



Cherry Blossom Time in Washington, D. C.

BAPTIST HERALD

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

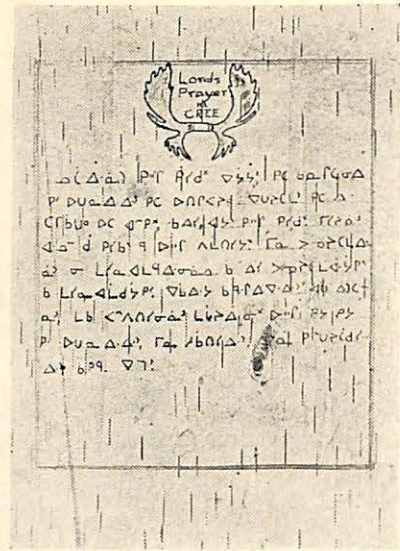
● The Spring Creek Church, a station of the Baptist Church of Herreid, So. Dak., conducted evangelistic meetings from Jan. 10 to 28. The Rev. Arthur Fischer of Wessington Springs, So. Dak., a son of the Spring Creek Church, assisted the local pastor, the Rev. Emil Becker, in the meetings, during which 13 persons accepted Christ as their Savior.

● Evangelistic services were conducted in the Germantown Baptist Church near Cathay, No. Dak., from Jan. 16 to 28, with the Rev. F. W. Bartel, evangelist of the Dakota Conference, bringing the messages. The fine weather and the roads were ideal and the meetings were well attended. Five Junior boys and girls made their confession of faith in Christ and the church was revived, as reported by the Rev. Daniel Klein, pastor. At the last service a missionary offering of \$143 was received.

● The Alfred Station of the Grace Baptist Church of North Dakota held revival meetings from Jan. 11 to Feb. 4, at which the pastor, the Rev. J. J. Abel, brought the gospel messages. Six persons accepted Christ as Savior during those meetings, and a number of others pledged themselves to walk closer with their Lord and Master. "The church members, as well as many visiting Christian friends, were strengthened in their faith and uplifted by the wonderful sermons preached by Mr. Abel," as reported by Mr. Harry DeWitt of the church.

● From Jan. 9 to 16 evangelistic meetings were held in the Baptist Church of Startup, Wash., with the Rev. G. G. Rauser as evangelist. Several converts were won, and the attendance was unusually large. At the last service almost 40 prizes were awarded to those who had had perfect attendance at the meetings. The following new B.Y.P.U. officers were recently installed: Lee Keck, president; Shirley Schirmann, vice-president; Ellen Rappuhn, secretary; Ed Lentz, treasurer; Esther Rappuhn, pianist. The Rev. R. H. Zepik is the pastor of the church.

● On Sunday evening, Feb. 6, the Rev. Walter Macoskey, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Tacoma, Wash., preached on "The Great Hunger" in the Evergreen Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., of which he is "a spiritual son". After 10 years of a memorable service, Mrs. Ruth Edwards resigned as church



The Lord's Prayer in the Cree Indian Language as Written on the Bark of a Canoe Birch Tree

(See Article, "On the Trail of the Red Man", by the Rev. F. W. Benke on Page 4 of This Issue of "The Baptist Herald".)

organist and Mrs. Anna Marklein was secured to fill the position. Mr. Vincent Fischer, a student at the Nyack Bible School for this semester, is serving the church at the Sunday morning English services and in visitation work, assisting the pastor, the Rev. W. J. Appel.

● The anniversary program of the Young People's Society of the Forest Park Baptist Church of Forest Park, Ill., was held on Sunday evening, March 5, with Dr. Carl F. H. Henry of the Northern Baptist Seminary as the guest speaker. Miss Laura Reddig, our Cameroons missionary nurse, brought a message at the midweek service of the church on Feb. 16. Dr. P. Stianson of the Northern Baptist Seminary spoke on "The City Foursquare" on Sunday evening, Feb. 13, while the pastor of the church, the Rev. C. B. Nordland assisted in the installation of the Rev. Robert D. Wiegner, the new pastor of the Humboldt Park Church of Chicago, Illinois.

● Early in February the Rev. and Mrs. Asaph Tobert, missionaries in Patigi, Nigeria, West Africa (see "Baptist Herald", Feb. 15th issue, page 9) arrived in the United States by clipper plane for their furlough. Mrs. Tobert is the former Miss Carrie Swyter, a daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Carl Swyter of Steamboat Rock, Iowa. After spending about four weeks in Iowa, they went to Spruce Grove, Al-

berta, Canada, to Mr. Tobert's home, where they will be until May, 1944. Mr. Tobert had been in Africa for about six years and was in dire need of a furlough. After May they will engage in deputation work for their mission field.

● Dr. Pieter Smit, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Lorraine, Kansas, for more than ten years, recently resigned and soon thereafter announced his acceptance of the call extended to him by a Northern Baptist Church in Kansas, the name of which is not known as this issue went to press. He will also serve as dean at our Kansas young people's assembly at Camp Wa-Shun-Ga from June 6 to 9. It is with regret that all friends of Dr. Smit will learn of this decision of his but our wishes for his greater usefulness in God's Kingdom and the assurance of our goodwill will accompany him to the new field of labor.

● On Sunday, Feb. 6, the Laurelhurst Baptist Church of Portland, Oregon, observed the 10th anniversary of the ministry of its pastor, the Rev. Fred W. Mueller, in the city of Portland. The church's Women's Missionary Society and Sunday School presented Mr. and Mrs. Mueller with bouquets of flowers. During the ten years Mr. Mueller has conducted 85 funerals and officiated at 59 weddings. Since becoming pastor of the Laurelhurst Church six years ago he has baptized 72 converts. The membership of the church now totals 325 persons, and since the church was organized 6 years ago, \$48,000 have been contributed for local and missionary purposes. Mr. Mueller wrote: "We are enjoying the blessing and goodness of God."

● The Ebenezer Baptist Church of Vancouver, British Columbia, held evangelistic services from Feb. 1 to 13 with the Rev. Ruben Kern serving as evangelist. The meetings were well attended and resulted in the uplifting of the spiritual life of the church. Six new members were received into the fellowship of the church by the Rev. L. F. Gassner, pastor, on Sunday, Feb. 6. On Sunday and Monday evenings, March 5 and 6, the Rev. M. L. Leuschner, editor of "The Baptist Herald", was the guest speaker at the church service and young people's rally. On Friday, March 24, Miss Laura E. Reddig, our Cameroons missionary, will speak at both the Ebenezer and Bethany Baptist Churches of Vancouver. She will address Women's Missionary meetings and a combined service for both churches.

The Baptist Herald

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Coming!

EASTER SERMONS
A number of inspiring Easter sermons are being prepared by several of our pastors from the Dakotas to the Pacific Conference which will be featured with appropriate illustrations in the Easter issue of "The Herald" to appear on April 1st.

ETERNALLY ALIVE IN CHRIST
An uplifting Easter poem with the message of what the Easter celebration ought to mean to every Christian has been contributed by Dr. H. E. Hinton of Indianapolis, Indiana, a Baptist minister, for the next issue of "The Baptist Herald".

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE PROGRAM
The Rev. William L. Schoeffel, secretary of the General Conference Program Committee, will release the official program with the full schedule of speakers and sessions for the General Conference to be held in Milwaukee, Wis., May 11 to 14, 1944.

Subscription price—\$1.50 a year
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EDITORIAL

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Volume 22 Number 6

Our Identification

THIS AGE requires some kind of reliable identification of every one of us. Hundreds of thousands of finger print records are filed away in the archives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation building in Washington, D. C., each one of which completely identifies some individual. In this day of accelerated transportation, the traveler must have some means of identification on his body in case of accident. Every Service Man and Woman carries an identification tag.

Far more important than these brief items of information about ourselves is our identification as Christians for eternity. Do others know who we are by our conduct and behavior? Do spiritual traits within us reveal our identity? Is it easily seen that we are children of the heavenly Father and disciples of Christ? What about this identification?

The Apostle Paul was deeply concerned about this when he penned these words to the members of the Galatian churches: "For I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." These were not physical scars of any kind that could be seen by the human eye, but "the fruit of the Spirit" to be discerned by the eyes of faith. They were the identification marks recognized in his preaching and living, whereby the keynote of his life was expressed in these words: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me."

An identification tag is easily placed around the neck of a soldier. It is not more difficult to acquire our identification as soldiers of Jesus Christ, for by the simple and sincere act of faith in Christ as Savior we become new spiritual creatures; all things become new in our lives. But the proof of this new life, the substantiation of that spiritual identification which we have acquired, requires our daily vigilance and constant attention. And that is far from easy.

Jesus announced our identification as his followers: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." (John 13:35). John, the beloved disciple, emphasized this truth when he wrote: "For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen." (1. John 4:20).

In this love to God, expressed by faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and revealed in love to one another, our identification is secure. "For he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." (1. John 4:16).

On the Trail of the Red Man

By REV. F. W. BENKE of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada



A Stoney Indian Chief

THE INDIAN plays an important part in our national life. On festival occasions the color and pageantry of the early west is revived by their presence. The chiefs and headmen wearing their richest raiment of beaded buckskin and eagle-plume war-bonnets, dark-eyed papooses eagerly gazing around, and buxom squaws attending to the everyday business of house-keeping in and around the tall tepees, that are brilliantly painted with tribal designs are colorful to look upon.

Tribal Origins

According to the report from the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, Ontario, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1942, there are 118,378 Indians in Canada. Linguistically they are represented as follows: about half belong to the Algonquian stock; the rest are divided among the Iroquois, Athapaskan, Salishan, Tsimpsian and Sioux Indians and the remainder belong to smaller stocks, chiefly in British Columbia and the Yukon. The Algonquian stock is distributed over the country from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains and comprises the Chippeways, the Crees, the Mic Macs, the Montagnais, the Amalecites, the Abenakis, the Naskapi and other smaller tribes.

In Manitoba most of the Indians belong to the Ojibwa race, which is of the Algonquian stock. Bands of Swampy Crees are found at Norway House and Fisher River Agencies and in York Factory district. There is also a band of Chippeways; the tribe is of the Athapaskan stock.

The Alberta Indians are of Algonquian stock and are subdivided into Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan, and Cree Indians. Then there are also some Sacrees, Beavers, Slaves, Stonies and a small band of Iroquoians.

In British Columbia there are the Salish tribes, Kwakiutl-Nootka, the Haidas, the Tlingits, the Tsimpsians. The Indians of the Peace River Block are the Athapaskan with the exception of a small group of Saulteaux and Crees.

The principal tribes found in the Northwest Territories in the far North are the Slaves, Hares, Loucheux, Sekani, Dogribs, Yellow Knives, Chipeways and Caribou Eaters. All these tribes are of the Athapaskan stock. The most northerly tribes are the Takudah.

Indian Legends

Every nation has its legends, and the Indian, who lives so close to nature, has a goodly share of them. Indians gave a great deal of attention to the heavens as revealed in the many beautiful stories told around their campfires.

Wold-head, a Blackfoot Indian, narrated a number of star myths. Their belief was that every star was once a human being. They thought of the stars as not fixed in number but as ever increasing, for when any of their people died they believed that their spirits ascended to become stars. A sorrowing mother would watch the sky for what she believed to be a new star and finding one would say: "Now my child is looking down upon me". It was a beautiful belief, that when one walked abroad at night his relatives and all the old ones were looking down upon him with kindness and sympathy.

I have heard similar stories from the Cree Indians, relating how their departed loved ones would come to them again. At times they would see them in their dreams and receive a message of comfort or a word of direction. One Indian said to me: "I want to tell you of an impressive dream that I had when I was sick. I saw the departed old men come to the place where I was lying, accompanied by a man dressed in white. They talked among themselves and pointed to me. Then one of them said: 'Let him remain, he is needed as the father for his children.' And then they left and I recovered from my illness."

