



A Letter From Home!

BAPTIST HERALD

Printed in U.S.A.

March 1, 1943

WHAT'S HAPPENING

● Prof. Arthur A. Schade of Rochester, N. Y., led a forum on "Design for Tomorrow" at the New York State Federation of Youth Convention which was held in Rochester on Feb. 20 and 21. He is also preparing a lecture reflecting the work of the Rochester Federation of Churches to be illustrated with kodachrome slides. In his Sunday School classes, Prof. Schade has been recently teaching the book of Revelation.

● At its recent business meeting the B. Y. P. U. of our Baptist Church of Bismarck, No. Dak., elected the following officers for 1943: Melita Sukut, president; Mr. Deur, vice-president; Adeline Miller, secretary and treasurer; Raymond Becker and Myron Klauadt, ushers; Evelyn Klein, pianist; Ruth Hochhalter, librarian. At the meeting on Jan. 10 all of the new officers gave very interesting talks. The Rev. A. Krombein is pastor of the church.

● The Rev. Thorwald W. Bender, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., baptized 8 persons on confession of their faith in Christ on Sunday, Jan. 31, and received them into the fellowship of the church on Feb. 7. It has also been announced that Miss Ruth C. Doescher of Chicago, Ill., has accepted the call to become the church missionary and visitor. She will begin her service in the Milwaukee Church on May 1st.

● The Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt, pastor of the Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa, is again serving as dean of the annual School of Religion for all of the Burlington churches and vicinity. The school is being held on Tuesday evenings from January 26 to March 2 in the Oak Street Church. The Rev. Philip Lauer, a retired pastor of the church, is teaching one of the courses on "The Life of Christ." With a registration of 183 persons, the attendance on the first two evenings went considerably over 200.

● Corporal George Schilling, the youngest son of the Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Schilling of Beulah, No. Dak., and Miss Jean Roberts of Wausau, Wis., were united in marriage recently at the Baptist Tabernacle at San Antonio, Texas. The Rev. P. F. Schilling pronounced the vows, while Dr. Hicker-son, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, assisted in the ceremonies. Corporal and Mrs. George Schilling are at home at 2250 W. Magnolia Ave., San An-

tonio, Texas. Mr. Schilling is in the Altitude Training Department of the San Antonio Air Cadet Corps.

● Evangelistic services were conducted in the Conners Ave. Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., from Jan. 10 to 15 with Dr. William Mueller, professor at the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary of Philadelphia, Pa., bringing the messages. The attendance increased nightly, so that, in spite of adverse weather conditions, large congregations heard the evangelist. The Rev. Wm. Hoover, pastor, wrote that "we as a church are grateful to Dr. Mueller for having given us a week of his time so that the benediction of God could be enjoyed by all."

Bible Day

The date is March 14th.
Any other day in the choice of the church or Sunday school will do just as well.

The program material has been sent out according to our available list. If any school has been overlooked or more of the material is required, please write the undersigned.

H. P. DONNER,
Business Manager.

● The Rev. Adrian Heaton, who has been associated with the Rev. P. G. Neumann in the radio ministry of the Burns Ave. Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., and has served as the church's director of Christian education since the Spring of 1942, recently resigned his charge. He will take up his new duties as assistant in the Christian Education Department of Northern Baptist Seminary of Chicago, Ill., beginning with the third school quarter early in March. This vacancy has arisen through the entrance into the chaplaincy of Dr. Ernest E. Smith of that department in the seminary.

● Recently the church choir and male chorus of the Erin Ave. Baptist Church of Cleveland, O., held a social gathering, at which Mr. Hans, the choir director, was surprised with the presentation of a beautiful bouquet of flowers given to him in the name of the church. On Sunday evening, Jan. 31, at an unusually well attended service in charge of the young people under the leadership of Bob Hirsch, the ensemble of the Lincoln High School sang. Mr. Wilmer Hirsch is ably leading the Sunday School in its aggressive program. The Rev. H. Hirsch is pastor of the church.

● The members of the Fourth Street Church in Dayton, Ohio, have launched a rebuilding and renovating program

which will cost about \$7000. The exterior of the church will be repaired and the interior insulated and redecorated. A new organ fund has had "a flying start." The church is also participating in the Northern Baptist Ministers' and Missionaries' Benefit Fund in the interest of its pastor, the Rev. R. J. Jeschke. In spite of the war drain on our young men, the young people's meetings on Sunday evenings are very well attended. All of the organizations are functioning well, as reported by the church clerk, Mr. Russell Hamer.

● Mr. Louis Johnson, a senior student in the Northern Baptist Seminary of Chicago, Ill., was ordained into the Christian ministry on Sunday evening, Feb. 21, at an impressive service held in the Forest Park Baptist Church of Forest Park, Ill. The ordination sermon was delivered by Dr. Charles W. Koller, president, and Dr. Peter Stiansen of the seminary brought the charge to the candidate. The Rev. Louis Johnson came to the seminary from the Baptist Church of Steamboat Rock, Iowa. He is at present pastor of the Baptist Church of Wyocena, Wis. His wife is well known as the genial editor of the "Children's Page" in "The Baptist Herald."

● On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 7, the B.Y.P.U. of the Faith Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., served as host to several neighboring young people's groups at an inspirational youth rally. The meeting, that was held from 5 to 7:15 P. M., featured an address by the Rev. Reuben Nelson, Baptist State secretary, and a provocative forum on the topic: "Is the Christian Church Equipped for Constructive Post-War Activities?" Young people from the Fourth Baptist, Elim Baptist and Covenant Churches attended. Mr. Al Quiring, local B.Y.P.U. president, welcomed the large gathering. The Rev. L. B. Berndt is pastor of the Faith Baptist Church.

● The annual banquet of the Brooklyn and Long Island Baptist Young People's Union on Saturday evening, Jan. 30, was attended by about 200 people. Mr. Alfred Orthner of the Evergreen Church, a son of the Rev. and Mrs. Frank Orthner who has been serving as president of the Union during the past year, was the toastmaster at the happy occasion. Our Evergreen and Ridgewood Churches of Brooklyn have been closely identified with this union in the past and have furnished it with several presidents and other important officers. Mr. Sam Appel, a son of the Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Appel of the Evergreen Church, rendered a flute solo.

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The Baptist Herald

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Coming!

TO THE LEAST OF ONE OF THESE
In preparation for the Easter Offering, which ought to be a generous evidence of our gratitude to God for his bountiful blessings, Dr. William Kuhn has prepared a memorable article in which he portrays in full the purposes and plans for the "Fellowship Fund for World Emergencies" with its goal of \$100,000. This will be an arousing bugle call to Kingdom workers everywhere!

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT
Several young people have prepared a number of brief inspirational articles about our responsibilities to the Christian Church and the tasks of the Church in this day of stirring challenge. These contributions, which will be profusely illustrated, will have many "spiritual pointers" for every reader.

SEPARATION IN THE SIGHT OF GOD
A lay leader in the Baptist Church of Parkersburg, Iowa, by the name of Mr. Louis A. Dreyer, a Christian druggist of that community, has written a notable article for the Lenten season on "the separation" of the Christian from the world. God's heart-searching words form the basis and proof for this provocative message.

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EDITORIAL



Cleveland, Ohio, March 1, 1943
Volume 21 Number 5

"Inasmuch . . ."

A GREAT DEAL depends on this one word! For it is the keystone in the arch of Jesus' familiar words about service to others. We shall be weighed in the balance and INASMUCH as we have gone to the relief of others in need in the spirit of Christ's compassion and love, we shall receive or fail to receive of the bounty of God's rewards. For such Christian service is actually rendered to Christ!

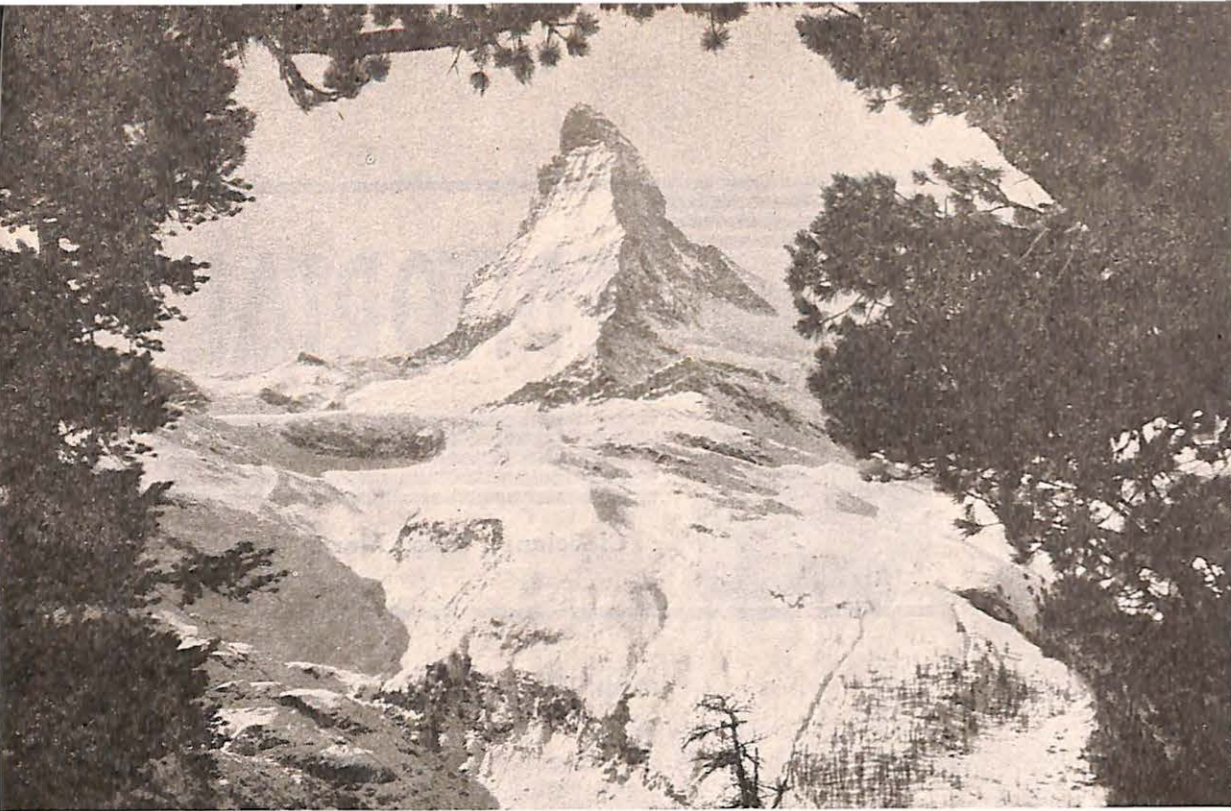
This compelling obligation of ours to help the unfortunate peoples who have been and will be plundered by the ravaging effects of the war, has prompted our General Council to launch THE FELLOWSHIP FUND FOR WORLD EMERGENCIES. For the duration a sum of money totalling \$100,000 will be raised by our churches to prepare us for this ministry as "good Samaritans" at the close of the war.

No one can intelligently close his eyes to the tragic fact that the terrible horsemen of hunger and starvation will ride wildly over large parts of the inhabited globe after the last shot of the war has been fired. Equally convincing is the fact that unless we, who bear the name of Christ and who live in the midst of plenty, go to the rescue of these desperate people, the world will be plunged into a pagan darkness of revolution and anarchy of frightful description.

Gifts are already being received for this Christian ministry of relief. Increasing stress will be laid upon this "Fellowship Fund" as the Centenary Offering goal of \$100,000 is reached, which seems to be almost a victorious accomplishment. The Easter Offering of our churches will be designated for "The Fellowship Fund for World Emergencies," or for "The Centenary Offering," or for the denomination's missionary program, depending on the decision of each church.

Informative illustrated leaflets have been prepared announcing the purposes of this fund. They are available in any number to individuals or churches requesting them.

In these days of suffering and anguish, the bonds of faith and love in Christ bind us together more closely than ever, until the needs of our brethren everywhere constrain us in Christ's name to make them our concern. Even as the many words pleading ignorance will be of no avail on the day of judgment, so no one will escape his share of responsibility by making excuses. For together with Christ all of us have indispensable work to do in our FELLOWSHIP FUND FOR WORLD EMERGENCIES.



