



The Christmas Surprise

BAPTIST HERALD

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December 15, 1942

WHAT'S HAPPENING

● The Rev. C. C. Gossen, pastor of the Canaan Baptist Church of Crawford, Texas, recently completed a series of nine sermons on "The Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ." The last message in the series was on "Glorying in the Cross," after which he extended an invitation for rededication. Quite a number of members of the congregation responded to the invitation in this impressive service.

● On Armistice Day, Nov. 11, the Rev. John Giesbrecht, pastor of the Baptist Churches of Washburn and Underwood, No. Dak., delivered an address on the topic, "Looking Toward Armistice," at a patriotic gathering of the student body of the school and of the citizens of Washburn in the local school auditorium. The program was sponsored by the American Legion of Washburn. The reactions to Mr. Giesbrecht's address were very favorable.

● The Baptist Church of Herreid, So. Dak., held its mission festival on Sunday, Nov. 1. The Rev. G. P. Schroeder, pastor of the Baptist Church at Linton, No. Dak., was the guest speaker. The offerings received on that day for missions, amounted to \$977.30. Other contributions were made afterwards to bring the sum to \$1000 but with these gifts the sum of \$1000 was exceeded, according to the pastor, the Rev. Emil Becker.

● Sixty members of the Bethany Baptist Church near Portland, Ore., have joined the One Hundred Club of the church in the interest of the Centenary Offering and have pledged \$343.45, most of which is already paid. The goal of 150 members is exceedingly high for the church with a total of 200 in its membership. The slogan, according to the active chairman, Mr. Vernon M. Chausse, is as follows: "Is Your Name on the Honor Roll?" The Rev. John C. Schweitzer is pastor of the church.

● The editor of "The Baptist Herald" regrets that due to misinformation sent to him it was announced in the Oct. 15 issue that the Rev. J. J. Abel of Lansing, Mich., had accepted the call extended to him by the Baptist Church of North Freedom, Mich. Mr. Abel did not accept the call and is continuing to serve as pastor of the Holmes Street Church of Lansing, Mich., where he enjoys the hearty support of his people. "The Baptist Herald" sincerely regrets this error in its news reports.



*** A CHRISTMAS RECITATION ***
Louise Lillenthal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lillenthal, who report that Louise has seldom missed a Sunday School session and that she loves to sing and to recite. In the picture shown above she is reciting a Christmas poem in the Immanuel Church of New York City.

**Unusual Features
For 1943
in
"The Baptist Herald"
Will Be Announced in the
Next Issue.
WATCH FOR THIS
ANNOUNCEMENT!**

● Evangelistic meetings were conducted in the Baptist Church of Ellinwood, Kans., from Sunday, Nov. 8, to Friday, Nov. 20, with the Rev. Theo. W. Dons, general evangelist, bringing the messages. There were three conversions during the services. The Ellinwood Church in individual and church gifts contributed \$457 to the missionary enterprise of the denomination, including a gift of \$25 towards the Centenary Offering by the Ladies' Missionary Society. The Rev. Harold Ekrut is the pastor of the church.

● The First Baptist Church of Watertown, Wis., held an impressive service on Sunday morning, Nov. 29, at which new United States and Christian flags were dedicated. These flags were presented to the church by the Girls' Guild, King's Daughters, and Ladies' Aid. The pastor of the Baptist Church, the Rev. Rudolph Woyke, was the special speaker at a Union Thanksgiving Day service on Nov. 26 held in the First Methodist Church of Watertown. He spoke on the theme, "When Things Go Wrong, What Then?"

● On Sunday, Nov. 1, the Greenvine Baptist Church near Burton, Tex., held a farewell reception for Milton and Llewellyn Lippert, sons of the Rev. and

Mrs. J. J. Lippert of the Greenvine Church who left soon thereafter to enter the service of the United States government. After a brief program in which messages of esteem and love, God's speed and regrets over their loss were brought, the entire congregation went to the new Sunday School building where the ladies of the church served a delicious lunch.

● The Baptist Church of Durham, Kans., is enjoying the ministry of its new pastor, the Rev. L. H. Smith, who, on Oct. 28, 1942, succeeded the Rev. Edward Kary, now of Napoleon, No. Dak. Mr. Smith was a student at the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Ill., before going to the Rocky Mountain Mission at Ketcham, Idaho, for a number of years. The Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Smith have four children who are Phyllis, Margaret, Ralph and "little" Larry.

● The silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. William Kessler was held by members and friends of the Baptist Church of Martin, No. Dak., on Oct. 4 at the Kessler farm home. After a varied program of songs, recitations and prayer, the pastor, the Rev. John Kepl, spoke a few words of congratulation. An old-fashioned "love feast" followed the presentation of gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Kessler are both active members of the Martin Church with Mr. Kessler also serving on the board of trustees.

● News has been received of the home-going of the Rev. Paul Zimbelmann of Emmetsburg, Iowa, on Nov. 12, who had been ill for many years. The memorial service was held in the Baptist Church of Anamoose, No. Dak., with the pastor, the Rev. A. Bibelheimer, in charge. A large congregation of friends and relatives of the deceased was in attendance. The Rev. Paul Zimbelmann was graduated from the Rochester Baptist Seminary in 1927 and served the Baptist Church of Gotebo, Okla., from 1927 to 1929 before his illness.

● On Sunday morning, Nov. 22, the Andrews Street Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y., held its Thanksgiving Service, at which Professor O. E. Krueger delivered the address and a number of young people presented the play, "Give These Their Daily Bread." The pledges and contributions for the Centenary Offering of the denomination amounted to \$300. On that same Sunday evening, the Rochester Baptist Seminary students had charge of the service with Mr. Alex Elsesser of Milwaukee, Wis., bringing the message. The Rev. Daniel Fuchs is the pastor.

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Coming!

THE NEW YEAR'S SERMON

A New Year's sermon of radiant good cheer and spiritual uplift will be brought by the Rev. H. R. Schroeder of Madison, So. Dak., for the first issue in another promising volume of "The Baptist Herald." This sermon will help every reader to begin the New Year in a blaze of spiritual joy and glory.

STRANGE FRIENDS

Complete in the next issue, "The Baptist Herald" will publish the amazing true story of an invalid for 35 years, who won a prize of \$1000 in one of America's leading magazines for the story of her life, Miss Bertha Loder of Pittsford, New York, who is personally known to a number of "Herald" readers, has gained a radiant outlook on life because of her faith in God and her useful hobby in making butterfly pendants.

GOD'S "MINUTE MEN" OF TODAY

The editor has prepared a story of unusual interest about the adventures in tract distribution in which Wanda Kaiser of McClusky, No. Dak., is engaged. It's a story that will thrill the heart of all those Christian people for whom tract distribution is one of the best ways to witness for Christ.

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EDITORIAL



Cleveland, Ohio, December 15, 1942
Volume 20 Number 24

No Room in the Inn.

CHRISTMAS is bound to be different this year. The colorful decorations and bright Christmas lights of other years have been affected by the stringent regulations of the war. Most of the children's toys will impress the stern business, in which we are engaged, upon their minds as the toy tanks and anti-aircraft guns monopolize the room under the Christmas tree.

Even more important are the changes in spiritual outlook which are a necessary accompaniment of every war. There will be no talk of a Christmas truce when friend and foe will fraternize for this one brief day and together sing "Silent Night, Holy Night." For wars can be waged to a victorious consummation only by pounding and pommeling the other fellow with the most deadly weapons known to man.

It will be exceedingly difficult to sing many of the Christmas carols this year because of the hatred that is rampant in the world of today. The song of the angels, first heard by the shepherds of the Judean hills, will sound like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" except when addressed to individuals.

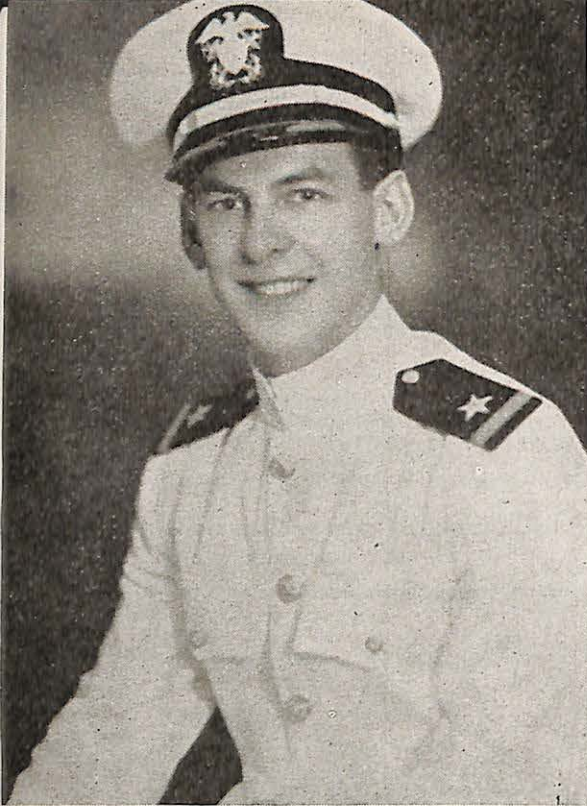
Some years ago Margaret E. Sangster caught the true spirit of Christmas in the following four beautiful lines:

"At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For love is heaven and claims its own."

But that spirit of Christmas can find no room in the inns of 1942. Stifing blockades and the ruthless occupation of European nations have produced hosts of starving people for whom no help is forthcoming.

To be sure, this Christmas will find our people admiring the valor of our fighting forces everywhere. We shall want to cheer them on to victory and to pray for providential protection over them. But the spirit of this Christmas will be subdued everywhere, not only by the realization of the terrific global war that is being fought over the face of the world, but more especially by this fact, that in a warring world there is so little room for Jesus.

It was like this in Bethlehem where Jesus was born. "There was no room in the inn." Even so today Christ Jesus will find no room in a war-torn world, except in the hearts of those who know that Christ alone can bring abiding peace and happiness. They are the ones who will keep aglow the flickering light of the true spirit of Christmas!



Emmanuel: God With Us!

A Christmas Sermon by CHAPLAIN ROY ANDERSON,
On Active Duty in the United States Navy

□
Chaplain
Roy Anderson
of the
San Diego
Naval Training
Station,
a Member of the
Forest Park
Baptist Church
of Forest Park,
Illinois
□

the presence of God. Adam fled from him, knowing that the sin which he had committed would bring God's wrath upon him. Abraham, though he seemed to know God and walked with him in close fellowship, nevertheless knew his place before him and dared not to overstep these bounds. Jacob, whose character was not without stain, trembled when he realized that the Almighty himself was present with him at Bethel. The entire experience of the children of Israel, from the time they left Egypt to the time they arrived in Canaan, is a record of a people who were acquainted with God, and whose presence was known to them through the tabernacle on which the fiery pillar rested by night and the cloud by day.

Through the giving of the law on Mount Sinai and the establishment of the tabernacle, God manifested his presence to a remarkable degree, and yet the people feared and fled from his presence. It remained for God to bring into effect another method of manifesting his presence to man. Thus we have the celebration of Christmas, the birth of Jesus Christ, who is the incarnation of God in human form.

Although there were supernatural phenomena accompanying the birth of Jesus, and the shepherds became frightened at first, there is a certain simplicity regarding Christmas which is to be found in the purely human aspects of that birth,—the mother who in tenderness and love cares for her child, the wise men who bring their gifts of love, the babe itself as the most convincing evidence of the Creator's condescension.

All of these things combine to make Christmas the great event in history that it is. It is the beginning of the redemptive work of God which found its completion in the Sacrifice of Christ on the cross of Calvary. The Incarnation brings God down to the place where man can understand him because in this act God became man, the Perfect Man.

As soon as the angel left the scene, the shepherds in unison made their way to Bethlehem to see the thing which had been made known to them. Their words were: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

This is the glory of the Christmas message. No longer fear, no longer flee from God, but when you have heard the good tidings make your way to Bethlehem, and, as the wise men and shepherds worshipped him, so bow down and worship him who is the Savior of the world.

they observed these things, but the first words of the angels to them were: "Fear not."

God was about to manifest his presence with more reality than he had ever done before, but this time it would be in a way that they and all men could understand. After speaking of the good tidings that a Savior had been born, they said: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Here, the birth of an infant was something that they could understand and would cause no fear or alarm to disturb them.

One stormy night a mother was putting her little girl to bed. It was customary for her to say her prayers which she had been taught from earliest childhood. Her mother tucked her into bed and kissed her good-night, saying that God would watch over her during the night, despite the raging storm with its lightning and thundering on the outside. Leaving her with the assurance that God was watching over her, the mother left the room.

Some moments went by, when suddenly there was an unusually bright flash of lightning accompanied by a loud crash of thunder. Calling frantically for her mother, she jumped up, threw her arms about her mother's neck and clung tenaciously to her. The mother tried to calm the fear of the child, realizing how frightened she was by telling her that she did not have to fear because God was always near. In fact, she went on: "God is right here in this room, and he is watching over you."