Indian Beadwork

The Indian is noted for a great many outstanding accomplishments, many of which have never been duplicated by

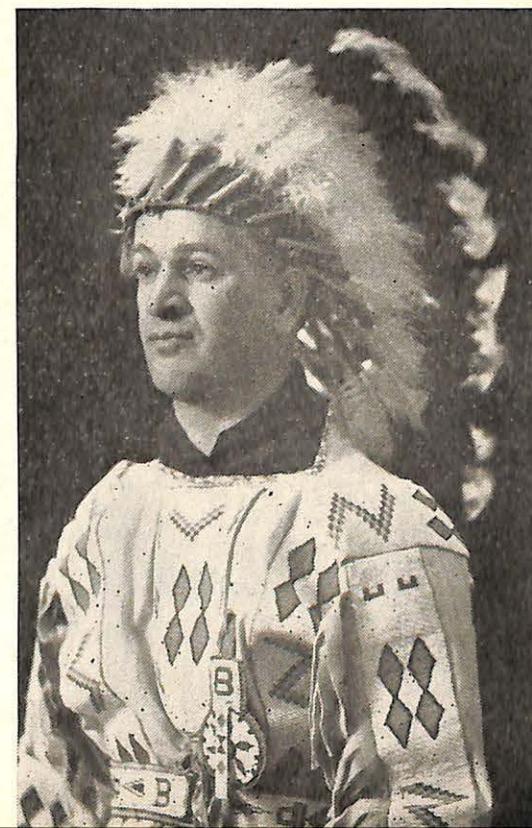
their white brothers. The art of beadwork is one of them. The ancient Indian, before the coming of the white man, made beads for necklaces and decorations from pure native copper, lead, pipestone, semi-precious stone, common colored stone, bone, wood, clams of animals and wherever they had access to silver and gold.

It was not until the appearance of the white trader that the art of bead embroidery among the Indians became popular, for he brought them tiny beads, white, red, black, yellow and many other brilliant colors suitable for this class of work. The Red Man soon made use of them in the decoration of their buckskin garments and wearing apparel, such as belts, gloves, hat bands and gauntlets. These designs are not only beautiful and outstanding, but in most cases have a meaning or are a mark of distinction.

The Medicine Man

In the course of my mingling with the Indians I have come to know some of the outstanding medicine men. They are considered great among their people and exert a mighty influence over them. Travelling over an Indian Reserve I noticed a piece of cloth high on a tree and asked one of the Indians what it was there for. He informed me that the medicine man had told them to place it up there, and then, as far as they could see, they would have pro-

Rev. F. W. Benke, the Author of This Article, Dressed in the Regalia of a Cree Indian



tection from any harm. They often buy some of the more expensive cloth and place it on the highest tree.

On another occasion I was asked to come to the home of a sick child. The medicine man had been there and had told the parents the reason for the sickness of their child which was because one of the older children, who had been to an Indian Industrial School had worn white man's clothes. Unless she would take off such clothes, the sick child would die.

Another Indian told me of the sickness of the chief. The witch doctor or medicine man had been called because no other medicine would help. All the people in the room were asked to close their eyes and place their hands in front of them. After many incantations by the medicine man he quickly put his hand to the sick man's chest and took off an ugly worm, that he had brought along concealed in his pocket. Then asking all the people to open up their eyes he showed them the worm, exclaiming: "How could the man live with such an evil thing resting on him." Strangely, the sick man got better, at least for a time.

The medicine man was doctor, priest and prophet. When a young man wished to reach that rank, he separated himself from the rest of his people for several days, neither eating or drinking, in order that he might become acquainted with the spirits who would become his servants. These were thought to dwell in an animal or in the rain or wind or stars. Thereafter he spent much time with these spirits and lived a mysterious life, apart from his tribe.

Among the Crees there were four degrees of medicine men: 1. Conjuror; 2. Miteo, knowing the powers of roots and herbs; 3. Revealer of secrets; 4. Those with power to nullify the forces of evil. All these degrees were conferred by the chiefs of the medicine men, who were always held in great respect, but a woman who sought to practice witchcraft was quickly put to death.

The Council of Medicine Men. Listen to what he say: "The Great Spirit made big wigwam out of beautiful sky. In big wigwam he make many great things. He make mountains and prairie; he make field, forest and valley. He make Red children and placed them there to live. They became many; they became strong, and brave. Their camps and villages extended from the rising sun to the setting sun. He created the buffalo, bear, deer and other animals. Their flesh for meat, their skins for clothing and shelter. Great Spirit then teach Indian that all things which grow from the ground—plants, trees, vegetables and herbs were made for their good. He make plenty more things. He make fresh water, air and sunshine and say to Indian use plenty much. The Great Spirit smiled



A Stoney Indian Camp in Alberta, Canada

upon them for they lived in peace and plenty."

Modes of Burial

On several occasions I have been asked to officiate at the funeral of a Christian Indian. At other times I have visited the Indian burial grounds in my travels. The modes of burial differ among the several tribes. The Blackfoot Indians lay the body on the branches of a tree or on the ground. Sometimes they bury in a family plot. I have seen their burial places in Southern Alberta. The Bloods bury about one foot in the ground and make a mould of earth over the grave in which the embalmed body is laid. While at Medicine Hat I went to the Indian burial ground and saw two graves partly caved in and I crawled into one of them to examine the contents.

The Cree Indians bury several feet in the ground and after covering up the grave make a small house on top of the grave. Every year a memorial service is held for the departed loved ones. One of the most impressive of such services was held for one of the Great Chiefs on the Bull Reserve. When the Indians had gathered on the cemetery, I played the favorite hymn of the Cree Indians, "Nearer my God to Thee", softly on the cornet, while they sang in their native language. I have never heard that beautiful hymn sung more reverently and touchingly than by the Indians on that notable occasion.

The dead of the Blackfoot Indians were placed on scaffolds built in trees, upon the summit of a high hill, or laid in a lodge pitched in a thicket. They were dressed according to their station when in this life, because they were believed to go to the Sand Hills in the clothes with which they were buried. All articles needed for the journey were placed beside the grave. A man would need his pipe, saddle,

weapons and blankets and the personal articles he valued most. Often a number of his best horses would be sacrificed beside the grave of a prominent chief, so that they might serve him in the spirit land. Mad Wolf's wife told me that in accordance with his request, my letters and presents were buried with him.

"When No Chief's brother was killed in battle by the Crows, he ascertained from the war-party the location of the body. After making a journey of several hundred miles, he found it and brought it home. He carried the skeleton about with him in a raw hide case for many years and it was buried beside him when he died. No Chief's touching devotion to his brother was in keeping with the Blackfoot's high regard and care for the remains of dead relatives and friends, but such extreme manifestations of it were only shown by men toward men and not towards women."

Indian Treaties

From the time of the First British settlement in New England, the title of Indians to land occupied by them was conceded and compensation was made to them for the surrender of their grounds. The Crown always reserved for itself the exclusive right to deal with the Indians for the surrender of their lands, and this rule which was confirmed by the Royal Proclamation of October 7, 1793, is still adhered to.

One of the most notable and typical of the rest is Treaty No. 7, near Gleichen, Alberta. This historical event was staged in a very impressive way in the spring of 1877. An escort of 108 police, 119 horses and 2 nine-pounder guns was detailed to accompany the Commissioner Lieutenant Colonel McLead. The Treaty was made at the Blackfoot Crossing of the Bow River. Not a single casualty occurred

(Continued on Page 19)



Sgt. Robert Achterberg
on the Grounds of the U. S. Army Air
Base at Santa Ana, California

I HAVE often been asked two questions. One has been asked by civilians, "How is your prayer life affected upon entering the Armed Forces?", and the other question asked by Service Men is, "How can I continue and strengthen my prayer life while in the service of my country?" I wish to answer both questions through the medium of "The Baptist Herald", so that all who read this publication may receive this message.

I could answer both questions by the simple statement, "A true Christian's prayer life is not affected by his entering into the Armed Forces, but it is just a case of adjusting oneself to his surroundings and conditions confronting him." However, I would like to broaden this statement and include some personal experiences.

Solitude in Prayer

One of the great requirements for a close-to-God prayer is solitude. This is one of the greatest obstacles for a soldier to overcome in order to get into close fellowship with God. The private has the least amount of privacy of all the men in the army, but, nevertheless, he and all the other Service Men can find solitude for prayer if he attempts

to find a quiet, peaceful place. Humbly allow me to use some personal experiences.

During my training at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, I saw a true Christian man wait until "Lights Out" had been sounded and the noise and talk had quieted down, and then he would slip to his knees beside his bed and begin to pray! He would pray and continue in fellowship with his heavenly Father for half an hour or more, and then crawl into bed with a parting prayer for the men sleeping in the barracks! It was truly a soul-inspiring sight to behold!

In my own particular case I would go back to my office and read my Bible and religious books, and then before I left to go back to the barracks, I would have a session of prayer with my heavenly Father! Many times my prayer would last for an hour or more, because it is only by earnest, sincere prayer that one can come into the presence of God and have prayer answered!

Allow me again to use another personal experience. This one took place during my training at Scott Field, Ill. Many times my buddy and I would go out behind our barracks before taps and kneel behind a mound of earth at the edge of the woods and have a session of prayer with God, away from the lights and noise of the camp! It certainly was a soul-stirring experience to pray under the heavenly lights and to be in the presence of God.

Following Christ's Teachings

As you can see from the above experiences, it is up to the individual Service Man to solve his own problem of finding a place of solitude in which to pray! He may use the chapel, an empty barracks or building, a field or woods, next to his bunk after lights out, or any other place he can find.

Some people may ask, "Why all this solitude? Are you ashamed of prayer and don't want to be seen by other people?" No, a true Christian is not ashamed of the gospel or prayer, but he is following Christ's teachings and examples. For we find this great truth recorded in Mathew 6:5, 6, "And when

**A Timely Thought:
"A PRAYER A DAY
FOR THE SERVICE MAN
WHO IS AWAY"**

A Soldier's Prayer Life

By SGT. ROBERT ACHTERBERG of the U. S. Air Corps,
a Member of the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich.

thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: For they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly!" And we have Christ's example recorded in Luke 5:16, "And he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed." Here we see that a Christian should seek solitude in order to enter the presence of God.

Be in Prayer Continuously

Besides this special session of daily prayer, every Service Man should pray continually to God all day long! Upon awakening in the morning, start the day off with a short prayer, even though it be just a few sentences while you are dressing and going out to stand reveille. Then continue all day in fellowship with God. Use every opportunity to say a few sentences of thanksgiving and praise to God for all the many blessings which are yours. Ask God for his strength to overcome all your temptations that may befall you in your day's work.

Do not forget to give thanks to God for your meals! Grace at meals should not be forgotten just because you are in the army where many men do not honor God! Just bow your head and give a short prayer of thanksgiving and praise to him who provides it for you. This was shockingly brought home to me at the Santa Ana Army Air Base in California, where I saw a young Christian bow his head for grace at the table! It impressed all of us who saw him! I then saw that my silent prayer without an outward sign was not exactly right. I was praising God, but I was not honoring him before men! Henceforth, I have given him his due honor at mealtimes.

