



The First Smiles of Spring

BAPTIST HERALD

Printed in U.S.A.

April 1, 1943

WHAT'S HAPPENING

● The Baptist Church of Bison, So. Dak., has purchased a new parsonage for its minister, the Rev. Wm. G. Jaster, and family. Mr. Jaster serves both the Bison and Isabel Churches. This parsonage has been secured with the help of the General Missionary Society and the sacrificial spirit of these small churches.

● The Rev. John Kuehn, pastor of the Baptist Church of Hilda, Alberta, Canada, has resigned and announced his acceptance of the call extended to him by the Baptist Churches of Lyndock and Sebastopol, Ontario. Mr. and Mrs. Kuehn are expected to begin their ministry on the new field about May 1st, where they will succeed the Rev. and Mrs. John Heer, now residing in Rochester, New York.

● The Rev. E. J. Bonikowsky, pastor of the Baptist Church of Esk, Sask., Canada, and its mission station at Janzen, recently presented his resignation to the church. He will bring his pastorate there to a close on March 31st. Plans are under way for Mr. Bonikowsky's continued ministry on another field, about which an announcement will be made in a later issue of "The Baptist Herald."

● From March 9 to April 13 a series of Leadership Training Classes are being held in Milwaukee, Wis., for the Baptist Churches of the city. The Rev. Thorwald Bender of the Immanuel Church is conducting a course on "Planning and Leading Group Worship," and the Rev. Frank Veninga of the Bethany Church is teaching a class on "The Story of the Baptists." The classes are being held on Tuesday evenings in the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Milwaukee.

● On Sunday evening, Feb. 21, Mrs. Hulda Smith, at present the matron of the Girls' Home of New York City, was the guest speaker in the Evergreen Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. She spoke on "Victories for Christ" about her experiences for many years as a Baptist missionary in Burma before the death of her husband. On Sunday, March 7, the Evergreen Church along with many Baptist Churches everywhere observed "A Day of Prayer for Burma" in a very special way. The Rev. W. J. Appel is pastor of the church.

● On Sunday evening, Feb. 28, the young people of the Zion Baptist Church of Okeene, Okla., presented the



The Official Starting-place of the Alaska Highway at Edmonton, Alberta.

Fred and Joe Sonnenberg (Left to Right) of the Christian Training Institute are standing alongside the sign, showing the start of the new and famous Alaska or Alcan Highway in Edmonton which is less than half a mile away from the Institute building. The amazing building of this highway has transformed the city of Edmonton into a prosperous center of teeming activity.

interesting account of Mr. R. G. LeTourneau, Christian business-man of Peoria, Ill., by depicting the story of his life, "God Runs My Business." On Wednesday evening, March 10, at the opening of the Lenten season, the young people sponsored a program showing three films of missionary pictures of the Cameroons of Africa. The offering was designated for missions. The Rev. Henry Pfeifer is pastor of the church.

● Evangelistic services were conducted for two weeks in the Baptist Church of New Leipzig, No. Dak., by the pastor, the Rev. David Littke. In spite of blocked roads and bad storms the attendance was encouraging and 15 persons testified of having experienced salvation through faith in Christ. Among the converts were two older men of more than 60 years and a promising young couple. The pastor wrote that "the church in general was given a new baptism of the Holy Spirit for which we are truly grateful to the Lord."

● Evangelistic services were held in the First Baptist Church of Olds, Alta., Canada, from Feb. 22 to 26 with the Rev. C. Rempel of Trochu, Alta., bringing the messages. Just before these meetings the church finished the installation of an electric plant to illumine both the church building and

parsonage. The Rev. H. J. Wilcke, pastor, wrote that "the church is praying that the light from without may serve to kindle the light of many souls that our services may be brighter and more stimulating because of this added convenience."

● The Primary, Junior and Intermediate departments of the Sunday School of the Calvary Baptist Church near Stafford, Kans., raised \$79.29 for missions through Daphne Dunger banks. The class of which Miss Laurabel Hildebrand is the teacher had the highest average of \$2.43 for each pupil. The second highest average of \$2.10 was brought by the pupils of Miss Anna Hildebrand's class. The pastor of the church, the Rev. F. E. Klein, aptly wrote: "We feel happy over this very fine spirit in which the children made their contributions to the mission offerings."

● Evangelistic services were held for two weeks in the Second Church of Leduc, Alta., Canada, from Feb. 22 to March 5. During the first week the messages were brought in the German language by the Rev. J. Kornalewski of the First Church of Leduc and during the second week in English by the Rev. Robert Schreiber of Wetaskiwin. A group of 15 persons made their confession of faith in Christ as Savior during the meetings. On Wednesday evening, March 10, the Rev. M. L. Leuschner, editor of the "The Baptist Herald," showed Centenary Offering pictures and brought a brief message in the church. The Rev. A. Huber is pastor of the church.

● The Rev. Milton R. Schroeder, pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., since 1935 has presented his resignation to the church and announced his acceptance of the call extended to him by the First Baptist Church of Superior, Wis., a church of the Northern Baptist Convention. Mr. Schroeder brought his ministry in the Philadelphia Church to a close on Sunday, March 28. His departure from the Fleischmann Memorial Church at this time is the occasion for sincere regret since the church is celebrating its centennial jubilee in 1943, but we wish Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder a bounty of God's blessings on their new and challenging field of labor.

● Evangelistic meetings will be held in the Bridgeland Baptist Church of Calgary, Alta., Canada, from Wednesday evening, March 31, until Tuesday, April 13, with the Rev. Fred Mueller of Portland, Ore., the pastor of the

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The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly
on the first and fifteenth of each month
by the
ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS
3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
Martin L. Leuschner, Editor

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Coming!

EASTER MESSAGES

Two inspiring Easter messages will be brought by the Rev. L. B. Berndt, pastor of the Faith Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., and by Miss Emma M. Schifferer, a member of the Bethel Baptist Church of Salem, Oregon, which will enrich the Easter season for every reader.

IMMORTAL EASTER HYMNS

Six Easter hymns, which have been composed through the centuries of Christian history and which are not so well known in our churches, will be given prominence in the next issue. They will live through the ages in the English-speaking world because of their beauty and truth.

WORSHIPPING THE RISEN SON AT SUNRISE

Hundreds of sunrise services are held on Easter Sunday morning all over the country. The thrilling story of these sunrise services with magnificent pictures has been prepared by Prof. Carl F. H. Henry of the Northern Baptist Seminary, who is the publicity director for the Easter sunrise service at Chicago's Soldier Field where an immense crowd of more than 60,000 people is anticipated. We are proud to present this article which has been prepared exclusively for "Baptist Herald" readers.

Subscription price—\$1.50 a year
To Foreign countries—\$1.75 a year

Advertising rates, \$1.50 per inch, single column, 2 1/4 inches wide.

Obituary notices are accepted at 5 cents per line, set in six point type.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner, 7346 Madison Street, Forest Park, Illinois.

All business correspondence is to be addressed to the publishers, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter
January 9, 1923, at the post office
at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act
of March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL



Cleveland, Ohio, April 1, 1943
Volume 21 Number 7

Missionary Frontiers

THE MISSIONARY FRONTIERS have not disappeared from the face of the North American continent. They have been pushed farther back, but they stand out more prominently today than they have done in many years.

In all of western Canada as well as in many places of the United States "the talk of the day" is the new Alaska Highway which has been built by the United States in an amazingly short time. Today the use of the road into the rugged mountainous stretches of the North is limited largely to the Armed Forces of the two nations, but the time will come when the era of peace will transform this into a mecca for travellers and a paradise for homesteaders.

About three hundred miles north of Edmonton is the Peace River country of Alberta. The summers there are short and the elements of nature can wage furious warfare with man, but the fertile plains and picturesque valleys provide bountiful harvests when all other conditions are right. The Alaska Road and the new proposed highway from Grimshaw to Fort Norman, running through rich farm and undeveloped oil lands, will open this country to new settlers and pioneers.

We have quite a number of scattered families in the Peace River and Grande Prairie areas, who have dug in, like the rugged pioneers of old, to build their homes and towns. In an extended circle of well over two hundred miles there are small settlements of our Baptist brethren at Valley View, Culp, Grimshaw, Hines Creek and Fort St. John. These will be visited by the district missionary of the Northern Conference the Rev. F. W. Benke, during the coming summer.

In a few days the General Missionary Committee will hold its annual sessions in Forest Park, Illinois. The desperate need for pioneer missionaries for this area will be presented to the committee at that time. The little church at Valley View, which has already shown a fine missionary and evangelistic zeal, is eagerly awaiting the arrival of some minister with the love of Christ in his heart and with a complete disregard for the hardships of this pioneer life who will preach for them.

Let no one say that the pioneer days are a thing of the past! Here in the Northland country God will use a road, built primarily for military purposes in war time, as "a highway of his Kingdom" upon which pioneer missionaries will travel on their circuit to proclaim the tidings of salvation. May this vision of pioneer opportunities never grow dim for us!



"In the Cross of Christ I Glory"

A Message for the Observance of Good Friday

by

MISS MYRTLE HEIN of Edmonton, Alta., Canada,
the Missionary of the Central Baptist Church
of Edmonton

"In the cross of
Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the
wrecks of time;
All the light of
sacred story
Gathers round its
head sublime."

"God forbid that I should glory,
save in the cross of our Lord
Jesus Christ." — The Apostle
Paul. (Gal. 6:14).

"On Calvary's brow there was planted
a cross,
Which lifted a man up to shame;
But He on the cross was the dear Son
of God,
Who died a lost world to reclaim.

"Let others, who will, praise the cross
of the Christ,
The Christ of the cross, is my theme;
For tho' we must cherish the old
rugged cross,
'Tis only the Christ can redeem."

THE CROSS as a mode of capital punishment in times past was a thing of odium and shame, but now as the symbol of redeeming love it has become a thing of glory and of beauty. Once it was an instrument of death; it has now become an instrument of life. This change was effected only by the death of the Son of God upon that cross. He has glorified the cross.

Christ's Glorifying Power

Christ changes and glorifies everything he touches. The Oriental stable in which he was born was glorified by his sacred presence even as a tiny babe. Every relationship of life into which he entered was elevated to heights still unknown to us. Every soul that came into saving contact with him, such that have known and walked with him, have been brought into the most wonderful relationship, into the highest and noblest joy of having been made members of the holy family of God.

In short, Christ glorifies everything, except sin and he suffered for that on the cross. The glory of the cross is that it separates the sinner and his sin, bringing the soul into redemptive relationship with God.

The Cross, to God's people, is no mere piece of wood. There is no virtue in that at all, though we know that many have worn it with superstition and used it as a charm. All the virtue is in him who suffered on that cross, and his very sufferings there have released his saving power to all who will believe. Some would have the Christ without the cross, but it can then do them no good. Others would have the cross without the Christ, but that too is of no avail, for it is only by the cross that he can save. There is no salvation but in a cross-bearing Savior. The Cross stands in Scripture for the whole doctrine of salvation through Christ Jesus.

The Glorified Cross

Since the cross signifies so much, we may well speak of it as the glorified cross. It is the very mountain peak in the revelation of God to man. The glorious attributes of his Person are there more fully and more variously displayed than anywhere else. His holiness is revealed in requiring such a satisfaction for sin as only the precious blood of Jesus could provide. His love for the sinner is manifested in giving up his blessed Son to such a death. His wisdom exhibited therein will be a wonder of the eternal ages.

Introduction

This message was brought by Miss Hein in the chapel service of the Christian Training Institute of Edmonton, Alberta, on Friday morning, Feb. 26, 1943, which was the exact date of Mr. George E. Stebbens' 97th birthday. Miss Hein also sang the song, "Ask What Thou Wilt, O Lord," at this impressive service. This background of the message will probably make the reading of this sermon even more interesting to the "Baptist Herald" family.

EDITOR.

How much does the cross and the Christ of the same mean to us? As we look upon that cross today which through the centuries has lost none of its value but rather taken on more beauty and more glory through such who have given their all—yes, even laid down their lives, for the glorification of the Christ of the cross, we would say, "God, use us mightily in thy service and for thy glory." May we glory in none other!

George E. Stebbens' Only Glory

We thank God for men such as George E. Stebbens whose 97th birthday was celebrated on February 26. He is a man whose name and work will ever be remembered through the wonderful hymn tunes he has given to the Church.

