

"First in the Hearts of His Countrymen"

BAPTIST HERALD

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February 15, 1943

WHAT'S HAPPENING

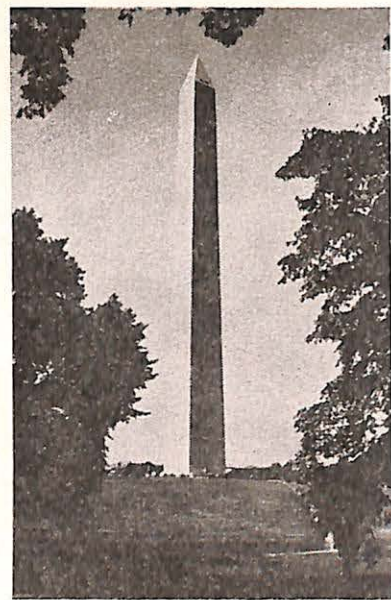
● The Rev. John Broeder, pastor of the Ebenezer Baptist Church near Elmo, Kansas, has presented his resignation to the church and has accepted the call extended to him by the Baptist Church of Holloway, Minn. He will begin his ministry in Holloway about April 1st, where he will succeed the Rev. H. C. Wedel who is now residing in Los Angeles, Calif., with his family.

● A Centenary Offering contribution of \$25.00 in memory of the late Rev. Wm. Zirbes of Paterson, N. J., whose 83rd birthday would have been on February 4th, was recently received from Mrs. Maria Reinhold and daughter, Bertha, of the Evergreen Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Zirbes was pastor of this church from 1915 to 1932. His homegoing occurred on Jan. 9. A memorial article about him appears in this issue of "The Baptist Herald."

● On Jan. 3 the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Cincinnati, Ohio, celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Rev. P. C. A. Menard as pastor of the church. Many expressions of congratulation were brought by the members of the church and a gift was presented to the pastor. A house to house visitation program has been undertaken in the community in the interest of the Sunday School. The B. Y. P. U. has ordered a new attractive bulletin board for the church.

● Since Jan. 1, 1943, the Rev. and Mrs. B. J. Friesen of Sherwood, Ore., have been serving as superintendent and matron of the Home for the Aged in Portland, Ore. Mr. Friesen resigned as pastor of the Stafford Baptist Church near Sherwood shortly before this, but he is supplying the pulpit of the church until the congregation can secure another minister. During Mr. Friesen's pastorate in the Stafford Church a new edifice was constructed.

● The Thanksgiving Offering of the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., has now risen to the amazing sum of \$37,118, according to a recent bulletin of the church. This sum represents cash gifts and pledges of the members toward the building fund of the church and includes the church's Thanksgiving missionary offering of \$1000. On Sunday, Jan. 10, the pastor, Rev. George A. Lang, exchanged pulpits with the Rev. Dan C. Huntwork of the Puritan Avenue Baptist Church in a general citywide pastoral exchange among the Baptist pastors.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

"The Washington Monument is built of stone contributed by all the nations of the earth to honor the founder of this republic. From Arlington, across the river, where sleep the men who died for freedom, it looks like a giant spike which God might have driven into this earth, saying, 'Here I stake a claim for the home of Liberty.'—W. B. M."

During World War I, the boys in the freshman class at Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Academy were told to write a composition on the Washington Monument. The twelve-year old boy who wrote the lines we reprint . . . was chided for not giving the height of the shaft, number of steps to the top; how long it took to build and how many people visit every year. His defense was: "I tried to tell WHY it is there and what it means." We think he succeeded.

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● The Rev. J. J. Wiens, pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church of Vancouver, B. C., recently presented his resignation to the church and announced his acceptance of the call extended to him by the Glory Hill and Onaway Baptist Churches of Alberta. He will begin his pastorate on the new field on Sunday, Feb. 21. These churches were served in an interim pastorate by the Northern Conference district missionary, the Rev. F. W. Benke of Edmonton. Mr. Wiens' change of residence to Alberta was necessitated by ill health in British Columbia.

● The many friends of Katherine Yung of the Pilgrim Church of Philadelphia, Pa., will be glad to read that she is now serving as assistant supervising nurse, Division of T. B., Bureau of Health for the city of Philadelphia. Her appointment began on Jan. 1,

1943. In June of last year she completed the course in Public Health Nursing at the University of Pennsylvania, a scholarship awarded her by the Zonta Club in Philadelphia. Miss Yung is an active worker in the Pilgrim Church, of which the Rev. H. Palfenier is pastor.

● The Rev. Gustav T. Lutz, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Jamesburg, N. J., has received his appointment as chaplain by the United States government. He presented his resignation to the church on Jan. 17. On Feb. 2 he reported to the College of Chaplains at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., for study and learning. He wrote in his letter: "I feel God's leading in this work and pray that I might be worthy of the calling to which I have been called." The Rev. Gustav Lutz is a graduate of the Rochester Baptist Seminary in the class of 1940.

● On Monday, Feb. 22, the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner, editor of "The Baptist Herald," will begin a five weeks' teaching engagement in the Christian Training Institute of Edmonton, Alta. He will be at Edmonton until the school term's close on March 25. During this time he will also visit neighboring churches in Alberta on a series of promotional trips to be arranged by the Rev. E. P. Wahl, dean of the school. All reporters and correspondents are urged to be patient with any delays, since all "Baptist Herald" mail will have to be forwarded to the editor at Edmonton.

● On Sunday evening, Jan. 17, the senior choir of the First Baptist Church of Wasco, Calif., sang "O Calvary! Dark Calvary!" by John R. Sweney before the message on "Enlistment for Service" by the pastor, Dr. Donald G. Davis. Five separate training unions meet every Sunday evening with a combined attendance of more than 130. The Training Unions completed their Centenary Mission Project campaign with a fine total of \$120.20. Dr. Davis spoke at the monthly meeting on Jan. 10 of the Elementary Teachers' Club of Wasco on "An Outline of Education in the Bible."

● On Sunday evening, Jan. 10, the Rev. F. E. Klein, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church of Stafford, Kans., baptized 6 Sunday School scholars who followed the Lord in this step of obedience. The Rev. C. B. Thole of the church participated in the service and baptized his own two daughters, Darlene and Lois. At the annual business meeting of the church recently it

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Coming!

THE VICTORIOUS LIFE
The young pastor of the Unityville and Spring Valley Baptist Churches of South Dakota, Rev. Arthur Schulz, deals with this important subject with a practical simplicity that will be spiritually helpful to every reader.

YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST
Every sectional young people's union which has adopted a Centenary Offering mission goal will be honored with a full page devoted to the story of its work and achievements. A colorful article about the Pacific Northwest Y. P. and S. S. W. Union has been prepared by its secretary.

SERVICE MEN'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND
Several illuminating and very interesting letters have been received through friends from a young man in the Canadian Air Forces, from another in the United States Expeditionary Forces and from others, who are stationed somewhere in England. The publication of these letters in the next issue will be an eagerly awaited feature.

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EDITORIAL

Cleveland, Ohio, February 15, 1943
Volume 21 Number 4

Spiritual Priorities

THERE are some things which must always come first in a Christian's life. These are the spiritual priorities to which he must give his undivided attention. God's Word is unswerving in its admonition to every disciple of Christ to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Nothing else can be placed above this purpose and aim in importance.

Among the many spiritual priorities, we want to focus our attention on one which will require greater emphasis as the summer months approach. In times like these we as Christian people need the inspiration and encouragement which come to us especially at conferences and assemblies. Institutes have often been the spiritual watershed in the lives of young people. When tensions increase and life's pace is accelerated, we must secure the larger perspective of our work in fellowship with like-minded Christians.

But the danger is that some program committees will be subject to the widespread fears about attempting to hold any kind of a religious conference gathering. The trusting faith of the saints may give way to practical expediency. The cancelling of the General Conference and Northern Baptist Convention for this summer will be held up as examples to follow. But every group ought to leave no stone unturned in its intensive preparation for every conference, assembly and institute that can possibly be held. In the year 1943 we shall stand in need of the blessings that accrue from such gatherings as never before. The ties that hold us together in the fellowship of our denomination can be bound most tightly at those occasions.

We want to give honor to the Minnesota Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union which has made extensive preparations for its mid-winter institute and its summer assembly, even though its churches are scattered throughout the large state. The small church of McClusky, North Dakota, has shown evidence of a dauntless faith by inviting the Northern North Dakota Association to meet with it. All of our groups will want to do likewise, as far as possible.

If the program committees will lead the way by planning for great things in their conferences, then the people will find some way to be present and to share in the bounty of these blessings. Let every conference and assembly stand high on the list of your spiritual priorities!



An Interior View of the Soppo Church on Thanksgiving Day With Christian Young People and Sunday School Children in the Front Pews.

They Gave Thanks to God

The Story of the Thanksgiving Day Observance at Soppo, Africa,
Related by
MISSIONARY LAURA E. REDDIG

REMEMBERING very vividly my reaction to the first program I had ever seen in Africa, I wondered if the task of trying to give a real Thanksgiving program would be possible. If one were given, and of this we were all agreed in our desire to have one, just what sort of a program or service would it be?

At first, the Sunday School teachers were not agreed with me, but after a

long time, they got to see that a Thanksgiving program can be made into a beautiful worship service, and not a show with loud cheers and hand-clapping.

And no special recognition or honor to those who come to the service from other towns and bring bigger offerings than most people bring? That question bothered the teachers for some time. Finally, they too could see that God, not man, was to be honored thereby.

No special seats for the rich friends from other towns? Again, after a long time, they could understand that this would be honoring these people, who usually didn't attend any services at all, while those who attended regularly and contributed regularly would be pushed in the background.

For a time it looked as if there would be no Thanksgiving program, for everything would be so changed, and so many of the "friends from other places" would have their feelings hurt in not getting special recognition or honor.

"I have written play which I want you to look over, as it is supposed to be for the Thanksgiving service." "I've found a nice Thanksgiving poem and several songs which we can give out to the children now, so they can learn it on time." "Let's have it early this year, so that we will have a lot of time in getting ready for the Christmas program." "We will help make the offering envelopes in school, so that everyone in church and school can have an envelope at home, so they can really fill it for the offering." "I've sent letters inviting many friends, each time enclosing an offering envelope, and telling them a bit about the service." "We ought to have the school's band instruments for the processional as we have no organ in church." Thus were the comments and remarks of the teachers around the first of October. "Yes, there would be a program, and a real program too."

"The Sunday School Is Our Delight" served as the processional song, and about an hour before the service started, the school children, who make up the greater part of the Sunday School, were standing in line, humming. Archways were placed along the path to the Soppo Church, and the lilies of deep salmon pink were used to add color and beauty.

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Women's World Day of Prayer on Friday, March 12th

Program Material Prepared by
MISS MARIE BAUDISCH
of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"... That the Father may be glorified in the Son." John 14:13b.

"To pray is to desire; but it is to desire what God would have us to desire. He who desires not from the bottom of his heart, offers a deceitful prayer." — Fenelon.

RECENTLY in a daily paper there appeared this slogan—"The Most Powerful War Force in America—the Women Themselves! How?" Involuntarily the thought came to me, what if this slogan could be made to read—"The Most Powerful Prayer Force in America—the Women of the Church Themselves! How?"

A cloud of fog often settles over a vessel at sea. It is then that the sailor goes aloft and gains a prospectus which is impossible for the helmsman on deck. So it is with prayer, when clouds of selfishness and egotism surround us, for it gives us a new vision of the path that we should follow.

As we take inventory of the measure in which we have availed ourselves of the power of prayer, we must humbly admit that we have fallen far short and have left miserably undeveloped this greatest of all powers. As we look about us and see conditions in the world as they are, we realize that Christians must pray as never before that God's will may be done.

The Apostle Paul realized the power of prayer when, in his letter to the Romans, he wrote . . . "that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me . . ." Rom. 15:30. A medical doctor made this statement: "There is power in prayer. It brings courage and a greater capacity for solving our problems."



