



Sunday Morning at Bethel Church, Detroit Mich.

BAPTIST HERALD

Printed in U.S.A.

June 15, 1943

WHAT'S HAPPENING

● On Sunday evening, May 16, the Rev. Frederick Alf, pastor of the Baptist Church of Missoula, Mont., had the privilege of baptizing four persons on confession of their faith in Christ. This was the first baptismal service in the new church building. The Easter offering for the Missoula and Pablo churches was \$89.00.

● Chaplain George Zinz, Jr., is now stationed with the 107th Evacuation Hospital at Camp Blanding, Florida. He reports that he met Chaplain Edwin Kraemer of Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, while recently at the Chaplains' School at Harvard University. Chaplain Zinz is on leave of absence as pastor from the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., for the duration of the war. His address is 107th Evacuation Hospital, Camp Blanding, Florida.

● On Sunday evening, May 9, the Rev. Carl Swyter, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of George, Iowa, delivered the baccalaureate address for the George High School before a large audience. He spoke on "The Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ," in which he made an apt spiritual application of the class' motto: "Ringing the Bells of the Future With the Ropes of the Past."

● The fourth anniversary of the Anthony Wayne Mission of the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., was observed on May 9. The Rev. E. G. Kliese serves as the pastor and leader of this mission which has been meeting in a school building. On Sunday, June 6, a store building was dedicated as the new church of the mission. The Rev. George A. Lang, pastor of the Ebenezer Church and others took part in this impressive service of dedication.

● The Rev. Paul Gebauer of McMinnville, Ore., has received his appointment as a U. S. Army Chaplain following his graduation from Linfield College in May. On June 1st he left the Pacific Coast for the Chaplains' School at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., where he will spend six weeks in an intensive instruction period. Mrs. Clara Gebauer and their baby, Anne Elizabeth, born on April 23rd, are remaining in Portland, Ore., for the present.

● The Mt. Zion Baptist Church near Junction City, Kans., has been making a valiant effort to erase the debt on the parsonage as soon as possible, as reported by the pastor, the Rev. J. J.



Daphne Dunger, whose fourth birthday occurs on June 22nd, proudly displays the United States flag in honor of Flag Day on June 14th at Ndu, Africa, where she lives with her missionary parents, the Rev. and Mrs. George Dunger

Reimer. A payment of \$244 was made recently on the debt. On April 11 the Tabor College Choir of Hillsboro, Kans., rendered a musical program in the church. On Easter Sunday evening, the work of the Moody Bible Institute was presented in moving pictures. The Easter offering of the church was \$58.00.

● The Immanuel Baptist Church of Kankakee, Ill., has called the Rev. Fred Lower of St. Anne, Illinois, as its pastor to succeed the Rev. George Hensel, now of Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Lower has accepted the call, and he and his wife will begin their pastorate on this field about July 1st. He is a graduate of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Ill., and has had a charge in Denver, Colo. Both he and his wife have a great deal of musical ability. Their family includes a boy of 16 months.

● The Intermediate Sunday School class of girls of the Bethel Baptist Church of Salem, Ore., has recently subscribed to "The Baptist Herald" for the Red Cross reading room in the hospital at Camp Adair, Ore., and also for the reading room in the new U S O Center in Salem, which is sponsored by the Salvation Army. Their teacher is Miss Emma M. Schifferer, whose inspiring Easter article on "Bright Easter Morn" appeared in the April 15 issue of "The Baptist Herald," and the pastor of their church is the Rev. J. F. Olthoff, D. D.

● On Sunday evening, May 9, the Missionary Society of the Baptist Church

of Victor, Iowa, held a combined missionary and Mother's Day program. The program, under the direction of the society's president, Mrs. Louis Muller, consisted of Scripture reading, prayer, a song by the members of the missionary society, duets, poems by Miss Dorothy Mueller, and three splendid talks by the three mothers, Mrs. C. Daniels, Mrs. M. Betz and Mrs. H. Harjes. The offering amounted to \$35. The Rev. H. W. Wedel is pastor of the church.

● At the all-college program held in the Baptist Temple of Sioux Falls, So. Dak., on Sunday evening, May 16, one of the featured speakers was Miss Magdalene Luebeck of Ashley, No. Dak., the oldest daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Willy Luebeck, who spoke on the impressive theme, "Contribution of Christian Colleges to Leadership in a World of Chaos." This newly instituted program for Sioux Falls College was very well received by the large audience. Miss Luebeck also sings in the Girls' Glee Club which rendered a special program of music on Friday evening, May 14, in the school auditorium.

● Sunday, April 25, brought real Easter joy to the East Baptist Church of Wilmington, Dela., which will linger long in the minds and hearts of the members. It proved to be the best attended service during the year 1943. In a fine, impressive baptismal service two persons followed the Lord's great command to fulfill all righteousness. One was a promising young man from the Sunday School and the other was Margaret Peters, the minister's daughter. Others are considering this vital step of obedience to Christ. As the Rev. Christian Peters wrote, "the church hopes to have another service of like nature in the near future."

● On Sunday, May 16, the First Baptist Church of Grand Forks, No. Dak., celebrated the 20th anniversary of ordination into the Christian ministry of its pastor, the Rev. Siebe S. Feldmann, with a special program in his honor. The ordination sermon in 1923 was preached by the late Professor F. W. C. Meyer in the Andrews Street Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y., which called the ordination council together. Mrs. Feldmann is the former Miss Alma Meyer. Mr. and Mrs. Feldmann served as missionaries in the Philippine Islands from 1924 to 1941. He is now pastor of this Northern Baptist Church in Grand Forks, No. Dak., awaiting the opportunity to return to the mission field in the Philippines.

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The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly
on the first and fifteenth of each month
by the

ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS
3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
Martin L. Leuschner, Editor

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Coming!

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

In this majestic hymn, "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies," there is a perfect blending of spiritual and patriotic fervor. The story of the writing of this hymn by Katherine Lee Bates is not widely known. This article will be one of several to be featured in the July 1st Patriotic Issue of "The Baptist Herald."

THE VICTORIOUS SOLDIER

This message by Staff Sergeant Robert W. Achterberg of the U. S. Air Corps, now stationed at the Army Air Base, Santa Ana, Calif., and several shorter illustrated articles with news about our Service Men will be of unusual interest to all "Baptist Herald" readers.

GOD IN OUR DECLARATION

It is often overlooked that the U. S. Declaration of Independence was written by men who were deeply religious, whose political convictions were inspired by high and lofty Christian principles. The Scriptural basis for this "Declaration" will be apparent to every reader of this forthcoming article.

Subscription price—\$1.50 a year
To Foreign countries—\$1.75 a year
Advertising rates, \$1.50 per inch,
single column, 2 1/4 inches wide.

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

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

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

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

EDITORIAL



Cleveland, Ohio, June 15, 1943
Volume 21 Number 12

"Strive for This"

"Let us all then, who are mature Christians, strive for this!" These are the words of Philippians 3:15 as translated by Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery in the Centenary Translation. They come as the climax of that memorable passage in which the Apostle Paul reveals the deepest longings of his soul.

For him there was no greater prize in all of life than to win Christ and to know him in the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings. He realized his own weaknesses and shortcomings. But he was always pressing on to lay hold on this prize for which also Christ had laid hold on him. This was now the burning focal point of his zeal to forget everything else except the all important and all inclusive task of pressing "toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

In this passage we find the secret of all spiritual revitalization in our individual lives and in our churches. It is for this reason that the Apostle challenged the early Christians with this word: "Let us all then, who are mature Christians, strive for this!" This admonition is to be the basis for the program of a thorough going revitalization in our churches, whose transforming effects ought to be felt in the most distant outreaches of our denominational territory.

With the early days of June, the first of numerous convocations for ministers has convened with this spiritual goal set like a blazing star before the group. Reports of these convocations and of the streams of blessing flowing from them will appear in "The Baptist Herald" from time to time. Conference and assembly programs for the summer months will focus their attention on this absorbing theme.

Fifteen thousand informative leaflets presenting "The Secret of a Revitalized Life" are now being distributed among our churches. They are available free to any pastor or church leader in any quantity upon request of Dr. William Kuhn.

In all of this program the emphasis is to be placed always on this "one thing" which we want to do. We, too, must say with the Negro spiritual that we are "standin' in de need" of such revitalization. This is to be the burden of our prayers. It is to be our most dominant purpose. Its challenge is to loom with mountain-high grandeur before us. "Let us all then, who are mature Christians, strive for this—the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Saved to the Uttermost

A Digest of Three Recent Radio Sermons by the REV. P. G. NEUMANN,
Pastor of the Burns Avenue Church of Detroit, Michigan

Hebrews 7:25—"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

A SALVATION ARMY lassie, some years ago, met a clergyman on the street of an English town, and asked him if he were saved. With a characteristic smile, he said: "Do you mean I was saved—or I am being saved—or I shall be saved?" It was godly Bishop Westcott, the great Bible scholar.

Salvation does, indeed, cover the whole life—past, present and future. A believer can say, "I have been saved"—i. e., from the penalty of sin, or "I am being saved"—i. e., from the power of sin, or "I shall be saved"—i. e., from the presence of sin.

First, let us consider what it means to be saved from the penalty of sin. From the Scriptures and from experience, we learn that "we all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23.) And the penalty of such sinning is both spiritual and physical death. "For the soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezek. 18:4.) Separation from God, pain of conscience, loss of peace, sorrow of spirit, and the knowledge of being under condemnation and going to hell, is the penalty of sin.

Conviction of Sin

As we realize this, there comes to us a sense of deep conviction, and conviction is essentially the realization that one is lost. It is a feeling that the world has tumbled in. It is also the vivid sense of terror in being a fugitive from justice, with no adequate defense. It is like the desperately sick person who, because of a narcotic, has had a beautiful dream of well-being, only to awake to the awful reality of a hopeless condition.

Since conviction is in the office of the Holy Spirit, it need not be expected that we shall find it apart from him, for Jesus said that the Holy Spirit would bear witness of him and would convict the world of sin. (John 16:8.) This conviction would come and has come to many who have not yielded. The result of this crisis can be either penitence and regeneration, or hardening and condemnation. The same sunlight that softens wax hardens mud.

True conviction drives us to our knees and causes us to be sorry for the sin of all sins, which is "not to believe in Christ." Until one's eyes are opened to the conviction of the sin of unbelief,

the love of Christ cannot be understood.

The Gift of Salvation

What must we do to be saved? Nothing. For God, in Christ Jesus 1900 years ago, has done everything, and there is nothing that we can do. "For by grace have ye been saved through faith and not that of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works—that no man should glory." (Eph. 2:8.)

In brief, let me say that salvation is the gift of God which we receive by faith. When Andrew Fuller, one of the great preachers of England in a past generation, was a boy out on the farm, he became greatly interested in his soul's salvation, but he didn't know how to be saved. He went to church and listened to the sermons, but they brought no relief. He read good books, found no help. He watched Christians in their daily living and listened to the words that fell from their lips, but still his own soul was in darkness. When he was about ready to give up all hope, the words of Jesus came to him: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." With those words of Jesus ringing in his ears, he said: "I must and I will. I trust my lost and sinful soul into his hands. Lord Jesus, I come, I come." In that moment, the peace of God came into his soul.

My friend, if you do this, you'll then be saved from the penalty of sin, and for time and eternity you will be a child of God.

The Power of Sin

Now we want to show forth that our glorious Lord is saving us from the power of sin. First of all, it was salvation in the past tense. Now it is salvation in the present tense.

It surely does not take any stretch of the imagination to say that sin has humanity in its mighty power. The Apostle Paul declares we are sold under sin. (Rom. 7:14.)