What a glorious ministry has been his! Truly, his glory was in the cross. He who has given to the church melodies such as "Saved by Grace," "The Glory Song," "His Eye is on the Sparrow," and many others has recently composed an inspiring little gospel tune, entitled, "Ask What Thou Wilt, O Lord."

May the words of this beautiful consecration hymn inspire us to give ourselves whole-heartedly, unreservedly to the glory of Christ and the glorified Cross.

Ask what—Thou wilt, O Lord,
Though great the yield we make;
'Tis best if others share the joy
Of which our hearts partake.
Ask, Lord, we will not fail,
Though human we,—and frail.

Ask when—Thou wilt, O Lord,
No season is our own.
Be sad, or glad, the time You ask
It shall be Thine, alone.
Ask, Lord, no matter when,
'Tis ours to serve Thee then.

Ask all—Thou wilt, O Lord,
We know—'tis but Thine own;
No priceless gift would we withhold
No sacrifice bemoan,
Ask, Lord, tho' much it be,
We hold our all—for Thee.

Thus, Lord, we consecrate
To Thee—what'er we hold;
Our time, our talents, all are Thine
Our silver and our gold.
Ask WHAT! ask WHEN! ask ALL!
And we will heed the call.

"Ye Are Witnesses"

By REV. EMIL D. GRUEN of Des Moines, Iowa, a Missionary
Associated With the American Board of Missions to the Jews

WHY are we Christians? Why has God permitted us, in his grace, to come to Jesus Christ? Surely not because of any good that was in us, for we of ourselves were altogether evil. The words of Job do truly apply to us in our unregenerate state. "How much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water," (Job 15:16).

Why then did God permit us to draw near to Christ? Why, in the first place, did Christ come and draw nigh to such as us? As we are now rehearsing again to our hearts and minds the meaning and content of Christ's passion, these thoughts must be ever before us. Easter would be meaningless were it not for us a time of self-analysis, a time when we should reach our hearts and find our true attitude toward this great sacrifice of our God. So, again and again, this question must be on our lips, Why?

The Meaning of Christ's Sacrifice

No one could better answer our question than our Master himself. He it was who gave up his glory, who emptied himself and became as one of us. Why did he do it? What was the passion that drove him to make this, the greatest of all sacrifices? He tells us why in Luke 24.

Here in his final conference with his disciples he rehearses again to their minds the purpose and meaning of his incarnation. We read there: "Thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all the nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Verses 46 and 47).

In these words of Christ we find the reason for it all. Christ came, suffered, died and rose again in order that repentance and promise of remission of sin might be preached in his name; the name of him who conquered sin and death. But Christ does more than simply explain his purposes; he appoints the preachers. "Ye are the witnesses of these things." (verse 48).

Here, then, is the answer to the question we raised above, the reason for the "why" of our discipleship. We have been saved for a purpose. The price of our redemption has been paid because of a very definite need. We have been "saved to save others." Ye are witnesses! What a challenge lies there in these words. What do they include?

A witness must speak from first-hand experience. It is a law of the courts of justice that a man may not testify to something he knows by hearsay. He may testify only to that which he has personally heard or seen. So we draw from that that we cannot be witnesses for Jesus Christ unless we have had a personal experience. It is not enough that we speak of Christ's death and resurrection; we must experience it. We must be able to say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me and the life which I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." (Galatians 2:20).

Personal Experience of Christ

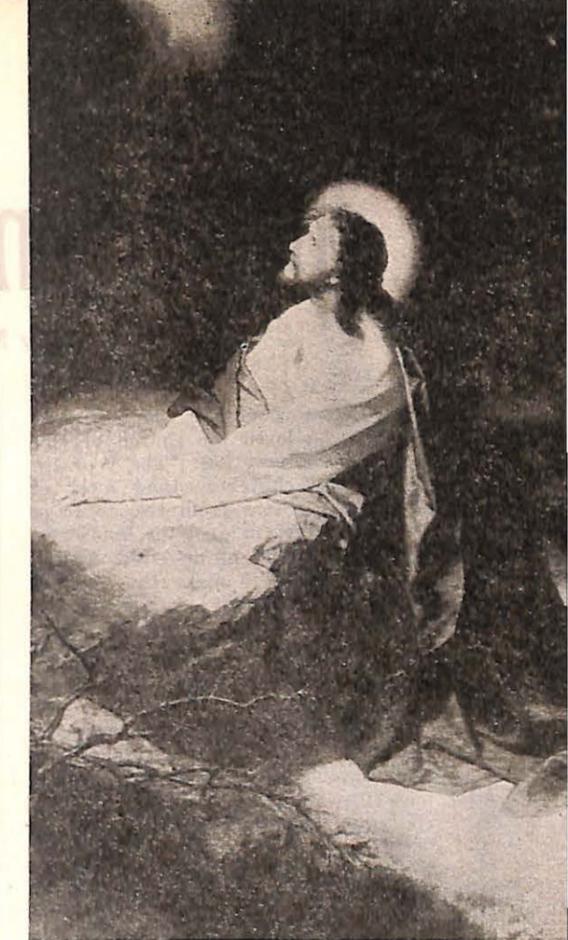
Unless this has truly been our experience, then Easter of 1943 will be a meaningless day for us. This is the tragedy of Easter; more and more it has returned to its original meaning of the heathen festival of Ostara, the beginning of spring and new life in nature. To most of the millions who will celebrate Easter this year, it will be just a holiday, an excuse for fine clothing and worldly celebrations. Oh, yes, many will go to Church, but only because it is the accepted thing to do on Easter Sunday morning.

Easter, or better, Resurrection Day, has meaning only to those who have experienced in their own lives the death and resurrection of him who came that God's love might be expressed to the uttermost. Only those who have risen to the new life with Christ can truly witness to the meaning of the Day.

We May Not Keep Silent

We know further about witnesses that they may not keep silent. The law requires that if one sees an accident, he must be ready to tell what he has seen. So it is with us. We dare not keep silent concerning the experience which has been ours. The growth of the Body of Christ is dependent upon the witnessing of those who are his members. Such was the dynamic which drove the early apostles and disciples. This they did even in the face of punishment and death. For them there was no question about it: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." (Acts 4:20).

We cannot but speak; we dare not keep silent. Why? Because Jesus said to them, "Ye are the witnesses of these things." They being obedient followers



of their Lord, had to be obedient unto the uttermost, even if it meant death. Can we, his disciples in this age, do less?

The need today for the witness is greater than it has ever been. Men and women are plunging into sin and condemnation at an alarming pace. To us the challenge must be clear. We dare not keep silent; we must testify that Christ Jesus came to save sinners. If we have experienced his saving power, if the joy of redemption from sin has been ours, then we dare not keep silent.

A Witness to All People

"Among all nations, beginning in Jerusalem." Even as a witness to an accident is permitted no choice, so must our testimony be to all. If I have witnessed an accident, I cannot say, "I will not testify for you because I do not like your manner, the way you speak." How much more must we be impartial in our witnessing for Jesus Christ.

Yet here we must admit to negligence. Throughout the whole period of Church history the witnessing has been predominantly to the Gentiles. Not that it is wrong to go to the Gentiles but rather "these ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone." Jesus said, "Beginning in Jerusalem." Was this a matter of preference? Of course not, simply where the need was immediate.

There were many in Jerusalem who had followed the Master. They had heard this wonderful message; they had been his followers. Now they had

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Beautifying the Church Grounds

By MARK RICH and SAMUEL J. RICH

DRIVING through the countryside, a woman who loved the church of God made this observation: "The poor little country churches stand most of them upon pillars from two to three feet high, stark against the landscape, without any sign of an effort having been put forth to make the grounds around them attractive. It is a pathetic sight!"

Haven't we all had similar thoughts about some of our country churches? But what do we do about it? Mrs. Austin Wilkinson felt it so deeply that she started a Church Lawn Beautification Movement. In inaugurating the movement she said, "I think it is especially appropriate at this time that we should take advantage of our opportunity to emphasize that which God has given us and in so doing to point out . . . that there is yet a people upon the face of the earth by whom God is recognized as the Ruling Power of the Universe. Would it not make a deep and lasting impression on non-Christians everywhere if we showed by the act of beautifying the church property that we love God and his temple?"

Why Beautify the Church Grounds?

The reasons for beautifying the church grounds are legion. It is a simple and plain fact that most people are attracted by the beautiful. Beauty and color appeal to us as to the primitive Indian who gave a precious fur for a handful of bright beads.

Not long ago I traveled many miles along a country road in eastern Kansas and Nebraska. We passed many churches, but two nameless ones stand out in my memory. The first was a weather-beaten structure standing on a grassless and eroded yard, completely barren of trees and shrubs. The second church had been recently painted, the lawn graded and seeded to thriving grass; walks and driveways were in repair and shapely evergreens had been placed close to the foundations. After we had passed by I asked myself, "If you should move into that community, which of these churches would you like to attend?" There was no doubt in my mind as to the answer.

We associate beauty with God. See how the writers of Holy Writ made that association! Isaiah saw the Lord "high and lifted up." John saw "a new heaven and a new earth" arrayed in unsurpassed beauty and splendor. The Bible garden in which the first man lived was a "lovely spot." When God sets about his tasks of creation

The Authors

Messrs. Mark and Samuel J. Rich are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Chris J. Rich of the Bethany Baptist Church of Oregon. The Rev. Mark Rich is distinguishing himself as the secretary for rural work in the Northern Baptist Convention.

Mr. Samuel J. Rich was formerly president of the Oregon Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union. He is associated with his father and another brother with the Rich and Sons Nursery of Hillsboro, Oregon.

This article appeared originally in "The Baptist Leader." It is being republished with the special permission of its editor, Dr. Stanley A. Gillet.

and re-creation he always carries with him a brush and paints of brilliant hue.

If this is true, should not then the place set aside for the worship of God be clothed in a simple attractiveness and beauty? The Hebrews thought so. Did they not say, "Thy glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beauty the place of thy sanctuary"? An American illustrator (Harvey Dunn) has said, "Every true idea is of the infinite and must therefore possess the attributes of the infinite, in which there is no disorder or disharmony."

If God be clothed in majesty and beauty, surely the place set aside for his worship and for instruction in his ways ought to possess the qualities of his majesty and beauty. God can be worshipped anywhere, but the place regularly appointed for the worship of God can serve its purpose best when it possesses the characteristics of beauty and order.

The Attractive Church

The attractive church is a witness to the fact that somebody cares. Of course, there are those exceptions, where one person has worked alone at beautifying the church grounds, but usually it can be counted on that a considerable group of people care about the church. This care grows out of a deep appreciation of what the church stands for. In that fact alone there is great evangelizing power. That somebody cares enough to clothe the church in beauty! That is a great testimony to the eternal purposes of the church.

Yet with all that may be said for beautifying the church grounds many of our churches have neglected it completely. Mostly it is sheer neglect plus a blindness to the possibilities of landscaping. One also finds objections, some of them quite unfounded. Trustees in one church objected to plantings be-

cause the shrubs would damage the foundation. (Of course, they will not damage it, if planted a proper distance from the building.) Folks in another church said that there is "nothing to landscaping; one bush is like another and none of them amounts to anything." The committee of the ladies' aid must have felt something like that when they threw out salt water from the ice-cream freezer and effectively exterminated a fine new planting of young shrubs.

There are many obstacles to be overcome. Children will run helter-skelter through the shrubs; they will bend and break small trees. Sometimes even grownups, unschooled in the artistry of plants, will chop down a shrub or a tree. Though a driveway and parking space may be neatly arranged thoughtless drivers, or even some thoughtful person at a careless moment, will drive across the soft lawn leaving as token of his presence two fearful ruts and deep, ugly scars. But these discouragements are only routine and should not be considered impossible hurdles.

Landscaping the Grounds

The first step toward beautifying the church grounds is to interest some class or society in the project or, better still, to interest the entire church and enlist them in studying ways and means of achieving the project. Once interested, a committee should be appointed. Naturally, the first thing to be done is to outline the project. This means landscape plans. Plans for arrangement of walks, drives, trees and shrubs and grading, though not as detailed as building plans, are nevertheless as important.