—Photo by Ellis O. Hinsey

I. We must pray to give God the glory (Ephesians 3:14-21).

We read of Samuel Zeller of Maennedorf, Switzerland, that his prayer life deeply impressed the people with whom he came in contact. While he prayed he was quiet and confident and, whatever was his request, he always added this phrase to his prayers: "If it will glorify Thy name." Christ desires to make use of us through the power of prayer if we will only avail ourselves of that power. Prayer to call down upon ourselves and others those things which will glorify the name of God will let us see the greatest promises of the Bible about prayer fulfilled.

One of our little children in the Beginner's department in Sunday School had difficulty in learning her piece for Rally Day. Her mother suggested that she ask Jesus to help her. When she recited her piece on the eventful day she did very well and someone praised her for it. She answered, "I asked Jesus to help me, and he did." "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein." (Mark 10:15)

The story is told that when Frederick Myconius, Luther's good friend, was sick nigh unto death, he wrote him a fond farewell letter to which Luther replied:

"I command thee in the name of God to live because I still have need of thee in the work of reforming the church. . . . The Lord will never let me hear that thou art dead, but will permit thee to survive me. For this I am praying, this is my will, and may my will be done, because I seek only to glorify the name of God."

And we read further that Myconius survived Luther by two months.

How very much we need the childlikeness in our prayer life as portrayed in the first incident, but also the mature conviction of the power of prayer, if it gives God the glory, as we find it in the second incident.

Let us remember that it is not for God's sake, but for ours, that we have definite periods of prayer. Who is there among us that does not realize that we need to strengthen the power of our prayer life?

II. Therefore Pray—

1. *For Self.* Matt. 6:5-15, Ps. 51:10 and 139:23-24. Does it seem selfish to think of self first? Ordinarily yes, but on this day of prayer our own hearts must first be in tune with the Infinite before we can strike the chords of other interests, invoking God's blessing and strength. May we suggest that this be a silent period of prayer asking for grace to be faithful, serene and courageous, that come what may, we may be the kind of a person whom God can use in the advancement of his kingdom.

2. *For Our Homes.* Acts 5:42; 2. Tim. 1:5-7; Rom. 8:26-39. Luther A. Weigle says, "The religious function of the family is to serve as a center of Christian living and of Christian worship." In these busy, restless days we have need to be much in prayer that the sanctity of the home be preserved. Many homes have been broken because loved ones have answered our country's call; many homes there are where both parents are working and children are cared for elsewhere. Everywhere, the spirit of unrest and uncertainty surrounds us. How needful that we pray to keep our homes truly Christian that they may become the quiet stabilizing influence in their

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Major George Schatz in the South Seas

The Story of One of "Our Boys" from Linton, North Dakota

A Letter of Explanation

The following letter is from Dr. George Schatz, formerly of Linton, and now a Major in the army. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb Schatz, members of our church here. Dr., or rather Major Schatz, has done a wonderful work in the South Pacific. Many of our Dakota boys are there, and he has been a wonderful inspiration and help to them all. They look to him for every help and comfort, and every letter received hereabouts from any one of them practically never fails to tell of the wonderful comfort Dr. Schatz is to them out there.

Our local Ladies' Aid sent small packages to all of the boys from here who are overseas. You can see by Major Schatz's letter, that the packages were received and deeply appreciated.

Mrs. Gottlieb Kremer, Reporter.

Major George Schatz' Letter

South Seas,
December 23, 1942.

Members of the Baptist Ladies' Aid of Linton, North Dakota:

Thank you all so much for the nice Christmas package. Received it about ten days ago, in good condition. I should have replied sooner, but you realize where we are and what we have done here. You, no doubt, have listened to the radio and know about everything that has happened here. At this time everything is much improved.

You can be proud of your boys from North Dakota. They have done a great job, under a terrific strain, and all odds were against us. Your boys, who have fought here, will go down in history with those great soldiers of George Washington at Valley Forge, and also those great national heroes at Gettysburg.

Yes, war is hell! We have been hit with everything from land, sea, and air, and our boys never stopped. Guess the Japs finally realize that the American boys are not the type to retreat.

It is only a miracle that so many of us are still alive. Guess your prayers back home must have helped. We must see the right as God sees the right and with his help we shall not fail.

Thanking you again for the remembrance at a time like this. We appreciate everything you have done.

I am glad my Mother and Aunt Catherine Huber are members of your fine organization. You did not forget us when our lives were all at stake. We need your spiritual help.

With kindest regards to you all,

As ever your old friend,

George Schatz,
Major Medical Corps.



Major George Schatz
of the U. S. Medical Corps
in the South Seas

Service Men's Letters

Interesting letters or brief accounts by our Service Men about some of their spiritual experiences are desired for publication in "The Baptist Herald." Snapshots or photographs may accompany the manuscripts. They will be published as soon as possible, if they are accepted for publication. Send such material to the editor at 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Illinois.

A Gold Star

In Memory of James Seeger
of Dayton, Ohio

Any words we might express here would not adequately convey our feeling of sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. William Seeger of Dayton, Ohio, upon the very sudden death of their son, James. As was announced in the newspapers and told to the parents by a telegram from the War Office, James was a passenger on the large army transport plane which crashed recently in Dutch Guiana, South America.

He was a meteorologist, employed as a civilian in the government signal corps service. James Seeger was a fine, industrious young man whom we were proud to acknowledge as a member of the Fourth Street Baptist Church of Dayton, Ohio. May God's strengthening presence be vitally felt in the home upon which this blow has fallen and may his Spirit guide the thoughts of those who grieve.

REUBEN JESCHKE, Pastor.

THEY GAVE THANKS

(Continued from Page 4)

The "Harvest" decorations in the church consisted of palm branches, flowers, colored leaves and two big banana palms with the green fruit still attached. At 7:30 A. M. the people began to come to church, so that they would have a place to sit down. Not only were the clothes bright and colorful, but the women's head cloths and happy faces also added to the beauty of that Sabbath morning.

The processional starts. Late comers hasten to get in before even standing room is taken. The flutes play, missing a few notes now and then, but adding much to their part of the service. Children's and adult voices are raised in the call to Thanksgiving: "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come." The youngest children in Sunday School kneel in reciting their praises while they all join in the chorus of "Father, We Thank Thee."

The sacrifice and offering themes were brought out in three short plays depicting the stories of Cain and Abel, Abraham and Isaac, and Ananias and Sapphires. These stories, you may be sure, had enough excitement and action in them to keep the audience wide-awake and interested. The "angels," calling to the characters in the plays, were located in the little balcony at the back of the church, and their "Cain, Cain," and "Abraham" rang out to the surprise of many a listener.

Little ushers received the offering, which from an audience of 452 people seems small, but, in reality, is so much more than was expected. It amounted to over four pounds, which is around sixteen dollars.

The missionaries out here also have so much for which we are thankful. Especially are we grateful that throughout the busy months past, God has abundantly blessed and helped us, and that our hearts rejoice over the prayers of our many friends in the homeland. It is very evident that the war has increased, rather than lessened your interest in your mission work in the Cameroons. May you continue to pray as we are praying that soon it may be possible to have many more missionaries out here. The harvest, truly, is ripe, and the workers so few!

After-program comments heard among teachers and visitors were of a different nature than those before the Thanksgiving program. "I've never seen the people so interested and attentive." "Those little children in their little praises were so earnest." "There will be even more in the offering, for some of my friends couldn't come, but will send their offerings later."

"I never thought a program could be a real worship service, but always thought the people just had to clap their hands and cheer. It was so much nicer this way today."

"Lord of harvest, grant that we, wholesome grain and pure may be."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by MRS. BERTHA JOHNSON of Chicago, Illinois

"Do Unto Others"

"Aw, come on over to my house. Your mother doesn't need you right away." And Jean Black persuaded Mary Davis to go home with her, so they skipped off down the street arm in arm to Jean's home.

It was a lovely spring day, so the girls decided to sit out on the porch and play with Jean's favorite dolls.

"I don't see why Sally had to get the prize for the best story today. Her story wasn't any better than mine. And that little poem she had, wasn't that silly? She's just teacher's pet and it isn't fair." The old green monster was creeping into Jean's heart and she was expressing herself to her friend. "It'd just serve her right if something happens to her."

And over in another section of town at the same time, Sally Blake came running up the steps to her home. "Oh, mother," she called, "may I go over to see Willie?"

"Of course, you may go, dear. I made some coconut cookies today, so you may take him some of those."

Sally stopped along the front walk to pick some bright purple violets and then, with her bag of cookies in her other hand, she tripped gaily down the street to Willie's.

Willie was sitting on the front porch of his home in his little wheel chair. He couldn't go out and play with the other children, so when it was warm his mother would wheel him out on the porch and he could watch the children as they played in the street. Not very many of the children came to see him, so he became rather lonesome.

His eyes just beamed when he saw Sally come down the walk. He could always count on her. She had so many interesting things to tell him about school and she usually brought her Sunday School paper to read to him. Today instead of bringing her Sunday School paper, she read him the story she had written and for which she had received the prize. Then for a few minutes just before she left, they would recite the verses they had learned. You see, they were having a contest to see who could learn the most Bible verses each week. It was a pretty close race but usually Willy won for he had more time than Sally.

And so Sally went about spreading sunshine. She would carry flowers to old grandmother Hutton or she would run errands for the neighbor whose baby was so sick. And she didn't forget to help her mother whenever she could. . . .



Primary Department Children of the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., Presenting Their Christmas Program With Eager Excitement

It was just a couple of days before school was to close. Jean had left her "Reader" on her desk and she wanted to study it at home, so she went back into the school room to get it. Everyone had gone and even the teacher was out. An ugly voice whispered, "Here's your chance."

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Bible Crosses

Print the first word DOWN the page placing one letter under another. Then count 3 letters from the top and print the second word (which usually had five letters) ACROSS, so that the third letter of both words is the same. This makes the cross.

Down—The birthday of Jesus
Across—A gift of the wise men (Matt. 2:11)

Down—Jesus was the S_____ of the world.

Across—From what famous king was he descended? (Luke 2:11)

Down—Moses' sister (Numbers 12:1)

Across—Moses' brother (same verse)

Down—Third book in Bible

Across—Who wrote many Psalms to be sung in their church?

Send your answers to Children's Page Editor, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill. Those giving the correct answers will receive a small prize.

To Do At Home

In case you have a Saturday afternoon in which you have nothing to do and would like to do something, here is a suggestion: Read John 4:1 to 43, and then make a poster to illustrate the story. You may make it just as you like but here are a few suggestions: You will want a background of sky and grass, and probably a few trees. Then to illustrate the story you could make a picture of an Oriental well (you can probably find a picture in one of your Bible story books) and place on the edge of the well a water-pot. Then you could have a picture of a woman sitting on the edge of the well, and a man standing before her talking with her. When you have finished your poster, take it to your Sunday School teacher to be displayed.

Notice

We wish to thank each one of you who have responded to the *Children's Page*. We are sorry that we cannot print every name, for the list is too large. Each of you, however, will have received a little gift from the editor by this time. A total of 63 children responded to the Jan. 15th issue of "The Children's Page."

WATCH FOR A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT NEXT MONTH!

In Memory of the Rev. Wm. J. Zirbes

A Memorial Tribute by the REV. W. J. APPEL of Brooklyn, New York

WHILE friends were planning to celebrate his 83rd birthday and to welcome him again into the membership of the Evergreen Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., our Lord called the Rev. William Jacob Zirbes into his presence. During the evening of Saturday, January 9, seated in the living room of his home in West Paterson, N. J., while calling the attention of his daughter, Dorothy, to newspaper headlines, he quietly slipped away.

Among the last of his reading was Dr. Stanley E. Jones' "Abundant Living," arranged for devotional reading with a page designated for each day of the year. Mr. Zirbes had read through the book completely in one day. The title of this book is strikingly characteristic of the man. Though nearing his 83rd birthday he was not thinking of the end of life but of the ongoing, more "Abundant Living," just beyond.

It was in Rochester, N. Y., that William Zirbes was born on the 4th of February, 1860. The home was Catholic and, in consequence, his early education and training were received in the Parochial Schools, with the priesthood in view. The family later moved to Buffalo, N. Y.