Sin is the causative element of all world suffering. Sin is an opiate in the will, a frenzy in the imagination, a madness in the brain, a poison in the heart. Sin is the darkest intolerable burden of the soul that is destined to live forever. It is a black darkness which invests man's whole moral being and conceals from his vision everything that belongs to the highest and greatest realm of realities.

But God's Word declares that "sin shall not have dominion over you" (Romans 6:14) and that we are saved from such a power, and anyone who

in deep repentance over his sin, and in real faith comes to God through Jesus Christ, accepting him as Savior and Lord, will be delivered from the power of sin. For he is able to save unto the uttermost.

The World Crisis

The North American Indians had a saying among them, which they used in describing a man of keen discernment and quick to detect secret dangers. They used to say: "He hears the cataract."

Through the Bible, God's inspired men have warned us of the cataract, and today it is thundering in our ears. I am sure that we all admit that this world is in a terrible crisis. Yet masses of good people, even church-goers, seem still unmoved and complacent whilst the sinister shadows of destruction lie ominous and black across the face of the whole world.

It is no good putting on blinkers, nor looking on the world through rose-colored glasses. Neither should we hide our heads ostrich-like in the sand and think that all is well. Let us, rather, face squarely the facts of our day and be ready for the events as they come in rapid succession.

The prophecies of God's holy men are being fulfilled before our eyes, and permit me to recall some of them in order that you may prepare yourself for the emergencies.

James says that the last days will see wealth and wages arrayed against each other. Luxury on the one hand, poverty on the other. Wanton enjoyment of hoarded wealth, and sorrow and pain because of the lack of it; cruelty and oppression crying aloud to the God of heaven.

Darkness Everywhere

Peter says there will be lustful materialism and mockery of the coming of the Lord. Jude says that the world will be filled with ungodly sinners—full of hard speeches against God. John fills the canvas with many and broadly-touched pictures. Each of them is full of realistic situations in which the world is seen shivering with fear, or shouting with blasphemy, and he closes with a dramatic declination of a world in arms against God. Hear him as he speaks: "For the spirits of devils and demons go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." (Revelation 16:14.)

What a picture! The world in arms, and warring against the glorious Lord.

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God's Call for Cameroons

By
DR. WILLIAM KUHN,
General Missionary Secretary



Missionaries George and Louise Dunger Enjoying a Brief Rest and Lunch While on One of Their Many Treks in the Cameroons of Africa

IN A LETTER dated January 9, 1943, written in Ndu, the new residence of our Cameroons missionary, the Rev. George A. Dunger, in the midst of a paragraph while speaking of other matters, sends forth from his burdened soul this fervent plea:

"I cannot keep from saying again: Please, make every effort to send us some men."

As we read the letters from our missionaries, George A. Dunger and Miss Laura E. Reddig, received during the last months, we hear this passionate cry again and again. This need of new workers burdens their hearts by day and by night. As they face the many open doors and struggle with the most difficult problems and then think of their own insufficiency to meet the daily needs, they cry out in agony of soul: "O Lord, send more workers into this vineyard of thine!"

Because of his personal and intimate knowledge of our Cameroons mission fields, we are having Rev. George A. Dunger convey God's call for Cameroons missionaries in the excerpts from his letters.

Ndu, March 15, 1943.

"Without giving or even implying the expression of complaint, our missionary friends and supporters at home should realize that I am doing the work of five people and that I just passed the five-year mark since leaving home. That fact alone will convince every one of the necessity of some additional male workers.

"Moreover, either Paul Gebauer or I, or some other missionary worker, will have to see this work through to the end. I can not see how one missionary alone can adequately supervise this extensive and important work with the present amount of detail. I know that even with the greatest exer-

tion and high efficiency one or the other phase of this work must suffer."

Great Soppo, P. O. Buea,
April 5, 1943.

"With regard to the present situation and future developments in the Cameroons it is necessary that we arrange for additional staff to enter the mission field at once. Each main field should have one male missionary immediately. Specialists, if they are not available now, should come out after the war. The immediate arrival of four young men would not solve the problem of adequate supervision of churches and schools. However, it would be the first step toward a practical attempt for adequate supervision.

"There are now about 200 'church workers', nearly 4000 church members, about 2000 inquirers, a large number of Sunday Schools—and no definite large-scale check-up with church members, since the distances between fields and even churches are far too large. And what does ONE man amount to in an area of 16,000 square miles?

"Merely for our own field it is necessary that we find men with a clear call for missionary work, secure their passports and dispatch them in the speediest way possible, if we wish to continue this Baptist work, and if we do not wish to make ourselves guilty of gross neglect with regard to the welfare of the people committed to our care as a Mission Society.

"There is no possibility of a holiday or for a leave of absence for me, I can not leave these churches and church workers alone."

Ndu, January 9, 1943.

"Regarding workers: We should be very happy to welcome back Miss Koppin. She certainly would fill a great need—that of another medical worker. However, I am constrained by present situations on the field to repeat with

stress that additional workers are badly needed—for the relief of the present staff, yes, but in the primary place for the sound development of our Baptist churches.

"The situation will be much more acute immediately after the war, for returning ex-service men (natives) will bring with them a hunger for the advancement of their villages. And it is largely upon the missions that the wholesome satisfaction of that need depends. In case that missions will not face the fact realistically, a reaction detrimental to mission work will set in.

"Here I am not speaking in terms of church membership only, but in that necessary, wider sense of missionary activity—activity that will bridge cultures and cement relationships between peoples and nations—activity requisite for maintaining good will and peace in the decades to come. We must locate missionary candidates within the Baptist camp with a view of sending a limited number at once and those now on war duty after the war. I am keenly aware and deeply conscious of the fact that if we do not press forward NOW, we will make ourselves guilty of a thwarted native church.

"It is true that war and its effects unbalance life and work drastically. It is equally true that in order to right things we, if we can, must furnish a counterbalance. That is one of the main reasons for my staying in the Cameroons although I have offered myself for service and that my life might count more in the service of my country—the fact that I keep these Baptists—more than 200 'church workers,' about 4000 church members and schools with about 500 pupils—on an even keel of Christian belief and life.

"It is necessary to build steadiness into the lives of these natives every

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A Radio Broadcast from "The Haven of Rest" With the Quartet at the Microphone, Loren Whitney at the Organ and First Mate Bob at the Desk

"The Haven of Rest," a Radio Favorite

The Story of the Popular Broadcast by MRS. ADLENA MARSCHALL of Anaheim, California

"I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep;
In Jesus I'm safe evermore."

"WORDS OF LIFE on the wings of melody," is a fitting description of the radio program that is broadcast from the harbor called, "Haven of Rest."

The Good Ship Grace

How, when, and where, and also who constitute this program which gives this gospel in music and prose?
Let us step up the gang plank and

board the "Good Ship Grace," which is anchored among the beautiful green hills of Hollywood, California, away from the busy and noisy city of Los Angeles. The studio building is built like a beautiful white ship.

We are greeted by "First Mate Bob," known to friends as Paul Meyer.

We step inside of the ship and find ourselves in a beautiful chapel, which has a seating capacity for many guests who come in to listen to the daily broadcasts.

Nine years ago we had the privilege of meeting and becoming friends with "First Mate Bob" and his family. We know of the struggle and hardships through which they have gone to attain the blessings of today. At his own fireside years ago we were told of his wonderful redemption.

First Mate Bob's Life

For many years Paul Meyer was an important figure in radio circles in Southern California and had an outstanding position on the Pacific Coast as an executive manager of two radio stations. Success was at his feet, living in a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, having a high social position and a big income.

But days of strenuous work caused Paul to drink more heavily. His work brought him in contact with "fast" company and he went from bad to worse; drifting away from Mrs. Meyer and his children, away from God, and, finally, becoming a habitual drunkard. After a while he lost his position,

his friends and family; breaking down in health and losing his voice entirely. For over a year and a half he could only speak in a whisper. He found himself alone and "broke" in San Diego, Calif., a wanderer and a derelict.

Conversion and Dedication

One Sunday morning there pierced through his fogged brain the memory of a shrine long gone by, that of his sainted mother kneeling in prayer. He went into a large church for the morning service, seeking and hoping for one plea for lost souls.

Broadcast Schedule of "Haven of Rest"

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 A.M.

- KHJ Los Angeles, California
- KVOE Santa Ana, California
- KPMC Bakersfield, California
- KFRC San Francisco, California
- KALE Portland, Oregon
- KORE Eugene, Oregon
- KOL Seattle, Washington
- KGA Spokane, Washington

Monday, Wednesday and Friday

- KFEL Denver, Colo. 8:30 A.M. to 9:00
- WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5:05 P.M. to 5:30
- WNAC Boston, Mass. 8:30 A.M. to 9:00
- WMCA New York, N. Y. 7:30 A.M. to 8:00
- WPEN Philadelphia, Pa. 7:30 A.M. to 8:00
- WWDC Washington, D. C. 9:30 A.M. to 10:00
- WFBR Baltimore, Md. 9:30 A.M. to 10:00



Mrs. Adlena Marschall of Anaheim, California, the Author of the Story of "The Haven of Rest"

No one even greeted this hungry soul and he trudged back to his cheap hotel room. There the old Paul Meyers died and "a new creature in Christ" was born.

We all now know him as "First Mate Bob." There kneeling beside his chair he found his way back. With peace in his heart, he decided to go back to Los Angeles, back to wife and home to his children.

Here he dedicated his life to God, asking him to use him as he saw fit. God straightened out things between Mrs. First Mate Bob and his four babies.

As radio was his known field he started his ministry there, which today is known to listening thousands as the "Haven of Rest."

Other Shipmates

He began his work with absolutely nothing but a strong faith. He found a young man who was willing to start with him. This Christian young man is known to many on the air as the possessor of the beautiful first tenor voice of the quartet, Kenneth Nelson, son of a Baptist minister. Kenny was looking for an opening in Christ's service and here was his chance.

We often wonder if they realized the full power at that time of what a radio broadcast of a singing quartet, an organ, a vibra harp and sermonettes in prose could do to the hard hearts of the listening world.

Bobby Bowman is the baritone singer, and is a graduate of the Bible School in Pasadena. He is the official song leader. It is his duty to see to it also that all stations receive the transcribed "Haven of Rest" programs in time to be played on the proper dates.

Music Dedicated to God

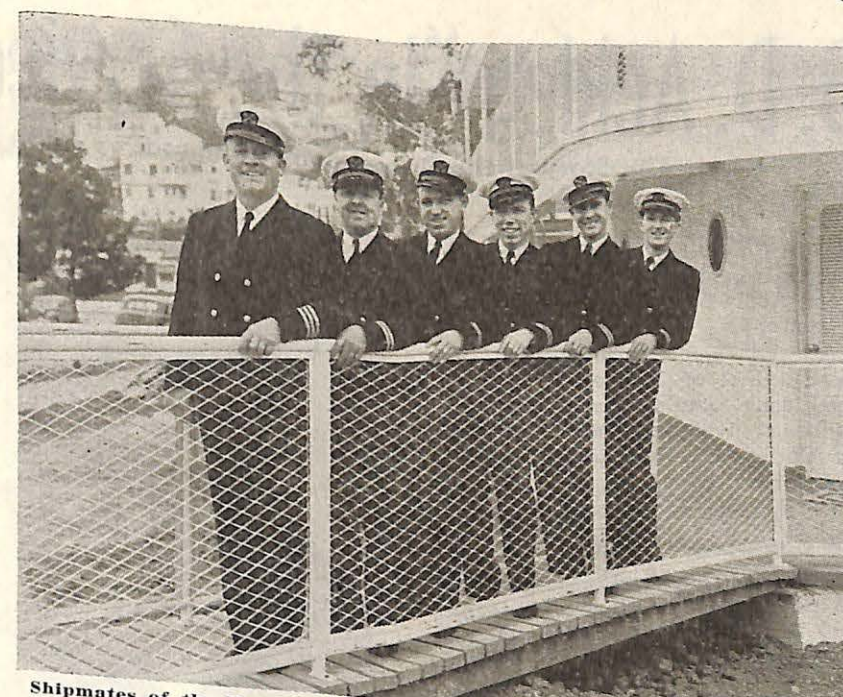
Ernie Payne, who has thrilled many by his rich bass voice, is in charge of the music library. He comes from Oregon, and in his quiet way arranges patiently all the programs for weeks in advance and also has charge of all the record department.