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The World Famous Matterhorn of Switzerland's Alps Raises Its Rugged Peak of 14,782 Feet With Majestic and Regal Splendor Into the Blue Sky. It is Especially an Enthralling Sight When Framed in This Beautiful Picture by the Evergreen Pine Trees.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

The Victorious Life

By REV. ARTHUR SCHULZ of Unityville, South Dakota

IS THERE really a victorious life? St. John thought so when he said that every child of God "overcometh the world." To be able to overcome the world would be real victory.

Too many believers have made up their minds that the victory they desire will be a gift of heaven. Here they can only dream about it. They even go so far as to say that John was speaking about heaven when he said, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (1. John 5:4). If we give this matter a closer look, we see that John was speaking not of heaven but of this life on earth, for we know that there "faith is lost in sight." It is faith here and now, which means all the difference in the world whether you will live partially or completely.

"Oh, ye of little faith" is a pretty good description of our hearts. Perhaps we have the wrong kind of faith. Possibly you and I have been placing too much faith in our own resources and abilities. Christ said, "Without me you can do nothing." Is it any wonder then that there is so much defeatism in our Christian ranks?

The More Abundant Life

All of us have life, but do we possess that more abundant life for which Jesus came upon this earth? Unless we do, our lives will bear no fruit. Do we show the fruit of the spirit which is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith? Is your Christian life yielding fruit a hundred-fold, sixty-fold, or thirty-fold? Or, must you sadly say that your attempt

at walking in newness of life has proved empty and fruitless? This more abundant life can be ours for the asking, provided we meet certain conditions. Perhaps this is where the crux of the matter lies.

Jesus was referring to a higher type of life when he said, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matt. 5:48). Oh, but you say, man can never reach perfection. That is true if he tries to do it by lifting himself with his own bootstraps, as it were. "With God all things are responsible."

Another characteristic of this higher life is holiness. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man can see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14). I wonder if we are afraid of being more holy and more perfect. One thing is clear, if these things were not possible, Christ would not have demanded them of us.

A Divine Secret Revealed

Another outstanding mark of this higher life is love. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another even as I have loved you, that ye love also one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples" (John 13:34). No man can get these qualities of the spirit unless God puts them there. It is God who wants to live in our hearts. When he does, we will be holy and perfect in love. God promises us just that. "The love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts." (Rom. 5:5). This then is the secret of the victorious life.

What is it? "Christ in you the hope

of glory" (Col. 1:27). Christ is the Head; we his body. He is the vine; we the branches. If we abide in him, we will bring forth much fruit. This then is the "overcoming life." But how many of us try to change ourselves. What we can change only is our outward appearances. God alone is able to change the wicked heart. "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1. Cor. 15:57). When believers essay to clothe themselves with righteousness, we call that self-righteousness. Isaiah 64:6 tells us what God thinks of that. "All our righteousness are as filthy rags."

Christ, Our Victory

Christ has conquered sin. It is Christ therefore who can give us the victory. And that victory, my dear reader, is complete. It is so complete that when Christ saves a drunkard, he not only gives him eternal life, but he removes the desire for drink in that man. Just as he can save the man from the insatiable desire or craving for drink, so he can cure the professing Christians from their so-called respectable sins such as anger, temper, mendacity, and gossiping.

Let us not fight temptations ourselves. We fail because Satan is stronger than we are. Where in the Scriptures do you find that we have to fight against the surging tide of temptation? Paul says plainly, "Fight the good fight" but he quickly adds, "of faith." We cannot deny that James said, "Resist the devil" (James 4:7).

(Continued on Page 13)

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In 1844 Alfred Saker began to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ on the Island of Fernando Po off the coast of Africa under the Baptist Missionary Society of London. In 1845 he crossed to the mainland at Douala where he worked zealously as evangelist, translator, printer, judge, explorer and pioneer. Later he provided a new haven of religious liberty in the town of Victoria. This church at the right is named in his honor, the Alfred Saker Memorial Church, a fitting tribute to the forerunner of our mission work in Africa.
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New Year's Greetings from Africa!

By MISS LAURA E. REDDIG of Soppo, Cameroons,
in an Air Mail Letter Written Shortly Before Christmas Day

IT IS HARD to believe that this year of 1942 will soon be over. Long before this air mail letter reaches you, the year of 1943 will be under way. May God's richest blessings be upon you, and all of our Baptist friends in America! May joy and peace, which only true believers can possess, be with all of you each day in the coming year!

May new and greater responsibilities be given to all of us, with God's abundant help and guidance, to fulfill these responsibilities to the utmost! May each day bring its challenge to serve God in new ways, and in greater capacities! Facing the future with all its uncertainties can be a thrilling prospect only to those whose faith is firmly fixed in Christ. May this New Year be especially thrilling for all of our Baptist people in all of our Baptist churches, here, and in America!

New Missionaries Awaited

For one year we have now awaited the arrival of missionaries from home to help us in the Cameroons. We are still praying that they may come, for perhaps some of you can realize the size of the work which is now ours under our "Cameroons Baptist Mission," and are also joining us in these prayers.

Picture your African Mission as it really is today. Thousands of Baptist Christians, some hundred native church workers, almost twenty Baptist mission schools, some hundred Baptist chapels, more thousands of future Christians now under instruction, five mission fields, four mission stations . . . and three and one-half mission-

aries! (Little Daphne does her bit, you may be sure.)

May this next year find a great increase in Christians, native workers, schools, chapels, future Christians, and, last but not least, many, many more missionaries. God has been wonderful beyond words in the ways he has helped and guided us. He has helped us through many discouraging tasks and many discouraging days, and as limited as we have been, and, still are, some things have been accomplished, and we can say that we have "sailed on."

Preparation for Christmas

As I am sitting at my window here at Soppo this morning, writing these few lines home, I hear familiar Christmas carols being practiced in the chapel by the school children. I still miss the snow and cold at Christmas, but the real meaning of Christmas is greater than that, and even here amid green grass, flowering poinsettias, tall palm trees, and red lilies, we can lift our hearts again in praise to God for his "unspeakable gift." This will be the first year that I will not be with some of our own missionaries during the Christmas season. The Dungers have returned to their manifold tasks at Ndu, and I have stayed here for about another month, trying to get all the necessary school records and reports in order for the first of the year.

This will be an important week in Soppo School. Examination results have been made known, and, together with rejoicing, will come the regrets of those youngsters who found much more joy in playing than in studying.

There are seventeen of the older boys and girls who have decided to follow Christ and who are preparing for baptism on Sunday. Special rehearsals for the Christmas program will find several of the pupils learning their songs and lines. School will be held over one extra day, for the Chief Commissioner from Nigeria will pay a visit to the school. Having such a distinguished visitor means much to the youngsters, for such occasions are not common, and they will have a chance to show their colors.

School photographs are being taken, and you may be sure it is the easiest thing in the world to get natives to come for their "fotos." Schoolrooms are being repaired and cleaned in preparation for the coming year, and school gardens are being tended with great care, so that the harvest may be plentiful when April and May come around. Flowers are being planted to cover up raw pieces of ground and unsightly stones, and these will be blooming to welcome the pupils back in February when school opens again. Saturday noon will be the service which closes the school for this year, and all will go to their homes for the holidays. I shall miss these mischievous youngsters when they go.

Plans for the New Year

This past week saw the appearance of two new babies here at Soppo, and both are girls. What rejoicing there is when the news gets around, and the stream of visitors the first day is almost endless.

The Sunday School and Baptist
(Continued on Page 13)

March 1, 1943

THE BAPTIST HERALD

Saints of Jesus Christ

Another Glimpse Into Our Denomination's
Early History
by REV. CHARLES F. ZUMMACH
of Trenton, Illinois

"They climbed the steep ascent to heav'n
Thro' peril, toll and pain:
O God, to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train."
—Century Photos

In Buffalo he had intended to work among the Dutch, but the German church there was without a pastor at the time, and prevailed upon him to become its pastor, in spite of his imperfect knowledge of the German language. Later he moved to Muscatine, Iowa, to which church he gave twenty-nine years of his life. He also did missionary work among the Dutch in Grand Rapids, Mich., and in other parts of that state for a time. For several years he served as pastor in Concordia, Missouri. He died in 1906, having given in all fifty-one years of service to the denomination.

His deep spirituality made a profound impact, not alone upon the churches he served, but upon all with whom he came into contact and the denomination as a whole. In his theology he was a staunch "Calvinist." Prof. Ramaker sums up his convictions in these words: "For him God's will rules not alone in the universe at large, but also all the affairs of life. He was a Baptist from deepest and most independent convictions. He found God's will revealed in the Scriptures and, once discovered there, made an end to all controversy." A fitting epitaph upon his life might well be: "God honored him, because he honored God."

SIEGMUND KUEPFER

"In the biography of our early leaders we discover several distinct types, but each of these had a particular end to serve in God's great work among men. Some, in whose soul the celestial fire burned, had exceptional gifts or oratory, and we call them 'prophets and preachers.' Others had the ability of imparting their thoughts through their writings or by instruction and we call them 'teachers.' Others had great organizing and executive ability and they became great 'pastors.' But others were of the meditative type, scholarly, and seeing mostly with the eye of spirit,—we call them 'mystics.'" (Ramaker)

Such a man Siegmund Kuepfer appears to have been. Born in 1803 in Switzerland he had been educated for

the ministry in that country and for a number of years was pastor of a "free church" in Switzerland. In 1849 he came to America and settled in Newark, N. J., where he submitted to baptism by immersion and united with a group of believers there, three of whom had been baptized by Fleischmann ten years previously. With ten members he organized the First German Baptist Church in Newark and became its pastor.

During his pastorate there he made a trip to St. Louis at the request of August Rauschenbusch, whom he baptized in the Mississippi River in East St. Louis in 1850. Just why Rauschenbusch sent all the way to Newark for Kuepfer to baptize him is not definitely known. Rauschenbusch states that he "admired the courage of his convictions." Another reason, not officially reported, states that it was because "Kuepfer was a tall man and Rauschenbusch wanted to make sure his baptism would be properly performed." The real reason may have been known only to these two.

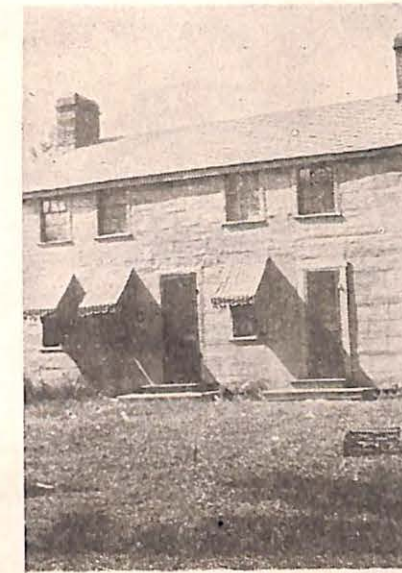
Success in Buffalo, N. Y.

Kuepfer was probably the only one of the early leaders, besides August Rauschenbusch, who possessed a thorough theological training before becoming affiliated with our group. For some reasons unknown to us his pastorate in Newark was brief and he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., where he became pastor of the church there. Trouble developed in that church over the question of open or closed communion, Kuepfer sharing Fleischmann's position of open communion. This led to the exclusion of Kuepfer and a group of his followers, among them E. Gruetzner. These organized a Second Church, of which Gruetzner was chosen the leader.

This church was destined to become the spiritual home of the Schulte family, which has played such an important part in our denomination. The Rev. G. A. Schulte, for many years the general secretary of our Mission Society, married one of Gruetzner's daughters. Mr. J. A. Schulte acted as treasurer of our Missionary Society for many years, and Mr. Herman Schulte for a number of years was manager of our Publication House in Cleveland, Ohio. They all came out of the Second Church in Buffalo.

Kuepfer's exclusion brought the question of open or closed communion into the open for the first time, and also brought forth a vigorous protest from Fleischmann. He warned that if churches were permitted to exclude pastors every time they differed on some questions, we would destroy ourselves. He foresaw that, unless we were careful, the denomination would have to reckon with many more such painful experiences.