Through the discovery and reading of the New Testament our brother ventured upon the quest of an intelligent understanding of the divine purpose for man. Though seeking help in all sincerity from those of whom he expected enlightenment and guidance, his questioning received no satisfying answer, until under the guidance of evangelical teaching his mind and heart responded to the truth of God's saving grace through faith in Jesus Christ. At the age of 21 he yielded his heart and life to Christ and was baptized into the fellowship of the Third German Baptist Church of Buffalo, New York.

His devotion to his Savior became evident in a desire to serve and the enthusiasm and zeal of this young Christian found avenues of ministry which were faithfully performed.

This desire for "Abundant Living" further expressed itself in the response to God's call to service in the Gospel ministry and, although married and the father of two children, the simplicity of his faith is readily discerned in his decision to enter the Rochester Theological Seminary in preparation for his life work. The year 1888 marks the entrance of Mr. Zirbes upon his studies at Rochester and the beginning of his relationship with the men whose service reaches back to the earliest days of the German Baptist work in our country. Prof. August Rauschenbusch, the guiding genius of the German Department, as it was called, re-

tired in 1888. Prof. H. M. Schaeffer and Prof. Jacob Gubelmann constituted the faculty and by the time of Mr. Zirbes' graduation in 1892 Prof. Albert J. Ramaker and Prof. Lewis Kaiser had been appointed.

Upon graduation Mr. Zirbes was called to the pastorate of his first church in Sheboygan, Wis., where he was ordained to the Gospel ministry in 1892. A small group had been organized into a church one year previous to his coming and, under the energetic leadership of the young pastor, foundations were laid which have stood the test of time.

Appreciation!

Both Mrs. W. J. Zirbes of Paterson, N. J., and Mrs. F. P. Kruse of Kankakee, Ill., wish to express their heartfelt appreciation to their many friends who have remembered them in their bereavement with cards, letters and other expressions of sympathy. It will be impossible for them to answer all of the letters personally.

In 1898 Mr. Zirbes accepted the call to become pastor of the First Church in Cleveland, Ohio. During the seventeen years here a beautiful church edifice was built and dedicated to the service of God.

The third and last pastorate was with the Second Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. Through his evangelistic, teaching ministry, covering a period of seventeen years, many were led to Christ and trained for service in the church and some for larger responsibilities in the work of our denomination. It was during his term of service here that the Crusaders Bible Class was organized, the membership of which are young men. A few months ago the class invited Mr. Zirbes back to participate in the Silver Anniversary of this group.

In 1931, Mr. Zirbes closed his work in Brooklyn and took up his residence just outside the city of Paterson, N. J., where his love of nature gave abundant opportunity to cultivate and beautify the surroundings of his cozy cottage. Retired from the active pastorate our brother was not idle. His interest in the work of the denomination as well as in world affairs was maintained to the last and through his constant reading he kept himself informed regarding current thought and life.

"Living Abundantly" opened wider areas of service in the larger cause of the denomination of which he had become so vital a part. In response to invitations he frequently assisted his brethren in evangelistic efforts. For this service he had peculiar gifts and a love for the souls of men. God's bless-

ing attended this ministry with fruitfulness.

He served as a member of the General Missionary Committee, the School Committee and was a valuable member of the Publication Board for twenty-one years.

His relationship with his brethren in the ministry, both in our own fellowship and that of the Northern Baptist Convention was cordial and intimate, and younger men never sought his counsel and advice without the most sympathetic understanding.

The zest for living is reflected further in the lives of his four children whose leadership in the fields of progressive education, publicity and business, with the highest ideals and motives, are noteworthy.

Laura is Professor of Education at Ohio State University, a member of the Board of Editors of "Frontiers of Democracy," National Chairman of the American Association of University Women and has been for ten years on the Board of Directors of the Progressive Education Association.

Walter is editor and publisher of the Orchard Park Press, Orchard Park, New York.

George is field representative of the Smith Welding Corporation of Minneapolis, Minn., covering the states of Virginia and North and South Carolina.

Dorothy is in charge of the Physical Education of girls in the Port Richmond High School, Staten Island, N. Y., and president of the National Honorary Fraternity in Physical Education. Brother Zirbes' faithful helpmeet and mother of these children, Louise Voght of Third Church, Buffalo, N. Y., was called to higher service shortly after the celebration of their silver wedding anniversary.

In 1913 Mr. Zirbes was united in marriage with Miss Nellie M. Muller of Victor, Iowa, whose companionship and willing cooperation have undergirded his ministry. Before her marriage Mrs. Zirbes graduated from the University Hospital of the Iowa State University and for some years taught school.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 12, at the Union Ave. Baptist Church in Paterson, N. J., a company of friends gathered to honor the memory of the Rev. Wm. J. Zirbes. The Rev. John Grygo, president of the German Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York and Vicinity, the Rev. Edward W. Rimpo, pastor of Union Ave. Baptist Church, intimate friend of the Zirbes family, and the Rev. W. J. Appel of Brooklyn shared in the service.

Burial followed the service in Laurel Grove Memorial Park, Totowa, Boro Paterson, New Jersey.

CONTRIBUTOR'S PAGE

A PRAYER

By Mrs. Clara Idell Oakley
of Passaic, New Jersey

While you kneel and when you pray,
"Lord, take all my sins away,"
Is your heart bowed down with shame?
Have you really taken the blame?
Do you ask God to forgive
For the sinful way you live?
Or, do you just chant a prayer,
Thinking it will get you there?
Just remember, God will know,
Whether you pray for grace or show.
He from sin will set you free,
If you pray for victory!

= • =

FOR CHRIST AND HIM ALWAYS

By Myrtle E. Janzen
of Morris, Manitoba

Nineteen centuries we have stood;
How shall we stand today?
Let's say as Christian fellowmen:
"For Christ and Him always."

A war-torn world that's filled with hate
Seeks His to lead astray;
But blessed shall be those that stand
Until He comes some day.

Those modern things the world calls
"fun,"
Let's not thereof partake;
As modern Christians we refuse;
It's all for Jesus' sake.

For he was young, and tempted, too;
Just as we are today;
But he stood firm, to God was true;
Lord, may we live that way!

= • =

FAITH

By Mrs. Gertrude Best
of Seven Sister Falls, Manitoba, Canada

When you are tired and tempted to sin
And Satan is pressing your soul;
Look up to Jesus, and ask for strength
Look to Jesus, for he is your goal.

When the way seems dark and hard to tread,
And you are stumbling to and fro;
Lift up your heart in prayer to God
He will show you the path to go.

He will send you strength to turn away
From the world where Satan doth bide!
He will give you faith, courage and strength

Look up to Jesus! Look up on high!

Have faith in Jesus from day to day;
'Tis he that doth save us from sin.
Have faith! then Satan is forced to say
You are Christ's and he cannot win.

THANKS BE TO GOD!

By Viola Krein
of Antelope, North Dakota

God gave me beauty
That I might behold
His love and creative power
Which everywhere is told.

God gave me life
That I might live
Only for the sake of others
And of his blessings give.

God gave me peace
That I might sing
Of the love of God
And of my precious King.

= • =

COME UNTO HIM

By Mrs. Lorraine Binder Boeckel
of Beulah, North Dakota

Let not your heart be troubled
Or earthly cares dismay,
Let not your grief o'erwhelm you
He knows your heart today.

He knows your every burden,
He feels each bitter dart
When friends forsake and leave thee;
He understands your heart.

When temptations gather 'round you
And living seems in vain,
Have courage and go forward
For Christ Jesus is your gain.

March on to victory in Christ.
Salvation now he offers thee,
Oh, consecrate your life today
To him who died on Calvary.

= • =

OUR BOYS

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

(A member of the Bethany Baptist
Church near Vesper, Kansas)

He's my boy, could I deny him
The hours of work it takes?
Those busy days filled to the brim
For faithful mothers, before it makes
A man of him, her precious boy;
Yet all those years were filled with joy.

Then comes the cruel hand of fate
And takes my boy away,
Because men's hearts are filled with hate
And jealousy still holds sway;
Sons and loved ones must sacrifice
And sadly pay war's awful price.

Not in our strength this task is done,
Prayer helps us day by day;
We'll pray till righteous victory's won;
Lord, lead our boys in thine own way,
Till conquered are the fiendish hordes
And Christ is King and Lord of Lords.

LET US PRAY!

By Mrs. W. T. Edwards
of Kankakee, Illinois

When Israel sinned, thou didst chastise
The heathen conquered thy chosen race;
Again and again thou didst destroy
Their wealth and power to give them grace.

Whenever they prospered, they soon forgot
The God of their fathers, whose love they knew
Had blest their being above all men;
Forgetting, they sinned and suffered anew.

Yet ever, when captive and in despair,
They cried unto heaven and God did hear
And, pitying, strengthened and led them forth
In faith and repentance to build and rear.

O, God of our fathers, can we now appeal
To thy throne for guidance to victory's goal,
When we have forgotten and long denied
Thee right to guide and direct the soul?

Can we ask for life and a place to live,
For pleasure and gold with no mortgage given,
To eat and drink and desecrate
This house of the soul, yet hope for heaven?

Oh, Lord, in this Sodom are still a few
Whose love has clung to thy living Word,
Who have laid aside the love of gain,
The chase for pleasure to bear the Sword.

If out of the ashes thy Kingdom comes,
If out of the bitter may grow the sweet,
Then bear we dishonor, thy will be done,
That we may repent of our sin in defeat;

That we may cry aloud to thee
For succor and mercy and swift release;
Lord, gather all nations under thy wing,
Who wept o'er Jerusalem, come, bring peace!



ECLIPSE

By PAUL HUTCHENS

(Copyright by Eerdmans Publishing Company)

"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."

CHAPTER ONE

TERRY moved grimly down the dark path, his boots sloshing in the puddles, following the white tunnel made by his powerful electric lantern. The air tonight was heavy with drizzle. Below him, to the left of the footpath, was the roaring canyon river; to the right, the roar of green and white vacation homes, set against the sullen, gray wall of the cliff.

Always, in his walk through the dark of this world he had had the flashlight of hope, pushing back the night, lighting the trail ahead . . .

Always until now . . .

He would make the customary ten o'clock round of the luxury cottages like a policeman on the beat, and then, back in camp headquarters, he would hang his slicker and southwester on the spray-head in the shower-room, and in robe and slippers sit in the great overstuffed chair by the piano and read,—by the piano which, since Father had been gored to death by the mad steer at the rodeo, had been locked shut. That was many years ago, and Mother Nealle had not allowed it to be opened since. The music had gone out of her life as hope had gone out of Terry's.

Always until now. Always, until Mildred . . .

He sighed wistfully . . . Lovely, dark-eyed, raven-haired Mildred . . .

Life seemed little more to him now than an undirected walking through a dreary night.

Life was a roaring, hurrying river

of people, things and events rushing past him.

Life was a sullen gray wall rising above . . .

Across the roaring river ran the highway, and on its other side rose another somber canyon wall, its gray strata twisted like the grain of a gnarled old oak . . .

Life was a path between two. Life was a death. Life was a house of flesh and blood and bones in which an unknown and an unknowable lived . . . Long ago a man, one who had fought a good fight, who had finished his course and had kept the faith, had written, "I am in a strait betwixt two—having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better . . ." That man, Paul, of the New Testament, had desired also to live, for though death would transport him into the visible presence of Christ, to live on earth would be to have Christ within him.

But Paul had kept the faith. Paul's faith had kept him . . .

Terry Nealle, standing now for a meditative moment, swung his long beam of light across the river, let it climb slowly up the twisted, faulty strata of the canyon wall until it focused on the nature-carved head of a helmeted football player. Ever since he could remember, the head had been there, and ever since he, as a little boy had first seen it, he had aspired to be a football star on some famous college team. That weather-scarred, stone-helmeted player had become his dream hero. His aspiration had been fulfilled

three years ago and Terry's name had been the headliner for many a sports column. That was where he had met Mildred—how, rather, for he had been first her hero, and then her lover. And then her fiancé. That is, almost . . .