Completing the quartet we have Charlie Turner, singing second tenor. He has charge of the machines of the mailing department, a huge task of this broadcast.

There are the talented fingers of Loren Whitney that draw the beautiful tones from the studio organ. Being a former professional musician, he is fully capable in mastering this instrument.

The organ is a huge three manual type and the gift of "Aunt Mary Taylor." Many have been blessed by the music which was made possible by the gift from this God-loving soul, who now is listening to the strains of a heavenly choir. She left behind a monument which could not be more splendid to help spread the gospel in song.

We must not forget the family of "First Mate Bob," which consists of



Shipmates of the Popular Religious Radio Program, "The Haven of Rest," Broadcast from Hollywood, California. Left to Right: First Mate Bob, Kenneth Nelson, Loren Whitney, Bobbie Bowman, Charlie Turner and Ernie Payne

his loving Christian wife, Thelma, a constant help to her mate and the praying mother of four Christian children. Marilyn is the oldest; next comes Patsy Ruth; then Peggy June; and the last, Richard, the only boy.

The Radio Studio

When one pays a visit to the studio, one must not forget the little gabled building in the rear. It holds the office and the mailing department. Here all are busy, composing one large Christian family.

The technician, Val Hellikson, is the busy man whose task it is to "mix" a broadcast. "Mixing" is the term applied to the control of volume of music and sound effects.

All visitors are welcome at the studio and offices. All letters are personally answered and about thirty to forty thousand "Logs" are printed each week and mailed.

In March, 1934, this door of service was opened to this group, and the "Haven of Rest" went on the air.

Besides broadcasting daily, they have averaged about two hundred evangelistic services a year. Many thousands of souls have been won at the altars of churches and other meeting places. Thousands have found God on their knees beside their own radios and pain-racked bodies on sick beds have been strengthened in faith.

Echoes of old and nearly forgotten hymns come drifting through the air on wings of mercy and we recall the old sweet Christian faith of our forefathers. Again we are thankful for God's wonderful ways in redeeming those who have fallen to save others.

"God Bless You!"

The broadcast is nearly over and, in closing, we hear again the husky

voice of Bob, the First Mate, say, "God bless you!" It is a voice to which again was given the strength to be heard, a voice that was once only a whisper but that now carries the message for thousands of miles, that speaks a challenge to those who would scoff and ridicule the reality of a vital Christian experience.

How glad we are that we may hear and heed the truth through it, this message on the ether waves of the skies!

Again in closing we hear these words—

"GOD BLESS YOU"—

"I know no other word fitting to address you,

No song, no poem I've ever heard
Is sweeter than just 'God bless you,'
In these three words may you find
All the joy the whole wide earth possesses;

For there can truly be no joy
Unless, indeed, God blesses.

"I might wish you wealth or wish you health,

Or that good fortune might caress you,

But wealth might bring sorrow,
Or even health fail tomorrow,
So I simply say, 'God bless you.'

"Yours in the Service of the King,
First Mate Bob."

Altars of the Living God

The half hour is over, a half hour of song and prose to honor Christ's name. May that message travel, not only through all the states, but around the world to help glorify his name, and may the hearthstones of our nation again become altars unto the living God!

B. D. Ackley "In the Service of the King"

The Story of the Gospel Song Composer by MISS MARY KANAZAWA

SINNERS and drunkards got down on their hands and knees and begged for mercy. Afflicted hearts found comfort and peace.

They did this because of the God-blessed talent of Bentley D. Ackley, gospel song composer and arranger, who has won his way into the hearts of a Christian multitude with numerous favorites, though in all more than 1500 of his songs have been published.

The Composer's Office

The reticent but alert, good-humored bald man sat on the piano stool in his office, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his hands in his pockets. His deep-set kind eyes, thick grey eyebrows and mustache, his slightly-drooped head as though in deep thought, made one note the reticence, extreme modesty, and taciturnity of this great man.

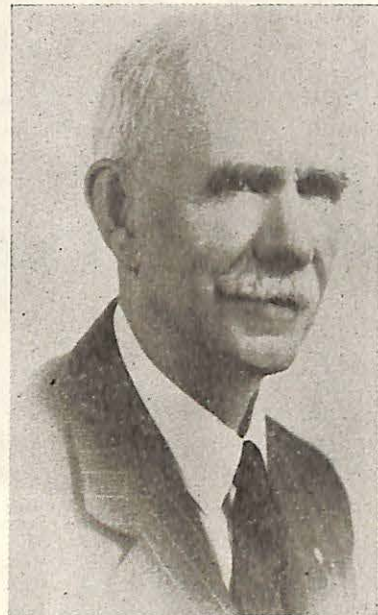
But with the mention of gospel song or hymn, his eyes twinkled, his whole face beamed, and almost immediately he started to speak enthusiastically. As one scanned his office, one saw nothing but books, song sheets, and stacks of manuscripts. There was a picture of Billy Sunday, and another one of Homer Rodeheaver on the piano.

Inspiration in Writing Songs

When asked whether most of his songs were written under sudden inspiration or not, he replied, "Well . . . I'll tell you, I just recently wrote a song in eight minutes for Churchill's (evangelist) 25th anniversary of his conversion under Billy Sunday. . . . Well, you know these people who talk about being suddenly inspired to write a song—so much of it is a lot of 'hoey!' Composing and song writing is not something one can accomplish in a few minutes. You've got to sit down and plug away at it, letting the melodies pour forth."

B. D. Ackley meticulously and assiduously works on his songs. "I write a hundred melodies for every song I print or use. You've got to write constantly and then pick the few grains of wheat out of the big mass of chaff." His output of songs have been prodigious, but the number he has written and consigned to the waste basket is tremendously greater.

That he is practical-minded is expressed in his words: "Often I need to change only a message or a few words to get a rhythm and harmony which the people in our meeting will sing. Sometimes my arrangement may not be as good as that of the composer, but the crowds will sing mine—and a song sung is better than a better song they won't sing, or can't sing."



B. D. Ackley, Composer and Arranger of More Than 2000 Gospel Songs

Two Thousand Hymns

Impelled by an impulse to use his musical talents in the service of God, he has spent over 40 years in evangelistic and revival work. Of over 2000 published or leaflet printed songs, the most favored ones are "Sunrise," "I Work With the King," "Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me," "If Your Heart Keeps Right," "God Understands," and "I am Happy in the Service of the King."

Ackley was the organist in the old Emanuel Church in New York when Dwight L. Moody held revival services in that city. For more than eight years he was private secretary, musical advisor, and pianist for Billy Sunday, conducting the music for many conventions and revivals all over the country, including the great Pittsburgh, Denver, and Philadelphia revivals, the latter being regarded as the greatest that Mr. Sunday ever held. Once he handled 700 letters in a day for Mr. Sunday besides playing in all the meetings at the tabernacles.

His musical ability and interest may be attributed to a musically-inclined family. His father was a school teacher, Methodist minister, and a musician. He organized a band and conducted singing schools throughout Bradford County, Pennsylvania, and so, naturally, B. D. Ackley at an early age learned to play practically all the instruments in the band as well as piano and the organ.

Ackley's Recreational Interests

To say that B. D. Ackley is completely engrossed in his music work is

to do him injustice. When he isn't in his office, one can almost always find him down in the recreational room shooting duck pins, at which he plays by the hours and shoots an average of 175—a mean score for a man nearly 70 years of age.

He chuckles over Mark Twain or shudders through a good mystery story, or works out mathematical problems for relaxations. He enjoys his dog, "Lucky," most of all. When he sends telegrams home from various places he asks about Lucky in detail.

But life is a happy song for this man, whose talent compelled Christian multitudes to sing, "In the Service of the King."

SAVED TO THE UTMOST

(Continued from Page 4)

In spite of every advance in education, art, literature, or science, it has steadily departed from God and his ways, and the last days are as the days of Noah and as the days of Lot. The people will be a Christ-rejecting, Christ-defying people, full of wanton sin and iniquity. Then, God will strike, and by the breath of his mouth they shall be consumed.

My friend, Jesus dying for us at the cross has delivered us from the wrath to come—the cross is our guarantee. For we "wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." (1. Thess. 1:10.) Even before the exceeding sinfulness of man finds its culmination in open rebellion against God, Christ will come for his own. Then will come our full realization of his redemption transforming us into his likeness.

We shall be free from all earthly troubles. Sin and death we shall know no more, and with him we shall be forever in unending happiness and marvelous glory. My friends, Christ has saved us unto the uttermost—are you still outside the ark of safety?

*Earth, what a sorrow lies before thee,
Unlike it in the shadows past,
The sharpest throes that ever tore thee,
Even though the briefest and the last!*

*I see the shadows of the sunset,
I see the dread avengers form,
I see the Armageddon onset
But I shall be above the storm.*

*There comes the morning and the sighing,
There comes the heart-tears heavy fall,*

*The thousand agonies of dying —
But I shall be above them all.*

CONTRIBUTOR'S

PAGE

MY CONSTANT PRAYER

By MILTON VIETZ
of Glen Ullin, North Dakota

May we never, never tire
Listening to thy voice;
May it ever be our desire
Always in Thy Word to rejoice.

May we never, never fail
Searching for the truth;
May we always ever prevail
Against the worldly sleuth.

May we never, never wander
From the blessed, blessed Way;
May we ever look up yonder
Till we are at home to stay.

SHUT IN WITH GOD!

By MRS. WM. SCHINDLER
of Detroit, Michigan

(Dedicated to a Christian Shut-in)

Some dear folks feel sorry,
Oh, so sorry for me!
For I'm an invalid,
A shut-in, you see.
They simply cannot understand
How I can sing all day;
They seem to think that
I should complain,
And fret, and cry
The day away!

Oh, yes, I am a shut-in,
But shut-in with God;
Our fellowship is so sweet,
Our communion so complete!
God said to me one day,
He called me by my name,
"I would like to talk to you
And draw you closer still."
So now I am a shut-in,
But I am not alone,
So now I sing and praise my God
For he lives right in my home."

AT YOUR BAPTISM

By MISS ETHEL L. RENNISON
of Davenport, Iowa

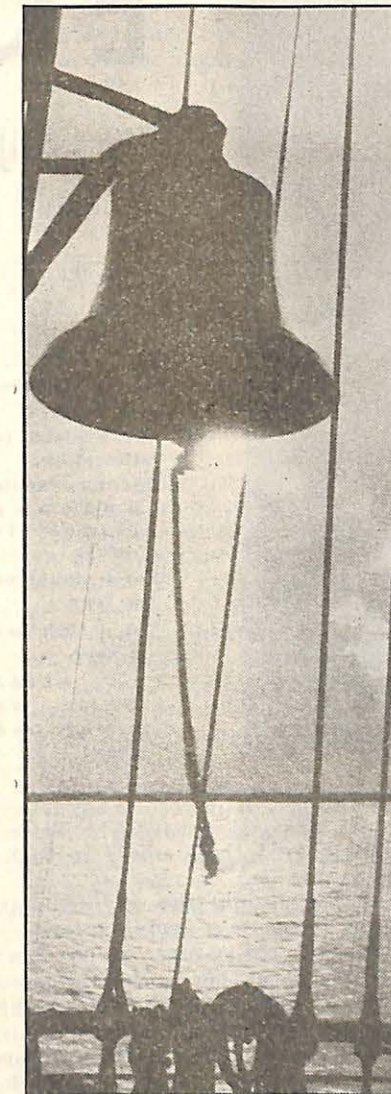
(Dedicated to a Friend at Her Baptism)

Christ was baptized in the Jordan;
You enter the waters tonight,
Your eyes are eager and shining
As you stand there, dressed in white.