He saw a serious threat to denominational unity if every party was to be



The Home of John Mason Peck, Baptist Pioneer, Near O'Fallon, Illinois, Built in 1822.

permitted to become a law unto itself and form a new group. Although not a close communionist himself, nevertheless, he respected the other's views and even defended their right to them, but he warned against laying too much stress on "form" and forgetting the most essential issue, which to him was "regeneration."

Discussions on "Communion"

Fleischmann offered to open the columns of the "Sendbote" to a discussion of the entire question, but warned that the discussion must be carried on in the spirit of Christ. Kuepfer wrote several long articles defending his position on communion, to which Shoemaker, who was a "close communionist," replied. Both men were deeply sincere in their opposing opinions and marshalled numerous Scripture texts to support their arguments. One is compelled, however, to admit, that some of them were rather far-fetched.

Other articles were written, the two ablest being one by Fleischmann and the reply by Rauschenbusch. They rank, perhaps, among the ablest written on the subject. Rauschenbusch makes baptism the requisite for partaking of the communion, holding that no unbaptized person should be admitted to the Lord's table. Since he did not recognize infant baptism as such, only immersed believers should be admitted to the Lord's table.

Fleischmann held that regeneration was the essential requisite and stated that "he would rather commune with a devout Methodist than with an unregenerated Baptist, 'who had no other claim to the Lord's table than that he had been baptized.'" He regretted the intemperate statements of both Kuepfer and Shoemaker, since both were his friends, and cited Galatians 5:15 as a warning.

Kuepfer's visit to the West revealed to him the tremendous missionary pos-

sibilities in that territory into which German immigration was now pouring by the thousands every month. As a result of Fleischmann's interference, the church in Buffalo was prevailed upon to rescind the exclusion of Kuepfer.

Kuepfer's Last Years

But he had decided to go West and settled in Highland, Ill., where many German-speaking immigrants from Switzerland had settled. From here he carried on an extensive colportage in central Illinois, traveling from place to place with his Bibles and books and preaching wherever opportunity presented itself. Some Baptist churches in this part of the state, no doubt, owe their origin to his labors.

Kuepfer was a temperamental man and, in spite of his scholarship, was easily carried away by his emotions. He was distinctly not the evangelistic type which his church at Buffalo had expected, and under his pastorate converts were few. This, no doubt, added to his difficulties there. He wrote much on theological questions during the early years of the "Sendbote." He was a good poet and many of his poems were published in that paper.

His last years were spent with friends in Bunker Hill, Ill., where he died in 1882. He was buried in a "borrowed grave" in Forestburg, Illinois. The inscription on the dilapidated tombstone is almost obliterated and should by all means be restored. If he had no other claims to distinction it would be that he organized the Clinton Hill Baptist Church of Newark, N. J., and that he baptized Professor August Rauschenbusch, making the difficult journey from Newark to St. Louis to perform this service for a friend.

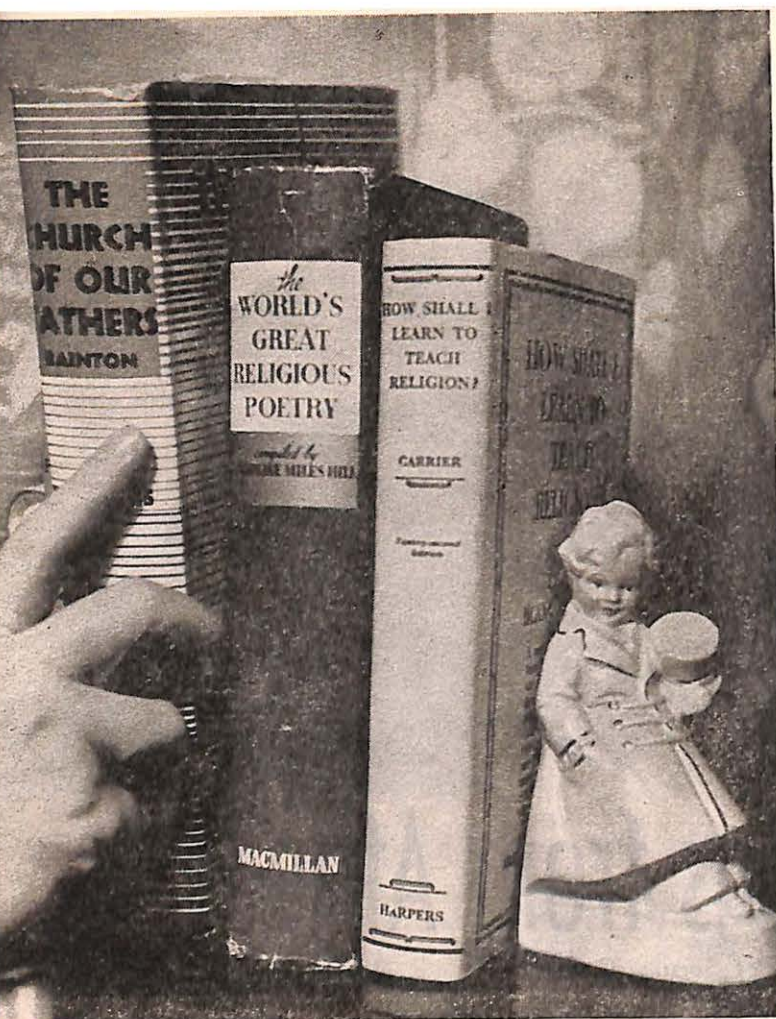
THE COLPORTEURS

"I mind the minister, who came
O'er stretches wide, across the plain,
Untutored, maybe, in the schools,
Untaught in rigid logic's rules,
Who knelt with you near the throne,
And made its mysteries their own,
They knew the wealth of faith and love
That raised your lives their own above."

We dare not close this chapter on our pioneers without paying tribute to the memory of that group of godly men known as "colporteurs," who renounced the comforts of home, traveling over pathless wastes and through dense forests, mostly on foot, in all sorts of weather, in order to break the bread of life to the isolated settlers in a new land.

The earliest of these was Ferdinand Schindler, a Swiss by birth, and one of Fleischmann's first converts in Philadelphia. This godly man traveled through Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin, enduring hardships and privations which few of us would care to undertake today. Some of the earlier churches in this region owe their origin to the labors of this humble man.

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"He looks not holy, simple is his belief;
His creed for mystic visions do not scan;
His face has lines cut there by other's grief,
And in his eyes is love of fellowman.
No medieval mystery, no crowned
Dim figure, halo ringed, uncanny bright;
A modern saint! A man who treads
earth's ground
And ministers to men with all his might."
(Richard Burton.)

WHILE little is known about some of the early pioneer missionaries of the great Mississippi valley and plains of the central West, some of them deserve special treatment, for they played an important part in the early development of our denomination. Among them is Christian Shoemaker. Of him Professor Ramaker says: "His life illustrates a type of Christian thinking and living which is rapidly passing out of our American Christianity . . . the uncompromising, introspective and individualistic type of Christian experience . . . which constitutes a rebound from the ecclesiastical dogmatism and formalism of the state churches."

CHRISTIAN SHOEMAKER

Born in Holland in 1818 he united with a "separatist" group there in 1843. This grieved his parents and made them very angry. In 1847 he came to America settling in St. Louis, where immediately he made provision for religious meetings in private homes and in an English Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoons for his Dutch countrymen. They met for worship, celebrated the Lord's supper, and rejected infant baptism, although they practiced no other form of baptism. There appears to have been no attempt made to organize a church.

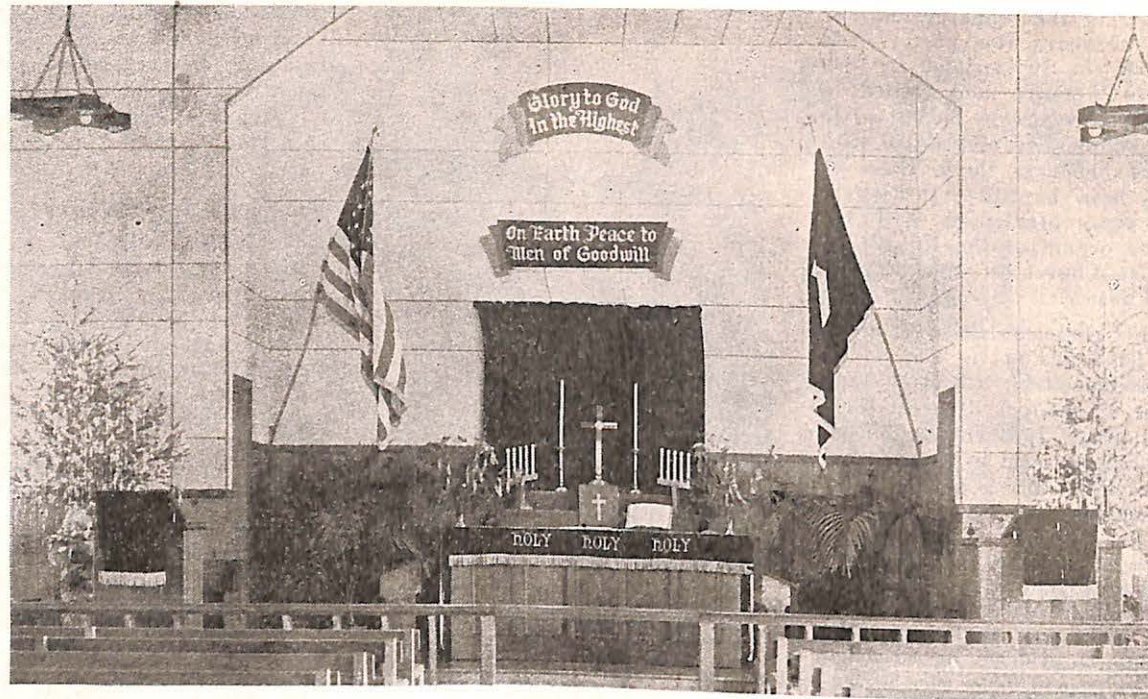
But in the fall of 1848, when Shoemaker and a few of his followers were returning home from their church services, they witnessed for the first time an adult baptism performed by a group of Negroes in the Mississippi River. It made a deep impression upon him, and led him to study the question of baptism in the light of the New Testament. The result was that in March 1849 he requested baptism of John Mason Peck, then pastor of the Second Baptist Church in St. Louis, and was baptized by him together with nineteen others, two of whom were Germans, at the same spot where they had witnessed their first adult baptism by immersion.

The entire group united with the Second Baptist Church, but, unable to understand the language, the church wisely advised them to organize themselves into a separate church, using both the German and Dutch languages, and granted them the use of their church building for their meetings. As a result the first "Dutch-German" Baptist Church was organized in 1849.

God Honored Him!

Shoemaker was ordained as its pastor, and Gladfeldt was appointed to work among the Germans, because Shoemaker was unable to speak German at this time. Gradually the German additions exceeded the Dutch, and as many of the Dutch moved away from St. Louis, the church became a German church, and changed its name to the First German Baptist Church, now known as the St. Louis Park Baptist Church.

Shoemaker went to Buffalo in 1852.



The Army Chapel at Camp Callan, San Diego, California, Decorated With Christmas Trees and Scripture Verses —Signal Corps, U. S. Army

A Chaplain's Letter to the Folks at Home

By CHAPLAIN B. W. KRENTZ of Camp Callan, San Diego, California

FOR some time I had contemplated writing a lengthy article on the "WORK OF THE ARMY CHAPLAIN." In fact, I had written pages of it before I changed my mind. The reasons for this change of heart are several. People do not care to read lengthy articles written by a man whom they do not know and on a subject in which they may or may not be particularly interested.

But everyone loves to read letters! This is evidenced several times a day at "Mail Call." How the entire Battery will flock around the "Mail Orderly" and listen very eagerly for the names. This mail orderly has a way of "flipping" the envelope and making it sail through the air in the general direction of the addressee, which seems almost uncanny in accuracy.

It seems to me, however, that such perfection of aim is hardly necessary. Just let a letter sail through the air in the general direction and it is a foregone conclusion that it will not strike the ground. Should a whiff of air current play a trick on the soaring envelope and divert its direction a little, there is still no reason to worry. The intended receiver will dive over or under the crowd and come up with the prized envelope in his hand. All the men here were either star catchers on the baseball diamond or excellent pass-receivers in football.

