

Pastors of the Fleischmann Memorial Church for Sixty Years

K. A. Fleischmann (Center), 1843-1867; J. S. Gubelmann, 1868-1884; Lewis Kaiser, 1884-1888;
Heinrich Schulz, 1889-1891; and L. C. Knuth, 1892-1903.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

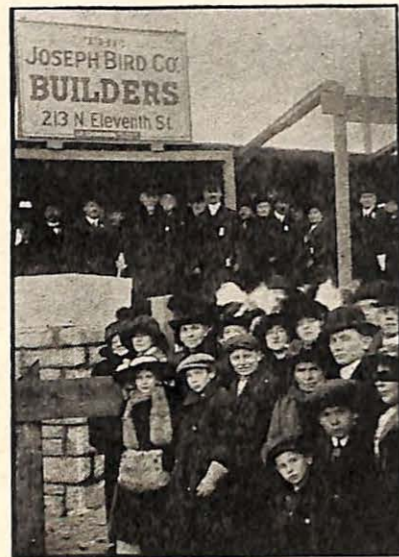
● On July 7 a baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleck at the University Hospital of Edmonton, Alberta. The daughter has been named Marilyn Violet. Mr. and Mrs. Fleck are carrying on missionary work in the Valley View Baptist Church of Northern Alberta not far from the Alaska Highway. Mr. Fleck is a 1942 graduate of the Christian Training Institute of Edmonton.

● The Rev. L. Hoeffner has resigned as pastor of the North Donna Baptist Church of Donna, Texas, and his resignation has been accepted by the church. It is to take effect in the near future. Mr. Hoeffner is awaiting God's guidance regarding the days that lie ahead of him. He has served the Donna Church with earnest and sincere spirit during the past seven years.

● The Rev. Oscar E. Bonikowsky, a son of the Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Bonikowsky of Jansen, Sask., was married on Aug. 17th to Miss Helen Lindquist, a 1943 graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory and daughter of Dr. G. E. E. Lindquist of Lawrence, Kans. Mr. Lindquist is the field representative at large for the Indians of North America. Mr. Bonikowsky, who at present is serving as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oberlin, Ohio, will receive his M. A. degree this Fall. He also wishes to announce his intention to have his name legally changed to the Rev. O. E. Bonny.

● On Aug. 25 the Rev. Leslie P. Albus, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Arnprior, Ontario, Canada, and Miss Phyllis Woermke of Arnprior were married at the Arnprior Baptist Church with the Rev. C. R. Weisser of Killaloe, Ont., officiating. The bride- maid was Miss Maybelle Abraham, and Mr. Orville Woermke of Buckingham, Quebec, served as best man. There was a reception at the church after the ceremony. The Rev. and Mrs. Leslie Albus attended the Eastern Conference at Rochester, N. Y., from Aug. 26 to 29, as a part of their honeymoon trip.

● The Rev. Walter C. Damrau, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church of Tacoma, Wash., served as general chairman of the "Christ for Tacoma Crusade Meetings" from July 27 to Aug. 15 with the Rev. Hyman Appleman, Jewish Christian evangelist, bringing the dynamic messages.



Corner Stone Laying Exercises of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, Pa., on January 1, 1914

This historical picture shows a portion of the group that gathered on a cold, wintry day for the corner-stone laying exercises. Special speakers for the occasion were Dr. Russell H. Conwell and Prof. J. S. Gubelmann. In the picture the reader may recognize Prof. J. S. Gubelmann, Dr. Wm. Kuhn, Rev. Herman Kaaz, Mr. G. A. Schulte, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Windisch and others.

This entire issue of "The Baptist Herald" is dedicated to the Centenary Jubilee of the Fleischmann Memorial Church.

Twenty-three churches of various denominational affiliations participated in the meetings that were held in Fellowship Hall. There were well over a hundred conversions. On Sunday, Aug. 8, Evangelist Appleman was the guest speaker in the pulpit of the Calvary Baptist Church.

● The Women's Missionary Society of the Kings Highway Baptist Church of Bridgeport, Conn., held its annual summer outing on Aug. 5 at the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Emil Berger. Mr. Berger was delighted to see so many of his former "parishioners", since he is more or less of a shut-in now but is getting along quite well, according to the reporter. Since the coming of the Rev. George Hensel as pastor a few months ago the church has taken on a new lease of life, the services are better attended and already 6 new members have been received into the church.

● The Rev. Milton R. Schroeder, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Superior, Wis., and formerly the pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial

Church of Philadelphia, Pa., supplied the pulpit of the West Center Baptist Church of Madison, So. Dak., on Sunday, Aug. 8, where his father, the Rev. Henry R. Schroeder, is the pastor. On Sunday, Aug. 15, Mr. Schroeder supplied the pulpit of the Daytons Bluff Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn., during the vacation absence of the pastor, the Rev. Emanuel Wolff, who is also the pastor-elect of the White Avenue Church of Cleveland, Ohio.

● The Fourth Street Baptist Church of Dayton, Ohio, held a Vacation Bible School from June 28 to July 9 with an enrollment of 55 children. The courses centered upon the life of Christ and his teaching. Lieutenant Bernhardt Tiede, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., sang several solos in the morning worship service of the church on July 18. He was in Dayton for several weeks. The new Anchor Class officers for the year 1943-44 are Clarence Hughes, president; Edward Bartels, vice-president; George Walters, secretary; and Helmuth Behrend, treasurer. The Rev. Reuben P. Jeschke is the pastor of the church.

● The Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Friederichsen of Maywood, Ill., have finally received word from the United States State Department about the whereabouts of their son, the Rev. Paul Friederichsen, who has been serving as a missionary in the Philippine Islands under the auspices of the Association of Baptists for World Evangelism. It has been ascertained that Missionary Friederichsen and his family are interned by the Japanese on Panay Island at Iloilo, which is the same island where Dr. F. W. Meyer and Dr. S. S. Feldmann have served as Baptist missionaries. We ought to be earnestly in prayer for these missionaries in the dangerous battle zones.

● On Sunday evening, Aug. 8, the B. Y. P. U. of the Bethany Baptist Church near Vesper, Kans., sponsored the service and presented a program, "Your Light—Hidden or Shining". On a Sunday morning in August the church was delighted to have as guest speaker one of its church boys, the Rev. G. A. Gabelman, Jr., now pastor of the Baptist Church in Phoenixville, Pa. A baptismal service was held on Sunday morning, Aug. 15. The pastor of the church, the Rev. J. H. Kornelsen, will serve part-time on the faculty of the Midwest Bible and Missionary Training Institute of Salina, Kansas, for the winter months beginning Sept. 14. He will teach Bible Synopsis and several Christian Education courses.

The Baptist Herald

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Coming!

WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE
 Professor O. E. Krueger, moderator of our General Conference will bring the first installment of a Bible Reading Course on "Revitalization" to be followed by all of our church members during the month of October. The editor can assure you that this will be well worth waiting for!

VITAL YOUTH
 Mr. Harold J. Petke of Portland, Ore., the president of the National Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, has contributed a challenging article on the important subject of spiritual revitalization for the next issue.

A TREK THROUGH THE GRASSLANDS
 The latest letter from Miss Laura Reddig in the Cameroons describes her recent adventures on treks to other mission fields and brings interesting news about our missionaries and work in Africa.

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EDITORIAL

Cleveland, Ohio, September 1, 1943
 Volume 21 Number 17

The Century's Golden Sheaves

THE CENTENARY JUBILEE of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, Pa., is a festival of joy for all of our churches. This century milestone for the oldest church of our denomination symbolizes God's wondrous guidance and innumerable blessings that have enriched our entire denominational enterprise. With the Psalmist of old we can say on this occasion: "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

Let no one picture this Jubilee to himself as the golden rays of a setting sun. Over the span of a hundred years, any church will have its heights and depressions of glory, and adversaries and difficulties will often stand in the way. But the Fleischmann Memorial Church is in the harvest time of its history when golden sheaves of rejoicing are being reaped for the Kingdom of God.

The church enjoys an illustrious history. Its sons and daughters have gone forth from its sanctuary to do great things for the Lord. Twenty-two of its young men have been called of God into full time Christian service. Its spirit as "A Church of Christian Friendliness" has won for it a great host of friends.

This Jubilee issue of "The Baptist Herald" ought to do more than provide the reader with a fascinating glimpse into the past. The chips of history will rightly be added to one's accumulation of historical information. But far more important is the realization that we have work to do. For this is a time, not for rest or vainglory, but for consecrated labor.

That is the firm faith of a former pastor of this church that days of harvesting are at hand. God's blessings from above can become transmuted into golden sheaves of achievement in the lives of his faithful servants. The imposing list of nineteen young men in the Armed Forces of our country represents dynamic power for God's Kingdom as these young men, in the words of the Psalmist, "shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

Golden sheaves for the Lord! How wonderful it would be if individuals and churches everywhere would celebrate this Century Jubilee by bringing the sheaves of golden deeds or lives won for Christ to the Lord. Here is a challenge for the Fleischmann Memorial Church and for every disciple of Christ to seize the opportunities of today with dauntless faith and boundless hope!



The Auditorium of the Old First Church at Sixth and Poplar Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., After Renovations Had Been Made With the Church Organ and Choir Loft Facing the Congregation

The Unfolding Years

An Interpretive Review of the Denomination's Century of History by
the REV. FRANK KAISER of Rochester, New York

"Look to the lilies, how they grow,
'Twas thus the Savior said, that we,
Even in the simplest flowers that blow,
God's ever watchful care might see."

SEE, how they grow! It is a most intriguing and illuminating exercise to watch things grow. How fascinating it is to observe a flower slowly unfolding its hidden beauty; a wiggling baby gradually adjusting itself to the new world into which it has come; boys and girls increasing in stature and wisdom to mature men and women!

How interesting it is to study how a historical movement, a religious denomination, a single church comes into being and progresses from the most unpromising beginning to startling and almost unbelievable proportions! Thus engaged, we are often-times thrilled as we discover the manifestations of God's presence and power or detect his unmistakable footprints in the sand of time.

Emerging Denomination

It seems appropriate in this centennial year of our denominational existence to look and see how we have grown, in order that we may not merely shout with the crowd without knowing what it is all about. To the contrary, we want to celebrate this Jubilee intelligently with a sincere appreciation of and profound gratitude for "the shekinah", the secret of God that has been with us throughout these many years.

The beginning of the German-speak-

ing Baptist movement on this continent was humble, indeed, but replete with marvel. It started from scratch! Prior to the year 1834, as far as is known, there was not a solitary German Baptist in all the United States, or, for that matter, in all Germany or in the whole, wide world. Whence did they come? Thereon hangs an amazing story.

At this particular period religion was in a bad way in the land of Luther. Atheism, skepticism, rationalism and formalism were rampant and had cut deep and devastating inroads into the life of the church and the people. There was very little genuine and vital Christianity left.

Immigrants to America

The immigrants to America were infested with this irreligious spirit. Their motive for migrating to this land of freedom was the very opposite to that of the Pilgrim fathers. The latter yearned for a place where they could worship God unhampered according to his Word and the dictates of their conscience. Large groups of the former, however, came with the avowed purpose to cast off the shackles of religion. If not for that, others came as fortune hunters and left their religion behind.

It is told of a woman immigrant, who having heard that there was a difference of five hours between the time of her native country and America, gave her timepiece to a neighbor

with the remark, "It won't be of any use over there anyhow." That is the way many of the Teutonic immigrants thought about their religion.

"God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." In those dark days of spiritual decay in Germany, there were men, here and there, whose souls were famishing for the living God. They searched their Bible reverently and prayerfully. They sought God earnestly and diligently, if, perchance, they might find him. Man never seeks God in vain, nor did they. For he, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, revealed himself to them. God touched the hearts of these men and set them afire with a burning passion and consuming zeal to lead their fellowmen to the Christ who enriched and glorified their own lives.