"And now upon your confession"—
The minister's solemn word
"I baptize you"—Of a sudden
My eyes with tears are blurred.

I pray that your baptism
May be a symbol, a sign
That you have risen with Jesus
To live by his grace divine.

May you walk in love triumphant
In faith serene and true,
And thus reveal to others
That the Savior dwells in you.



A MOTHER'S PRAYER

By MRS. JOHN ADAM
of Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Lord above, watch o'er my boy,
Wherever he is tonight,
Wilt thou guard him, guide and help
him
To always choose the right;
Help him to keep his faith intact,
May his courage never fail;
Teach him to face the danger
And from hardships never quail.

He was a timid boy, dear Lord,
He never cared to fight,
He was taught to love his enemies
And tried to do the right.
He loved to go to church, dear Lord,
Especially to Sunday School;
He learned to love thy precious Word
And practice the Golden Rule.

Wherever he may be, dear Lord,
On land or air or the sea,
Keep him in the hollow of Thy hand
And bring him home to me.

Bless our land, dear Lord, and may
This dreadful war soon cease
That our boys may soon return back
home
Mid the joyful news of peace.

YOUR PASTOR AND YOU

By MRS. CORNELIA ELLEN SUSEK,
Union Baptist Church, Arnold, Pa.

Get to know your preacher,
Think of him as a friend;
Get to know your preacher,
It'll help you in the end.

Think of him as a person.
You'll find him charming, I know.
'Cause he's just another person
Who makes the Lord's work grow.

Ask him up to your house,
And go to see him, too,
For I think that you can help some,
And he'll be of more help to you.

Get to know your preacher,
For God wants it to be
That all of his dear children
Live in perfect harmony.

ADORATION

A Translation of the German Hymn,
"Ich bete an die Macht der Liebe,"
by REV. H. PALFENIER
of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

My soul bows down in adoration,
Acclaims the Love in Christ revealed;
To love, so strong, God's own devotion
My life, my love, my all I yield!
The boundless Love that knows no
measure
My heart shall claim for ever and ever.

How great Thy Love to me, a sinner!
And all my being yearns for thee.
Through Love's own sweet, yet mighty
power
Drawn with strong cords I am to thee.
This Love, so gracious, wondrously
tender,
Has chosen me, and I surrender!

I know thou art my dearest treasure;
I know I must be wholly thine.
'Tis not in man, nor in his pleasure
I rest myself, in thee I recline.
Here I find rest, here satisfaction,
Willingly follow blessed attraction!

O Savior, may thy name implanted
Within my heart remain for aye;
May thy great Love, thou God's
Anointed,
In heart and mind have its own way;
In word and work, in all my being,
May Christ be seen, as loving and
living.

Thine is my life, O blessed Savior,
Thou art my dearest all in all!
Thou gavest me, sublimest favor,
A full salvation from the fall.
Thy precious blood, thy grace and
salvation
Shall claim my love and adoration.

ECLIPSE

By PAUL HUTCHENS

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

SYNOPSIS

Terry Nealle was deeply in love with dark-eyed, raven-haired Mildred Handel. They were almost engaged when a terrible football accident happened to Terry, in which he lost the sight of one eye. Soon thereafter Mildred began to show more interest in Clem Lindeman. After graduation from college, Terry went to his mother's mountain resort, "Solitude," in order to manage the tourist business. One stormy night Mildred arrived at the camp and said that she had run away from Clem. There at the camp she reflected upon the tragic experiences of the past few days, her "break" with Clem, her quarrel with her unsympathetic step-father, her happy memories of earlier days of friendship with Terry. Now she had come to "Terry's mountains" to have her broken fifth wing bound up again, to start each new day of life with a song. Then suddenly she and Terry were called to the hospital because of a terrible accident that had happened to Clem!

CHAPTER NINE

Her prayers, rising especially during the past week, requesting that somehow she might be delivered from Clem, that she might be restored once more to the joy of her salvation—Were they gathering now into a mighty cloud of blessing, however black and threatening that cloud might appear? Blessing in the guise of storm?

She was aware of the come and go of the nurse in the hall, the sound of water faucets being turned on and off, the traffic in the street outside, the inevitable hospital smell of disinfectant, mingled with that of the roses in the vase in front of her. . .

Was Clem's death to be the answer to her prayer? It did not seem right that it should be, yet who was she to question the Sovereignty of God! Nevertheless . . .

"Oh Father, if there is any other way, let this cup pass!" The Savior Himself prayed those words in Gethsemane . . .

With the thought she was again in Nealles' living room trying to open a locked and out-of-tune piano; and there, gazing at her with frightened eyes, was gangling Silent Oss, flapping his wrists like an old crow trying in vain to fly, and asking, "Why do some of God's children have to live in Gethsemane?"

And while Mildred waited for Terry to come back and call for her, or for the nurse to summon her to the bedside of the man from whom she had run away, she believed she found the answer to that strange question in a beautifully engraved wall plaque on the other side of the room. Twice she read it before she grasped its meaning; and because she hoped that perhaps she might be able to help Silent Oss by quoting it to him, she began to copy it into a notebook which she had in her handbag. The name of the writer of the poem was not given, which, she thought, was just as well, because the viewpoint was that of the Father Himself, saying:

"There is a place within my temple,
For long ages kept for thee;
I must fashion thee to fill it
Through a bright eternity.
From the quarry I have hewn thee,
Rugged, hard and sin-defiled;
I must change and I must cleanse thee,
Wouldst thou stay the work, my child?"
Dr. Mansfield, she thought, must be

a man of faith. This plaque had no doubt been a medium of faith and courage to many a disheartened person. Through the years there had been hundreds who had waited here during a time of crisis, for the nurse to bring either good news or bad. This plaque would help them to prepare for either . . .

"And what am I waiting for?" she asked herself grimly. "Good news or bad? Or both in one?"

She copied on.
"Ask it not, 'twill soon be over,
Then thou'lt thank me for the pain,
See how every pang was needed,
Not one stroke bestowed in vain . . ."

"Ask it not . . ." She pressed her lips together firmly, copied the remaining four lines, thinking how fitting they were to her own case—:

"Tools of earth, sharp axe and chisel,—
Will have ceased their work at last,
Perfect to thy place, I'll bring thee,
Every tear and trial past."

Aware of someone beside her, Mildred turned and was again looking into the frightened bell-blue eyes of Silent Oss. He stood in immaculate khaki clothes, typical of the west, his sombrero clasped in both his spatulate-fingered hands.

For only a moment he let his tragic eyes rest upon hers, then he focused them upon the wall plaque, gestured with his snow-white head and squawked, "Sometimes the tools of earth with which the Father fashions us, are bayonet and bullet and sword, rather than sharp axe and chisel. Sometimes,—"

Silent Oss stopped abruptly. "I beg your pardon for intruding. I didn't mean to. It's annoying to have one's thoughts interrupted." He retreated then to the other side of the room and stood looking out the window, where she knew he was seeing the little mountain village, with the dark, oiled road beyond, winding up the long, steep grade of the mountain to the top where the great black cloud hung. Why had he come? she wondered.

Soon now, Terry or the nurse would call her to Clem's bedside. Clem who only a few nights ago had denied the reality of God, must soon face Him unprepared.

She finished copying the poem, slipped it into her bag, snapped the bag shut, followed Silent Oss to the window. She must not seem to be unsociable. Some time, perhaps, she would be permitted to see into his mind, to know why he suffered.

He heard her coming, turned and indicated a chair, near the window. "The view here is rare," he said. "Have you met the new nurse? She's been asking me to attend her Sunday School up the canyon but I can't let myself go. That's the way out, you know, and I have to stay away from the gate." He looked down at her questioningly. "Did Terry ever tell you about how I got in?"

In the interval of waiting, Mildred gave her attention to the odd but very evidently harmless individual, whom for the first time she had met this morning and whose first words to her had been, "Why do some of God's children have to live in Gethsemane?" It was a strange story which he told, very interesting, and absorbing. She wished her mind had been free to follow him more closely . . .

"You see," he drawled, seating himself beside her, and folding his long legs carefully, setting his sombrero on the top of a high, protruding kneecap, "Nealle and I always thought Teddy Roosevelt was about one hundred percent all right. We both rode for him on his big ranch in Dakota. Never was there a man that could shoot straighter than Teddy. Why, one day he stood in the front of his own log house which he and the rest of us had built, and shot a deer a hundred yards away. Teddy used to ride the range with the toughest of us, and could stay in the saddle as long as Nealle—that's Terry's father—and that was sometimes thirty-six hours, except for changing horses and eating. That was when we purt near had a stampede with a thousand head of cattle that were dying of thirst.

"Anyway, Nealle and I were mighty lonesome when he went back east to fight the spoils hunters and to be Police Commissioner in New York. That was before the Spanish American War. We wuz mighty proud, Nealle and me, when McKinley gave Teddy the job of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. It's too long a story to tell now I reckon, but when the battleship Maine was blown up, we knew there'd be war.

"So when Teddy started his 'Roosevelt Rough Riders' idea, Nealle and I broke camp and went east. We followed him anywhere. I guess there never was a regiment like ours, with athletes, and Indian trailers, and real Indians, and policemen and football players, and oarsmen and cowboys. All of us was itchin' to get to Cuba where we wuz goin' to fight, and old Teddy didn't take long to get us there. I'll never forget the way he jumped on board the engine of the train, after they'd refused us transportation, and he demanded the train to move, and it

moved—like everything else Teddy ordered to move . . .

"But that's not part of the story. It was after we got to Cuba, on the first day of July thirty-eight years ago that Nealle and I both fell in the same battle and at the same time. We were on our way with the others on a woody road, charging up San Juan Hill with bullets flying down on us and men falling and dying on every side, and my blood was boiling with the thrill of the battlefield—a terrible thrill—, then I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder and another in my face, and I went down, just as Buddy Nealle got some hot lead in his right leg. I knew I was going to die—and I guess maybe I did, I don't know. Anyway, for a minute I saw Nealle's bearded face looking down into mine, and his soft, blue eyes had more pain in them than a man would have had with just a sore leg. We loved each other, Nealle and I—Nealle is Terry's father, you know—"

Mildred, listening, was held by the strange pathos of the story, as the frightened eyes kept shifting at intervals about the room. She was thinking of Terry's one glass eye, the result of a football game.

"—and so," the raspy voice went on, "knowing I was going to die, I said to Nealle, 'Take care of Nancy for me. I'm dying.'"

"After that I went down with malaria, and something happened to my mind, I guess. Anyway, it was years before I knew anything again. Listening to the reading this morning about the Eclipse made me remember, and I thought as soon as I got a chance I'd tell you so you'd understand why I act a little strange sometimes. But I'm not—you don't think I am, do you?"

She arose suddenly as she heard footsteps in the hall, and, looking down at him pityingly, she said, "Of course not, We'll have another talk one of these days. I'd like to hear the whole story." She smiled, and followed the nurse down the corridor to Clem's room.

.....
"More company for you, Mr. Lindeman," Nurse Marvel announced, presented Mildred and withdrew.