The actual drawing of plans should be done by someone with experience in the field. Nowadays there are many qualified persons. The county 4-H specialist, the agricultural teacher, a local nurseryman, an extension specialist from the state college or some other adept person may be called upon. Nurseries sometimes give free landscape plans and planting instructions to those who anticipate purchasing from them.

If someone from outside the community makes the plans, it is well to check them carefully against local conditions. Involvement in heavy expense should be avoided. When four of the churches in the Groton Community Parish planned to beautify their grounds a graduate student at the college of agriculture made the drawings at \$2.50 each. Plans should specify varieties of plants and give exact instructions for their placement and

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cost. Before submitting plans to the church, the committee should of course present recommendations for raising the necessary money if it is not already on hand.

The entire church, or the society or class to whom the enterprise is entrusted, should have full opportunity to study, discuss, and approve the plans. To inform members of the values and purpose of landscaping and of the principles involved, an illustrated lecture on landscaping may be arranged. A piece of literature like "Beautifying the Church Grounds" (published by the National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild) may be distributed. The committee will also send to the state college of agriculture for available bulletins. By the time the plans are fully approved a considerable number of people should be instructed in the art of landscaping. Such instruction always produces enthusiasm.

Practical Suggestions

The following principles may be helpful to such a committee:

Keep the lawn in front of the church open. Do not clutter it with a planting of individual shrubs and trees.

Churches are more attractive if "framed" with a planting of trees which grow large. Trees are planted at the sides and rear, leaving ample open lawn to give a sense of freedom. Ordinarily large trees should not be planted directly in front of the church, or too near the sides or back.

Parking lots, unsightly corners and background and outbuilding can be screened by shrubs which grow rapidly and attain considerable size.

Generally, front corner plantings are of low-growing varieties, unless there is a specific reason for screening or hiding some ugly site.

When a new church is to be erected, it should if possible be set back sixty to seventy-five feet from the line, or further, depending on the location. If it can be avoided, a town or country church should not be "crowded."

Select plants that need a minimum of trimming. Church grounds may be neglected when home grounds are neatly kept. It is best to choose varieties that "keep themselves" in so far as this is possible.

The next step is the actual work of landscaping. Planting the grounds can bring much joy and comradeship to the members of the church. For the occasion of planting, the committee should lay careful plans. A time, day and hour, should be set. There are two planting seasons, spring and fall.

Arrangements should be made to have on hand all that is needed for the work of the day; tools, plants and plans. If grading is to be done, teams and heavy implements will be necessary. Someone should be appointed in charge of the work. There should be an advance enlistment to be certain that a goodly number of people will be present.

The planting of church grounds can be very costly. Choice shrubs, evergreens and trees are expensive. It is not difficult to spend several hundred dollars on an elaborate planting. Most churches cannot afford such an extravagance; even if they could afford it, it is questionable whether that sum of money should be taken from the regular program of their church. There are several ways of limiting costs without sacrificing quality.

Obtaining Plants

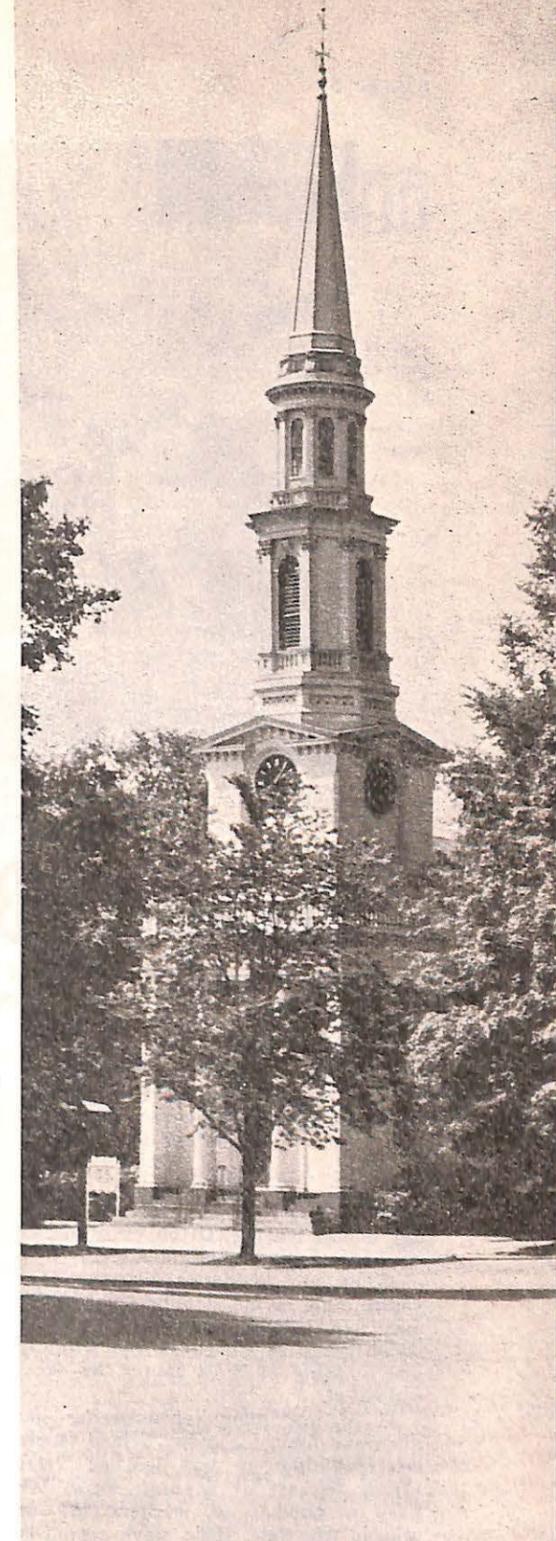
But there are many other ways of getting shrubbery. A minimum number of shrubs can be purchased at a nursery, and the remainder taken from the fields and woods or from the yards of church members. In every section of the country there are plants growing wild. In Oregon, the Oregon grape and ocean spray are choice plants growing in abundance in the fields and woods. In New Jersey and Pennsylvania, mountain laurel, rhododendron and azalia abound in natural state. Dogwood, American elm, maple, spirea and scores of other trees and shrubs are available. The College of Agriculture at Madison, Wis., has made a long list of native shrubs and trees available for landscape use in that state and locality. Excepting in the desert and on the western edge of the great plains, there is no reason why every church should not be properly landscaped. Even in the desert, the use of stones, desert flowers and cacti may be used with good effect.

One may also get shrubs from the gardens of members. Not infrequently some member will be an amateur nurseryman, raising stock for the fun of it. In other gardens one may find excess plants which the owner will gladly donate. In receiving such donations, care must be taken that plants are not accepted just for the sake of pleasing the donor. Inferior varieties and plants unsuited to a particular purpose should not be permitted to destroy what would otherwise be a pleasing landscape arrangement.

Pruning and Clean-up

Shrubbery does not grow without care. The sexton should be trained to care for the trees as he cares for the sanctuary. More than this, every church should plan an annual "spruce-up" or "clean-up" day. This day will likely fall in the springtime as the grass begins to green. With a committee in charge, the men will rake the yard, removing the debris of winter and leftover leaves. Spading, replacing dead trees and shrubs, new planting and such trimming as may be seasonable will be a part of the day's activity.

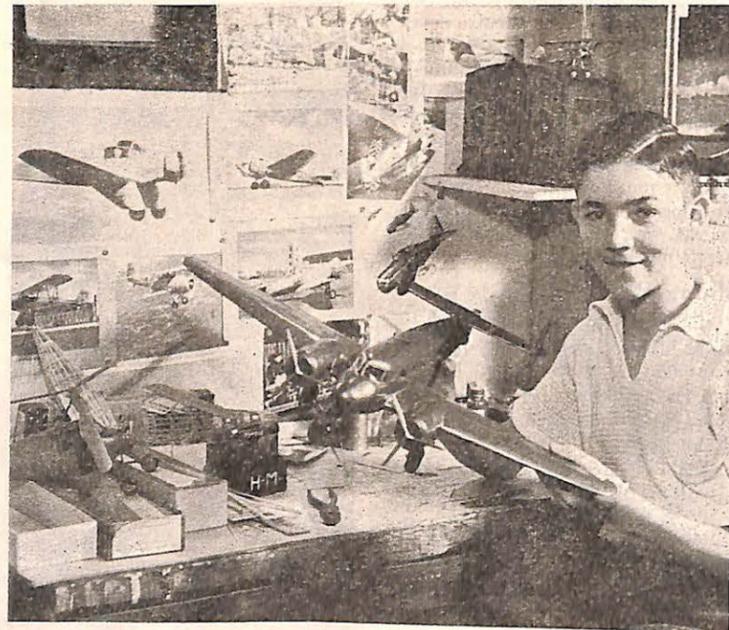
Once made lovely, the fame of your attractive church spreads through the entire countryside. It elevates the status of the church even in the minds of those not affiliated with it. Even those who occasionally pass by will



Church on the Village Green at Lexington, Massachusetts

learn to look with anticipation and appreciation. Beauty and goodness go hand in hand. Beauty symbolized the high purposes of the church. That congregation which worships in an attractive setting should easily find the essence of religion that is discovered with more difficulty by those whose surroundings are drab.

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Blessed is the Sunday School Teacher Who Can Captivate the Interest of the Boys of America and Harness Their Boundless Energy for Constructive and Christian Purposes!

Twenty-one Boys in a Class

The Amazing Story of a Sunday School Class
by REV. THEO. W. DONS of Forest Park, Illinois

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Daniel 12:3.

THE noblest work is that of the Sunday School teacher. Often we minimize its importance, but it is a very vital part of our guidance program for youth. This is not a superficial statement but a deep conviction. To be a co-laborer with Christ in the winning and building of lives cannot be over-estimated.

There are many encouraging experiences for the Sunday School teacher, providing he has learned from Christ the art of winning souls. We have a number of workers in our schools who take their work seriously and who enjoy the privilege of helping to mould young lives. It has been our joy to meet the various groups in conference where problems are discussed and where discouragements are aired.

Love, patience, stick-to-it-iveness along with good common sense and understanding of human nature are imperative to success.

In the city of Philadelphia, Pa., there is a Sunday School teacher in one of the churches of the Northern Baptist Convention whose consecrated and devoted life is best told in an experience related in a letter written by her. Her beautiful character, radiating the

love of Christ, has influenced many young lives and led them to the Lord. The object in passing on this experience is to encourage some Sunday School teachers who might have grown discouraged with their work, and also to urge those who have never been active in this work to find their field of labor.

She writes the following letter:

"I want to tell some of the experiences I have had as a Sunday School teacher which may prove to be a blessing to others.

"When I first came to the Baptist Church where I am now, there was a class of 12 boys of about 10 years of age, and they were so bad that their teacher could not make them behave, and she would be so unnerved after class that she would just cry. Our pastor's wife asked me to try teaching them. I took the class and what an experience!

"They were really bad. On the first Sunday the handsomest boy in the class, a perfect specimen of a boy, actually took his chair, turned it around, and turned his back to me when I started to teach. Another one kept shooting rubber bands at a feather in my hat. When he stopped another kept putting small candy boxes on the top of my hat. They were just full of the old mischief.

"Several teachers came to me after Sunday School and said they did not know how I stood it all. No wonder

that other teachers wanted to give them up. That went on for several weeks, and mind you, all the boys came from homes where parents were educated and maintained beautiful homes, with one exception. This boy was poor, but so good and shy and sweet that he blushed terribly when the other boys misbehaved.

"I did not know what to do. They would not sing and said only sissies sing. They would not stop talking during prayer and would not listen to the lesson. The next Sunday instead of a lesson, I said, 'Listen fellows, instead of the lesson, suppose we plan for a doggie roast and a hike for next Saturday.'

"It worked like magic. I bought rolls, wieners and toasting forks. George went with us for I was somewhat fearful of a group of boys like that. My poor boy said he would not be able to go and I knew the reason why. So I asked him to wait after Sunday School which he did. I gave him fifteen cents for carfare. I provided everything but that for the boys, and told him to hand it to George as the other fellows would do and that they would not know anything about it. During the week I got him two pair of corduroy trousers, two sweaters, three blouses and three pairs of stockings and he was at the church half an hour before starting time."

"We left at one and did not get back to the church until nine o'clock at night.