"Yes," replied the child. "But I want somebody near me with skin on them."

The history of the dealings of God with man is found in the Old Testament, and reveals how men have reacted when they found themselves in

THE celebration of the event, which we call Christmas, finds its significance, not in the giving of presents and the visiting of relatives and friends, but in the remembrance that the birth of Jesus is the incarnation of God in human flesh. Although Christmas has been celebrated for so many years, still it is necessary to remind ourselves of the true meaning of the birth of Christ.

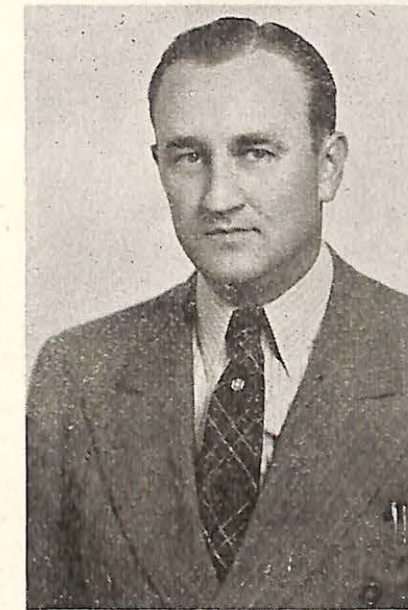
The basis for Christmas is found in the nature of God and the nature of man. There exists a gap between God and man which cannot be bridged through the initiative of man; in fact, man himself fears God and does not care particularly to be too near to him. This grows out of the truth that man is ignorant of the nature of his Creator, and, realizing that he has done wrong, seeks to hide from him. The events of the Garden of Eden are evidences of this, and man today, as Adam did then, is still fleeing from the presence of God.

All of us are afraid of those things which are more powerful than we are, and which are not so easily understood. The person who does not understand the principles, by which electricity works, has a right to be fearful of its power. People are afraid of the storms of the sea because they realize that they are dealing with something which is so much greater than they are, and therefore cannot cope with it.

This carries over into the spiritual realm too, for the person who does not understand the methods by which God deals with man has a right to be fearful of his power. Has not this been true whenever there has been a supernatural manifestation of the power or presence of God? Accompanying the birth of Jesus, there were a number of supernatural phenomena, as the star and the song and message of the angels. It is quite human that the shepherds should become alarmed when

Back to Bethel

An Inspiring Sermon for the Year's Close by the
REV. J. K. WARKENTIN of Henrietta, Texas, Pastor of the
Hurnville Baptist Church



Rev. J. K. Warkentin
of Henrietta, Texas,
Pastor of the Hurnville Baptist Church

AS we are coasting down the hill of this year's time with the hopeful anxiety of climbing up the succeeding mountain of 1943, may we concentrate on preparing our spiritual invoice on this last run. The apostle Paul expressed his inspired aspiration in saying, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3:14.)

Many times we must go back to some place in order to go forward. When Formalist and Hypocrisy leaped over the fence to join Christian in his pilgrimage to heaven, Christian reminded them of Calvary—that they must enter in at the door and thus pursue this heavenward way, as we read in "Pilgrim's Progress" by John Bunyan.

The prodigal son was convicted to return to his home from whence he had started with his former inheritance. It was expedient for Israel to return to Canaan from Egypt in order to fulfill God's providential plans and promises. Even so it was with Jacob according to Genesis 31:13 on which the contents of this message are based.

Jacob's Experiences

Here God spoke to Jacob through the angel in a dream, "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me: now arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred."

As far as his earthly possessions were concerned, Jacob had prospered tremendously so that it was recognized in terms of "glory" that had formerly belonged to Laban, his father-in-law. However, twenty years had elapsed since Jacob dreamed of the glory of God—a glory that far excelled this visible, temporal glory. God, who was and is so very merciful, desired to bless Jacob with this glory in reality as was revealed to him in a dream at that time. Yes, he must needs return to Bethel to find peace and happiness.

Is it likely necessary that we could return to the Bethel of our past intimate experiences with our precious Savior to renew our matchless fellowship with him? May we briefly "check up" on the essentialities of our Christian walk of life.

Back to Prayer

Perhaps, one major reason for our lack of prayer is that we are in too great a hurry. We have too many irons in the fire. We mean well, but we don't do so well. I need only judge myself. It is said of D. L. Moody, the more he

—"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Would that we could and would pray with such zeal!

Back to God's Word

The name "Israel" was the token of God's blessing in answer to Jacob's ardent petition. Genesis 33:20 says, "And he erected there an altar, and called it Elelohe Israel." The very words, "God, the God of Israel," were stamped on Jacob's life.

Dryden was right when he said about the Bible, "It speaks no less than God in every line." Of all the books that might give us a ray of comfort in these trying days, what would we do if we didn't have the divinely inspired Word of God? When the Holy Spirit convicted us of our lost condition, was it not made clear to us in God's Holy Word? When we felt the urgent need of repenting, was it not confirmed to us in the Holy Scriptures? When we could believe that our Lord Jesus Christ had forgiven our sins, was it not assured to us in his Gospel?

Finally, when we think of the glorious appearance of Christ, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, does it not thrill our souls beyond all other comprehensive realizations, as we read of the innumerable promises to come to pass without doubt? May we take it, read it, preach it, teach it, live it until he comes!

Back to Sacrifice

It is very striking indeed that Jacob had made a vow to tithe at the place called Bethel. Now the Lord definitely reminded him of this vow. "Yes," some one might say, "but as long as I don't make such a vow, I don't owe it." If that should be the excuse for maintaining a negative attitude, the fact is likely self-clarifying that such a one possibly knows little or nothing about experiencing a blessed fellowship with God.

The closer our walk is with God, the more we will be constrained to resolve to do for him. The more we see Christ on the cross, suffering untold agonies for us, the more we'll gladly give what we have, because we realize how insignificant we are, how unworthy of Christ's blood redemption, how utterly impossible for us to ever merit eternal life which Jesus made possible with his sacrificial death!

May we go back to Bethel and then go forward with Christ!

expected to do during the day, that much more time he spent in prayer. John Wesley's regular time for rising was four o'clock in the morning. His day's work was begun with one hour of prayer.

I often think of the many missionaries, how they depended on the Lord in prayer, and how Christ led them through one danger after another. For instance, John G. Paton, missionary of the South Sea Islands, was in grave danger as he bravely penetrated these cannibal tribes. One day he heard loud bleating among his goats. As he rushed out to investigate he found himself face to face with a company of armed natives ready to beat him to death. After talking to them kindly, but firmly, he lifted his hands and his face to heaven and prayed for these poor, lost Tannese. One by one they slunk away.

Later he wrote to a friend, "Did ever a mother run more quickly to protect her crying child in danger's hour, than the Lord Jesus hastens to answer believing prayer and send help to his servants in his own good time and way, so far as it shall be for his glory and their good? A woman may forget her child, yet will not I forget thee, saith the Lord." Upon many breath-taking moments was Mr. Paton's life rescued through God's instantaneous delivery, because Mr. Paton had so courageously summoned God's help through prayer.

In this second dream the Lord reminded Jacob of his earlier prayer at Bethel. Then we read in Gen. 32:24, 26

† Frederick William Charles Meyer †

A Report About the Homegoing of Prof. F. W. C. Meyer of Rochester, N. Y., by PROF. ARTHUR A. SCHADE

PARENTS must have had an intuition of the coming eminence of their son to have given him such an imposing name as Frederick William Charles Meyer, reminiscent of distinguished European royalty. One cannot but hope that they may have been vouchsafed from their spiritual abode to witness how creditably he bore the lofty designation.

Need anyone be told that Professor Meyer was a great man? It seems altogether gratuitous to argue his eminence as a crusader for an exalted conception of religion and for social attitudes that are determined by the common good.

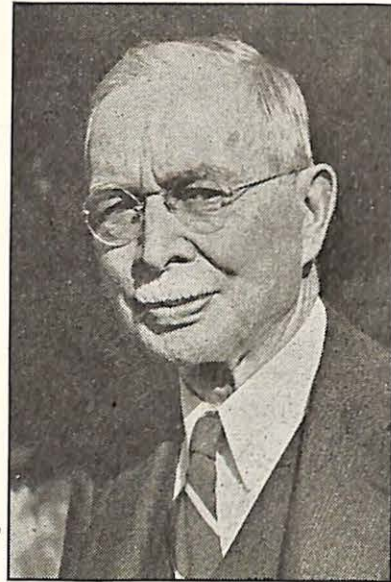
He has been so widely heard, his writings have been so profuse, his poems and hymns have been so inspiring, his art has found such wide acceptance, he held membership in so many religious, cultural, scientific, and benevolent organizations, he has inspired so many of the weary and the worn with his courage and cheer, that he needs no laudation.

His works remain to witness to his eminence. His contribution to the ongoing of life, to the cause of the good and the right have been so vital, so immortal, that his glory shall not fade away.

Still, those who knew him and loved him so well cannot refrain from speaking of his excellent qualities. One hears his praises not only from minister and colleague, but equally from layman and youth, for he was a friend of old and young, of learned and unlearned, of rich and poor. We are also sure that countless friends within and without the church desire that we speak of his magnificent life on their behalf.

The course which Professor Meyer took through this life may easily be followed, for he had remarkable staying qualities. To use a modern slang, "He remained put." One always knew where to find him, for he was never deflected from his course.

Coming to America with his parents as a child of four years he began his public speaking career on a soap-box, so to say, telling the boys on the streets of Cincinnati about his voyage to America. This speaking trait continued irresistibly unto the end of his life. He spent his life speaking to congregations, to large gatherings in conventions and conferences, to students in the classroom, to fellow-worshippers in the prayer-meeting, to members of the religious, cultural, scientific, or benevolent societies in which he held membership, and to his junior colleagues in the seminary dormitories.



The Late Prof. F. W. C. Meyer of Rochester, New York, Taken Shortly Before His Eightieth Birthday by Prof. A. A. Schade

His mind and heart were filled with ideas, ideals, and convictions which he could not restrain but which he was impelled to share.

Professor Frank H. Woyke, a pupil of Professor Meyer had this to say of his esteemed teacher: "Professor Meyer always remained fundamentally a Christian minister. As such he was a great lover of men. His enthusiasm for life—for the abundant life—knew no bounds. Old and young, rich and poor, all were alike objects of his enveloping and uplifting enthusiasm. It is the contagion of his enthusiastic spirit that will stay with those who were privileged to be his students, even should the rational syntheses be forgotten."

Professor Meyer's first employment was in a book shop. Here again he stuck to his last throughout life. He always remained a dealer in books in the loftiest sense of the term. One never ceased to be amazed at the number of books which he had read and the content of which seemed ever to well up freshly in his mind. Even after retirement from the faculty he remained librarian and catalogued the large number of books of the seminary library.

The same "stick-to-itiveness" pertains to his interest in art. He was graduated from the art department of the University of Cincinnati before entering the seminary to prepare for the ministry. All through life "the artist was foremost in him," as Professor Ramaker put it just before the funeral service.

His soul responded to beauty and saw beauty everywhere. A tour across the country represented to him an endless succession of paintings done by the infinite hand of God. His interest in the Art Museum and his lectures to students and all manner of societies on art continued to the very last. Once having an interest awakened in him, the interest continued to grow throughout his life.

Predominant, of course, was his spiritual interest. Here, too, he had a very early beginning. One day his parents were honored by a distinguished-looking visitor who had come to bring them greetings from someone somewhere. This visitor turned out to be Professor August Rauschenbusch, the first professor of our Seminary. Through this visit the family came into the Baptist fold, and Frederick attended the second General Conference held in Cincinnati in 1868, being a lad of only six years.

After becoming a minister, he continued to attend General Conferences and gave that memorable poem on the opening night of the last General Conference in Burlington in 1940 seventy-two years after his first visit. (See "Baptist Herald"—Sept. 15, 1940.) His interest in the coming of the Kingdom of God found expression through the channels of the church and the Conference to which he devoted his loyalty and to which he dedicated his means and his children, two of whom are in missionary service.

Friends will wish to know something of the end. The professor started for church on Sunday morning, Oct. 23, despite the fact that he had not been up to par. On the way something snapped, and he had to return and the doctor was summoned. From day to day he declined until on Saturday evening, Nov. 14, he fell into a coma in the presence of the Lord whom he loved and served with all his heart.

His sons, Dr. Walter Meyer of New Haven, Conn., and Alvin Meyer of Rochester; his daughter, Salina, and his faithful wife were at his side when the end came. Dr. Fredrick Meyer of the Philippine Islands, of course, could not be present and has been heard from only once since that fatal Pearl Harbor incident. He was represented by his two sons who are here in the east attending the University of Rochester. Mrs. Alma Feldmann, wife of a missionary who is now minister of the First Baptist Church of Grand Forks, North Dakota, arrived for the funeral.

