benny Spross.

The following officers were elected, composing the executive committee: president, Milton Lippert; vice-president and dean, Rev. M. Mittelstedt; secretary, Miss Tillie Mae Spross; treasurer, Herbert Lengfeld; members



Mr. and Mrs. C. Rich of the Bethany Church near Portland, Oregon, Who Recently Celebrated Their Golden Wedding Anniversary at Their Home in Hillsboro, Oregon

of the executive committee at large, Miss Adina Hintze, Chris Behr, and Albert Apel.

The Rev. R. Klein of Hurnville, Tex., had charge of the installation of the executive committee on Friday evening and also gave an admonition based on a verse of Scripture as found in Neh. 6:3. The new president delivered a fine acceptance speech. An inspirational message, "The Face of an Angel," by Dr. William Kuhn of Forest Park, Ill., and the benediction brought the evening service to a close.

On Saturday afternoon, August 2, the young people visited the Central Texas Juvenile Training School for boys, and later met at Raby Park in Gatesville for entertainment by the host training union. Various games were held, after which each individual enjoyed a package lunch. Milton Lippert had charge of the open air service of the evening and the vice-president, the Rev. M. Mittelstedt, gave the vespers service address on "Personal Responsibilities of Every Phase of Life."

The final meeting of our young people's union was held on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 3, with the president in charge. A special program composed of numbers by the young people of the various churches was presented to a large congregation. Thereupon Dr. Charles W. Koller, president of the Northern Baptist Seminary in Chicago, Ill., delivered an inspirational address, based on 2. Cor. 3:18, and his benediction brought a wonderful conference of many blessings to a close.

TILLIE MAE SPROSS, Secretary.

**Send Your Reports Promptly
for Publication in
"The Baptist Herald,"
Please!**

**Pacific Conference
Golden Wedding Anniversary
of Mrs. and Mrs. C. Rich is
Celebrated by Members and
Friends of the Bethany Church
of Oregon**

Sunday, August 24, was a festive occasion for the Bethany Church near Portland, Ore., in general and for the C. Rich family in particular, for this day marked their golden wedding anniversary. We could not let such an occasion pass by unnoticed. In the morning service the pastor, the Rev. J. C. Schweitzer, brought a special anniversary message on Psalm 66:16 and on the topic, "Praising God for Past Experiences."

On special invitation members and friends of the church gathered with a host of neighbors and family friends on the beautiful lawn of the C. Rich home in the afternoon. Towering trees and rustling leaves of blue spruce, pin-oak, linden, cedar, weeping cherry, weeping birch and horse-chestnut formed a fitting and wistful setting. An appropriate program was rendered. The Rev. T. A. Leger read the Scriptures and led in prayer. The Jubilee couple's children, forming a real choir, sang "Fairest Lord Jesus." The church, the Ladies' Aid and the Sunday School were represented by Mr. Ben D. Graf, Mrs. J. C. Schweitzer and Mr. Samuel Graf. An upholstered rocker from the church and other gifts of recognition were then tendered to our honored celebrants. A number of other pastors participated with congratulatory remarks. Three of the granddaughters sang a motion-song.

The main speaker was state senator of Oregon, the honorable W. E. Burke, who is an old friend of the Rich family and who was in attendance at their



Some of the Young People at the Oregon Assembly Held at Camp Silver Creek on a Hike to the Silver Creek Falls

wedding 50 years ago at Salem, Ore. He stressed the importance of the Christian home and the contentment that comes from an established life and noble character. Mrs. C. Stoner and Mrs. T. Fuller rendered a duet. The last speaker of the afternoon was state assemblyman, the honorable Henry Kurratli. The Rev. T. Mugford of the Hillsboro Baptist Church closed this happy meeting with prayer and the benediction. A season of fellowship followed, during which refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Rich came to Bethany in 1908, and they and their splendid family have been staunch members of our church during all these years. One daughter, Alda Eggiman, and their four married sons, who are Samuel, Theophil, Amos and David, live near their parental home, while one daughter, Helen, resides with her parents. A fifth son, Dr. Mark Rich of New York City, is the Secretary of Rural Churches of the Northern Baptist Convention. It was most touching, when in his remarks he stated that they as children would rather travel thousands of miles to spend a vacation with their parents than go anywhere else.

May God bless brother and sister Rich and keep them for years to come in our midst! Our desire is that our churches may have many such Christian families.