Jesus the Teacher

I pray that the above examples and illustrations will help many a Service Man to find his way back to a close fellowship with God through prayer. The art of prayer itself would fill volumes, and it is not my intention to outline the various steps of true prayer. But all the greatness of prayer may be learned from the Bible and the Holy Spirit. Each prayer should have the petition of "Lord, teach me to pray", for only he can teach us to

The Compelling Blood of Christ

The Third and Last of a Series of Articles on "Blood in Action"
by PROF. O. E. KRUEGER of Rochester, N. Y.,
Moderator of the General Conference

"IT'S IN THE BLOOD." What is in the blood? Life is in the blood. Spirit is in the blood. Energy is in the blood. Kind is in the blood. Determination, direction, quality, character is in the blood. If it is the blood of a race horse or of a greyhound, it is speed. If it is the blood of a draft horse, it is strength. If it is the blood of a bloodhound, it is the ability to pick up a trail and run down a culprit. Blood is the seat and symbol of quality and character.

Sacrificial blood belongs to a higher category. "The Life of the flesh is in the blood; I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls; for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." Some men have given their blood for their country, not voluntarily but under the necessity of circumstances. They gave their blood, but not their hearts. Some give their hearts without the opportunity of giving their blood. Jesus did not give his blood under coercion. He gave his heart, his life, his all—and he gave it freely.

Blood and Life

But Jesus labored under an inner coercion, nevertheless. He had the kind of blood that would compel him to do just what he did. According to Mark, the Spirit drove him into the wilderness. "Blood will tell." But it required more than the material blood, inherited from Mary, to explain the relentless drive which carried him through his trying years all the way to his triumph on the cross. We must not make an idol of material blood which is perishable and is listed as that which cannot enter the Kingdom of God.

Jesus stood under the guidance of the Spirit and he offered himself through that eternal Spirit without spot to God. God used flesh and blood to manifest himself. Blood is the vehicle; life, Spirit, is the reality. To make the concept more tangible and more appealing to the imagination, many prefer the use of the term "blood", which is so familiar to all Bible readers. But the term "life" is also frequently used. Jesus calls himself the Good Shepherd, who lays down his life for his sheep. Paul says: "He gave himself for me." So the terms "blood" and "life" are used interchangeably. In the mind of the user, either may be empty or freighted with deepest meaning.

The spirit-vitalized blood coursing in

the veins of Jesus compelled him to go where he went, to do what he did, to say what he said, to live as he lived, to die as he died. That Spirit could not have become tangible to man without an embodiment in flesh and blood. The holy love of God as an abstract idea could never lay hold on the heart of man. But when that holy love is embodied in human flesh and sheds its blood on the cross, it does something to the soul of man.

A Constraining Power

The compelling blood in Christ compels the blood in us, the cross-conquerors. The blood-spirit penetrated the hearts of the apostles and drove them on and on until they, too, went to the very limit of giving themselves as living and dying sacrifices, in the cause for which he had died, to fill up the measure of his suffering.

Paul saw the first Christian martyr die. The blood of Stephen pursued him night and day and the suffering of the followers of Christ, whom he persecuted, haunted him on every journey until the Lord himself told him it would be useless to kick against the pricks. Paul surrendered and confessed that he had been made a captive, a prisoner of the cross, one who had been apprehended by the dying and living Christ. The vision of Calvary stood ever before his eyes and caused a constant transfusion of the eternal Spirit into his spirit.

The Gospel, the message of the cross, is the power of God unto salvation. The blood of Christ, which is the love of the holy God, is a constraining, compelling power. It has drawn men from their sins. It has broken down their hard hearts. It has driven them into a life of self-sacrifice and deprivation at home and in the uttermost parts of the earth. It has called forth paeans of praise from the lips of those who were burned at the stake. The love of Christ runs in the blood.

It is the royal blood of the King of kings.

Power in the Blood

According to De Foe, "blood follows blood". Jesus said it would be necessary for us to eat his flesh and drink his blood, if we would have life. Lest he be misunderstood, he hastened to say that the flesh profits nothing, that his words are spirit and life. A dog is said to be "blooded", conditioned for his task, trained to hunt by letting him taste, smell, see the blood of the game in question. Troops, which had never

been under fire, were spoken of as "not having been blooded".

By drinking his blood and eating his flesh, Jesus meant that his disciples would be witnesses of his suffering and that they must share the spirit and life which compelled him to go all the way to the cross. Unless we take up our cross and follow him, we cannot be his disciples. He has given us an example, that we should follow in his footsteps. We cannot be saved by a mere example; we cannot be saved by disregarding it.

There is power in blood. The blood banks demonstrate that fact on a hundred battle fronts. There is power in the Spirit, which is so marvelously manifested in the blood of Christ. It is a purifying, quickening, compelling, overcoming power. "They overcame him (the accuser) by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death."

The Triumph of the Cross

The sword and the Cross are at opposite poles. The one is divine; the other is brutal. We do believe that ultimately the Cross will triumph over the sword. We also believe that under God somehow this struggle, which is demanding so much in "sweat, blood, and tears" and is manifesting so much marvelous heroism, is another step forward to the time when the Cross shall be recognized as more powerful than the sword.

It is easy to talk glibly about the blood and the Cross. As in the days of our Lord many cried, "Lord! Lord!", but did not do his bidding, so today many cry, "blood! blood!", but do not enter into the fellowship of his suffering with so much as a little finger. But the benefits derived from the blood of Christ are all pinned on one condition. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanses us from all sin."

If his blood has not compelled us to walk in the light, we have not yet discovered its significance. When we remember that Jesus gave his life to the last drop of blood and that we give so very little and give even that grudgingly, we should become very humble and we should draw near to the cross with the prayer for mercy and forgiveness. Only so can his blood become a compelling power in our lives. His blood is in action; he compels to put ours in action too.

A Wonderful Word

A Sermon by the REV. J. H. KORNELSEN, Pastor of the Bethany Church of Vesper, Kansas, Originally Delivered as a Radio Address Over the Kansas Mutual Network

THE WORD OF GOD for us in this message is found in John the first chapter, and the 29th verse.

"The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

We want to read only this one verse, and then meditate together upon only one word of it.

It is one of the seven wonders of the Bible that God often says more in one word than man can say in volumes of explanation about it.

That one word in our text is life-giving advice to a lost soul. We must remember that upon this one word may balance the eternal destiny of a never-dying soul.

This is the word: "Behold! Behold!" Look, "behold, the Lamb of God". This one word is an INVITATION for whomsoever will be saved, and it is GOOD ADVICE to the weary and heavy laden. But it is also an ETERNAL COMMAND of God.

A Wonderful Invitation

Let us look at that word as an invitation.

Many a man is seeking the peace of God today, only to discover that he is seeking in vain. There is that longing for soul-rest. There is that hunger for the Bread of Life, and that weariness under the burden of sin, but there is no relief. May we pause right here to ask if you, friend, are in that class just now. If so, then this one word of God is for you.

Here is that same word from another part of the Bible, "Look unto me and be ye saved". (Isaiah 45:22). There's life in a look. It is your invitation right here and now. Will you look and believe and live?

Why is it that a long and longing look at Jesus brings salvation? Well, first of all, it brings conviction. You look intently for even a brief moment at the Holy One of God and you see your sin and your need. Then it drives you to your knees in contrition and worship. It is certain that those who cannot bend the knee before God in prayer have never seen Jesus by faith.

God's Gift of Faith

This is what happened to the shepherds in the hill country of Judea. One look at the Babe in swaddling clothes lying in a manger brought them to their knees, and they worshipped him. This is what happened

to the multitudes in the synagogue, when all eyes were fixed on him who was and is God. The woman at the well told the men, "Come and see", and they came and saw and believed. Nathaniel came and saw, and Christ conquered!

Anyone, anywhere and anytime, who really looks at Jesus, the Son of God, receives the gift of faith. That is why the Apostle Paul reminds us that faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God. So, if you have not faith, it is because you have not looked!

One more illustration from the gospels will show what a look at Jesus can do. When Peter saw Jesus walking on the water, he thought he could do it, too. The deep blue sea looked like a solid pavement under the feet of Jesus, and so it was! Look at the God of the Bible. He can do anything. It makes you think you can do anything which he does. And you can! A good look brings you the needed faith, so that you can say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Will you look, and receive faith? There's life in a look at Jesus!

Good Advice

The word, "Behold", is also good advice to those who are saved. We grow weary and worn in the trials and troubles and temptations of life. Sorrows overwhelm us, and tribulations and the cares of life rob us of that "first flush of joy" we had when we were first relieved of the burden of sin. In times like that we need to remind ourselves that this Lamb of God is also almighty God. A look at Jesus brings help as well as life.

The sweet Singer of Israel encouraged his soul by saying over and over again, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." You will remember also the serpent-stricken Israelites in the desert whose help was full and free in a look of faith upon the command of God.

Also, again, Peter walking on the sea. It worked satisfactorily so long as he kept his eyes upon Jesus, but when the waves caught his eye, his faith was gone and he sank. An old sailor, and a good swimmer had to cry for help. Help came, once more, in a look! Wasn't this same man, after he had so miserably denied his Lord restored to faith and repentance by a

loving look from Jesus? What if Peter hadn't looked to Jesus that time? O, there's help in a look. Behold, behold the Lamb of God!

Zacheus climbed a tree to look, and was saved.

The Roman Centurion walked many miles to look in faith, and was not disappointed.

The woman with the infirmity "looked" with her finger tip, and was made perfectly whole.

Even the blind looked with eyes keener than the physical eye.

Those in weakness were made strong, the defeated waxed valiant in battle and turned to flight the enemy.

God's Command

This little word, "Behold", is also a command.

The fact that man has the power of choice gives meaning to the invitation and advice contained in this word. But it makes men responsible for following the invitation and advice. Certainly, a man may choose, but his choice involves consequences. God's promises and blessings are all conditional.

There was, this past fall, a beginner at school in our home. Six long years of life had finally brought the first day of school. It was all one wonderful round of adventure the first two or three weeks. Then came a day when some requirement had to be met. So one morning the parents were informed that the son would not go to school that day, but instead stay home and catch up on his play.

Right there came the necessity of explaining the imperative of school. There are certain things on a "must list", even in the life of a child. All education has its "musts" and "don'ts". Why should men and women fail to see that certain things *must be* in the spiritual realm? Have thinking adults overlooked the fact that men must meet God some day, and that their eyes will behold him either as a Lamb in tenderness and love and mercy or as the King and Judge upon the throne of judgment?

Will you not come and look and live while this word is in the form of an invitation instead of a command? Come, while there's love and life and help in a look!

*"Turn your eyes upon Jesus
Look full in his wonderful face,
And the things of earth will grow
strangely dim,
In the light of his glory and grace."*

CONTRIBUTOR'S PAGE

The Lord Is With Me

By Milton Vietz
of Glen Ullin, North Dakota

(A Member of the First Baptist Church of Hebron, North Dakota)

The Lord is with me o'er the day,
He leads and guides me on his Way;
He tells me what I have to do
To lead the life that is Christlike too.

The Lord is with me o'er the night
To pilot me in paths of Light;
There is no darkness when he's nigh
While slumbering in peaceful rest I lie.

The Lord is with me all the time,
His love and friendship are all mine,
I feel his presence ever near
To comfort me when days are drear.

What Christ Means to Me

By Miss Gertrude Friedrich
of Kenosha, Wisconsin

(A Member of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kenosha, Wisconsin)

I cannot fathom Christ's wonderful love
For sinners even like me,
That he was sent from the Father above
To die on Calvary.

He is the sunshine through rainy days,
He's the silver lining in the cloud;
In him I'll trust always
And speak His name aloud.

In him I'll put my trust
Throughout the coming years,
He has never been unjust,
With him we have no fears.

What does Christ mean to me?
He means even more than I've said;
He hears my every plea
With him life's road I'll tread.

The Forgotten Prayer

By Mrs. Erica Loewen
of Chicago, Illinois

I prayed for sorrow that in its furnace
heat
The Comforter might grow more dear
to me.
The years flew by; I'd e'en forgot my
plea
When, swift and crushing, sorrow came
to me.