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The Memory of a Christ-like Life

A Tribute by PROFESSOR O. E. KRUEGER, Moderator of the General Conference

THE EIGHTY YEARS of Professor Meyer's life cover the major portion of the history of our denominational group, which is now getting ready to celebrate its centennium.

As a lad Frederick Meyer witnessed many of the occasions which have now become sacred in our annals. His youthful interest in the ongoing of the church led to his decision to enter the seminary to prepare himself for the work of the ministry.

Beginning his pastoral tasks in New Haven, Conn., in 1888, he soon rose to prominence as one of our outstanding leaders. The New Haven Church enjoyed twelve years of his fruitful ministry. The Immanuel Church in Milwaukee, Wis., grew strong under his leadership which extended over a period of fifteen years. Thus he gave twenty-seven years of his life to a ministry that could not be restricted to the local

churches which he served.

Upon the retirement of Prof. J. C. Gubelmann from our Seminary faculty, the denomination honored him with the chair of systematic and practical theology. Always the enemy of obscurantism, he stood for the expression of an intellectual religion, which he succeeded in interpreting to the simple as well as to the wise.

He made his contribution to the denomination as a pastor, as a member of various denominational boards, as a writer and editor, as a teacher in our summer assemblies and pastor's institutes, and as a seminary professor. It would be impossible to weigh even the influence going out from him during the thirteen years of his editorship of our youth publication. Unconsciously our young people as well as the older people responded to the ideals set before them in his unique way of presenting the truth.

During the twenty-one years in which he occupied the chair of systematic and practical theology, he and his colleagues moulded the minds and hearts of the men who are now putting their stamp upon the churches which they serve.

In theology his emphasis was placed upon the religion of the spirit over against the religion of the letter. In this emphasis he was sometimes misunderstood and suffered a considerable amount of opposition which he bore without any feeling of bitterness. The Kingdom of God idea absorbed his thinking. As to the message, he insisted upon "preaching the word," often quoting: "You cannot give God's children too much of the Father's bread." His own deliverances were not only patterns of homiletic art, but they were also the outpourings of a man aflame for God and his cause.

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Professor Meyer, the Artist Preacher

A Tribute by PROFESSOR ALBERT BRETSCHNEIDER, President of the Rochester Baptist Seminary

IT IS with pleasure that I bring this tribute to my friend and colleague.

I learned to know him first when he came to our seminary while I was still a student in the Rochester Divinity School. I shall never forget him, for it was he who steered me toward my fruitful pastorate in the Clinton Hill Church in Newark, N. J., and later also encouraged me to enter the teaching ministry of our seminary. I do not think I would have had sufficient courage to accept my Newark charge had not my friend inspired me with self-confidence. That was one of the delightful traits of our beloved teacher. He was constantly inspiring others to reach for the stars.

When he came to Rochester to teach systematic theology and the art of preaching, he had two successful pastorates to his credit and twenty-seven years of most fruitful preaching. Together with his excellent training in college, seminary, and university and his rich practical experience in the ministry, he had also a thorough preparation in theology.

In consequence, he came to be one of our most honored and generally beloved teachers. With deep insight and rare skill, he introduced our students into the mystery of divinity and with infinite patience guided them toward the highway of successful preaching.

He was himself a fine example of the artist-preacher. Often he thrilled us in pulpit and chapel with lofty truth tinged with emotion. He literally made truth live before our eyes. With the hand and eye as well as by word of mouth, he made truth kindle. The very warmth of his message wakened faith while his keen analysis of truth and the logic of his argument satisfied both head and heart.

Professor Meyer was a very congenial colleague and teacher. Students loved him for what he was as well as for what he taught. Moreover, though sometimes they disagreed with him, they nevertheless revered him and followed him, for he was a truly great searcher after truth.

He was not only a lover of truth but also a sincere defender of truth. Few of our teachers ever fought more boldly and courageously for the truth than he did. And, in all these theological combats he managed to keep reasonably sweet and divinely patient.

While he kept his head in the clouds, he never took his feet off the earth. Science and metaphysics were equally interesting to him and equally inspiring to the student when he taught them in the classroom, for he was an ardent lover of birds and flowers and the good earth as well as the intangibles, the things that are past finding out. God gave our dear professor open eyes to

see, not only the beauty in the rainbow, but also the glory of "the flower in the crannied wall." God gave to him a wonderfully sensitive ear for the low, sad music of humanity, on the one hand, and for the glorious concord of mighty symphonies, on the other.

As a teacher Professor Meyer developed wide and varied interests. Science, literature, art, politics, social interests, international peace, these and many others won his interest and gained his praise.

As a teacher he found time also for much writing. Who of our denomination does not know, "The Man with the Spectacles"? In theological journals, in religious weeklies, and in newspapers his articles found interested readers.

One of his last labors of love for our seminary was the cataloguing of the books of our library. With the artist's touch and skill and the teacher's devotion, he completed that task in his retirement without any remuneration, except the gifts of gratitude from teacher and student.

Now his body rests from its labors and is quietly laid away in lovely Riverside Cemetery beside the Genesee River. But his soul goes marching on, there as here.

His loving example will be a constant challenge to us all to *be* and *do* our best.



A Mural Painting Belonging to the Bethlehem Chamber of Commerce Showing the Arrival of Count Zinzendorf at the Moravian Community on Christmas Eve in 1741 and Naming the Settlement Bethlehem

Bethlehem, "the Christmas City"

By WILLY STANGL of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

BETHLEHEM, the "Christmas City," of the United States is rich in early American history, legend and tradition. It is located in the beautiful Lehigh Valley in Pennsylvania, only 87 miles from New York City and 52 miles from Philadelphia. It was founded by Count Zinzendorf and a group of members of the oldest Protestant Episcopal Church, generally known as Moravians, as a missionary effort to the Indians and the German settlers of this section of Pennsylvania in the year 1741.

The first building, a log cabin, was built on an old Indian trail, at the site where now Bethlehem's largest hotel stands. It was here that 201 years ago on Christmas Eve, a service was held at which time Bethlehem was named, through the song which Count Zinzendorf sang, "Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem."

Many of the early buildings of 18th century architecture are still standing with their quaint dormers, hand hewn logs of virgin timber, hand made locks, hinges and sturdy stone buttresses.

Bethlehem was a city of refuge in the French and Indian War and a supply center and hospital in Revolutionary days. You may pass through the halls where walked many of the great figures of the Colonial era: George and Martha Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Baron von Steuben, Baron de Kalb, Marquis de Lafayette, George Pulaski, John Paul Jones, John Adams and others of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence.

You may walk through the peaceful old graveyard (God's Acre) where lie the founders and forefathers of the town. Many Indians were Indian Negro converts, and, in the strangers' row, there lies a Revolutionary surgeon and steward of the Continental Hospital.

Bethlehem can claim many "firsts and oldests." The first community water works in the United States; the oldest fire engine, brought over from London in 1762; the oldest drug store in continuous existence in the United States; as well as the oldest Protes-

tant girls' boarding school in the United States of America.

Moravian Brethren early found it expedient to build an inn for their guests, so the "Sun Inn" was erected on Main Street in 1758 and still operates in its original building, retaining much of the atmosphere of colonial days, when it extended its hospitality to such distinguished visitors as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and John Paul Jones.

The members of this old Protestant Episcopal Church are known as Moravians, because Moravia, a part of the former Czecho-Slovakian Republic, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries constituted one of the chief seats of the church, and because it was renewed, the eighteenth, by refugees from the country who fled to Saxony for the sake of religious liberty. Their official name, however, is "Unitas Fratrum"; that is, "The Unity of the Brethren," and they originated not only in Moravia, but also in Bohemia.

For one hundred years this community was exclusively Moravian and during its entire two centuries Bethlehem has been the seat of the Moravian Church in America. Although the Moravians, by virtue of their religious conviction, refused to take up arms in the Revolutionary War, they assisted in many ways. The community was a thoroughfare for troops passing to and from New Jersey. Distinguished generals such as Washington and Pulaski were entertained here; the wounded Lafayette was nursed back to health here; and for three months the heavy baggage and munitions train was housed here.

On the south side of the Lehigh River, there was started before the Civil War a little iron works which later became one of the greatest steel mills in the world, now known as the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. This mill now employs over 25,000 people, and the buildings wind along the Lehigh River for over five miles. The growth of this enterprise into a mighty in-

dustrial giant caused an addition to the original elements in the population, with thousands of people of varied nationalities. Thus, today Bethlehem's population has neared 70,000.

The Moravians laid the foundation for a culture and education, which have made Bethlehem an academic stronghold, and for that popular appreciation of music which has made it a great music center.

The various church festivals of the Moravians, especially Christmas and Easter, are of great interest and attract visitors from all parts of the country. Early on Easter morning the Moravian Trombone Choir, an organization of considerable national repute, visits the different parts of the town and renders old, famous Bach chorales.

Bethlehem of Pennsylvania has become widely known as the "Christmas City" of the United States, though it is not the only Bethlehem in the United States. There are six others located in the following states: Connecticut, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland and New Hampshire.

Last year, while the observance of Christmas was held to mark the birth of a child two thousand years ago, it also marked the birth of a city two hundred years ago.

On December 3, 1941, Bethlehem Yuletide lighting, which is outstanding as no other city in the United States can boast, was turned on by a candle set in a beam of a large square camera-like box of the electric eye.

In order for visitors to see all the Christmas decorations in years past, they have had to travel for more than seven miles of streets. There are more than 27,000 mazda lamps stretched along the seven miles of streets. Nearly 200 trees are used in the decorations—40 were used to form a giant tree at the plaza of the "Hill-to-Hill" bridge. This tree reached a tremendous height of 30 feet, with a beautiful garden about the base.

On top of South Mountain, there stands a giant 81 foot high shepherd star on its 91 foot high steel frame. In this star there are 158 bulbs used for illumination. The star can be seen from about ten miles distance.

This in short, is the story of the city which proudly carries the name of the town in which our Redeemer was born. However, when we compare Bethlehem of Pennsylvania and Bethlehem of Judea we find a marked difference between these two places. In the Bethlehem of old was born the Prince of peace. The angels sang, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." In the modern Bethlehem there are made many of the tools of war and destruction.

Although around Christmas and Easter we see much in display with the Christian spirit of the people of Bethlehem, we still know that it is just an outward expression of the inner feeling and prayer for peace on earth and good will unto all men.



—Harold M. Lambert Photo

Christmas is the Loveliest Time of the Year When the Snow Covers the Ground and the Hearts of Children Are Happy and Gay and People Think of Others With Unselfish Love and the Bells Ring Out Their Message: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men."

The Christmas poetry is especially beautiful and inspiring. It finds expression in the happy carols that are sung at this season of the year. It embodies the deepest emotion of joy and hope in the hearts of all who worship the Christ-child, who was born in a Bethlehem manger on the first Christmas day.

* * * *

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW

By Alice Hansche Mortenson

The beautiful snow! The beautiful snow!
Covering all of the earth below,
Even the places unlovely or sad,
Adorned as a bride so beautifully clad!
And the air all around so refreshingly clean
Reminds me of God and of heaven's bright sheen—
Enwrapping His hills in a blanket at night
To give us a world in an etching of white!
And seeing His work, it thrills me to know
That He washes a soul even "whiter than snow";
And finding a life once cheerless and bare
He suddenly places His loveliness there—
Not transient, as snow is, but something to stay
Long after the snowdrifts have melted away!
And I think of Him always, whenever I see
The touch of His fingers on hilltop and tree,
Stooping so kindly His love to bestow,
Like a calm benediction, the beautiful snow!

—Moody Monthly.

CHRISTMAS HERE

By George W. Redding

May angel chorus ring tonight
As in Judea long ago,
And may there shine a heavenly light
To set our weary hearts aglow—
Here in this land.

May majestic, magic star
That guided magi from the East,
Lift our thoughts from greed and war
To seek and find the Prince of Peace—
Here in the West.

May the manger's God-man come
With wondrous love into each heart.
He made a barn a Christian home;
May he this matchless grace impart—
Here in this house.

—The Christian Herald.

* * * *

THIS WOULD I KEEP

By Grace Noll Crowell

This would I keep forever in my heart
Among the things the ruthless years
may leave;
The glad excitement, wonder and delight
Of Christmas Eve.

This would I hold untarnished through
the years,
Although the roads I take may lead
me far;
The radiant, molten glory of the light
From one white star.

And oh, to keep the breathlessness, the thrill,
The heart's swift running out to meet
surprise,

Never to lose entirely the light
Of childhood from my eyes,

Never to lose the Christmas morning
joy,
And never the bright eagerness to
give—
God, some way let my spirit keep the
shine

Of Christmas while I live.

—The Christian Herald.

* * * *

NO ROOM

By Barbara Elden Cornet

"We have no room." Nor did they care
That God's own Son was lying there.
All power laid down, all glory sped,
A baby in a manger-bed.
But angels lowly bowed in love
To praise the Lord of heaven above,
And joined the humble shepherds there
In happy song and ardent prayer.