Multiple Beginnings

Among these men was Konrad A. Fleischmann, the pioneer of our denomination. He was born in Nuremberg, Bavaria, in 1812, and reborn in Switzerland in 1832. He united with a so-called Separatist or Free Evangelical Church. This body of believers adhered to no definite form of baptism, but immersed its converts on request. After a thorough and unbiased study of the Scriptures Fleischmann was convinced that immersion was the New Testament practise and obediently submitted to it.

Was it sheer chance, a mere coincidence or a providence of God that, at

the very stroke of the clock, when the things described in the foregoing section were happening, George Mueller, that mighty man of faith and the founder of the famous orphanage at Bristol in far away England, should have been deeply concerned about the spiritual destitution of the Germans in distant America? Somehow he had heard of Fleischmann's evangelistic fervor and success and invited him to be his guest at Bristol.

In the course of the visit Mueller unbosomed his heart to Fleischmann and appealed to him to bring the precious Gospel message to his kinsmen across the sea. Fleischmann interpreted the suggestion as a Macedonian call. Like Paul of old, he did not confer with flesh and blood. Unhesitatingly, without the slightest assurance or even prospect of material support, save his implicit trust in God, he embarked for New York, landing there in March of 1839.

His first efforts in the metropolitan city were, however, not encouraging and he moved onward to Newark, N. J., and later to the mountain region of Pennsylvania. In the latter place his labors were signally blessed of God. A great revival broke out. Multitudes, some say 200 persons, were converted and baptized and several churches developed.

The First Churches

Thereupon he wended his way to Philadelphia, Pa., where a small group of 19 persons gathered around him and on April 10, 1843, organized into a church. This is considered the first German-language Baptist Church in America. It is a monument to its founder and is at present known as the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church.

This church, however, was not "the mother church" of all that followed. It is a peculiarity of our denomination that it is not like a tree that someone plants and from which branch upon branch stems. Rather it resembles a seed, blown by the wind, or carried by the birds hither and yon, spontaneously springing up in strange and unlooked for places. We have not only one but many founders and multiple beginnings.

Some of our larger city churches were organized independently by men who were known to one another only by name. Brethren of our faith, living in a lonely and sparsely populated section of our country, far removed from any opportunity for Christian fellowship, of their own initiative and constrained by the love of Christ invited their German-speaking neighbors to their hovels and homes and declared the Gospel to them as best they knew how. Others gathered the few scattered sheep in wide areas into a little flock. In this manner new beginnings were made and the foundation laid for future churches.



Mr. David Kaiser, a Deacon of the Old First Church of Philadelphia, Pa., and Sunday School Superintendent for 40 Years, and the Father of Prof. Lewis Kaiser and Rev. Frank Kaiser of Rochester, New York

Consolidation

In unity there is strength, but for well nigh a decade our churches were nothing more than so many loose ends, a veritable rope of sand. There was no cohesion, no bond of unity, to bind them together. This lack was acutely felt. The year 1851 is, therefore, a red letter date in our annals. For it was then that the first step in the direction of a consolidation was taken. The step was as feeble and venturesome and unconscious as the first step of a child, but it finally eventuated in our compact and concentrated organization of today.

This first step was a conference composed of five pastors and three laymen. It was not an official body, but an informal gathering of a few Christian workers with the aim and purpose of promoting a closer acquaintance and brotherly fellowship as well as to afford opportunity for the exchange of experiences and views and for mutual stimulation.

This conference was, moreover, the forerunner of our whole democratic conference system from which, as need demanded, the present nine regional and particularly the triennial General Conference stem. Furthermore, it implicated the ultimate coalition and centralization of all our missionary, benevolent, educational and publication interests and their control by delegated general committees and the election of a general missionary executive and a general treasurer.

At the above mentioned initial conference two subjects of stupendous importance for the advancement and strengthening of denominational unity were deliberated. Foremost was the question of a church paper. It was conceived that it would be all but impossible to solidify and hold together

our widely scattered churches without some common medium of communication and awareness of one another. What better way could be devised to achieve this end than by means of a church publication!

The agitation, thus started, finally resulted in the issue of the "Gospel Messenger" (Sendbote) edited by K. A. Fleischmann and in the West of the "Missionary Bee" (Die Biene), of which P. Bickel was editor. A later sequence was the founding of the Publication Society and the establishment of a printing plant in 1865.

Seminary Training

The second matter of equal, if not superior, significance to receive consideration, was the need of a training school for ministers. Our pioneers were conscious of the fact that a people never rises higher than its leaders. Nevertheless, our denomination has been exceedingly fortunate in the caliber and character of its pioneer preachers, which cannot be too highly appraised and for which we should be eternally thankful.

With only a few exceptions they were not professionally trained men, but rather men of action. In good part, they were men of unusual native ability, born orators and leaders but, transcending all else, men of nobility of soul, of deep spiritual experience, firm and positive convictions and ever ready to sacrifice and suffer for the cause. As we know, their labors were abundantly honored of God.

For that and all that, the need of better training was sorely felt. However, an undertaking of the magnitude of founding a seminary appeared at that early date to be beyond all reason. But in a remarkable way God anticipated any action on our part. He planted the thought in the heart of the secretary of the English Seminary to invite our German students to avail themselves of the facilities of their institution. That was in 1850. The first five students to accept the bid became outstanding men in our history. Three of them were the first of our constituency to be distinguished by the English College with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Out of this affiliation with the English Seminary our School of the Prophets with its succession of esteemed professors evolved.

Expansion

From its very inception our denomination pursued an aggressive and vigorous home mission policy. However, owing to the limitations of field, language and resources the statistical figures may seem comparatively meager. The following statement split up in quarter-century periods will furnish a bird's-eye view of our progress. From 1843 to 1868 we increased from scratch to 72 churches with a membership of 4301. From 1868 to

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Reminiscences of the Old First Church

An Interview With Dr. William Kuhn,
General Missionary Secretary,
by MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER

Rev. William Kuhn
on a Memorable Day
in His Life
(June 10, 1897)
When He Was
Ordained Into the
Christian Ministry
While Serving as
Pastor of the
Second Church
of Philadelphia, Pa.

AS the "Zephyr" streamliner hurtled us through space on its run from St. Paul to Chicago recently, Dr. Wm. Kuhn pushed back the veil from the past and escorted me with even greater speed into "the days of yesterday" for the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa.

He had every right to reminisce, for he is one of very few of his group of sixty years ago who are still identified with our churches. He was born in 1869, only two years after the first pastor of the church, Konrad A. Fleischmann, had passed away. As the memories came surging back into his mind, his eyes sparkled with vivid recollections and animatedly he made the past live again.

The Baptismal Services

"How well I remember—more than 65 years ago—the baptismal services in the church at Sixth and Poplar Streets. The big boards in the platform would be pulled up after the sermon, and for a few moments the creaking noise caused by the removal of the boards would disturb the meeting.

"But everyone was hushed as our pastor, the Rev. J. S. Gubelmann, in his black baptismal robe appeared. At both ends of the platform there were two wooden pillars about seven or eight feet high, on top of which were gas lamps. It was a most impressive sight to see Brother Gubelmann stand alongside one of these posts with his dignified bearing and seraphic saintliness, and then to see him hold on to the pillar while he poured out his heart to God in prayer.

"Even as a boy when I looked at him I thought I saw his face illumined like the countenance of Stephen. A halo seemed to have formed around his head for me. It was wonderful! Then he would step into the baptismal waters and with reverential quietness would baptize the candidates."

J. S. Gubelmann's Ministry

In those days of sixty years ago the church program was crowded, not so much with organization meetings and social activities, as with an unending procession of services. In addition to the usual meetings on Sundays, a second Sunday School session was held in the afternoon and an after meeting was always held downstairs in the Fall and Winter months after the Sunday evening service for testimonies and conversions. On Tuesday evenings the usual prayer meeting was held, and Thursday evenings were reserved for a regular church service with a 35 minute sermon by the pastor. Brother Gubelmann conducted catechism studies for the children, from which William Kuhn as a boy was excused. "It seems I didn't like to study the catechism as a boy," he said with a hearty chuckle.

The Rev. J. S. Gubelmann, who was the revered pastor of the church from 1868 to 1884, a notable chapter in the church's history, made a profound impression on the early life of William Kuhn. "I can still remember his sermons from the epistles of Paul. Even more telling was a series of sermons from 'Jesus' Parables at the Seashore', which was published in pamphlet form with the title, 'Die Predigt am See'."

Brother Gubelmann could paint an illustration with such color and emotional warmth that everyone in the audience was spellbound in waiting for his next word. His messages could literally move heaven and earth for the Kingdom of God."

Outstanding Personalities

On one Thanksgiving evening the church presented its pastor, Brother Gubelmann, with a new suit of clothes. It was currently reported in the church that his old suit had been worn out. Dr. Kuhn can still remember him as he stood speechless with gratitude before the congregation dressed in the suit of clothes. His inimitable face was like an April shower on such occasions with tears welling up in his eyes while his countenance beamed with emotional brightness.

The early history of the Fleischmann Memorial Church is the story of great Christian personalities. They were spiritual pillars in the work of the church. They assumed places of prominence in the congregation befitting their high spiritual prestige. Only the men sat in the pews to the left of the center aisle. And only the deacons and spiritual leaders occupied the front pews. In the first bench, all by himself, like a patriarch of old, was deacon Felsberg, a man small in physical appearance but a towering stature in faith and example.

These pews had doors which had to be opened in order to gain entrance into them. Mr. J. A. Schulte had a dignified way of opening the door in order to occupy the second pew. Behind him was Mr. David Kaiser, another deacon and Sunday School superintendent. Mr. Friedrich Windisch was always in the fourth pew. These four men, as remembered by Dr. William Kuhn, formed an imposing sight, sitting with saintly splendor in the pews reserved for each!

The People of the Church

But the members of the church as a whole were plain, ordinary people. Most of the men belonged to the working classes. Dr. Kuhn's father had to leave his home for work daily at 5:45 every morning. His father was also agent for the Publication Society. The church received about 35 to 50 copies of "Der Sendbote" in a single bundle. It was often the duty of William Kuhn

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Reminiscences of My First Pastorate

An Intimate Glimpse Into the Days of Yesterday by
PROFESSOR LEWIS KAISER of Rochester, N. Y.

THE CENTURY OLD Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., the city of my birth, has always been very close to my heart. It has been so, not so much because of its historic place as the pioneer church of our German Baptist group in this country, but far more because of its moulding influence upon my early life and of its bearing upon the beginning of my active ministry as a preacher of the Gospel and as a pastor.

I began that ministry as the third pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Church or, as it was then called, the First German Baptist Church of Philadelphia—the first German-speaking Baptist Church, not only in Philadelphia, but indeed in all North America. The two men whom I succeeded in 1884—42 years after the founding of the church in 1843—were men whose names are written large in the annals of our German Baptist constituency, Konrad A. Fleischmann and J. S. Gubelmann. They were men the "laces of whose shoes I was not worthy to stoop down and unloose".

The Fleischmann Family

During Fleischmann's ministry my dear parents were led to Christ and baptized into the fellowship of this church, thus linking up our family with this comparatively new German Baptist Movement. I was a chap not quite seven years old, when in October, 1867, death suddenly brought Fleischmann's pastorate of nearly a quarter of a century to an end. I have a slight memory of the shock it was for my parents, when the news of the pastor's sudden decease was brought to our home.

My father took me to the funeral service at the church. Although only a mere boy, it must have been with a feeling of awe that I viewed from the choir loft in the gallery the solemn scene below and particularly the open coffin in front of the pulpit. It was hard for me to believe that it was "Uncle Fleischmann" who lay there, silent in death. Pastor Fleischmann had loved the little ones, giving them much attention and thus endearing himself to them. They too missed him, now that he had gone from them.

The widowed wife lived thirteen years longer. She was greatly beloved for the grace and nobility of her character, as another Tabitha (Dorcas)

Rev. Lewis Kaiser
During His
Pastorate in the
First German
Baptist Church
(Now Called
Fleischmann
Memorial Church)
of Philadelphia, Pa.,
from 1884 to 1888,
Almost Sixty Years
Ago!