So I am writing a letter and shall

probably write more letters for "The Baptist Herald"—providing this one is accepted.

The accompanying picture shows one of our Camp Chapels in full dress during the Christmas season. The men in our camp, practically without exception, know the good old Christmas carols.

And how they do sing them! We had the words flashed on a screen by means of stereopticon slides and with organ, piano and trombone accompaniment we had carol singing that would rival any church choir.

It was the privilege of this chaplain to lead three song services during Christmas Eve and the following day. Two of those were in the "Mess Halls" where tables were laden with turkey. Crowd over 200 men into a room, then crowd them on the inside with turkey and dressing, etc., then put before them a song-sheet and pitch up your trombone, and it is astounding what the results can be!

We had our programs on Christmas Eve. Some groups had services on Christmas Day, and just to make it more interesting, this Chaplain had a mimeographed program, just as at home, with the fourth page containing a general letter. This letter began with, "Dear _____;" The soldier could then insert the proper word, whether it was to be to "Mom" or to "Sis," or probably to someone called "Darling"—that was his business. I

had 300 of such programs and was, indeed, sorry that I did not have 600.

In our Christmas spirit we did not want to be at all selfish. If a man was within reach of his home, we tried to get a "Pass" for him. If he had some friends in this area, he visited those friends—the rest of them joined us. Our three Chapels, all of the same style and size, served us well during Christmas and New Years. Even in the Recreation Halls pool tables were covered up, the hall was decorated, and the Chaplain's message of "The Light that Shineth in Darkness" was given.

I would go back once more to the scene of "mail call" before I close my letter for this time. Do not forget to follow up that Christmas card with a letter—with many a letter. These fellows here and elsewhere need those letters. And please do not tell them how hard it is for you to get by with your "A" card or your sugar rationing, etc. We don't need an "A" or "C" card and do not carry sugar—or other—coupons.

What the average soldier wants to know is—if the neighbors are still quarreling like they used to—if so and so in the church have made up—if "Johnny" or "sister" graduated from the eighth grade. You'd be surprised how much a little home town gossip will perk up the morale. After all, we, in the Army, are vitally interested in the home and what goes on there. And even more important are your prayers with those letters for the boys!

Pacific Northwest Young People's Union

By MISS ALMA KLUDT of Tacoma, Washington

HEARD above all the words ringing in the air these days is the word, "Service." Boys are leaving their homes and their loved ones to serve their country. Some are marching, some are sailing the seven seas, and some are flying the heavens, while others are bearing a Red Cross, all on a mission of suffering. To all, "Service" is the theme.

In the upper left hand corner of the map of the United States is a section of beautiful virgin forest land known as the Pacific Northwest. Here, banded together in small camps at strategic points, are loyal Christians who also have SERVICE as the theme of their hearts.

These people are equipped with the Word of God, "which is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword," rather than with any modern means of warfare. Their camps represent the Baptist churches of our denomination and constitute "The Pacific Northwest Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union."

Before we go on telling of these servants of the Lord, let us look back and see how it happened that these camps

Interest in this association quickly grew and it was only a few years later that three other bands were taken into this union. Vancouver, B. C.; American Falls, Idaho; and Missoula, Mont., were the new groups which widened the boundaries.

At the present there are hundreds of miles between the various churches. The extended boundaries prompted a change of name and so it is now called "The Pacific Northwest Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union." Other changes have taken place during the past years. Freewater, Ore., is no longer connected with us, but Kelowna, B. C., and Marlin, Wash., are the latest additions.

Much respect must be shown these early soldiers of the cross who labored so valiantly in forming this union. The group membership has gradually grown but this association is still not a large one.

Since there is such great distance between most of the churches, the only time we see many of our "servants of the Lord" is at our associational meetings, which are held at a different church each year. However, one avail-



Officers of the Pacific Northwest Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union

(Left to Right: Herbert Schmautz, Treasurer; Paul Krueger, President; Alma Kludt, Secretary; Holdina Miller, Vice-president; and Rev. Hugo Zepik, Advisor.)

united together. It was in the year of 1926 that some spiritual-minded young people of Colfax, Spokane, Tacoma, Startup, Lind, and Odessa, Wash., and of Freewater, Ore., decided to form an association. They realized that in unity there is strength.

They were organized as the Washington German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union with the first meeting held at Spokane, Wash. With the laying of this foundation, officers were elected to lead these Christian patriots on to greater service for Jesus Christ.

able means of keeping our people bound together and keeping them informed of the progress of others, is the "Northwest Reporter." This periodical will be published three times this year, with the president as editor-in-chief. Every society has a reporter who contributes news to make this an interesting paper.

Another "Service" is giving. Several years ago this small group voted to contribute \$75.00 yearly for Pedro Ngang, a sincere Christian native worker in the Cameroons. However, at the last associational meeting it was

The Majestic, Snow-crowned Peak of Mount Rainier Near Tacoma, Wash.

decided to discontinue this special contribution to Mr. Ngang and contribute, instead, \$100.00 to the Centenary Offering. Each society will attempt to raise an amount in proportion to its membership. Several of the groups have adopted the 100 Club, while others have taken steps with the same purpose in view. So we are all for the denominational enterprise to raise \$100,000 by next July.

While bold, brave generals are guiding the forces of this war, capable officers are in charge of this small company of Christians. Heading the group is Paul Krueger of Colfax, Wash., president; with Holdina Miller of Vancouver, B. C., filling the office of vice-president. Alma Kludt of Tacoma, Wash., is secretary of the organization, and Herbert Schmautz of Missoula, Mont., treasurer. The two advisors are the Rev. Hugo Zepik of Startup, Wash., and the Rev. A. Stelter of American Falls, Idaho. Peter Yost of Tacoma, Wash., is a member of the national council.

Shielded by the whole armor of God, we are fighting the battle of life, knowing that Christ, the captain of our Salvation, is ever before us. We thank God for Christ's great high-priestly work in heaven where he ever liveth to make intercession for us. With Christ before us, we cannot lose!

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." (1. Cor. 15-57, 58.)



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 occurred in which Terry lost the sight of one eye. Soon thereafter Mildred began to show an interest in Clem Lindeman, another football star. Together Clem and Mildred called on him at the hospital after his operation, when a glass eye was fitted into the empty socket. After his recovery and graduation from college Terry went out to the mountain resort, named "Solitude," where his mother rented out tourist cabins. He tried to forget the heartache of those recent days as best he could. "But one thing I will never do," he vowed to himself. "I will never give up Mildred without a struggle."

CHAPTER TWO

That had been his vow, but the struggle had been largely within his own heart—and it was still going on tonight, even when he knew that she was being married this week to Clement Lindeman, the one man he disliked more than any other, the one man who alone of all men in the world had inspired him to hate—"Oh God, don't let me hate! He that hateth his brother is a murderer . . ."

His thoughts, tonight, as he was about to leave the December cabin to return to the office, were milling in his mind, like the wild cattle of the ranch. Hate for Clem, love for Mildred, anger that was like a time-bomb, fear of the future . . . The roaring river beside him, the sullen gray cliff on the opposite side . . . The weather, of course, he tried to think, was partly responsible for his despondency. Tomorrow, there would be sunshine again. Tomorrow,

he would saddle Ranger and ride far up the canyon to the ranch, and on up to Old Yellow.

Tomorrow . . . But if tonight, Clement Lindeman should suddenly come driving into camp, asking for a cabin for the night—he and Mildred . . .!

He snapped shut the Yale lock on the cottage screen door, and as he walked away, he heard his own lips saying grimly, "I am becoming like a brute beast, like a man of the old west who would kill for revenge . . ."

He drove the thought from his mind and compelled himself to think of other things, knowing that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he, remembering also the old proverb: "Sow a thought, reap an act . . ."

Had not One who was the personal revelation of the Father, and who was omnipresent—present even here in the canyon, in spite of my feelings or deserts—had not He said, "Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you?"

That was another thing the nurse had said one day while he lay in the hospital—"In spite of feelings or worth, Christ is present with His own always." That same day they had discussed the future—hers especially, and she had said, "I feel that His great commission to me personally is to work with children—that is, in addition to my nursing profession. I think He has talented me for that work. In any event He has given me success in winning many of them to Christ."

Miss Marvel, Terry reflected now, had had a faith and purpose in life

that held her true to Christ, but then, she had not lost the only love she had ever known. She would find her joy not only in her profession—that of relieving physical suffering,—but also in what she had called her true vocation, that of teaching boys and girls.

And he—well, he could go back into cattle business, he supposed. Once he had thought perhaps he was being definitely called into the ministry. He had even dreamed of one day having Mildred beside him in a little church somewhere. She with her lovely singing voice and other musical talent—But that dream had vanished like an over-blown bubble. The old ranch house still stood, and even though the barn and other buildings were in disrepair, they would be good enough for a one-eyed, ex-football star. He could live there alone while the woman he loved lived somewhere else with the man he hated . . .

And then, as he moved once more back toward camp headquarters, he drew up short, stabbed with a sudden memory, the words of Mildred herself, "Don't be surprised, Terry, if we come spinning out to Year-Round Camp when on our honeymoon!"

The thought sent a stream of heat running along his veins, and he muttered grimly to himself, "What if they do! What if they're already married! What if they come driving in tonight!"

And as he moved in almost fierce strides through the rain toward the office, the thought churned itself into a premonition that seemed like reality. "What if they come tonight! What if they come tonight!"

The roaring river beside him seemed to thunder at him; the somber cliff on the other side seemed to echo back the tragic thought; and as he walked, he went down again under the weight of the thing, as he had done this morning far up in Solitude, when he had dropped upon the weathered old rock and given himself up to sobs.

What if they come tonight! The thought would have to be dismissed. To dismiss one thought, another must be given its place . . .

Tomorrow, there would be sunlight in the canyon . . . What if they come tonight!

Perhaps he had better stay on here

at the camp with Mother and Silent Oss, rather than become a hermit at the old ranch house. The cabins would be filled daily during the tourist season and he would be busy enough to keep from going insane—a man could do that if he let himself give up. Life without hope, and without a purpose for which to live, could drive a man mad. He had to keep on living for Mother Nealle's sake, even if his own life were nothing—is nothing.

He noticed, as he sloshed along the path, between the rushing river and the glowering cliff, that the lights in most of the cottages were still on, with radios going. He could hear the weird cryings of syncopated music, the blaring, wanton voices of jazz singers. All this, he thought, is emptiness, deluded civilization, trying to drive away disillusionment. This, and a thousand other noxious pleasures were the mess of pottage for which men sold their souls . . . Somewhere he had read, "Happiness is not in possessions, or occupation, or success or fame, but only in the right relationship with the one you love." And accompanying the thought, as he realized its truth, there came another . . . "If I have not love, I am nothing."

His thoughts were of the future and of the old ranch house. Yes, that was what he wished to do—get away from life, its rush and whirl, and live quietly in the peace that only isolation could create.

He talked aloud as he walked. His thoughts carried him far up the old Solitude trail on a sunny day, and he and Mildred were alone there at the trail's end, sitting on the great rock that was in shape like the old rock on the campus at Shandon. Above him zoomed Old Yellow, giant of the mountains . . .

"I'm giving you up, Mildred," he imagined himself saying, "because I know I can do nothing else. Some day, if the world continues to hate and kill and reject God's Son, I will find my solace—my death, perhaps, in war, and then it will not matter . . ."

He shrugged. There was going to be war. He was sure of that—without being sure. The spirit of war was roaring madly on another continent even now—nations rising against nations, millions of young men killing and being killed.

"What," he asked himself, "would I do, if I were on the battle field, in service for my country, and must kill in self defense, and in defense of home and loved ones? With what heart motive could I kill? Hatred for my enemy? Or love for my country? To reserve decency and justice?"

Thou shalt not kill! That was the commandment of All Mighty God. Ah, yes, but that was a law for individuals. Suppose he were an officer of the law—a policeman? Suppose also, he were called to police duty by his own government? That was another matter—not

to be decided tonight. And yet, what if he should be compelled to face the issue, to have to decide quickly? He made a pathetic gesture as of dropping a football toward the river, as if, in the act he were dismissing forever the subject that was tormenting him.