J. C. SCHWEITZER, Pastor.

Twelfth Oregon Summer Assembly is Held at Silver Creek Falls Y. M. C. A. Camp

The twelfth annual summer assembly of the Oregon Baptist young people was held from August 17 to 24. We were very fortunate in being able to obtain the camp at Silver Creek Falls near Sublimity, Oregon. There was a very fine group of young people, in number about 70, attending the assembly this year, representing the Baptist churches of Oregon and of Tacoma, Wash. Truly, there could not have been found anywhere a more wonder-

ful spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation than at our assembly this year!

We began the day with a "wake-up bell" at 7:00 A. M. and the rising bell at 7:15. After breakfast at eight o'clock, we had our morning devotions, which were led by the young people of the different churches each morning. We were always inspired and ready to start the day after these few minutes of morning worship together.

At 9:00 A. M. we gathered in the Recreation Hall or at the Fireside Circle for classes. In the first period, the Rev. Ralph Kraft conducted a class on "What Every Christian Should Know," and the Rev. Roy Kraft on "Fishermen and the Fish." The second class period

the afternoon we all took part in the recreational activities planned by our dean and recreation director, the Rev. Otto Nallinger. These included hikes, swimming, horseback riding, archery, volley ball, ping pong, etc. Mr. Leuschner took kodachrome moving pictures of the assembly group in action, which are later to be shown in our churches.

After supper, we met in the Recreation Hall for some form of entertainment which was usually planned by the different camps or churches such as a "Get Acquainted Party" wiener roast, stunt night, song fest, and others.

The dedication service on Monday evening saw the group hiking into the woods with lighted Chinese lanterns. At the three stops, "Love of Nature," "Love of Christ," and "Love of Fellowmen" were portrayed to us by lighted candles and with the Rev. Otto Nallinger speaking on each topic. Hymns were played and sung by the group. This beautiful ceremony will long remain in our memories.

On Friday evening after Ralph Kraft spoke on the topic, "Consecration," a number dedicated their lives toward furthering the work of Jesus Christ, namely, Lorraine Skersies, Elsie Giesbrecht, Leonard Ewert, Edward Perry, and David Hiebert of Salt Creek; Velma Kuper, and Clara Isaak of Salem; Velma Bienert of Laurelhurst Church, Portland; and George Bauder of Trinity Church, Portland.

On Saturday afternoon a memorial service was held simultaneously with the Trinity Church for Dr. Jacob Kratt by Messrs. Sam Rich and Roy Recks



The Kraft Party of the Oregon Young People's Assembly (Left to Right: Ralph Kraft, Miss Edna Kraft, Mrs. Janet Kraft, Roy Kraft.)

started at 9:55 A. M. with Mrs. Janet Kraft teaching a class on "How to Reach the Children for Christ Through the Sunday School" and the Rev. Ralph Kraft teaching "Bible and Science." From 10:50 until 11:30 A. M. the Rev. Martin Leuschner had charge of Open Forum. Those who attended both classes and Open Forum count themselves very fortunate.

After the noon meal many attended the Music class which was optional. In

and the Rev. Otto Nallinger. The Oregon Baptist Young People's Union has adopted a \$150 mission project for next year for the building of a school in Kakaland which is to be known as "The Kratt Memorial School."

As a highlight of the assembly another very effective candle light service was held on Saturday evening. Mr. Nallinger spoke on "The Darkness of the World and the Light of Jesus Christ."

The weekend brought a goodly number of visitors from the various churches. On Sunday morning the Rev. Roy Kraft spoke on "The Spiritual Feast of God" as the closing address. Our motto, "Adventuring with Christ," and our theme song, "He's My Friend," were very fitting for this year's assembly.

We are greatly indebted to the Krafts and to Mr. Leuschner for teaching at our 1941 assembly. Much credit is also due the Rev. Otto Nallinger for showing the young people such a splendid time and to all others having to do with the success of the assembly this year. May we ever go "Forward With Christ!"

VIOLA SCHNEIDER, Secretary.

California Young People Hold Their Assembly at Camp Thousand Pines in the San Bernardino Mountains

An outstanding mission goal which the California young people have set before themselves this year is the one to finance a new home for our missionary, Laura Reddig, in Mbem, Africa, which is to cost \$500. This was the decision of the representatives from the six California churches as they gathered at Camp Thousand Pines, a beautiful scenic spot of the San Bernardino Mountains in Southern California.