It was not sorrow that I could face
and leave
But pain that filled long nights and
longer days . . .
My child would never walk again
earth's ways
On feet that once had skipped so
merrily!

"Oh, are there burdens that are more
hard to bear?"
I cried to God on sorrow-bended knee.

"And must I bear this?" Swift there
came to me

A picture of my prayer in memory.
A sacred Presence that filled the very
room
I saw beside my sleeping child. "Thy
prayer
Was heard, dear one, this burden WE
will bear;
Through sorrow, I will draw thee close
to Me."

Tears For Victory

By Mrs. Clarence J. Susek
of New Kensington, Pa.

(A Member of the Union Baptist Church of Arnold, Pa.)

We've fought another battle,
The victory we have won;
But somehow 'tis not my joy,
For a mother lost her son.
We sank an enemy ship today,
Her cargo rich—our gain;
But thinking of the lost souls dead,
My heart is full of pain.

Forgive me if I weep a bit,
My heart is torn with grief;
Though the troops may have gained,
I find no real relief.
There can be no peace for me,
Even when the fighting's done;
Though we may gain half the world,
Can we return the mother her son?

Yielded to Jesus

By Mrs. William Keller
of Irvington, New Jersey

(A Member of the Evangel Baptist Church of Newark, N. J.)

There was a cross at Calvary
Where Jesus bled and died,
With thorns upon his sacred head
And wound prints in his side.

'Twas sin of mine, that helped to nail
My Savior to that Cross,
And his dear face I still can see
In sorrow, pain, and loss.

I would atone, Lord, give me grace
To yield myself to thee,
To empty self of earthly things,
From fetters set me free.

A willing captive I would be
Bind me with cords, and chain
Me to thyself—until I feel
The chastening of the strain.

And then, O Lord, show me thy Will
That I like thee might grow.
Give me thy patience too, O Lord,
That I thyself might know.

For I would covet, first, thyself,
That I in thee might find
That priceless gift, thy gift of love,
To show to all mankind.

A Prayer

By Prof. Albert Bretschneider
of Rochester, New York
(President of the Rochester Baptist Seminary)

Teach me, O Lord, my task to see
In vision clear and true;
Show me the work afar or near
Thou hast for me to do.

Strengthen my will to do the right;
Kindle my heart aflame;
Grant skill to do a leader's part
And labor in thy name.

Help me with zeal myself to fit
For tasks both great and small,
And guard my feet that I ne'er slip,
Nor cause another's fall.

So do thou lead; I follow on,
And, following, learn to lead,
Finding in thee my greatest joy,
In Christ my greatest meed.

To My Son in the Navy

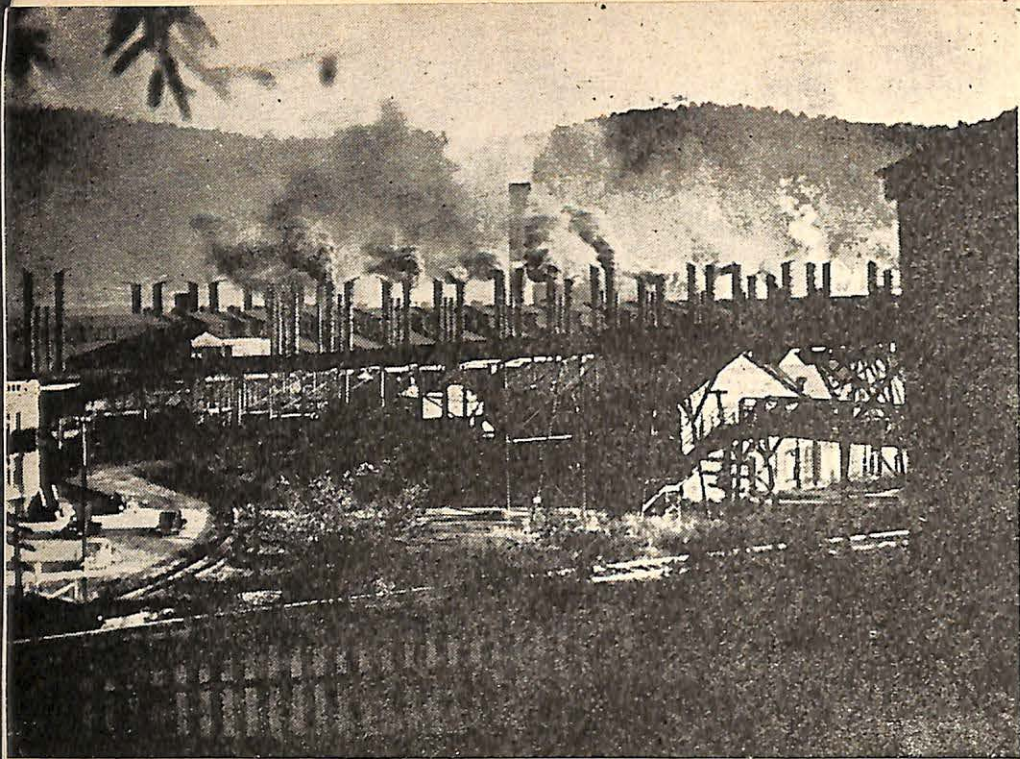
By Mrs. M. Zurbruggen
of Sumner, Iowa

Eighteen years ago today,
Just as the setting sun
Escaped behind
A golden painted West,
You came to me
A little mite
Of frail humanity.

Even before I did behold
Your tiny self,
A prayer for you
On trembling lips,
Unheard by anyone
Save Him who does
The universe control,
Took wing through
Fleeting evening mists
To God's white throne.

My son, now a proven man,
Doing a man's work
Courageous, brave,
Weaving the threads of life
Into the pattern
For a better world.
A world tempered and shaped
Like molten steel
Into a lasting peace,
Born in the hearts of men.

Wherever you are, dear son,
On far off shores
Atop the mighty sea,
Or down in the dark
Of the fathomless deep
Remember, my dear,
That God, our Creator,
Is within your call,
That HE NOW and FOREVER
Rules SUPREME over all!



—Photo by Ellis O. Hinsey

SYNOPSIS

Two men, Lacey and Weaver, made their plans carefully, as saboteurs to secure the secret plans for an important war model from the factory of Vandingham and Company. They agreed that John Sargent was their man whom they tried in vain to interest in the scheme. Lisle Kingsley was supposed to be engaged to Victor Vandingham, the rich manufacturer's son, with whom she had quarreled over the strange, modern ideas that he had about life and marriage since he had come home from college. One night Lisle was caught in a blackout in the city and went into a dimly lighted room where she met John Sargent again and attended a wonderful Bible meeting. Everyone was friendly and kind to her.

CHAPTER NINE

Then the teacher came by and stopped to speak to Lisle cordially, and others nodded good evening. How warm the world was growing since these war times had come. Or was it these people who studied the Bible that seemed so different from others? Lisle wondered if her mother had ever been to a Bible class like this one.

She could hear the furnace being shaken down beneath the thin flooring. That was John Sargent down there. He said he was janitor tonight. Did that mean only tonight, or was it his regular job? Could it be possible that being in this Bible study atmosphere had given his smile that rare quality?

The people went out with seeming reluctance. They seemed to love the place and each other. But they were soon gone, and then John Sargent turned out the lights, locked the door, and they started.

"If you'll just put me on a trolley or bus somewhere and tell me where to get off, I shall be all right," said Lisle. "I hate to trouble you, and I'm really not afraid."

He smiled pleasantly.

"Well, the trolleys and buses in this region are rather uncertain quantities. Perhaps we had better walk a little

way till we find a taxi. I'll be glad to go with you to your door if you don't mind walking with a stranger."

"Why," said Lisle with a little ripple of a laugh, "you're not a stranger, are you? I think we were introduced by Mrs. Gately one morning on the street when she was protesting about getting her imported dress spoiled. Wasn't she too funny? But—" and her voice grew sweetly grave, "we have been seeing the face of Jesus together tonight and that makes us friends, doesn't it?"

"It does," he answered solemnly with a deep ring to his voice. "I'm glad you're like that!"

"But I'm not," said Lisle thoughtfully. "At least I never was before tonight. I think I've you to thank for the vision I got tonight. I didn't know there was teaching like that in the Bible."

"Well, I only discovered it myself a few weeks ago," said the young man. "A fellow workman asked me to take his place here for a while as janitor, because his wife was sick and so I found the Lord."

"Why!" said Lisle. "That's like my case. I had no idea when I came over to this part of the city to take the place of a Red Cross teacher who wasn't feeling well that I was going to get caught in the dark and walk right into a place like this. It's wonderful. And—I wonder if I haven't found the Lord, too. I never heard anybody talk the way you do. I'm a member of a church of course, and my people have always been church people, but I really never heard anyone say that you could 'know' the Lord the way that teacher said. There can't be many people who know these things, or surely I would have heard of them."

"Well, I've found out that there are a good many, but of course there are

The Sound of the Trumpet

A New Novel

by

GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

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a lot of the other kind. The ones who are so interested in the world and doing as everyone else is doing that even the war hasn't waked them up yet."

Her heart warmed to that. "Are you doing something in the war?" she asked suddenly.

"Well, not much yet," said John with regret in his voice. "I came home in my last year of college to take care of a dear old grandmother, who has practically worked herself out to help me, and now her life is hanging in the balance. I can't go while she needs me, but it may be a matter of only a few days, or at most months, the doctor says. Of course she doesn't know there is a war on and we are in it, though she sensed it was coming some time ago. If she knew she would want me to go at once, no matter how much she would miss me. But she is paralyzed, and cannot talk. She can only press my hand, but I can see by her eyes that it means a great deal to her to have me there sometimes. I couldn't go while she is that way, and so I am waiting."

"Of course," said Lisle warmly, and she began to wonder if Victor would have done as much for even his mother. Not if there were no glory in it, she was immediately sure. Oh, it was dreadful to have her one-time friend fall so far short of fineness and loyalty. And here she was comparing him unfavorably with an utter stranger. And yet he wasn't an utter stranger. He was a child of God, a saved person who had been seeing the same vision that she had seen tonight.

"I think you are doing so right," she said slowly, almost thinking aloud. "I wish I could do something for your grandmother. Who is caring for her while you are working?"

"I have hired a practical nurse. She is a kindly elderly woman, very sincere. And she is well cared for. Of course her wants are few."

"Could I send her a few flowers now and then?" asked Lisle shyly. "She wouldn't need to know who sent them. She wouldn't know me. She might enjoy a flower. Flowers are such sort of heavenly things. It might just reach her and please her. But if she thought about them at all you could let her think you sent them. Or if she ever got well enough to ask you you could say a friend of yours gave them to you for her."

"Thank you," he said, his voice husky with feeling. "I appreciate that a lot. We are strangers to you."

"No, not strangers any more," said Lisle. "God's children. Will you give me her address so I can send the flowers?"

He paused under a street light and wrote on a card from his pocket.

"It seems I have no right to let you do this," he said hesitantly. "I can never likely do anything for you."

"Oh, but you are. You have. You are doing something now. And you saved me from the street when I was alone and frightened. Besides if it had not been for you I would never have heard that wonderful Bible lesson, and I feel that it is going to make a great difference in my life."

"I am humbly glad if it will do that," he said.

And suddenly they reached her home. Without stopping to talk about it they had walked on all the way. He looked up at the brilliant lighted house, wide and stately and luxurious, and she said eagerly:

"Come in a little while. I'd like you to meet my mother. She will be so grateful to you for looking out for me during the blackout."

He flashed her a pleasant look from his blue eyes.

"Thank you," he said, "but I couldn't. I have things to do yet tonight, and I must go to work early in the morning."

"You—are—with the Water Company?" she asked hesitantly.

"Oh, no! That was only to help out in an emergency. I'm working at the shipyard."