"I really had their attention during the Sunday School lesson on the next Sunday and thereafter. They said, 'You're a good sport.' We hopped fences, climbed a hill, walked along a tressel bridge on which I did not dare look down for fear of falling. We ran, played and ate. And they really ate everything in sight. I took them hiking almost every Saturday. Some of the boys had never seen the beauty spots of our park and how they enjoyed it. Another Saturday they went swimming. I could hardly get them out of the water. Well in time, I had twenty-one boys in my class!

"One boy in the class who used to live in the movies got the notion of being public enemy Number One. When I would ask the boys about their decision for the Lord, before the boys could answer, public enemy No. 1 would say 'Listen, fellows, none of that.' I went to see his parents three times, but each time they were out, so I went to our pastor and told him about the boy. He went to see him and prayed with him, and he made a decision to accept Christ.

"That was on Monday, and on Thursday night with two other boys he went along the B boulevard and held up a machine with a man and woman in it, and at revolver point demanded their money. The boys were caught. When our pastor told me about it, I actually fainted; it was such a shock. They were taken to prison. I sent them

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Missionary Letters from Africa and China

By MISS MARGARET LANG and REV. E. H. GIEDT

WORKING AMONG LEPERS

By MISS MARGARET LANG
of Egbe via Ilorin, Northern Nigeria,
West Africa

(The following letter, addressed to her mother, Mrs. Albert W. Lang of Forest Park, Illinois, was prepared for "The Baptist Herald" readers. We are delighted to publish it and to request all of our readers to remember Miss Lang and her work in prayer.—Editor.)

FOR several years the need of a place for the treatment of leprosy was felt by the missionaries working among the Yorubas, but it was not until early in 1941 that anything definite was done. Miss Thompson, who had been doing medical work at Egbe for a number of years, spent some time visiting the villages out from here, inviting lepers to come to Egbe where a place was being prepared for them where they could receive medical attention. Unlike the people up-country, where leprosy is considered a blessing, the Yorubas look upon it as a shameful disease and as long as possible keep it a secret. But when the spors and symptoms can no longer be hidden, they come to us.

We had a very touching case lately. One day while holding a baby clinic in a nearby village, a pagan man sent for me and asked my advice with regard to himself and his disease. Immediately I told him to come to the camp. He asked for time to consider and finally about two weeks later he appeared at the camp.

Three weeks later he got a summons to appear in court because the woman, who had been his wife for over twenty years, was divorcing him because he had come to the camp for treatment and openly acknowledged that he had the disease. She didn't mind living with him during the twelve years he had had the disease at home. She was granted the divorce and since then his second wife has run away. The man is heart broken but is still with us.

The first requisite to be considered is the contentment of the patient. For this each man has been given a farm near the camp where he can work and help to support himself. One is a tailor by trade and he has brought his sewing machine. The women spin and weave, even though some of them have hardly any fingers left on their hands and sell their woven goods in the camp.

The tailor is there to make up the cloth into anything the purchaser may wish. They are not entirely cut off from their families as many of them go home occasionally for food. I might state also that we are receiving no help from the Government for the maintenance of the patients with exception of the oil we use for injections.

Many of the men do their own cooking, while the women who are able to do so, make food for themselves and some of the men.

Two symptom-free Christian young men, who have been trained in one of our Leper Settlements near Kano, do all the dressings and injections under my supervision. Three others are being trained here at present.

We do not want to stress the healing of the body and forget the spiritual need of these people. Therefore a chapel has been built in the camp. Services are held every morning and evening by the Christian patients and I have two Bible Classes a week for them and the Sunday morning services. There are ten enrolled in the baptism class. All are required to come to the services, unless their condition is such that they are unable to come. Pagans and Mohammedans are not allowed to practice their religion while they are patients here.

During the last year ten patients have been dismissed symptom free and have gone back to their homes, leaving 150 in the camp at the present time.

Your prayers for God's wisdom and guidance at all times shall be very much appreciated. In this way you, too, can have a vital part in bringing healing of body and soul to these who are afflicted with this most dreadful disease.

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LIFE IN WAR TORN CHINA

By REV. E. H. GIEDT,
Missionary in South China.
(Excerpts of letters sent to his brother,
Mr. I. E. Giedt of Hebron, No. Dak.)

I am thinking every day of all of you, but especially of Eugene. (The oldest son of Rev. and Mrs. Giedt.) According to an advertisement of the Army in LIFE, training for the army air force takes 7½ months and, if he began the middle of September, he should graduate about the end of April. What a prospect! No doubt the young men of America are rising to the occasion with the usual enthusiasm and desire for a chance to demonstrate their patriotism, but before we get through with this war a great host of them will not answer the roll call any more—not here on earth. And the Air Force will have the most dangerous job!

I think I wrote you in my last letter that I worked six whole days repairing the church piano, which had been pounded pretty nearly to a hopeless condition, but got it back into reasonably good condition again. We had a

big dinner party for the seven of us last Tuesday evening, after Dr. Hobart got back, (he was away 3 Sundays in the Chaoyang field), with a \$21.50 pork-chop roast as the main course and cake and Sanka coffee and home-preserved peaches for dessert.

(A Month Later)

Well, I have some real news this time. It's worth writing it in red, for last Saturday was a red letter day for me. That evening, just before supper, I got your Africa Clipper letter of March 2. So recent, it seems almost like news of day before yesterday, after I had not heard from you for nearly seven months.

I am surely tickled to have this letter of yours before me, with so much news about Eugene, too. Sorry that he "washed out" in the training for pilot after he got so far that he already had 30 hours of solo flying to his credit. However, a pilot's job is pretty tough, I guess, and perhaps it requires more steady nerves than Eugene has. Perhaps a navigator's job will be more suited to his make-up, since he seems to be good at mathematical calculations. If he lives through it all, he may be able to get back to piloting later when he has become more accustomed to living in the air.

I am glad he is so optimistic about his fate, but I wonder how much such an optimistic "hunch" is worth. However, it certainly is better than a fatalistic outlook on life—a lot better. It is an awful price that the Government is asking of our young men, but I am proud of Eugene that he took the right course and I think that he has carried himself well thus far. I hope he will stick to the navigator's job now! (Note: Eugene is now 2nd Lieutenant—a navigator on "a Flying Fortress," somewhere in Africa, China, or????? Harold, another son, is in the Marines.)

(Two Months Later)

Recently I mailed an air mail letter to you just before going out on an 11 day country trip up the South river to Chim, Wen, Li Ou, Hopo, and Peh Tsui Tsai. I got back home day before yesterday morning. I do not take any servant along now when I go into the country, partly because my one servant should stay here to watch the house and partly to save on expenses, since it costs a heap of money now to travel. The round trip cost me \$91.50.

Not much mail nowadays. No magazines at all, so one can get some work done. I am back at my Greek and piano

(Continued on Page 19)

April 1, 1943

ECLIPSE

By PAUL HUTCHENS

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"Not a shadow
can rise,
Not a cloud in
the skies,
But his smile
quickly
drives it
away;
Not a doubt or
a fear,
Not a sigh nor
a tear,
Can abide
while we
trust and
obey."

SYNOPSIS

Terry Nealle was deeply in love with dark-eyed, raven-haired Mildred Handel. They were almost engaged when a terrible football accident happened to Terry, in which he lost the sight of one eye. Soon thereafter Mildred began to show more interest in Clem Lindeman. After an operation in which a glass eye was fitted into the empty socket and after graduation from college, Terry went to his mother's mountain resort, "Solitude," in order to manage the tourist business. One stormy night Mildred arrived at the camp and said that she had run away from Clem. Several hours later Clem appeared and demanded to see Mildred at once. His voice was trembling with anger as he said: "There's no man on earth that's big enough to stop me from seeing my own wife! I'll thank you to step aside!"

CHAPTER FOUR

"Wife!" The word staggered Terry. Lovely, beautiful, Mildred Handel married to—this beast! He knew Clem was that. He was worse than that.

They glared at each other, and Terry in the interval remembered the letter. Mildred had run away from Clem. She did not love him. Clem was bluffing. They weren't married at all. It was only another lie.

His voice trembled as he heard himself shouting above the rushing roar of the river outside. "You're a liar! You're not any more married than—"

Clem scowled, drew the letter from his pocket, gestured with it wildly, "I'm not, you say! And what does she say in this letter?"

Suddenly, as Terry saw the sneer on the handsome face, and remembered the contents of the letter, he knew that Clem Lindeman had no right to read it. Suddenly, also, he knew he

was not going to permit him to, that he would fight for possession of it.

He made a quick dash for it, leaping across the room football tackle style.

Clem whirled, made a reverse turn like a man in a basketball game. They grappled. There was a scraping of boots and shoes on the oak floor, the overturning of a chair and the table, the crash and break of dishes, the shaking of the rafters and of the whole cottage as they went down. Terry, in the melee, was grasping for the letter that was his own personal property, and he was thinking, even if incoherently, of the girl yonder in the guest room. She was afraid of the mountains and of life itself, afraid also of Clement Lindeman, who was to marry her—who—Oh, I know she is not . . . She can't be! He is not fit to be her husband. He—I hate him. I—. She had run away from this—this thing. This loathsome thing of flesh and blood and handsome, dimpled face. This grunting, swearing thing whose very life was a lie. This pig-souled man who took all and gave nothing, who was asking a pure-souled woman to give herself to him forever, to be his wife and the mother of his children. . .

In the old west . . . The thought came again, terrible, dominant. Like gasoline-soaked firewood it fed itself to the flames of his anger.

A voice came then, still, small, entreating: "This is not the old west. You are not the old Terry Nealle. You are a new creation."

Still, small, entreating unheard.

His fingers were pressing against Clem's throat. He heard his victim cough and grunt and sputter, saw the brown eyes bulge, the handsome face turn black.

It was the bulging eyes that stopped him, that saved Clem's life . . . Bulging eyes . . . staring . . . Eyes of death. He thought of his own artificial eye, of that terrible day on the football field when he had fallen, after the finger of an opponent had dug deep into the eye, and there, prostrate, a teammate had stepped with cleated shoe, on his face . . .

Bulging brown eyes. . . That was why he had lost Mildred, he knew. That was why he had no right to ask her to marry him. Why grovel here in the filth of uncontrolled anger! Why take the sword and perish with it!

His hands relaxed their death grip, and Clem struck out blindly. Terry felt sharp pain in the region of his right eye socket.

It was sickening then, the thing that happened. He heard it before he saw it. It was like a child's play marble, dropping onto the floor and bouncing. He saw it roll out of the shadow of the overturned table and across the room to strike the wall under the sink, bounce, roll again and lie still beside the drain pipe.

Sickened, he saw himself as distinctly as if he were looking in the mirror—a deep, sunken, empty, eye-socket with half-closed lid. He hated himself, and that hatred annihilated his hate for the man who grovelled with him on the floor.

He tore himself loose and with a mighty heave, thrust Clem aside and crawled like the worm he felt himself to be, toward the sink.

Standing, his back to Clem, he held the agate under the faucet. He hated himself so, without the eye, that he would not look into the mirror until it was in again.

He was aware incoherently of the roar of the river, of the heaving of his own breast, of the louder noise of the sobbing of his soul. And now, also, of a still small voice that said, "For the works of the flesh are manifest which are these: hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife . . ."

And then he seemed to realize for the first time that there was audible

only the roar of the river and the throbbing of his soul, and the still, small voice quoting to him via his own memory, the passage he knew from Galatians five. That was all. Handsome Clement Lindeman on the floor there by the range, was lying very still and quiet, and beside him, moving slowly, creeping across the oak floor, was a tiny ribbon of red.

Ribbon of red! Terry's brain whirled. The whole world seemed to be caught up in the rush and roar of the mighty river that flowed below the December front porch. The cottage, the camp, the black, drizzling night, the glowering, gray cliff, the terror that sometimes flamed in Silent Oss' eyes, the black mountain highway, twisting, scalloping, threading its way through the terrible canyon—all seemed to gather themselves into a milling herd—like a thousand cattle, crowding, jostling, bawling, with himself in its center on horseback with no escape.

Ribbon of red. That day at Shandon, long, long ago, when the winning of the game had depended on himself, there had been, on the sidelines—her dark eyes watching every move he made—a girl about whose raven hair was tied a bright red ribbon to keep the hair in place. That had been a windy day . . .