The three alone together for the first time since that day when they had walked the old post trail at Shandon—that day in which Clem had told the supposedly-humorous story of the banker with the glass eye—the day on which Clem had said, as they walked the maple-shaded path, "Don't be so stingy with the prettiest girl in the old Alma Mater. F'r instance, I need a lady to display at Ionian day after tomorrow night, and I won't take 'No' for an answer."

That had been the beginning of the thing, and after the romance of Mildred and Clem had caught fire and burned brightly until—until, Mildred thought now as she studied his pale face upon the pillow, until its light went suddenly out. It was in total

eclipse now, she thought, and always would be. Yet an eclipse was not a permanent thing . . .

It was Clem who spoke first. There was a pathetic smile on the dimpled face, a feverish luster in his dark eyes. He extended his hands in a friendly gesture, then let them fall weakly to the white coverlet of the bed. His voice was husky, and each word seemed drawn from out of the dark—"Let's all go down and kick the post."

Terry was taken aback. Clem smiled then, and the smile was like an Indian offering a peace pipe, after the burying of the hatchet. White pillow . . . wavy brown hair . . . face still smooth-shaven from last night. . . . The slow words were coming now:

"I've been thinking—been in a half dream all night. Been thinking about you two, and why a girl would want to run away from a wedding. A girl doesn't do a thing like that just on impulse. There has to be a motive . . ."

It seemed a full minute before Clem spoke again. His eyes roved restlessly about the room, from Terry to Mildred, to the closed door,—as if he would be sure they were alone—, to the window, and for a moment to the mountains where, Mildred herself noticed, the great, black cloud still hung in prophecy of rain—her prayers being assembled before the throne in preparation for an answer. What kind of an answer!

It was a bewildering moment, terrifying almost.

Again Clem's slow voice, made slow by the effect of the sedatives which had been given to ease his pain and to quiet his nerves:

"Remember that day at Shandon, when we all kicked the post together and I asked to borrow the prettiest girl on the campus? That day I think I did you a great wrong—both of you. I thrust myself between. That was a mistake. I think I see it now, and so—" The handsome face clouded, winced in pain, "I've sent for you both to tell you, before I die—that I return what I borrowed. You said, Terry, if there was any interest, there would be trouble to pay—and there has been. I know now that I have loved and lost. I should have known it long ago. Once when you two strolled down through the maples and on out into the cemetery, I followed you—"

"And now, if you'll get my coat, Terry, from the wardrobe there—"

Clem sighed, closed his eyes wearily, and Terry, looking at him, pitied him as on another occasion he had pitied the fallen swallow and had restored it to its nest—had pitied the great, red deer writhing in death agony in its own blood, and had shot it to release it from its misery.

Terry turned to the wardrobe, opened it, came back with Clem's coat, held it for him while he searched an inside pocket.

Clem drew out a long envelope, handed it to Mildred. "Our marriage

license," he said, and she felt the bitterness of irony in the voice. "We shan't need it now."

Terry started, protested—"But aren't you—?" His eyes were on the envelope in Mildred's trembling hands. A desperate hope surged through him. But of course, they were married! There was the newspaper clipping from the Claytonville "Courier," and there was the handbag with the inch-high initials, in gold: "M.H.L."

Terry spoke, completing his question: "Aren't you already married? You said last night—"

"I was bluffing."

Terry ran his fingers into the vest pocket of his khaki shirt, drew out the clipping, and said, "I—I found this on the floor of the cabin last night." He extended the clipping to Clem who took it, glanced at it briefly, then let it slip through his fingers to the bed, whence it tumbled off onto the floor.

Clem seemed to relapse then, as if too much talking had wearied him. The strange joy which surged through Terry was smothered in doubt. He watched the pale face, the erratic quick breathing. What price victory? he thought. That he should win, at the cost of—murder, was no triumph. He had allowed his jealousy and hate for this man to drive him to violence . . .

The lips moved again, "Newspaper publicity. Set in type before the wedding, so we could have a copy on our honeymoon. We were going to Niagara, but Mildred wanted to come west, instead . . ."

He had returned that which he had borrowed—with interest, Mildred thought, as she watched the fevered movement of his lips, the play of the dimples in his pale cheeks. Was this to be the tragic end of their whirlwind romance? Her thoughts for a fleeting interval flashed back to the little town from which she had run away, to the quarrel on the bridge, to the cloud of white dust that had trailed in the wake of his car as it sped out into the moonlit country. She had lifted her eyes at that moment to the milky way, and to the pale stars that twinkled there.

Later, after writing the letter to Terry, and after mailing it, when she was parked at the dance pavilion, when, through the windshield mirror of her car she had seen the two shadows,—of a man and a woman—melt together in an embrace—that had been the thing that had decided her. She had known then that Clem was inconstant, and not worthy of the love of any woman.

She had known it then, but now—! Pity for him that he was going to die, that in his suffering he should make this gesture of kindness toward Terry, seemed to whisper in her mind one disturbing thought, "Are you sure the man who stood in the shadows behind your car was Clement Lindeman? Are you sure?"

The thought was like a dagger. If

she had not run away, he would not have had this tragic accident, would not now be dying, and she would not now be responsible . . .

Pale stars twinkling ". . . Father of Light! on Thee I call; Thou seest my soul is dark within . . ." That was why she had run away, not alone because she was repelled by the very thought of marrying this man, but because she had wanted to dispel the darkness within.

Clem's breathing now indicated that he was asleep. The two, Mildred and Terry, faced each other unveiled, then turned and left quietly. In the waiting room they found nurse Marvel and Silent Oss standing near the wall plaque, the latter with his back to them, his old voice rasping away on a story of the Spanish American War.

"And then," they heard him saying, "with the Spaniards pouring down a storm of Mauser bullets—Mauser, you know, was a German gunsmith, made one of the best magazine rifles ever made, died in 1914, at the outbreak of the world war, was seventy-seven years old at the time—Where was I—Oh yes, we were charging up San Juan Hill, with old Teddy on his gallant horse leading the way, waving his flashing sword, and yelling like a wild Indian, when all of a sudden his horse was struck. It started to rear and plunge, went up on its hind feet, pawed the air wildly, then crumpled up and crashed to the hill side. But old Teddy had learned to ride the wildest broncs out here in the west, so he was out of the saddle on the way down, and almost before I could see it happen, he was on his feet, swinging his sword and yelling to us to follow on. . . That was the last time I ever saw him, for right that minute Nealle and I both went down. I took malaria after that and—"

Oss seemed aware then, of others in the room. He swung around, saw Mildred and Terry, nodded in recognition. To the nurse he said, "I'll finish the story some other time. Terry, I finally found out old Pack's trouble—something wrong with the carburetor."

* * *

That afternoon Terry and Mildred climbed the Solitude trail to kick the post—the old yellow pine far above the house. Troubled emotions tossed in Terry's mind, and he knew that he, like Silent Oss, had yet to find his exit gate. He was to blame for the tragic thing that had happened to Clem.

For a moment, now, they stood at the base of the giant pine tree, and as in their days at Shandon, they reached out to touch the brown bark with the toes of their shoes, then he seated her on the great lichened rock a few feet away. For the first time he told her the whole tragic story of the fight in the December cottage, of the letter, the overturned chairs and the table, the glass eye that had rolled across the floor like a child's shooter in a marble game, had struck against

the wall, bounced, rolled away. He told her of the red that had oozed from Clem's head and moved like a broadening ribbon across the oak floor. He told of his fear, and of his frantic efforts to wipe away the blood stains, then as he realized the danger, he had rushed Clem to the hospital. Finally he told her of Silent Oss stealing into the cottage during his absence and removing every trace of the terrible scene. He told her also of the strange smile that was continually in his mind—"Silent Oss is right, Mildred," he finished. "Some of us are doomed to live in Gethsemane."

"Remember the warning we read at the breakfast table this morning—'Some evil will befall you if you keep the gospel to yourselves?'"

He stopped, sighed wearily, listened to the souging of the wind in the old pine above them, to the soft rippling of the little stream which tumbled past at their feet. At the edge of the stream within reach of his arm, he saw the drooping plume of a mountain Chimney Bell, its clusters almost touching the water. Once in his dreaming, months ago, he had envisioned himself as tucking one of the delicate clusters into her raven-black hair. Today he wished he might do that very thing, but he dismissed the thought, as another leaped in to do battle—He saw the pale face of his enemy, lying on the pillow in the hospital room, heard his bitter words of self denial as he surrendered to Mildred the marriage license. Evil indeed had befallen him—had befallen them all—if Clem should die. Evil had befallen Jonah of old who had risen up to flee to Tarshish rather than to go to his Nineveh. Yes, the Apostle Paul had said, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

For some moments after he had asked the question, she sat without saying a word. Finally she spoke, "I think it would be a natural consequence, a reaping of what we sow, rather than a direct intervention of God. I'm wondering—have been wondering today, when I see how radiant Miss Marvel is—how enrapt she is in the work of getting out the gospel—I'm wondering if there may not be a spiritual law, as powerful and as irrevocable as any law in the physical realm, such as gravitation, or decomposition under certain chemical conditions, that 'to neglect to witness, brings heartache, loss of faith and—eclipse.'"

There was tragedy in the thought, but if it were true, as true as the corrosion of iron through rust, then his own spiritual darkness was of his own sowing. He studied the face now of the serious girl beside him, who inadvertently lifted her eyes to his. How deep and dark they were—how ultra-blue; dark, sad pools of misery. He watched her as she looked away and let her eyes stray up the broad bole of the pine. He tried to follow her thoughts as he watched her . . .

(To be continued)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by MRS. BERTHA JOHNSON of Chicago, Illinois

THE EDITOR'S LAST WORD

Dear little Friends:

This is my last time with you. I have enjoyed writing the Children's Page for you again during the past 6 months, and have certainly enjoyed receiving your letters. I thank you for them. By the time you read this, each of you who has written to me will have received a little farewell gift from us. I suggest that you learn whatever portion of Scripture you have received. May God bless each one of you!

Sincerely yours,

Bertha Johnson.

"WE THANK THEE"

Sent in by

Loyn Kiefner of Balgonie, Sask.

*For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear and see;
For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair;
For love at home and school each day,
For guidance, lest we go astray;
For new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night;
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything his goodness sends;
Father in heaven, we thank thee.*

A Brave Little Soldier

"OH, BOY! just three more days and I'll be going out to the ranch! Will I have fun riding along with the cowboys herding the cattle. Whee! I can hardly wait." And Jim threw his book into the air in joyous anticipation.

School would be over in three days, and twelve year old Jim Brown was going to spend the summer with his grandparents on their ranch out in Wyoming. His folks had promised him this vacation a long time ago, and he had been looking forward to it for many months. Now that the time was almost here, he could hardly contain his joy and eagerness.

On the last day of school Jim's teacher was taking all the youngsters in the sixth grade on a picnic. The day dawned clear and bright and warm. In true boy fashion, Jim was all set about a half hour early with his ball and bat and glove under his arm. He said goodbye to his mother, dashed out the back door and down to the schoolyard. This was going to be a big day!

Miss Carroll took the children to their favorite spot down by the river. There were lots of trees there but there was also a clearing where the boys had made a ball diamond and where



—Photo by Ellis O. Hinsey
Tea for Two on a Lovely June Day!

they could also play games. It was only about a mile out in the country so they all hiked out together. Miss Carroll had her hands full with 16 lively boys and 10 gay girls.

The children spent the morning playing games and scouting around through the woods. The girls looked for wild flowers and the boys occupied themselves hunting for frogs along the river bank and throwing stones in the river. Miss Carroll busied herself getting lunch ready for 26 hungry youngsters.

After lunch the boys dashed out to the ball diamond and began organizing their ball teams. This was the big event for the boys because the girls would be their fans. Each one tried to play his best game of ball.