"full of good works and acts of charity". Two of the younger members of the Fleischmann family some years later became my close friends: a son, Wilson, who was my roommate for a while at the Seminary in Rochester, and Lydia, the youngest daughter, who is widely known as the esteemed wife of Dr. Jacob Heinrichs, long missionary in India. Mrs. Heinrichs is, as I think, the only member of the Fleischmann family still living.

Gubelmann's Inspiration

I have always been deeply grateful that during my adolescent years the Rev. J. S. Gubelmann, the second pastor of the church, entered into my life. I came in time to have the highest regard for him and to shape my ideals and purposes in accordance with his wise and sympathetic counsels. It was in good part due to his winsome and persuasive manner that I became a Christian and dedicated myself to the Gospel ministry.

As my spiritual guide in my early youth and as the highly esteemed colleague of my later life, I feel that I have owed him an incalculable debt. Yes, it is true in more than one sense: "No man liveth unto himself." Our lives are inseparably entwined with many other lives. No one is strictly "self-made". Each one of us is largely the product of what has been consciously and unconsciously poured into us from and by others.

In 1884 Pastor Gubelmann, after nearly sixteen years of most effective service, resigned to take up the professorship of Systematic Theology at

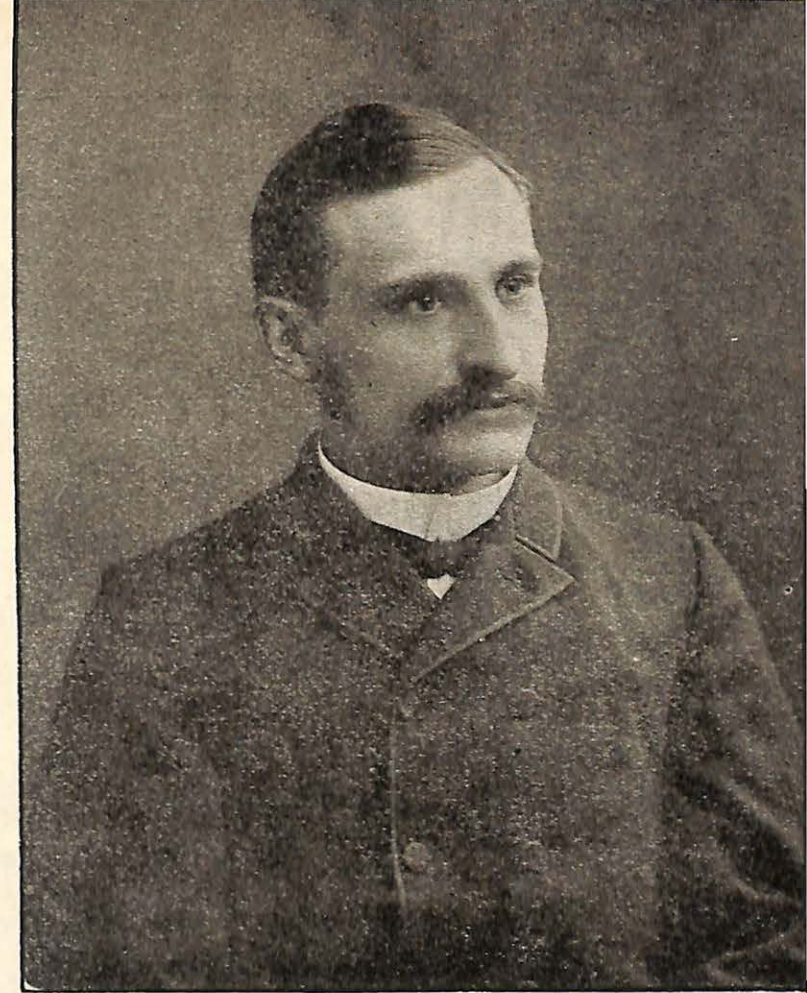
the Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., to which he had been chosen and for which he was so eminently fitted. It was thought advisable to postpone the election of a new pastor until later and, in the meantime, secure the services of a student from the seminary for the summer months. I happened to be preparing for the ministry and had already had six years of study at the schools in Rochester. So I was invited to come and supply the church during the vacation season.

Difficult Decisions

I was glad to accept this invitation, without, however, harboring any thought of a possible call to a permanent settlement. I had just completed the Junior year in the English Department of the Seminary and still had two years more of study before graduation. Furthermore, my heart was set upon foreign missions, and I had virtually pledged myself through correspondence with the "Mission Rooms", which at that time were located at Boston, Mass., to go to some foreign field at the completion of my course of study. So I went to Philadelphia with the fixed purpose of continuing my studies at Rochester after the expiration of the vacation period.

After I had been in the work for some weeks the church invited me to become their stated pastor and I was thus brought face to face with a challenge that put my intentions and convictions of duty to a severe test. Had I not been looking to far distant lands for the divinely appointed sphere of my future activities? And now I was

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"Unto Him Be the Glory"

Greetings from the REV. MILTON R. SCHROEDER, Pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Church from 1936 to 1943

"UNTO HIM be the glory in the church . . ." Thus explains the writer of Ephesians as he concludes his third chapter. More appropriate words could hardly be found for a church to ponder at the time of an outstanding anniversary!

Whatever the pages of its history may record by way of achievement and success, the church must recognize that its first obligation is to remember and honor him who is "the giver of every good and perfect gift." May the Fleischmann Memorial Church have the wisdom and grace to do this!

Through the years hundreds of people have been blessed by its services, souls have been brought into the saving fellowship of Jesus Christ, the living Savior, faithful pastors and officers have seen their labors rewarded, thousands of dollars have been given by conscientious stewards to the cause of the Master and inestimable influences have gone forth into the community and through the benevolent enterprise even to the uttermost parts of the earth. As much as men have done to make all this possible, they have been but humble instruments in the hand of God. In the language of Paul, some planted, others watered, "but God gave the increase." "Unto Him be the glory."

"Unto Him be the glory" as well for the challenge and opportunity of the future. Recent days have witnessed the crumbling and overthrow of many institutions which the world thought unconquerable. But amid all the ruins of time, the timeless Church of God continues to stand.

That is no mere coincidence. It stands because God ordains that it should survive. It is his assurance that "the gates of hell shall not pre-



Rev. Milton R. Schroeder of Superior, Wisconsin, Formerly Pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Church

vail against it." Again may Fleischmann Memorial Church recognize the divine nature of the opportunity that lies ahead. The door to the future is open not because of its own might or power, but rather because of His spirit! "Unto Him be the glory."

Happy to have had a share in its illustrious past and grateful for the privilege of glimpsing a glorious future, my heartfelt prayer is that God may continue to use the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church in a remarkable way for the building of his Kingdom among men!

THE UNFOLDING YEARS

(Continued from Page 5)

1893 the growth was to 200 churches with 18,007 members. From 1893 to 1918 the increase was to 289 churches with 31,894 members; from 1918 to 1943 to 266 churches with 38,312 members. The above index does not indicate the total number of admissions which a careful computation disclosed as approximately 114,000 members.

With the expansion of our numerical and financial strength we also lengthened the cords of our operations. We have assisted in the support of missionary work in Germany and other European lands, such as Austria, Poland, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Switzer-

land, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Bohemia, Galicia, Rumania, among the Gypsies in Bulgaria, as also Brazil and Argentine in South America.

Our most extensive and fruitful enterprise has been among the native Cameroons in West Africa. This mission is especially endeared to us, because of the indelible and affectionate memory of the noble young men and martyrs, who lie buried there such as Steffens, Ens, Bender.

We admire the heroism and consecration of those who despite these trying days are cheerfully carrying on, as well as that of their colleagues in the homeland who regret their inability to

join them. The privilege has also been ours to send forth under the auspices of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society and other agencies almost 100 missionaries to Oriental fields.

The word, "rejuvenation", means a renewing of youth, to become young again. It is the impression of the writer that our denomination is undergoing a process of rejuvenation. It traces back to the General Conference held at Chicago in 1919. Obviously some of the laymen assembled there had put their heads together and then startled and almost stunned the uninitiated with the proposal that the denomination raise a fund of a million dollars in the next triennium.

Great Achievements

The idea was palpably inspired by the Holy Spirit. No previous Conference had ever witnessed a like spontaneous combustion of enthusiasm and wholesome emotion and willingness to sacrifice. Think of raising a million dollars in three years! It was an adventure that would have taxed the capacity and done honor to a many times larger and wealthier religious body than ours.

Among the great achievements of bygone days were two attempts to raise sums of \$100,000 each. It proved a most strenuous task in each case and one dragged on for years. Whereas now it was ten times that much in a fixed time of three years. The marvel was that it was accomplished not only on schedule time but also went over the top by \$56,273. Even that was not all. It lifted our churches to a higher financial level and stimulated permanently the giving of our members and rejuvenated all our interests.

A Promising Future

Another evidence of the operation of this process of rejuvenation became manifest at the following General Conference at St. Paul, Minn., in 1922. That gathering might rightly be termed "the Young People's Conference" because of their large numbers. Never before had the General Conference given itself over to the young people, their work and their wishes, as on this occasion.

The reorganization of the National Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union was the order of the day. This conference will always remain memorable, because of the rejuvenation of the interests of our young people in the denominational objectives, which has become conspicuous in all our churches.

What is the hope and guarantee of our future? There are two factors. First, we have learned that our continuance is not dependent on a language, but on a higher power. Secondly, our forward look and united prayers are for a spiritual revitalization, a rejuvenation all along the line. God grant it speedily!

Chips of History

Konrad Anton Fleischmann, the founder of our oldest church, led a cosmopolitan life. He was born in Germany but secured most of his training and began his ministry as a pastor of the Separatists in Switzerland. It was the renowned English Christian, George Mueller of Bristol, England, who gave him the inspiration to emigrate to America to do evangelistic work among the German immigrants. On arrival in New York City on March 13, 1839, he was entertained for some time by a French family. Later the Pennsylvania Baptist State Convention helped him financially in some of his first missionary undertakings.

The beginnings of the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., go back a full century to the year 1843. On March 20 of that year, five persons were baptized in the Delaware River near Shackamaxon Street. Eight candidates were also baptized in another impressive service on April 14. On Easter Sunday, April 10, 1843, the first Lord's Supper was observed by the small group of Christians. On July 9 the charter members signed their names in the church's register and the church was organized. It was given the strange name of "the German Church of the Lord That Meets on Poplar Street, Philadelphia."

The first conference to be held in our Baptist group was convened in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1851. Five ministers were the convention delegates. They were the Rev's. K. A. Fleischmann, J. Eschmann, A. Henrich, A. von Puttkamer and August Rauschenbusch. The statistics which were the first ever published, enumerated 8 churches with a membership of 405 persons. It was known as "the Conference of Ministers and Helpers of German Churches of Baptized Christians, Usually Called Baptists." From such small begin-



The Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., of the Present Day and the Rev. and Mrs. Konrad A. Fleischmann, the First Pastor and His Wife, in Whose Honor the Church Has Been Named as a Memorial

nings our large and impressive conferences have grown through the years.

The motto of the first Baptist conference, which convened in Philadelphia in 1851, was "Seek Ye First the Kingdom", which was suggested by Konrad Anton Fleischmann's German translation of the words of the hymn, "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord". Mr. Fleischmann had remarkable literary ability as is also evidenced in his fine translations of the hymns, "The Morning Light is Breaking" and "Shall We Gather at the River". He was also the first editor of "Der Sendbote", serving in this capacity from 1853 to 1862 and from 1866 until his death in 1867. His sermons and addresses often found their way into print, copies of which can still be seen in some homes today.

The funeral service in memory of Konrad Fleischmann on October 19, 1867, was described by Mr. Theo. A. Felsberg in a letter in 1932: "I was in my fifteenth year when Mr. Fleischmann passed to his reward. I can still see in memory the large number of Baptist clergymen and others as they marched down Poplar Street, two by two, from the home on Tenth Street to the church for the burial services." Prof. Lewis Kaiser wrote for "The Friendly Neighbor" in 1934: "Ah, with what awe did I view the solemn scene as a boy from the choir loft of the old church that I so well remember! The draped pulpit and in front of it the casket with the remains of the beloved one, the impressive hush upon the audience that filled the church,—I still see it after all these years, although in blurred outline."