Two hundred dollars in cash were voted to be given soon, the rest to be raised by our young people and Sunday School workers in one year, if possible, through missionary programs and the like. Interest in the project



The Large Crowd of Young People and Children Who Attended the California Assembly at Camp Thousand Pines

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dean, the Rev. H. G. Dymmel, and his staff during the past two years in bringing into realization an assembly for our California young people have been well spent and the spirit of our assembly is reflected in the words of Mr. Sam West, camp manager for the Southern Baptist Convention, who said: "More than any other assembly, your German Baptist assembly is appreciated here at Thousand Pines."

With God's help we are looking forward to another successful camp at Thousand Pines next summer under the leadership of the new dean, the Rev. B. W. Krentz of Los Angeles, and the new officers, who are Walter West of the Los Angeles Fifteenth Street Church, president; Carl Feldmeth of the Los Angeles Ebenezer Church, vice-president; Ruth Urbigkeit of Anaheim, secretary; Reinhold Otto of Wasco, treasurer; Lavern Howen of Lodi and Emma Keller of Franklin, representatives at large.

ELIZABETH OTTO, Secretary.

Northern Conference

Vacation Bible Schools at Hilda, Alberta, and Its Mission Stations

A successful Vacation Bible School was held in the Baptist Church of Hilda, Alberta, Canada, from July 21 to July 27 with an attendance of 43 children. Miss Inez Haag assisted the Rev. and Mrs. John Kuehn on the staff of teachers. The final occasion was the closing program on Sunday evening, July 27. Here the parents and friends were given some insight into the work taught and handwork completed.

A similar school was held at Friedensfeld Church from June 30 to July 5. Miss Barbara Hermann helped Mr. and Mrs. Kuehn as one of the teachers. The total enrollment was twenty-three.

Miss Elsie Schmidt assisted in the Bible School held at the Gnadenfeld Church from July 28 to August 3. Twelve students attended.

Everyone was enthusiastic about having a larger and better school during the coming year!

J. KUEHN, Pastor.



Officers of the California Y. P. and S. S. W. Union and Teachers of the Young People's Assembly at Camp Thousand Pines

was aroused by the varied and splendid films shown of our missionary work in Africa, and by the talks given by our guest speaker, the Rev. Martin Leuschner of Forest Park, Illinois.

The 100 regular attenders and the many guests profited greatly from the quiet "Morning Watch" at Inspiration Point and from the classes held each morning by our various ministers.

Classes were as follows: "What is Teaching?", Rev. A. Felberg of Lodi; "Stewardship," Rev. B. W. Krentz of Los Angeles; "Philippians," Rev. F. E. Klein of Wasco; "Soul Winning," Rev. G. G. Rauser of Franklin; and "Adventures With Christ," Rev. M. L. Leuschner. Afternoons were spent in recreation.

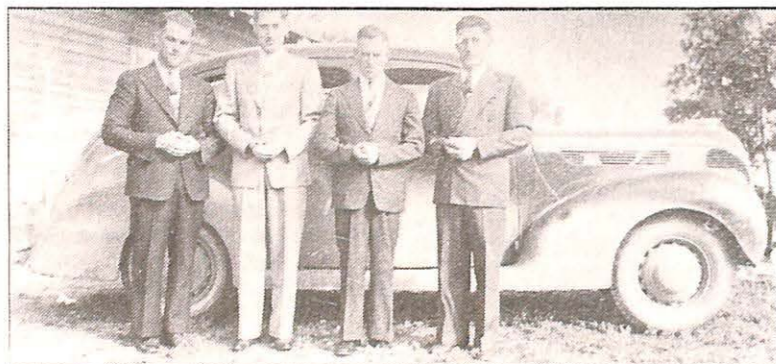
The time and effort given by our

Great Blessings Are Scattered on Trip of C. T. I. Quartet

Already last winter while some of us were attending the Christian Training Institute in Edmonton, Alberta, the idea originated among us that a male quartet should go out during the summer, but little did we realize then that the plan would materialize. To our surprise word came in the early summer that we should go on a tour through Saskatchewan. So with great enthusiasm the four of us, namely, R. Neske, R. Neumann, R. Dickau, and R. Schmidt, prepared for the service in which the Lord would be glorified.

