



Preaching the Unsearchable Riches of God

# BAPTIST HERALD

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March 15, 1946

# WHAT'S HAPPENING

● Chaplain Leslie P. Albus, who served overseas in Italy, France and Germany as a chaplain in the United States Armed Forces, has returned home and has been honorably discharged. He can be reached at the address, Box 506, Arnprior, Ontario, Canada. He is eager to renew his ministry as the pastor of one of our churches.

● The Rev. and Mrs. Wilmer Quiring of the Ebenezer Baptist Church near Elmo, Kansas have announced that a son was born to them on Feb. 13 who has been named Leonard Wilmer. This is their first child. Mr. Quiring has been pastor of the Ebenezer Church since the summer of 1945.

● The Rev. Glenn H. Klamm presented his resignation as pastor of the Baptist Church of Jamesburg, New Jersey recently which took effect at the close of February. He is supplying the pulpit during the month of March. He has served as pastor of the Jamesburg Church since 1943.

● On Feb. 4 Mrs. Claus Neve of Marion, Kansas, the wife of the Rev. Claus Neve, a retired minister of our denomination, passed away in the Marion Hospital. The funeral service in the Immanuel Baptist Church was attended by a large host of friends as well as by seven ministers and their wives, including the Rev. J. J. Abel, pastor, who was in charge of the service.

● The B. Y. P. U. of the Salt Creek Baptist Church near Dallas, Oregon held its annual election of officers on Friday, January 25. The following officers were elected: Lester Voth, president; Marvin May, vice-president; Miss Luella May, secretary; Miss Ruth Buhler, ass't secretary; Harland Buhler, treasurer; Miss Mildred May, librarian; Mrs. Lester Voth, booster; Miss Mildred Schneider and Mrs. Walter Schmitke, pianists.

● Rev. J. C. Gunst, general secretary of the National Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union, was the instructor at the Christian Leadership Training Course at the Pioneer Baptist Church of Pound, Wis., from Feb. 10 to 15. The study consisted of "Outlines of Bible History," and the attendance averaged 32 nightly. World's Day of Prayer was observed by the ladies of the church in union with the women of the First Polish Baptist Church of Pound on Thursday, March 8.

● On Sunday, Feb. 10, the Rev. E. W. Klatt, pastor of the Grace Baptist Church of Grand Forks, No. Dak., baptized 5 persons at an impressive baptismal service. Three other persons received the hand of fellowship, besides two others who joined the church several weeks previously. Mr. Klatt was recently elected president of the Greater Grand Forks Ministerial Association. On Sunday evening, Feb. 17, the Dorcas Club of the church presented the play, "The Friendly Church," under the direction of Mrs. E. W. Klatt.

● A young people's society was organized in the Baptist Church of Beulah, No. Dak., on January 6th with 20 charter members. The group has already grown to 25. The following officers were elected: president, Irwin Schmid;

## Front Cover Picture

This picture of Dr. Thorwald W. Bender was taken during the recent 90th anniversary services of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of which he has been minister since 1941. Dr. Bender is a son of the Rev. and Mrs. Carl Bender, missionaries in the Cameroons of Africa for many years. We thank God for all of our ministers who as God's ambassadors are leading their churches in the observance of the Easter season and in the receiving of a sacrificial Easter offering.

vice-president, Minnie Jaster; secretary, Astrid Skager; treasurer, Martha Miller; librarian, Harold Broeckel. A recent discussion was held on the topic, "Shall I Do as I Please?" The group meets every other Sunday and many musical talents are in evidence. The Rev. Wm. G. Jaster is the pastor.

● On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 20, the Bethel Church of Salem, Oregon surprised Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Olthoff on the occasion of their 44th wedding anniversary. A program of musical numbers and brief messages had been arranged for the surprise reception at the parsonage. A frequent visitor at the services of Bethel Church is the Rev. Julius Herr, a graduate of our Rochester Seminary in 1930, who has been serving Northern Convention churches in Idaho and Washington until ill health forced him to retire temporarily to Salem where he is engaged in the grocery business.