The game was becoming very exciting. The score was almost tied and all was going well until the 4th inning. Jim was playing outfielder, and the batter hit a beautiful fly-ball right out toward him. In his determination to catch that "fly," Jim was running backward with his eye on the ball, and did not notice that he was running right toward a stump. Just as he caught the ball, he lost his balance and fell backward over the stump, severely wrenching his back. He lay there quite helpless for his back hurt him very much. Miss Carroll tried to make him as comfortable as possible and sent one of the boys to the nearest home to call the doctor and Jim's parents.

The doctor took him at once to the hospital and after examining him said he would have to put him in a cast. Poor Jim! that would mean at least six weeks in bed.

The next morning, when his mother came to the hospital to see him, she brought some of his books to read to him.

"Naw, I don't want ya to read to me! What do I care about those old books! Today I was supposed to go to grandma's and now I can't go!" And Jim burst into tears.

For two weeks Jim's mother tried to get his mind off his disappointment and get him interested in things around him, but he wouldn't have anything to do with her suggestions. His little friends couldn't even entertain him. The nurses were beginning to lose patience with him, and his mother was heart-broken because she had wanted her boy to be a brave little soldier. After a while, the doctor let him go home. That was more pleasant and his mother tried so hard to make things easy for him, but he was still discontented.

The next Sunday, Paul came over to see Jim.

"Say, Jim, I'll bet you can't guess what our Sunday School teacher told us this morning!"

"What?" said Jim, showing a little interest.

"He told us about the poor little cripple and invalid children over at the County Hospital. Those poor little kids don't get out much and they don't have any one to care for them like we do. So Mr. Capp suggested that we fellows use some of our spare time this summer fixing up our old toys for those children. I've been thinking of all my old toys up in our attic and I think I could fix up some of them. Perhaps you could help, too, Jim. You could paint and put in screws, etc. And maybe you have some old toys, too. What say, shall I come over tomorrow?"

"Aw, all right. Might as well do somethin', I guess."

So Jim's bedroom was turned into a workshop. The boys came in with their toys, saws, paints, screws, nails, etc., and soon they were busy at work. Although Jim was still in bed, he was very helpful using his hands to paint, and he even became so active that he could use his jig saw to cut out little wooden objects for the children. He soon forgot his disappointment in his joy of making others happy.

Several days later Jim said to his mother, "You know, mother, now I'm glad that I didn't get to go to grandpa and grandma's. Just think of the fun I would have missed if I had not helped fix up these toys. And think how happy those children will be when they get all these toys. I'm sure glad I won't be an invalid always."

That night, Jim's mother breathed a prayer of thanksgiving that her boy had at last become a Brave Little Soldier!



Sailors from the U. S. Naval Air Base at Glenview, Illinois, Singing in a Chicago Church With Seaman William L. Knechtel, Son of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Knechtel, Fourth from Left on Front Row —Photo by Myslis

Service Men's Letters from Everywhere

Interesting Letters and News from "Our Boys" Who Are Stationed Over the Face of the Globe

Corporal Lester Voth Somewhere in England

(A Member of the Salt Creek Baptist Church of Oregon)

Dear Editor:

I am happy to report that "The Baptist Herald" has been coming through very nicely. It's always about a month behind the time but still a great enjoyment. It's a great feeling to know that the churches back home are remembering us over here in prayer.

I have been very fortunate so far in not having any serious illness at all. Hard work and plenty of sleep helped out to keep me fit. There are certainly a lot of things to be thankful for over here, our good health, plenty to eat, and our chaplain to help us with any trouble that might come up.

England is a strange country to us. The customs and habits of the people, the different weather conditions, and the cities are so different than what we're used to. The nice thing is that the people are friendly and take us into their homes and treat us as their own sons. It's treatment like that that makes us sorta like England a little.

Thank you again for your good work of keeping "The Baptist Herald"

coming to us over here. I hope I will be stationed where it will always be possible for me to get it.

Corporal Fred C. Kirschenman of Fairbanks, Alaska

(A Member of the Baptist Church of North Dakota)



Corporal Fred C. Kirschenman, Who is Now Stationed in Fairbanks, Alaska

Dear Christian Friends:

I thought I would drop you a few lines just to tell you how I like the Army. I don't think it's so bad after all.

I had six months of basic training and then was sent to Alaska. It is quite a nice country but there is plenty of snow and cold weather. It gets 70 degrees below and sometimes more.

I surely miss our church at home. There are two churches here but no Baptist Church. I go to the Nazarene Church when I can. I can say this much that my Lord has been good to me so far. I am so glad that I accepted him when I was at home. I do not know how I could get along without his help if I hadn't accepted him.

So keep on praying; we need your prayers. I enjoy receiving and reading "The Baptist Herald."

— EDITORIAL NOTE —

This above letter from Corporal Fred C. Kirschenman was sent to the editorial office by his sister, Miss Pauline Kirschenman of Regent, North Dakota. Another brother is Pfc. Jake Kirschenman who is stationed "Somewhere in Africa," and who has written recently as follows: "I have never prayed so much in all my life since I'm here in Africa, and the Lord has answered my prayers so far. I'm not afraid anymore what will happen as long as I know that He is with me."

Aviation Cadet Alfred Graf of Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas

(A Son of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Graf, Medina, North Dakota, and Member of the Baptist Church of Medina of which the Rev. G. Ittermann is Pastor. The Following Letter Was Sent to the Editorial Office by His Sister, Lillian)

Dear Friends:

I have just come back from Chapel. The new Chaplain delivered a very fine, direct and personal message. It was on prayer. "Lord, teach us to pray." They also had a very beautiful violin solo by a cadet.

One always feels so much better when one goes to church. There seems to be a longing inside that can only be satisfied by hearing the gospel and singing the good old songs. You think of the people at home and the church and all the Sundays spent there. It brings back many precious memories.



Aviation Cadet Alfred Graf of Medina, North Dakota, in the Cockpit of His Plane at San Antonio, Texas

Pfc. Roland Grenz Somewhere in Africa

(A Member of the Baptist Church of Napoleon, North Dakota)

Dear Editor:

Not long ago I wanted to write to you to let you know that I am receiving your precious paper, "The Baptist Herald," over here in Africa. But I always postponed it.

Anyway I really enjoy reading it. I am thankful to my brother, Adam Grenz, who is in Oregon who subscribes to it for me. My heart usually brightens up to know that I have a cousin (Rev. Richard Grenz of Neustadt, Ontario) who is devoting his time in the ministry. He usually has a portion of news in "The Herald." May God bless him in the work!

I am also glad to hear that the little church to which I belong (the Baptist Church of Napoleon, No. Dak., of which the Rev. Edward Kary is pastor) is able to support a minister of its own. I hope and pray that by the time I get back, they will have to enlarge the church.

I believe that if we would obey the one commandment to "love thy neighbor as thyself" instead of picking out the faults of others, this would be a more peaceful world.

So don't forget to pray for us. I am sure that our prayers will be heard and answered.

Seaman 2/c Robert K. Schulz, U. S. Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Florida

(A Member of the Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa)

Dear Editor:

You will remember me from one summer in Burlington, Iowa, when we had the General Conference there. I had the honor to know my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schulz; also my aunts and uncles, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hoelzen and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Riepe.

The people in the Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington know me as Bobby Schulz, but I have somewhat lost that first name since I have been

in the U. S. Navy for two years and four months.

Not so long ago I went to the First Baptist Church of Jacksonville, Fla. The guest speaker that morning happened to be a converted Jew, (Dr. Hymen Appleman). I really appreciated his message, and I know you would have also.

No church ever seems so good as the home town church. I was able to go home last February and it seemed fine to be there again. Thanks a lot for the books and literature which your office often sends to me.

Pvt. Herbert Deutscher of the U. S. Marine Corps, Formerly at Camp Elliot, San Diego, California

What a joy it is to tell the world the wonderful story of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. If we are faithful to him, our joy and happiness will never end.

I have now been in the U. S. Marines for some time. But I did not have very much happiness until I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my Friend. Ever since this happened several weeks ago I have had some wonderful blessings from him, and I will try to do the best I can for the Lord.

Ever since I have been in the Service, I have had a longing for freedom in my heart. But I never could decide which path to take until that Sunday night some weeks ago.

I was standing on a street corner, when some Christian Service Men picked me up and took me to a place where they have meetings for all who are willing to hear the Word of God. After the meeting we all went back to camp, but I had a deep longing in my heart more than ever.

On the next day I had some spare time. So I took my Bible and began to read in it. When I read Psalm 143, it convinced me that I should no longer hesitate but accept the Lord as my Savior. Then I prayed to God for the forgiveness of my sins. The Lord heard and answered my prayer, which now makes me a soldier, both for our country and for God.



The Rev. C. Rempel of Trochu, Alberta, and Three of the Trochu Baptist Church Boys (Left to Right) in the Canadian Armed Forces: Pvt. Eugene Weigum, Pvt. Eugene Schramm of the Dental Corps, and Pvt. Walter Riskie of the Canadian Army.

It's now 11:30 P. M. I have just gotten through putting two hours of night flying and made eight landings. It's really beautiful up here in the sky at night. It makes one want to sing. As I looked at the stars, it made me think of what David said: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

It made me think of God who is up so much higher and who must be able to see the old world much better than we, and how it must grieve him to see the people engaged in slaughtering each other. Why? Because of the sins committed by the people and nations of the earth.

We'll graduate and get our "Wings" about June 25th or so, I think. The other day I passed my check-ride. I was so happy that I began to sing "Heavenly Sunshine." So 'till next time, "Goodbye and God bless you!" I receive the BAPTIST HERALD regularly and enjoy the different articles in it.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

CENTRAL CONFERENCE

Bethel Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., Welcomes the Rev. and Mrs. Owen L. Miller

We of the Bethel Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., are happy to report about some of our recent activities and joys. Our new pastor, the Rev. Owen L. Miller, and his wife, a very talented young woman, have been with us as a church since the first of May. They have captivated the hearts of all with whom they have come in contact.

On Wednesday evening, May 5, the church gave Mr. and Mrs. Miller a reception, which was very well attended. As guests we had the Rev. O. W. Henderson, retiring secretary of the Detroit Baptist Missionary Society, the Rev. Warner Cole, pastor of Covenant Baptist Church of the city, with whom Rev. Miller has served for the past three years, the Rev. and Mrs. Paul Wengel, former pastor and wife, now of Adrian, Mich. Mr. Wengel is currently serving his third term as president of the Michigan Baptist Convention, an honor seldom given for three consecutive terms.

The Rev. Owen L. Miller is a graduate of Iowa Wesleyan University and of the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary of Chicago, Ill. Before coming to Detroit he was pastor of the Baptist Church of New Berlin, Ill. At present he is very active in Detroit Baptist activities and a leader in the organization of the city-wide Baptist Youth Fellowship.

We are happy in our new associations here and expect great things to happen for God's work at Bethel. A picture of the front entrance of Bethel Church with the pastor greeting members and friends appears on the front cover of this issue of "The Baptist Herald."

MARION SEMRAU, Clerk.

Pvt. Vernon P. Martens of Chicago Witnesses for Christ in the Army Air Corps

Pvt. Vernon P. Martens of Chicago, Ill., enlisted in the Army Air Corps last November 4th, and is stationed in Midland, Texas, A. A. F. B. T. S. On January 16, 1943, Pvt. Martens and Miss Jewel Harding were married in the post chapel and are now residents in Midland, Texas. It was a happy occasion when both of them came home on Mother's Day for a 15 day furlough. The occasion was celebrated at the home of Vernon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martens. The bride's parents and also the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hecht, were present.

Pvt. Vernon is a member of the Grosse Park Immanuel Baptist Church of Chicago. While in service he had many wonderful moments talking to his "buddies" about Christianity. Many asked him why he seemed so contented when the others went out. Vernon usually stayed in reading his Bible.