He swung his beam of light into the path and walked in its circular pool. At the iron pump, the source of the drinking water supply for the camp, he took the flower-bordered cement walk to the lighted, glass-enclosed porch. The porch furniture had been the same during the years since the opening of the camp: a leather settee, writing desk, two straight-back chairs. A stump of russet and white highly polished petrified wood made a backless tabouret in the corner beyond the desk, and upon it Mother Nealle had set a crystal glass ivy bowl. The ivy itself was sprawled lazily over the edge of the bowl, and over the gleaming surface of the petrified stump. It crossed the window ledge, where it had found a white frame bracket, made by Father Nealle's own hands when they still lived back on the ranch. The ivy's tendrils were reaching up now for more trellis—and there was none.

A man's faith could reach up and cling, if there were something to which to cling . . .

A man needed a woman's love. He was reaching out now for the trellis that had been taken away.

He heard his mother's voice calling from her room. "That you, Terry?" Her voice was loud and raucous, too loud and raucous, he thought—he always thought, when she spoke these days. And also he always forgave her. Habit had done that to her through the years of living with Uncle Oss. Nor was Uncle Oss to blame for being hard of hearing. The war had done that to him. The Spanish American War.

His mother, in a wine-colored lounging robe, came through the living room, passed the closed piano, and stopped in the office door entrance. The robe had been his Christmas gift to her.

His reward that day had been, "Thank you, Terry boy, you're like your father, always thinking of others." No, not always, he thought, not tonight . . .

Her hair was in neat rows of curlers . . . Tomorrow it would be in brown and gray waves carefully parted on the right side, and rolled into a double knot in the back. Her soft hair had been a football brown, until the fatal rodeo, and then, within only a few months, it seemed, it had turned gray. In those days, too, her voice had been soft and gentle. Things that happened to a person could make vital changes—for the better or for the worse.

He had thought these things before. They flashed through his mind now in a moment of time . . .

The telephone rang, an ominous sound on a night like this, long and harsh.

"I'll get it," she said.

He watched her move in the flowing wine robe across the wide pool of light cast from the floor lamp by the piano. He stooped, straightened the brown rug which the skirt of her robe had upturned. Who would be calling at this hour of night? The question in his mind received a tumultuous answer: Mildred, perhaps, calling to say, "Well, Terry, we're married. Congratulate us!"

"Hello!" Mother's voice on the telephone was cheerful.

"How's that? Who?"

"A girl? Yes, the December cabin is vacant . . . Yes, I'll send Terry right away."

Mother Nealle snapped the receiver into place, turned back to Terry. "There's a girl with a flat tire down at the Falls Store. Their cabins are all filled. You take old Pack and go down after her. We'll put her in the December for the night."

He was already on his way to the gorge, Mother's last sentence grating in his mind: "Fool girl! Driving alone in the rain on these slippery mountain roads!"

But old Pack's twelve ancient cylinders refused to cooperate and it was Terry on horseback that finally cantered across the wooden bridge and galloped down the road to the Falls Store.

The words, "Fool Girl" beat synchronously in his mind with the horse's galloping hoofs until the sign above the Falls Store entrance came into view. "Cabins," it said in rounded blue neon letters. That sign, with variations, was duplicated at a thousand similar roadside camps throughout the great vacation land of the west.

Somewhere along the quarter mile gallop, however, the word "fool" had dropped from the indictment, the galloping hoofs were beating out simply, "Girl-girl . . . girl-girl . . ." Whoever she is, he thought, she needs a man to help, a trellis to trust. A woman always needed a man. He was necessary to her as eyesight . . . Well, Mildred, you and Clem are on your honeymoon by now, somewhere . . .

A moment later he was at the store and out of the saddle. Clare Coleman, the store proprietress, greeted him with, "Nasty night to have to go out hunting up lost, strayed or stolen girls! She's out there in her car a-cryin! Help yourself. No backbone to these here city girls nowadays. She's plumb scared to death of the mountains."

And there, huddled under the steering wheel of her black coupe, he found her, a terrified little thing, trembling, but not crying. He could see that in the light from the neon sign. He could see also that under the neat bow-trimmed laurel green hat, her hair was dark—black—and her eyes . . .!

His heart leaped wildly. "Mil!" he explained.

Mil! Mil! MIL! The name in his mind was like the roar of the canyon river—singing in his mind—sobbing!

The car window came rolling down. "Terry! Oh, Terry! I'm—I'm afraid of them! The terrible mountains. But I had to come. I had to!"

One word, one name exploded from his lips, "Clem! Where is Clem!" "I thought you were —"

"Don't say it!" she gestured falteringly. "I—I ran away . . ."

She had run away. Why, he did not know, and he must not ask now. It was enough to know that in running away from Clem Lindeman, she had thought first of Terry and had come direct to him. The thing now to do was to calm her fears. It was not unusual for one who had never before seen the mountains, when entering them at night, with the highway winding higher and higher, with nothing ahead except more and more mountains—mountains on every side, and always, below, the river, with great black yawning depths at the very edge of the highway,—not unusual at all for one to be frightened. Some, he knew, became hysterical and required a doctor's care until the "terror by night" was gone.

Evidently she had been driving for some time on the flat tire for it was rim-cut.

"You have a spare?" he asked. It would have been easier and quicker to take her back with him on the horse, but there was the problem of the luggage, and of the rain. No use to expose her to the danger of a cold.

It was a strange ride, that half mile up the canyon to "Year-Round Camp." That was the name Silent Oss had given to it. It was appropriate, then, that the twelve cabins be named after the months of the year.

He wondered how Mother Nealle would welcome this frightened girl, Mother who only a little while ago had dubbed her, "Fool girl." Mother could be vindictive against absent persons who made foolish mistakes, but in an emergency, when they were near, when sympathy was needed, she could be tender and patient. But how would she feel toward Mildred? Only last week, she had said emphatically, "Any girl who would throw my boy over for somebody like you say Clem Lindeman is, isn't worth a picayune. I wouldn't waste any tears or time worrying over her!"

He was thinking and trying to think, wondering why she had run away, what Clem had done to make her come . . .

She was such a pitiful little thing there beside him in the car, clinging to his arm, stepping down hard on the floor board each time they swept around a new curve.

"Mother'll be glad to have you," he said, as they turned in at the Year-Round announcement. The wooden planks of the canyon river bridge rum-

bled as he drove across as if in warning of danger ahead. He swung the car to the left and came to a stop at the office door. She had been silent all the way, huddled close against him. It was only beside the office stoop that she spoke. She sat up, suddenly alert, "Listen, Terry, I didn't explain in my letter, about Clem. I suppose I shouldn't have written and maybe I shouldn't have run away—"

"What letter?" he asked. He set the brakes, noticed that the porch light was on and that Mother Nealle was there, waiting.

"You mean—you weren't—expecting me?"

"Not you alone—that is, I had wondered if maybe you and Clem might not drop in for a day or two of your honeymoon. No" — He circled the car, opened her door before finishing his sentence,— "I didn't receive any letter. When did you mail it?"

He needn't have worried about Mother's attitude. She came down the steps to welcome the new guest. Her voice carried a note of tenderness he had known when, as a boy, he had stumped his toe on a rock, or when he had brought to her the little canyon wren with the broken wing. "It's a miserable night to be out on the road," she said. "You must rest here while Terry gets the light on in your cabin."

"Mother," he began, and condemned himself because of the huskiness in his voice, "This is Mildred,—ah—" He stopped. Mildred! The first name was enough to identify her to Mother. He let it go at that. He saw his mother's face set sternly, her eyes narrow, then she smiled and he knew that whatever disparaging thought had come to her had been discarded.

No child of her own could have received a more cordial welcome or more sympathy and understanding. Once, during the exchange of greetings, Mildred whispered to Terry, "Does she know about—me—about us?"

"Not everything," he whispered back to her. "There's nothing to worry about."

It was decided that Terry sleep that night in the December and that Mildred occupy the guest room at Camp headquarters.

Good old Mother Nealle, he thought a little later as they sat about the kitchen table drinking hot tea, which Terry discovered, was already steeping when they had come in from the Falls store.

In a moment alone with Mother on the porch, they faced each other, "She's very pretty, Terry. I don't know why she's here and I won't try to find out tonight—Wait, before you go. Just this one thing—You can trust your mother. I'll pet her and comfort her until she isn't afraid of a thing. Mountains are terrible at night in a rain when you've never seen one before. I know."

His hand was on the screen door. He was thinking of Father Nealle bring-

ing his bride here so many years ago, but they had had each other to make even the fears of life interesting. His eyes roved for a moment to the ivy, drooping so gracefully over the crystal glass bowl, then reaching across the window ledge and the trellis, and at the top still reaching for the support that was not there.

"Look, Mother," he said, his finger tips under the searching tendril, "we're going to have to give this little friend something to cling to."

"I know," she nodded, and he noticed that her hair was covered now with the pink rubber cap from the shower just off the guest room. That was Mother, he thought, not too careful how she dressed. It was probably the first thing that had come to hand. But the fact that she had remembered to cover the unsightly curlers was something, even if with a pink shower cap which clashed so crudely with the wine robe. But her face and her heart were those of a mother, and he knew he need not be ashamed of her, even in the presence of Mildred Handel, who had come from a refined and aristocratic home back on the plains.

"Better drive her car in beside old Pack," Mother suggested, "so it won't block the drive."

"And after that," he said, "I'll go down for Ranger." He strode away, thinking of Ranger, his favorite saddle horse, the "Black Beauty" of the Nealle Stables. Ranger had carried him over many a rugged mile of mountain and plain in the days before he had gone to college to become a football hero.

A little later he was gone, walking in the pool of light made by his lantern. He crossed the smaller bridge which spanned the tiny stream whose source was somewhere up in Solitude beyond the abandoned ranch house, higher still than Old Yellow. The branch emptied into the Canyon river at this point. He swung to the right and strode across the canyon river bridge itself, beyond which, on the highway, was the mailbox. Silent Oss, the official mail carrier for the Year-Round Camp, may have overlooked a very important letter this afternoon.

On the bridge he stopped, snapped off his light, looked back toward the office. The porch light was still on, as was also the lone blue bulb above the public shower. His thoughts for a moment were of the little vine reaching up. After awhile, as the days should come and go, if the tendrils should find nothing to which to cling, no encouragement to climb, the very weight of itself might cause it to droop . . .

Below him the river moved swift and dark, hissing, boiling, never stopping, never ending, continually supplied from source and sources above. How many a gay little mountain stream, singing on its way, must surrender its life to quench the never ending thirst of this mighty monster.

(Continued on Page 19)

What's Happening

(Continued from Page 2)

● On Sunday, Feb. 7, the Rev. M. L. Leuschner, editor of "The Baptist Herald," was guest speaker at the morning and afternoon services of the Baptist churches of Pound and Gillette, Wis. In the evening a united service was held for the Pioneer and Polish Baptist Churches of Pound, at which missionary moving pictures were shown. An Honor Roll for the boys of the church in the armed forces of the government was recently presented to the church by the young people's society, of which Howard Fuelle is president. The Ladies' Aid of 33 members held a patriotic program on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 11, at which every member brought a brief clipping or poem on George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. The Rev. H. P. Bothner is pastor of the church.

● A memorial service was held by the Fourth St. Baptist Church of Dayton, Ohio, in honor of one of its boys, James W. Seeger, on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 7. As reported in the last issue of "The Baptist Herald" (page 8), he was killed in an airplane accident in Dutch Guiana, South America. He was graduated in 1940 from the College of Engineering and Commerce of the University of Cincinnati, and recently served the U. S. government in a civilian capacity in the Signal Corps Laboratories at Eatontown, N. J. He was baptized by the Rev. Paul Zoschke in 1927. The Rev. R. P. Jeschke was in charge of the impressive memorial service. It was announced that the men with whom he was associated at Fort Monmouth, N. J., regarded him so highly that they are giving a plaque in his memory to be placed in the Dayton Church at a later time.