The year 1944 will mark a notable milestone in the life of Professor Lewis Kaiser of Rochester, N. Y. Sixty years ago in 1884 he began his pastorate in

the Fleischmann Memorial Church. September 18, 1944, will mark the 60th anniversary of his ordination into the Christian ministry, and some months later, on April 13, 1945, Prof. and Mrs. Lewis Kaiser will celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary. Professor Kaiser is expecting to be present at some of the sessions of the church's Centenary Jubilee program during the Atlantic Conference if at all possible.

The pastors of the church and the years of their pastorates are as follows: Konrad Anton Fleischmann, 1843 to 1867; Prof. J. S. Gubelmann, 1868 to 1884; Prof. Lewis Kaiser, 1884 to 1888; Heinrich Schulz, 1889 to 1891; Louis C. Knuth, 1892 to 1903; Herman Kaaz, 1903 to 1919; F. P. Kruse, 1920 to 1927; Martin L. Leuschner, 1928 to 1934; Milton R. Schroeder, 1936 to 1943. The three living pastors, Prof. Lewis Kaiser of Rochester, N. Y., and the Rev's. Milton R. Schroeder and Martin L. Leuschner, have made contributions to this special Jubilee issue of "The Baptist Herald."

Twenty-two men have been sent to the seminary or have been ordained into the Christian ministry by the Fleischmann Memorial Church. Their names in alphabetical order are J. K. H. Becker, Richard A. Blandau of Tacoma, Wash., E. Fullemann, S. J. Fuxa, Emil D. Gruen of Des Moines, Iowa, L. J. Hemmes of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lewis Kaiser of Rochester, N. Y., August Kraemer of Medicine Hat, Alberta, William Kuhn of Forest Park, Ill., J. Henry Landenberger, John T. Linker, Zacharias Martin, Anton Meier, J. H. Merkel, John H. Pastoret, Adolph Rapp, Christoff Schmidt, John C. Schmitt, Lester N. Schoen, J. A. Weimer, William Wismar, John Zoppi. That is a notable record for this church in its first century of history!

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

The engagement of Mildred Handel to Clem Lindeman was broken shortly before they were to be married because of his scorn for her religious convictions. She fled for peace of mind to the mountain camp of which Terry Nealle, a former suitor of hers, and his mother were in charge. Clem followed her there and a fight between the two men ensued. In the hospital Clem came to his senses and had a profound religious experience. Mildred was very happy about his conversion, but Terry in his blinding jealousy was still in eclipse. And now Clem was going to give the story of his conversion from atheism to Christ on Sunday morning at the Community Church. On the preceding day Terry finally got his chance to show Mildred the things she had wanted to see most in the mountains. Mildred had also written to him that she needed his advice on an important matter. It was to be an exciting day in his life!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It was late in the afternoon before Terry learned what was the special problem in which she wanted his advice.

"Give me time," she said, as if holding him at bay. They were out of the canyon and spinning down the wide, smooth grade into the little mountain town of Rangeville.

He had asked, "All right, Miladi, let's have the brain-tickler." He had used to call her "miladi", the Italian word for "My lady"—Oh, those were the happy days at Shandon—until Clem had come to darken them.

"Give me until—give me all the time I want. I'll tell you soon enough. In the meantime, I want to inveigle a chipmunk to eat from my hand; I want to drive high enough to get to the snow, so I can make a snowball in

July; I want to freeze down in a cave, and maybe carry home a piece of petrified turtle, and I want to have a steak fry at an outdoor fireplace—"

"Wait a minute—" he cut in cheerfully. "That's a big order for one small person . . ."

So the day together began, and they made it a day of play and banter and climbing and sight-seeing.

They came in the afternoon to a point more than eleven thousand feet high, above the timberline, and where the few trees that grew were weather-worn and bent into grotesque shapes.

It had been a long, winding drive. Leaving the car at a roadside parking place, they climbed to a challenging rock, still higher, and at the base of which one element-battered old pine stood lone and triumphant, overlooking a vista, the grandeur of which, even Terry himself admitted was equal at least to the grandeur of Solitude Gulch.

It was an arduous climb, but, for these two, a gay one. Now and then they stopped to rest and to talk of things in common to them both. At last they were there, laughing, panting, their hearts beating hard with the exertion, faces glowing—she a little short of breath because of the altitude. Far below them, on the long, winding highway up which they had themselves driven, automobiles looked like tiny cars moving on a child's toy roadway.

The wind in the old tree, and the barrenness of the whole rugged waste

about and above them, gave them a sense of seclusion. Side by side they stood, he very much aware of her, proud of her endurance as a climber, pleased that she should not only challenge the height, but conquer it, pleased also with the glow of her cheeks and the laughing challenge in her eyes, as if she would climb still higher.

"All right," she said, when they had caught their breath, "here is my problem". She handed him her notebook in which at intervals during the day she had been writing, turned to a certain page, and said, "First, read that. I copied it out of book I found in the library—from a chapter entitled 'Biography of the Brain'".

At that moment, there was a flash of yellowish-brown, a tiny animal darting from under the rock and disappearing under the ledge of another a few feet away. The diminutive little creature thereupon began to protest their presence by sharp, complaining notes.

"A rabbit!" Mildred exclaimed. "A cony," he corrected. "They live at timberline and above. Listen to him. They're regular little ventriloquists."

They discussed the noisy little Pika—its habits, its food, and finally he said, "Have you ever read the verse, in Proverbs, I believe it is—'The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks'?"

"Feeble in body, perhaps," she said, "but very wise—quite fitting, that verse in proverbs, while we're thinking about the biography of the brain."

What, possibly, he wondered, could a paragraph on the brain have to do with the problem he thought was disturbing her! He read it nevertheless.

It was not the paragraph her pink nail indicated, however, which drew and riveted his attention. It was a hastily scribbled note crosswise of the corner of an opposite page which first met his eye and which, unintentionally, his curiosity engulfed in one glance. The paragraph ran:

"My heart is all in turmoil. This morning when we rode away up the Solitude trail, it seemed as if life had suddenly come to full bloom—like the flower-painted mountains I am learning to love so much—and with it, making it

fragrant, was his love, sweeter than the nectar of the blue columbine. . . . That fragrance is gone."

Conscience-smitten, sorry that he had let his eye stray, Terry gave attention to the seemingly irrelative quotation. He read it aloud, to the accompaniment of the querulous chattering of the unseen cony under the rock:

"If, for example, Laura Bridgman, deprived as she was, of sight, hearing, taste and smell, with only one-fifth of her brain area accessible to satisfactory contacts with the world, made an adjustment to life equal to the average of such adjustments—if Helen Keller, almost equally deprived of sensory impressions, is rated by many as belonging in the class of genius, then the rank and file of mankind uses but a small fraction of its potential brain power."

He finished the paragraph, let his vision stray down the hill to the coupe and beyond to the terrible sweep of space below.

So! She was all in a turmoil—SO! Somebody's love was sweeter than the nectar of the blue columbine. He wondered.

For an interval they stood facing each other, he, as always, shamefully aware of his artificial eye.

Time would come, he supposed—Dr. Mansfield himself had assured him,—that he would seldom be self-conscious because of it.

"It's this way," she told him, "I've made a full surrender of myself to Him—Christ, I mean,—all my talent, my personality, my capacities. I've sort of bundled them up and given them to Him *in toto*, in one grand sweep of surrender. But all of a sudden, this morning, while I was having my sunrise, I ran across this paragraph, which I'd copied from the library book, and it has turned things upside down for me. Can a person ever be fully given over to Him? Can one ever be all for Christ that he ought to be?"

That was troubling her! She was puzzled as to how to give Him not only all that she was at present, but—the answer leaped to his lips—the right answer, he was sure:

"Our surrender to Him is to be done not only passively—an *in toto* handing over to Him of all we are and possess—but actively, positively. It is not a dead thing we give to Him—not a thing, but a personality with tremendous possibilities for growth and development. We surrender to Him not a lake but a river which flows—and grows as it flows—"

He was interrupted by a gasp from the girl beside him. "Thank you. . . . Come," she exclaimed. "Let's go and hurry down. I want to see everything I can."

That was all. She had asked her question, and he had answered it, and

she was satisfied—little mountain nymph. And it was not a mere man of whose love she had written. It was the love of Christ which to her had been sweeter than the nectar of the blue columbine, and Who had made her life for her to come suddenly to full bloom.

Like the swift flow of the canyon river itself, the moments of the day passed and were gone—yet would never be lost to either of them. His quick answer to her question had sketched itself upon his own mind, and he knew that whatever the cost to him, he was going to make that same kind of surrender—and keep on in a positive-active life in the greatest business of the world.

At six they stopped at a roadside tea-shop for dinner—Little Mother's Inn. There it was, in a secluded corner where they were alone, that he dared for a moment to be serious again—that is, serious about the business of his love for her. He wondered if she had heard him at all last night when he had told her of having seen Clem toss the marriage license into the fire—so quickly she had changed the subject.

He asked her now, re-describing the scene for her.

"Of course, I heard you," she said, and busied herself with a stubborn bit of chicken bone. "He wanted me to destroy it but I told him to do it himself—if he didn't intend ever to use it," she added, and he probed deep into the dark mines of her eyes, to read her thoughts. She refused, however, to be serious. At least her words were lightly said:

"Now that I know he really means not to use it, even if I should insist, that leaves me absolutely free to be an old-er maid than I am at present."

He heard himself saying with a foolish husky voice, "And free to fall in love with somebody else."

"That," she said with emphasis, and frowned at her fork, jabbing it playfully into a celery stalk, "that is something I'll never do again. Next time—years and years from now—I'm going to make a careful selection—studying his character, his background, his philosophy of life, his ambitions, his faith—that primarily but not exclusively—and after I've dissected him from stem to stern, I'll consider his physical features, color, height, complexion, health, mental capacity—if any—and then I'll make my decision."

She was on the wing again. It was time to get back to camp because there was to be a lecture in one of the open air auditoriums in the mountains, with colored slides of Penguins at the South Pole, and the four of them—Clem and Terry and Nurse Marvel—were to see it together . . .

"Don't forget," he said in as light a tone as he could command, when, at the canyon river bridge, he swung to the right and rumbled across—"Don't

forget to consider the color of his hair." To which she replied, "If it isn't gray by that time."

It wouldn't be gray, he decided, before she would capitulate. Something in the way she had said it, even though lightly, gave him high hope.

That hope went leaping and singing and swirling in his mind like a tumultuous river during the next few days—to be suddenly dried up at its source on Sunday morning in the auditorium. Something Clem said in the opening of his address, and in the expression of Mildred's eyes when he said it, put Terry once more on the defensive, and in the dark. It drove him also to seek a Sunrise that would know no eclipse no matter what might be the circumstances.

Sunday morning in the auditorium. The people had crowded it to capacity—the elite of the east, come west for vacation—for a wider margin on life's pages, some of which already had too much margin,—for mountain air that was cool; and some—few in number, perhaps,—for a freedom which, under the guise of re-creation, was false.

Here, too, in the auditorium, were those who had come west with other motives—tired business men and others who needed a change; housewives whose thoughtful husbands knew the value of variety in life. Among those present were also the villagers themselves.

People, people, people. Every seat in the auditorium was taken, and a spirit of expectancy stirred in the atmosphere.

Present also, was not only Clement Lindeman's mother, but his Aunt Mary Helene Lindeman, and the man,—Mildred's stepfather—whom she was to marry. There was to have been, at Claytonville, Mildred recalled with troubled mind, a double wedding. That double wedding, she had since learned, was only postponed.

Clem's mother had been in Claytonville the very night Mildred had run away, had come there expressly to be present at the wedding. And now they had all come west, not only to hear Clem's address, but on Monday afternoon, to drive to Bear Lake and have the ceremony in the lodge there. There were to be photographers,—hired by Aunt Mary herself, and glossy prints would be sent to various newspapers in the east.