"We have no room." The world takes up
The cry. "For we must laugh and sup.
When years are few and eyes are dim,
Ah, then perhaps we'll turn to him.
But ask us not while youth abide
To lay earth's glittering joys aside.
'Till life's bright ways our feet have
trod

We have no time to spend with God."
Lord, here is room. My heart I bring
To Thee, a humble offering.
It bears the marks of sin and shame
And is not worthy of Thy name,
So cleanse it, Lord, that it may be
A throne that's fit to offer Thee.
Then, through the blood my sins for-
given,

I'll find there's room for me, in heaven.

—Sunday School Times.

December 15, 1942

IN THE HEART OF THE PINES

By ELEANOR E. KEES

would go at once to Grafton, secure the marriage license, find a minister, and be married right away. In Grafton he would sell the car. He had previously visited a garage where they had promised to buy it. They would get the garage owner to have them brought back home.

In the evening he would break the news to his mother, Clarissa would tell her father, and they would plan to leave for New York the next day. There might be a little storm at first on Mr. Hamilton's part, but Percy knew there would be no objection on his mother's part. Clarissa could get her father to take her to the depot the next morning, Percy and his mother would get the lodge keeper, where they were staying, to take them to Langdon, and they would all be off.

It all sounded very well planned to Clarissa, but just why was he in such a hurry? Why tomorrow? Couldn't they wait another week or two? The suddenness of it fairly took her off her feet! She should have a new dress, and a new traveling suit. She didn't want to wear an old dress to be married in. She must have a new suit to travel in. She had nothing but spring and summer clothes with her. She must have a new fall outfit.

But Percy was firm. He had made all the arrangements—had been to see the garage man today—and the plans were made for every step. And why must she have new clothes just for a secret wedding? Any one of her dresses were nice enough to be married in. A new suit for traveling wasn't necessary. Traveling was hard on clothes, and a new suit would be ruined by the time they reached home. He would buy her any number of things she wanted as soon as they reached New York.

He drove past the Tolley home, along a narrow road which wound in and out among the pines, keeping away from the highway as he argued and coaxed, and finally Clarissa gave in. She supposed he was right. Since the wedding was to be so quiet it really would make no difference. There wouldn't be anyone present who knew them. Even the witnesses would have to be strangers. She would be ready any time Percy called for her the next day.

When it was all settled to Percy's satisfaction he turned the car around and headed for home, stopping it long enough to kiss Clarissa, then drove on, his right arm resting ever so lightly on her shoulder, and driving with his left hand.

They commented on how surprised their friends back home were going to be, and suddenly Clarissa gave a little laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked Percy. "Oh, I was just thinking," laughed Clarissa, "wouldn't it be joke if Dad would be so 'cut up' about us eloping that he would throw me off altogether—disinherit me?"

Instantly Percy's arm left Clarissa's shoulder, he brought the car to a sudden stop, flashed on the dome light, and peered at Clarissa in a frightened manner.

"Clarissa!" he cried. "Would—would—do you suppose he would do that?"

"Well," said Clarissa, looking at him in astonishment, "I don't know what he'll do when he finds I have openly defied him. He can be pretty firm sometimes. When we came out here in the spring he intimated I would be on my own if I deliberately chose to go back instead of staying with him. But why all the excitement over just a conjecture?"

"Well," faltered Percy, "of course you wouldn't expect me to—well—well—er—that is—to—er—well—marry a—a—poor girl, would you? You see," he hastened to add, "that's what you would be. You know, Clarissa, I've got something to live up to. The Trevors have always married wealth. Surely, you understand my position—the position of a Trevor. I—I—just couldn't break family tradition, and—"

Clarissa drew away from him, her anger flaming. "Percy Trevor!" she cried. "Do you mean to sit there and intimate you are just marrying me for my money. That it isn't for my own sake you want me?"

"Oh, Clarissa, you don't understand me," he whined. "I'm—I'm oh, can't you see—I've got my family name to think of. Our prestige is something we can't ignore. My mother—a Trevor—even married a Trevor to keep up the family tradition. Can't you see this puts me in a spot, and—"

"I can't see where you'd be in a spot as you say, but I can see how miserably selfish and despicable you are!" she cried. "I wouldn't marry you now if you were the last man left on this earth! I can see now where, instead of you being concerned over myself this summer, you only wanted me to have my time free to entertain you. I can see now, what I have never seen before, that you care nothing for me or my feelings, but you think only of your

own. You care nothing for my happiness—you think only of your own comfort. As for the kind of a husband you would make—you would be mean, narrow, selfish, demanding everything of a wife, and giving nothing in return, living to please only yourself, and—"

"Clarissa," broke in Percy, "I don't have to take such false accusations from you! I—a Trevor—being accused of all those things! You're nothing but a high-tempered—!"

Clarissa opened the car door and jumped out.

"You miserable cad!" she cried. "I won't even ride with you! You're not even a gentleman!"

"Very well," he shouted, banging the door shut and starting the motor. "Get home the best way you can, and I hope I never see you again!" And he drove away.

Clarissa watched the circle of light as it grew smaller and smaller, the little red light as it blinked fainter and fainter, and was suddenly hidden from view by a turn in the road, too overcome to fully realize the predicament she had placed herself in until the light had entirely disappeared, and she found herself in total darkness. Then she suddenly burst into tears.

"You mean, low, selfish rascal!" she cried, shaking her little bare fist in the direction he had gone. "You miserable, contemptible cur!"

She suddenly realized she did not know where she was. They had driven past the Tolley home going out—she remembered that—but where was she now? She didn't even know the direction she was facing, but supposed they had been headed for home.

But how was she to get home? She didn't know this road at all. True, she had been on it a number of times, but it was so winding she could never keep straight in her directions. She never knew where she was until she came out onto the highway. Oh, what should she do? It was so dark she couldn't see a thing—not even her hand when she held it out in front of her!

Of all the contemptible tricks for a fellow to pull on a girl this was the very worst! Bring her out here to make plans for marrying her, then leave her stranded in the dark to walk—goodness only knew how many—miles home!

She sobbed aloud. He was a brute—worse than a brute! There was not a spark of manhood in him! If there had been he would never have left her like this. If he had had any manhood whatever in him he would have insisted she get back into the car with him, and taken her safely home. Or, if she had refused, he would have stayed right here with her to see that nothing happened to her if he had been obliged to stay all night. Or he would have picked her up bodily and forced her to get into the car. But he was unspeakably selfish—no, not just selfish—there wasn't a word in the entire English

language strong enough to express the kind of a man he was!

She took a step forward. She must move. She couldn't stay here all night. She would freeze. It was getting colder. But as she stepped her slipper came off.

She reached down to find it. It must have become unfastened. She groped around almost a full minute before she found it, then slipped it on again and attempted to fasten it. Why, the buckle was gone. Oh, dear, she must have struck her shoe against the car door as she jumped out, and pulled the buckle off. Could she find it here in the dark?

She ran her hand over the sand and dead grass, but no metal came in contact with her fingers. She straightened up. She might as well go on without it. She was getting so cold she must move.

Her head suddenly felt bare and unprotected. She put her hand to her head, and found her tam was gone. It too, had come off when she had jumped out.

She got down on her knees once more and felt around, trying to find it. It surely could not be far away.

But it was not on the ground. She reached out and felt for the tall grass and brush which she knew was on either side of the road, and rising up searched there for the tam, but no soft wool touched her hand. The dry grasses snapped as she searched among them, and the branch of a low bush slapped her sharply in the face as she moved her hands about, but her attempts at finding the tam were futile. She raised up once more, determined to go on without it also, and suddenly realized she did not know which way to go. She had become confused while searching about for her lost property, and did not know which way she had come from.

She bent over once more to see where the road was. She did not even know which way it ran now. She could easily plunge into the brush beside the road as to follow the track.

As she located the road she felt something cold strike her hands. She raised up, lifting her face to the sky. Snow! The very first flakes of the season were drifting down from the inky firmament above. Oh, was she to be stranded out here in a snow storm? She might perish! Oh, dear, why had she been so foolish as to even consent to Percy's pleadings to marry him? Her father had known what was best for her all the time—just as he always knew what was best for her. Never again—if she got home safely—would she ever go against his wishes or counsel!

She took a step forward—she must get some place—maybe she would come to a house after a while—but at the first step her slipper came off again. She bent over, found it, and put her foot into it again, but the next step she took it did the same thing. She put it on once more, and tried sliding her

foot along, but almost immediately it came in contact with something lying in the track, her toes caught under it, and down she went in a little heap.

She got up, and impatiently jerking the slipper from her foot flung it from her into the darkness. It was only a hindrance to her. She started on again, hobbling painfully along on the cold ground which was fast becoming wet with snow.

Her progress was snail-like. She had to take a few steps, then reach down and feel for the road. The snow was falling fast now. It settled on her head, making it feel wet and cold. It drifted down the back of her neck, chilling her to the bone. Her silk-stockinged foot was wet, and stiff with cold, besides being bruised by small sticks and stones in the road.

She was still weeping loudly when a sudden stir in the bushes beside the road caused her to stop short. Oh! What was that? Her heart seemed to leap right up into her throat, then pound for all the world like it was trying to hammer its way out.

Oh, could that noise have been made by some wild animal? Maybe a bear? Was she to be devoured in her tracks by some ravenous beast? She listened breathlessly, but the only sound she could hear was the beating of her heart. She tried to strain her eyes to peer into the bushes, but the great wall of darkness seemed to close in around her all the closer.

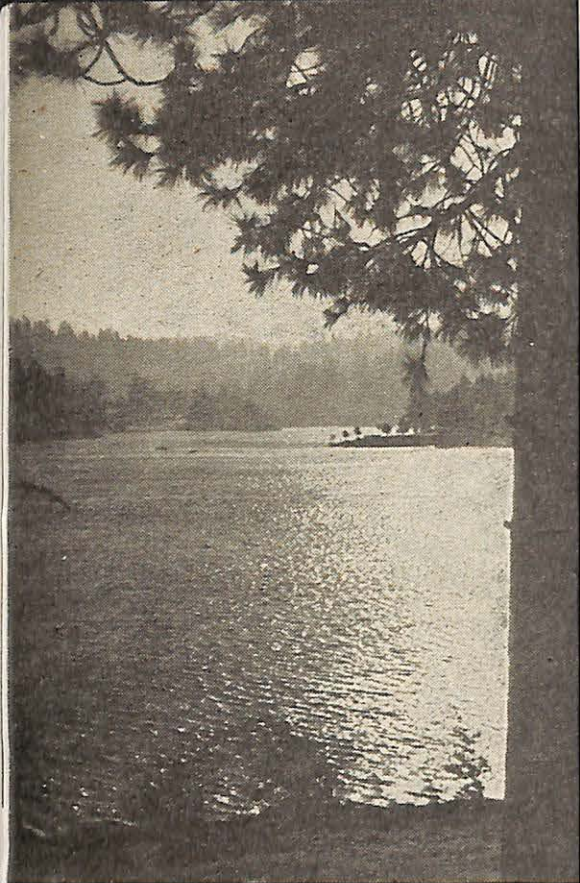
She stepped cautiously forward, holding her breath. Maybe she could get by unnoticed. Surely, if she couldn't see anything, then nothing else could see her. She didn't remember just when bears hibernated—didn't remember much of anything she had read about them—but if she could just get by this one—that is—if it were a bear!

She proceeded with as little noise as possible, and soon left the place several yards behind. The snow fell faster and faster, and she got colder and colder.

She stifled the sobs that rose in her throat. She just must not weep aloud and attract the attention of wild animals—if there were any about. Then suddenly the world began to light up around her, and she heard the low hum of a motor.

She stopped short—someone was coming—maybe Percy. Maybe he had become conscience-stricken when he saw it was snowing, and was returning for her. Oh, she hoped it wasn't him! She felt that she would rather walk all the way home—no matter how far it was—with just one shoe on, and her foot nearly frozen at that, than to have to ride with him. She hoped she would never have to see him again.

On came the car. She did not step out of the road. She was afraid to for fear the driver might not see her, and pass on by. So she stood perfectly still—waiting—trembling with excitement and cold—as the dazzling lights came nearer and nearer, slowing down gradually, and finally coming to a stop not



SYNOPSIS

In the heart of the pines, far away from the bright social life of New York City, to which she had been accustomed, Clarissa Hamilton, a millionaire's daughter, began to learn about some of the more abiding and wholesome values of life during a summer spent there. In the city she had been interested in Percy Trevor, another rich man's heir, even though he was self-centered and lazy. Percy and his mother followed the Hamiltons to the pine country for the summer. There he asked Clarissa's father for her hand in marriage, to which Mr. Hamilton seriously objected. As a result the young couple decided to elope. To Clarissa it had seemed unkind for her father to refuse to allow her to marry the man of her choice. She went into her room and didn't want to see her father just then.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER

The skies were gray when Clarissa awoke the next morning, and there was a decided winter chill in the air. She avoided her father as much as possible during the day. When she was in his presence, however, she was as cheerful as usual. She did not want to arouse any suspicions in his mind as to her future actions. She expected to tell him at supper time that she was going riding with Percy, but he announced he was going up to the Randalls to spend the evening, and asked her to go along. She refused, of course. Oh, this was going to work out fine! He would not even know she had been out with Percy.