The flashlight moved in a slow, wide arch, dropped to the roaring, swirling, rushing river, swung back again to the crown of the football helmet, to the forehead piece, the ear and to the only visible eye.

One day, only last year, in his senior year, in the hottest game of the season, his chin strap had broken and he, under the spell of victory, with his name roaring from a thousand throats, had torn off his felt-padded helmet, tossed it toward the bleachers where Mildred watched, and with his tousled red hair gleaming in the sun, had run the spectacular goal that had won the game. In that game, without a helmet, one ear had been torn by the leather lacing of an opponent's suit, and one eye had lost its sight.

He had not known at first how serious the accident had been. A bit of skilful surgery had left only a tiny scar on the ear, and, with a white patch over his eye, he and Mildred had daily walked the campus trails,—from Chemistry Lab. to Administration Bldg., from the heart-shaped lawn in front of the girls' dormitory along the wide sidewalk to the street car stop at the north end of the campus, where stood an ancient, defaced telegraph pole initialed and scarred with a thousand scars.

"Let's go down and kick the post," was the open sesame to the right of many an aspiring student to walk beside his lady-choice for five, or ten or more or less minutes, the amount of time dependent upon the speed limit of the walk.

Always, there were walkers on the trail, going down to kick the post. "Let's go kick the post," a voice would call, and two or more gay fellows would swing off down the trail.

"Let's go down and kick the post," a timid, faltering freshman would gulp to a girl with a notebook under her arm, and the two would be off, the same notebook swinging pendulum fashion in the boy's hand.

"Let's go down and kick the post"

. . . Sometimes the answer had be, "Sorry. I can't. Have to go to Lab."

It was on an autumn day with the maples on the campus aflame with October colors that Terry had experienced his first pang of fear that he might lose Mildred. There had been something akin to wonder in the way she had sympathized that day, and in the response of his heart as they dreamed along the old post trail, passed the oblong red brick library, the great lichen-embossed rock that stood ten feet high on the heart-shaped green in front of the women's dormitory. There, on the "Heart," after days of football triumph, had been nights of gaiety with the flames of bonfires leaping twenty feet high and with the voices of a thousand fellows and girls singing:—the Alma Mater, southern folk songs, college classics, or perhaps, a bit of popular music—with the yell leader in the circle of firelight gesticulating rhythmically, leading them in a series of campus-shaking cheers—.

Mildred's hand had rested in the crook of his left arm as they walked that day. The fire-blackened rock reminded him of the night that was in his own heart because of the thing he had to tell her.

They were on their way to kick the post, that was all—just another contented walk, and talk. They had done it so many times. How he wished it were only that. How could he tell her!

The thing was pounding within him like prisoner's sledge pounding at the rocks in a quarry. Soon the rock would break. . . . The black rock. The rock smudged with the fire of chastening. How could he tell her? . . . And how much would she care?

* * *

It was during that walk, that Clem Lindeman, the one man in the world he definitely disliked, had made the wisecrack about the glass eye.

Clem! . . .

Terry's rubber boots splashed on down the canyon trail, following the light of his lantern. He must hurry to finish the rounds and get back to his chair beside the piano. Mother Nealle would wonder why he was gone so long; and Uncle Oscar,—dear old "Silent Oss," as he was known in the canyon—would be wondering too.

Funny thing, the way Oss had stayed by Mother Nealle after Father's death. Perhaps it was because he felt responsible in a way for the goring at the rodeo, felt responsible because the black steer whose horn had left Father a bloody, mangled thing in the dust of the field, had belonged to him.

Father Nealle and Silent Oss had come to Solitude Gulch as homesteaders right after the Spanish American War. Terry couldn't remember a time when Silent Oss hadn't been their hired man. The war had done things to him and he was sometimes called "a queer duck" by those who didn't know him. The Nealle's had lived on at the ranch,

until five years ago, when Terry had decided to go off to college, and then they had sold their cattle and built twelve modern vacation homes at the lower end of the Gulch, just across the river from the new highway. The highway was finished now and was the main artery for the nation's tourist flood, flowing into the National Park.

The old ranch house where Terry had lived and played and grown up, was abandoned now. Oss had made good his promise to his friend, Father Nealle, whose last words had been, "Look after Nancy for me." Silent Oss had been the first to reach the death theater after the goring, after a bullet from his pistol had killed the brute . . .

Terry, ten years old, clinging to his bleacher seat, had witnessed the gruesome thing—the puff of smoke from Oss's pistol; the staggering, dying steer in the arena of death; the death struggle of the big black fellow; Oss streaking out across the buffalo grass to Father, kneeling beside him. . . . The crowd had rushed in then, and Terry had not been able to see any more.

"Look after Nancy and Terry for me, Oss." That was all Father had had time to say. Yes, Uncle Oss had made good his promise. They'd moved the piano down from the ranch house along with the other things, but since then, no one ever opened it. There had been times, in the long ago, Mother had told Terry, when she had played the organ in the old home church in Dakota. That was where she and Nealle had first met: in the church.

Old Oss, hard of hearing, slow of speech, always with a haunted look in his eyes, was useful about the Vacation Camp, chopping and carrying firewood for the stoves, keeping the water in the shower room always hot, acting as treasurer. . . .

Terry's thoughts wandered at random: from college campus to mountains, to the fatal rodeo, to the campus again and to raven-haired Mildred who—who now belonged not to him, but to Clem. That wise-crack made on the old post trail had been like a dagger in his heart that day. From the beginning he had disliked Clem, that is, since one day during a class examination, he had watched Clem's roving eye focus again and again upon the manuscript of another classmate across the aisle. From that moment, in Terry's mind, Clem had been a cheat, and he had noticed little things here and there—in the dormitory, in the gym, on the football field, in his social life. Once Clem had borrowed a fishing rod and later returned it with a knot in the line far down in the spool, where it had broken; and Clem had said nothing about it, nor offered to replace the expensive line with a new one. Little things like that had megaphoned to Terry the supplanter character of Clem.

And now Mildred and Clem were going to be married—perhaps already were . . .

Terry reached the last cabin, in which, sometimes, when it was vacant, he would take an afternoon nap. Sometimes, also, he would sit on the porch with the canvas curtains opened only toward the river. There he would watch the never-ending parade of automobiles on the highway. There he would dream of his days of football glory and of raven-haired Mildred in the rooting section, not making wild whoopee like the rest, but cheering calmly and with her dark eyes focused upon his gold jersey with its blue number 22 on the back, and perhaps, upon the mop of red hair which was his only helmet that — that fatal day . . .

That farthest cabin was vacant tonight, the only one of the twelve. He turned the key in the Yale lock on the screen door, entered. There was a calm here which he loved. Here with the river roaring past only fifteen feet below the edge of the porch, always the sound was like that of heavy rain on a shingled roof. He knew a place, far beyond and above the old ranch house where a man could be in dense solitude. A faulty trail dodged its way about the rocks and pines, crossing again and again a gurgling little stream, climbing and climbing, higher and higher, yet never reaching the place "Solitude." The rocky wilderness there was a part of the homestead. Mountain flowers of a score of varieties grew there: mariposa lily, golden glow, blue columbine, chiming bells, gaillardia, and Indian paint brush. . . .

Here, tonight, Terry felt as much alone as if he were on the old Solitude trail on which he had climbed yesterday, high, high, high, to a great old yellow pine, *Pinus ponderosa*. "Old Yellow," he had named it himself sixteen years ago, the largest pine he had ever seen growing at that altitude. "Don't ever cut it down, Daddy," he had begged in those days. "It's my tree!"

The old tree still stood, a monument to his father's love. Yesterday, after he had climbed all the way, he had reached out in an ironic gesture and touched it with the tip of his shoe, and then, overcome by the terrible sense of his loss, knowing no one could hear or see, he had slumped down upon a weathered old rock and given himself to sobs. How long he had cried, in the only way a man can cry, he did not know. He only knew that after a while, after a long while, the tears stopped flowing as suddenly as they had begun, and he stood, letting his one seeing eye move slowly up the broad bole of the pine, to the top . . .

Inside the porch now Terry snapped on the lights, removed his slicker and southwester, hung them on a metal costumer. Carefully he wiped his boots on the brown cocoa door mat, entered the main room, crossed to the mirror by the sink and gave himself a moment's pitiful appraisal: His reddish hair was parted in a clean, straight

part high upon the right side. It was carefully and correctly trimmed. Behind the full-view rimless glasses, below the bushy brows, between the long, dark and curving lashes, the two blue eyes looked identical, except that in one the right one, there was no expression of sadness. His spirit looked out upon the world with only one window. It was well there was only one. He could not see so much of the pain and heartache and the disillusionment of life, the cruelty of it, and the futility. . . .

Clem's thoughtless joke, made that afternoon on the old post trail, repeated itself in his mind as he turned away from the mirror, snapped off the lights, and stood alone in the dark, roaring solitude, that was like the sound of wind in the pines.

He and Mildred had been standing for a moment, after "kicking the post," waiting for a jouncing street car to come and go in the avenue.

The car ground to a screeching stop, Clem Lindeman alighted, and came swinging toward them, laughing. "A new brief case for my briefs," he said, displaying a smart, new russet leather case, of the disappearing-handle type.

Terry noticed that he had said it to Mildred.

"Can't become a full-fledged lawyer unless—oh, hello, Terry! You here? I might have known you would be. Nice of you to come down to meet me, Mil, but why do you always have this tagging-along?"

He had said it in banter, Terry, knew. Nevertheless, there was a barb in it which stuck. Clem could be galling, though, and he was a fine fellow in many ways, Terry thought.

"Walk back to the post office with me?" he said, and swung in on the other side of Mildred. "How's the old eye, Terry? Think it's going to come out all right?"

Out! OUT! . . . Beneath the white bandage, the thing was killing him. There was to be an operation day after tomorrow. Oh, it would come out all right!

"Reminds me of a little joke I heard about a hard-hearted banker," Clem said. "Mil, here, being so stingy with her attentions, being so exclusively yours—maybe its your fault, though—anyway, the way you two stick together all the time reminds me of the hard-hearted banker who had only one good eye. The other eye was glass. Well, a farmer came into the bank one day to borrow five hundred dollars, and not having good security the banker refused.

"Of course, the poor farmer felt pretty bad about it. So he just stood there, looking sad, when, in a spirit of generosity, the banker said, 'Listen, I'll tell you what I'll do. I have one glass eye. It looks exactly like the other one. Now, if you can tell me which one of them is artificial, I'll lend you the five hundred.'" Clem stopped for effect. How many times Terry had seen him do that in debating class, when he

would pause, his lips would purse, his fine, smooth-shaven face eloquent in itself, then he would deliberately walk to the other side of the speaker's desk. What he would say after that seemed doubly effective.

For a minute now, as they walked, there was only the sound of their shoes on the trail,—that and the laughing voices of a half dozen gay fellows who came swinging and singing toward them.

A low maple branch brushed Terry's red hair as they passed under a tree. He pulled off a russet leaf, tucked it playfully into Mildred's black hair. Clem's story went on, "Well, the farmer waited on his side of the little iron grill, studying the face of the heard-hearted banker, then he said, 'Your right eye, sir!'" "Astonished, the banker exclaimed, 'You're the first person ever to guess it right. How did you know?'" "Easy," the farmer grinned, 'I thought that right eye looked a little more sympathetic than the other one.'

Only Mildred laughed, and then abruptly stopped.

It wasn't funny. Not to Terry. Nor could he appreciate the application as Clem said, "And let that be a lesson to you, Terry. Don't be so stingy with the prettiest girl in the old Alma Mater. For instance, I need a lady to display at Ionian day after tomorrow night, and I won't take 'No' for an answer."

Day after tomorrow night! He would be in the hospital then. He had planned to tell Mildred today, because he wanted her sympathy, but why should he? Let her go with Clem. Why make her suffer—or would she care enough to suffer?

Terry looked across the top of her neatly groomed head at Clem's broad shoulders, at his finely-chiselled face. No reason to be selfish. No reason why he should be so weak at to invite sympathy.