Bewildered, Terry moved toward the man on the floor. First, he must, if possible, stop the flow of blood, and then, if necessary, get him to the Mansfield hospital at Rangeville. Or else call the doctor to come here. To move, or not to move—that was always the question when a person was seriously injured. If only he could think coherently . . .

He found a sterile dressing in the cabinet, stopped the flow of blood, his fingers moving feverishly, his thoughts accusing him, roaring at him that he was a violent man, a man of the world who could not control his temper. He had shed the blood of Mildred Handel's husband. He had wanted, momentarily, to do more than that! Blood! It was on his own hands now, red and sickening. There had been a little pool of blood at the rodeo and Dr. Mansfield who had been among the first to reach the death scene from the sidelines, had tried in vain to save Father's life. But even while the gory-horned steer had grovelled in death in the dust, Father Nealle had died also . . .

To move, or not to move . . . Terry decided to rush Clem to the hospital, and yet, he thought, the blood must not be left on the floor to dry. He seized a cloth from the sink, wrung it out, did it again and again, and watched the water run red down the drain.

This was futile, he thought, brutal. The man might die. This was no time to be mopping a cottage floor, as if he were trying to cover his sin. He rushed out on the porch, searched for a newspaper, found one, came back, covered the spot.

Now for the hospital. He searched

Clem's pockets for the car keys, carried him to the car. He had the feeling as he stepped out into the night with his burden that he was carrying a corpse. Only Clem's dreary groan assured him that it was not yet too late—if it was not too late! Hurriedly he packed Clem's suitcase, being careful to miss nothing.

He snapped off the cottage lights, went back to the car and to the corpse . . . Corpse. The doleful thought continued as he gazed momentarily at the figure hunched in the corner of the car seat.

This was the December cottage. The last one; the end—goth the raven, "NEVERMORE!"

He tossed the still red sink rag into the river, pressed the starter button, backed out of the parking place, turned around, drove up the graveled trail. Behind him, high up, was the helmeted football hero, looking grimly on.

On the left rose the sullen cliff; on the right, the river—like a river of eternity, it seemed to him now—out of eternity into eternity. All the jumbled, tormenting things of his life had been caught up in its maddening whirl . . .

Life. On one side, cold, sullen, damp; on the other, raging, torrential. Behind him, THE END! Was he about to go mad?

He was going mad! He shrugged fiercely, tossed aside the tormenting thought. It might grapple with his sanity and—"Get out!" He shouted the words vehemently as to an intruder and compelled his mind to think coherently.

He drove past the iron pump, the stoop of camp headquarters, the porch where the ivy tendrills still reached out and up—in the dark, he thought, but still reaching up. Ah, but they were beginning to droop of their own weight—because there was no God . . .

Across the Solitude bridge, to the right, over the rumbling canyon river bridge. He must have a bridge expert come some time this summer to examine it, to see if it were strong enough to stand a well of water which, in the event of a mighty cloudburst up the canyon, would come rushing down. He was beginning to lose faith in the old bridge.

He was on the highway now, the winding, slippery, paved artery leading into Rangeville. In another fifteen minutes he would be at the hospital. Beside him, Clem Lindeman; within him the voice of the Spirit quoting to him via his own memory: "Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not even from our own lusts which war in your members . . ."

But his motives had been right, he decided. He had tried to spare a helpless girl from further embarrassment. She had come to him for protection. Girl—wife! . . .

No time now to try to disentangle the thing. His lariat had roped this! He had always pitied the bawling

calves under the branding iron. . . . Dust and smoke and the smell of burning hair and hide. Cowboys yelling, the hiss of hot iron on quivering, seething flesh . . .

The brand, he thought, was the seal of ownership. Cattle might wander beyond the range and stray into other pastures, but the seal identified them. In the old days, men had fought to regain possession of a straying calf if it bore their own brand. And God, too, would fight for His own. And no one could pluck them from His hand.

Winding, twisting highway, black with oil that had dropped from a thousand autos enroute to and from vacationland . . .

"Well, Terry, if this man beside you dies tonight . . ."

His car swung down over the lip of the little cup of mountain plain in which the village lay. Here, for a half mile, the road was straight. He opened the throttle wide, sped down-grade into the main street of the town, which tonight was alive as usual with tourists in search for pleasure, its many amusement places aflame with lurid lights. Bingo . . . Shooting Gallery . . . Night Club . . . Dance Pavilion . . .

" . . . if this man dies tonight, you will be branded with another brand. The seal of the Holy Spirit who dwells within you, as a proof of the genuineness of your faith, will be defaced with the seal of Murderer."

Defaced? Indeed, no! The shed blood of Christ at Calvary could erase the stain of every sin, if a man truly repented. He knew that to be absolute truth because he knew the teachings of the Book. And yet, he had wanted for a moment to see Clem die! Caught in the vortex of his anger he had literally hated.

Oh God, don't let him die! God? What God? Who—! Where? It seemed to him now as if there were none, unless indeed his accusing conscience was very proof of Him.

He turned into the ambulance drive at the hospital.

A half hour later, Terry knew that Clem would live. There had been a slight concussion but there was no danger of death—certainly not if things went according to what the symptoms indicated. Clem, Dr. Mansfield had said, would need to spend a few weeks in bed to rebuild lost blood, and to wait for the fractured skull to heal.

"I—now that we know our patient will live—" Dr. Mansfield began and stopped. They were in the doctor's private office at the time, and the grey eyes of the kindly old man gazed long and steadily at Terry.

It was an easy matter to tell the whole story exactly as it had happened. The doctor had been a family confidant these many years. When Terry finished, the grey eyes searched his as if to discover for himself if the whole

truth had been told, then with a smile he extended his hand, shook Terry's warmly and said, "You've your father's blood in you, Son."

A little later, at Terry's own request, he had a few minutes visit with Clem. He stood in the darkened room near the door watching the feverish rise and fall of Clem's chest under the white sheet. One second the eyes were shut, the next they were open. The expression in the brown eyes was that of a man groggy with alcohol, the effect perhaps of a sedative, Terry thought.

There was pity now in Terry's heart, the kind of pity which, in little-boy-days, had made him climb the wooden ladder in the old cattle barn to place a fallen swallow back into its mud cup of a nest, the same pity that had gripped his heart when he had carried a broken-winged canyon wren two miles to the ranch house that Mother might nurse it back to health again. Once in those days, he had come upon a great red deer, its antlers hopelessly entangled in barbed wire at the farther edge of the homestead, high up in Solitude. The great beauty of a buck was writhing in exhaustion, its rough tongue distended, *groveling* in its own blood. In mercy he had shot it and then looked away that he might not see it die . . .

He was sorry now for Clem, more sorry that he was suffering than that he, Terry, was responsible.

"Not too long," Dr. Mansfield had cautioned, and so Terry stayed in the room only a little while, only long enough to talk kindly to his fallen enemy.

"I'm sorry, Clem—" He had planned to say that when he entered the door, but it was Clem who apologized. Terry saw the left hand extend toward him in the way a man's hand does when he is under sedatives and feels the need of sympathy—like a man—like a vine that has no more trellis on which to climb and yet continues to reach out for more . . .

Remembering his own experience of last year, Terry clasped the soft hand of his enemy. Clem's eyes, he thought, were so like those of the great red deer that day, and his voice was so slow, so hesitant:

"Listen . . . Terry . . . I—if anything happens to me,—tell her I know I'm not—I knew I wasn't good enough for her all the time. She was the nearest to an angel of anyone I've known . . ."

Terry stared at the handsome face on the pillow. Was the heart speaking, or the lips only? He waited to hear more.

"I'm sorry . . . Terry . . . I see you have your eye again. I didn't intend to do . . . that . . . I just wanted—didn't want you to have the letter . . . She's a wonderful girl. Too good for me. If anything happens, —"

"Nothing is going to happen to you, Clem," Terry said. "Dr. Mansfield told me before I came in that a week or two in bed would fix you up all right. There has been a little concussion and you

have lost some blood." The doctor was right, of course — he had to be. Clem would recover!

Terry's conscience seemed to be prodding him demanding that he apologize, "Tell him you are sorry!" Yet he knew he was not repentant enough to say that. To say it now would be to tell a falsehood. Oh, he knew it was the truth but not the ripened truth. An apology, to be genuine, had to have time to become mel-low . . .

"I know—" Clem's slow words were flowing again. "Maybe I'm not going to die, but I say, in case anything happens . . ."

"M—maybe she doesn't love me, Terry. Maybe she wouldn't have run away if she had. Or maybe she was testing me to see if I cared—" Again the voice trailed away and Terry leaned close to hear Clem's final words before he dropped off into sleep again—"No need to tell her how I was hurt—it was only an accident, Terry, if she ever finds it out."

Terry walked down the long, quiet hall toward the office. Dr. Mansfield himself was to drive him back through the drizzle to camp. It was thought best to leave Clem's car in the hospital garage. In the privacy of the office a moment, they discussed the situation. "If you'll permit a bit of homely advice, Terry," the doctor said, "I'd suggest you tell your mother the whole story. In fact, if my opinion is worth anything, I'd insist on that. Confidentially, Terry—" The doctor swung around on his swivel chair, tapped his fingers on the glass-top desk. "Confidentially, your mother needs a chance to be sympathetic. She needs to be needed. She's a good woman, but since your father's death she's been living behind a veil. You may have wondered about that, and I am sure her friends do, but the time will come when the veil will drop.

"Remember the Puritan minister in Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, who conceived the idea of wearing a veil? Ian Maclaren in his excellent book, *The Potter's Wheel*, writes a beautiful chapter on the *Veiling of the Soul*. Behind her veil, your mother is the same God-fearing woman she was before. You and I shall have to help her remove it. It may be—"

Here, the doctor paused, reached for a small, green book on the shelf above his desk, leafed through it until he came to a desired page, then he fixed his eyes on Terry and said, while Terry noticed the firm set on the man's jaw and the sincerity that was stencilled on his finely chiselled face—"If you'll permit me to read a paragraph which has been a help to me in understanding people—" His voice ended the sentence with a question mark.

Terry cleared his throat. He was thinking of Clem's apparently changed attitude, of his mother, Silent Oss, of himself. Who, he thought, actually knew anybody else, much less himself? He listened to the doctor's somewhat

muffled voice as he held the book close to the desk lamp and read:

"If the body be an instrument of revelation so that by our eyes and mouth and hands we declare ourselves, it is also a thick cloak of concealment so that only as one pierces through the flesh, can he reach the soul . . . If it were permitted any human hand to expose a soul, then none in this life could stand the trial . . ."

Dr. Mansfield's grey eyes flashed again to Terry. How kind they were, Terry thought, and knew that he was being permitted to see not the surgeon only, but the man who was the physician of souls; and for one fleeting interval, he seemed to see also One Who in Galilee went about doing good—Who still was going about doing good via the lives of those who were indwelt by Him.

"And this," the doctor's voice went on until he was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone,—"*What motives of self interest, movements of unholy passion, base feelings of envy, hot fits of anger disturb and defile the soul of a saint. It is indeed through this very discipline of temptation and conflict with evil that the soul is purified and strengthened and comes at last to perfection. While we are struggling through our Purgatorio, no prying eye may criticize or condemn; in the Paradise, the veil can be safely dropped from God's finished work.*"

"If this—" The telephone rang then in an adjoining office, the door to which was slightly ajar. Terry heard a woman's voice say pleasantly, "Dr. Mansfield's office. The nurse speaking . . ."

Where before had he heard that carefully modulated voice? What circumstances had been pleasant? . . . Also unpleasant?

In a flash he remembered, and again he was in the Shandon hospital where last year he had undergone his own operation. A business-like, but nevertheless pleasant little nurse was standing at his bedside, her pearl-buttoned, all-white uniform perfectly pressed, her round faced, chromium wrist-watch pointing to two o'clock. That was the day Clem and Mildred had dropped in for a few minutes to visit him . . .

There was the sound now of a buzzer, and this time the voice came through the speaker on the desk in front of the doctor . . . "It's Mrs. Nealle out on the Canyon Trail Road. She reports the girl is sleeping nicely. That is all . . ."