"But that's defense work. That's the next thing to fighting."

"Yes, but I'd rather be out fighting. I'm able-bodied and so that is really my place, you know, if it weren't for my other duty."

"Yes, I understand," said Lisle briefly. "You would feel that way. But now I thank you so much for what you have done for me, and I hope I shall see you again before long. I want to get back to that Bible class some day when I can make it possible. So then good night." She put out her hand to his with the same graciousness she would have shown to any of her society friends. John Sargent took the touch of that small hand in his with him to cherish, as she had been cherishing his first smile, and they went on their ways out into the troublous world, with the vision of their Christ between them.

Mrs. Kingsley wasn't home yet from an evening dinner engagement and therefore Lisle had no questions to answer about the blackout. Perhaps her mother did not even know there had been a blackout, since most of her friends were provided with blackout curtains and lived in their usual blaze of light behind them while their world was in darkness.

Lisle went straight to her room, prepared herself for rest, and then took out her Bible that had been a gift when she was very young. A beautiful Bible, and beautifully kept, with scarcely a mark of use, though she had idled through a supposed course in instruction in it in college.

She turned the pages almost awesomely, as one might approach a familiar friend whom one is for the first time just discovering as being of royal blood. She had to look in the index to discover where Isaiah was located, but when she had found it, she poured over those first chapters that had been touched upon in the class that night, and was fascinated as she read the verses, finding that the new truths she had heard that night fairly leaped at her from the pages, and became alive and real with a clear sense that they would never have meant to her before, and she found herself thinking, "Oh, is that what that expression meant? Why I never dreamed before that it was anything but a lovely essay or poem with no relation whatever to anything in existence today!"

Finally when she was ready to lie down and sleep she knelt beside her bed. All her life she had been in the habit of what she had always called "saying her prayers", but tonight was different. Her heart was coming to a Presence she had never sensed before, and as she knelt once more that vision of the Christ stood before her closed eyes, in the semi-darkness of her room, and so she knelt with her heart laid bare before her new Christ.

When she lay down in her bed her heart was singing softly:

I have seen the face of Jesus,
Tell me not of aught beside,
I have heard the voice of Jesus,
And my soul is satisfied.

Somehow as she drifted off to sleep, mingled with the music in her heart, she found a silver thread of consciousness with the knowledge that another soul understood and was a sort of partner in this knowledge of salvation that had come to her tonight. And there was just a bit of wistfulness that war horrors and restrictions might be over and she might somehow come to have this stranger young man for one of her friends. Definitely Victor could not compare with him.

The next morning she awoke with a kind of wonder in her mind. Had all that really happened the night before, the blue light, the meeting with John

Sargent, the dark room and the message? More especially the vision she had had of the Christ? Could that all have been a dream, or just a figment of her imagination?

She sprang up and looked in her handbag where she remembered she had placed the address John had given her. Yes, it was there. Mrs. John Hartley Sargent. A pretty name. Poor dear lady? She must send some flowers that morning. Roses? Deep crimson and pure white together. That would be bright and sweet, and those fall crimson roses had such a spicy heartening perfume. Surely even sick senses could see and smell such roses.

She must not send too many, as if she were showing off her wealth. She wanted the roses to speak of kindly loving friendship to the dear lady whose grandson loved her so.

She decided she would not speak of this. It was just a little private thing she wanted to do. Her mother might not understand her sudden acquaintance with this stranger. She might be on the alarm. Mothers were that way sometimes. Strange that they so readily surrendered to the correct people, of good standing, large fortunes! Well, what did it matter? She likely would see very little, if any more, of this man, and it was foolish to worry her mother over something that would never need to trouble her at all. Something that she would scarcely understand. She sensed that her mother had been sheltered all her life, and was afraid of anything that was not exactly conventional. So when she went down to breakfast, and after her father had gone to his office, while she and her mother sat talking, her mother asked:

"Where were you last night during the blackout, dear? They tell me there was a blackout, though of course I didn't hear of it till afterwards. I hope you were not out in it. I really don't like this new fashion you have of running around evenings without an escort. I do wish Victor would come to his senses and come back and take care of you."

"Oh, mother! Don't wish that! I don't want him back. But I was quite all right, mother dear! I went into a place where they were having a Bible class and stayed until it was over, and then one of the class members brought me home."

"Well, that was kind, I'm sure. But it certainly would have been more congenial to you to have had an escort of your own kind."

"I'm afraid, mother, that I shall never again feel that Victor Vandingham is one of my own kind. I've been feeling more and more of late that he just isn't. He tries me almost beyond endurance, and I shall be so very glad when that terrible party is over. I somehow feel all out of harmony with a party of that sort."

"Well, now my dear, you mustn't

let your feelings run away with you. You don't want to get narrow just because Victor has displeased you."

"You don't understand, mother. I think I'm growing up and beginning to understand what things are worth while in this life. Do you know, mother, I enjoyed that Bible class so much, what I heard of it! I'd like you to go down there with me some time and see if you don't like it. I'm sure you would. The teacher was very interesting, and brought out truths I've never heard before."

"Oh, indeed! Well, that was nice, since you were stranded there and couldn't get away. But my dear, you must be careful not to let yourself get morbid, and fanatical. That isn't a healthy way to grow. You don't want to let one disappointment blast your whole life."

"What do you mean, disappointment, mother? I'm not letting anything blast my life. Victor doesn't mean that much to me, and I guess never did. But I certainly am definitely disappointed in him. He is acting like a young king about his silly party, and I hate the thought of going to it."

"Well, that's a foolish way to take it. Don't make that much of it. Just take it in your week's program, no more, no less. And you know you simply must get that matter of your dress settled. Perhaps the easiest way will be to just run downtown this morning and buy a new one."

"No, mother! I wouldn't cater that much to Victor, and I don't think it's right to spend a lot of money on a foolish dress I won't likely wear again till this war is over, and then it will be all out of fashion."

"Well, then get out your dresses and decide. I telephoned Miss Rillely to see if she could give us a couple of days to make any alterations your dress may need, but she is engaged in a factory helping to do something in the work of making airplanes I think. I tried Miss Howe, but she is taking nurse's training. There doesn't really seem to be anybody we know and trust by whom we could hope to have alterations made with any satisfaction. I think perhaps you'd better take it down to the department store, or Madame Sibilla's. Perhaps that will be the simplest."

"No, mother," said Lisle firmly, "I'm not going to have any alterations made. I'm wearing the dark blue tulle, with a white silk girdle, and I'm sewing a lovely deep red silk cord on the edge of the sash myself. Then it won't cost a thing. I have the red cord. Your idea about our country's colors was just the thing, and I'll wear my string of pearls and my pearl star in my hair. I don't believe Victor has ever seen that dress, but if he has I don't care. It's what I'm going to wear. Now let's forget it, and I'll try and get through that party somehow. I only wish I didn't have to go. Tomorrow night,

tomorrow night,' I keep saying over to myself. I only wish it was over."

"Why, my dear! I am distressed at your attitude. If you go with that thought in your mind I am sure it will come out and be seen. You mustn't let it appear that you and Victor are not as good friends as ever. When you get through this party you know you can drop him if you still want to, but really, for his mother's sake, and because there will be a great many gossipy tongues set wagging if there is any change noticed from your usual attitude, you must go through with this and carry it off in your usual brave sweet way."

Thus her mother counseled her, and with a sigh Lisle went up to her room, laid out the things she was to wear, got everything in good shape, and then sat down to put the scarlet cord on her girdle. She wanted to be sure that her costume was beyond criticism early in the day and then she could rest easy.

But after the sewing was done, and she had tried on the girdle to make sure it was all right, she locked her door and threw herself down on her knees beside her bed. Somehow she felt the need of being in touch with her new Counselor, and though she was new at real prayer and scarcely knew how to voice her needs, she cried out for help.

"Dear Christ," she whispered, "it seems that I am going to a place where You will not be. Or, will You be there too? For I know that You are everywhere. Please help me to remember all the time that You are there too. Please show me how to act, and help me not to do anything that will be displeasing to You. Help me if Victor or his mother ask me to do what I do not feel is right, to find a way out without making a scene, or being discourteous. You'll have to show me how, for I always get angry when Victor is so disappointing, and I know getting angry does no good. Help me to be strong and sweet, and not to forget You are there too!"

Then she rose and went down in response to the summons to lunch, and her face, though not exactly bright, was full of peace.

"You'll be all right, Lisle," said her mother with a smile. "Just remember that your family is every bit as good as the Vandingham family, and hold your head up."

Somehow her mother's encouraging words struck a harsh note on the spirit that had been bending low in prayer, but the words she said in answer startled her worried mother.

"Mother, it wasn't meant to be this way, was it, when the world was made?"

"What way? What do you mean?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Why, people caring about families. Why should one family be any better than another? Why should we care?"

God made us all. Didn't he mean us to be alike?"

"Why, my child! How strangely you talk! Of course, but not everybody chose to be 'alike' as you say. Some went one way, some another, and it's what we have become that counts. Some have worked hard and gained wealth, and prestige of course which follows wealth, and some have been lazy and haven't tried. So there is a very great difference now in the families of the earth. Fortunately for you your family has been one of the best and greatest. Your ancestors on both sides have had notable people, writers and thinkers and statesmen, many wealthy business men, some great inventors. I doubt if even the Vandinghams can number as many outstanding names."

Lisle looked troubled.

"But mother, after all, does that need to count so much? Isn't it pleasing to God that counts most?"

"Why, yes, of course, Lisle," embarrassedly, "but why are you talking so much about God? You aren't going to turn fanatical, are you?" She gave a little laugh apologetically. "You know, dear, that would be most unfortunate. You would be likely to make people think you had a broken heart, and if you should give up Victor you don't want people to think you are broken-hearted."

Lisle laughed a sweet ripple of amused laughter.

"Mother! If you can't find something real to worry over, you make up something. I declare I never heard anything so funny. The idea of my having a broken heart over Victor! Why mother, I've lived without him for four years and more, and I'm not going to collapse now without him. In fact I think I'd be relieved if he would just fall in love with somebody else and let me alone. He is getting to be a regular pest and I don't know what to do about it. If only he'll behave at the party I'll be too thankful. Now, mother, if you'll please come upstairs and see how I look in my dress. I've got the girdle all fixed, and I do hope it passes your critical eye, for I think it's lovely."

"I'm sure I shall think so too, dear, for you have excellent taste."

And so it proved, for both mother and daughter were well satisfied with the effect when Lisle arrayed herself and posed before her mother.

Then the girl went off to her day nursery work for it was time for her "shift" to begin.

She was happily, humming the line or two of the chorus she had heard at the Bible class the evening before.

"Come back as early as you can, dear, and get a good rest. That will make tomorrow evening better if you are rested when you start," called the mother, and Lisle answered sweetly, "I'll try, but I doubt if it will be possible."

(To be continued)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by MRS. BERTHA JOHNSON of Wycocena, Wisconsin

The Promise of the Month

(To Be Memorized)

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Matt. 7:7.

The Verse of the Month

(To Be Memorized)

"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." John 1:12.

The Best Memory System

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, what'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth
Remember Heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
That many hearts will love you.
—Anonymous.

"I AM" Puzzle

Rearrange the jumbled letters and place them in the empty squares so that they spell one of the "I Am's" of Christ found in the gospel of John. Send your answers to Mrs. Bertha Johnson, Wycocena, Wisconsin.

Until Daddy Comes

DENNIS and Timmy sat on the front steps of their apartment building with their faces in their hands. One would think they had just lost their favorite dog but they had never had a dog, so there must be some other reason for their dejected, forlorn looks. Their faces and hands were well smeared with dirt and one could hardly tell what color their little shirts were because they were so dirty. But, after all,

	A	M	E	G	T
I					
H			H		
I			I		
H				O	
T					
W					
D					

Dennis was only five years old and that's pretty young to have to take care of himself and Timmy, aged three.