The Rev. Owen L. Miller, the Pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church of Detroit, Michigan, Whose Ministry in That Church Began Most Auspiciously a Few Weeks Ago

One special occasion that took place was when Vernon was reading his Bible, a soldier came in and said, "Martens, read me something that makes you so happy." So they read the Bible together and prayed. Well, it wasn't long before this young soldier cried for joy and said he felt so much different and happier. Many nights they were together, until this young man said, "Vernon, I'm being shipped away, and now I can say I'm not afraid to go since my new friend Jesus will take care of me." So he thanked Vernon for giving him his Bible.

We as parents are very proud and happy that our son is a good Christian and know that Vernon will help others to Christ. Vernon has sung many solos at the chapel and is now joining a chorus with several hundred voices. This chorus goes to different towns to sing.

MR. AND MRS. PAUL MARTENS, Reporters.



Pvt. and Mrs. Vernon P. Martens of the Grosse Pk. Immanuel Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., Now Residing in Midland, Texas

Local and World Wide Interests of the Clay Street Church of Benton Harbor, Michigan

Things are moving along quietly but constructively at the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., under the leadership of our pastor, the Rev. Erich Gutsche. Four persons were recently received into the church through baptism.

On Palm Sunday evening the talented young ladies' Sunday School class presented a program, including a dialogue, "The Cobbler's Lilies." The service was a real inspiration to all.

On Easter Sunday morning a special offering was taken by both the church and the Sunday School for World Relief. The response was good and the sum raised gratifying. In the evening on the same day the choir rendered an uplifting Easter cantata under the direction of Mr. Arndt.

The Rochester Seminary quartet rendered a concert on April 29. These young men also reported what the school meant to them and to the denomination. The Ladies' Missionary Society held its annual Mother's Day program on Sunday afternoon, May 9, to which everyone was invited. A Centenary Offering was received.

For a number of years the congregation realized that the equipment for our large Sunday School was far from adequate. These visions and yearnings for the needed room have materialized in the construction of three large class rooms, which are now being furnished with pictures, chairs, etc., and occupied by the largest classes.

GUSTAV WETTER, Church Clerk.

NORTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Signs of Spiritual Progress in the Baptist Church of Holloway, Minnesota

It is only about two months since Mrs. Broeder and I and our family came to the Baptist Church of Holloway, Minn., but in this period we have learned of some of the devotion which the members have for their church. We have seen them go miles around, due to impassable roads, to attend the services.

In April the Rev. A. Husmann, promotional secretary, was in our midst for two services during the week. On Thursday evening he brought us an illustrated lecture, and on Friday evening a Lenten message. These messages were very much appreciated.

On the following Sunday the church took an Easter offering which amounted to \$65. Due to the great distances on this field and with present restrictions, it has been deemed best only to have a morning service for the present. However, we have just started a Bible study and social gathering to be held once a month for our young people, which we hope and pray will be of much benefit.

JOHN BROEDER, Pastor.

Memorial Service in Honor of the Late Prof. F. W. C. Meyer Is Held in Milwaukee, Wis.

Three hundred Wisconsin Baptists and friends paid tribute to the late Prof. F. W. C. Meyer of Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday, May 16, at the Immanuel Church of Milwaukee, where Prof. Meyer served as its pastor for fifteen years and again as interim pastor for several months in 1941. The Rev. T. W. Bender, the present pastor, presided at this impressive service.

The following pastors paid homage to a great teacher and friend: Rev. Frank Veninga, Bethany Baptist Church; Rev. E. J. Baumgartner, North Ave. Church; Rev. Fred Erion, moderator of the Milwaukee Baptist Association; Rev. H. W. Wedel, Victor, Iowa; and Rev. A. G. Schlesinger, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Prof. Meyer constantly encouraged these men in their studies while at the seminary and always full of good cheer.

Dr. William Kuhn in his address spoke of Prof. Meyer as an outstanding Christian living very close to God in all his walks of life. Dr. Kuhn reminded us how he loved to take hikes with his friends and how he observed the work of God in every living thing. He also spoke of Prof. Meyer's great contribution in writing so many uplifting messages in "Der Sendbote" and other Christian papers.

The service came to a very impressive close when Mr. Albert Tiemann, noted artist of this church, and a very close friend of Prof. Meyer, unveiled a portrait of Prof. Meyer painted by him and presented it to the church. Our church moderator, Mr. E. C. Quade, extended hearty congratulations to him in behalf of the church for this beautiful portrait which will be an everlasting memory of a man who loved God and who fulfilled his mission.

The offering taken at this service was presented toward the Library Fund of the Rochester Baptist Seminary.

H. E. WICHTEL, Reporter.

Reception for the New Pastor, Church Improvements and Baptism at North Freedom, Wis.

On Sunday, March 7, the Baptist Church of North Freedom, Wis., had the long awaited joy of welcoming its new pastor and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Rott.

The Lord was also good to us during our period of waiting for he permitted us to enjoy the inspiring messages of the Rev. C. F. Stoekmann, our neighboring pastor from Ableman, who braved the snow and cold of the winter months to be present with us on Sunday mornings.

On Tuesday evening, March 16, we met at the church to endeavor to express our gratitude to God for having sent Mr. and Mrs. Rott to us. Brief addresses of welcome were given by representatives of the various organizations of our church, and Mr. Stoekmann ably summarized our feelings in the words, "It is good that thou hast come."

Some improvements have been made on our church property. A new Shellane gas range has been installed in the



Rev. A. Teske of Camrose, Alberta, Canada

parsonage kitchen and the entire interior of our church building has been redecorated. At our quarterly business it was voted to increase our pastor's salary and to remodel our church kitchen and dining room. We are looking forward to entertaining the Northwestern Conference at our church from August 11 to 15.

Our Young Men's Chorus, which has been serving the Lord with inspiring musical messages, is growing smaller each time our country calls a member into the service. There are now thirteen stars on our service flag but we want our boys to know that our thoughts and prayers go with them.

Three special offerings were taken recently. Our Sunday School contributed \$22 for Bible Day and \$23 to be given to the Red Cross. The annual Easter Offering of the church amounted to \$218.

Sunday evening, May 16, we had the joy of having three persons follow the Lord in baptism. We praise God for them and pray that many others in our community may yet come to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior.

ELSIE H. JAHNKE, Reporter.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

The Bethel B. Y. P. U. of Carbon, Alberta, Reviews the Past Year's Successful Activities

We, the B. Y. P. U. of the Bethel Baptist Church of Carbon, Alberta, Canada, are thankful to our Lord for his guidance and protection and for the many blessings received during the past successful years. We have had many meetings consisting of devotional, educational, mission and social programs. We also held a birthday banquet.

Our 1943 officers are as follows: president, Ted Bitz; vice-president, Julius Ohlhauser; secretary, Mildred Schuler; treasurer, Emil Ohlhauser; pianists, Ruth Ohlhauser and Elma Neher; librarian, Adeline Martin. The

leaders of the four groups are: devotional, Dave Gieck; educational, Eunice Bitz; mission, Elma Neher; social, Rose Gieck.

We as young people are grateful for the privilege of again having a minister in our midst. The Rev. Emil Riemer is a great blessing to all. Mr. and Mrs. Riemer and son, Helmut, are members of our society.

During the past year we were privileged to have some of the neighboring young people's societies in our midst who rendered very splendid programs. Our 10th anniversary was held in March.

We also have an honor roll in our church upon which are the names of the seven boys from our church in the armed forces. May God bless them and bring them all back safely! Such is the prayer of our young people's society.

MILDRED SCHULER, Reporter.

Encouraging News Items From the Bethany Baptist Church of Camrose, Alberta

We of the Bethany Baptist Church of Camrose, Alberta, Canada, were blessed during an 8 day inspirational and prayer period from March 28 until April 4. Our pastor, the Rev. A. W. Teske, gave us the privilege to hear the Rev. J. Kornalewski, pastor of the First Leduc Baptist Church and the Rev. F. W. Benke from Edmonton, Alberta.

The messages were both soul-stirring and soul-searching in spirit. Mr. Benke gave us a unique outlook upon the home mission fronts of our great west and northwestern territories in which fields he has been one of the most outstanding missionaries of all times. As a result, our Women's Missionary Circle decidedly voted to support the cause with whatever means they could whenever Mr. Benke will call on them.

Our Women's Missionary Circle under the direction of Mrs. Paul Weisser would like to hear from some of our sister circles and unions in order that they might know what some of their objectives, goals, and interests in our denominational work actually are. Couldn't we all get together in some way and work towards one common goal? What do you say, ladies?

On April 23rd we as a Men's Brotherhood met at the church to hear the Rev. Stanley Allen, pastor of the English Baptist Church from Camrose, Alberta. While the women went down into the basement to prepare a fine Easter lunch, we of the Men's Brotherhood went into our business session. Not only did we pay our 25c monthly dues per individual, but we voted on giving a donation of \$100 to our church.

Our Girls' Auxiliary Club, which was organized about eight weeks ago, is directed by our able leader, Mrs. Edwin Schmitke. Handwork, training courses, devotional programs, prayer, song and cheer are the menu for their week's work. Easter Sunday found three lovely baskets filled with flowers presented to the church by the Girls' Auxiliary. They also presented a program on Mother's Day, May 9.

A. W. TESKE, Pastor.

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Young People's Sunday School Class of Franklin, Calif., Presents a Fine Easter Play

On Easter Sunday evening, April 25, the Young People's Class of the Baptist Sunday School of Franklin, Calif., which is composed of the high school group, gave a very fine Easter play, the title of which was "Their Easter Songs."

The class which is composed of the high school group, has an enrollment of twenty members, who are very active. The officers of the class are: Stella Rauser, president; Alvin Adam, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. G. G. Rauser, teacher.



Young People of the Baptist Church of Franklin, Calif., Who Took Part in the Easter Play With Mrs. G. G. Rauser at Right

The Easter offering from the Franklin Church was \$245.00 and the Sunday School offering was \$17.24.

ALVIN ADAM, Secretary.

Blessings from Above in the Ministry of Portland's Laurelhurst Baptist Church

We are happy to report to the readers of "The Baptist Herald" that 13 persons received the hand of fellowship at the Laurelhurst Baptist Church of Portland, Ore., recently. Six came by baptism; the others by confession and letter.

We are moving right ahead, and have not forgotten our missionary projects. At Easter we gave a little over \$1700 for our denominational missionary enterprise. The church has given its pastor an increase in salary and are also paying his dues in the Northern Baptist Convention Ministers' and Missionaries' Pension Fund. We greatly appreciate our church and are thankful for their interest in their pastor's family. Our parsonage is almost paid for.

Then, too, we have a fund for our service men, from which we hope to help these our boys upon their return.

FRED W. MUELLER, Pastor.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Recent Activities of the Calvary B. Y. P. U. at Killaloe, Ontario

In spite of the fact that no report of the activities of the B. Y. P. U. in

Service Men

While in New York City
A Cordial invitation is extended to you every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, by the men of our church to attend the

CRUSADERS BIBLE CLASS
Evergreen Baptist Church,
Evergreen Ave. & Woodbine Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Rev. W. J. Appel, Pastor.
"The Friendly Church."

Killaloe, Ontario, Canada, has appeared in the pages of "The Baptist Herald" for some time, we have not been idle.

On Good Friday, April 23, the pageant, "Did You See Jesus?", was presented under the direction of the president, Miss Laura Moorhouse, who was assisted by Miss Florence Fraser. The pageant was interspersed with

which the presence of many young people, the lovely lillies, the Easter music and the message on "The Living Christ," by the pastor, the Rev. Carl Weisser, all contributed their part. Afterwards the congregations gathered in the dining room for a delicious breakfast of eggs, hot rolls, jam and coffee.