All this Mildred had learned only yesterday. No, her bushy-browed stepfather had told her, there was no sense in making a scene, or being stubborn about it. She had had enough time now to regain her equilibrium. All Claytonville was buzzing with gossip, he told her accusingly. "Think of your reputation in the community. Think of your mother's good name, and what people will say if her daughter—"

"The people who will say it aren't worthy of consideration," Mildred pro-

tested hotly. "Anyone with a grain of respect for a girl's heart, would want her to marry the man she loves—not the man her stepfather has picked out for her. I told you two weeks ago that Clem—"

"What's the matter with him? He's certainly pious enough. What is all this nonsense anyhow about his becoming an evangelist or something? Anyway I thought the chief reason why you ran away from him was because he was agnostic!"

"That's true—that is, it was then. Since coming out here where I've had a chance to see things from every angle, I've decided that there were other reasons also."

They crossed the Solitude bridge, and turning left strolled up the bridge path to the gate.

What was there about her stepfather she did not like? Almost everything, she decided. Long and shaggy and black, his brows were, and his guttural, demanding voice made her want to close the interview as quickly as possible.

"You're a stubborn little vixen," he told her in a moment of exasperation when, after delivering a rather lengthy lecture, she had merely tossed her raven head independently, and exclaimed, "This is a free country. I'll marry whom I please, and no one else."

"You are a stubborn little vixen. You're worse than your mother—"

She whirled on him fiercely. "That will be enough! You—! You!" She stamped her foot, her dark eyes blazing. "My mother, if she were living now, would approve everything I am doing—"

There was the sound then of galloping hoofs on the trail, coming down from the ranch house. Mildred saw Clem himself in gray riding outfit, sombrero lifted in gay salute to them—or to her—and inadvertently she thought how strikingly attractive he was, and now that he was a Christian, a genuine one, there really was nothing standing between them—nothing except the very fact that her stepfather wanted her to marry him, made her want not to.

Clem was off Ranger in a moment, opening the gate himself before she could think to open it for him. "Good morning, Mr. Englebrad," he greeted the dark-browed stepfather, then to Mildred, he said, "Like to take a stroll up the trail? I've found a new bed of red and blue columbine for you in that aspen grove Terry was telling me about. Mr. Englebrad, if you'll take care of Ranger for me? We'll be back in fifteen minutes or so."

Terry, standing high up on the ridge which separated the Canyon from the gulch, having climbed there to be alone and to consider the gravity of the strange situation caused by the coming of Aunt Mary and the others, saw the two as they went gaily up the

trail, laughing and evidently very much absorbed in each other—she in her favorite laurel green outfit, and he in cool gray.

He watched until they disappeared behind a great jutting boulder farther up the trail. He guessed they had things of serious import to discuss. She had run away from the old Clem. This new Clem, as dashing and striking as before, only now purified with the fire of regeneration—she would find in him the life companion she needed. All things were working together for good to them—to them—to Clem and Mildred—who love God.

But not to me, he let himself think for a moment, and seemed to hear an echo, not confirming his thought, but challenging it: All things work together not for pleasure to them that love God, nor for joy, nor for happiness, but for good. Perhaps it is good for me that like David I am being afflicted.

He climbed down the slope on the opposite side, descending the canyon wall to the river, where at the base, he met Englebrad himself, coming back from the stables. That brusque, fuzzy-browed gentleman said, "I was looking for you. You saw—them going up the trail? You were watching from the bridge. Great couple, those two. Everything's all set for the big wedding Monday afternoon. Aunt Mary will probably ask you to be best man."

Best man! Terry thought. And I can stand on the left side of the groom where I cannot see what goes on.

He watched Englebrad as he plowed up the trail to camp headquarters, then he moved slowly toward the old pine tree near the Nevermore. Here, two weeks ago, he had picked up the beautiful hand-bag with the inch-high, gold initials, M.H.L. The handbag had belonged to Mary Helene Lindeman, Clem's "Aunt Mary."

Here, also, a few nights ago, he had witnessed the burning of the marriage license. That, he decided now, had been a mere mirage on the desert of his hopes. How did he know that long envelope was the one handed to Mildred in the hospital that other morning.

Even if Clem had burned it, were there no others to be had at any license bureau?

Could not a lover's quarrel easily be made up—as so many often were? Yonder in the aspen grove—he had heard Clem say the words—yonder where the ovate, saw-toothed leaves "quaked" in every passing breeze, they would find the columbines, and in the act of picking, secluded from the eyes of chance observers, they would find each others arms—again.

Again! They had once been engaged to be married . . .

They would come down the trail later, completely happy . . .

A step behind Terry aroused him from his unpleasant reverie. He

turned, and looked straight into the hysterical eyes of Silent Oss.

"I've been looking for you," the raspy old voice began excitedly. "Had a terrible dream last night. Can't get over it. Just when I was almost out—just when your mother is out, and happy again—I have to have this terrible dream. I know it's going to come true. All our fighting down in Cuba in vain! All those years of blackness, when my light went out—all the heart-ache since then!"

"Teddy and Nealle and me licked the Spaniards in Cuba, and good old George Dewey licked them at Manila Bay, so Cuba and the Philippines could have their freedom, but—"

And then the squawky old voice rose sharply, and the face was twisted into a strange contortion, as he shouted, "I tell you it's goin' to come true! I saw them in my dream. Thousands of them, millions almost—in airplanes and tanks and ships, swarming down all over the Philippines—fierce, yellow-faced devils like yellow jackets out of a nest—and Manila will fall into new and terrible hands . . . If only Teddy was alive again—and Nealle . . ."

The voice, high-pitched and almost screaming, suddenly stopped. The old man swallowed a lump in his throat. "Terry!" His voice trembled—his long, spatulate-fingered hands trembled—"Look at me, Son! LOOK!"

Terry felt a shiver run through his body, as if he were looking into the face of a mad man. He saw the eyes of Silent Oss go suddenly mystical as if he were seeing far into the past—or else into the future, seeing some horrible drama in violent procedure.

Then came the terrible confession, "You want to know why I live in Gethsemane? Why I can't find my way out? Why I make myself stay here? I'll tell you why. I'm a murderer. I killed your father, Terry. I—shot him at the rodeo that day. One bullet killed the steer and the other—Nealle."

And then, startlingly, the old man broke into sobs, and fell on Terry's shoulder, shaking violently, and crying, "O Terry, forgive me. Forgive me! I—I don't want your mother to know. I—It would kill her, I think, if she knew that, but I had to tell you. NO, no, no! Nobody's to blame. Nealle was my best friend, my very best. That's why I can't get out! God can't forgive me. I can't forgive myself. I'll have to do this all my life—all this life and all eternity—have to live in Gethsemane. Lost! Lost! LOST!" The raspy voice rose until it was shrieking and then suddenly it subsided into broken, shaking sobs as the gaunt old form trembled in Terry's arms.

"But I didn't intend to, Nancy, I didn't intend to! I was trying to hit the steer that was goin' him. But I know Nealle wouldn't have died if my bullet hadn't plowed through his heart! Oh Nancy, Nancy—!"

(To be continued)

REMINISCENCES OF MY FIRST PASTORATE

(Continued from Page 7)

asked by the church, for whose judgment I had the deepest regard, to stay within the area of the home-church and with the people who had known me from my earliest youth. This, indeed, would have its attractions, but was it in accordance with God's purpose and with the promptings of his spirit, which I thought to have heard in the appeal that came to me from heathen lands?

I frankly told the members of the church board, how I felt about the call. They listened with sympathetic interest, but thought, however, that regarding my studies I could continue to attend lectures at Crozer Theological Seminary at Chester, Pa. Concerning a call to a foreign field, they said, if such a call came, they would surely leave me free to give it full consideration. After much prayerful and heart-searching deliberation I accepted the call and in September, 1884, I was ordained and so became the third pastor of the church.

Almost 5 Years as Pastor

Thus I began my active ministry, not in foreign lands as a missionary to the heathen, as I had hoped, but in the very heart of my home, in my home-church and among my own kith and kin. Nearly sixty years have come and gone since I made that decision, yet I still believe that God graciously guided me. After all, to bring our wishes and plans into harmony with God's will constitutes a very large part, and, indeed, often the most perplexing part of our Christian experience. I did not have a long pastorate—only four years and seven months—but it gave direction to the succeeding years of my life.

Of course, I was deeply conscious of my inexperience and immaturity, sometimes painfully so. I was only 23 years old when I took the pastorate. I had much to learn, not so much from books, as from the warmly pulsating world around me. As a pastor in a great metropolis and as the shepherd of a church with a membership of 387 (in 1884), I had a fine opportunity to contact "all sorts and conditions of men and women" and to study human nature in its many-sided aspects.

I soon felt the need of a wife, of a true helpmate, to share the responsible tasks and the experiences of a joint ministry. Some ministerial students settle the marital problem before they leave the Seminary and bring a wife with them to their first church. But I had not yet made my choice. However, now I was a pastor. I knew well how much the success or failure of a minister may be due to his wife. Did I make this, too, a matter of prayer? I surely did, for I was eager to establish a happy and mutually helpful relationship between pastor and people

and for this I needed the right kind of a wife.

No, not all marriages are made in heaven—not even among ministers. But I think mine was! My dear wife was not only my heart's choice, but truly, too, God's gift in answer to prayer. For nearly sixty years she has been my affectionate companion and helpmate, working with me in sweet harmony in our appointed tasks,



Women's Committee Active in the New Building Project of the Fleischmann Memorial Church, Philadelphia, Pa., in 1914

(Left to Right: Mrs. Reuben Windisch, Miss Hannah Seils, Mrs. Pauline Schmelz, Mrs. Herman Kaaz, and Mrs. Herman Menzel.)

and also the devoted mother of four children, two sons and two daughters, who adore her.

Saintly Deacons

As I recall those early days of my first pastorate I am especially reminded of the fine and considerate support that was given me by young and old in the church. The deacons and other officials were all older than I, some considerably so, yet they all rallied around me most loyally. How well I remember some of the deacons! There was the senior deacon, Paul Felsberg, the brother-in-law of Pastor Fleischmann, who had been with the church almost from the beginning. He was small in stature, but he had a big heart and warm sympathies.

Then there was Deacon Christian Kuhn, of old Mennonite stock. He was the father of our general missionary secretary, William Kuhn. Father Kuhn did his own thinking and had some peculiar views, which I loved to discuss with him. But he was a man, too, of sincere piety, true to the inmost core of his being.

Outstanding in many ways was Dea-

con J. A. Schulte, one of the three Schulte brothers, who had such a prominent part in the administrative work of our denomination. Deacon Schulte was for many years the treasurer of the General Conference. Because of his wide influence and varied ability Deacon Schulte was a valuable asset to the church. My long and intimate friendship with him and his fine family has been a real inspiration of my life!

I must also mention my dear father, David Kaiser, who was also one of the deacons. Although the father of

the pastor, he did not seek to assert himself unduly, yet his paternal sympathy and quiet cooperation meant more for me than I can tell. He was a great worker in the Sunday School. He served as superintendent for nearly forty years. He was zealously devoted to other interests of the church as well. It is, indeed, a priceless heritage that my dear parents have left to me and mine.

Consecrated Women

I also owe at least a word of tribute to some of the consecrated women who wrought with me during that first pastorate. In February, 1885, Miss Hannah L. Seils came to the church as its first lady missionary, having been sent by the Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Society in answer to the appeal of the church for a missionary to labor among the youth and to assist the pastor in house visitation. Miss Seils proved to be a most valuable addition to the working force of the church. Her efforts were attended with great blessings, both within the church and outside among strangers.

(Continued to Page 14)



The Worshipful Auditorium of the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., As It Appears Today

The Fleischmann Memorial Church of Today

By MRS. OTTO MERCNER, a Member of the Church for 51 Years

SOME THINGS deteriorate after a hundred years. Very few buildings, trees, or human beings reach the century mark. When they do, they are but a shell of their former selves. Not so with the Church of Jesus Christ. The passing of the years should make it richer and fuller, expanding its activities into the many branches of God's Kingdom. Our Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church especially has had such a rich heritage.