● On Sunday, Jan. 27, the young people of the Andrews St. Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y., pledged the fine sum of \$508 for the Fellowship Fund for World Emergencies in an inspiring service. With Mr. Roger Schmidt of the Seminary as announcer,

successive pleas were made from England, China and Germany in their hour of great need. Young people took part in the broadcast by giving their "unseen audience" an insight into the life and customs of these people who need our help so desperately. Miss Joan Rauscher of the young people's society was the reporter.

● On Sunday, Feb. 3, the children and relatives of Mrs. A. Biebrick of Trochu, Alberta helped her to celebrate her 87th birthday, which occurred on the previous day, Feb. 2. The pastor of the Trochu Baptist Church, Rev. C. T. Rempel, remembered this highly esteemed member of the congregation in his prayer and announcements. Mrs. Biebrick recently presented the church with a beautiful oak pulpit to replace the old pulpit which her husband, a church deacon, had built about 30 years previously. Mrs. Biebrick has been unusually active in the church work for many years. She is a sister of the late Rev. F. A. Mueller, a pioneer preacher and missionary of the Canadian provinces.

● The Lebanon Baptist Church had the pleasure of welcoming two new members of the communion service on Sunday, Feb. 10. A former member of the church was reinstated, and his wife, having accepted Christ as her Savior, was baptized on Sunday, Feb. 3rd, by the Rev. Rudolph Woyke at the First Baptist Church of Watertown, Wis. Mr. John Dudeck is the pastor of the Lebanon Church.

● Special meetings were held in the Baptist Church of Elgin, Iowa from Feb. 3 to 14 under the caption of a "Preaching Mission" with the Rev. Thomas Stoeri of Forest Park, Ill., as the guest speaker. The meetings were planned for the deepening of the spiritual life of the church. Mr. Stoeri, who is a son of the church, brought very stirring and strengthening messages which were deeply appreciated by the Elgin people. The Rev. Paul F. Zoschke is pastor of the church.

● The Rev. J. J. Reimer of Saguache, Colorado, missionary among the Spanish-Americans in the San Luis Valley, was the guest speaker at the Mission Band anniversary program at the Baptist Church of Buffalo Center, Iowa on Friday evening, Feb. 22. He also brought missionary messages at the services of the church on Sunday, Feb. 24, and addressed the young people at their meeting. Missionary offerings totalling \$236 were given by the people for the work among the Spanish-Americans in Colorado.

## The Baptist Herald

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### Contents

Cover Picture .....	Selected
What's Happening .....	2
Editorial—	
"Shining Gifts" .....	3
"Easter Gifts for God's Altar" by Rev. H. G. Dymmel .....	4
"The Needs Are Critical" .....	5
"Crusading Among the Spanish- Americans" by Rev. J. J. Reimer .....	6
"Prof. A. J. Ramaker, a Scholar and Saint" by Prof. Albert Bretschneider ..	7
"The Crown of God's Creation" by Prof. O. E. Krueger .....	8
"We Spend Our Years" Chapter Six .....	9
Children's Page .....	
Edited by Miss Esther Schultz ..	13
"No Crown Short of the Goal" by Mr. Fred A. Grosser .....	14
"The Revised Version of the New Testament" by Rev. A. A. Schade .....	15
Reports from the Field .....	16
Obituaries .....	19

### Coming

#### THE EASTER ISSUE

The next issue will bring inspiring sermons for the observance of Good Friday and Easter Sunday as well as appropriate poems and pictures for the season besides another full page with pictorial reminders as to the purposes of the Easter offering.

#### NEW YOUTH PAGE

The first of a series of Youth Pages to appear monthly in "The Herald" will present many items of news to the young people of our churches as well as contributions by them to be edited by the Rev. J. C. Gunst, general young people's secretary.

#### NEWS FROM THE CAMEROONS

Several brief reports from the Missionaries Earl and Lois Ahrens and Laura E. Reddig and news about the respective fields of all our missionaries in the Cameroons will prove to be exceedingly interesting to our readers. Some Cameroons' surprises are also in store for you!