Outstanding among recent events was perhaps the three act play entitled, "Aaron Slick from Pumpkin Crick," which was presented in the Public School Hall on Friday evening, May 7, under the very able leadership of the pastor. This play was presented a second time on Monday, May 17.

We feel particularly fortunate in having the Rev. Carl Weisser as our pastor. He labors tirelessly in all departments and we can truly say that God has blessed us during his brief ministry here. We pray for great blessings in the future.

EDNA VERCH, Reporter.

Recent Outstanding Events and Services in the Central Baptist Church in Erie, Pennsylvania

As we of the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., look back on the many blessings of the past three years during which we had the Rev. George W. Zinz, Jr., as our pastor, we find them far too numerous to count. So we are just going to mention a few of the outstanding events.

Mr. Zinz came to us directly from the Rochester Baptist Seminary and his ordination took place in our church on May 23, 1940.

During his stay with us, he welcomed many new members into our midst both by baptism and letter. On one of his last Sundays with us he baptized seven persons and received four others by letter.

He was the organizer both of a Daily Vacation Bible School, which met with great success, and a Junior Choir, which is a worthy addition to any church.

The Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts played active roles in the recent presentation and dedication ceremony of two beautiful flags, Christian and American, which were the generous gift of two of our loyal church members, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Zurn.

The young people's organization of the church under the able direction of its president, Margaret Smeltzer, and counselor, Bob Eichler, presented a service men's plaque to the church through the president of the trustees, Henry Schuldt, at a touching dedication service in which the color guards of the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts took part. The names of 14 of our young men, together with that of our pastor, Lieutenant Zinz, are upon this plaque. Lieutenant Zinz is stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida, where he is serving as chaplain in the Evacuation Hospital there.

The church is going steadily forward under the capable direction and very able leadership of our new shepherd, the Rev. Edmund B. Keller, and we also look for many blessings through his leadership.

MRS. R. R. EICHLER, Reporter.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

Annual Report of the Baptist Women's Missionary Circle of Parkston, South Dakota

The Baptist Women's Missionary Circle of Parkston, So. Dak., can look back with grateful hearts on a year of activity for our Lord and Master. We meet once a month in the homes of members and have interesting programs in which all take part.

In May we held our annual birthday program together with the Tripp Society. The observance of the annual Prayer Day has always been a blessing to each member. Besides visiting the sick and helping in various ways in our home church, we were privileged to send a mission gift for the denomination, a box of poultry to the Old People's Home in Bismarck, No. Dak., and boxes of "goodies" to our boys in camps.

Under the leadership of our president, Mrs. H. G. Braun, we gave our annual program in February, which consisted of two dialogues, special musical numbers and a reading. Recently we had the honor of having our promotional secretary, the Rev. A. Husmann, as our guest speaker.

Recently the society made a quilt which we would like to send to a Soldiers' Hospital, if possible. It has fifteen Bible promises embroidered in that many blocks and is bound by stripes of red, white and blue. Our prayer is that the Bible verses will remind some convalescing soldier of God's love and mercy.

MRS. WILLIAM KOTH, Secretary.

Grace Church of Gackle, No. Dak., Holds a Farewell Service for the Rutsch Family

On Sunday, May 9, the Rev. G. W. Rutsch brought his farewell sermon in the Grace Baptist Church of Gackle, No. Dak., preaching in English on "Appreciation of Our Mothers" and in German on "Be Ye Faithful." The Ladies' Chorus rendered appropriate numbers in both languages. At the close of the service Mr. and Mrs. Rutsch and Darleen gave a message in song.

On Sunday evening we held our farewell service and asked Mr. and Mrs. Rutsch to sit and listen. Deacon A. F. Lehr, acting as master of ceremonies, opened the meeting with the reading of Psalm 121. A few well chosen words were given by Mr. Lehr from the church, friends and community. Following this, an opportunity was given to representatives of the various branches of the church to express their appreciation.

A love offering was taken which was used in purchasing gifts for the Rutsch family.

Before closing Mr. and Mrs. Rutsch and Darleen responded with their thanks and appreciation of kindness shown them during their stay here. Miss Erna Rutsch left previously to work in Bismarck, and just recently Alvin enlisted in the Navy, going to Farragut, Idaho, for his basic training.

MRS. E. K. REMBOLDT, Reporter.



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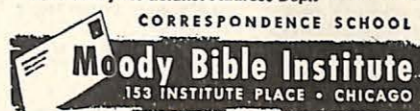
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GOD'S CALL FOR CAMEROONS

(Continued from Page 5)

hour. It is necessary to provide these natives with the organs for healthy mental and spiritual function. My heart is filled with anxiety when I think of the staggering burdens that already rest upon our native church leaders and when I see how here and there such and similar burdens have wrecked both structure and function of the church.

"I deem myself privileged to be your observer and reporter. I am certain that you together with many friends who have taken this work into their hearts will continue to treasure it as a God-given trust and strive to please Him whom we serve."

Our missionary, the Rev. George A. Dunger, has been the chosen messenger to convey God's call to us. It has come

to us with its mighty challenge. It has stirred our souls by showing us the actual needs and the many open doors. As we have read these letters, we have seen our missionaries alone in the Cameroons, crying day and night: O Lord, send us more workers in this vineyard of thine and send them now. With faces turned toward the homeland, they are straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the long-expected and prayed-for re-enforcements. What shall be the attitude of each of us in response to this call?

1. To such young man or young woman reading these letters, George A. Dunger, like the Prophet Nathan of old, has been directed to deliver this message: "Thou art the man!" or "Thou art the woman!" It may be that you will be confused with many uncertainties. If so, you will do well to repeat that prayer of Samuel in the Tabernacle: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

At the last annual session the General Missionary Committee voted to issue the call for new missionaries for the Cameroons with the definite understanding that appointments should be made at this time. It will be cause for general rejoicing if we can send out five or six new missionaries. The prayers of our sorely tried missionaries now on the field will then be answered.

2. This call for missionaries is God's call for prayer to all of us. We would uphold our missionaries in all of their trying situations by our prayer and by the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ.

It is common knowledge that the present war situation makes it exceedingly difficult to secure passport and passage for missionaries going to Africa. However, knowing that "with God nothing shall be impossible," we have the assurance that he can also send these much-needed missionaries to our Cameroons field.

The General Missionary Secretary invites correspondence regarding this call of God to our Cameroons mission field. Send your letters to me at Box 6, Forest Park, Illinois.

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What's Happening

(Continued from Page 2)

● The Immanuel Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., sometimes known as the Grosse Park Immanuel Church, has called the Rev. A. G. Schlesinger of Kenosha, Wis., as its pastor. Mr. Schlesinger has accepted the call and will begin his ministry in the church on August 1st, succeeding the Rev. Ralph Rott, now of North Freedom, Wisconsin.

● On Friday, March 14, the Mary-Martha Sunday School class of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., sponsored a Mothers' and Daughters' banquet in the dining hall of the church at which 175 persons were present. Toasts to the daughters and mothers were brought by Mrs. Ewald Loehr and Miss Mildred Quade, respectively. The address was brought by Mrs. Olive Chattaway, a Jewish Christian woman of the city. Words of welcome were given by Mrs. Thorwald W. Bender, the pastor's wife and vice-president of the class, and musical numbers were rendered by the Franklin College Girls' Quartet. Mrs. Mary Dennonme brought an appropriate reading. The president of the class is Mrs. E. C. Quade.

● Pre-Easter revival meetings were conducted by the Rev. F. W. Mueller of Portland, Ore., at the Bridgeland Baptist Church of Calgary, Alberta. These meetings proved to be a great blessing. On Easter morning about 30 young people sang Easter songs for the sick, aged, and shut-ins. On May 2 the pastor, the Rev. R. Kern, baptized 7 young people, and on the following Sunday 18 new members were received into the fellowship of the church. On May 14 the missionary play entitled, "A Soldier of the Cross," was presented by the B. Y. P. U. before a large audience of young people. A liberal offering was received, the proceeds of which are to help make up the project of \$700 undertaken by the Northern Alberta Tri-Union.

● Special evangelistic meetings were held in the Calvary Baptist Church of Tacoma, Wash., from April 4 to 14 with the Rev. G. G. Rauser of Franklin, Calif., serving as evangelist. On Palm Sunday, April 18, the guest speaker at the morning service was the Rev. E. Bibelheimer, formerly pastor at Missoula, Mont. Four new members were received into the church at the communion service on May 2 by the pastor, the Rev. Walter C. Damrau. On Sunday, May 23, three converts were baptized. On May 27 the Rev. Paul Gebauer, our Cameroons missionary, addressed the Women's Missionary Society of the church at their anniversary program. The church will serve as host to the Pacific Conference from June 23 to 27.

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By NORMA C. BROWN

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● On Sunday evening, May 16, the members of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., dedicated a grand piano, the purchase of which at a cost of about \$750 had been sponsored by the young people. A musical program was presented with members of the Christian Fellowship Chorus and by individuals and with a message on "The Piano Preaches a Sermon" by the pastor, the Rev. John Schmidt. Mr. Walter Pankratz was in charge of the arrangements. On May 9 a Mother's Day program was rendered with Miss Alice Schmidt in charge of the inspiring program. On that same Sunday evening, the Rev. Theo W. Dons, evangelist, brought a challenging message on "The Joy of Salvation," according to Psalm 51:12, stressing the need of church and individual revitalization.

Do You Know That...?

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

The first issue of our "Baptist Herald" appeared more than 20 years ago. "Volume I — Number 1 issue" had on the front cover a picture of our good friend, Mr. Henry Marks of St. Paul, Minn. — The editor of this column still cannot decide whether he was better looking "then" or "now."

Every day the President of the United States receives letters from 2,000 to 7,000 people. On rainy or cold days many more letters are written than when the sun is shining and the weather is warm.

Many of our denominational conferences passed strong resolutions nineteen years ago advocating further reduction in armaments and opposing anything that seemed a warlike attitude. My, what a difference in the outlook of the majority a few years will make!

In spite of all advertisements and high pressure radio salesmanship, health authorities tell us there are only 22 million people in this country who use toothbrushes and only about 7 million ever buy tooth paste or tooth powder. Why, Christianity has done better than that!

Baptist Governors have ruled in three States during recent months. The Governor of Oklahoma is a Baptist Sunday School teacher, the Governor of Georgia is a member of a Baptist Church in that state, and the Governor of Minnesota is one of our own boys.

The man who can boast only of illustrious ancestors is something like a potato; the only good thing about it—it is under the ground.

Contributions to twenty-four major religious bodies have declined from the 532 million level in 1928 to 369 million dollars in 1942, while the national income level has soared from the 77 billion earned in 1928 to the 119 billion mark in 1942. Church giving is really in reverse!

To gather one pound of honey, a bee travels an average distance of 43,776 miles. Bee hives are generally placed at the foot of the hill so that the "loaded" bees fly down hill rather than uphill, and thereby live at least a month longer.

The total "Baptist Herald" subscription list 20 years ago this month contained 3100 names. The present number of subscribers is more than double that figure for the editor reports we now have almost 8000 readers of the "Baptist Herald." Almost a thousand of these go overseas to the boys on foreign soil or to camps.

When it is Saturday on the American Side of Bering Strait, it is Sunday on the Asian side—fifty miles away. And still some people would believe salvation rests primarily on the observance of a particular day.

Seventeen years ago this summer, Rev. Albert Bretschneider, now president of our Seminary at Rochester, was elected young people's field secretary. At that same conference it was voted to have Editor A. P. Mihm edit "The Baptist Herald" semi-monthly rather than monthly, as had been the case.