● The First Baptist Church of St. Joseph, Mich., has been stressing the Centenary Offering at recent programs of the church. On Thursday evening, Feb. 4, the B. Y. P. U. under the presidency of Miss Ellen Gast sponsored a service which featured the showing of kodachrome missionary pictures by Mr. M. L. Leuschner of Forest Park, Ill. A large congregation of members of the St. Joseph and Benton Harbor churches was present. The Centenary Offering for the young people amounted to \$31.00. On Sunday morning, Feb. 7, the church held its Centenary Offering, which totaled \$210.00. This is only one of a series of similar offerings. On March 10, Dr. Wm. Kuhn, missionary secretary, will address the Women's Missionary Union on the subject of the Centenary Offering. The Rev. L. B. Broeker, pastor of the church, extended the hand of fellowship to Dr. and Mrs. George A. Sheetz on Sunday morning, Feb. 7. Dr. Sheetz was formerly pastor of Baptist churches of Ottawa, Kankakee and Rockford, Ill.

EASTER CARDS

Announcing

The New Series 1943

While we for brevity sake, call them "Cards," they are in reality "Folders."

There are ten of them in an attractive Easter box and they are all of beautiful design executed in harmonious color schemes.

Easter Sunday this year falls on the 25th of April, unusually late, so there will be ample time for our church agents to get them into the hands of the people.

To the agents we suggest that they order out the customary ten boxes so that they can get busy with the distribution. The Easter boxes will be billed at the usual wholesale prices governing greeting cards in general.

THE SELLING PRICE IS

50 cts.

ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS
3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Greetings from Africa

(Continued from Page 5)

young people's work continues, and a fine program is expected on Christmas Eve. Throughout the New Year, great efforts will be made to get this type of work started in all our churches where it is not as yet found. Here, as well as at home, children love to sing, and to hear stories and to learn new things, but the leadership is still very inadequate and untrained, and the supplies and equipment for this work is utterly lacking. Lesson papers for teachers and books for leaders are needed very much. Larger supplies of easy-reading Bibles and picture rolls would do wonders in getting the work started and to help it continue.

Throughout this year we have been mindful of the rich blessings which we enjoy here, which missionaries in many places in this world, and even on this continent do not enjoy. The war has remained far from our boundaries, and its effects have not been too severely felt. Nothing has hindered or hampered us at work, and whatever restrictions or limitations there have been, they are mostly due to the extreme "fewness" of workers. But we feel confident that there are Christians at home who will hear God's call to come out to the Cameroons and who, as soon as it is possible, will be finding their way out here.

The Victorious Life

(Continued from Page 4)

How? With your hands? Surely not! "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith" (1. Pet. 5:9). "Faith does nothing, faith lets God do it all."

You can have victory, but there is a great price to pay, at least for some people, it would seem. Furthermore, God alone can give us that glorious victory.

We receive it when we let go and let God have his own way in our lives. Self must be crucified; it must be dead. We must be buried with Christ. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me" (Gal. 2:20).

This victory is a gift and not a growth. No man can buy it or work for it. All the resolutions of New Year will not grant it. All the church attendance in the world will not call it down from heaven. This is what God demands of us; we must surrender our hearts to him. How many Christians live defeated lives because they are unwilling to give their all to Christ! "Unless Jesus Christ has all there is of you," said Wilbur Chapman, "you will never have the victorious life." Remember Christ wants all there is of us—absolutely all. He is not so much interested in your material things as he is in you. He wants YOU first. Then, when Christ is once enthroned in your heart, you can say, with Paul meaningfully, "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me."

This attainment of victory over sin and self really is a miracle, but what is a mere miracle to God? Furthermore, God wants to perform this miracle upon every living soul. When God enters our hearts, all the world with its evil must flee. God and evil cannot occupy the same heart at the same time. Countless Christians have once had that glorious victory through Christ Jesus but have lost it through sheer carelessness or faithlessness.

God is able to keep us no matter how strong the forces of evil may rage about us. Jude 24 says, "Now unto him that is able to keep us from stumbling." For further encouragement turn to Matt. 28:18 where we read, "And Jesus came and spake unto them saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth." My, what a wonderful Savior we really have! He is able to save us to the uttermost.

Have you tried him? Have you taken God at his word? Can you say to God, "Here take me just as I am without one plea. Use me just as you wish"? Are you trusting God and resting upon his promises? Are you letting God fight your battles for you? If you do, then you will have found the victorious life in Christ Jesus.

Service Men's Letters from England

From a Canadian Sergeant and an U. S. Army Private

Flying Over Europe!

By Sgt. R. W. Link of the Royal Canadian Air Forces Overseas, a Member of One of Our Baptist Churches of Alberta, Canada.

(The following letter was sent to his aunt, Mrs. Walter Pankratz of Chicago, Illinois.)

Christmas is almost here in England but very little attention is paid to it. We are fighting now. Germany has many scars as a result of our squadron's raids. I'm sorry that I can't send you any newspaper clippings, but we are in the headlines.

We received our Christmas ration today. It amounted to two chocolate bars and one orange. Both of these are worth their weight in gold here. I never realized how much I prized chocolate until I started operations. It's due to constant tension and nervousness, but you can't buy any here.

No mail whatever has come from Canada, so the idea of any parcel from home is out. So you see the situation is rather grim. But then we have learned to do without a lot of things. On the other hand I have learned a lot that perhaps I might never have known.

Life now is very dangerous and uncertain. Men do change. You can't face the horrors of hell and remain the same. I have not yet been over Germany itself but have seen a lot. My best chums have been struck down and died. It's a sad task to write to their



Sergeant R. W. Link of the Royal Canadian Air Force Serving Overseas in England

mothers. (Word has been received that Sgt. Link is now flying repeatedly over Germany.—EDITOR.)

I shall try to give you an impression I had in London the other night. I was near St. Paul's Cathedral during an air raid alarm. London, as always, was blacked out. Searchlights tried to pin Jerry lurking somewhere above. Ack-ack- tried to bring him down.

Somehow I wasn't scared then. St. Paul's has endured many wars. It's partly in ruins now, but it will never die. I sensed a new faith then. It didn't come from St. Paul's; it came from above the city towers, above the smoke,

above the barrage balloons, above the searchlight beams and higher than Jerry ever flew. I may not survive but I'm prepared.

Somehow, your letter of assurance was a great comfort to me. I do miss my contact with home. It's strange how these thoughts come to you again and again as you circle above the clouds. I have been very frightened at times and I know that I most certainly will be scared again but now I have confidence to meet the test.

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Somewhere in England!

Letter from Private Karl Mehnert of the Immanuel Church of New York City and Now With the U. S. Expeditionary Forces Overseas.

Since I have been in England, which is now the fourth month, I have been attending church and young people's meetings regularly, always in small towns wherever we are staying.

I wish all of you could see one of these lovely little towns. Even in the smallest of them there is a Baptist chapel. I always get an enthusiastic welcome. I do not encourage it in any way.

One of the pointers about Great Britain given to us by Army Headquarters says that crossing the ocean does not automatically make us heroes. However true that may be, the British people look up to us and openly show how happy they are to have us here. It is pathetic to have a perfect stranger come up to you and tell you so.

Although we all like England, we hope and pray that the war will end soon.



A Christian Soldier

By PVT. WILLIAM LAWRENCE,

Platoon 1239 U. S. Marine Corps, Base RD., San Diego, Calif.

(A Member of the Bethel Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich.)

It's Sunday morn! The camp is still
As we head for Church across the hill.
Why don't we stay at home in bed?
Why do we go to church instead?
Sunday, our only day of rest,
But, this is our chance to stand the test.

Why do you go? The world may cry,
So I'll do my best to tell you why;
If you could see us walking by in rows,
You'd know it wasn't to show our clothes,
For we're just dressed in plain dungenies,
It isn't with clothes the Lord we please.

Perhaps as we gaze at nature's beauty,
We feel toward God a sense of duty.
Perhaps we feel we're here to pay
For the sins of a world from God turned away.
We are soldiers all, yet we are men
In need of a Savior to cleanse us from sin.

At last we stop, for we are there,
We sit on the lawn and open with prayer.
We hear him preach that "God is love,
That he is watching from above."
The message stirs us way down deep,
Then bow our heads, and bid Him keep
Us soldiers, though we're far away
We know; He will not let us stray.

The service over, off we tramp
Across the hills and back to camp.
And as we march, my thoughts then roam
To the things I love; my church, my home.
Dreaming of days more quiet and still,
Knowing this war is not our will,
But we as Christians are unafraid,
For we know, that Jesus the price has paid.

Life at a U. S. Naval Air Base

By WILLIAM L. KNECHTEL,
Disbursing Department,
Glenview, Illinois

(Seaman Knechtel is the son of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Knechtel of Chicago, Illinois.)

Life at the U. S. Naval Air Base at Glenview, Ill., has often been termed comparable to that of a country club, for the apparent easy time that is enjoyed by the men in recruit training, but with the tasks ahead many are busily engaged in study toward some higher rating in advanced work.

At present I am busy in studies for a storekeeper's rating, and hope to earn the stripe in the near future, as well as to be better prepared should I be called into more active duty or at some other location.

For our worship services, which are being considered more deeply by a larger number of men each week, we are now using the large auditorium of our new Recreation Building. This building also houses the new restaurant, canteen, tailor, barber, and shoe repair shops, all very modern and up-to-date.

Here also is located our chaplain, Roderic Lee Smith, and his department. From his office come all religious plans of our Base. The religious welfare of the men interested is being very well taken care of with respect to all denominations.

Our choir of 40 boys is gaining in popularity around our large city and its many suburbs, and it is a great joy and blessing to me to have the voice to sing and to travel with this group, and to work among them since a large number of them are true Christian sailors.

So it is with these words of thanks and greetings that I tell you of my new life in the Navy and how a Christian, with a wonderful background, continues on in his part of this war which is being fought on such wide fronts.

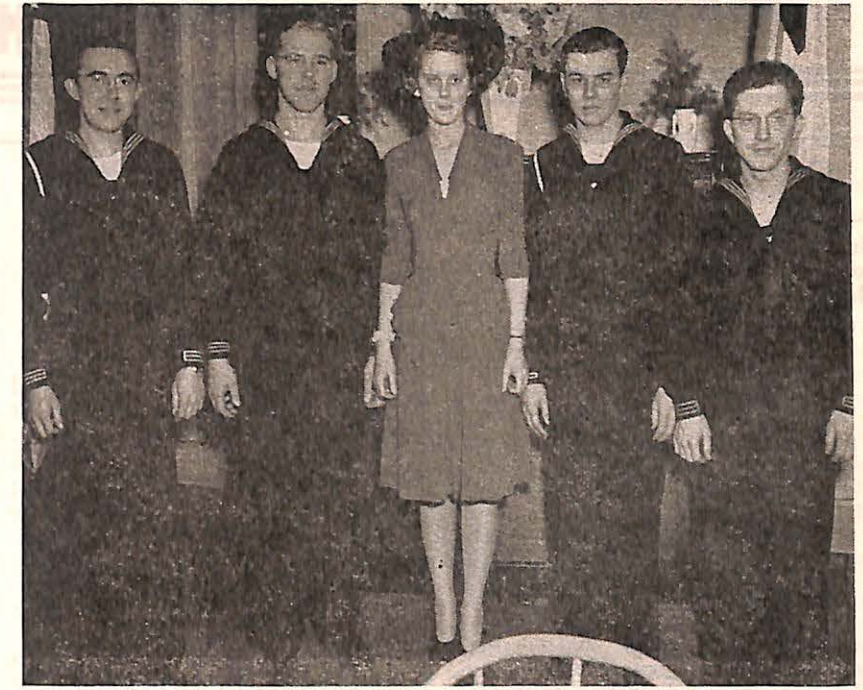
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Welcome to All Service Men!

By the Rock Hill Baptist Church of Boston, Massachusetts

The Rock Hill Baptist Church, located at 438-440 Centre St., Jamaica Plain, on the outskirts of Boston, Mass., is within a few miles of Camp Devens and Camp Edwards. The city of Boston is a training center for officers, as well as the city of many ports, etc. Thousands upon thousands of service men are in the city at all times. I would appreciate the names and addresses of any of our young men in this section of the country. I would be very happy to contact them for Christ. Our church and homes are open to all of our boys in uniform. We would like to serve them in Christ's name.

R. S. HESS, Pastor,
45 Hemman St.,
Roslindale, Mass.



Seaman William L. Knechtel (Left) of the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois, and Several of His Buddies and an Invited Guest at a Recent Church Program

8000 Copies!

Both of the February issues of "The Baptist Herald" had a total of 8000 copies to meet all the heavy demands of our subscribers, Service Men, and friends. Every copy of the January, 1943, issues has been sold, and numerous requests for extra copies could not be met.