The Rev. Konrad A. Fleischmann, Prof. J. S. Gubelmann, Prof. Lewis Kaiser, the Rev's. Henry Schulz, Louis Knuth, Herman Kaaz, F. P. Kruse, Martin L. Leuschner, Milton R. Schroeder, these pastors of ours, assisted by such missionaries as Miss Hannah Seils, who served loyally for 30 years, the Misses Ruth Doescher, Emma Siegwart, Frieda Weisser and Margaret Craven—these pastors and missionaries have made our church what it is today, a church with no sign of old age or decrepitude.

Since our former pastor, the Rev. Milton R. Schroeder, left us last March to take up his activities in Superior, Wis., we have had the Rev. Paul Young as interim pastor. He is a special student at the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary and is doing a splendid work among us. He has been in the active ministry in New York State for the past seven years. Previously he was associated with the Young Men's Christian Association in Warren, Pa., and Charleston, S. C.

In spite of the fact that many of our fine young men are in the Armed Forces, and that we have had to con-

tend with the usual summer letdown, we have held a very successful Vacation Bible School this year under Mr. Young's supervision with the able assistance of Mrs. Mary Ward, Mrs. Esther Wismar, and some of the younger group. There is an active young people's group in the church. The Men's Brotherhood and the Women's Missionary Society are also doing fine work. The choir is outstanding in its service to the church.

We are planning many things for the coming fall and winter months. We are especially interested in the sessions of the Atlantic conference and Young People's Convention with the celebration of our Centenary Jubilee, by which we hope to be more closely knit together and to experience a rejuvenation and spiritual revival in our congregation.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and we, as a church today, look to him who guides nations as well as individuals and churches. So we face the future in full confidence, faith and trust that our Lord will bless all of our endeavors in days to come, so that we might glorify his Name and be partakers with him in the building of his Kingdom, not only in this beloved Fleischmann Memorial Church, but in many parts of the world, with the talents and means of which the Lord has made us stewards. We, as a church, can say with the Apostle Paul, "We can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us."

We are happy to make this contribution to this special Jubilee issue of "The Baptist Herald" and to know that our sister churches are eager to celebrate this anniversary with us.

MY FIRST PASTORATE

(Continued from Page 13)

There were other women who cheerfully volunteered their services and talents to the work of the House of the Lord. I recall particularly three, whom some of us termed the "three graces" (in a spiritual sense): the sisters Ramschaesel, Kuhn and Windisch, whose zeal in matters pertaining to the welfare of the church was, indeed, praiseworthy. Especially the material needs of the church were much upon their mind, and what they thought to be necessary or desirable, they were insistent for its accomplishment. They were fine administrators.

One more reminiscence—of an experience that happened in the third year of that pastorate. I had an inquiry at that time from the Mission Rooms at Boston, whether I would go to a mission field in Upper Burma. I regarded this as a definite call and the old passion to bring the Gospel to the heathen flamed up within me anew. On my knees in the presence of God the conviction grew upon me that I must go. "The Lord is calling me."

But the situation now was not the same as when a few years back I had wrestled with this same problem. Now I had a wife and child. I asked my wife, "Shall we go?" She said, with the calmness of a full surrender, "It will be hard for me to leave home and all my friends, but if God is calling you, you must go and I will cheerfully go with you. We are in God's loving care".

Greatly cheered by this attitude of my dear wife, I decided to inform the Missionary Board at Boston of our willingness to accept the call and to ask for further directions. But before doing this I was taken sick. I was in bed for several weeks and was greatly enfeebled. The two physicians, who had me under treatment, and whom I consulted, said that it would be impossible for me to carry out my purpose and go to a foreign land in my weakened state.

I had not yet said anything about the matter to the church. Slowly recovering from the disease, but still remaining very weak, I felt that I could not leave home in this condition and that I would have to drop the matter for the time being. I wrote this to the "Rooms" and they released me. After regaining sufficient strength I continued my work with the Church, regarding the experience I had gone through as a definite indication that God's will for me was to serve him at home.

So, in a sense, that first pastorate in the Fleischmann Memorial Church marked out the path along which my ministry should move, into which God had called me. I have sought through all these years to follow that gleam, but perhaps not always with unclouded vision.

HONOR ROLL OF SERVICE MEN OF THE FLEISCHMANN MEMORIAL CHURCH OF PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

- Lieutenant Robert Fitzpatrick
Camp Beale, California.
- * —
- Lieutenant Edward Goebel
Camp Rucker, Alabama.
- * —
- Private Charles Heim
Miami, Florida.
- * —
- Private John P. Hensel
Greensboro, N. C.
- * —
- Private Robert Lake
489th Armored F. A. Service Battery
c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles, Calif.
- * —
- Private Raymond A. Noll
Fort Lewis, Washington.
- * —
- Walter Noll
Philadelphia, Pa.
- * —
- Private Wm. J. Middleton, Jr.
Camp Howze, Texas.
- * —
- Lieutenant Samuel Blaser
Red Bank, N. J.
- * —
- A/C Couris, J.
Lakeland, Florida.
- * —
- Elwood Eutermoser
Bethlehem, Pa.
- * —
- Pfc. Fred Eutermoser
Scott Field, Illinois.
- * —
- Robert E. Stadler 2/c S. F.
U. S. S. Melville
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.
- * —
- Cpl. Frank G. Silzle, Jr.
Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif.
- * —
- Pfc. Allen H. Shivers
New River, N. C.
- * —
- Karl Ward, S. 1/c
U. S. S. Philadelphia
Fleet Post Office Div. C.
New York, N. Y.
- * —
- Robert A. Vanderslice, S. F. 2/c
U. S. S. Olean
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.
- * —
- Pfc. William Z. Tyson, 2/F-12
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.
- * —
- Albert G. Straub
U. S. N. R. Midship School
Notre Dame, Ind.
- * —

FOR GOD'S LIGHT

Grant us, O God, so utterly to believe in Thee and Thy great and unchanging purpose, that, believing, we may bring back upon earth light, and for earth's sadness that glory which need never have vanished. Through Christ. Amen.
—Paul Scherer.

Opportunities for Service in the U. S. Army

By PRIVATE JOHN HENSEL of Greensboro, North Carolina, a Member of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia



Pvt. John P. Hensel of the U. S. Army Air Force Technical Training Branch at Greensboro, North Carolina

MY ENTRANCE into the Armed Forces has naturally changed my way of living. Leaving my comfortable civilian life was not easy, and saying goodbye, for an indefinite period, to my loved ones was even more difficult. But I can rejoice in the knowledge that the Lord is with me wherever I go. It is particularly wonderful, when I am lonely and blue, to lift up my heart in prayer and tell the Lord all

about my problems. During the quiet, early hours of a morning when I was on guard duty, the Lord and I had a very real conversation. At this conclusion my heart was wonderfully light because he had assumed my problem and shown me the way I should go.

There are also unlimited opportunities for service. I like to think of Jesus' words when he spoke about being the servant of all. The majority of the men here do not object to being served.

Everything in the Army is done differently than it is in civilian life, and it remains for the individual to adapt himself to the new routine. With typical American good humor we complain about everything from the lack of certain items on the menu to the fact that we don't get enough sleep. Or, as one man phrased it, "We have to sleep too fast".

All of us here in this Army's Air Forces Technical Training Branch have the opportunity for study and training in one or more of the many schools operated for the specific purpose of training flight crews and ground crews. Some will learn a completely new trade, while others can continue their civilian occupation as specialists.

We all, however, pray sincerely that the day of victory will come in the very near future. And we also pray that our leaders will listen to the Lord's guiding so that we may also win the peace.

Fifty Year Honor Roll

Nineteen members of the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., who are still living, have been members of the church for fifty years or more. Their years of membership in the church makes the grand total of 1077 years. Miss Henrietta Sheetz, the oldest member, has almost reached the seventy-fifth Diamond Jubilee anniversary of her membership.

Atlantic Conference Dates

The Atlantic Conference and the Young People's Convention will be held in the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., from September 9 to 12, 1943. Special music and a pageant, depicting the highlights of the church since it was founded in 1843, will be presented during the Jubilee program. All persons planning to visit the meetings of the Atlantic Conference to be held at the Fleischmann Memorial Church are requested to place their reservations for sleeping accommodations with the chairman of the Housing Committee, Mr. William Rekatzky, 4129 No. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, immediately.

The names of these Honor Roll members and the year of their association with the church are as follows:

Miss Henrietta Sheetz	1870
Mrs. Lydia Schneider	1877
Mr. Harry Sheetz	1878
Mrs. Augusta Sultmann	1881
Mr. Reuben Windisch	1883
Mrs. Minnie Hauck	1884
Mrs. Katherina Noll	1885
Mrs. Augusta Lattman	1886
Mr. Mitchell Schneider	1888
Mrs. Harry Sheetz	1889
Mr. Otto Mercener	1889
Mrs. Mitchell Schneider	1890
Mrs. Matilda Boeckle	1890
Mrs. Margaret Wittman	1890
Mrs. Lydia Kraemer	1891
Mrs. Lena Hertrich	1892
Mrs. Otto Mercener	1892
Mrs. Marie Blaier	1892
Mr. Gustav Schmidt	1893

Wanted:

A PRACTICAL NURSE

Middle age, Christian, to serve in the German Baptist Home in Philadelphia, Pa. This is a wonderful opportunity for any one who feels called to do missionary work. Address

German Baptist Home, 7023 Rising Sun Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

Prof. H. von Berge Is Honored by Lebanon College With the Doctor of Divinity Degree

On Aug. 27 the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Professor von Berge of Dayton, Ohio, by the Lebanon Valley College at Annville, Pa., in recognition of his work in editing the "Church Hymnal", the denominational hymnal of the United Brethren in Christ. The degree was granted in connection with the closing of the college's summer session.

This honor which has come to Dr. von Berge is highly merited. The great host of his friends in our churches will be delighted to hear of it. For many years Dr. von Berge served as moderator of our General Conference. He has been constantly active on denominational committees and boards and has served as a member of the General Council since its inception. His winsomeness of personality and gracious spirit have endeared him to all of us. From all of our hearts there comes the refrain,

"Congratulations, Dr. von Berge!"

The October, 1943, issue of "The Choir Herald" of the Lorenz Publishing Company will feature an article by Ellen Jane Lorenz entitled "Laurels for Our Professor". A portion of this interesting article follows:

"Coming to the United States in 1884, at the age of 13, he studied at the Rochester Theological Seminary and was ordained a Baptist minister in 1897. After holding pastorates in New Britain, Conn., and Cleveland, Ohio, he became a professor in the German Baptist Seminary of Rochester, which post he held until 1920 when he came to Lorenz Publishing Company as literary editor.

"His duties in the Lorenz Publishing Company have fallen under the general heading of editing texts and other non-musical aspects of our publications. As a part of these responsibilities he has written an enormous number of lyrics and hymns and librettos for choir cantatas and pageants.

"We would not have you think from reading about these activities, however, that Dr. von Berge's sole achievements were along literary lines, for he is well-known for his anthems and gospel songs and is especially facile in writing men's quartets. This last accomplishment is doubtless due to his singing for many years with quartets.

"Yes, we in the Lorenz Publishing Company are very proud of our Professor, but besides being proud of his fine achievements we are also extremely fond of him as a person. He is the father-confessor of us all, as we pour into his sympathetic, understanding ear our questions and problems. His kindly nature, and the generosity of his spirit have won for him a countless host of friends throughout the country. Truly the title of 'Doctor of Divinity' applies to him in more nearly a double meaning than to most people on whom it is conferred."

MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER, Reporter.



Dr. Herman von Berge of Dayton, Ohio, Who Was Honored With the Doctor of Divinity Degree by Lebanon Valley College on Aug. 27

NORTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Surprise for the Rev. and Mrs. C. Fred Lehr by the Aplington Baptist Church of Iowa

On Thursday evening, July 29, the Aplington Baptist Church of Aplington, Iowa, arranged a surprise in honor of its pastor and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Lehr, who will celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary in October, and also in honor of Mr. Lehr's 25 years in the Christian Ministry.