Our practices were very blessed. Our hearts seemed all as one for the preparation of this great cause. As the time drew near for the beginning of our tour, the problem became rather acute as to how we should go. After conferring with the Rev. E. P. Wahl for some time, he said: "You do the preparing and the praying, and I'll do the worrying." Two days before leaving, God supplied us with a car and all-sufficiency.

The churches visited were as follows: Glidden, Regina, Edenwold, Southey, Serath, Nokomis, Lockwood, Jansen, Fonehill, East Ebenezer, West Ebenezer, Yorkton, Springside, Esk, Lashburn, and a few other small places to which we were directed after we met the Rev. F. W. Benke at Manville. The blessings derived from the time given to these services in the different churches, and the benefit which was ours are immeasurable. At Springside the Saskatchewan Tri-Union took place in a large tent which gave us an opportunity to render services before a large crowd.



Christian Training Institute Quartet of Edmonton, Alberta, That Toured the Churches of Saskatchewan Recently (Left to Right: Raymond Dickau of Wetaskiwin, Alta.; Reinhold Schmidt of Wiesenhal, Alta.; Robert Neske of Camrose, Alta.; Rinold Neuman of Esk, Sask.)

Our program consisted mostly of 10 to 12 songs, a report about the Edmonton Institute, a short devotion, and testimonies. These programs proved a blessing in the way the people responded.

Our trip lasted about sixteen days. We were kept from accidents and harm. We were fortunate to have only three flat tires, and those on the last day, besides one in Esk. All good things come to an end and so did our trip to our regret, but continuous praise to God to call us to such service.

RINOLD NEUMAN, Reporter.

Vacation Bible School at the Central Baptist Church of Edmonton, Alberta, and its Station, Lauderdale

It was a grand experience for our Edmonton people of the Central Baptist Church of Edmonton, Alberta, to hold four weeks of Daily Vacation Bible School in their midst this summer.

Since our boys and girls in Canada have only two months of vacation, (public school term lasting 10 months), it is not always easy to find time for all the church and religious work which

the pastors and churches would like to do.

At our mission station, Lauderdale, a two week period of Daily Vacation Bible School work was carried on from July 3 to 17. Willing and able teachers gave their full attention and abilities to make this first school in the history of the station a success. Sixty-three pupils were enrolled. No less than 7 nationalities and 6 denominations were represented among the group, which gave us a glimpse of the glorious fact that in Christ Jesus we are brothers, indeed.



Children and Teachers of the Vacation Bible School at Edmonton, Alberta

From July 21 to August 1 the school at the Central Church took place. Fifty-seven pupils were enrolled here, and 8 teachers did a very satisfactory piece of work and were all happy for this undertaking.

Busy mothers left their home work every morning to give their time and strength for the conducting of a successful school with the children. Four of our Christian Training Institute students, namely Mildred Weisser, Elma Neher, Adeline Kahler and Laura Goltz, gave their assistance in holding our schools.

We are looking forward for even a bigger and a better time next year.

E. P. WAHL, Pastor.

Four District Vacation Bible Schools Are Held by the Minitonas Church

Again this year the First Baptist Church of Minitonas, Manitoba, was able to conduct a Daily Vacation Bible School with its children. We divided our field into four districts to that the children would not have too far to go. The districts were as follows: Sinclair School, Swanford School, Ravensworth School, and Minitonas.

Children from six to fifteen years of age were invited to come, and they came with great interest and eagerness to learn. The total enrollment was 210, divided among the various schools, respectively, as follows: 47, 45, 50, and 68. With the exception of about seven, they were all children of our church. The attendance was just about 100%. We began on July 21st and came to a close on August 15. That plan allotted a week to each district.

School was held not only in the forenoon but from 9 A. M. to 3:30 P. M. The pastor, the Rev. R. Schilke, served as superintendent and teacher. Other teachers from our Sunday School, who voluntarily gave their time, were Miss

Adina Tulman for four weeks; Miss Tilly Hart three weeks; Mr. Ed. Ginter one week. Each school was divided into three classes for primary, junior, and intermediate children. The following subjects were taught: Life of Jesus, Acts, Exodus, Books of the Bible, memory work, and handwork.

In memory work we had a special prescribed course from the Sunday School and Young People's Board of the Baptist Union of Western Canada. For this course certificates were granted upon completion of certain parts of the course. In all 6891 Bible verses were memorized, or an average of 32.8 for each child. One girl learned as many as 158 Bible verses and five songs in one week. As recognition she was awarded a New Testament.