All of this reaches some kind of an amazing record, for only a few years ago 5000 "Baptist Herald" subscribers was set as a high goal. New subscriptions and renewals are pouring into the office of the business manager daily.

In order to be assured of every number of "The Baptist Herald" and not to miss out on any of the interesting and thrilling things to come in these pages, be certain that your subscription and those of your church's Service Men have been sent to the Roger Williams Press, 3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Don't fail! Do it today!

Open House for Service Men

By Mr. and Mrs. William Brenner of the Mt. Zion Baptist Church of Kansas

We are still entertaining soldier boys from Fort Riley in our home near the Mt. Zion Baptist Church of Kansas. Last June we "adopted" two and now we have six who come out when they can. Almost every Saturday we bring some home from town with us. One recent Saturday we had three and the bride of one young man whose home is in Massachusetts. The bride comes from Connecticut.

Cpl. Carl L. Young from our Bethel Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., is one of our boys. He is a splendid Christian and takes an active part in the young people's class, in our worship services and in our testimonial meetings.

My husband and I are amazed at the way these boys seem to enjoy our humble home, plain food, and also our simple church services. We enjoy having them so much and pray that we might be a blessing to them. They come from New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan, Arkansas and California.

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An Invitation to Service Men

From Mr. H. Breittling and Family, London Bridge, Virginia

I certainly enjoy the news from our Service Men since I am always working around Service Men in the Army camps. As an engineer with the U. S. Army Engineers' Office (Civilian Employees) I contact the Army men daily. I am building barracks in the camps all the time.

I wish to extend a hearty welcome to any of the Service Men who might find themselves in these parts sometime. Please drop in and visit us for you are always welcome. We are especially eager to hear from any of the North Dakota boys, since I was formerly in the Ashley and Grand Forks Churches of North Dakota.

We also look forward to receiving "The Baptist Herald" and read it from cover to cover. I like to read especially the "What's Happening" pages which keep me in touch with church workers everywhere. We are now affiliated with the Port Norfolk Baptist Church at Portsmouth, Virginia.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Mr. Fred Schlichting of the Boston Church Meets Chaplain Fred Schilling

The Rev. Fred Schilling, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church at Wausau, Wis., and now a chaplain in the United States Army, was visited by this writer while he was studying at the Chaplain School at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

It was their first meeting since Mr. Schilling graduated from our seminary at Rochester, N. Y., in 1936, at which time he, with Mrs. Schilling, came to Boston, Mass., to candidate for the pastorate in the Rock Hill Baptist Church. He planned to visit the church but an assignment of a special detail at the chaplain school prevented the visit.

Mr. Schilling graduated from the Chaplain School on Jan. 30, and will no doubt have reached his first Army Camp assignment when this report is printed, which, as he expected, is probably somewhere in the South.

(Chaplain Schilling is now stationed at Brookley Field, 44th A. D. G., Mobile, Alabama.—Editor.)

The writer, who is in the employ of the University, will be glad to welcome any of our pastors or boys who may find their way to the chaplains' college or nearby Army Camp or Naval Training Stations for study or instructions in any branch of the service.

FRED SCHLICHTING, Church Clerk.

Farewell Program Held for the Jamesburg Baptist Pastor, Chaplain Gustav T. Lutz

A farewell program was conducted at the First Baptist Church of Jamesburg, N. J., on Sunday, evening, Jan. 31, to honor the Rev. Gustav T. Lutz who enlisted and has been commissioned a first lieutenant chaplain in the U. S. Army.

We regret that Mr. Lutz has left us, since his stay with us was less than three years but we are thankful for his work and blessing received during his pastorate here. The presidents of the church organization wished him well in his new undertaking, and we pray that God will lead and use him in his service. The Rev. Mr. Layman of the Presbyterian church and the Rev. Mr. Corson of the Methodist church also extended greetings. Mr. J. B. Weisert, senior deacon, presented the chaplain with gifts of money from the various church organizations.

We were very happy that the Rev. Thomas Lutz of Sheboygan, Wis., a brother of Mr. Lutz, could be with us for this occasion. The Rev. Thomas Lutz conducted evangelistic meetings in our church during the first two weeks of February.

We pray the Lord will lead and guide us in securing another pastor for our church.

JEAN KILBOURN, Reporter.

The President's Greetings for the Women's Day of Prayer, Friday, March 12, 1943

By Mrs. Mildred B. Dymmel of Anaheim, California

Dear Prayer Partners in the United States and Canada:

Greetings and God bless you! In these days when so many of our boys are training and standing guard to protect us from the enemy, may we in a united effort bring them before our heavenly Father and pray that peace may soon be ours.

Remember—God hears and answers prayer! See also Isaiah 65: 24.

Use the fine material prepared by Miss Marie Baudisch of Milwaukee, Wis., that appeared in the Feb. 15, 1943, issue (page 5) of "The Baptist Herald," for your World Day of Prayer programs.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

God's Guidance in the Young People's Society of the Baptist Church of Anamoose

Although the roll of the B. Y. P. U. society of Anamoose, No. Dak., has come down to a total of 21 members, we have chosen again to carry on through this year under God's guidance. On our Service Roll we have four names of men in our country's service who were formerly members of our society. These men are honored at every B. Y. P. U. meeting by the responding of some member giving a Bible verse when their names are called from the Service Roll.

At a business meeting on Dec. 30 the following officers were elected for this year: president, Mrs. Thomas Derman; vice-president, Lillian Kessler; secretary, Erwin Bitz; treasurer, Millicent Derman; librarian, Mrs. Bibelheimer; ushers, Ronald Derman and Dennis Wehr; and pianist, Lillian Kessler.

We are prayerfully looking forward to the return of our loved ones, and to the time when peace and brotherhood shall again dominate the world.

ERWIN BITZ, Reporter.

Annual Report of the Young People's Society of Washburn, North Dakota

Another successful year has just sped by during which the young people's society of the Baptist Church of Washburn, No. Dak., has really been blessed in many capacities under the capable guidance of the Rev. John Giesbrecht, our pastor, who has been with us for the past six months and the Rev. R. Woyke, who worked with us previous to that. We also appreciate the eager-

ness and services of every member of our society who helped contribute their part in making 1942 a very successful year.

Among the things which we are thankful for have been the fine spirit shown by all, the many members who joined and became a part of our society for the furtherance of God's work, the many interesting and various types of program given which enabled us to know more and do more for the Master, the many things accomplished and the living up to our motto, "For Christ and the Truth."

During this year we are again looking forward to the doing of great things in Christ's Name under the leadership of our pastor, and the executive committee with Emanuel Klein as president of the society for 1943.

ELAINE B. SCHULZ, Reporter.

Evangelistic Services Are Conducted by the Rev. Theo. W. Dons in Missoula, Montana

On the second day in January the Rev. Theo. W. Dons, our general evangelist, arrived in Missoula, Montana, to conduct evangelistic services in the Bethel Baptist Church, (formerly known as the German Baptist Church).

While the weather was not exceptionally cold, we did have more snow this winter than we have had for many years. This may have kept some people from attending the meetings. More than this we felt the absence of many of our young men who are in the army or navy and the families which have moved away to help with the defense work.

Mr. Dons gave an interesting address each evening to the children, and preached both in the German and English languages. All the sermons were well adapted to the occasion and were preached with such power and earnestness that they held the attention of the audience and gripped the hearts of the listeners.

After having held meetings in Missoula for two weeks Mr. Dons and Mr. Alf went to hold similar meetings in Pablo, about 65 miles north of Missoula. The snow, however, blocked the roads to such an extent that very few people came out and so the preachers returned to Missoula and continued the meetings here for another week. Several young people and children professed to have accepted Jesus as their Savior.

The offerings received for our general missionary work during these meetings amounted to \$43.36. Taking into consideration the poor financial circumstances in which most of our church members find themselves and that so many have left us for cities on the coast and that we put up a new church building last year which was dedicated free of debt and in addition gave an offering for missions last fall amounting to \$211.66, we have reason to thank God. May the Lord continue to bless his work in Missoula so that still greater things may be accomplished.

C. A. GRUHN, Reporter.

The Johannestal B. Y. P. U. of the Ashley Church Sponsors the Watch Night Program

In spite of the fact that no news of the activities of the B. Y. P. U. at the Johannestal Station of the Baptist Church of Ashley, No. Dak., has appeared on these pages for some time we have been far from idle.

At our annual meeting in December we elected the officers for this year, who are the following: president, La Vern Jenner; vice-president, Jacob Wage-mann; treasurer, Oscar Bertsch; secretary, Iola Bertsch; librarian, Benny Wies. Misses La Vina Schauer and Olga Weisser were appointed as pianists.

On Dec. 31 we invited the B. Y. P. U. members of the Ashley and Jewell Stations. We gathered in the Ashley Church basement. The evening was spent in playing games and a brief program was given. A few minutes were spent in prayerful silence at 12 o'clock as we rang out the old year and rang in the new.

IOLA BERTSCH, Secretary.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

Bible School and Evangelistic Services in the Freudental Church of Alberta

From Jan. 4 to 15 the Freudental Baptist Church near Carbon, Alberta, conducted a very successful Bible School in the church. The Rev. C. Rempel from Trochu, Alta., and Mr. K. Neufeld from Winkler, Man., and the pastor, the Rev. E. S. Fenske, served as teachers. Classes were from 1 P. M. to 3:45 P. M. every day, and the following subjects were taught: "Evangelism," by Mr. Rempel; "Music and the Art of Singing," by Mr. K. Neufeld; and "The Teachings of the Tabernacle," by the pastor. We had an average attendance of 38 pupils.

Every evening, from 7:15 to 8:15 o'clock, we held revival services. The Rev. C. Rempel brought heart stirring messages so that a number of persons were saved, and the church experienced a spiritual uplift.

E. S. FENSKE, Pastor.

Recent Ladies' Aid Programs of the Springside and West Ebenezer Churches

On December 26 the two Ladies' Aids from the Springside and West Ebenezer Baptist churches of Saskatchewan, Canada, met for a little gathering at the home of our minister and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Wegner. For the program each person present received an envelope and in it was written what each one had to do. It was quite a variety of singing and reading numbers and other items which proved to be a blessing to all. After the program there was the exchanging of gifts, after which Mrs. Wegner served a very fine lunch to all before their departure.

On Jan. 12 the Springside Ladies' Aid had its annual election of new officers for this year. Our new president is Mrs. J. Yanke. All the other officers

were reelected. Mr. Wegner read a Scripture passage and gave us a few words which were very interesting and encouraging. All the women agreed to be helpful and not refuse to help along in the work which lies ahead.

MRS. M. NEHRING, Reporter.

At close of day
Our thanks to God we give,
For health and strength
And food that we might live.
For blessings giv'n
Each moment, hour, each day,
We thank Thee, God,
For this our day:

RAYMOND DICKAU, Reporter.



Teachers (Front Row) and Students of the Bible School of the Freudental Baptist Church Near Carbon, Alberta

The Several Student Prayer Bands of the Edmonton Christian Training Institute

We as students at the Christian Training Institute of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, are having a blessed time in the Lord again this winter. The blessings that we share in our morning devotions around the tables, in the classes, and in our chapel periods are more than we can recall. Our chapel period is one of the most blessed periods of the day. Testimonies are given, short talks are brought by the teachers and students, and the heartfelt prayers that ascend to the throne of God are uplifting.

Our student body is divided into different prayer groups, and every evening these groups go together in different rooms to have their devotion and prayer. We follow the Scripture reading which we find on our Centenary and Daily Bible Reading Calendar. We have a list of prayer requests which we unitedly bring before the throne of God. There are from 4 to 8 students in each group.

We also have joint prayer meetings at various times. All the Ladies' Prayer Bands meet in one room and the young men in another room. Then every Saturday evening all come together for a united prayer meeting.

Each Prayer Group has chosen a name, which together are as follows: Consecrated Prayer Group, Vigilant Prayer Group, Faithful Five Prayer Group, Christian Warriors' Prayer Group, Ever Joyous Prayer Group, Sunshine Prayer Group, Leduc Sunshine Pals Prayer Group, Harmony Six Prayer Group, and Devoted Prayer Group. Isadore Faszer is the president and Barbara Hermann is the secretary of the Prayer Bands.