With the Rev. H. Lohr of Parkersburg as master of ceremonies, congratulations and best wishes were extended to the couple by members representing the various organizations of the church. A corsage was pinned on each, and an envelope was presented

REVITALIZATION READINGS

Prof. O. E. Krueger of Rochester, N. Y., in response to the request of the General Missionary Committee and its Executive Secretary, has prepared a Bible Reading Course on Revitalization for the days from September 26 to October 30. The first part of this material will appear in the next issue.

During the month of October special emphasis is to be placed on this important subject. Our church members are urged to use this reading material for their individual or family devotions in addition to any material already being used. Pastors are requested to adapt the material for prayer meeting messages or other talks.

Every reader of "The Baptist Herald" ought to plan now to make prayerful use of these interesting and helpful readings which will appear in the next two numbers.

to them. The church choir rendered an appropriate number, and Mrs. Walter Popkes sang a solo.

Mr. Lohr voiced his congratulations and told some amusing incidents occurring when he and Mr. Lehr attended Moody Bible Institute.

After a response from Mr. and Mrs. Lehr, refreshments were served in the church basement.

MRS. MARLIN LINDAMAN, Reporter.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

Convention Joys of the Alberta Association and Tri Union at the Wiesenthal Church

Convention days of the Alberta Association and Tri Union which were this year held from June 24 to 27 at the Wiesenthal Baptist Church proved to be a spiritual inspiration to all.

The general theme of this convention was, "God's People Must Never Grow Tired." The messages brought by our brethren carried with them this thought and were truly Christ-centered and beneficial to our people.

We were highly honored to have as our guest speaker Prof. O. E. Krueger from Rochester, N. Y. It was also a rare privilege to have representatives of our outlying churches, such as Rev. A. Hager from Prince George and Elizabeth and Casper Lehman from our Valley View Church in the far North. Very interesting reports were given from both of these churches where there is great opportunity for mission work as well as a great need.

On Saturday afternoon the Ladies' Mission Union gave a very fine program under the capable leadership of Mrs. H. Willeke. The various mission circles represented brought numbers and Prof. Krueger brought a very fitting message.

In the evening meeting on Saturday, June 26, opportunity was given to the young people to take special part in the service. The time spent in prayer and testimony was a good showing of the blessed time spent together.

Sunday was a big day! From far and near friends gathered for the Sunday service. Young and old rallied for the Sunday School session. While the young people and adults met in the spacious tent, the children gathered at the church where a hundred and eighteen boys and girls were present for their service.

Prof. Krueger brought the morning worship sermon based on Ps. 84:6—"Well Diggers in the Valley of Despair." A mission offering was received which amounted to \$787.27.

The afternoon meeting brought this blessed convention to a close. It was a large congregation that was present on that afternoon. Two hundred and twenty cars were counted. The tent was much too small to hold all who had come. The Rev. E. P. Wahl brought the message of the afternoon based on Matt. 23:8.

MYRTLE HEIN, Reporter.

Sessions of the Central Tri Union of Saskatchewan and Alberta at the Rosenfeld Church

The Baptist Central Tri Union convened at the Rosenfeld Church of Golden Prairie, Sask., from July 1 to 4. The pastor, the Rev. G. Beutler, and the church at Rosenfeld expressed a hearty welcome to all delegates and visitors. The Rev. Aug. Kraemer gave an inspiring sermon during the opening service on Thursday night.

On Friday morning following a devotional service led by Mr. Robert Jaster, reports from all the various young people's organizations, choirs and Sunday Schools were given. On Friday afternoon the Rev. A. Kraemer spoke on "The Glory of Christ and His Gospel," followed by another message by the Rev. G. Beutler on "Living Christianity." Then the Rev. E. J. Bonikowsky spoke on "The Aim of the Living Christian."

On Saturday morning, following a devotional period led by Mr. E. Straub, the election was held whereby capable directors were elected to carry on the work during the coming year. They are as follows: president, Rev. G. Beutler; vice-president, Rev. A. Kraemer; secretary, Mr. Ed. Strauss; treasurer, Mr. Robt. Jaster; S. S. director, Rev. A. Kraemer; music director, Mr. Gustav Schatz.

On Sunday morning we heard brief messages to the school by all the various pastors present. That afternoon the Rev. A. Husmann of Forest Park, Ill., brought the closing message, and, last but not least, we held a mission offering which amounted to \$201.78.

Due to the limited space in our church we had a loud speaker installed so that those who could not get a seat inside could still receive a blessing from all the inspiring messages which were brought. We had as guest speakers the Rev. H. Husman and the Rev. F. W. Benke, two very consecrated servants of Christ, who very plainly brought the Word of God to us.

MRS. MARTIN F. UNRATH, Reporter.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Reception for the Rev. and Mrs. Edmund Keller by Erie's Central Baptist Church

After a recent midweek prayer service of the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., a large group of members and friends of the church repaired to the church parlors where they held "open house", so to speak, for the purpose of greeting our new pastor and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Edmund B. Keller, and of making them welcome.

A genial air of sociability prevailed throughout the entire evening of singing, getting acquainted, renewing friendships, greeting old friends and having a good time in general. During the course of the evening our new shepherd and his wife were agreeably surprised with the presentation of a beautiful Duncan Phyfe table by Mr. Merle Gibbons on behalf of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Keller both expressed their gratefulness on being the recip-



The Mass Choir Which Sang at the Sessions of the Central Tri Union at the Rosenfeld Baptist Church of Saskatchewan With the Rev. A. Husmann, Guest Speaker, and Rev. G. Beutler, Director, in Front Row

ients of so useful a gift for their home. At the close of the happy evening the ladies of the church served a lunch.

MRS. R. R. EICHLER, Reporter.

Events and Activities of the Neustadt B. Y. P. U. of Ontario During the Past Year

We as a group of young people in the Baptist Church of Neustadt, Ont., are happy to report about a successful year working with our Master, our motto being "Saved to Serve". The Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Grenz and son, Lyle, have been a blessing to all.

There are thirty-three active members at present. We have five of our young men in the armed forces. We had eleven business, devotional, and social gatherings during the year. The young people of our group gave a special program at Easter. A pulpit lamp was presented to the church.

We divided the members into four groups, the leaders of the Fall term being Marie Hahn, Marion Derbecker, Rodney Helwig and Leslie Helwig, and for the Spring term Phyllis Voelkel, Dolores Helwig, Howard Helwig and George Derbecker.

In a recent contest points were given for reading Bible chapters and religious books, attending meetings, and adding more members to our society. The losing side invited two groups of young people from the neighboring towns for an evening of fellowship together.



Rev. and Mrs. Edmund Keller of Erie, Pennsylvania

The newly elected officers for the coming year are: president, Moody Derbecker; vice-president, Norman Diebel; secretary, Dolores Helwig; asst. secretary, Gladys Diebel; treasurer, Leslie Helwig; asst. treasurer, Rodney Helwig; pianist, Marion Derbecker; asst. pianist, Mrs. R. Grenz; and librarian, Phyllis Voelkel.

DOLORES HELWIG, Reporter.

Vacation Bible School of Two Weeks Is Held by the Bethel Church of Buffalo, N. Y.

The 1943 Vacation Bible School conducted by the Bethel Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., was held from June 28 to July 9. The class of Intermediates under the leadership of Mrs. Irving Kroecker and Mrs. Ihde studied "Paul's Missionary Journeys" and "Bible Mountains". In the Junior department a study of the "Twelve Apostles" and the "Wilderness Journey" was made. Mrs. Mertz and Miss Jane Rembis were the teachers. The Primary department studied "Bible People" and "Bible Trees, Birds and Animals", under the leadership of Mrs. G. Turner and Mrs. C. Smith. The memory work consisted of Psalm 23 and daily memory verses in connection with the Bible story.

We set July 7th aside as Missionary Day, at which time Mrs. Dibble, a missionary from Africa, spoke to us. The missionary offering amounted to \$4.85. The enrollment of the school was 60. The average attendance for the two week period was 52. A staff of 6 helpers and 2 pianists volunteered their services, besides those mentioned above.

On Friday evening, July 9, we held the commencement exercises of the school. Diplomas were awarded to the pupils who had met the requirements of Bible memory work and attendance. Report cards were given to each scholar attending the school. A public presentation of the work of the school was also made at this time.

We regret that our pastor, the Rev. Paul E. Loth, and his wife could not be with us for the full two weeks, due to the fact that they left on June 30 for Winona Lake. During their absence we were privileged to have Miss Mary Bennett of the Buffalo Bible School as the director of our Vacation Bible School.

MRS. CARLTON E. SMITH, Reporter.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

Seven Young People Are Baptized by Rev. P. F. Schilling of Beulah, North Dakota

The Immanuel Baptist Church of Beulah, No. Dak., had the privilege of receiving eight new members into its fellowship on July 4. Seven of these came by baptism and one by experience.

After the baptismal service held on that day, the congregation returned to the church where the Lord's supper was served and the hand of fellowship given to the converts. We expect to hold another baptismal service soon, since some of the converts could not be baptized at that time.

All of these young people accepted Christ as their Savior during the meetings held when the Rev. G. P. Schroeder of Linton was with us.

P. F. SCHILLING, Pastor.



Rev. P. F. Schilling of Beulah, North Dakota, and Seven Baptismal Candidates

life in recent months. They are a church progress service, recognizing the liquidation of the church building debt, the payment of fire insurance on our church properties for a five-year term, the addition of 4 members by letter, of one by experience and 9 by baptism, and the completion of a two week Vacation Bible School course in which a total of 44 children were enrolled. This number included three sets of twins.

HERBERT KOCH, Pastor.



Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zimmerman of Chicago, Ill., on Their Golden Wedding Anniversary

CENTRAL CONFERENCE

East Side Church of Chicago Celebrates Mr. and Mrs. H. Zimmerman's Golden Wedding

On Tuesday evening, June 29, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zimmerman, members of the East Side Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., for over fifty years celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Their children provided a delicious buffet supper, to which members and friends of the church were invited. One hundred and sixty guests were served in the beautifully decorated church parlors.

Following the supper a program of poetry, prose, instrumental and vocal music was presented. Mr. Carl J. Schroeder, chairman of the church council, presented a money gift to Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman as a token of love and good wishes from the church members and friends.

In the late eighties Mr. Zimmerman came to this country from Gollub, West Prussia. With him came two younger brothers and sisters. They were orphans and were seeking their fortune in the new world. But by persevering hard work he succeeded in establishing a plumbing business of his own, which his oldest son, Arthur, is now conducting. A younger son, after a very successful medical practice in his home community, is now serving in the U. S. Army Medical Corps in Alaska. He is Captain Harold W. Zimmerman.

Mr. Zimmerman has served our church as clerk and trustee. In former years he was a Sunday School teacher and a member of the male choir also. Mrs. Zimmerman the only living charter member of our church has been active in our Ladies' Aid Society for many years. She is loved and respected for her sane, tactful, quiet Christian way. Our church owes much to the loyalty and devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zimmerman. May the younger generation follow their example!

In closing this report we would like to mention a few events in our church

The program was as follows: song service led by Mrs. P. Pfeiffer; devotional by Mrs. W. B. Marsteller; welcome address by Mrs. J. K. Warkentin; a German recitation by Mrs. William Bremer; ladies' quartet by Cottonwood; a talk on "Service" by Mrs. W. H. Buening; Mrs. C. H. Seecamp spoke on "Consecration and Loyalty"; a missionary play, "The Hour of Fate", under the leadership of Mrs. Leon Moser; address, "A Woman's Home Mission" by Prof. A. A. Schade. The offering, amounting to \$173.44, was given to Dr. William Kuhn for general missions.

We regret the loss from our conference of the three pastors' wives, namely, Mrs. C. C. Gossen, Mrs. P. Pfeiffer, and Mrs. L. Hoeffner. May the Lord bless them in their new environment!

MRS. J. K. WARKENTIN, Secretary.

Blessings and Fellowship at the Young People's Sessions of the Southern Conference

In spite of restrictions we as a Southern Conference were able to enjoy days of Christian fellowship at the Hurnville Church near Henrietta, Texas, from July 29 to Aug. 1. Our theme was "Revitalization of Our Churches".