"Gee! I wish daddy was home!" Dennis said, and the tears almost came to his eyes. "Why did those old bad men have to start the war anyway and take our daddy away?"

His thoughts were interrupted by a shout from down the street. "Heh, you kids, come on down and play robber."

"Aw, shut up, and go home. I don't wanna play—I want my daddy."

Johnny had come closer by this time. "Aw, you're an old sissy," and Johnny began throwing stones at Dennis.

"Awright, I'll show ya," said Dennis as he started after Johnny. Dennis was not as large as Johnny but he had become a real toughy since moving to this neighborhood, so he soon had Johnny down and was pounding him good and hard.

Thus his mother found him when she came home from work a few moments later. "Dennis, come here this minute. How many times have I told you not to fight!"

"But he started it," said Dennis as he dashed off toward the house, avoiding his mother. . . .

A baby son, named Vaughn Anthony, was born to the Rev. and Mrs. Louis Johnson of Wycocena, Wis., on Feb. 16th. We congratulate the proud parents on this eventful arrival in their home!

That night after the boys were in bed, Mrs. Hill got out her basket of mending. She was very tired and her head ached, but she must do that mending. As she stitched, she thought, "How I wish Jim were home and we were back in our little house! What can I do with our boys? I suppose mother would tell me to pray, and I suppose I should have taken my boys to Sunday School all these years. But how do I know there is a God anyway? If there is, why does he bring all these troubles to me! Oh, well, what's the use!" — and she put her basket away and went to bed.

The next day, Dennis was busy playing gangster with the rest of the gang when Miss Lewis came down the street. The boys were so busy they didn't even notice her until she stopped to watch them in their play. Presently she called to them and asked them if they would like to see a little book that told a story without any words. They were reluctant to stop their play, but their curiosity got the better of them so they came over.

Then she told them the story from the "Wordless Book". First there was the black page that tells us that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God", making our hearts black before God. Then there was the red page that tells us of "the blood of Jesus that cleanseth us from all sin." Then there was the white page which shows us that "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." The blood of Jesus provides a covering for our black hearts and makes them clean and white. Last of all there was the gold page which tells us of heaven where "the streets are paved with pure gold", and where we shall go if we trust Jesus.

The boys listened intently for they had never heard anything like that before. They didn't understand it all but the lady was so kind as she told them the story. They liked her. She told them that she would come around on Sunday morning and take them to Sunday School where they would hear more wonderful stories. At 9:00 o'clock sharp on Sunday morning, the kind lady came and took Dennis to Sunday School where he heard about Jesus and his love for children. From that time on Dennis went to Sunday School every Sunday. After awhile, his mother and little Timmy went too, and his mother learned to love Jesus and trust him as her Savior. Now the three of them are very happy as they pray every day and wait patiently until daddy comes home!

Letters from Our Service Men and Women

Greetings Sent to "Baptist Herald" Readers from Camps and Battlefronts All Over the World

Priceless Gifts for Every Service Man and Woman

By Ruth E. Frish, 2nd Lt., A.N.C., of Bruns General Hospital, Santa Fe, New Mexico

(A Member of the Ogden Park Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois)

Being a United States Army Nurse isn't difficult when you're not doing it alone, since with Christ at one's side, what is there to fear?

The Medical Corps is giving your son, husband, brother, and beloved one the best care for his physical needs. But what of his spiritual wants?



Lt. Ruth E. Frish
a U. S. Army Nurse of Santa Fe,
New Mexico, a Member of the
Ogden Park Baptist Church
of Chicago, Illinois

True, you may say, "That's the Chaplain's job!" But stop and think, just how many individual, troubled hearts can the Chaplain reach out of approximately 1500 patients? Very few, I'd venture to say—and this is where the home church puts a guiding grasp on the reins.

Your prayers and letters are a constant source of encouragement and joy. Since I have distributed mail to the patients in the wards, I know what a long waited-for-letter means to a despondent soldier.

So often you read, "Gifts for the Serviceman". What more priceless gift could his parents have given him than a firm foundation in Christ which during his childhood was nurtured by the Church. It's during trying days like these that his Christian principles are being tested, and even though the road may be rough at times—"Christ never faileth."

"The Herald" Goes to an Isolated Station of the Royal Canadian Air Force

By LAC Leslie Hardman
of British Columbia, Canada

Dear Editor:

I'm serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force at an isolated station and enjoy more than ever receiving your semi-monthly paper, "The Baptist Herald". Without it I would be completely out of contact with the surrounding church activities.

Our Padre (Chaplain) is very fine to us and is always willing to help us in any way. His inconveniences are many, but we have prayer meetings and services whenever possible.

Since receiving your first copy of "The Baptist Herald" last Spring, I have looked forward to receiving the next copies and I read it from cover to cover.

May God bless all those who make possible this publication.

I remain your unsaved friend,
Leslie Hardman.

Greetings and Thanks From One of Our Boys in Newfoundland

By LAC Edmond B. Streuber
of Labrador

(A Member of the McDermot Avenue Baptist Church of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada)

Dear Mr. Leuschner:

I would like to thank you for the letters and pamphlets that came from Box 6, Forest Park, Illinois, during the past few months. There were most enjoyable reading things in that mail, especially at those times of mental depression when the miraculous soothing of God's Word brought peace and comfort.

"The Baptist Herald" comes to me regularly and every article and report is read with interest. It is good to read that many of our churches are accomplishing great things despite the trying times.

It is a great comfort and blessing to know that we in the Armed Forces are being remembered constantly in prayer by our loved ones, friends and churches.

May the heavenly Father be with us all, both at home and abroad, and give us strength to perform our duties successfully in our chosen field of endeavor. A happy and prosperous 1944 to you and all leaders, associates and enterprises of our denomination!

"The Baptist Herald" Brings the Service Men Nearer Home

By Pte. Kurt Jeske,
6th Canadian Division,
Prince George, British Columbia

(Pte. Jeske is a Member of the Central Baptist Church of Edmonton, Alberta)

Dear Editor:

Time and time again it has been my intention to write you, or those responsible, an expression of my gratitude for receiving "The Baptist Herald" and not until now has this desire been realized. The numbers have always been a great inspiration to me in



LAC Edmond Streuber
of Labrador

(A Member of the McDermot Ave. Baptist Church of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and a Former President of that Church's Young People's Society. He is the Youngest Son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Streuber.)

civilian life. Now that Army life has the predominance and, being stationed in a rather secluded spot in the vast expanse of British Columbia, the significance derived in reading the various reports and items of the Christian activities and experiences of many of our number is, indeed, enjoyed as they are brought us through the central medium of our "Baptist Herald" broadcasts. No doubt it is not just speaking for myself alone, but for a good many others who have not done so yet, when expressing a hearty "Thank you" for the kindness you have shown to the boys of the Services in bringing them "nearer home" in this way.

Prince George is also carrying on in the good cause for our Lord. Although very seldom in the news columns of "The Baptist Herald", our modest denominational church body here is doing a fine work even though the group is a small one. Regular Sunday

School and services are held each week in which they gather from miles around to take an active part. Members of the Armed Forces are made to feel right at home in their midst. Serving in the ministerial capacity is a former graduate of the Christian Training Institute at Edmonton, Mr. Raymond Dickau, who has been the willing disciple selected for this worthy mission.

Our prayers should be not only for the furtherance of blessings here, but also for the many similar groups far-flung wherever they might be situated.

A Wonderful Christmas is Experienced by Pfc. Herbert Wolitarsky

By Pfc. Herbert Wolitarsky
of Bushnell General Hospital,
Brigham City, Utah

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

It was a White Christmas for me, since not until Christmas morning were the large, massive snowflakes gently floating into the valley in which lies Brigham City and the Army hospital to which I am now confined. Only the day before it seemed hard to realize that Christmas was already here. There had been no snow except what could be seen in the nearby mountain tops. But, truly, the soft white blanket now covering the ground greatly augmented the spirit of Christmas which I had so often experienced at my home in North Dakota.

Although this was to be my first Christmas in the service of our country, I had been possessed with the feeling that this would be one of the best ever. And such it was, for with it came many beautiful thoughts of the Christ who as a babe came to Bethlehem in order that his peace might dwell in the hearts of men. It came with reassurance to me upon making acquaintances with some other Christian boys on Christmas Eve.

To me, this last Christmas deliberately brought its story of hope to man as it has, and will, until the Perfect Day comes. The unique love of God for his people surely cannot be overshadowed nor driven away by the trying times we now have, for they were, indeed, trying even when Christ came to the manger! His life was sought after many times, but he stayed until his mission was completed. And with this mission we have the Risen Christ who surely is the hope of every Christian looking to him as Author and Finisher of his faith. It seems that the message, "Peace, good will toward men", heralded by the angels on Christmas night should serve to highly season the lasting peace which we want.

With the new year came only gratefulness when I realized how close the Master had been through the old year, how he had led when confronted with temptations, how he blessed when I came to him in true worship.



American Soldiers Are Shown Disembarking from a United States Transport at a Port in the Land "Down Under" of Australia

The writer of the book of Eccl. in 9:10 sets forth a challenge which a soldier and layman can well observe in the coming year: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

I have enjoyed reading the "Baptist Herald" also while in the Service this past year. The messages and reports from our denominational leaders very often prove most inspirational, and the letters from the soldiers have truly heightened the spirit of Christian fellowship. May our work in God's Kingdom go ever forward, and my prayer is, too, to be a part of it!

Grateful for the Denominational Directory

By Freddie Lorenz
of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

I am happy to say that I've received the 1944 Denominational Directory just recently. Thanks very much for it. I have already visited three of the Baptist Churches in Ontario, namely,

My Soldier

By Mrs. Erica Loeven
of Chicago, Illinois

"Whatever happens, it's all right, you know."
Beloved lips, low-speaking, showed me simple truth that night.
And deep within my heart the nameless woe
Gave way before the wondrous steady light
Of Faith. A flame was kindled strong and sure to light my way
That He who marks the sparrow's fall is still
The Master of our life from day to day.
So Truth and Faith to Love once more bowed low
And knew that she alone could lead to them bruised feet that stray
And touch blind eyes that do not see the Way.

Killaloe, Lyndock and Eganville. So, perhaps, I'll get to visit a few more while in uniform.

It is only a very short time ago that I decided to become a follower of Jesus and it is my greatest desire that my life count for Christ in a special way. I would be pleased to be remembered in prayer by all friends of "The Baptist Herald".

Witnessing for Christ as the Chaplain's Assistant

By Cpl. Anias Sukut
of Fort Ord, California

Just a few lines to let you know "The Baptist Herald" is really a spiritual blessing to us. I enjoy it a lot. My friends enjoy it, too.

I have been called into the Master's service and am serving him here to the best of my ability by assisting the chaplain. I have witnessed for the Lord on many occasions, but it seems that men don't want to listen. However, I am determined to try to turn souls from sin. If ever they should think about changing their way of living, it should be now, and I dare say there are a lot who have that desire at this Replacement Depot but fear to make that stand among their other unsaved comrades.

So may I ask you all especially to pray for them? Through it alone will victory come.

I think of salvation from a life of sin as the greatest gift of God, and I want to thank the Lord for all his benefits toward me. I can say with David, "The Lord is my Shepherd". It is a consolation to know that he cares for my soul. He prepares a table before me in the presence of my enemies—a table of spiritual blessings which sinful men can never understand.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

The Rev. Theo. W. Dons, General Evangelist, in the Service of the King

The Kingdom of God does not come by outward manifestations. Revitalization of church life does not come by publicizing the evangelist or by a grand parade. It does come by the Spirit of God and, when it comes, the instrument, whoever it may be, will not be seen or mentioned. But people will begin to pray and seek the Lord and many will be saved.