He cleared his throat, gulped, but his voice was without a betraying quaver as he said, "Thank you, Mr. Farmer, for the compliment. Certainly, I'll lend you the five hundred, only, if I may say so, it's five hundred million instead, and it's only a loan."

"Thanks, Pal," Clem said and let out a mild "Hooray!"

"At what percent interest?" Mildred's voice carried a mischievous note. "Aren't I worth anything?"

"If there is any interest," Terry said gruffly, "there'll be—trouble to pay."

That was the beginning of the thing. After that Mildred and Clem were seen together often.

"Know what I've just found out?" Clem had said to Terry later in the day when they met in the library. They were alone in an alcove whose window faced the women's dormitory a block away. Mildred at that very moment had come tripping down the dormitory steps, moving hurriedly,

notebook under her arm, along the sidewalk bordering the "Heart." Terry's heart leaped as always when he saw her, but the thrill was lost in the knowledge that soon, day after tomorrow, he would have to go under the knife.

Clem's question seared its way into his thoughts. He had believed he was alone. It was irritating to have one's reverie exploded. His fists clenched. His eyes followed the raven-haired girl in the yellow dress as she swung to the left at the library corner and, a little later, entered the administration building, the door of which was held open for her by an obliging freshman in a green cap.

Terry turned then to Clem, the question coming to life in his mind.

"What did you find out?" He loathed the man whose eyes had also followed the girl in yellow. He was sure Clem's thoughts of her were out of harmony with his own.

"I've just discovered that Mildred Handel lives in the same town where I have a distant aunt, who is, I think, in the hotel business. Aunt Mary owns about half the town, I understand, and has been after me to come out and run her little newspaper, the Claytonville Courier. I've never been interested before . . ."

Terry's jaws set grimly. He knew that men often said things like this jestingly, and there was no harm in it ordinarily. Now however, it angered him. Coming from any other fellow on the campus, it would not have perturbed him, but from Clement Lindeman . . . !

"Excuse me," Terry said, "I have to check up on some of my reference work." He turned abruptly, swung out of the alcove, and busied himself at the files on the opposite side of the building near the librarian's desk.

That was the beginning of the end. Two days later, Mildred and Clem went to the Ionian affair, and Terry, with only coach Vender knowing the truth, went under the knife at the general hospital . . .

There had been only one happy interlude in the hospital, and that was the acquaintance and friendship he had made there with a Miss Marvel, a nurse, who like himself believed in Christ the Son of God in a vital way. She had believed in Him not only as the historical Christ, but as the living Christ of today. "Since He is the personal revelation of the Father," she had said to him one afternoon, while attending to routine duty at his bedside, "He is therefore as much omnipresent as the Father Himself. All the spiritual life we possess, all the Victory we have over circumstances, over ourselves, is due to His immediate presence."

She had been in the act of adjusting a pillow, while he for a moment tried to realize the presence of the Invisible One, and while his mind groped blindly

(Continued on Page 19)

What's Happening

(Continued from Page 2)

was decided to purchase new chancel furniture for the church and to establish a building fund, looking toward the close of the war when the building plans can be carried out. The pastor's salary was also increased by the church.

● The Forest Park Baptist Church of Forest Park, Ill., extended a call to the Rev. C. B. Nordland of Oak Park, Ill., at its business meeting on Jan. 13th. Mr. Nordland has been serving as director of the Christian Laymen's Crusade during the past few years. He is the beloved teacher of the Men's Baraca Class of the Forest Park Church, and both he and his wife are active in many ways in this church, of which they are members. Mr. Nordland has responded favorably to the call and will begin his ministry in the Forest Park Church on March 14. He will succeed the Rev. Theo. W. Dons, general evangelist of the denomination.

● The Baptist Church of McClusky, No. Dak., has made real strides of progress in recent months and is anticipating great blessings in days to come. The church has become self-supporting and will not need any assistance during 1943 from the General Missionary Society. The church decided to invite the Northern North Dakota Association to meet with it early in May of this year. A "Week of Prayer" was observed by four of the Protestant Churches of McClusky from Jan. 4 to 8 with services held in a different church each evening. The church has adopted the Club Plan for our denominational publications. The Rev. R. G. Kaiser is pastor of the church.

● The Rev. John C. Schweitzer, pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church near Portland, Ore., tendered his resignation recently to the church and announced that it would go into effect on April 15th after slightly over 6 years of service in the church. The future plans of Mr. Schweitzer are indefinite. As he wrote, "present plans call for retirement from the active ministry for the duration of the war." His address after April will be 1616 S. E. 56th Ave., Portland, Oregon. During his ministry in the Bethany Church 53 persons were received into the fellowship of the church, 35 of whom were baptized, appreciable improvements were made and a heavy organ debt of \$5000 was paid off.

● The Bethel Church of Alberta, Can., held its reception for the new minister, the Rev. S. Riemer, and his family on Sunday evening, Dec. 30, with the senior deacon, Mr. J. J. Neher, in charge. Messages of greeting and welcome were brought by E. Bettcher for the Sunday School, by Ted Bitz for the young people's society, by Mrs. John Ohlhauser for the Ladies' Aid, by Mrs.

† Dr. Albert W. Beaven †
Dr. Albert W. Beaven, president of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School of Rochester, N. Y., passed away on Sunday night, Jan. 24. As the pastor of the Lake Ave. Church of Rochester, N. Y., of which he was minister for 20 years, and as the seminary president, he was well known to many of our ministers and people.

Martin Bettcher for the choir and by Mr. J. J. Neher for the church. Greetings were also extended by representatives from the Baptist Churches of Calgary and Trochu. Two of the Riemer children, Gertrude and Helmut, also took part in the program with a solo and message besides their parents.

● Chaplain Edwin Kraemer, formerly a member of the Cottonwood Baptist Church of Texas and whose article on "Prayers for Those Who Stand in the Gap" appeared in a recent issue of the "Baptist Herald," has been transferred from the Army Air Force Flying School of Pecos, Texas, to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where he is assigned to an area of colored troops. He wrote that more than 125 soldiers turned to the Lord in faith during the past month. On Sunday, Jan. 3, a colored choir of 15 men and an orchestra of 10 instruments led the singing for 192 soldiers in attendance. One of Chaplain Kraemer's assistants, a negro minister and a private in the Army, spoke and four men came forward in tears looking to God for mercy.

● On Sunday morning, Jan. 24, the First Baptist Church of Steamboat Rock, Iowa, was privileged to hear Dr. W. E. Pietsch of Waterloo, Iowa, who spoke on "Fundamentalism in Action." In the afternoon he brought a splendid message on the battle of Armageddon entitled, "The Yellow Peril." His evening message on "Eternal Life and Christian Holiness" was based on Rom. 6:23. Dr. Pietsch is a radio pastor, broadcasting over several stations in the United States and Alaska and also over station H C J B in Quito, Ecuador, by short wave all around the world. The Steamboat Rock Church has again adopted the club plan of the publication society for 1943, according to the reporter, Marie Eilers. The Rev. Howard Johnson is pastor of the church.

● The annual Fathers' and Sons' banquet of the Temple Baptist Church of Pittsburgh, Pa., was held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 19, and was addressed by Mr. Russell B. Adams, the district attorney. A new Service Men's flag, which had been purchased by the young people's society, was dedicated at the banquet. Each boy of the church in the Armed Forces is represented by a star on the flag. A World Wide Guild has been organized in the church with Mrs. Carl Herman and Mrs. Maurice Meredith, leaders. Fifteen girls joined the Avon Judson chapter at its first meeting. The officers are Phyllis Peter-

son, president; Eleanor Yung, vice-president; Marilyn Herman, secretary; and Maxine Staude, treasurer. The Rev. L. B. Holzer is pastor of the church.

● Several ministers and their wives have been sending announcements of births in their families in recent days. On Jan. 4th a baby boy was born to the Rev. and Mrs. Daniel Fuchs of Rochester, N. Y., who was given the historically significant name of Roger William. The Fuchs family is now "a well balanced quartet," as Mr. Fuchs wrote. On Jan. 21st the Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Berndt of Minneapolis, Minn., became the proud parents of a baby girl, whose name is Marilyn Ruth. This is their first child in almost ten years of married life, and accordingly, has brought great joy to her parents. The Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Hoover of the Connors Ave. Church of Detroit, Mich., announced the arrival of another daughter in their home on Jan. 23rd, to whom the name of Lois Marilyn has been given.

● From Jan. 3 to 15 the Rev. F. W. Bartel, the Dakota Conference evangelist, served the Baptist Church of Turtle Lake, No. Dak., and brought the messages in a series of meetings. The Lord gave the church a gracious revival which resulted in 24 conversions. The deep joy and gratitude of the church found expression in a missionary love offering of \$115.40. The Rev. A. Rosner is pastor of the church. Mr. Bartel wrote that he now feels "confident that with ordinary care in following the restrictions and with God's sustaining grace, I shall be able to carry on my work with almost normal efficiency." A series of Bible studies were conducted for the young people each evening before the evangelistic services. From Jan. 24 to Feb. 19 Mr. Bartel has been conducting evangelistic meetings in Vida and Sidney, Mont., on the field of the Rev. Otto Fiesel.

● Miss Edith Koppin, one of our Cameroon missionary nurses now in America on furlough, spent several weeks in January and February on a promotional trip into the Southland. On Sunday, Jan. 24, she spoke in the Immanuel Church near Loyal, Okla., and the Zion Baptist Church of Okeene, Okla. On Wednesday and Friday evenings, Jan. 27 and 29, she addressed good sized congregations in the Hurnville Church near Henrietta, Texas, and the Carroll Ave. Church of Dallas, Texas. The Central Church of Waco, Tex., and the nearby Cottonwood Church heard her messages on Sunday, Jan. 31. From Feb. 3 to 9 she spoke and showed her African curios in the Crawford, Gatesville, Kyle and Greenvine Baptist Churches of Texas. She brought the extensive trip to a close on Friday, Feb. 12, with an engagement in the Mowata Baptist Church near Branch, La.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

The Kyle Church of Texas Enjoys Young People's Anniversary Program and Cantata

The Baptist Training Union of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kyle, Tex., held its anniversary program recently. Officers for the ensuing year were installed. Dr. Wm. Barsh was the guest speaker of the evening. After the program the group gathered in our church basement for refreshments.

Looking over our work for the past year, we have every reason to be most grateful to God. We have worked hard, but we are certain that busy people are the happiest people on earth.

The mixed choir of the church, under the direction of our pastor, the Rev. M. G. Mittelstedt, presented "The Christmas King" by Handel on Sunday, Dec. 28. Each song was introduced by an interpretation from the Scripture by our director. Margaret Lengefeld was accompanist throughout the program.

NADINE HILL, Reporter.

Installation of New Officers of the Cottonwood Baptist Training Union of Texas

The installation of the new officers of the Baptist Training Union of the Cottonwood Baptist Church of Texas took place on Sunday evening, Jan. 3. Our general officers for this year are as follows: director, Miss Eleanore Bremer; secretary and treasurer, Miss Catherine Lampert; pianist, Mrs. C. H. Seecamp; chorister, Ernest Gummelt; reporter, Mrs. Theodore Nehring; president of Brotherhood, Arthur Schroeder; president of Ladies' Union, Mrs. Wm. Lampert; leader of young people's Union, Walter Gummelt; leader of Juniors, Mrs. Nelson Wedemeyer; leader of Primary group, Mrs. W. B. Marsteller.

Our meeting opened with singing, Scripture reading and prayer. A reading, "The House Inside," by Miss Viola Hansen was followed by remarks from Miss Bremer that we should take inventory of ourselves and serve our Master better in the coming year. The Scripture passage of 2 Timothy 1 was used for the address given by our pastor, Dr. C. H. Seecamp.

We were very much saddened by the loss of our church building but we know "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." Therefore, we feel with the Psalmist: "Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." (Ps. 31:24)

Our pastor, Dr. C. H. Seecamp, his wife and children have been such a blessing to us in the hour of need. May God guide us as a church and with the help of our pastor and family to rebuild God's house!

MRS. THEODORE NEHRING, Reporter.