Each morning we began with a short period of devotion. An offering of one cent per child was an important factor in this devotion. In this way we were able to give the sum of \$11.40 towards our Cameroons mission field. Each Friday we came to a close with an invitation to decide for Christ. Twenty-five of the older children responded to the invitation. With these we remained for a short period of prayer. Of these twenty-five, fifteen confessed to have accepted Christ as their personal Savior.

R. SCHILKE, Pastor.

Vacation Bible Schools and Evangelistic Meetings in Lashburn, Saskatchewan, and Barrhead, Alberta

Vacation Bible Schools and evangelistic meetings were recently arranged for Lashburn, Saskatchewan, and Barrhead, Alberta, by the Rev. Fred W. Benke, district missionary, with the aid of talented young people from the Christian Training Institute at Edmonton.

The Vacation Bible School at Lashburn was successfully conducted from July 19 to 29 by Miss Alice Fried of Innisfree and Miss Pearl Weiss of Hilda. The school at Barrhead from July 29 to August 5 was under the capable leadership of Miss Pearl Weiss, ably assisted by Miss Mildred Weisser and Mr. Rinold Neuman of Camrose. Lashburn is about 200 miles east of Edmonton, while Barrhead is 80 miles west of the same city.

Every morning the Rev. Fred W. Benke led the worship service, stressing the right attitude before God. Then the teachers followed with the usual program of Bible study, memory work, handwork and singing. In these studies, as well as in the object and mission talks given by the teachers, the thought of evangelism was sounded, thus preparing the children for the evangelistic meetings in the evenings.

The teachers also rendered a valuable service for time and eternity by their testimonies, personal work and music. Miss Pearl Weiss brought heart stirring messages in song both at Lashburn and Barrhead. Miss Mildred

Weisser and Mr. Rinold Neuman sang fitting duet numbers at Barrhead. An orchestra composed of the teachers and some local talent provided the music at the evening services at both places.

The Lord abundantly blessed the efforts put forth. By the grace of God all of the children in both places, except the Primary class, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. Also several adults took their stand for Christ, including an Italian Roman Catholic family. We are now planning for baptismal services both at Barrhead and at Lashburn in the near future.

F. W. BENKE, Reporter.

Saskatchewan Convention and Tri-Union Sessions at Springside, Saskatchewan

Very enjoyable days were spent in Springside, Canada, when the Saskatchewan Convention and Tri-Union held its sessions from July 2 to 6. Representatives and guests from the many different churches gathered to spend happy days together to worship the Lord.

We were privileged to have with us the Rev. Samuel Blum, editor of our



The Ladies Aid Societies in cooperation with the Publication Society

As in former years we are again, this year, appealing to the various church societies for their generous assistance in the distribution of the

Scripture Text Calendar

This is generally recognized to be the best channel for getting this useful calendar into the homes of the people. It is, of course, a missionary task because the Bible verse fixed in the mind or heart, of the occupant of the home, exerts a spiritual influence which cannot be measured.

Besides this inducement there is the further incentive of replenishing the treasury with the splendid profit of \$13.00 for every hundred sold. This is "killing two birds with one stone." ...

The supply for 1942 is now on hand so that orders can be filled promptly. It is, at any rate, wise to start the selling campaign quite early in the season.

Roger Williams Press

H. P. Donner, Business Manager.
3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

German paper, "Der Sendbote," the Rev. Wm. Hoover of Detroit, Mich., the Rev. Phil. Daum of Winnipeg, the Rev. C. Rempel of Whitemouth, and Mr. Mashner, a student from Rochester, N. Y.

On Wednesday evening the conference session began, and after a short introductory service the Rev. S. Blum brought an inspiring message based on Romans 8:1 and 2.

Thursday evening was really the opening session of the Tri-Union. We were favored with a few musical numbers by the Ebenezer West orchestra. The Rev. A. Weisser of Edenwold then brought the message in the English language on the topic: "To Be Conformed unto Christ's Image." The Rev. W. Stein of Ebenezer also spoke in German.