Dr. Mansfield turned back to Terry. "There you are," he said. "Your lady is resting, and tomorrow will be one hundred percent all right. We'll look after young Lindeman, keep you posted as to how he is progressing; give you a ring on the phone tomorrow as soon as he is ready for visitors. As I told you, we'll have to keep him in bed a few days, a week maybe, and by

(Continued on Page 19)

For Christ and Country

Letters from Service Men With Their Testimonies of Unswerving Loyalty to Their Christ and Country

Pvt. Warren Brenner of Signal Battalion United States Marine Corps

(A member of the Mt. Zion Baptist Church Near Junction City, Kansas.)
(The following brief article appeared in a booklet of testimonies, "For Christ and Country," published by the Baptist Fellowship Center of San Diego, Calif. Private Brenner is now with the Marines somewhere overseas. Editor.)

Yes, I am a Marine! But I'm in the Army, too! I mean—God's Army.



Private Warren Brenner (Right) of the United States Marines With Lieut. George Speake of the U. S. Navy and Pfc. Dave Cox of the U. S. Army

You wonder how I enlisted? I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Savior and "Commander-in-Chief" of my life.

Now, all the peace and joy and sense of security is mine because I'm on the Victorious side of the Battle. "For, I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

When forward progress is difficult and the conditions in this Military-ruled World become deplorable, I think of His Command: "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ."

While I am in the service of my Country during this grave emergency which confronts us all, wherever I go and whatever I'm required to do "I shall trust and not be afraid for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song."

Sgt. Fred Holzimmer of Edmonton, Alberta

(A member of the Burns Ave. Baptist Church of Detroit, Michigan.)

The editor of "The Baptist Herald" was delighted to find Fred Holzimmer in Edmonton, Alberta, stationed there with the United States Armed Forces, and even more delighted to learn how actively he is participating in all of the Central Baptist Church's program.

Sgt. Holzimmer, who is still the president of the Lake States Baptist Assembly and a highly revered member of the Burns Avenue Church of De-

troit, Michigan, is serving as a member of the choir of Edmonton's Central Church and often leads the singing at the large Sunday evening services. He seldom misses a prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings. He is a frequent visitor at the Christian Training Institute, where this United States sergeant is exceedingly popular with the students. The Rev. E. P. Wahl speaks highly of his loyalty to Jesus Christ and his enthusiastic interest in the church.



Sgt. Fred Holzimmer of Detroit, Mich., Now Stationed at Edmonton, Alberta, Is Shown on the Steps of the Christian Training Institute

Seaman Irvin W. Lang, of U. S. Naval Hospital, Oakland, California

Dear Dr. Kuhn:

It has been my pleasure to receive your fine literature while at the hospital. Many thanks for it.

Now that I have recovered and will be going back to duty in a short time, and I know not where, if you would like to follow a suggestion, I would be

much pleased to have the literature sent to the librarian, U. S. Naval Hospital, Oakland, Calif., where many of my shipmates are convalescing and will have access to it.

I have my New Testament and shall keep it with me.

Sgt. Richard W. Gaertner of Camp Polk, Louisiana

(Formerly of the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa.)

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving "The Baptist Herald" and surely have found it very interesting. As I read over the different reports, it is interesting to note how many of the older pastors are still active and there are many names that I still remember. By reading "The Baptist Herald" one can keep up with the events in the churches of our denomination.



Sgt. Richard W. Gaertner of Camp Polk, Louisiana

I am in the United States Army, trying to do my part. I am an instructor helping to train new men at present. I have to give instructions and lectures at times.

Sincerely, Dick Gaertner

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REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

NORTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Outstanding Recent Events in the Program of the Grace Church of Racine, Wis.

Each Wednesday evening following the prayer service, the pastor of the Grace Baptist Church of Racine, Wis., the Rev. Ray Schlader, is conducting a Teacher's Training Class which is proving very interesting and instructive.

Our service flag now contains 19 stars, representing the 18 young men and one young woman from our congregation in the service of our country.

A group from our church, with the pastor and his wife, recently conducted one of the Tuesday evening social gatherings for the young men from Great Lakes and Fort Sheridan at Victory entertaining the boys and refreshments were served to them which had been donated by members of our congregation.

Our choir held a banquet at the Racine Hotel on Feb. 26 to celebrate the birthday anniversary of its director, Mr. Alfred R. Hilker. An interesting program was arranged by the social committee. Twenty-three choir members were present, also our pastor and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Schlader. A former pastor of the church, the Rev. Paul Zoschke of Elgin, Iowa, was a special guest.

The second meeting of the year of the King's Daughters' Society was held on Thursday, Feb. 18th, with 20 members responding to roll call. Four visitors were present. After the devotional period Miss Clara Hilker favored with a solo, "Jesus, Rose of Sharon." Miss Alma Wiechers gave a very interesting account of "Early Baptist History." The Missionary Education Chairman read a letter from James and Marie Hilker telling of some of their missionary experiences in Africa. A newly formed "Sunday School Cabinet" consisting of 12 members has been organized. This group recently met in the home of Mr. Robert Schacht and plans were made for the coming year effectively to carry on the work of our Sunday School.

VIOLA GOEDECKE, Church Reporter.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

A Unique Celebration for the West Center Baptist Church of Madison, South Dakota

It was on the last Sunday in February, 1919, that the beautiful edifice of the German Baptist Church in Madison, So. Dak., burned down. That was a sad and sorrowful day for the pastor, the Rev. W. S. Argow, and the members of the church. But they soon began the task of rebuilding the church on a new site and according to a larger

and more modern plan. The new church and parsonage cost a little over \$62,000.

At the time of the dedication, it was oversubscribed, but soon afterwards the depression came and many were not able to pay their pledges in full. The General Missionary Society was kind enough to make a loan of \$14,000 to the church. At first it was believed that this mortgage would be paid off within a very short time. But the depression together with a ten year drouth so weakened the church that it could not possibly be done.

However, persistent and faithful efforts were made to pay off as much as possible. Then a few months ago a final drive was made to raise enough money to pay the last remnant of this debt. At our Christmas celebration the announcement could be made that we had reached our goal, and a check was sent immediately to cover the full amount.

We could not let this event go by without a special celebration. So on the last Sunday in February we met in a more joyful mood to witness another fire, the burning of the mortgage that had weighed so heavily upon the church for so many years. In the morning the pastor, the Rev. Henry R. Schroeder, spoke on "The Debt That Can Never Be Fully Paid."

The afternoon program included special music and short addresses by representatives of the different organizations of the church. Finally the moment came when, in full view of everybody, the mortgage was set on fire and reduced to a few black embers. While this fire burned all joined in singing, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

It would have been a still happier day if the former pastors could have been present, but circumstances prevented them from coming. However, the Rev. W. S. Argow of Erie, Pa., had sent a very heartening letter which was read during the service. All in all it was a very happy day and still we hope that we'll never have to have a similar celebration.

HENRY R. SCHROEDER, Pastor.

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Rev. J. C. Kraenzler Reviews His Ministry of Five Years in the Plum Creek Church

Five years and two months have elapsed since my wife and I began our work with the Plum Creek Baptist Church near Emery, So. Dak. This was a time of joyful and blessed activities. In reflecting upon the past we can say that the Lord showered his blessings upon us in many ways. We were permitted to add 50 members to our church, of whom 43 were baptized by me as pastor. Our church has been very diligent in her mission contributions and in benevolences. Likewise we were also able to make substantial improvements in our church properties.

In reviewing the past year we have ample reasons for being grateful to our Lord for his many blessings bestowed upon us. We were permitted to feast from richly laden tables both with temporal and spiritual blessings. During the year we were able to baptize 8 persons and receive two others into the membership of the church by letter and confession.

In October the church pleasantly surprised the pastor and his wife on their 10th wedding anniversary. All branches of the church were represented in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Kraenzler, expressing their appreciation for their faithfulness and wishing them God's blessings in the days to come. A beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented to them by the church. For Christmas the pastor and his wife were remembered with gifts and purse from the church.

During the last week of September our church was host to the South Dakota "Vereinigung." The Rev. M. L. Leuschner was our guest speaker. The meetings were a great blessing to all of us.

In the last week of February we held evangelistic services with the Rev. A. Husmann, promotional secretary, serving very acceptably as guest speaker. We had a very full but yet very interesting program every evening. During the first 15 minutes Mr. Husmann showed us pictures of our denominational activities. Then he followed with a Bible study on the "Holy Spirit," which was enjoyed by both young and old. In the main service our speaker brought very practical messages which helped us in our Christian living. Two Sunday School scholars yielded their lives to their Savior.

An offering of thanksgiving was received of \$94.50, which was designated for our Centenary Offering as an expression of our appreciation of our Lord's great love to us. With the offering which we received on the first Sunday in February the total sum of our missionary offering for the month of February amounted to \$341.50.

J. C. KRAENZLER, Former Pastor.
(Since March 15 the Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Kraenzler have been in Goodrich, No. Dak., where Mr. Kraenzler has begun his ministry as pastor of the Goodrich Baptist Church.—Editor.)

First Baptist Church of Sidney Montana, Is Organized With Twelve Charter Members

Praise God from whom all blessings flow! These words are not enough to express our gratitude to the Lord for his guidance and blessings here in Sidney, Montana.

We began our work here in Sidney on Nov. 8, 1942, with two Sunday School classes and 10 children. Because we were in the hotel dining room we could not meet in the mornings. So we met each Sunday afternoon and evening, watching and praying for the Lord's work to grow here in our town.

Our little Sunday School has grown to 30 scholars on the roll and our evening services are nicely attended. The children showed so much interest in the work that we organized a Junior B. Y. P. U. which meets every other Sunday evening. A few weeks later we began midweek prayer meetings which we held in the different homes all winter. We know the Lord has blessed us through these prayer hours. Last month we met as a group of women for the first time and a month later we organized a Ladies' Missionary Society which we trust will prove a great help in the work here.

It was with much special grace from God that we were able to work in Sidney, since the Rev. Otto Fiesel serves the Vida Baptist Church every other Sunday. He holds services in Vida on Sunday morning and afternoon, and then drives 120 miles to bring the message to us here in Sidney. These evening services were a fine means of contacting friends in the city.

In February of this year we held evangelistic meetings in the hotel dining room with the Rev. F. W. Bartel as the evangelist. The Lord blessed these services and a fine group of young people and adults gave their hearts to the Lord. During this time we called a meeting of all the Baptists in the community who were interested in seeing the Lord's work grow. Out of this meeting we organized a First Baptist Church of Sidney. Twelve persons signed their names as charter members and more have been added since then.

The last evangelistic service was held in the new chapel, which was a great inspiration to all of us. We have rented this building with the aid of our mission and we trust that this gathering place will be an inspiration to bring many older Baptists back to the fold who have not had an opportunity to worship in a Baptist church before here in Sidney. This is a beautiful building with convenient Sunday School class rooms, pastor's study and fine modern living quarters for the minister's family. Our little group is earnestly praying that the Lord will lead us in being able to secure this building as our own property.

We are making plans for our first Daily Vacation Bible School, and we have invited the Rev. F. W. Bartel as one of our instructors with the aid of Esther Klemple of Savage, Montana.

We implore your prayers for this "new child" and trust that it may become a great pillar in our Baptist denomination.

MRS. OTTO FIESEL, Reporter.

The Harvey B. Y. P. U. of North Dakota Presents a Mission and Musical Program

On Sunday evening, Jan. 24, the B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist Church of Harvey, No. Dak., sponsored a mission and musical program, the purpose of which was to raise funds for "the Bender Memorial Trek" of our conference. Although the weather was

combined choirs of 44 voices rendered a splendid program of Christmas music, directed by our talented pastor, the Rev. E. W. Klatt. The Junior Choir of 19 children, ranging in age from 9 to 14 years, sang one number, then joined with the Senior Choir in the next one, following which they retired from the platform. The remainder of the program was presented by the Senior group.



B. Y. P. U. and Choir of the Baptist Church of Harvey, No. Dak., Which Presented Several Programs Recently

cold and frosty, a fine crowd turned out to hear God's Word in song.

On the following Sunday, Jan. 31, the Harvey Choir had the privilege of presenting this same program to the B. Y. P. U. and church at Martin, No. Dak., before a well attended service. Free will offerings were received at both churches which amounted to \$25.

The Harvey choir and B. Y. P. U. consist of 17 members at the present time. We have lost 6 members during the past year, four of whom are in the Armed Forces of our country. Two young women have entered schools for the training of nurses.