Young Women of the Tabitha Club of Streeter, No. Dak., With the Rev. and Mrs. G. Ittermann

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

Activities of the Tabitha Club For Young Women of Streeter, North Dakota

We, of the Tabitha Club of the German Baptist Church of Streeter, No. Dak., have always wanted to send a report to "The Baptist Herald" about our activities.

We have 12 members at the present time and hold our meetings once a month in the homes of the members. We do mostly mission work, since it is a mission club. We helped along with the building of our church when it was enlarged. We help along and work with the church whenever we can.

Our club was started 13 years ago by the Mrs. B. W. Krentz, our pastor's wife of that time. We have mostly young girls in the club and several young married women. Therefore our attendance and membership decreases whenever the girls leave for school or work.

Since gas rationing has started, we meet on Sunday afternoons to save our country people from making an extra trip on Friday evenings. A picture of our club and of our pastor, the Rev. G. Ittermann, and his wife accompanies this report.

MINNIE STUCKLE, Reporter.

The Spring Valley Church of South Dakota Starts the New Year Aright

The Spring Valley Baptist Church of South Dakota can, indeed, thank God for the blessings that have been bestowed upon it. In the abundance of spiritual blessings, which have come to our church, we can mention the fine work of the Rev. Arthur Schulz and his wife in the time in which they have been with us.

Inspirational and evangelistic meetings were held in October with the Rev. John Epp of Chancellor, So. Dak., bringing the messages. There were a number of conversions, and many were drawn closer to Christ in the meetings.

At Christmas we held a program and presented the play, "The Story of a Christmas Gift." At this time a lovely gift was given to Mr. and Mrs. Schulz as a token of our love. Services were held on New Year's Eve and many testimonies were given about what the Lord had meant to us in the past year. Mr. Peters presented Mr. and Mrs. Schulz with a beautiful gift from the church to start the new year off with love.

We pray that God may continue to bless us together and lead us in his way.

ED. WOLTZEN, Church Clerk.

The First Baptist Church of Hebron, No. Dak., Regrets Losing Its Pastor

Very reluctantly and with deep regret, we of the First Baptist Church of Hebron, No. Dak., accepted the resignation of our beloved pastor, the Rev. Edmund Mittelstedt, at our business meeting on Jan. 1st. Mr. Mittelstedt plans to leave us about March 1, to take up the work of the Fifteenth St. Church at Los Angeles, Calif. Our loss is their gain.

God has richly blessed us as a church, both spiritually and financially, during the brief 2½ years our pastor has been with us, and he has accomplished much to bind up old wounds, so that today we stand united as never before. The relationship among our own members and the pastor is one of complete harmony.

During the past two years we have had four baptisms with a total of 50 candidates. Now we have our own baptistry in our Hebron Church. A Junior Church was organized last fall under the leadership of Mrs. Mittelstedt, which has proven itself worth while. We organized another class in our Sunday School this year. To foster daily Bible reading in the homes of our church members, we distribute 100 copies of "The Secret Place" among our young people. So far, we have 32 "Sendbote" and 101 "Baptist Herald" subscriptions.

Up to now we have 29 "boys" in the Armed forces. We keep in touch with each one of them through our Soldier Correspondent Secretaries and we send each one "the Baptist Herald" and "The Secret Place."

We ended our year with a substantial cash balance in bank in our general fund. All departments of our church work function well. The two choirs, under the direction of our pastor, have done much to make our Sunday services more impressive and have been a blessing to our older people. We are so sorry to see our good brother Mittelstedt leave us now, but the work he has done among us will live on, even though someone else may enjoy the fruits of his labor here. It is our hope and prayer that God will send us a successor, who may take over and carry on where Mr. Mittelstedt left off.

I. E. GIETD, Correspondent.

Last Year's Activities of the Baptist Women's Mission Society of Vida, Montana

The women of the Vida Baptist Church of Vida, Mont., for a number of years had held no regular meetings. But on Jan. 25, 1942, they met and reorganized the society. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Otto Fiesel, president; Mrs. Adam Remmich, vice-president; Mrs. Rudolph Buechler, treasurer; and Mrs. R. H. Berreth, secretary. We have 15 very active and willing members at present.

The program for the entire year was presented in a printed booklet. The topics for the entire year are set up by a committee far in advance.

In May the society presented a Mother's Day program. We gave a picture to our oldest mother. In October we had our bazaar of fancy work and a plate lunch at the church. One of the main articles of the sale was a hand made quilt donated to the society by Mrs. Fred Wiedrich of Beulah, No. Dak. The net proceeds for the evening were \$106.64.

Our net income for the year was \$211.17, of which \$50 were given to missions, \$75 for interior repair work on the church, \$12 for rent on a building to sponsor the new Baptist mission work at Sidney and \$15 toward the church piano.

MRS. R. H. BERRETH, Secretary.

A Successful Year for the Napoleon Baptist Church and Its Pastor, Rev. Edward Kary

The past year has been in many respects a momentous one for the Baptist Church of Napoleon, No. Dak. On New Year's night one year ago the church welcomed its minister, the Rev. Edward Kary, for the first time. A newly organized church and a new minister seemed to be an ideal way to begin a new year.

Now as we look back upon the activities and the blessings of the year, we realize that God has been gracious and kind to us. He richly blessed the labors of our hands and, in appreciation, the people have given freely. Since we were heavily laden with debts at the beginning of the year some people faced the future with apprehension. As the year came to its close every cent was paid.

In the last three months alone nearly \$900 were raised, which was over and above the regular expenses. Considering the fact that we are only 61 members, it certainly speaks of a spirit of willingness.

In December the Rev. G. P. Schroeder assisted us in special services. His splendid messages were instructive as well as challenging. The church was greatly benefited by them.

On New Year's evening the members gathered for a Watch Night service. With songs of praise and prayer we prepared to enter the new year.

At the annual business meeting the pastor's salary was increased. This certainly is a commendable act on the part of the church in a time of rising living conditions. And so, trusting upon the grace of God and his blessings, we began the new year seeking his guidance in all things.

EDWARD KARY, Pastor.



The Rev. John Giesbrecht of Washburn, No. Dak., and Three Young Baptismal Candidates

New Year's Watch Night Service for the Washburn and Underwood Baptist Churches

On New Year's Eve members and friends of the Baptist Churches of Washburn and Underwood, No. Dak., gathered in the Washburn Church for a combined baptismal and Watch Night service.

The first part of the evening consisted of a worship service with special music by our Ladies' quartet and the mixed quartet. Our pastor, the Rev. John Giesbrecht, brought an inspiring and challenging message on "Victory in '43," after which he stepped into the baptismal waters and baptized three young ladies. The candidates were Joan Schell and Anna Mae Jenner from our Underwood Church and Adeline Keck of the Washburn Church.

After the baptismal service, we gathered in the church basement for lunch and good fellowship. Thereafter we again gathered in the main auditorium. We spent this closing hour of 1942 in the most profitable way we knew how. The first 20 minutes were occupied with testimonies and resolutions for the New Year. The girls, who had been baptized, and Mr. David Raugust, who came to us by letter, were given the hand of fellowship, after which all the members joined in the Lord's Supper.

We closed the old year and entered the new year with prayer to our heavenly Father. It is our prayer and aim that God may continue to bless his work here in Washburn and Underwood.

MRS. E. E. KLEIN, Reporter.

Answered Prayers and Spiritual Victories in the Life of the Cathay Baptist Church

As we read the many fine and joyous reports from the various churches, we cannot help but join the chorus in thanksgiving for the wonderful guidance of God through days of trial and temptation. We as the Baptist Church of Cathay, No. Dak., felt his power keenly and rejoiced in its victory when it was announced that our mission offering was a little short of \$500. The Rev. Edgar Klatt of Grand Forks, No. Dak., brought the very inspiring mission message. It was our great privilege to have Mr. and Mrs. Klatt with us for a whole week preceding the Mission Sunday, during which Mr. Klatt lifted us upon higher ground

with his striking and penetrating messages and his spiritual emphasis.

Another great event in our church was the presentation of the play, "The Empty Room," by a group of our young people, who joyously posed for a requested picture. Speaking of our young people, we can say that we are proud of them. This church does not need to worry about "pillars for tomorrow."

During the past year the interior of our church was newly decorated. In 1943 the church property around the building will undergo a change. Three lots will be turned into a park providing a place for outside gatherings. Already members have declared themselves ready to donate trees, lawn seed, flowers, etc. The parsonage, too, will not be forgotten in this great plan of improvement. Thus, we look forward to a busy summer. Not to be forgotten is the substantial increase in the pastor's salary already effective.

But while we are counting the many blessings, we must also count the loss in our membership. Three faithful servants have gone to be with the Lord. On top of the list stands the name of him who did much in the founding of this church, Brother Broshat.

There are also some who left us to make their home in some other place. All these have caused our membership to shrink greatly in number, but, thanks be to God, not in spirit and zeal. We who remain are determined to fight on in the battle for truth and against sin until the victory is won.

P. T. HUNSICKER, Pastor.

NORTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

A Young Sergeant Is Baptized and Received Into Milwaukee's North Avenue Church

During the past year a young soldier attended the services of the North Ave. Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., every time he came to Milwaukee on furlough or week-end visits. Since he was stationed at a nearby camp, his attendance at the church was quite frequent. Several weeks ago he called at the pastor's home and asked to join the church, stating that he felt this step to be essential. On Sunday, Jan. 10, it was my privilege to baptize him and also extend the hand of fellowship. It was, indeed, a touching moment when this young sergeant in his army uniform was received into our church.

Our church finds much joy in ministering to the men in the armed service. The work is done through a Service Men's Committee. Each man receives a New Testament, the church bulletin is mailed each week, a subscription to our "Baptist Herald" is given each man, "The Secret Place" is provided each quarter, birthday and other cards are sent as occasion calls for them. From time to time gifts are also sent to the men. Thus, we try to maintain contact with the men who are away and have reason to believe that this ministry shall bear fruit for the Kingdom. At least, there is ground for this faith in the many letters received from the men in the service.

E. J. BAUMGARTNER, Pastor.

The Bethany Church of Milwaukee Holds a Farewell Reception for Miss Siewert

On Friday evening, Jan. 15, members and friends of the Young People's Society of the Bethany Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., assembled for its monthly business meeting and social hour. The business session was followed by a surprise farewell party given for Miss Alma Siewert, a faithful member and co-worker of the society.

Miss Siewert has felt the definite leading of God to go and prepare for full time Christian service and will attend the Toccoa Falls Institute, Toccoa Falls, Georgia. The young people presented her with a gift. Special recognition was given to Miss Siewert at a well attended Sunday morning worship service, at which time a gift on behalf of the church was presented to her by the pastor, the Rev. Frank Veninga.

Miss Siewert has been a faithful and active member of our church. For nearly two years she served as the energetic president of the Baptist Youth Fellowship of Milwaukee. Even though we shall miss her as an enthusiastic worker, nevertheless, we gladly give her to the larger Kingdom work, especially so since Miss Siewert is the first one in the short history of our church to enlist for full time Christian service. May the appropriate choir selection of the morning worship service, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me," give assurance that God leads his children aright!

FRANK VENINGA, Reporter.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

A Happy and Eventful Year in 1942 for the Church at Neustadt, Ontario

The Baptist Church of Neustadt, Ont., is situated on one of the two hills of Neustadt which gives prominence to its location and influence. During the past year worthy advantage was taken of this prominence as the church endeavored to be a lighthouse to the community.

At the annual business meeting the clerk and treasurer presented their inspiring reports. There was a real need for new hymns, and, consequently, two of our faithful members started a fund to which many responded immediately. On March 29, 1942, a beautiful service for the dedication of the new books was held. Our deacons Messrs. J. E. Schnurr and C. Yungblut, assisted nobly in the dedicatory program.

It was a great day in July when the church welcomed seven persons into its fellowship. Two of the group had been serving their Master for a number of years. The other five were recently brought to the Cross through the faithful work of the Sunday School teachers, excellent home training, and evangelistic efforts of several preceding months. We enjoy the fellowship of old and young in our church from the age of 9 to 90 years.