On Friday morning the usual business meeting and elections were held. The various directors gave reports of the work being done during the past year. The new officers elected for this year are: president, Rev. E. Wegner, Nokomis; vice-president, Rev. A. Kujath, Regina; young people's director, Rev. A. Weisser, Edenwold; Sunday School director, Rev. W. Stein, Ebenezer; choir director, Rev. K. Korella, Southey; secretary, Ella Rumpel, Edenwold; treasurer, Frieda Kujath, Regina; pianist, Mrs. E. Wegner, Nokomis. Following the election two very interesting messages were heard. Mr. Blum spoke on Romans 8:33, 34, and the Rev. A. Kujath spoke on "Keine Scheidung mehr."

On Friday evening the annual program was held which consisted of solos, duets, trios and instrumental numbers. The young people from Fenwood opened the program with half an hour of music and song. On Saturday morning we gathered again at 9 o'clock with the Rev. Phil. Daum speaking and the Rev. Wm. Hoover bringing a message taken from Romans 8:38-39. The afternoon was spent in an outing at "Good Spirits" lake which was an enjoyable time for all. After lunch was served the Revs. A. Weisser and K. Korella gave short talks of encouragement to the young people.

Sunday was a day of great rejoicing, and the large tent proved to be much too small for the large congregations. The Revs. C. Rempel and W. Stein, Miss E. Katzberg and Mr. Mashner spoke to the Sunday School and the Rev. Wm. Hoover brought the mission sermon, which was a very inspirational and challenging message. The mass choir favored us with a message in song. In the afternoon the Tri-Union was brought to a close with the mass choir again singing praises unto the Lord. The closing messages were brought by the Revs. A. Weisser, whose theme was "Our Youth as a Home Mission Field," and Samuel Blum who brought very fitting words.

ELLA RUMPEL, Reporter.

Vacation Bible Schools at Southey and Serath, Saskatchewan

The Baptist Churches, as well as the communities of Southey and Serath, Sask., Canada, were greatly blessed by the Daily Vacation Bible Schools held from July 21st to 26th. Due to the harvest season, we were unable to hold school any longer.

The worship period was a high light in the day's activities and started the morning off right with the consciousness of God's presence and help. Each day the pupils gathered eagerly to listen and to learn more of God's Word. As a result, three students took a definite stand for Christ.

There were nineteen pupils who came daily at Serath. Under the able direction of Mr. Stuart Thomas, with Miss Ethel Berkan and the Rev. Karl Korella as assistants, the pupils learned many things. The most important subjects taught were "The Way to God" and "New Testament Characters" by Mr. Thomas; "The Homeland of the Master," by Miss Berkan; and "Bible Orientation" by Mr. Korella. They also had Bible drill, handwork, Bible stories, dramatics, and music.

Southey also had nineteen pupils. The same subjects were taught as those at Serath. The teachers were Mrs. Karl Korella, Miss Hilda McIlmoyl, Miss Hulda Orthner, Mr. Elmer Berkan, Miss Grace Berkan, and our pastor, the Rev. Karl Korella.

On Sunday, July 27, the closing exercises were held. Southey and Serath cooperated and had their programs together. In the afternoon the program was held at Serath and in the evening it was held at Southey.

MISS ETHEL BERKAN, Reporter.

OBITUARY

LOIS STROBEL

of Sullivan and Cook Mills, Illinois

Lois Strobel, daughter of the Rev. F. L. and Ethel Strobel, pastor of the Baptist Church at Sullivan and Cooks Mills, Ill., was the victim of a terrible automobile accident on August 12th, in which her mother, a sister of the Rev. Chas. F. Zummach, and her younger sister were also badly injured. Mr. Strobel was visiting his aged mother in Albany, N. Y., at the time of the accident.

Lois was born on February 12, 1929, in Arnprior, Ont., where her father was pastor for seven years. Her childhood years were spent in Trenton, Ill., which church Mr. Strobel also served for seven years. Lois was an unusually gifted and lovable child. Her thoughtfulness of others and her friendliness made her beloved by all who knew her. Obedient, she never caused her parents any heartache. Deeply religious, her greatest joy was to be able to do something for others and the Lord.

To be compelled thus to give her up was a terrible blow to all of us who loved her so. But like Job we say: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." The large attendance at the funeral, and the wealth of floral tributes bore testimony of the esteem in which she and her family are held in the community. A memorial service was held in the Trenton Church on Sunday, August 17th.

"Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in a better land, We'll read the meaning of our tears, And then, some time, we'll understand."