Many inspiring messages were delivered by our guest speakers, Prof. A. A. Schade of Rochester and Dr. Wm. Kuhn of Forest Park.

The annual Southern Conference Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union business meeting was held Saturday morning in charge of our vice-president, the Rev. P. Pfeiffer. The officers for the coming year are: president, Viola Hansen, Cottonwood, re-elected; vice-president, Rev. J. K. Warkentin, Hurnville Church; secretary, Adina Hintze, Waco; treasurer, Margaret Lengefeld, Kyle; council member, Rev. M. G. Mittelstedt, Kyle; editor of News, Adolph Hill, Kyle; and members at large: Ona Jaekle of Crawford, Betty Lou Rost of Greenville and Norma Apel of Gatesville.

A rising vote of thanks for his faithful service was given our dean, Rev. P. Pfeiffer, who has left our conference to serve as Chaplain in the Armed Forces.

Another project, "The Victory Trek for Christ" has been undertaken by our Union. We have pledged \$1,500.00 for this year for the cause of sending a missionary to the Cameroons.

We had a quite different program on Saturday evening. Instead of the usual outing we went to the Henrietta School where Prof. A. A. Schade showed slides of points of interest on his trip along the Pacific Coast and also some of our great denominational leaders, which were of great interest to all.

On Sunday afternoon the program was in charge of the young people with numbers from the churches represented. A special offering of \$200.00 was taken for our new project.

The high-point of our program was the closing address by Prof. A. A. Schade who chose as his text John 16:33 "I have overcome the world." May this be a challenge to all our young people!

ADINA HINTZE, Reporter.

Sessions of the Southern Conference and Ministers' Convocation at Hurnville, Texas

The 60th session of the North American Southern Conference was held with the Hurnville Baptist Church near Henrietta, Texas, from July 29 to Aug. 1. Although no special program was arranged for this 60th anniversary, still the regular conference program was most appropriate for the occasion. During these days its was our privilege to have had Dr. Wm. Kuhn, Prof. A. A. Schade and Evangelist F. W. Bartel as our guests.

Throughout the day of July 29th we met for our Ministers' Convocation. Due to the many delegates and visitors who either came with their pastor or brought their pastor, the meetings were open to everyone present. A number of messages were brought by our three guest speakers during the day, and many prayers were uttered for the deepening of our own spiritual lives as shepherds of the flocks. Certainly, those moments have not been in vain, and we look forward to a much better year in our conference as a result.

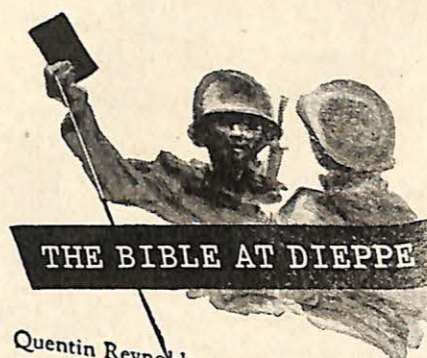
On Thursday evening the conference began its session with the Rev. F. W. Bartel, the Dakota Conference evangelist, bringing the opening address, speaking on "Our Evangelistic Need". The next few days were spent transacting the necessary business and thinking together on the "Revitalization of Our Churches". Dr. Wm. Kuhn spoke principally in his several messages on our deeper spiritual need, "Our Relationship to the Unseen Christ". On Sunday morning he brought the mission sermon which was appreciated by all present.

This being our Centenary Jubilee year, and Professor Schade having spent a great deal of time in preparing a historical sketch of "Our Conferences", he spoke to us out of the fullness of his heart on the development of our conferences and the faith of our fathers to attain the high standard held in our churches. On Saturday evening he showed pictures which he took during the preparation of this work. Mr. Bartel in his several addresses spoke on the need of evangelism in our time.

Morning devotionals were led by the Rev's. W. H. Buening and P. Hintze. The doctrinal sermon was given by the Rev. C. H. Seecamp on "The Believer's Glorious Future". During the memorial service the Rev. L. Hoeffner led us into these silent moments where we were led to think of those who have gone to their reward. The Rev. W. Helwig brought the closing message, reminding us of the underlying cause for the much needed "Revitalization". Many fine musical talents were present to add to the fine program and give greater variety.

As we look back to those experiences at Hurnville, we shall long remember the fine hospitality of both pastor and people. Especially will all the pastors remember the courtesy of being entertained in these hard times free of charge. Hurnville, you did a fine job and a noble deed! We shall long remember those days! Next year, the Lord willing, we shall meet with the Greenville Church.

W. HELWIG, Reporter.



Quentin Reynolds, war correspondent, stood as an observer on the deck of a cruiser just off Dieppe on the world's fiercest and biggest commando raid was in progress. A barge came alongside and discharged about 30 men—nearly all wounded. A young sergeant with a superficial arm wound was among them. To the correspondent's questions he said, grinning, "I knew nothing could happen to me. I had a swell mascot—a Bible." He dug down into his water-soaked clothes and came out with a sodden little book. "My father carried it all through the last war, and he never got hurt. So when I left he gave it to me, and believe me I'll always carry it."

What an illustration of dependence upon the Bible, God's Word, as a Life Saver! Yes, of course, a real LIFE Saver. And you may put it down right now, that's why boys and girls come to your Sunday School to learn how the Bible can be a "Life Saver. Show them the "Way of Life" from the Bible by using the

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SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Scripture Memory Camp at Camp Carlisle for Kansas Boys and Girls

The memory thrills me! I'm thinking of that fine group of Kansas boys and girls who gathered at Camp Carlisle near Stafford, Kans., from July 30 to Aug. 1 to celebrate a year's

achievement in Scripture memory work. I can still hear their happy shouts as they played, their lilting voices as they sang, and their serious mien as they discussed Scripture truth and learned more of its meaning and power.

I feel sure that each boy and girl in the camp was marked for a special blessing. And why? Because some pastor, some sponsor, and some parent had enough faith in God and his Word, and enough of the right kind of love for children to lend a hand to the work throughout the year and to see it through.

The two youngsters who came without Christ in their hearts went away with that supreme possession! I, therefore, salute the Kansas committee, and the workers at home who accomplished the work for the good they have done.

One hundred verses of divine, powerful truth committed to the memory and to the understanding of these fortunate boys and girls! Not so hard after all, for it is only a little more than two verses each week. But who can measure the results for Christ's cause and for good citizenship?

And why were not all the Kansas boys and girls present? But being invited from outside the state to share the camp I should not pronounce judgments. It was a joy to share and a joy to know that plans for the work next year are already made and being launched.

A. G. RIETDORF, Reporter.

Recent Joys and Blessings Experienced by the Baptist Church of Durham, Kansas

As a tribute to the glory and faithfulness of the God of all grace, the First Baptist Church of Durham, Kans., wishes to share with the "Herald" readers a bit of the joy that has come to us during the past few months.

A Vacation Bible School was held the first two weeks in June. The school was a decided success from every angle, and such a spiritual uplift to the entire church. God really came down in blessing upon these young people, and as a result nine of the older boys and girls who were saved were brought into the church's fellowship. There were eighteen in all who came forward either to accept Christ or to dedicate their lives to him.

Since that time four more young people through conviction of the Spirit have believed on Christ to salvation, and have brought heart-warming testimonies of their new found joy. Since the new year started a total of fourteen have been baptized and received into the church. Also two recent baptismal services along with the regular Sunday evening service were held in the open air at the edge of a small lake.

On the last Sunday in June the church dedicated a new service flag containing fifteen stars, and had a program memorial for the men in the armed service. Accounts from men in actual combat service were read which brought all into fuller sympathy for, and deeper appreciation of, the sacrifices that our men are making.

L. H. SMITH, Pastor.

THE OLD FIRST CHURCH

(Continued from Page 6)

as a boy to walk to the Philadelphia Post Office at 9th and Market Streets, a round trip of several miles, to secure the package for his father who later distributed them to the subscribers. Little did he then dream that he might be contributing the leading articles to that publication for many years in the days to come!

The spirit of the church in those days was decidedly evangelistic. Sometimes the church went from one revival to another. At one time an unbroken series of evangelistic services for three months was held. Dr. Kuhn can still remember the Sunday when forty converts were baptized, including his sister, after several weeks of stirring meetings.

Evangelistic Zeal

The pastor and church families were often troubled over the individual's relationship to God. That concern was also frequently shared by the individual. As a boy William Kuhn rose so often in the meetings and asked the church to pray for him that his mother told him at home that this request of his would not be altogether necessary.

One day at the age of fourteen years he stayed home from school. When asked what was wrong, he confided to his mother that he was spiritually confused and sorely troubled. So she sent for Brother Gubelmann, who came at once and read from God's Word and counseled for several hours with the lad. "I experienced a great elation of spirit and joy," said Dr. Kuhn, "to think that Brother Gubelmann would give me so much of his time. But the actual event of my conversion did not take place until several years later."

In the early days the church had a gallery running all around the three sides of the auditorium facing the platform. The organ and choir loft were in the gallery at the back of the church. It was a boy's highest secret ambition to squeeze in behind the organ and hide there. Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn usually saw to it that their son, William, did not follow the example of other "bad boys" in the church.

Lewis Kaiser's Ministry

The ministry of the Rev. Lewis Kaiser, who served as pastor from 1884 to 1888, also stands out vividly in Dr. Kuhn's memories of the church of his boyhood days. It was Brother Kaiser who baptized him with four others in his 18th year. The service had been set for a certain Sunday evening, but after having renovated the church and remodeled the baptistry it was learned to everyone's chagrin that the baptistry steps were swimming on top of the water. So the service was postponed to New Year's Eve in the year 1888. Brother Kaiser usually quoted the words from Acts 2:41a with the baptizing of every candidate.



Talks to Children

By Margaret Beck.
Thirty-five talks for ministers, teachers and other workers. Many of the talks are accompanied with blackboard or poster drawings. Others with suggestions for dramatization. The talks are grouped under five headings: 1) Bible, 2) Prayer, 3) Testimony, 4) Evangelism, 5) Mission. There is a strongly evangelistic note throughout.

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George Washington Carver

By BASIL MILLER

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"Then they that gladly received his word were baptized."

In those days Brother Kaiser was in the formative period of his life, that was to blossom forth into such beauty and fragrance of blessing for the entire denomination. Dr. Kuhn remembers walking to church with him on several occasions after the pastor had been their guest at the Kuhn residence. Hardly a word of conversation was exchanged between the two on the way to church. But in the house of Mr. Christian Kuhn, the father of our General Missionary Secretary, a lively theological discussion usually ensued between the deacon and the pastor which must have helped to prepare Brother Kaiser mentally for the fruitful years of service at our Rochester Baptist Seminary.

The ministries of the Rev. C. Knuth and the Rev. Henry Schulz from 1889 to 1903 were equally eventful in the life of the church as remembered by Dr. Kuhn. The coming of Miss Hannah Seils as church missionary in 1885 with its accompanying succession of influences upon the developing personality of William Kuhn was a notable event for this church.

But in some ways the summer of 1896 was the crowning event in the associations of William Kuhn with the early years of this church's history. During these summer months, while the pastor, the Rev. C. Knuth, was visiting in Germany, William Kuhn as a seminary student of 26 years supplied the pulpit.

An Important Summer

"My impressions of that first Sunday will never fade away," said Dr. Kuhn. "I became very ill on that day, in expectation of the engagement. I had a good text as I preached on the words: 'This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him!' I tried to say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our greatest and final teacher. But the responsibility was too big for me. Afterwards I went home to my parents and there I cried my heart out because of my supposed failure that morning. But my mother comforted me, and the ensuing events of the summer brought us many blessings as a church."

The tide of spiritual blessings which swept over the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia in those early decades of its history have certainly been formative in directing the course of life for many of our church and denominational leaders. Among these Dr. William Kuhn, our General Missionary Secretary, stands as one of the first in the ranks of those, whose numbers are gradually decreasing. His debt of gratitude to that church and to the saints who glorified it can best be expressed in these words: "This church with its rich personal memories will always be the church of my first love!"