God does not permit his honor to go to any man. How great the danger is to confuse the "energy of the flesh" with the working of the Holy Spirit. If the Lord uses an individual as the channel, that individual humbly steps aside and let's God have his way. And the people will not praise the evangelist but the Lord who has done marvelous things.

With the beginning of this year 1944 we were privileged to assist the Rev. Alfred Weisser in Carrington, No. Dak. These were two weeks of blessing for the Carrington Baptist Church.

Eleven persons confessed Christ as their Savior and the spirit of prayer among the people was very evident. When this fire starts it will spread until not only the church will be swept away but the outlying regions will be affected.

The church is very much behind their pastor who has tied the denominational bonds stronger and who is leading his people forward for Christ. A total of \$179 was placed upon the altar for missions as an expression of appreciation. Thanks to Rev. and Mrs. Weisser for their fine hospitality and fellowship!

Our next stop was Anamoose, No. Dak. Here the Rev. A. Bibelheimer is the active and wise pastor of the flock. The meetings were very well attended and God's regenerating grace was manifested among us. Several people accepted Christ as their Savior and a new vision has come to many. It is refreshing to see the people rally around their pastor and to see so many evidences of appreciation toward them.

The church laid \$600 upon the altar of missions as an expression of blessings received. How happy the evangelist is when he feels that his labor is not in vain in the Lord, and when people show their gratitude toward the Lord by supporting Christ's cause. We want to say "thank you" to Rev. and Mrs. A. Bibelheimer for their service of love.

The Rev. and Mrs. John Kepl are the faithful members and understanding servants at Martin, No. Dak. The two weeks of special meetings brought

rejoicing to a number of people who accepted Christ as their Savior. The church was edified in its most holy faith. Eternity alone will reveal what the seed sown at this time has accomplished.

In spite of occasional snow and winds, the meetings were well attended and the many young people who enjoyed the chorus singing made them most interesting. Our future lies with a consecrated youth and our prayer is that our young people may consecrate themselves more fully to the service of the Lord. We want to express our thanks to the Rev. and Mrs. John Kepl for their gracious hospitality.

May the Lord of the harvest use the testimony of his word to the revitalization of our denominational family and to a harvest of souls!

THEO. W. DONNS, Evangelist.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Special Blessings and Joys Are Experienced by the Baptist Church of Elberta, Alabama

The Baptist Church of Elberta, Ala., has recently experienced some special blessings and joys with the coming of its new pastor, the Rev. L. Hoeffner, and his wife. Sometime ago he conducted evangelistic services in our church, at which time he made many friends. We, the youngest church in our Southern Conference, were pastorless for several years, having had supply pastors at times, who served the church very faithfully. It was under many difficulties and handicaps that God's faithful workers carried on the work. Great, indeed, was our joy when the Lord answered our prayers and sent us a shepherd in Mr. Hoeffner.

The church has taken on a new life in every branch of its activity. The increase in our attendance has been very gratifying and is a great source of joy to church and pastor. There are many among those coming to church services, whom we hope to win for our Lord and Master.

At present the church is busy in making preparations toward the building of a new modern five room parsonage for its pastor's family. Soon after the coming of our pastor and his wife, the church and its many friends decided not only to welcome them in words, but also in deed, which was gratefully acknowledged by them. We have already learned to love them in the brief time of their ministry among us. Our prayer is that the Lord may give us a rich harvest of souls and continue to bless their ministry among us!

MARTHA KLEINSCHMIDT, Reporter.

SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Farewell Reception by the Strassburg Church for Rev. and Mrs. Roy Seibel

On Sunday evening, Jan. 30, the Strassburg Baptist Church near Marion, Kansas, held a farewell service for the Rev. and Mrs. Roy Seibel in appreciation of their faithful and inspiring six years of service. The Durham and Marion Baptist Churches joined us for the evening. The Rev. C. C. Gossen and the Rev. L. H. Smith read an appropriate portion of Scripture and expressed their regrets at Mr. and Mrs. Seibel's going, wishing them God's care and guidance always.

Mr. Seibel gave his congregation his farewell message on Sunday morning. We were deeply moved by his sermon on "The Successful Church", based on 2. Timothy 4:1-9.

On Jan. 9 seven persons were baptized and on the following Sunday they were accepted as members. A fellowship dinner was given on Jan. 16 in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Seibel. Mr. Seibel asked that the various musical groups who had served during his pastorate here give a request program. The service entitled, "Memories in Melodies", was greatly enjoyed by all.

The Ladies' Aid presented Mrs. Seibel with a lovely wool blanket. The church family gave Mr. and Mrs. Seibel a platform rocker. The Rev. Jack Adrion, a student of Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas, has been appointed as our pastor for the present.

Our loss is the gain of the Central Baptist Church at Waco, Texas, and we pray that Mr. and Mrs. Seibel and Janice may enjoy continued success and happiness in their new undertaking. We also pray that the church at Waco will be blessed as we have been under his ministry.

AGNES QUIRING, Reporter.

Annual Report of the Immanuel Church's Women's Missionary Society of Oklahoma

We as members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Immanuel Church of Loyal, Okla., want to review the past year's achievements and in thus doing to set higher goals and standards for the work ahead. Although our work for 1943 has ended, the work of our Lord and Master never ends. Hence, we must strive with more zeal than ever during these trying times.

Under the capable leadership of our president, Mrs. Wm. Sturhahn, we have held twelve meetings and one birthday social in 1943, all of which

were well attended. One of our regular meetings was presented on Sunday evening, June 13. This was entirely a missionary program and the offering was given to missions.

Our present membership numbers 23 active members. During the year we have contributed both to local and foreign missions. We have remembered the sick with cards, flowers and prayers. We sent cookies to the Children's Home in St. Joseph and to the boys of our church in the Armed forces at Christmas.

In October we had the privilege of helping celebrate the 50th anniversary of our church by serving meals to all who attended.

MRS. ERMA STEBENS, Secretary.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Baptismal Service and Special Youth Program in the Central Church of Erie, Pa.

Several months ago, under the supervision of Dr. Walter Woodbury, the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., along with other churches of the city conducted a "Visitation Evangelism Program". Couples went out as teams to contact prospective members. Both those visited and those doing the visiting were much enriched by this effective means of evangelism.

The success of these "tours" was demonstrated in a practical way on Sunday, Jan. 30, when six persons followed Christ in baptism during the morning service in our church. This was a unique service inasmuch as all six were members of our young people's organization. These six along with two others, who came by letter, received the hand of fellowship on Sunday, Feb. 6, by our pastor, the Rev. Edmund Keller.

The evening service on Jan. 30 was taken charge of completely and efficiently by our young people's group. Miss Eva Whipple led the congregation in the hymn service while Miss Virginia Arnold read the Scripture passage and the prayer was given by Miss Elizabeth Smeltzer. A beautiful violin selection was rendered by Mr. Rudolph Krumpack who leaves soon for service in the Naval Air Cadets. Miss Bernice Arnold and Mr. Harold Buhite had charge of the offering, after which the president, Mr. William Siegrist, spoke on the first topic, "What Is the Purpose of Life?" Other topics were given by Grace Hiller, Edward Jaynes, Margaret Smeltzer and Wilbur Schuldt.

We have also recently organized a young married couples' group, as yet without name, which enjoys a large membership. Each Sunday this group meets for spiritual guidance and once a month gathers for social meetings.

MRS. R. R. EICHLER, Reporter.



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hufnagel (Mrs. Hufnagel Was Formerly Miss Edith Koppin, Missionary to the Cameroons of Africa) and Rev. and Mrs. Edmund Mittelstedt of the Fifteenth Street Baptist Church of Los Angeles, California

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Snow Party and Special Meetings for the Fifteenth Street Church of Los Angeles

The B. Y. P. U. of the Fifteenth Street Baptist Church of Los Angeles, Calif., held its annual snow party again this year, but without the usual snow. Since we could not go to the mountains, the party was held in the church basement. Gladys Wessel was in charge of the evening. With the aid of Christmas trees, toboggan, and homemade snowballs, we surprised everyone by the realistic mountain scene that was conjured up. We made every moment as hilarious as though we were really in the mountains.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 6, we were privileged to welcome our young people's secretary, Rev. Martin L. Leuschner, into our midst. His talk to the Sunday School together with his inspiring message at the church service made us want to do more for our Lord and Master.

On Sunday evening the young people presented a missionary program. Annamarie Maahs, the leader of group number one, was in charge. Mr. Leuschner spoke to us on "The Three Good Cheers of the Bible". In these times of turmoil, a message like this is especially cheering and comforting.

The program was highlighted by a Candle Lighting Service. The theme was a challenge sent out to Christians everywhere for the coming year. Each lighted candle stood for a rededicated life in the service of our Lord. We earnestly pray that our works may bear fruit in the coming year. A missionary offering was taken amounting to \$45.18. Of this amount, \$25 was sent to Dr. William Kuhn for the "Youth Fellowship Crusade" toward "the Fellowship Fund for World

Emergencies" in which we are happy to participate. Our own missionaries, Florence Dilworth and Florence Eisele, will also be benefited by the proceeds.

On Monday, February 7, Mr. Leuschner opened our Leadership Training Course. These days of Christian fellowship will never be forgotten. The three evenings were very well attended by members and friends. Many people came directly from their work, and enjoyed dinner prepared for us by Mrs. Edmund Mittelstedt, Ruth Shadick, Ruth Baer, and Helen Peitsch. The singfests after dinner were enjoyed immensely, and were truly an inspiration to all.

The series of lectures by Mr. Leuschner on "The Book We Teach" gave us a deeper understanding of the Bible. The book together with the comments given were a great help in the study of our Bibles.

The lectures were climaxed by interesting denominational pictures shown by Mr. Leuschner. We saw the primitive life in the Cameroons and far interior parts of Africa. Many strange sights were shown in the daily life of our missionaries. We saw our own Miss Edith Koppin, now Mrs. J. Hufnagel, as she administered to the natives who came to the dispensary for help. These pictures will help us to pray more for our missionaries who are doing such wonderful work in the foreign fields.

We were all sorry when these glorious meetings had to end. They will ever live in our hearts as we go on in our work for Christ.

We are very happy to announce that the gift mortgage of \$400 on our Church has finally been cleared. The pledges of various members made it possible to pay off the debt at this time. The Lord has blessed us and shown us the way to serve him better.

MRS. ESTHER JOHNSTON, Reporter.

A Successful Year Was Enjoyed by the Vancouver Church Choir in 1943

The choir of the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Vancouver, British Columbia, enjoyed another full year of singing praises to our Lord under the direction of Mr. Albert Sauer with Mrs. Winnie Sauer as pianist. In the past year our choir has truly grown with the addition of fourteen members.

Shortly before Christmas an overcrowded church fully enjoyed the cantata, "The Story of Christmas by R. M. Stults, rendered by both male and mixed choirs, with Kenneth Yunke as violinist. In closing the Rev. L. F. Gassner congratulated the choir on its faithful service.

they were to write their testimony. Signing their names was not necessary.

The president then read testimonies to the group. It was a pleasant surprise and an inspiration to hear these beautiful testimonies. For the benefit of young people in our denomination who are interested in this topic, and some of the testimonies given, here are several of the answers received:

"I Go to Church Because—
"It is the duty of every Christian to be in church on Sundays."

"To try to get all the spiritual guidance I can to live a Christian life."

"Because God is there and I can contact God more readily in church than elsewhere."

"The fellowship of God's children is

society divided into four groups and one of these groups gives a program at each meeting. It has been our custom during the past few years to hold a program or some special feature in the month of May.