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# EDITORIAL



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## Shining Gifts

RECENTLY the devotional booklet, "The Secret Place," told the story of "Aunt Mary's Shining Gifts." A minister had visited the home of a shut-in member of his radio church family. The woman on whom he had called was known to many as "Aunt Mary." After they had prayed together and the minister was ready to leave, "Aunt Mary" slipped away into her bedroom and brought out a little box of new, shining coins and gave them to the minister for his radio ministry.

Her beautiful testimony followed. "This is what I call my thank-you box. Every time I have something to thank my heavenly Father for, I put in a bright, shining coin. When I have a special answer to prayer, I put in a special coin. Then I use the money for the spread of the gospel."

The minister went away from that home spiritually inspired with Aunt Mary's sermon. "For she gave every time she was glad, and thanked the Giver of all good things with her own bright gift."

All of us ought to have such thank-you boxes. At this Easter season we are reminded of "the exceeding greatness of his power toward us who believe, according to the working of his mighty power which was wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead." We can hardly begin to count the many blessings which have come to us through the living and triumphant Christ. We are living in our country of plenty and safety, when millions of people elsewhere are facing only a slow, agonizing death. How fortunate and blessed we are here in America!

Then let these boxes be filled with shining gifts of praise to God and gratitude for his boundless mercies. From these boxes let there flow an unending stream of shining gifts for the Easter offering as unto the Lord Jesus Christ. In the days from Palm Sunday, April 14, to Easter Sunday, April 21, let our people lay these shining gifts upon God's altar for the expanding work of his through our denominational enterprise. They are needed now upon home and foreign mission fields and in our entire work as never before, as will be recognized by every diligent reader of "The Baptist Herald."

The greatest joy of all will come to us as we see the glory of God shining with heavenly luster upon these gifts and as we watch them becoming brighter than ever as they go forth to do the Lord's bidding to the far ends of the earth! What will your gifts be for the Easter Offering?

# Easter Gift's for God's Altar

By Rev. H. G. DYMMELE, Home Mission Secretary



—Edwin Galloway Photo

Like the Eager, Expectant Members of This Family, So the Members of Our Denominational Household Look Confidently to God and to Our Churches for Their Help at This Easter Season in Order to Complete the Tasks To Which We Have Dedicated Them.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER proves his saving love for the world by the gift of his only Begotten Son.

As the Father gave his Son, so we, as a denomination, give our sons, that is, our several departments of missionary and evangelistic endeavor—to seek and to save that which is lost.

### DENOMINATIONAL DEPARTMENTS

To begin with, our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Michigan, animated by

the love of Jesus, provides precious children with care and Christian nurture. Our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union endeavors to stimulate and to direct our splendid youth in Christlike faith and living. Our Christian Training Institute in Edmonton, Canada offers similar, though, more specialized, training to those who find time and the urge in their souls. Our Seminary in Rochester, N. Y., is even more selective, since it trains candidates for full-time service as pastors or missionaries, which service requires long periods of thorough preparation.

Thereupon the churches and the General Missionary Society accept them for pastors or appoint them as missionaries and evangelists at home and abroad.

The Publication Society strengthens these efforts by means of the printed page, the "Sendbote" and "The Baptist Herald" and other periodicals, as well as through the sale of Bibles and Christian books.

### MINISTERING TO JESUS

And when the Lord's servants of every walk of life retire, often exhausted and broken in body, the Ministers' Pension or the Aged Ministers' Relief or our Homes for the Aged offer temporary relief, until the Lord of Life beckons them on to their eternal rest.

When Jesus went forth to seek, to save, to minister, his earthly needs were supplied. To take care of Baby Jesus, God gave him Mary and Joseph and a stable in Bethlehem. He guided the Wisemen from the East to provide Jesus with the wherewithal—gold, myrrh and frankincense. And when the Redeemer had launched out on his saving ministry in Galilee and Judea, it was men and women of means who looked after his physical needs. Martha and Mary entertained him, Levi and Zacchaeus banqueted him, the upper room was put at his disposal, and Mary Magdalene and Joanna the wife of Herod's steward, and Susanna and many others ministered unto him. (Luke 8:3.)

And as our denominational enterprises give themselves to the task of spreading the gospel unto the uttermost parts of the world, they likewise must have their needs supplied.

### EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS

Therefore, our denominational treasury supports eight hundred and fifty persons in full or in part in various stages of preparation for the service, in service or in retirement, not counting the equipment, the buildings and chapels or those missionaries and war-stricken refugees whose only earthly help we shall be when Europe's gates of death and starvation will be thrown open to our ministry unto life.

Therefore, the Apostle Paul urges believers regarding the collection for the saints (1 Cor. 16:1, 2) to lay by him in store, each one of you, as he may prosper, the first day of the week. And why the first day of the week? Because this day was hallowed by "The First Day," the glorious Easter Day, when Jesus by his appearing abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, whereunto we were appointed preachers, apostles, and teachers. (2 Tim. 1:10, 11.)

### OUR EASTER GIFTS

And how abundantly have we been blessed ever since! We have been spared the horrors and desperations of our brethren in Europe and elsewhere! How eager we shall, therefore, be to share abundantly for Jesus' sake.

May he who gave so much for and to us fill you with the joy of a cheerful giver as you lay your generous gifts upon his altar on Easter Day!

## The Easter Offering

to Be Received by Our Churches from Palm Sunday, April 14, to Easter Sunday, April 24, Will Be Designated For the Denominational Enterprise in Its Great Missionary Outreach.

## Clothing Shipments for Relief

All Clothing Shipments for the Destitute People of Central Europe from the United States Should Be Sent to North American Baptist Headquarters, 7308 Madison St., Forest Park, Illinois. Canadian Shipments Must Be Withheld Until a More Detailed Announcement Can Be Made.

Both the Easter Offerings and Clothing Relief Shipments Will Be  
"IN THE NAME OF CHRIST"

## The Needs Are Critical!

### HOME MISSION FIELDS

The Edmonton Institute Needs at Least \$50,000 for the Building of a Three Story, Concrete-reinforced Educational Unit to Take Care of Its Student Body of 100 Students.

The Needs of the Spanish-American Field in the San Luis Valley of Colorado (See Pages 6 and 7 of This Issue) Have Multiplied as the Work Enters the Second Year of a Fruitful Ministry.

Doors Are Opening to Us in Alberta to Take the Gospel to the Indians on the Bob Tail Reserve If the Financial Means and the Appropriate Teacher and Missionary Can Be Secured.

Our Budget Needs for the Home Mission Fields Are Constantly Rising as the Result of Increasing Demands for Aid in the Building of Chapels and Parsonages and for the Support of Small Churches.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOME

The Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich., Will Observe Its 75th Anniversary in 1946 by Enlarging Its Ministry.

Five Children from Minnionas, Manitoba, Canada and several Other Groups of Children Have Increased the Home's Family to More Than 35.

The Home Needs a Good-sized Station Wagon, a Deep Freeze, Many Warm Army Blankets, a Covering for the Dining Room Floor and Other Important Items.

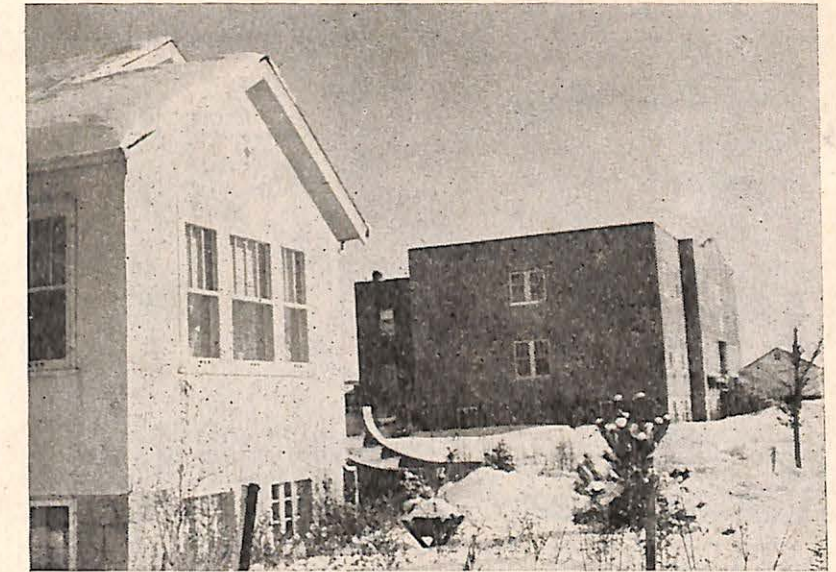
The Superintendent and Matron, Rev. and Mrs. August F. Runtz, Are Overburdened With Responsibilities and Need a Cook and Several Helpers to Assist Them.