Percy arrived soon after John B. left. He was agog with excitement. Clarissa drew on a light coat, and put a tam on over her auburn curls. No need to dress warmly, even though the night was quite cold. Percy's car would be warm. They got into the car and drove leisurely away.

Percy had the plans well laid out. His mother was very anxious to get away. Tomorrow afternoon he would drive over for Clarissa, and they

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by MRS. KLARA BICKEL KOCH of Chicago, Illinois

AN INFANT'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

*Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the heavens looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.*

*The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.*

Martin Luther.

* * *

A Three-Fold Christmas

WHEN we think of the blessed Christmas season, there are several things that stand out in our minds. I wonder what you would mention, if asked what you consider important in connection with the greatest festival of the year.

Now I am going to give you three things which I think are very outstanding. They are light, music and gifts. I can hear some of you whisper: "Gifts should come first." Well, let us come back to that later.

How we love the bright sunlight and the glittering stars at night! Brilliant light shone on the shepherds on Judea's fields when the heavenly hosts proclaimed the birth of the Savior. A star of unusual brilliance guided the wise men to the manger in Bethlehem. Light surrounded the miracle of Christ's birth!

Now when we celebrate the birth of Jesus, the Bringer of light, we speak of light and use lights in our Christmas decorations. Lights in windows, on Christmas trees and on our tables, either electric or candles, remind us of our great Light-bearer.

Most of you children would be disappointed in a tree without lights. All these things are very pleasant, but have we allowed Jesus to enter our souls and lives with the light of the wonderful gospel? If so, then we should let our lights shine before men.

I am certain you as children would not enjoy a Christmas celebration at Sunday School without songs and instrumental music. The angels sang

beautiful carols to the shepherds on that wonderful night, and ever since Christians consider music an essential part of the greatest of festivals.

We love music in our homes, churches and schools at this time. Yes, in the streets we hear Christmas songs, too, when the "carolers" go and sing in front of homes of shut-ins and those who can get out only occasionally. Sometimes these carolers are asked to enter some homes and sing several more songs for the hungry listeners.

In the days of Martin Luther boys did a great deal of singing in the streets. Young Martin belonged to a group of these boys, and one day he came to the home of the Cotta family to sing which proved a blessing to him. The lady of the house took an interest in him and looked out for his welfare.

To many children and older people Christmas means one thing only, namely receiving gifts. That is why I put gifts in the third place. God gave his greatest gift, our Lord Jesus Christ, to humanity and as you all know this is our main reason for celebrating Christmas. Why then shouldn't we be more anxious to give than to receive?

If you think this over, I am sure all of you will agree with me that giving is more blessed than to receive. Of course, it is very pleasant to receive gifts but to think of others and place presents in their hands, is very much finer and unselfish.

Let us not forget the many children who are starving these days, especially in Europe and Asia. Let us help wherever we can.

* * *

BOOK OF THE FAMOUS

OF COURSE, most of you children enjoy singing when you are really happy. Try to sing, too, when you are sad. This, of course, is very difficult but it helps you to overcome your sadness and fears.

If you have an opportunity to learn how to play a musical instrument, do so by all means. Thus, you may be able to give pleasure to other people.

We are now in the month of December, and Christmas is in the air, the time for music and happiness. I am sure all of you love to sing some of the fine Christmas carols and so we are going to spend a little time with a few of them.

I would suggest you add the following stories to your "Book of the Famous." In the 1860's Phillip Brooks, a very outstanding Christian minister, spent a Christmas Eve on the hills

near Bethlehem where Jesus was born. He gazed at the stars in all their wonderful brilliance and recalled the story of the angels and shepherds centuries ago. In these hours on the hills near Bethlehem something stirred in the mind of the great preacher which grew into a lovely carol a few years later. It is called, "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

He wrote these words for the children of the Holy Trinity Church in Philadelphia, Pa. The organist, Lewis Redner, was asked to write the tune, if possible, and have it ready by a certain Sunday. Saturday evening of the particular Sunday arrived and the music had not been written. During the night Mr. Redner awoke suddenly, strains of music floating through his mind. He jumped up and jotted down the notes of this tune. It was just the music he needed. He presented this carol to the Sunday School the next morning and insisted this music was a gift from heaven.

Shortly before Christmas in 1818 the organ of St. Nicholas Church of Oberndorf, Bavaria, refused to work. Oberndorf was snowbound and no repair men could reach the church in time for the Christmas service. Yet some special music was expected by the congregation.

Franz Gruber, the organist, discussed the situation with the vicar, Joseph Mohr, suggesting that a new song might be helpful. Mohr was talented. He set to work at once and wrote the famous words, "Silent Night, Holy Night," in German and the talented Franz Gruber composed the music. The choir members had a hurried rehearsal and at the Christmas service the carol was sung for the first time. It still is one of the most popular Christmas carols.

Answer to Problem in July Issue:
Patrick Henry — "Who's Who in History?"

Answer to Problem in August Issue:
Maeterlinck — "Who's Who in Natural Science?"

Answer to Problem in September Issue:
Moses—120 years — "Who's Who in Education?"

Answers to Problems in October Issue:
PROBLEM 1 — 1. Gebauer, 2. Livingstone, 3. Bender, 4. Meyer, 5. Judson, 6. Reddig, 7. Carey, 8. Koppin, 9. Morrison, 10. Dunger, 11. Luebeck, 12. Bickel — "Who's Who in Missions?"

PROBLEM 2 — Jesus Christ.

Correct Answers Sent in By:
Corene Stading Antelope, No. Dak.
Mildred Dobler Fredonia, No. Dak.
Gladys Dobler Fredonia, No. Dak.
Ruth Koffinke Chicago, Ill.
Vera Zimbelman Denhoff, No. Dak.
David Billeter Pasadena, Calif.

over six feet from her. The door was thrown open, and a familiar voice called out, "Clarissa Hamilton! What are you doing here alone?"

It was then that Clarissa's nerves gave completely away. She extended her hands to her rescuer and burst into tears once more, and Gene Randall put his arms about her and picking her up carried her to the car and placed her inside. He wrapped her in a warm blanket, tucking her feet carefully in, brushed the snow from her shoulders and hair, got inside, started the motor once more, and turned on the heater.

"When you can control yourself you can tell me how you came to be here, and headed away from home," he said anxiously, and oh, so kindly.

Clarissa gained control of herself as quickly as possible, and chokingly told her entire story.

She saw Gene's face twitch, and his hands clench so tightly on the steering wheel that the veins stood out.

"It may not be a very commendable feeling," he said, his voice full of emotion, "but I feel like I'd like to have my hands on Percy Trevor just now!" He turned quickly to her. "Tell me," he asked earnestly, "Clarissa, do you love Percy Trevor?"

"Love him! I should say not! I never thought of loving him, and, well, I think I could almost hate him now if I'd just let myself!" she answered firmly.

"Are you getting warm now?" he asked, and his voice had lost the tenderness it had held when he asked her if she loved Percy.

"Yes," she answered. "Gene, how did you happen to come along?"

"I've been down to see Mr. Tolley about cutting down those dead trees back of the station, and decided to come back over this road. Guess I must have been sent to rescue you. We'll go up here to the cross-road and turn around so I can take you home. You were going the wrong way, you know."

"I got turned around when I was hunting for my tam," she said. "And, Gene, I have a request to make. If Dad isn't home yet when we get there, can't we keep this away from him? I'm so ashamed of myself—to think I ever allowed Percy to coax me into thinking of eloping with him. Dad went to your home. Did you see him?"

"Yes, he came just as I left," answered Gene. "I'm sure he won't be home yet, and I don't blame you for not wishing him to know. It would only worry him. No one need ever know but us—and Percy—and I'm sure Percy won't tell."

"No, he'll never tell," replied Clarissa.

The lights were all out when they reached the lodge, excepting the dim little bulb which was always kept burning in the parlor until all the household were in. Dan and his wife had retired early.

Gene carried Clarissa to the house. "You'd better take a hot shower and

get into bed at once," he said. "I hope you aren't sick from this exposure."

He pressed her hand and said, "Good-night," then slipped quietly away, and Dan and Mrs. Hodge never knew but what Percy had brought Clarissa home as gallantly as he had taken her away. She went to the basement, took a hot shower, then crept into bed and drifted away into slumber with Gene in her last waking thoughts.

John B. took off his rubbers in great haste just a week later, and hurried to the parlor in search of Clarissa. He handed her the morning paper which the rural carrier had left in the box a few minutes before.

"Read that!" he said excitedly.

Clarissa took the paper and read the article he indicated. Her eyes grew big with surprise.

TREVOR MILLIONS CRASH!

Entire fortune of wealthy family swept away by final blow.

Not a penny left!

Then following the first announcement, which occupied a prominent place on the first page of the New York paper, was a detailed account of how the fortune had gradually dwindled away, of how Justin Trevor had fought valiantly to hold it, and how he had tried to borrow money with which to save it.

The article dwelt considerably on how Mrs. Trevor had suffered a nervous breakdown in the spring, had gone away to recuperate, and how it had been hinted that the son had tried in vain to attach himself by marriage to some wealthy girl in order to link his wife's fortune to his father's business to save the same. It listed the facts boldly and fearlessly, ending with a mere comment that the Trevor family had considered themselves the leaders among the foremost families of New York, that the son and his mother had returned from their summer outing, and that they had rented a very modest house in an obscure place in the city, and were retiring from the view of the public eye.

Clarissa handed the paper to her father, her hands trembling with emotion. No wonder Percy had urged a hasty marriage! He had known what was coming, and had hoped to save himself. And no wonder he had not wanted her when he thought there was a possibility of her being disinherited, and him having a wife saddled upon him to support. She turned her face away so her father could not see her, and her lips curled with scorn. He was even worse than she had thought!

The lodge was encircled with December beauty. There had been but little snow, and this was one of those winters when fog and frost drifted in from somewhere, and Mother Nature decked her children in the rarest of jewels.

The forest was a veritable fairyland. Every little twig on the pines, every

straggling branch on bush and leafless birch and poplar, every blade of dried grass was festooned with frost. The tiny crystals—millions upon millions of them—clung to each other, a half inch thick on every branch of any size. The pines were great, white ghosts, their spectral arms apparently spreading to gather the unwary in, trying to frighten all the little wood folk—the sparrow—the chickadee—the jay—the lumber-jack—the snowshoe, and the cottontail.

It was a day for fun—for sport. Clarissa, clad in snow suit, went skimming across the ice on her skates, Gene beside her. The wind had swept a place clear on the ice, and the skating was fine.

Back on the shore John B. stood by a bonfire and kept himself warm, watching the young folks. Their voices drifted to him across the lake.

"I'll race you around the bend," he heard Clarissa say, and having been out as long as he cared to he went back to the lodge.

Away went Clarissa and Gene out of sight of the lodge. Gene was the swiftest skater, and was waiting for her at the end of the open space on the ice. He held out his hands to help her stop as she neared him. Their eyes met and held, in that something that only two can know. Gene grasped her hands firmly.

"Clarissa, do I dare tell you—a millionaire's daughter—what is in my heart?" he asked. "I can't keep it much longer."

"Forget I am a rich man's daughter, and tell me," said Clarissa. "I have waited a long time to hear it."

Two days later Clarissa and her father stood by the fireplace and warmed themselves, after having taken a tramp in the woods.

"Don't you think, dear, that it is about time we were going home?" he asked.

Clarissa wheeled upon him in startled surprise.

"Home!" she cried. "Oh, Dad, you don't mean it? Not now, oh, not now!"

"Why not?" he asked. "It's only two weeks until Christmas, and I thought you would surely want to be home for the festivities."

"Oh," she gasped, "we can't go now! Dad—you see—well—Gene has something he is going to ask you, and—I'm—I'm—oh, Dad, I don't want to go back—ever!"

"Gene has asked me, my darling, and you both have my blessing," he said tenderly.

"He has?" she cried. "Oh, Daddy, dear, you don't care, then, if I marry a poor man, do you? I know he hasn't much, but I don't care. I know how to cook and keep house pretty well, and I'll learn a lot more. We'll be so happy here!"

"It isn't going to be necessary for you to stay and keep house for him here. That can be done back in New

(Continued on Page 19)

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

A Great Awakening Transpires in the Baptist Church of American Falls, Idaho

The Rev. Paul Pietsch of Turlock, Calif., director of the Migrant Gospel Fellowship was invited to come and hold meetings for us in the Baptist Church of American Falls, Idaho, to which he graciously consented. Our meetings were held from Nov. 8 to 15. Mr. Pietsch brought the Word of God in such a convincing way that 21 persons were gloriously saved. Among these were young fathers and mothers, but mostly young children.