Trenton, Illinois.
Chas. F. Zummach, Pastor.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 342)

¶ The Walnut Street Church of Cincinnati, Ohio, dedicated a new Hammond electric organ at an impressive service held on Friday evening, August 15. The dedicatory prayer was offered by the Rev. A. Husmann, promotional secretary. The Rev. P. C. A. Menard, pastor, spoke about the undertaking of purchasing the new organ with the generous help of former members and friends and the sacrificial gifts of individuals and societies within the church. The interior of the old organ was dismantled and the new organ placed in the casing of the old pipe organ. Professor Gillig demonstrated the beauty of tone and the many possibilities of this instrument in a program of well chosen and masterly rendered selections. Miss Hulda Otto is the faithful organist of the church.

¶ The Calvary Baptist Church of Tacoma, Wash., recently completed a renovation program at an approximate cost of \$1000. A new choir loft was built and opera type chairs installed. A new baptistry has been built to the left of the platform, and the aisles and platform have been covered with shasta rose rugs. A new stoker for the heating plant has also been installed. From August 18 to 29 a Vacation Bible School was held by the church for about 6 pupils. The closing exercises were held on Friday evening, Aug. 29, with a varied program of children's activities, missionary pictures and a brief talk by Mr. M. L. Leuschner, editor of "The Herald." The Rev. W. C. Damrau, pastor, has been elected as president of the Tacoma Baptist Ministers' Association for a year beginning with September 1st.

¶ A Vacation Bible School was held by the Bethel Baptist Church of Salem, Ore., from August 4 to 15 with a picnic for the children held on Saturday, August 16. There were 87 pupils and 11 faculty members enrolled with an average attendance of 76 for the children. Forty pupils had perfect attendance. The faculty consisted of the following: Mrs. J. F. Olthoff and Maudie Jane Reischke for the Beginners; June Reischke and Mrs. Gustav Perlich for the Primary department; Mrs. Margaret Kuper and Lillian Rutschman for the Juniors; Mrs. Lydia Schirman for the Intermediates. Miss Velma Kuper served as assistant teacher, secretary and pianist, Miss Lillian Reischke as assistant teacher, and Miss Lois Schrenk as pianist. On Sunday evening, August 24, the Kraft Party from Mt. Hermon, Calif., had charge of the service and on Wednesday evening, August 27, the Rev. M. L. Leuschner of Forest Park, Ill., served as guest speaker following the Oregon Young People's Assembly.

SING A NEW SONG

(Continued from Page 346)

of Revelation. It is significant that Jesus went out singing with his disciples even on the way to Gethsemane. The first pagan reference to the Christians was that, before dawn they met and "sang hymns of praise to Christ as God." Paul's exhortation was: "Be filled with the spirit of grateful praise which is manifest in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in our hearts unto the Lord." Christianity sang itself into this world of ours. It still needs to do so.

For, of music the poet has well said:

"God is its author, and not men; he laid
The keynote of all harmonies; he planned
All perfect combinations, and he made
Us so that we could hear and understand."

Professor H. von Berge, as always, has caught the spirit of this great Psalm, and has masterfully set it to music in his "Nature's Praise," in our last Children's Day Program. (There is a note of joy and gladness in all of his music.) Singing is something that we all can do to the glory of God. It is the only channel through which we can collectively voice our offerings of praise and prayer to God.

A Singing Church

A really successful church must be a singing church. In my own ministry these years, I have always tried to rally all the musical talent in the church, the choirs, orchestras, soloists, and everybody who plays an instrument; and so we have given great musical programs, which delighted large congregations. I have usually read the ninety-eighth Psalm at such programs as my Scripture lesson with great effect, because the Psalm embodies just such a service of praise unto the Lord.

In the city of St. Paul, Minn., it has become an annual affair for all the Protestant Churches to have a great musical festival called "A Singing Church," where a great concourse of people fills the Municipal Auditorium. It is a very inspiring and most wonderful sight, where such a throng of Christians join in singing the hymns of the ages.

What a blessing and privilege it is to sing with gladness unto the Lord! O, sing unto the Lord a new song! "Is any among you joyful, let him sing psalms." So says James in his epistle. Yet we take our songs with us not only to the mountain-top to help us express our joys. We also take them with us into our Gethsemane to help us bear our sorrows. After all, the Psalms and hymns, that mean most to us, are the ones that have had their ministry and testing in the experience of life.

Thus, we, as Christians of today, should keep on "singing a new song unto the Lord!" And we will also make that song a greater blessing to others if they know of it and know the Lord.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below."