### AGED MINISTERS' RELIEF

The Pension Fund Grants May Be Increased in Amount in Order to Safeguard the Years of Retirement of Our Aged Ministers.

Our Aged Ministers or Pastors' Widows Are Receiving Token Gifts in Relief Aid Wherever Necessary Which Ought to Be More Substantial, If Possible.

God's Ambassadors, Who Faithfully Served Our Churches in Earlier Years of Strength, Deserve Our Prayers and Support in the Years of Increasing Infirmities and Weakness.



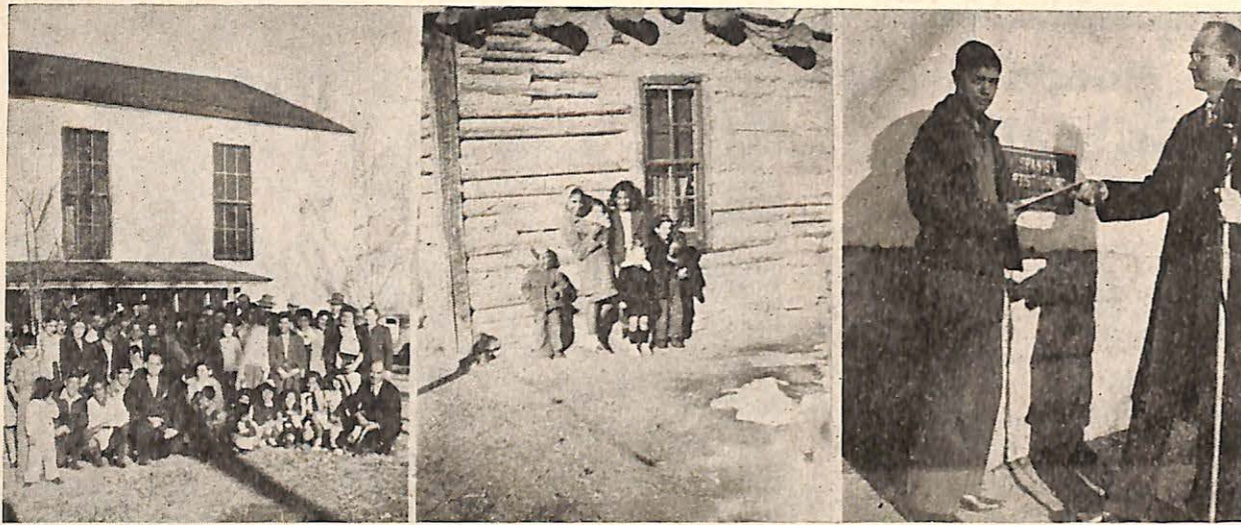
The Second Unit of the Edmonton Christian Training Institute to Cost More Than \$50,000 Will Be Built Between the First Unit (Right) and the Home of President and Mrs. E. P. Wahl (Left)



A Group of Smiling, Happy, Healthy Youngsters of the Children's Home of St. Joseph, Michigan



In God's Acres Near Our Churches the Saints of God Rest from Their Earthly Labors and Trials Awaiting the Great Resurrection Morn



Young People at a Spanish-American Rally at Rocky Ford, Colo. (Left); A Typical Mexican House in the San Luis Valley With Children in Front Who Attend the Saguache Baptist Sunday School (Center); Rev. J. J. Reimer Distributing Christian Literature and Speaking Through the Loud Speaker in Front of the Baptist Church (Right).

## Crusading Among the Spanish-Americans

The Story of the First Year's Ministry of Rev. and Mrs. J. J. REIMER, Missionaries Among the Spanish-Americans of San Luis Valley in Colorado

"A MISSIONARY enterprise, to be Christian, must be based on the passion of obedience, not on the pathos of pity"—Oswald Chambers in "Latin American Evangelist."