The Combined Junior and Senior Choirs of the Grace Baptist Church of Grand Forks, North Dakota, With the Director, Rev. E. W. Klatt, at Extreme Right

The Harvey young people are planning for another Christian Leadership Training Course in the near future. Such a course was conducted last year by the Rev. F. W. Bartel, our evangelist. MRS. HENRY FUHRMAN, Secretary.

Choir Programs and a Training Class in the Grace Church of Grand Forks, No. Dak.

We of the Grace Baptist Church of Grand Forks, No. Dak., would like to bring some of the church events up-to-date. Shortly before Christmas, the

In February we formed a leadership training class which is taking the course "From Bethlehem to Olivet" with our pastor as instructor. Quite a number of our group are already entitled to diplomas since this is the sixth course given in our church.

The church and pastor are working together in complete harmony and, if God continues to shower his blessings upon us in the future as he has in the past, great things are in store for our little church.

MRS. FRED KRANZLER, Reporter.



Forty Converts Recently Baptized by the Rev. A. Felberg (Center) and Received Into the Fellowship of the First Baptist Church of Lodi, California

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Forty Converts During Victory Crusade in the Baptist Church of Lodi, California

The First Baptist Church of Lodi, Calif., held a successful and wonderful Victory Crusade from Jan. 25 to 31 led by Dr. Harry Anderson, well known to many as the former vice-president of Northern Baptist Seminary of Chicago, Ill., and Baptist student pastor at the University of Chicago. Dr. Anderson is now a chaplain in the U. S. Army and director of the U. S. Christian Commission.

At these Victory Crusade evangelistic meetings Dr. Anderson spoke to a full house every evening. The love offering given during these services for the U. S. Christian Commission, of which the organization's sole purpose is evangelistic work in the Armed Forces, was \$1045.00. It was a beautiful and inspiring picture to see young people as well as older ones come to the Savior's fold during these meetings.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 31, a candlelight service was presented by 125 young people under Dr. Anderson's leadership. A circle was formed around the auditorium with each person carrying a lighted candle and giving a testimony before a lighted cross. Special vocal music was rendered during the ceremony by La Rayne Engel and Frieda Melcher accompanied by Bertha Melcher. This was acclaimed as one of the most impressive candlelight services ever attended by our people.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 14, our pastor, the Rev. A. Felberg, had the privilege of baptizing 40 new converts. Later the hand of fellowship was extended to 54 persons, with 14 persons received by letter and experience.

Our pastor was also given a \$500 annual increase of salary, and the church has called a church secretary to assist him in his work.

BERTHA MEYERS WOLFF, Reporter.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

Dedication of the New Parsonage by the First Baptist Church of Minitonas, Manitoba

The year 1942 was especially noteworthy in the history of the First Baptist Church of Minitonas, Manitoba. For some time the building project had been in the minds of our people. But what to build first, a new parsonage or an addition to the church, could not be decided upon. Then, too, there was the old debt of the church, which weighed heavily on the minds of many.

It was, therefore, a wholesome step

which the church took at the beginning of 1942 to come out of its infant stage of an immigrant church and to start paying off the debt. Within a few months over \$500 could be paid off the old debt. This started the ball rolling and the church gained confidence to undertake the building of a new parsonage. With the consent of the missionary committee the old parsonage was sold for \$500, moved away, and a new one started on the sight of the old one within a few days. Many of our people received joy in supporting the project and the work went forward.

Feb. 21, 1943, was set aside for the dedication of the new parsonage. By that date it was completed on the inside. The outside will have to be completed in Spring. The Rev. Ph. Daum followed our invitation and served as special speaker for the occasion. He based his address on 1. Peter 2:5.

The chairman of the building committee, Mr. Albert Holland, gave a full report of the progress of the building. The treasurer of the building fund, Mr. J. Daudrich, gave the financial report which showed a total income of \$3076.45, including a loan from the mission of \$750.00 and further loans from various sources amounting to \$242.00.

The building is a nine room manse of 32 feet by 26 feet with full basement. The Ladies' Aid of our church which had started the building fund and contributed towards it several times has also purchased all the blinds for the windows, with Venetian blinds for the front side.

After Mr. Daum had led in the dedicatory prayer, the congregation went over to the parsonage. There the contractor, Mr. R. Hoehn, unlocked the manse and presented the keys to the pastor and his wife. The deacons, J. Schoenrath, J. Beselt, and J. Sonnenberg led in further prayer and under the singing of a hymn the congregation walked through the manse to view it. The pastor and his wife stood at the door and greeted everyone with a hearty handshake.

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On Jan. 31st the church also increased the pastor's salary by \$100, which he, with a glad heart, accepted. He is indeed very grateful to the church for the many tokens of love shown to him in the past and wishes to express his gratitude through the lines of "The Baptist Herald" as well. It rejoiced his heart to see that the church gave his beloved wife, whom he presented to them on Dec. 11th, such a hearty welcome, not only in words but very tangibly with a wedding gift of \$103. The station Swan River is included in this gift and his gratitude goes likewise to the good people there. We are both very happy in the service here.
R. SCHILKE, Pastor.



A Lovely Winter Scene of the New Parsonage at Minitonas, Manitoba, With Mrs. R. Schilke Standing in the Gateway

Donation Day for the Chicago Home for the Aged on Easter Monday, April 26

The annual Donation Day for the benefit of the Western Baptist Home for the Aged in Chicago, Ill., will be held on Easter Monday, April 26, 1943, at 2 P. M., at the Home.

A very interesting program will be rendered under the auspices of the Women's Mission Union of Chicago and vicinity.

Donations will be gratefully accepted and may be sent directly to

Western Baptist Home
for the Aged,
1851 No. Spaulding Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Editor of "The Herald" Describes His Recent Visit at Fenwood, Saskatchewan

The editor's recent visit in the Baptist Church of Fenwood, Sask., Canada, was a pleasant surprise to him! Fenwood is not often on the visiting list of our general denominational workers, because of the fact that the fast trains seldom stop at this little place. During the winter the community is snowbound for weeks at a time.

But God has a wonderful witness in the Baptist Church of this village. A congregation of 125 people often greets the pastor on an average Sunday. The Rev. and Mrs. H. Waltereit have already accomplished great things during their brief stay in the church, for which they give all praise and glory to God.

Twenty-five voices sing in the fine choir of the church. Mr. Rudolf Wilke is its director, and he ably leads the group in its ministry to beautify the church services with song. These people are great friends of music, as one can also see in the orchestra of seven young people playing Spanish and Hawaiian guitars, banjos and mandolins.

The Sunday School superintendent, Mr. Karl Schmuland, has served in that capacity for 20 years. He is still young in body and spirit, and he enjoys this work for the Lord. The Rev. H. Waltereit is conducting a Leadership Training Class for about 20 young

people each Wednesday evening, which is receiving the studious attention of the church's alert and eager youth.

During the winter many of the people come to church by sleigh, some as far away as 10 to 12 miles. On special occasions a family comes a distance of

in this plain, unadorned building God's glory is revealed to those who have ears to hear and hearts to understand.

Fenwood, Sask., may not be widely known among the churches of our denomination, and where it is known it has not been renowned for accomplish-



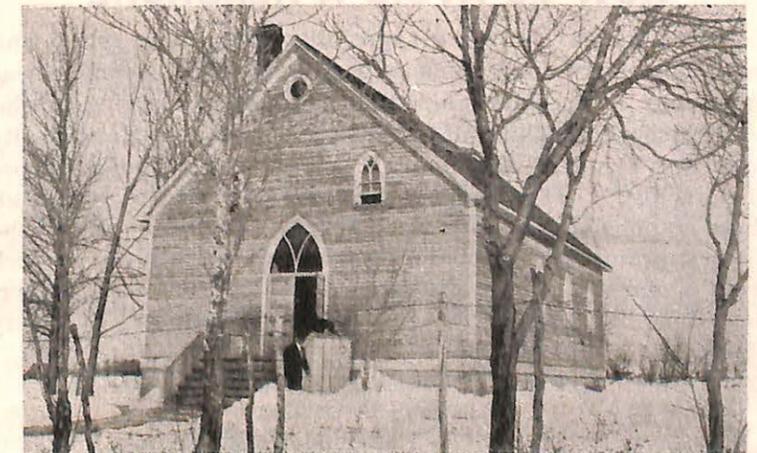
The Sunday School of the Baptist Church of Fenwood, Sask., Canada, With Mr. Karl Schmuland, Superintendent, at Extreme Right.

23 miles to the service, travelling most of Saturday night on a slow local train.

As with most of the Canadian rural churches, there is no steeple on the edifice to announce to strangers that this is a church. From the outside it has little "churchly" appearance. But

ing great things. But a spirit is moving in the church which promises greater things in the days to come as the energetic pastor, Rev. H. Waltereit, and his talented wife together with their consecrated congregation plan to go forward with Christ.

MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER, Reporter.



The Baptist Church of Fenwood, Saskatchewan, of Which the Rev. H. Waltereit is Pastor

Bible School of Four Weeks at Minitonas Is Attended By Almost 50 Students

The days of Feb. 1 to 26 were a time of rejoicing for the young people of the First Baptist Church of Minitonas, Manitoba, for quite a number of them availed themselves of the opportunity to attend a four week Bible School. For the past number of years we have conducted a Bible School of two weeks here at Minitonas. However, last Fall I was approached from various sources to try a four-week Bible School at Minitonas and get the neighboring churches interested. After much deliberation and prayer we planned accordingly, though with much hesitancy.

Our efforts were blessed of God and we were much surprised with the result. Because of the critical times, our late plans, and it being a new venture, the neighboring churches did not respond wholeheartedly. One young lady came from our church at St. Rose. Seven young people came from the Czecho-Slovakian Baptist Church here at Minitonas. The others were from our own church. The very first day we began with an attendance of 26 students. Within one week the number grew until we reached a total enrollment of 46. Of these ten attended only two weeks, but the others were full-time students.

The following brethren instructed for two weeks at a time and some more: Revs. Ph. Daum, W. Stein, H. Schatz, J. A. Macrae, C. J. Smith, L. Miksa, and R. Schilke. To these brethren we owe many thanks for their service. The following courses were taught, some only for two weeks, others for the entire four weeks: Biblical Introduction; Acts; Evangelism Through the Church School; Missions in the Plan of the Ages; Music; Personal Work; Child Psychology, Sunday School Administration; and German Language.

Among these young people there is great enthusiasm for another four-week Bible School next year. God willing, we shall plan for such a school again. If we do, our problems will be greater than this year for we have not the



Students and Faculty of the Bible School Held in Minitonas, Manitoba Teachers in Front Row (Left to Right): Reverends L. Miksa, C. J. Smith, J. A. Macrae, R. Schilke, W. Stein, H. Schatz. (Rev. Phil. Daum is not on the picture.)

proper housing for several classes. But we trust the Lord that he will show us the way.

For the spiritual uplift of the whole church we had evening meetings twice a week during those four weeks. God's Spirit worked mightily in the hearts of eight young people and they surrendered their lives to Christ. We are indeed happy for them.

R. SCHILKE, Pastor.

OBITUARY

MR. CARL F. GUHL, SR., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Carl Frederick Guhl, Sr., was born on May 30, 1875, at Huntington, Ind. He married Miss Alvina Gaedtke on Dec. 25, 1900, at Fond du Lac, Wis. Five daughters and three sons share the bereavement of the wife and mother. One daughter died in early childhood. Brother Guhl was converted and baptized in February, 1915. Until his sudden death, on Jan. 17, 1943, following a brief illness, he was a faithful member of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Milwaukee. Two of the boys are in the military service of the nation.

Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

T. W. Bender, Pastor.

HOW TO AVOID A HEADACHE

Anyone having the responsibility of making sound and profitable investments during these financially uncertain war times may often have painful headaches in arriving at the wisest decisions. Those of our members who create an annuity with our General Missionary Society are spared all those "headaches." The General Missionary Society assumes all these responsibilities. We have never defaulted in paying the interest promptly. In this morning's mail we received a check from a married couple creating their third annuity. Others have done likewise. Write to the General Missionary Secretary for detailed information.

REV. WILLIAM KUHN,
P. O. Box 6,
Forest Park, Illinois.