These were great days of rejoicing for all of us. Since the Lord has done marvelous things unto us, we praise his Holy Name. We are now looking forward to days of great blessing in love and fellowship in our church.

We covet the prayers of the readers of "The Baptist Herald," that the Lord, who has so graciously saved these souls, may also lead them on to a deeper knowledge in his Word.

A. STELTER, Pastor.

Activities of the Junior Class of the Baptist Church of Franklin, California

The Junior Sunday School Class of the Baptist Church of Franklin, Calif., has an enrollment of thirteen members, eight of whom are active and who are in their places each Sunday and who are an inspiration to their teacher.

Seven members have given their hearts to the Lord Jesus, three of whom were won for Christ during evangelistic meetings conducted by the Revs. Ralph and Roy Kraft at the first part of this year.

These Juniors are exceptionally alert, quick and willing to commit to memory and have memorized many Bible verses and Scripture passages.

We are only one class of seven fine classes in our Sunday School. We have an enrollment of 137. Our Sunday School is thriving under the able leadership of Mr. Edwin Schuh, who is not only a fine superintendent, but also a fine song leader. It would be a joy for you to visit us some Sunday morning and hear for yourselves the songs of joyous praise emanating from the hearts of both young and old. It is our sincere desire to be a blessing in our church and community, and young and old work towards that end.

Our pastor, the Rev. G. G. Rauser, also has a big heart for our Sunday School and assists in making our assembly sessions interesting by giving frequent object lessons which are very helpful and much appreciated.

We pray that the Lord may richly bless all Sunday Schools and that we may continue to serve him with gladness.

THEO WUTTKE, Reporter.



The Junior Sunday School Class of the Baptist Church of Franklin, Calif.

SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Autumn Sessions of the Nebraska Association Held at Beatrice, Nebraska

The autumn services of the Nebraska Association were held from Oct. 15 to 18 with our church at Beatrice, Neb., of which the Rev. A. G. Rietdorf is the pastor. All churches of the association were represented, but the attendance was not as large as in previous years. All churches reported progress.

The theme of the association was "Speak, Lord, For Thy Servant Heareth." Messages were delivered on correlated subjects by the Revs. John Borchers and A. G. Rietdorf. On Saturday we had an institute for the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union. During the class periods the following subjects were considered: "Teach All You Reach" by Rev. A. G. Rietdorf; "Win All You Teach" by Rev. Theo. Frey; "Enlist All You Teach" by Rev. A. G. Rietdorf; "Train All You Enlist" by Rev. M. De Boer.

Before each session we had devotional services, which were led by the Rev. Geo. Bornschlegel, Mr. Wm. Neiman, Mrs. Phillip Prang and the Rev. M. De Boer. The Rev. Geo. Bornschlegel of Omaha, Neb., a former pastor of the Shell Creek Church, honored our association as a very welcome visitor. We were happy to have the Rev. John Borchers as our guest speaker. He delivered the messages for the opening and closing services besides taking part in the rest of the program of the association. The mission sermon was brought by the Rev. M. De Boer on Sunday morning.

On Sunday afternoon the young people of the three churches, constituting the association, rendered an interesting program, after which the Rev. E. R. Duggan of the neighboring Baptist Church in Beatrice delivered a very appropriate message. On Sunday morning and on Sunday afternoon mission offerings were taken, which totaled \$50.00.

The officers elected for the next year are Rev. Theo. Frey, moderator; Rev. M. De Boer, secretary; and Mr. Wm. Brunken, treasurer.

M. DE BOER, Reporter.

CENTRAL CONFERENCE

Large Crowds in Attendance at the Central Conference Sessions at St. Joseph, Michigan

The sixty-second annual session of the Central Conference was held at the First Baptist Church of St. Joseph, Mich., from Oct. 29 to Nov. 1. "Christian Priorities for Today" was the conference theme.

The Rev. Louis H. Broeker, pastor of the host church, presided on Thursday evening, the opening night of the conference. The Rev. Erich Gutsche, pastor of the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., and his people cooperated with the St. Joseph church by furnishing music and song, and by entertaining guests.

Even though the times through which we are passing are trying and disconcerting, and in spite of the late date of the conference, 154 registered delegates were in attendance. Large audiences attended all services; and a Christ-like spirit prevailed.

The messages presented by ministers of the conference were in keeping with the conference theme. Clearly, and with force, the message of redemption was proclaimed. We were privileged to have with us two of our workers at large. Dr. Wm. Kuhn challenged us to consecrated living with his message on the subject, "Such As I Have, Give I." Professor Arthur A. Schade gave two masterful addresses on "Peace" and "A More Excellent Way."

The newly elected officers are: moderator, L. H. Broeker; recording secretary, W. W. Knauf; statistician, A. F. Runtz; members to the mission committee, Harold Schultz and George A. Lang.

We are grateful to our heavenly Father for having permitted us to assemble in his name to feast on the "Heavenly Manna," and to plan for united action against the forces of evil that would consume us.

S. F. GEIS, Reporter.

Edith Koppin Brings Missionary Address to Central Conference Women's Missionary Union

The Women's Union of the Central Conference met in connection with the conference on Friday afternoon at St. Joseph, Mich. The business meeting was held around the luncheon tables. The winners of the banner this year were announced as the St. Joseph Women's Missionary Society.

The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: president, Mrs. H. P. Kayser; vice-president, Mrs. Chas. F. Zummach; secretary, Mrs. R. P. Jeschke; treasurer, Mrs. Rocho.

Miss Edith Koppin was the speaker of the afternoon, giving an interesting talk about her work in Africa. The offering of the afternoon was designated for our Centenary Fund.

MRS. R. P. JESCHKE, Reporter.

Evangelistic Meetings and the First Male Choir Concert in the Benton Harbor Church

The members of the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., and their friends of the neighborhood churches enjoyed a time of blessed visitation by the Lord recently. It was our privilege to have protracted meetings from Nov. 9 to 20. The Rev. O. F. Scott, pastor of the Baptist Church of Napoleon, Mich., who had recently been here as a guest speaker, served as evangelist. The weather was excellent and the meetings were well attended. A number of young people took a stand for their Lord and Savior, and others rededicated their lives to him.

Of the various active groups in our church this time the Male Choir has its turn for pictorial representation in "The Baptist Herald." Some time ago it rendered its first concert in its entire history. Soon a number of its younger members will join the armed forces and we surely will feel the "man power shortage" in this branch of the "King's Service." The pastor, the Rev. E. Gutsche, is the conductor.

All other branches of the church are still active. It remains to be seen how coming events in war emergencies, gas and tire rationing will affect our church life.

E. GUTSCHE, Reporter.

Ninth Annual Concert of the Christian Fellowship Chorus of the First Church of Chicago

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22, the Christian Fellowship Male Chorus of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., gave its ninth annual concert in the main auditorium of the church. The attendance was very gratifying, as the main floor and the balcony were well filled. Most all of our sister churches were represented besides our own people and friends.

The concert opened with the male chorus singing "the Star Spangled Banner," after which they sang sacred numbers interspersed with several secular numbers. They were assisted by Mr. John Balma, tenor soloist, and Miss Jo Ann Welscher, State Champion Marimba player, whose talent and music were highly appreciated by the audience.

There were twenty-one young men singing in the chorus. Among those who would have added their voices to the chorus are several who are in the armed forces of our country, including our former director, Herbert Pankratz. In his absence his brother, Walter, who has been our president since the inception of this club gave his time and talent as the new director.

The collection was \$61.83 which was turned over to the church treasurer to be added to the building fund.

This male chorus also sang and took a prominent part in the Golden Jubilee program of the Chicago Teachers' Union on Thursday evening, Oct. 22. The members of the chorus, all dressed up for the occasion, represented Prof. Berndt's chorus of forty years ago and sang in the pageant, "The Good, Old Days." Prof. G. Berndt, the original director, led the group in their fine singing.

KURT MEISTER, Reporter.



Members of the Male Choir of the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., With the Pastor and Director, the Rev. E. Gutsche (Front Row—Second from Right)

Fifth Anniversary Program of the King's Daughters' Society of Lansing, Michigan

The King's Daughters' Society of the Holmes Street Baptist Church of Lansing, Mich., celebrated its fifth anniversary on Sunday, Nov. 8. A dialogue was given entitled, "The Challenge of the Cross." Vocal selections were rendered by members. A short talk was given by our pastor, the Rev. J. J. Abel.

The following have been our projects and activities during the past five years:

Dresser scarfs were embroidered for the Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich., for the Old People's Home in Chicago, Ill., and for the Baptist Seminary in Rochester, N. Y.

During the five years we contributed \$300 for different missionary enterprises. We also sent bandages to our missionaries in the Cameroons. Every year at Easter time we send a crate of eggs and candy to the Children's Home in St. Joseph. We also remember our boys in service with candy, chain letters and cards. We visit the sick, old and bereaved at Christmas time.



Young Men of the First Church of Chicago, Ill., Depleting the Male Chorus of Forty Years Ago Which Took Part in the Pageant, "The Good, Old Days," of the Chicago Teachers' Union Golden Jubilee Program Recently Under the Leadership of the Original Director, Professor G. Berndt. (Front Row—Third from Right.)

We are thankful to our Master for the blessings we have received during the five years we have worked together as a group. We pray that the Lord will give us strength to carry on in future undertakings and uphold our motto, "Saved to Serve."

ANNABELLE DACHTLER, Secretary.

25th Anniversary Celebration of the Immanuel Baptist World Wide Guild of Kankakee

The Esther Salzman Chapter of the World Wide Guild of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kankakee, Ill., celebrated its 25th anniversary on Sept. 29, with a "star-spangled" program featuring Miss Leona Ross, a recently returned missionary from China on the exchange ship "S. S. Gripsholm," who had been interned by the Japanese. The two other missionary societies of the church and the Sadie Robbins Chapter of the First Baptist Church also celebrated with us.

Miss Ross' address was preceded by the following program: organ prelude by Miss Ruby Salzman; scripture by Mrs. Burton Hertz, vice-president of the Guild; prayer by Mrs. W. T. Edwards, president of the Ladies' Mis-

sionary Society; welcome by Miss Evelyn Woodrich, president of the Guild; "Past History" by Miss Lulu Krueger, a former member of the Guild, which incidentally was a very fine chronicle of the former doings of the Guild from its infancy; Salute to Esther Salzman by Miss Mae Gernenz, member of the Guild and also a life-long friend of Miss Salzman; and music by a quartet of Guild girls, Miss Polly Marketto, Mrs. Gilbert Luhrs, Miss Ruby Salzman and Miss Lois Blatt.

As far as possible, all former members of the Guild had been sent invitations to the celebration and had all been asked to send a word of greeting, if they were unable to be present. As our former members are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it was a joy to receive numerous letters from them and these were read at the conclusion of Miss Ross' address by Mrs. Gilbert Luhrs, secretary of the Guild.

ALICE M. LUHRS, Secretary.

ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

The Atlantic Conference Y. P. and S. S. W. Union Adopts a Budget of \$1350 for Next Year

On Saturday, Nov. 21, 1942, the executive committee of the Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference met under the leadership of its new president, Miss Clara Berger of the Kings Highway Church of Bridgeport, Conn. The meeting was held at the Second Church of Union City, N. J., of which the Rev. Wm. Kahler is pastor. Fourteen officers and delegates from New Jersey, Brooklyn, New York and Connecticut attended.

Preliminary plans were laid for our 1943 annual May conference. We expect to meet in joint session with the regular Atlantic conference of our churches as has been our custom in triennial years.

It was voted to adopt a budget of \$1350. It is our hope to be able to contribute \$1000 toward the Centenary Mission Project.

We are planning to place a special emphasis upon the project of ministering to Service Men who have gone out from the membership of our own conference churches. The Rev. William J. Appel, our ministerial advisor, has been appointed to head up the special committee which will maintain contact with "Our Boys." The nineteen other goals of the Centenary Mission Project will also be kept before our people.

Our president made the suggestion that we form a committee for the promotion of Leadership Training Courses among our churches. This proposal met with considerable enthusiasm and it is hoped that a number of churches or groups of churches will take these courses. The Union is offering to subsidize a portion of this cost.

Since 1943 will mark the 100th anniversary of the Fleischmann Memorial Church in Philadelphia, Pa., we have adopted the theme, "Milestones Are Stepping Stones." We trust that this milestone may indeed be a stepping stone to greater Kingdom usefulness, not only of the Fleischmann Memorial Church, but of our entire work.

MILTON FRAHME, Reporter.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

Offerings of \$400 at Mission Festivals in Washburn and Underwood, North Dakota

The Baptist Churches of Washburn and Underwood, No. Dak., are, indeed, very glad to report that the Kingdom work is progressing. On Sunday, Oct. 11, the church of Washburn held its annual Missionary Festival. The Rev. E. Broeckel was the guest speaker for this occasion. His inspiring messages were deeply appreciated. The missionary offering amounted to \$153.21.