When you see the dark ways of a people who for centuries have been the prey of greedy Rome, when you see people who were stabbed in drunken fights, when you witness families suffering because of a drunken father, when you follow these fathers to the jail and to the penitentiary, when you behold abnormal children as a result of sin, when you see relatives at the time of death of their loved ones indulging in drunken debaucheries, you cannot help but be filled with overwhelming pity. Yet if our call to these Americans of Spanish ancestry were based on pity alone, we should be tempted to abandon them to their plight, when it appears that they want nothing better.

### HARVEST OF THE PAST YEAR

But from the beginning we have felt as Paul did in respect to the unreached of the uttermost parts of the earth, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." Having definitely felt that our Lord has commissioned us to this task, and having consecrated our lives to this race, we were resolved to endure whatever failure and opposition God might permit and to go through to final victory in the strength of our invisible and ever present Savior.

God has not failed us, though we have often failed him. He has done

"exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Closed homes have been opened to us, souls have been saved, and an empty church has been transformed into a center of lively activity in a town where religious life was practically extinct. During the course of the past year God has granted us to conduct 250 gospel services, including four evangelistic campaigns and a two weeks' Vacation Bible School. We have seen the grace of God and the power of God's Word evident in multiplied experiences with young and old. And all of this with the handicap of a shortage of capable help.

Of course, it was not all as easy as it might appear. How well I remember the countless times when I went from door to door only to be disappointed with some skillfully manufactured excuse. For a few months now, the majority of the Spanish young people have come out regularly. With an organized B. Y. P. U., a Girls' Sewing Club, a Sunday School class and a Sunday evening gospel service the Baptist Church has become the center of activity for these young people who once passed us by shyly and spent their time in the follies of the world. With an ever-increasing amount of activities, we are so happy for the assistance which we are receiving from Mrs. A. D. Schantz, who comes from Moffat to help us in some of our week-day services.

### DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES

"The entrance of thy Word giveth light." We believe that the greatest need of a Roman Catholic is a knowl-

edge of God's Word. Thus, with the cooperation of our Publication Society, we have made a supreme and continuous effort to get people to read the Bible. We have distributed 60 Bibles and 218 New Testaments besides 234 Gospel books and 3500 tracts since the beginning of this work. As much as was physically possible, we have followed up this literature with over a thousand home calls, hospital and jail visits, and with open air programs by means of a public address system.

To demonstrate the meaning of the Gospel we have endeavored to help people in various ways. Having received boxes of new and used clothing from the good women of our Southwestern Conference, we have been enabled to help the mothers with their problem of keeping the children dressed for school and church. We have taken them to the doctor, stood by at times of death and trouble and were always ready to give counsel, to encourage and to admonish. Above all, we feel the importance of intercessory prayer for those individuals who are studying the Bible and seeking the Light. We have witnessed some thrilling answers to prayer.

### HEART-SEARCHING QUESTIONS

If space permitted, I could tell you of multiplied experiences which were answers to your and our prayers. One of the most convincing illustrations is the interest which the young people display in Bible study. Just to see them drink in our message and then shower us with multitudes of sincere questions would stir your hearts as it

has ours. Some of our meetings last two or three hours, and they are not dry either!

These young people want to know the truth in the light of God's Word. They ask, "What's wrong with the dance and the picture show?" "How can we be sure of salvation?" "Can't we be saved and remain Catholics?" "How can my sins be forgiven when they are so many?" And then some one brings up the touchy race question.



Rev. J. Hernandez (Right), Spanish-American Evangelist and Missionary J. J. Reimer (Left)

Just last week a Spanish woman had a fist fight with a white man who would not allow the Spanish to attend the anglo-dance. A veteran of Spanish ancestry had made his way inside and dared any one to throw him out. On the heels of this followed an open letter by a Spanish-speaking veteran in the town paper. He pointed out that during the war they were all looked upon as real Americans, and wanted to know why, now that the war is over, a line of distinction was being drawn again. We pointed out to our young people that in Christ the middle wall of partition has been broken down and that we are all one in him. He is the only solution to the race problem.

### EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

During the Christmas vacation we took 14 Spanish young people to a youth rally in the Spanish Baptist Church of Rocky Ford, Colo., 50 miles east of Pueblo. The lively gatherings with good singing and splendid guitar music, the impressive sermons, the good Mexican-cooked food plus the warm hospitality of the entertaining church made a wholesome and lasting impression on our young people. We feel the need of providing the young people with constructive, spiritual church activities to take the place of the worldly pleasures in which they have been indulging.

"Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." At times we felt that it was "in vain." It

seemed as though the people only wanted to get out of us what they could but wanted to know nothing of the Gospel. But when the Lord's time had come, he proved to us that it had not been "in vain."

It was during our last revival campaign that the organized resistance crumbled and many began to come out to the meetings. In all, a hundred people came to the meetings during this week, and a good number came forward for prayer. Some, we feel, have experienced a change of heart. Others have still not completely yielded themselves to Christ. But one thing



Baptist Sunday School Picnic in a Park Near Saguache, Colorado

was evident, the Spirit of God was mightily working in the hearts of old and young and the town was stirred with conviction.

Mr. M. heard Brother Hernandez preach over the loud-speaker. At the close of his sermon he declared to his wife: "I am going to the meetings tonight to hear this man preach." She responded to his surprise, "Then I'll go with you." Well, it was all a surprise to me when I stopped at their house for the granddaughter and saw the whole family come out. After all, they had been very prejudiced and cold toward us, and we had least expected them to attend the services.

The people were very much pleased to hear a man of their own race expounding the Scriptures in such a way that they could understand its meaning. In beautiful Castilian dialect he painted before them the picture of their daily miserable lives and then showed how Christ could lift them up. Many expressed the wish that Brother Hernandez might come to stay, so that they could always hear him preach. They were equally pleased with Kate Lovato's solos, accompanied by guitar music in real Mexican style. Through these experiences we have been thoroughly convinced of the need of native workers. If we can bring such workers on the field before the

Catholics and other cults increase their staffs, we shall have gained an initial advantage.

### OPPOSITION FORCES

"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Dr. Sidney W. Powell in an article on Mexican work in St. Paul, Minn., makes a statement that applies very well to any Spanish-speaking settlement. "Evangelical work among both the children and adults is painfully slow, and the Roman Catholic Church, which seems to have done nothing to lift their moral standards, nevertheless is always seeking to draw back their allegiance. In the neighborhood occupied by the Mexicans the Catholic Church promotes dancing, gambling and drinking, thus appealing to their pleasure-loving natures."



A Spanish-American Miner Bringing a Train Load of Spar Minerals from a Mine at Wagon Wheel Gap Near Creede, Colo.

One Sunday I must have asked more than ten homes in Center for permission to set up the amplifier in their home, only to meet with failure. Finally the lady in front of whose home our car was parked, felt sorry for me and called me back. After the program of singing and preaching, for which every member of the family left the room, the lady requested that we sing a certain song again for her. "Me mucho gusto," (I like it very much), she emphasized.

It is not easy to preach the Gospel in a home, when through the window you see cars roaring by with their horns blasting away, a young man shaking his fist and yelling in defiance at the microphone, or across the street a drinking party in action. It is not easy to carry on the Gospel work in a town that meets the description of Sodom and Gomorrah from day to day. But we know that the Gospel shall finally triumph if we be faithful and steadfast, always willing to endure hardness as soldiers of Jesus Christ.

"I have set before thee an open door." The doors to the Mexican people of the San Luis Valley of Colorado are wide

(Continued on Page 8)



# We Spend Our Years

By CHARLOTTE KRUGER

A Christian Novel

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his seminary work. . . And then . . . just five years ago . . . on the very day he had sailed for Africa, Cynthia had married another man. "You're crazy if you think I'll go to Africa with you, Jonathan," she had told him two years earlier when he had gone into the missionary training school for his medical work.