This is a song that was written by one of the groups and can be sung to the tune, "Thee God We Praise":

Just six we are,
The Vigilant Prayer Band,
In prayer to God
Our troubles we disband,
Down on our knees
In prayer to God we go,
His blessings over us to bestow.

CENTRAL CONFERENCE

Burns Ave. Church of Detroit Raises \$11,000 as a Mission Offering

At the October business meeting of the Burns Avenue Church of Detroit, Mich., it was decided to hold a special Thanksgiving offering and to set a goal of \$10,000. On Thanksgiving night, with an attendance in excess of five hundred, the offering was taken and surpassed our goal. Before the end of the year, total receipts paid up were just under \$11,000.

We are, indeed, grateful and thankful that God has made it possible for us to repay in a very small way the many and countless blessings he has bestowed upon us as a church.

Attendance continues to grow at all of our regular church meetings, including the mid-week prayer service. Our Sunday night services are continually in excess of five hundred. Should our growth continue, it will shortly be necessary for us to expand the present facilities of our church. Reporter.

:: OBITUARY ::

WAYNE LEROY JANZEN of Lorraine, Kansas

Wayne LeRoy Janzen was born on July 15, 1923, near Lorraine, Kans., the son of Roy and Alva Steinberg Janzen. He departed from this life on Jan. 30, 1943, at the age of 19 years.

He was converted and baptized on March 27, 1932, by the Rev. George Lang at the First Baptist Church of Lorraine, where he kept his membership until his departure.

On Feb. 25, 1942, he was united in marriage to Miss Pauline Ruth Colberg. He leaves to mourn his going his wife, his father, one sister, Pauline; two brothers, Marlin and Glendale; beside his four grandparents, and one great grandfather, many uncles, aunts, cousins beside a host of friends.

He was preceded in death by his mother.

He was buried at the Lorraine Baptist Cemetery on Wednesday, Feb. 3, with his pastor, Dr. Pieter Smit, officiating.

Lorraine, Kansas.

Pieter Smit, Pastor.

SAINTS OF JESUS CHRIST

(Continued from Page 7)

One marvels at first, at the amount of space accorded to his detailed reports of his experiences in the "Send-bote," but Fleischmann realized the value of his work at a time when few saw it, and some were even inclined to be critical of him. He died in 1860 in Bern, Switzerland, where he had gone in an effort to regain his health, having contracted tuberculosis as a result of the privations which he endured in his labor of love.

Another of these faithful servants of God was Karl Kresse, who labored in Missouri. Born in 1811 in Germany, he was appointed as colporteur for Missouri by the "German Baptist Missionary Society of the Mississippi Valley" in 1850. The reports of that society speak in terms of highest praise of his work. In one year he traveled 2412 miles on foot, often compelled to go without any salary for months at a time. He was instrumental in founding several churches in central and western Missouri, some of which affiliated with the English convention soon afterwards, while others remained with our denomination until recent years. Higinville and Concordia are among these.

Treking for the Lord

Another is Karl Waldhauer who lost his life while trying to save another man from drowning while attempting to ford the Illinois River with a team of oxen. A. Rauschenbusch writes in terms of highest praise both of his work and the nobility of his character.

It is impossible, of course, to mention them all. But one more deserves to be mentioned, Heinrich Chadzick, who first worked among the newly arrived immigrants in Eastern Ontario. These settlers, among them the ancestors of the writer of this history, had treked almost one hundred miles into the forest, with no roads but timber trails to guide them, and literally hewed for themselves a home out of the wilderness, in the hills and valleys of that picturesque but rugged country. From "shanty" to "shanty," the humble log cabins of those early settlers, he traveled on foot with his Bibles and tracts and brought the Word of God to these lonely settlers.

**3
NEW BOOKS
Of interest to our people**

1. Moon Over Willow Run

This is another piece of fiction by the Christian Chief of Police of Ypsilanti, Mich., Dan Patch.

He made quite a name for himself as an author of Christian literature having a distinctively Christian motive. Many will recall his former books, "Ashes of Yesterday" and "Past Finding Out."

Vital characters, absorbing plot, contemporary setting are elements of this book.

175 pages, \$1.00

2. Martin Niemoeller

"HERO OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMP"

A new biography by Basil Miller one of the newer authors specializing in biographies and who has established a reputation for his readable style. He has given us books on David Livingstone, George Muller, Chas. G. Finney and he is writing on Dr. Carver, the negro scientist, and on Dr. Ironside.

Niemoeller is in the limelight today as few men. The eyes of the world are on him. This book makes good reading.

160 pages, \$1.00

3. Hymn Dramatizations

Jointly written by Nellie E. Marsh and Wm. A. Roovey.

This is something entirely new. Here is a big fund to draw on. Many entertaining evenings can be provided for out of this book.

There are 21 dramas built on as many popular hymns of the church with their historical background.

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The story of his labors is one of sacrifice and devotion equalled by few and surpassed by none. All of our churches in Eastern Ontario owe their origin to the sacrificial labors of this humble man. His descendants are still

found in some of these churches working for the Lord. Later, when the Canadian Northwest began to be settled, we find him in Manitoba and Saskatchewan working among the first German settlers who arrived in that territory. Here again he traveled over the pathless prairies, visiting scattered groups and settlers, performing the same sacrificial labors for the Lord which he had performed in Ontario.

A Glorious Spiritual Heritage

With few exceptions these men practiced self-denial to the highest degree and were willing to endure hardships because the love of Jesus Christ burned with an undying flame in their souls. Their names and achievements may not be recorded in our annals, but our denomination owes them a great debt. Most of them sleep in unmarked graves and no elaborate tombstones record their achievements, but we may rest assured that their names are recorded on high and their record in the Lamb's Book of life.

"They were, almost without exception, experiencers of 'conviction and conversion' in mature days . . . They were of a necessity men of practical affairs, capable of adjusting themselves to difficult circumstances . . . In rude log cabins, log churches and schools, they preached a 'plain gospel' of divine sovereignty and grace, human depravity, terrible judgment, tender mercy, salvation through faith in the atoning blood of the Son of God . . . The pioneer preacher toiled under grim circumstances . . . but wherever we look beneath the surface of our spiritual opulence, we discover the traces of these file-leaders. They cleared the forests, subdued the soil and impressed the outlines of future progress upon their generation.

"It has become all too fashionable to smile somewhat condescendingly at the rude emotionalism of these rude forefathers, but it ill becomes us to forget that their religious experiences wrought in them an enthusiasm for laborious toil, a consuming zeal for the Kingdom of God, a love of their fellows, and a personal character of high ethical attainment, profound religious assurance, stubborn fortitude in difficulties and calm serenity in facing ultimate mysteries . . . They had 'character' and the outlines were clearly cut. We have no calendar of saints, but if we had, many of these pioneers would have been promising candidates."—(D. J. Evans)

And so we leave these pioneers to their rest. These men and their brave wives, who shared the privations with them, should not be forgotten. They laid the foundation for our denomination and by their sacrifice made possible the heritage we enjoy. May we be worthy of that heritage! "They rest from their labors, but their works follow them."

ECLIPSE

(Continued from Page 12)

All of life—animal, vegetable, spiritual, singing gaily along in their pre-carved courses, only to be lost in the mighty rush of eternity. Oh, Eternity was a hungry and a thirsty thing to be able to consume the little times of ten thousand billion living things and still reach out for the beyond.

Into the stream of eternity there had flowed from his own tragic little life, his disappointment, — a bit of sewage tossed into the mighty river, a bit of offensive matter to be converted finally into a stable product.

Terry stopped, aghast at the thought that had leaped full grown into his mind—darting in from somewhere in the regions of his subconscious. A seed had been dropped there years ago by Mother Nealle herself in the days when Father was still alive, and when Mother's faith was strong and beautiful, when she had seemed to delight to speak to him of the things of the Bible. Planted long ago in his mind, and forgotten, it had grown in the dark until now it was mature . . . "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose . . ."

But there was one condition,—only one. He quoted it to himself, still in unbelief, while he walked on toward the mail box. That condition was: "To them that LOVE God, to them that are the called according to His purpose . . ." And what was His purpose? He remembered that also. The same memorized passage now emerged like a genie to announce: "To be conformed to the image of His Son."

Perhaps the tragic thing that had

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happened to him had already been converted into good. Mildred had come back to him. She had run away from Clem, and had come back to him. She had thought first of Terry Nealle, and she had come straight to him with her disappointment, whatever it was . . . He opened the box, drew out the mail bag, opened it, looked inside, and saw in the bottom a gray envelope.

For a minute his thoughts and emotions were so entangled that he could not believe. And then, a fraction of a

moment later, with the letter in his hand, he was reading his name and address in Mildred's own handwriting. The letter was bulky, and he was sure she must have poured out to him the whole story of her heart, her disappointment with Clem, her repentance because of the way she had dropped him after the operation. There was, then, no wedding. She had run away, perhaps even from the altar itself. She has come to me, ME! She loves ME!

He turned, snapped shut the mail box. In another minute he would know the truth. Tomorrow, he would be up early after a refreshing night's sleep, if he should be able to sleep at all, and after breakfast they would hike to the ranch, climb among the rocks and flowers of a hundred varieties, following the faulty trail up to Old Yellow, where in playful reenactment of Shandon's favorite pastime, they would "kick the post,"—Old Yellow, himself,—and then, alone in the solitude that was solitude indeed, they would talk and talk, and he would calm her heart. He would make her love the mountains. He would show her their beauty, make her feel the grandeur that belonged exclusively to mountains; he would tuck a lovely mariposa lily in her hair . . .

From around the bend, coming up the road from Falls store, he saw the headlamps of a car, driving slowly, as if the driver were lost or else looking for a place to camp.

The light blinded him, as the car came to a hesitant stop beside him, and a voice called out, "Terry Nealle! Is that you?"

It was the voice of Clement Lindeman.

(To be continued.)

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Specimen of type

the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.

21 I do not frustrate the grace of God: for if righteousness

ing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto A'brā'hām, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed.

9 So then they which be of

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Do You Know That...?

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

The Brenneke Family of our Oak Street Church of Burlington, Iowa, now has six sons in the military services, which makes them, in all probability, the largest "military family" in our entire denomination. Two boys have survived torpedoings.

Bob Burns, popular radio comedian, was once a choir boy in an Episcopal Church, but the choirmaster disclaims credit for the bazooka.

Our denominational Children's Home at St. Joseph, Mich., is the oldest of all Baptist Homes for children in the entire Northern Baptist Convention area, for it dates back more than half a century to the year 1871.

If you could buy these much publicized foods in these amounts, you would find vitamin B1 costing \$600,000 per ton and vitamin B6 would cost the fabulous sum of \$6,000,000 per ton.

Baptists have for many years been the largest Protestant denomination in America. We now number 12,986,879 members in 73,005 Churches with 8,607,813 pupils in our Sunday Schools.

The United States spends more in one day for food for a single soldier (43 cents) than Japan pays her "soldier private" as salary for an entire month.

The two longest ministries in the history of our denomination have been those of the Rev. Reinhard Hoefflin, pastor of the Third Church in New York City for 44 years, and the Rev. Jacob Kratt, who was pastor of the First Church (now Trinity Church) at Portland, Oregon, for 40 years.

There are approximately 200,000 blind people in the United States, not counting the baseball umpires who will soon make their appearance.

Northern Baptist Universities and Colleges listed by name in the last publication are: Alderson-Broadus, Bates, Brown, Bucknell, Carleton, Chicago, Colby, Colgate, Denison, Franklin, Hillsdale, William Jewell, Kalamazoo, Keuka, Linfield, Ottawa, Redlands, Shurtleff.

A good slogan for any church bulletin board would be: "Sure, come in and whisper — but whisper a prayer."

In addition to the seven summer pastorates of our Rochester students last year the Seminary reports that students delivered 321 sermons, made 478 visits, led 15 through the conversion experience, and sponsored 6 Daily Vacation Bible Schools.

Gold has become one of the most useless metals in America. More than 300 gold mines have been closed and the miners are now producing more worthwhile metals like copper, zinc, nickel etc.