On the following Sunday, Oct. 18, we celebrated our Missionary Festival in Underwood. We gathered for our morning service at 11 o'clock, and remained together for a fellowship dinner. At 2 P. M. we again gathered in the main auditorium of the church for the afternoon program. The pastor, the Rev. John Giesbrecht, brought the message at both services. Although we have only 48 members in Underwood, God made his presence felt in an abundant measure and we raised an offering of \$216.79.

Our goal for the two churches was \$400, and we are glad to report that we were able to reach this goal. It is our prayer that God may add his blessing to all these gifts.

JOHN GIESBRECHT, Pastor.

Special Events in the Recent Program of the Grand Forks Church of North Dakota

In Grand Forks, No. Dak., we of the Grace Baptist Church have been kept very busy with routine church activities and various "special events" and the latter are what we would like to



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report to our "Baptist Herald" friends.

Recently we ordered 100 new hymnals for the church, many of which were donated by the members. The books, "Christian Worship," were dedicated beautifully by our pastor, the Rev. Edgar Klatt, to the Master's service. Also, in the line of music, the choir has again subscribed to "The Volunteer Choir" and, under the very able direction of Mr. Klatt, contributes greatly to the beauty of the services. A Junior Choir was organized recently, consisting of 18 boys and girls from 9 to 13 years of age.

Through the efforts and guidance of Mr. Klatt, a Junior B. Y. P. U. has been organized. This group meets every third Sunday for worship and study.

In October we held our Harvest Festival program, for which the platform was tastefully decorated with various fruits and vegetables. One special table held a large number of canned goods, which were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Klatt as a gift from friends and members.

Our Young People's Society is working on an Honor Roll, containing the names and pictures of the young men from our church in the armed forces, which will be hung in the church. As U. S. O. mother Mrs. Hertha Spiess has been appointed, who is responsible to keep in touch with the boys and to see to it that various organizations remember them with gifts.

God has blessed us richly, and our prayer is that we in a small measure may be worthy of his favors.

MRS. FRED KRANZLER, Reporter.

Annual Report of the Women's Missionary Society of Madison, South Dakota

The Women's Missionary Society of the West Center Street Baptist Church of Madison, So. Dak., under the leadership of its president, Mrs. Herman Krueger, has closed another year of service for its Lord and Master. We had the privilege of meeting for our annual program on Tuesday, Nov. 3, with the Rev. C. A. Gruhn from Missoula, Mont., as special guest speaker. A Ladies' Sextette also rendered several songs.

The attendance at our regular meetings averages 20 in number. We have enjoyed varied programs and activities throughout the year. The devotionals are led by different members or the president.

In the month of May we have a Mother's Day program which is of a special nature, honoring all the women who have reached their seventieth birthday. In June we held our annual birthday meeting celebrating the birthdays of all our members. Our ladies also served meals during the Dakota Conference that was held here in June.

Financially we strove to do our part by contributing \$100 to the church debt. We sent \$35 to missions. We remember the sick and shut-ins with flowers. At Christmas we sent cookies to the Home for the Aged in Chicago, Ill., and also sent gifts and cookies to the Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich. We have lost one member through death, Mrs. Minnie Schultz, who passed to her heavenly home on Feb. 9, 1942.

MRS. PAUL KRUG, Secretary.

The Baptist Mission Society of Avon, South Dakota, Reports About Its Activities

We of the Women's Mission Society of the Baptist Church in Avon, So. Dak., have found the reports of other societies printed in "The Baptist Herald" very interesting and often helpful and so thought that perhaps others would like to read about our work. We are busy in the Kingdom of our Lord and Master. We have an enrollment of 40 members, with ages ranging from 28 to 86 years.

Under the leadership of our beloved president, Elsie Jucht, we carry on the "King's Business." One of the interesting things in our meetings is that we sing the favorite hymn of each member at some time during the year.

The topics for the programs are set up by a committee far in advance. These topics with scripture passages and the names of hostesses are then printed and made into attractive booklets. This year's program booklet has a picture of our church on the front cover.

During the past year the program committee was especially fortunate in making use of the theme and scripture passages found on our denominational calendar. We would urge other societies to do likewise this coming year since the calendar themes are a wonderful help in planning topics for the entire year. We are going to carry out this same plan in 1943.

The society voted not to raise money this year with bazaars, dinners and the like, but by "free will giving." This has proven very successful since the offerings have been very fine throughout the year.

We help in our church whenever it is necessary, but the greater share of our offerings go for missions. We have sent the entire amount of money we pledged for our Centenary Fund and at our last meeting we increased our pledge, since the Lord has been very gracious to us and has sent us a wonderful harvest after many years of grasshoppers and drought.

We were indeed happy to welcome the Rev. and Mrs. Peter Geissler, our new pastor and his wife, into our society in July at a special meeting given in their honor. Already we have experienced their willingness, loyalty, and enthusiasm in working with us.

MRS. LYDIA THESENGA, Secretary.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

The Beautiful Edifice of the Cottonwood Church of Texas is Totally Destroyed by Fire

The lovely church building of the Cottonwood Baptist Church near Lorena, Texas, burned to the ground on Nov. 13. The building and furniture were totally destroyed. Dr. C. H. Seecamp's library, including a treasured Bible which was over 300 years old, was also completely destroyed.

Everyone had been rejoicing, since after 13 long years we had finished paying the church debt, had redecorated the interior of the church, and were planning a celebration in which we would burn the mortgage. For once we could say, "All debts are paid."

The following Sunday was a hard day for us, but our pastor and congregation are looking forward and upward. We are continuing all our services in the school and are beginning to plan for a new structure as soon as possible.

God has given and he has taken. We do not know why, but we trust in him. Remember us in your prayers.

ELEONORE BRENNER, Reporter.



The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Baptist Church of Avon, South Dakota (Officers in Second Row—Center—Left to Right: Lydia Thesenga, Secretary; Elsie Jucht, President; Johanna Van Gerpen, Vice-president; Kathryn Heil, Treasurer.)

Dedication of the United States, Christian and Service Flags in the Greenvine Church

On Sunday evening, Oct. 25, a flag dedication program was held in the Greenvine Baptist Church near Burton, Texas. Hattie Beth Schiller of our Elgin Church played, "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." During this processional the audience arose and the three flags were carried to their respective places. The open Bible, carried by Geo. Ahlhardt, led the procession.

Then followed the Christian and American flags side by side carried by Milton Lippert and Granvil Rost, respectively. The Service flag, carried by Floyd Gummelt, followed. The pledges to the two flags were given by the two young men carrying them and a short prayer was offered. (It was our privilege to have Granvil Rost, our only young man in the service of the land, at that time, home for this occasion.)

The guest speaker for the evening was to have been the president of our Junior College of Brenham, Prof. C. L. Schmidt. But circumstances prevented him from attending. So our pastor, the Rev. J. J. Lippert, brought the message on "The Significance of the Flags and Service Banner." The church choir sang, "Sing a Song of Triumph."

MRS. J. J. LIPPERT, Reporter.

B. Y. P. U. of Waco, Texas, Raises Funds for the Centenary Offering and 100 Club

In cooperation with the Southern Conference Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union Centenary drive, the B. Y. P. U. of the Central Baptist Church of Waco, Texas, held its program on Sunday evening, Nov. 8. Since this was also our 30th anniversary, we combined this celebration with the Centenary program. As a means of raising funds for our "100

Club" we had the members bring specified foods for the anniversary fellowship supper, and then we made the small charge of 25 cents per plate which was to be added toward our "100 Club" receipts. In this way, our receipts for the Centenary Project were increased to \$54 since July, and to \$125 since the adoption of the "100 Club" plan.

Interest in our denomination and its work was stimulated by several films

which depicted the scope and success of our efforts as a denomination. These films also served to introduce us to our co-workers and leaders, among whom were Mr. Harold Petke, our national president, and his son. All those present were proud to be a part of such a devoted fellowship of Christians who are spreading the gospel to all parts of North America and beyond.

On Wednesday, Nov. 18, we held our semi-annual election as a training union. Our new officers for the coming six months are R. E. Engelbrecht, president; Adina Hintze, vice-president; R. G. Kittlitz, treasurer; Ruth Arnold, recording secretary; and N. H. Pfeiffer, corresponding secretary.

NATALIE H. PFEIFFER, Reporter.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Summer Ends and Winter Begins But God's Work Continues at Central Church of Erie, Pa.

We of the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., held a very successful Vacation Bible School last summer. There was a marked increase in the enrollment over last year, and we covered considerable more territory in our studies. Mrs. Ralph Brock had charge of the Primary Department, Mrs. Mildred Baldwin of the Junior Department, and the Rev. G. W. Zinz of the Intermediate Department. At the close, diplomas were awarded at commencement exercises by Mr. J. A. Zurn, superintendent of the Sunday School.

Five Boy Scouts of our Troop 5 were sent to Camp Corby, which is Pennsylvania's Baptist State Convention Camp. The entire camp was under our pastor's direction. Our Boy Scouts were among the first in Erie to be trained for messengers for the O. C. D. and have gained other recognition.

Our Winter season opened with our annual Harvest Festival on Sunday, Nov. 1. The fruits and vegetables were sent to St. Barnabas' House-by-the-Lake, North East, Pa., a home for friendless men and boys. The offering was sent to Forest Park for mission enterprises.

We are now playing host to the School for Religious Education. This school meets each Monday night for six weeks. Courses are offered in all departments of Sunday School work. All the churches in Erie are represented.

Our Young People's Society is planning its events for a full winter program and is participating in the newly organized Baptist Youth Fellowship of Erie.

Central Baptist joined with four other churches for Thanksgiving Day services which were held in the Simpson Methodist Church. The offering of this Union meeting went to the American Bible Society to purchase Bibles for our men in the armed forces.

Our Sunday School has already made its plans for the Christmas season. The program will be under the direction of Mr. J. A. Zurn, superintendent, and Mr. Merle Gibbens, ass't superintendent. The newly formed Junior Choir will make its initial appearance on the program.

RALPH BROCK, Reporter.

The Rochester Baptist Seminary Houses and Boards 50 Student Cadets of U. S. Government

The Rochester Baptist Seminary is cooperating with the United States Government in the housing and boarding of 50 student cadets of the Civilian Pilot Training program. The entire fourth floor of the Seminary building has been put at their disposal. The rooms have all been reconditioned and many other changes have been made in order to make the cadets comfortable. A large lounge also has been provided and is to be furnished by women of the city who are deeply interested in this project.

The Rochester Baptist Seminary provides room and board and has also granted the use of the classrooms for evening lectures by the officers of the students. These lectures run from 7:30 to 9:30 P. M.

Our students dine in the same dining room with the cadets and are on a cordial friendly basis. From the beginning the theological students have cooperated whole-heartedly in this project, giving up their own choice rooms to take rooms on the lower floors of the Seminary building. They are also cooperating in any other way open to them. The Seminary has assumed no religious responsibility for the cadets but is ready to cooperate even in this respect, if it is desired.

It may be of interest to the readers, too, that one of our faculty, Professor Frank H. Woyke, has applied for a chaplaincy in the Army and that one of our students, Mr. Vernon Link, a Canadian, is serving in the Armed Forces of Canada.

The Rochester Business Institute president, Ernest W. Veigel, Jr., is acting as coordinator on behalf of the government.

ALBERT BRETSCHEIDER, President.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

The Ordination of the Rev. E. Riemer of the Baptist Church of Forestburg, Alberta

On Oct. 30 delegates and ministers of the neighboring churches of Alberta met upon request of the Baptist Church of Forestburg, Alta., for the ordination of its pastor, Mr. E. Riemer. The afternoon service was opened with a brief devotion, after which Mr. Riemer was called upon by the chairman to tell of his conversion experience, call to the Christian ministry, and to present his doctrinal statements. All three points were discussed separately to the satisfaction of the ordination council.

In the evening of the same day the church, together with the council, met for the ordination service. The Rev. J. B. Kornalewski conducted the meeting. The young people of the church rendered several suitable vocal numbers. Following an impressive message based on Romans 1:1, "Separated to Preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ," given by the Rev. E. P. Wahl, Mr. Kornalewski gave the dedicatory prayer.

The Rev. A. Huber gave the charge to the candidate, the Rev. R. Kern to the church, and Mr. Wahl welcomed Brother Riemer to the fellowship of the ministers. The candidate pronounced the benediction. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the church. We all wish the Rev. E. Riemer God's continued blessing for his future ministry.