Many weeks were spent in making preparations for our evangelistic meetings held in November. The effort put forth and prayers offered were not in vain for two persons were brought to Christ and the rest were inspired to do greater things for him.

During the Christmas holidays the church enjoyed the visit and service of Mr. Edwin Michelson, a student from our Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. We are grateful to him for the good messages.

A part of the last evening of the old year was spent in our sanctuary. Special music, testimonies, prayers, and appropriate messages gave praise to our Father for the wonderful guidance and protection during 1942. We placed ourselves again in his care.

The work is progressing slowly and positively. All branches are active. The Ladies' Mission Circle placed a beautiful carpet on the platform and in the choir loft recently.

During these momentous days, when the Christian work is difficult, we covet the prayers of our brethren in Christ throughout the denomination.

R. A. GRENZ, Pastor.

Blessings of the Past Year as Reviewed by the Church at Munson, Pennsylvania

We of the Forest Baptist Church at Munson, Pa., are thankful to God for the wonderful blessings of the past year. The Rev. and Mrs. George Zinz, Sr., are serving us for the third year. Their sacrificial Christian living is an inspiration and challenge to all of us. In May, 1942, we had the privilege of ordaining Mr. Robert Schmidt, a graduate of our Rochester Seminary, into the Christian ministry.

May 24th marked the twenty-fifth year of Mr. Zinz's entrance into the ministry. The church presented him and Mrs. Zinz with 25 silver dollars as an expression of our love. This was Mr. Zinz's first church.

The Rev. Theo. W. Dons held evangelistic meetings in our church for two weeks in September. His stirring messages brought us all closer to our Savior.

On October 25 we were happy to have two young women and a young man follow Christ in baptism. At the yearly business meeting it was decided to raise our minister's salary.

As in most country churches, a great many of our young people have gone to the cities to seek better employment. A number of our young men are now serving in the armed forces of our country. We are proud of them and pray for their safe return.

MRS. HENRY LITKE, Church Clerk.

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ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Young People of Jamesburg, N. J., Enjoy Box Social and Present Candle Light Service

At the December B. Y. P. U. meeting of the Baptist Church of Jamesburg, N. J., an old fashioned Box Social was held by the third group. Although many of our boys are in service, the sales ended evenly.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 10, a very impressive candle light service was presented by the fourth group. The anniversary story by Margaret E. Sangster was read.

Our pastor, the Rev. Gustav Lutz, left our midst on Feb. 2 for the army as a Chaplain. On Jan. 31 his farewell sermon was given.

The Rev. Thomas D. Lutz of Sheboygan, Wis., our pastor's brother, conducted our evangelistic services from Feb. 1 to 12.

JEAN KILBOURN, Reporter.

CENTRAL CONFERENCE

The Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor Reviews the Past Year

As a congregation we of the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., can look back to the year 1942 with gratitude to God and say with his servant of old, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Two weeks of protracted meetings were conducted in January and two weeks in November of 1942. The Rev. R. Lutz of Flint, Mich., and the Rev. O. Scott of Napoleon, Mich., served respectively. A baptismal service is being planned for Palm Sunday.

Several programs were given during the year. The two recent ones were a Christmas cantata by the faithful and talented mixed choir of the Church and a Watch Night program by the male choir of the church. Two students of our school in Rochester, N. Y., one a son of the church, took part with brief addresses.

The financial status of the church is good. The church treasurer closed his books with over \$2000 in the treasury and all bills paid. Missionary offerings have increased. A new stoker was installed in the furnace room and the spacious Sunday School room was redecorated.

All branches of church life are active. The Sunday School has an enrollment of over 400. Because of the many and large classes we find the equipment quite inadequate.

The material things without the spiritual have little value. Time and again our hearts were strangely warmed by the spiritual fires in the pulpit. The field is large, difficulties are great, but there are also many open doors, if members will only avail themselves of them. It requires wisdom, patience and grace to carry on. Our pastor, the Rev. Erich Gutsche, has these qualities in a large measure.

GUSTAV WETTER, Church Clerk.

SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Annual Report of the Baptist Women's Sewing Circle of La Salle, Colorado

The women of the Sewing Circle of the First Baptist Church of La Salle, Colo., are, indeed, happy to give a report about the work they have completed during the past year.

We have 32 members. The attendance is always very fine. Our circle meets on the third Thursday of each month. Those observing birthdays during the month get to select their favorite hymn, which is sung by the group. Roll call is answered by a favorite poem or reading.

A brief summary of the work completed during the year includes a birthday dinner on Feb. 4 for our husbands and children, \$5.00 donation to the Red Cross, cleaning the sanctuary and basement, paid all expenses necessary in church kitchen, purchased new silverware for dining room and two flower baskets for fresh flowers on each side of the pulpit, gave tea towels and hand towels by members of the circle. Convalescent cards were sent to the sick. \$31.00 expenses, \$30.70 paid in dues. \$22.75 on hand.

A delicious Christmas dinner was served in December, which was followed by an appropriate program. Our "secret pals" were revealed with an exchange of Christmas gifts. Names were exchanged for the new year.

Election of officers of the new year are: president, Mrs. Rueben Borgens; vice-president, Mrs. Albert Renke; secretary, Mrs. Harold Bohlender; treasurer, Mrs. Albert Jerke.

It is our prayer that with the help of our Lord our work will prosper.

PEARL MOSER BOHLENDER, Reporter.

Annual Report of the Immanuel Baptist Women's Missionary Union of Oklahoma

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Immanuel Baptist Church near Loyal, Okla., has again taken inventory for the year and we are glad to report that we have gone forward with the work of our Master.

Although the horrors of war hover over us, we feel that the Lord's work demands more attention now than ever. So in the year ahead, with his help, we will strive to carry on.

During the past year, under the very capable leadership of our president, Mrs. Wm. Sturhahn, we have held twelve regular meetings, two birthday socials for the members of our society, and our annual program which was presented in May.

Our meetings have had good attendance and interest has been exceptionally good. Present membership numbers twenty-five active members.

During the year, we have contributed both to local and foreign missions, also giving \$75.00 to our local parsonage fund. We have remembered "the boys" of our church who are in the service of our country with cookies and greetings, also the Old People's Home with donations, the orphans with cookies and the sick with flowers.

MRS. HARRY STEBENS, Reporter.

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Inspiring Watch Night Service and Musical Activities of the Lodi Church in California

The First Baptist Church of Lodi, Calif., held its Watch Night service on New Year's Eve. It was a very successful evening, with an unusually large crowd in attendance. We feel that this shows that people are coming more and more to spend their time in God's house in these uncertain times.



The Baptist Women's Sewing Circle of La Salle, Colorado
Officers (Right to Left, Front Row): Mrs. Albert Jerke, Treasurer; Mrs. Reuben Borgens, President; Mrs. Harold Bohlender, Secretary; Mrs. Albert Renke, Vice-president.

Our pastor, the Rev. Albert Felberg, opened the meeting leading in the song service, and bringing a sincere and heart stirring message. This was followed with the installation of all the church officers. A memorial service for the members of the church, who have passed on to their heavenly reward in the past year, was effectively held with Mr. Paul Bloschee giving the memorial address.

Mr. Henry Streibel, the oldest member of our church, gave a very interesting talk with words of encouragement to the church to continue in God's work. Mr. Streibel is 90 years old, and he is loved by everyone here.

A moment of silence at twelve o'clock midnight was observed followed with a prayer by the congregation that was offered for all our boys in the Service, of whom we now have 67 on our church's Service Roll.

The various organizations of the church have been very active in the past year. A "singspiration evening" was held in our church by the Young People's Society inviting the young people of the Lodi churches to attend. There were 417 in attendance. A return invitation was given by the Methodist church on Sunday, Jan. 17.

A city choir composed of 100 voices was organized under the splendid leadership of Calvin Lohr. Dr. J. J. Seibel, also a member of our church, directs the community male chorus. Both gave a performance on Thanksgiving Day in the High School auditorium, which will be remembered for a long time in this city.

The church is now preparing in prayer for a series of revival meetings to be led by the evangelist, Dr. Harry O. Anderson of Pasadena.

BERTHA MEYERS WOLFF, Reporter.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

Happy Events in the Recent Life of the Baptist Church of Morris, Manitoba

Blessed words are these about tithing in Malachi 3:10! Each year a few more of the members of the Baptist Church of Morris, Manitoba, join the ranks of the happy tithers. And God has "opened the windows of heaven" and showered upon us a bounty of blessings. Let me enumerate a few.

In the summer of 1940 a group of nine young men of our church, under the leadership of Mr. Waldemar Rempel, organized a musical band. The sounds that emanated from the practice room that summer defied all description. However, before very many months were over the sounds became more rhythmic and took on a musical semblance. At the end of the first year the band celebrated by giving an outdoor concert at the home of one of the members, Mr. Arthur Edel. Ever since then the band has played an important part at most of our church and Sunday School functions, and has grown in numbers to 17.

Our Bible School which was held during the first week in December was very well attended by Sunday School workers and youth leaders. We were favored by having the Rev. A. Husmann as a teacher. He came with a God-given message, and it found its way into the hearts of eager and aggressive workers. The Rev. Phil. Daum and our pastor, the Rev. H. Schatz, brought inspiring and educational lectures on "Our Experience of God" and "Music," respectively.

New benches for our church! A dream of years ago is now coming true! With the close of 1942 our church books showed a credit balance of nearly \$2000. Enough was there to raise our minister's salary by one hundred dollars, to give him a gift of another hundred dollars at New Year's, to carry on until next September and, lastly, but by far not least, enough for new church benches besides!

Our young people are an earnest group, three of them attending the Institute at Edmonton this year. They are working with zeal and faith.

IDA J. HOFFMAN, Reporter.

Farewell Reception for the Rev and Mrs. S. Riemer by the Forestburg Church of Alberta

On Sunday evening, Dec. 27th, the Rev. S. Riemer of Forestburg, Alta., brought his closing message, thus completing his ministry in our Forestburg Baptist Church.

The theme of his last message gave us new courage to go forward and to serve our Master to the best of our ability. Mr. Riemer served us for practically two years, and we praise God for sending him to us and for the many blessings which we received through his ministry.

After the evening service the church had arranged for a farewell for Mr. and Mrs. Riemer and family. Our deacon, Mr. Albrecht, was in charge, and he called on the various branches, and officers of the church to speak a few words of appreciation.

The service that Mr. and Mrs. Riemer rendered here will be greatly missed. We also regret the loss of an active member of our B. Y. P. U., namely, their son, Helmut, and daughter, Gertrude, from our Sunday School. May the Lord richly bless them in their new field at the Bethel Church of Alberta.

Mrs. R. BUSCH, Reporter.

Many Evidences of Progress in the Grace Church of Kelowna, British Columbia

We, as the Grace Baptist Church of Kelowna, B. C., wish to report a few of the latest events and blessings we have received.

On Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, the Sunday School rendered a very successful program with music, songs, and recitations. Also we were glad to have John Paschold, Helmut Hemmerling, Archie Bredin and Rolf Yanke, our soldier boys, home for Christmas. Sefrin Bredin, however, who is now serving overseas, was unable to be with us this Christmas.

On the 25th of December the B. Y. P. U. and choir members with our pastor, the Rev. A. Kujath, and his wife, had their Christmas Eve social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. Paschold. A very successful evening of enjoyment was spent.

Then on Dec. 31 we had our Watch Night service. The first part of the evening was sponsored by the B. Y. P. U., after which they served lunch in the basement of the church. Mr. Kujath was in charge of the rest of the evening and we stepped into the New Year in the most perfect way.

On the first Sunday in January we were privileged to take part at the Lord's Supper. Also we were glad when Mr. and Mrs. Hans Blessin, Mr. and Mrs. John Folkowsky and Mrs. Christina Hollowatch received the hand of fellowship into our church.

Since Wednesday, Jan. 6, was our pastor's 61st birthday, we, as church members, changed his theme for the evening. It was a great surprise to him as he walked in, the birthday song ringing in his ears. A short program was rendered after which lunch was served. Signs of appreciation were shown when he was called upon to speak a few words.