Ye Are Witnesses

(Continued from Page 5)

seen him crucified and laid into the sepulchre. Their hopes were destroyed, their dreams of freedom from bondage were blasted. They needed the immediate witness of the resurrected Christ. And therefore Jesus told his disciples to begin at Jerusalem, where the need was immediate.

Today, more so than ever before, the need of witnessing to Jerusalem is immediate. Israel has seen the Christ crucified and buried anew in the satanic deeds of so-called Christian nations. The heel of the oppressor is again upon her neck. Again she is persecuted, driven like cattle to the slaughter.

Today, even as in Jesus' day, she needs the message of him who came preaching; who witnessed of himself. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." (Luke 4:18). The poor, broken hearted, captives, blind and bruised! Does not this describe Israel's condition today?

Will we then be his witnesses? Can we do less for him who did so much for us? Let us, in this day of spiritual darkness, be witnesses of these things and let us follow the way of the Master, *Beginning in Jerusalem.*

Twenty-one Boys in a Class

(Continued from Page 8)

tracts and New Testaments and wrote to them. I never wrote so many letters in my life as I did that year. I saw them after they were released. They were truly sorry for their deeds and all of them are going straight now.

"I met the leader in the trolley about four months ago. He is married and has a lovely, Christian wife. The one who turned his back on me is with one of the big baseball leagues. The one who shot rubber bands is at M. Academy, another is at Military School, one is in England in the army, two are in the bombing squadron, three are sailors somewhere, another is out in California, one is at Fort Sheridan, another a soldier in South Carolina, one is at Camp in Texas, one at camp in Harrisburg and finally one is at a camp in Maryland. I only had one out of all that group left and he will be eighteen years of age in January and undoubtedly he will be going soon also.

"Now I have a new class which I have had only four Sundays. The boys are about 11 and 12 years of age. There are ten of them who are like angels in contrast with that other class. It is a real privilege to love, guide and win these youths. May God bless and encourage each Sunday School teacher who has the opportunity of moulding lives."

ECLIPSE

(Continued from Page 12)

that time he'll be a new man. You never can tell what one thing the Spirit may use in a man's life to awaken his soul. Let me show you how He has been working—"

The doctor interrupted himself to glance at the partly closed door. Then he swung back in his chair, leaned forward, spoke more quietly and in confidential tone, "Our new nurse, for instance. We'd been needing an extra to help, especially at night during the tourist season, when we have more road accidents and of course a multiplied population, which always means more hospital cases. You know how it is in the modern hospital—nurses are not encouraged to talk with patients about Christ for fear it will make the patient wonder if he isn't going to die or something. I've always disagreed with that theory, and I've encouraged sympathetic conversation about spiritual things, as the nurse was led.

"Because we believe a hospital is the right place to heal the soul as well as the body, we prayed very definitely for guidance in this matter. And as Cowper sings, 'He works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,' we found our lady at the other end of a traffic accident. It came about like this—"

Again the grey eyes were alight, and Terry listened, while he was aware also of movements in the other room, as he continued to visualize that day in the hospital at Shandon, when she was getting her patient ready for visitors. Mysterious way, indeed, he thought. His wonders . . .!

Terry gave his attention to the doctor who now was speaking more enthusiastically, as if he knew his listener's attention was divided . . . "You know how it is—Easterners travel west, and Westerners travel east. Well, a few weeks ago Mrs. Mansfield was out east visiting a sister and enroute home decided to stop off for a look at her old Alma Mater—She was graduated from Shandon, too, you know—long time ago—, and what happens? Nothing serious as far as she was concerned—just a little traffic accident, and the ambulance hurries her off with several others to the hospital. And there in that hospital we find the nurse we need. She's one hundred percent efficient, with personality plus, and radiant in her faith in Christ.

"Now, I've said all this to let you know that we're in a position to at least expose your patient, Lindeman, to the Gospel, in Word and in life. I'd like you to meet—"

With that the alert little doctor pressed down the lever of the inter-office communication.

"Miss Marvel. Can you come in a moment, please?"

Terry was on his feet. The door swung open and for the first time since he had been dismissed from the Shan-

don Hospital, he saw her. She was dressed now as she had been then—as he had always known her—in pearl-buttoned white, her hair the color of the pyramidal center of a mountain black-eyed susan—a delightful brown, with one waved wing dropping to cover a corner of her forehead, and in the wing, a streak of all-white hair. He stood facing her, glad that she was here, pleased that she had not changed and become like others. She and Mildred Handel were two of a kind. This refined, spiritually-minded girl would be able to help him untangle his own faith problems and those of Mildred.

Oh, there had been times when he was convalescing, when they had talked facetiously, safety-valve talk that made them both laugh and when each had vied the other to say the most humorous thing. It was not for these things he remembered her, but for the times of excruciating pain when she had come in the hours of the night to bring relief, to adjust a pillow, and to say the thing that would encourage him to believe more tenaciously in Life and its Author, and the worthwhileness of living . . .

They stood now, and for a second it seemed they were alone. Then Dr. Mansfield's voice said, "Miss Marvel, may I present an old-fashioned cowboy of the western type. Football star, college graduate, gentleman." There was a facetious tone in the doctor's words.

"I—" Terry nodded. "We've met before." And because she flushed a bewildering crimson, he felt himself doing the same, and wished he had better control of himself.

"And my name," he said, regaining his aplomb and finishing the doctor's introduction, "is Terry Nealle, Bad man of Canyon Trail Road."

His thoughts were grave as he recalled the wild battle in the December cottage, and remembered the blotch of crimson that stained the floor there, that would shout to any chance observer that tragedy had stalked there only a little while before. He must hurry back to camp now.

(To be continued)

Missionary Letters

(Continued from Page 9)

playing again, but this week I am going to work chiefly on my mission accounts for the past fiscal year to get them audited. The hospital has been handling scads of money in receipts and expenditures these years. Their patients now pay from \$25 to \$30 a day for rent and food alone. Prices are still skyrocketing, or rather Chinese currency is rapidly going down to the bottom. In my last letter I wrote that kerosene had come down from a \$1000 to about \$700 a tin (5 gallons) but a few days later I found that was not so. It is still, or again, \$1000 or more. A lot of people now use peanut oil lamps.

Just think of it, a little box of matches (not a package) that used to cost two or three coppers now costs \$2 or \$3, somebody said \$4. Hence a lot of people have gone back to the Middle Ages' method of striking fire with a piece of steel and a little piece of rock which easily ignites punk or yellow paper straws. A goose would almost cost the former price of a cow. And a big fat hog is worth half a dozen former cows! Medicines are especially dear—a 2 grain quinine pill now costs \$5 or more. It seems a crash must come.

(Two Weeks Later)

The first week in June Kim Thien Huai and his mother and two children arrived from Hongkong via Swatow. I wrote you that his wife died of tuberculosis in December. On Saturday a week ago he married again here in our house with the pastor officiating.

We are thinking of going to Thailand in about two weeks. Hope it will be possible to get away then. Shiu-recent drive from Canton on conkwan is causing us considerable concern. If Shiu-kwan goes sooner or later, we shall probably have to go somewhere, too. Where???

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What's Happening

(Continued from Page 2)

Laurelhurst Baptist Church, serving as evangelist. On Sunday evening, March 7, a large audience of 156 persons filled the church to greet the Rev. M. L. Leuschner, editor of "The Baptist Herald," and to see some missionary pictures of the denomination. Eleven Service Men were in the audience from nearby camps and training stations, including Pte. Vernon Link of Olds, who is now stationed in Ontario. The Rev. Ruben Kern is pastor of the church.

● The B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist Church of Trochu, Alta., Canada, presented interesting programs in the Bethel and Freudenthal Churches near Carbon, Alta., on Sunday afternoon and evening, March 14, with the president, Mr. Otto Schimke, in charge. The program consisted of numerous recitations and musical numbers besides the dialogue, "Coming Home at Last." A similar program was to be presented in the Baptist Church of Olds, Alta., on Sunday, March 28, if the weather permitted. From March 7 to 12 evangelistic meetings were held in the Baptist Church of Trochu with the Rev. H. J. Wilcke bringing the messages. The Rev. C. Rempel is pastor of the church.

● The Bethel Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. Paul E. Loth to be-

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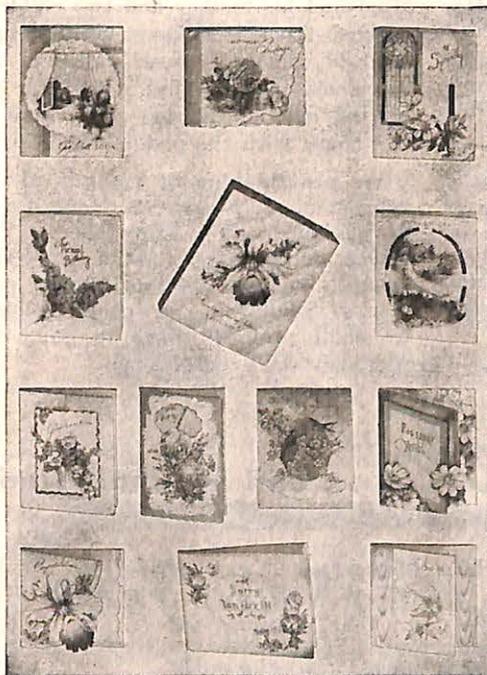
REMEMBER THAT
"GOD LOVETH A
CHEERFUL GIVER."

come its pastor, to which he has given his favorable response. Mr. Loth, who served the church as interim pastor for the past three months, is the assistant dean of the Buffalo Bible School. A reception for the Rev. and Mrs. Paul E. Loth was held by the church on Friday evening, March 19. The reporter, Mrs. Carlton E. Smith, wrote that "after praying for God's leading in this matter the church feels that the Lord has definitely led in the choice of its new pastor and is looking forward to many happy years of fellowship under God's guidance." Mr. Loth has succeeded the Rev. Peter Geissler, now of Avon, So. Dak.

● On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 21, the Baptist Young People's Union of New York and vicinity held its annual meeting and observed its fiftieth anniversary with a special program in the Second German Baptist Church of New York, N. Y. Dr. A. M. Darroch of the Evangel Church of Newark, N. J., was the guest speaker, bringing an inspiring message on "Follow Me." It was voted to change the name of the Union to "Baptist Young People's Fellowship of New York and Vicinity." The following officers were elected for the coming year: Arnold Veninga, president; Eleanor Olson, 1st vice-president; Grace Kettenberg, 2nd vice-president; Eleanor Seltzer, recording secretary; Dorothy Beyer, corresponding secretary; and Rev. W. Appel, general secretary.

● From Jan. 31 to Feb. 5 the Rev. A. Husmann, general promotional secretary, conducted meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life in the Baptist Churches of Washburn and Underwood, No. Dak. Sunday, Feb. 7, was spent by him in the Rosenfeld, Lincoln Valley and Martin Churches of North Dakota. During the following week, several meetings were held in the Baptist churches of Martin and Carrington, No. Dak. On Sunday, Feb. 14, Mr. Husmann spoke in the services of the Fessenden, Cathay and Germantown Churches and held further meetings in the Germantown Church from Feb. 15 to 19. From Feb. 21 to 27 a Bible School was held in the Plum Creek Church of South Dakota with evangelistic services every evening. A similar program was carried out in the Baptist Church of Parkston, So. Dak., from Feb. 28 to March 5. Missionary pictures were shown in several of these churches. On Sunday, March 14, Mr. Husmann spoke in the Baptist Church of Aplington, Iowa.

● The Rev. M. L. Leuschner of Forest Park, Ill., was the guest speaker in the First Church of Leduc, Alta., and in the Central Church of Edmonton on Sunday, Feb. 28. He also brought a brief address during the half hour radio broadcast of the Christian Training Institute from Edmonton on Sunday evening, Feb. 28. On Saturday evening, March 6, he showed missionary pictures in the Baptist Church of Trochu, Alta., and spoke on March 7 in the services of the Bethel, Freudenthal and Calgary Churches. Over the weekend of March 14, Mr. Leuschner took part in services of the Wetas-kiwin, Pleasant Prairie, and the Wiesenthal Baptist Churches of Alberta. He brought a message on Friday, March 19, in the Bethel Baptist Church of Camrose and served the Onoway and Glory Hill Churches on Sunday, March 21. He was also the commencement speaker of the Christian Training Institute at the impressive exercises held in the Central Baptist Church of Edmonton on Thursday evening, March 25.



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