R. KERN, Clerk.

Annual Birthday Banquet and Mission Festival of the Trochu Baptist Church, Alberta

On Nov. 1st a crowd of over 200 persons attended the annual birthday banquet in the Baptist Church of Trochu, Alta., Canada. A program rendered by the members of the Sunday School made up part of the evening's entertainment. Our superintendent, Mr. John Schramm, was chairman for the evening and called on the groups to give programs, which were arranged to suit the season or holiday that was in the month. The Rev. C. Rempel, our minister, has his birthday in November, and at the close of November's program he was presented with a gift from the congregation which was an electric razor. A collection of \$58 was held for which each person contributed an amount equal to his age.

We have 226 persons enrolled in our Sunday School and are glad of an opportunity to teach and learn more about Christ. There are seven classes which are usually well attended.

On Nov. 6 we, as a Sunday School, gave our Harvest and Mission Festival. A few stocks, pumpkins, apples and other garden products were used to decorate the front of the church. We had the great pleasure to have the Rev. E. S. Fenske from the neighboring church of Freudenthal to bring us two splendid messages that day. He spoke to a crowded congregation, and we all received a blessing from his sermons. Our mission offering reached over \$400.

INEZ FAY ADAM, Reporter.

The Christian Training Institute of Edmonton, Alberta, Begins With Another School Term

With great joy we look forward to a blessed school term again this winter at the Christian Training Institute of Edmonton, Alberta.

Monday, Nov. 2, was the opening of our Institute with students registering from far and near, and with a testimonial meeting led by our beloved dean, the Rev. E. P. Wahl. Students, who are registered by the time of this writing, number 46, who have all been warmly welcomed by our dean and matron. A number of the students are still expected to arrive in the near future.

The students represent the churches of Morris, Minitonas, Winnipeg, and Whitemouth in Manitoba, Edenwold, Springside, Regina, Burstal and Leader in Saskatchewan, Hilda, Trochu, Olds, Wetaskiwin, Leduc, Edmonton, and Valley View in Alberta, and Kelowna in British Columbia, with also one student of the Moravian, and one student of the Mennonite Brethren denomination.

We are sad to report that harvest and war conditions made it impossible for a number of young people to return to school.

Again we find ourselves in a very pleasant atmosphere. Our school building and surroundings have taken on added beauty in that eight new modern homes have been built in the block in which the school is situated. Two cement walks have been laid at the Institute, and we find the interior of our building bright and cheery, a place where students learn to keep that which is now their home tidy and clean.

We deeply admire our beloved dean and matron who have so freely given of their time and talent in making the Institute as convenient and pleasant as possible for the students.

At school, as in every home, there are specific duties that must be done in order to maintain its cleanliness. Each student is assigned to one of these tasks.

Our radio program, known as "The Light of the World" is on the air every Sunday evening from 10:30 to 11:00 P. M. over station C F R N (1260 K. C.). It began Oct. 4 and is to continue throughout the school term.

We are thankful to our teaching staff, who are ministering to the students. Our staff consists of the Revs. E. P. Wahl, F. W. Benke, A. Huber, Bruno Schreiber, Wm. Jeske, Dr. Steurnagel, Messrs. Page and Neske, Misses Myrtle Hein, Agnes Buckles and Agnes Rinas. We are anxiously looking forward to the coming of Dr. Wm. Kuhn and the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner in February.

We are eagerly anticipating a very blessed term, and much profitable endeavor both in the classroom and outside in connection with the churches, missions and child evangelism classes in our city, in which various students will take part.

We have already experienced great blessings in that two of our young men who came to the Institute without the salvation of Christ have accepted him as their Lord and Savior.

HERTA KRUGER and RUTH UNGER, Reporters.

What's Happening

(Continued from Page 2)

● The annual Thanksgiving Service of the White Ave. Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, was held on Sunday morning, Nov. 22, with exercises by the various departments of the Sunday School and remarks by the superintendent, Mr. N. Giesse, and a sermon by the Rev. Wm. Schoeffel on "Thankful Nevertheless." The offering of \$126 was designated for the Centenary Offering. Recently a World Wide Guild was organized with the following elected as Guild officers: Mrs. Lila Spiegel, president; Mrs. Ursula Blumenstein, vice-president; Mrs. Myra Palaima, secretary; and Miss Ruth Lindenbaum, treasurer.

● On Wednesday evening, Oct. 28, Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Wahl of Edmonton, Alta., were pleasantly surprised by the members of the Central Baptist Church on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary. Miss Myrtle Hein, church missionary, was in charge of the program which also included congratulatory talks by the Revs. Adam Huber of Leduc and R. Schreiber of Wetaskiwin. Mr. A. Layetske, a deacon, presented the Jubilee couple with a gift of 25 silver dollars in behalf of the church. Congratulations and gifts were also received from the churches which Mr. Wahl had formerly served as pastor.

● On Sunday evening, Nov. 22, the Intermediate Young People's Society of the Calvary Baptist Church of Stafford, Kans., held a Thanksgiving program with the children's mothers as guests of honor. A recent attendance contest was held for a period of 7 weeks during which five children had perfect attendance and learned all Bible verses. The society elects its officers for the group. The adult advisors are Mrs. Charles B. Thole and Mrs. Sam Stalcup. Together with the Junior Society, the Intermediate group

has recently contributed \$10 to the Centenary Offering of the denomination. The Rev. F. E. Klein is the pastor.

● The young people's Thanksgiving Rally of the Northern North Dakota Young People's Union was held on Friday, Nov. 27, at McClusky, No. Dak., with more than 125 registered delegates from out-of-town besides the McClusky congregation. Highlights of the program were addresses by the Revs. Alfred Weisser of Carrington, No. Dak., and Edgar Klatt of Grand Forks, No. Dak., and the showing of four reels of home and foreign mission pictures by the Rev. M. L. Leuschner of Forest Park, Ill. A mission offering of \$33.57 was also received. About 130 young people attended the banquet at which Miss Esther Kaiser, president, served as toastmistress.


● Sunday, Nov. 15, was Young People's Sunday in the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa. In the morning service the guest speaker was the youthful pastor of the Baptist Church of Jamesburg, N. J., the Rev. G. T. Lutz, who spoke on "The Stars Above." In the evening service the young people of the church presented the play, "Give These Their Daily Bread" concerning the Centenary Offering. On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, German and English services were held with the Rev. A. Cierpke and the pastor, the Rev. Milton R. Schroeder, bringing the messages. A Thanksgiving Offering was also received.

● The silver or 25th anniversary of the "Crusaders" organization of the Evergreen Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held on Sunday evening, Oct. 18. This Men's Bible Class has had an illustrious history in the church and still exerts a strong spiritual influence. The Rev. W. J. Zirbes, former pastor of the church, was the guest speaker at the festive occasion. The president of the class is Mr. Alfred Orthner, and the teacher is Mr.

Walter Marklein, a former president of the National Y. P. and S. S. W. Union. Tribute was paid to the memory of the late Mr. Charles Eisenhardt, for many years the faithful teacher of the Crusaders. The Rev. W. J. Appel is pastor of the church.

● Evangelistic services were held in the First Baptist Church of La Salle, Colo., for two full weeks from Sunday, Nov. 8, to Sunday, Nov. 22, with the Rev. Henry Pfeiffer of Okeene, Okla., bringing the messages. The meetings were very well attended, and a wonderful spirit of prayer prevailed throughout. A splendid group of 20 persons confessed Jesus Christ as their living Savior during the services. The church is deeply indebted to the Rev. Henry Pfeiffer for his consecrated ministry. On Sunday, Dec. 13, the Rev. Adolf E. Reeh, pastor, hopes to baptize these converts at a very beautiful baptismal service in the church, about which a more complete report and picture will appear in a later issue of "The Herald."

● From Nov. 29 to Dec. 13 the Rev. A. Husmann, promotional secretary, visited the following churches in Manitoba, Canada: Morris, the McDermot Ave. Church of Winnipeg and its Oak Bank mission station, Whitemouth and its mission stations. During the first week of the trip Mr. Husmann conducted a Bible School in Morris, Man., assisted by the pastor of the church, the Rev. H. Schatz. Later he also visited our churches in Grand Forks, No. Dak., Jeffers, Minn., and the Faith Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn. During the month of November, Mr. Husmann spent several busy weeks bringing messages and showing denominational Centenary Offering pictures in the Bethel, Ebenezer, Burns Ave., Conners Ave. and Linden St. Churches of Detroit, Mich.; in Cleveland, Ohio, at the anniversary program of the Women's Missionary Union of that city on Nov. 5; and in Beaver, Mich.



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(Continued from Page 6)

The burial service took place from the Andrews Street Baptist Church and was in charge of the minister, the Rev. D. Fuchs. President Bretschneider spoke on behalf of the Rochester Baptist Seminary, Prof. O. E. Krueger on behalf of the General Conference, and Dean Thomas Wearing of the Divinity School on behalf of that institution. The flowers and the large attendance of friends from all ranks of Rochester society witnessed to the high esteem in which he was held locally.

On the occasion of his eightieth birthday we had the privilege of entertaining the Meyer family at a dinner, at which I proposed to him the following toast with which I must close:

*"To my octogenarian colleague
Renown, beloved, distinguished, indeed;
On the eightieth anniversary of his
natal day,
Spritely and strong, if a bit gray.
A poet, a scholar, a naturalist, too;
Who on each day learns something
new.
Eighty years thus profitably spent
To him abundance of knowledge lent.*

THE MEMORY OF A LIFE

(Continued from Page 7)

Having been asked to write a brief statement of evaluation of Professor Meyer's significance as a member of our faculty, to be published in our forthcoming denominational centenary book, my thoughts took shape in the following words which strangely enough were put down in writing late Saturday afternoon, just about the time when his soul took flight.

"Professor Meyer's passionate devotion to Christ, his striking mastery of knowledge in a wide range of subjects, his phenomenal memory, his rich experiences in the pastorate, his most remarkable power of observation, his genuine love for humanity, his wholesome humor, his keen interest in the ongoing of the church and the growth of the Kingdom of God, and his native teaching ability eminently fitted him for the task that awaited him in the seminary. We are fortunate in having had a man of his caliber."

The purpose of the coming of Jesus into the world, stated in the words often quoted, "I am come that they might have life and have it more abundantly," found its fulfillment in the life of the one who has been taken from us. He lived an abundant life. His awareness covered so many realms of it, and he himself became a well-spring of life to others through his faith in Jesus Christ whom he recognized as his Savior and Lord. The memory of that life abides with us as a benediction.

IN THE HEART OF THE PINES

(Continued from Page 12)

York," said her father. "The arrangements are all made for us to go back. Gene's going into the office to work. He's well educated, and well qualified for the new position. He'll learn quickly what he doesn't know about it at first.

"And, Clarissa, I—I—guess I'm just an old fool, but you know I've been alone a long time, and now with you gone, and with Gene gone from his mother—well—we—that is—Mrs. Randall—Alice and I have made up our minds that romance isn't just for young folks alone, and—"

Clarissa flew to his arms. "Dad, you old darling!" she cried. "She's going to be my really, truly mother—is that what you mean?"

"I guess it about amounts to that," he answered. "As near your mother as any other woman ever can be."

"Oh, I'm so happy!" she cried. "Tell me—what are the plans?"

"Mrs. Randall—er—Alice and I expect to be married next Sunday. We will all leave on Monday. You may set your own wedding day. That is for you

alone to decide," he answered.

"Does Gene know about you and his mother?" asked Clarissa.

"Yes, we told him today. He's like you—very happy about it," answered her father.

"My wedding day shall be Christmas Day," said Clarissa. "Back in the dear old church at home—just as I have always wanted! But, Dad, can't we come back here sometimes—to see these people here—and to have a vacation among them?"

"Yes, whenever we like—winter or summer," he said. "Dan and Mrs. Hodge are making this their permanent home, and keeping the place in readiness for us whenever we choose to come back."

Clarissa reached up, and drawing her father's head down planted a kiss upon his lips.

"Thank-you, Daddy, dear, thank-you," she said earnestly, her eyes filling with tears, "for bringing me to the pines to learn to see and love the other side of life. Thank-you for bringing me here to make a real woman of me. You will never have need to regret it!"

THE END

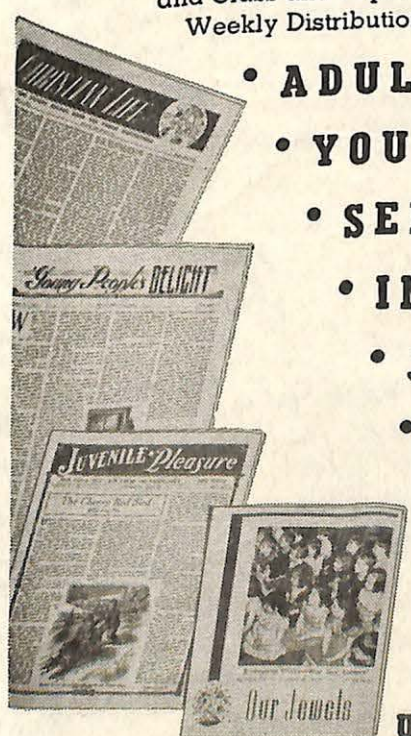
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