IDA BREDIN, Reporter.

Annual Report of the Wiesenthal B. Y. P. U. Reviews a Successful Year

The year 1942 was another year of blessing for the Wiesenthal Young People's Society of Alberta, Canada, and we can truly "give thanks unto the Lord from whence our help cometh."

It was, indeed, a great pleasure for us, not only as young people but for all members of our church, when on June 7, 1942, we were able to welcome our pastor and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. R. Schreiber, into our midst. During these months that they have been with us we have learned to love them and cherish the work that they are doing. May God richly bless their ministry and stay with us!

As a society we held 15 meetings which were varied as follows: biography, poetry, lantern slides, missionary, musical and contest evenings. Besides these, special programs were rendered on Easter Sunday, Mother's Day and New Year's Eve.

Our young people have started a "One Hundred Club" in raising money toward the Centenary Offering.

On Dec. 1st the society held its annual business meeting and election. The officers for the year 1943 remain the same as in the preceding year. Throughout the year 6 new members joined the society and eleven were dismissed, so that our present membership enrollment is now 60.

Under the capable direction of our pastor, we as young people have been able to organize a choir. On Sunday, Jan. 3, we presented a Christmas cantata entitled, "Chimes of the Holy Night," as arranged by Professor Herman von Berge. On Wednesday evening, Jan. 6, it was our privilege to present this cantata in the Second Church of Leduc.

VERDA V. BORCHERT, Reporter.

Bright and Happy Events of the Holiday Season for the Calgary Church

The Bridgeland Baptist Church of Calgary, Alta., since the arrival of its new pastor, the Rev. Ruben Kern, and his wife on Nov. 15, has exerted every effort and devoted its entire talent anew to better service for the Lord. Mr. Kern has already proved himself to be efficient as a shepherd of the church and, with his wife faithfully standing by his side, we know that God will use them for a great service in this city of opportunities.

The Christmas season was celebrated in a beautiful fashion. The Ladies' Missionary Society, under the sponsorship of Frances Link, introduced the spirit of Christmas at a special program, the most interesting feature of the evening being the manner in which the luncheon was served in the basement after the devotional period. With tables appropriately decorated in festive colors and by softly glowing candle light, the old Christmas hymns were worshipfully sung.

The Young People's Society chose two artistic young people, Mrs. Rinald Kannwisher and Lester Bertsch, to portray in color the nativity of Christ during the playing of Christmas music in the background. Also brief talks

were given on the history of Christmas and on various ways in which Christmas is celebrated in different countries. Adelaide Klatt was chairman for the evening.

On Christmas Eve the Sunday School scholars occupied the entire platform. Their superintendent is Mr. Wm. Link.

On Dec. 27 a Candle Light service was held and the Ladies' Choir participated by the singing of anthems. Eleanor De Caux, soloist, sang "Ave Maria." We are proud of our own Eleanor as a Sunday School scholar because of her singing talent, having won the Junior High School scholarship for the city.

We feel that for us as a church the new year has great opportunities. We welcome all Service Men to attend our worship services and want to extend to them a warm hand of friendship.

ADELAIDE KLATT, Reporter.

Young People of the Fenwood Baptist Church Participate in Several Impressive Programs

On Thursday evening, Dec. 24, the Christmas program of the Baptist Church of Fenwood, Sask., was presented in a very able manner before a crowded auditorium. The program included special music by the choir and orchestra, and other vocal and instrumental numbers.

A very impressive pageant, "The Star Lighted Path," was given by Sunday School scholars, and the young people. The church was dimly lighted, and the large audience was taken back in spirit to the first Christmas Eve when our Savior was born.

On Christmas Day we had a very effective service. Our pastor, the Rev. H. J. Waltereit, gave an inspiring message on "The Glad Tidings." We found ourselves in a real Christmas atmosphere because almost every light in the church was extinguished while the Christmas tree shed its light in radiant colors.

In spite of the fact that we had had heavy snowfall and it had turned very cold, we had a unique Watch Night service. The young people had charge of the first portion of the evening during which they rendered a beautiful as well as inspiring dialogue, "The Stranger of Bethlehem," under the direction of our pastor.

After a social hour we resumed our meeting. We spent some time in prayer and testimony, reviewing the blessings of the past year. How our hearts rejoiced as we saw the sincere and happy faces of our young people, praising God for the past blessings and expressing the wish that their lives might be more Christ-like. The pastor delivered a message which pointed us to the foot of the cross. In this meditative and worshipful atmosphere, partaking of the Lord's Supper, we ushered in the New Year.

We have a fine group of young people who are eager to help build Christ's Kingdom. We regret that three of our fine young men were taken from us to serve their country, but we hope and pray that they may continue in laboring in Christ's vineyard wherever they may be.

MARIE WALTEREIT, Reporter.

ECLIPSE

(Continued from Page 12)

for a faith that could lay hold of the desire even to live. His thoughts were like stampeding cattle so that when he tried to speak, to say, "Thank you," the words were like those of an inebriate. It was the high-powered sedative of course, he thought... If only he could see...

That was the day Clement Lindeman and Mildred had dropped in to see him.

"There you are," Miss Marvel said cheerily, "and all ready for company. Your friends are awaiting now down in the office."

He felt suddenly the need for—oh, anything, anybody. Someone to sympathize. Instinctively his left hand reached out to her, while he saw through his half-closed only eye, the round face of her chromium wristwatch, with its hands pointing to two o'clock. Was there going to be company? He didn't want visitors. He wanted the nurse herself to stay. He wanted to hear her say more concern-

ing spiritual things. She would understand if he told her about Mildred.

Clem and Mildred came in then, and in his misery, he saw how much in a hurry Clem was, how impatient to be away, how—rudely almost—he ignored the nurse—deliberately, at any rate. Terry hated him for that.

"Do you suffer much?" Mildred wanted to know. Her eyes were on the white bandage which covered the empty socket—the bandage, he thought, which mercifully hid the sunken entrance to a tomb. He knew she was sympathizing. If only he could talk to her alone...

There had been no chance that day, and none after that, for Mildred's mother had been taken suddenly ill; and there had been a funeral at Claytonville before she came back to Shandon. In the meantime he had recovered sufficiently himself to be back at his studies.

"One thing I will never do," he had vowed to himself, "I will never give her up without a struggle."

(To be continued)

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WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

(Continued from Page 5)

respective communities.

3. *For Our Churches.* Matt. 16:13-20; Acts 12:5-17; Col. 1:18-23. The church of today is challenged with greater responsibilities than ever before. Is it ready to meet that challenge? How strong is the prayer force in your church? Have the women of the church rallied to the call? Have they prayed for the success of other activities in the church except the ones in which they are engaged? Do we really pray for our church, its workers, and every branch of the church, that God's name may be glorified?

4. *For Missionaries Everywhere.* 2. Kings 7:9; Matt. 9:37-38 and 28:16-20. Have you ever heard anyone say, "Somehow I cannot become interested in missions?" As Christians we should never argue to undertake the great missionary task—rather it should be a passionate heart love for Jesus, expressed in participation through our prayers and our gifts. How much the missionaries need our prayers, for theirs is a harder task than ever before!

5. *For the Men in the Service of Our Country.* Heb. 13:17; 1. Pet. 2:13-17. God knows the anxious heart which is concerned with the welfare of loved ones near and far. Be assured that God lives and loves to the uttermost. Abraham Lincoln once said, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day." Do we not feel this very keenly now? Women of the church, therefore pray, that God will guard and keep all who are serving our country according to his divine will.

6. *Pray For Our Nation, and All Nations.* 2. Chron. 7:17-18; Psalm 34:17; Micah 4:1-4,

"Be not afraid to pray; to pray is right
Far is the time, remote from human
sight,
When war and discord on earth shall
cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the time to expedite."

Let us pray to win the peace which Christ came to proclaim so many years ago. As we study history we find that periods of calamity or materialism have invariably led us back to a renewed interest in spiritual things. Can it be that God is speaking to us now? Therefore let us pray that God will open our minds as individuals and as nations to learn the lessons that he would teach us, "that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer."

"O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord teach us how to pray!"

An Important Notice

This notice concerns our service men being sent overseas.

According to a recent Post Office ruling the "Baptist Herald," as well as other magazines, can only be sent to men overseas when they individually subscribe in writing.

Unless such subscriptions are received and forwarded to us we will not be allowed to accept them.

This does not apply to present subscribers who may be ordered overseas after the "Herald" has been mailed to a continental U. S. address, neither does it apply to men serving in any part of the United States.

With this ruling it is our understanding that new subscriptions, made by the service men direct, may still be paid by the church or organization at home, from which they went, and at the favored rate.

While the arrangement may cause inconveniences and delay we accept it out of loyalty to our country and in the spirit of cooperation. The necessity for this requirement is the lack of transportation facilities which are taxed by the priority needs of forwarding food and ammunition to our armies in foreign lands or waters.

H. P. DONNER,
Business Manager.

Continued from "CHILDREN'S PAGE"

A few days before when she was at the blackboard she had noticed that the teacher had in her top drawer a nice new pen and pencil set. Quick as a flash she was at the teacher's desk and had taken the pencil. Then she went to Sally's desk and wrapping the pencil in a sheet of paper from Sally's tablet, she hid it in Sally's desk.

The next day, right after school opened, the teacher stood before them with a serious expression on her face.

"Children, I am very sad this morning. I had in my desk drawer a new pen and pencil set. This morning when I went to get the pencil, it was not there. I have looked all through my desk and I can't find it. I hope no one in this room has taken it but I will have to investigate."

She began at one corner of the room and went right down the aisle, searching the little boys' pockets and looking through the desks. When she came to Sally's desk she thought to herself, "There is really no need to look in Sally's desk for she would never do a thing like this. But I cannot be partial." So she started removing the books and there in the back of the desk was her new pencil. . . . WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO SALLY? See next issue.

Do You Know That...?

Column Edited by the
REV. A. R. BERNADT
of Burlington, Iowa

Ninety years ago the "Sendbote," our well-known denominational paper, made its initial appearance. Since that year of 1853 the paper has gone into the homes of our constituency without interruption, and for many of our older people today, it is next to the Bible in literary importance.

If you don't believe that a picture is worth at least a thousand words, just try writing a description of a corkscrew sometime.

Ninety-one years ago our Seminary at Rochester began training men for the ministry in our Churches. Approximately ninety per cent of our men have been Rochester-trained, relating the School directly to the growing strength of our denominational life.

The only ship-builder in America who can build a boat in ten days is named "Kaiser." The man in charge of American forces overseas is named "Hauenstein." Men named "Wagner," "Meyer," "Schultz," etc., died at Pearl Harbor. Still some people fail to understand the meaning of "American."

Ninety-two years ago Konrad A. Fleischmann became our first denominational editor. He concluded his work in this capacity in 1863 when the Civil War was raging in our country.

Pilot Robert Inghram, a young man baptized by the editor of this column two years ago, is now languishing in a Nazi Prison Camp as a prisoner of war. He "balled out" over the Channel after being shot down in the raid on Dieppe.

Ninety-two years ago our entire denominational report consisted of 8 Churches, 405 members, 28 baptisms, 3 additions by letter, and 2 taken by death. These statistics would now apply to our individual, single Churches in many instances today rather than the entire denominational group.

There are 2,500,000 Sunday School teachers who meet each week with their classes throughout our land. What an enormous amount of volunteer work that only love for the Kingdom of God could call forth!

Our Seminary Quartet traveled 22,000 miles last summer rendering 101 sacred concerts before 15,000 of our people and visited many shut-ins, hospitals, army camps, old people's homes, etc.

Our Burlington Church now has 80 boys from the Church and Sunday School in military services in Africa, India, Solomon Islands, Hawaiian Islands, England, Germany, on the high seas throughout the world, and 21 states of the Union.

Sixty years ago the First Church of Meriden, Connecticut, was founded by the Rev. J. H. Moehlmann whose son, Prof. Conrad H. Moehlmann, has been teaching Church History at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School for many years.

The Little - Church - Around - the - Corner in New York City has been host to 37,500 weddings during the past 25 years.