We keep a record of all visits made to sick or shut-ins, and in this past year 89 visits were reported by various members. We gave \$185.47 for mission work, of which \$138.83 were sent to our general mission fund and the remainder was used here at home. We are hoping and praying that we may do more for our Lord in 1944.

MRS. OTTO DEBOER, Secretary.

Mr. Arthur A. Voigt of Avon Holds Evangelistic Services in the Pin Oak Creek Church

The Pin Oak Creek Baptist Church at Mt. Sterling, Missouri, as well as the other churches of our denomination have been impressed by the revitalization movement during these recent months, and it was the desire of the Mt. Sterling Church to have evangelistic meetings during the month of October. But at that time they could not see their way clear due to gas rationing and various other reasons. Being a pastorless church they did not know whom to invite to hold evangelistic meetings. God always can clear the way, so through spiritual guidance and the advice of some of our denominational leaders the church was led to invite the writer of this report.

After looking up the back numbers of "The Baptist Herald" and reading the interesting reports concerning the Pin Oak Creek Baptist Church, and prayerfully considering the matter, I deemed it a great privilege to accept this invitation to bring them the gospel message. I arrived at Mt. Sterling on Jan. 7 and was soon introduced to my host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lipskoch, later to the other members of the family, in whose home I was so kindly entertained in that beautiful wooded country overlooking the Gasconade River.

On Sunday, Jan. 9, we held our first services. It was my plan to stay over Sunday and not later than Wednesday, but the church insisted that I remain over Sunday and the following Wednesday, so the services continued every evening until Jan. 19. Looking into new faces and making new friends brought to mind the chorus, "Lord, Lay Some Soul Upon My Heart and Love That Soul Through Me, And May I Humbly Do My Part To Win That Soul For Thee." The Lord gave us wonderfully fine weather and His presence was felt in these meetings. I was told that the revival spirit was present, that they were spiritually blessed and encouraged to lay all on the altar of God's Kingdom. We sang many choruses and arranged for songs by the choir and duets and soloists. Not only did the church people attend but

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

(Continued from Page 5)

nor was there any kind of disturbance among the Indians or traders, which was remarkable since the large number of Indians of different tribes camped so close together: Blackfoot, Bloods, Piegons, Sarcees, Stonies. Many Crees had been drawn by curiosity to the treaty grounds and half-breeds.

Never before had such a concourse of Indians assembled on Canada's Western plains; never had the tribes appeared so contented and prosperous. Some one hundred lodges in camps were on both sides of the river. By night the valley echoed with the sounds of incantations over the rich prayers for success in the hunt, feasting and conjuring. Four thousand, four hundred Indians surrendered their undisputed rights to 50,000 square miles of country and approximately \$60,000 were paid out to them. The head chiefs signing the treaty were: Chap-Mexico or Crowfoot, of South Blackfoot; Old Sun of the North Blackfoot; Rainy Chief of the North Bloods, Red Crow of the South Bloods, Eagle Tail of the North Piegons, Bear's Paw of the Mountain Stonies and 45 minor chiefs and councilors.

I visited with these Indians on their famous Treaty grounds and met a grandson of the noted Chief Crowfoot. He was head of the Blackfoot nation and was selected as spokesman for the Indians. The following is the memorial address he made on this eventful occasion:

"While I speak, be kind and patient. I hope to speak for my people, who are numerous, and who rely upon me to follow that course which in the future will tend to their own good. The plains are large and wide. We are the children of the plains; it is our home, and the buffalo has been our food always. I hope you look upon the Blackfoot, Bloods, and Sarcees as your children now, and that you will be indulgent and charitable to their future generations. They all expect me to speak now for them, and I trust the Great Spirit will put into their breast to be good people—into the minds of men, women and children and their future generations. If the Police had not come to the country, where would we be all now? Bad men and whiskey were killing us fast that very few, indeed, of us, would have been left today. The Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter. I wish them all good, and trust that all our hearts will increase in goodness from this time forward I am satisfied. I will sign the treaty."

Treaty Number 7 was the last of the treaties between Canada and the Plains Indians. It is, therefore, one of the most memorable treaties.

also many friends of the church. Both the church and I felt that even though there were no visible gains, both the church and I were spiritually benefitted and brought into a closer bond in Christ.

I appreciated very much the fact that Mr. H. C. Lipskoch and daughter Rachel and Mrs. R. Leimkuehler, church clerk, took me to visit the historical scenes connected with the early days of their church and the old house of Prof. A. Rauschenbusch near Mt. Sterling, where he lived while pastor of the little flock of the Pin Oak Creek Church which he organized in 1855. Many years have passed but a memorial of God's grace still exists.

The church now has a nice place of worship and desires that the good work must go on. At present they are planning to remodel the parsonage, and recently the church received a fine coat of white paint. With its tall silver spire extending above the green crowns of the evergreen trees it presents an attractive and inviting view, and within there is spiritual warmth. May God direct the church in selecting the right man to build and shape the lives and win the unsaved for Christ.

My visit with the church meant much to me as I was spiritually benefitted and this incident will always be a pleasant memory throughout my life. At the close of the last service I was asked to remain near the pulpit and while singing, "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again", one by one the people came forward to shake hands and many words of kindness were expressed and I was also presented with a generous love offering. May God's blessing rest upon the Pin Oak Creek Church of Mt. Sterling, Mo.!

ARTHUR A. VOIGT, Reporter.

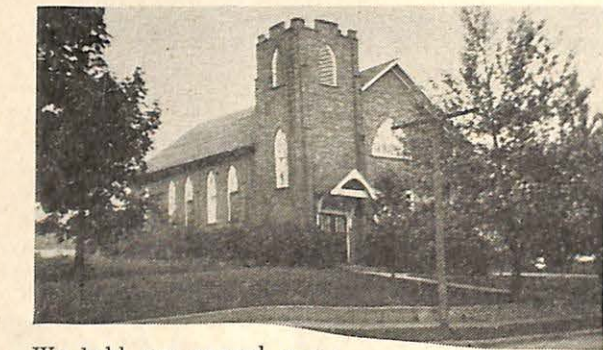
Donation Day at the Chicago Home for the Aged on April 10

The annual Donation Day for the benefit of the Western Baptist Home for the Aged in Chicago, Ill., will be held on Easter Monday, April 10th, at 1:30 P. M., at the Home.

A very interesting program will be rendered under the auspices of the Women's Baptist Service Union of Chicago and Vicinity.

Donations will be gratefully accepted and may be sent directly to the Western Baptist Home for the Aged,

1857 No. Spaulding Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois.
Mrs. Julia W. Deutschmann,
Secretary.



The Pioneer Baptist Church of Pound, Wisconsin.

We held our annual social evening on Jan. 20th in the church basement with sixty persons present. Our president, Mr. Joe Klassen, was in charge of the well arranged program, which consisted of musical numbers, poems, and short speeches.

It is our constant prayer that the talents which our Lord has entrusted to us, may be used to the furtherance of his work until he comes again.

SELMA SAUER, Secretary.

NORTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Testimonial Meeting on "Why I Go to Church" by Young People of Pound, Wisconsin

As young people of the Pioneer Baptist Church of Pound, Wis., we have had many interesting and blessed hours together. We meet every other week. Most of our meetings are of the nature in which everyone present participates. By so doing we have discovered many dormant talents and gifts that are of great value to the life of our church. Occasionally, we invite an outside speaker. The Rev. Fred Mashner is our pastor.

Our meeting on Monday, Feb. 7, was of a devotional nature. The topic was, "Why I Go to Church", and everyone present shared his personal testimony on this vital and important question. Since young people sometimes are a little hesitant and timid in giving oral testimonies, our president, Mrs. A. Konstanski, handed to each one a slip of paper upon which

to me a balsam for my soul."

"It gives me an opportunity to express my gratitude to God for all his love toward me."

"Mama said I have to go and I must mind her." (Ten year old).

"It gives me something satisfying which cannot be put into words."

"It is God's will that his followers meet one day a week and worship together."

"I feel lifted up out of everyday troubles."

"To receive food for my soul so that I may be less tempted to be led astray."

"It gives me peace of mind."

"To hear God's word that I may let my light shine that others may be led to Christ through me."

"As force of habit, and isn't it a good habit?"

MRS. REUBEN GRAETZ, Reporter.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

A Successful Year for the Ladies' Missionary Society of Corona, South Dakota

The Ladies' Mission Society of the Baptist Church of Corona, So. Dak., was organized 24 years ago in January, 1920. We are glad to have a few of the first members still with us. It is our aim to promote the spiritual, social and financial interests of our church.

We have at present 21 members. We meet once every month, either in a home or at the church. We have our

Twenty Years Ago

(March 15 to 31, 1924)

The Rev. F. J. Reichle closed his pastorate of six years at Colfax, Wash., towards the end of March to accept the call extended to him by the German Baptist Church of Fresno, Calif. This is Mr. Reichle's second pastorate with the Fresno Church.

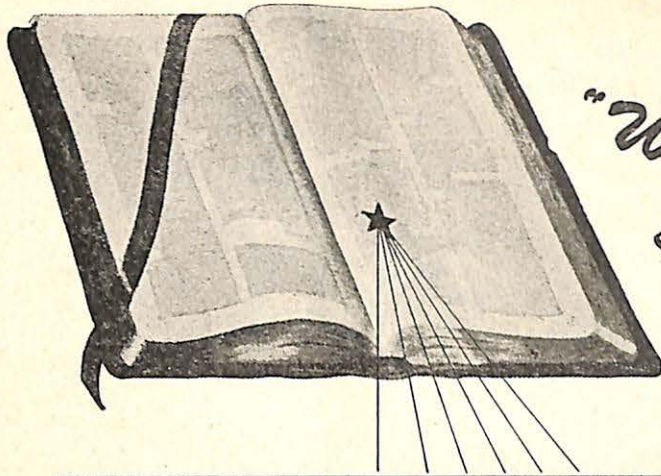
❖ The Rev. J. J. Abel of Shattuck, Okla., began his new pastorate in the Baptist Church of Baileyville, Ill., on Sunday, March 15. On March 19 at the close of the prayer meeting, a reception for Mr. Abel and his family was held at which every family represented brought some useful gift.

❖ The Rev. H. Frederick Hoops, pastor of the Grace Baptist Church of Racine, Wis., brought his ministry of three years to a close on Sunday, March 30. He left shortly thereafter for New York, N. Y., to assist his father temporarily in business affairs. Mr. Hoops stated that he still intended to continue his chosen calling, the Christian ministry.

❖ "The Spreaders of Sunshine" (SOS) Girls' Club of the Second Baptist Church of New York, N. Y., gave the medical missionary play, "The Pill Bottle", on March 25. The church was filled to its utmost capacity for the occasion. The ushers, dressed in nurses' uniforms, welcomed everybody with a smile and handed each a pill bottle which contained the program for the evening. This was the first entertainment of the SOS Girls' Club of the Second Church.

❖ The Rev. A. P. Mihm, editor of "The Baptist Herald" reported that in March, 1924, he had spoken at a special "Fathers and Sons" meeting in our New Kensington Church of Pennsylvania (now the Arnold Church of Union, Pa.) and had assisted the Rev. C. E. Cramer in lifting the debt of \$1050 remaining on the parsonage. Without great effort or urging, the needed sum was pledged and a great portion of it paid that same night.

❖ The Rev. John Luebeck, formerly pastor of the German Baptist Church in Odessa, Russia, and more recently missionary director of the society directed by the Rev. William Fetler of Central Europe, has severed his connection with the latter organization and is coming to western Canada. It was announced that he has accepted the pastorate of the West Ebenezer Baptist Church of Saskatchewan, Canada. His coming to the Canadian churches is anticipated with much eagerness by his former friends and acquaintances.



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