As he walked along the deserted road tonight, the scene came back to him with cruel vividness. How hard it had been to lose Cynthia! How his heart had ached the night she had told him her love was not great enough for her to go with him across the ocean! But how wonderfully the Lord had given grace . . . and a stronger love than ever for the souls of lost men!

There was a short-cut across a field near his home, so Jonathan took it. The weeds, sprinkled with night dew, swished against his shoes. He missed the familiar night sounds of Kenya tonight . . . the hoarse whisper of the trees and the weird screams of the animals in the forest. It was so peaceful and different here . . . just the cheerful chirp of a few crickets. He wondered if his mother would still be awake, waiting for him. She was such a darling . . . an invalid, yet so cheerful and patient all the time. How her heart had ached when Cynthia had failed her only boy! How she had longed that he might have all of life's blessings! How earnestly she had prayed for him those five years while he was in a strange country! They had not been easy years. Loneliness had nearly stifled him at times. Oh, the companionship of one who loved and cared and understood would have meant so much in Africa! But love for Christ had compelled him to go, and he had never regretted his decision. Christ became more real than ever out there. In the strange new life . . . learning the language and the customs . . . Christ had been the ever-present Helper. He had made up for the lack of close human companionship. Jonathan had come to know deeper experiences there in Kenya than he would ever have known here in the ease and comfort at home.

Now, as he neared his mother's simple little cottage, he saw the light in her room. Margaret was probably asleep; she had to be at work quite

early and so needed the rest.

Before going to his own room, Jonathan slipped in to say good-night to his mother. She lay in bed, hair soft and white against the pillow, a loving smile on her face. In her wrinkled hands she held a copy of a well-worn Bible from which she had been reading.

"Jonny boy . . . it's good to see you," she whispered softly as he kissed her. "How was dear Mr. Morrison tonight?"

"Fine, Mother, and he wishes to be remembered to you. He apologized for not having come over to see you for such a long time."

"Why, the man has much else to do besides visiting old ladies," she replied, smiling. "And the niece . . . did you meet her again?"

"Yes," and there was warmth in Jonathan's eyes as he answered.

"Does she love your Lord, Jonathan?" Mrs. Kent's gentle eyes regarded her son earnestly.

"I'm not sure," was all he could say.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was early Tuesday morning. Heather awakened with a start. This was the day Jim was to take her over to the farm. What in the world could he want to ask her? She lay in bed thinking, her hands under the head, her eyes staring at the ceiling. Downstairs Maria Strauss was bustling around in the kitchen. She could hear Uncle Anthony's cheery whistle out in the garden. Oh, how could these New Englanders get up so early when the bed felt so good? She stretched lazily and threw the covers back. There really was no sense in lying in bed when one was awake, so she slipped out of bed, washed and dressed and went down to the kitchen.

"Mr. Fletcher, he ask for you just a little while ago, Heather Kind." Maria looked into Heather's face and smiled. "I tell him you sleep yet. He come back for you soon."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Strauss," and Heather's arms encircled the plump little lady in a friendly hug. She was beginning to love her dearly. There was just time for a hasty breakfast and then Heather heard Jim's footsteps on the walk.

"He is here, Kind," exclaimed Maria as she spied his tall form outside the window. "You go now. I watch for the little ones. They get up soon, no?"

In a few minutes Heather was seated beside Jim, and the car was rattling down the rocky hillside in the direction of the Fletcher farm.

"Say, we had a fine time last night, didn't we? Jim flashed a friendly smile in Heather's direction. He was clad in his overalls over a plaid shirt which was open at the neck. How fine and strong he looked, Heather thought.

"Yes, it was interesting, wasn't it? Did you know Mr. Kent before he went to Africa, Jim?"

"Not very well. You see, I didn't go to church much myself . . . that is . . . you see . . . I wasn't awfully interested in knowing about God . . . until after . . . until Billy came and his mother died." He cleared his throat huskily as he said it.

"I see."

They rode in silence for a few minutes. It was another perfect June day . . . clear and sunny. The car sped along the bumpy road and in a few minutes they had reached the site where the farmhouse had stood. The ruins had all been cleared away and nothing but the stone foundation remained.

Heather jumped from the car before Jim could get around to open the door for her. "Oh . . . the house is all gone!" A feeling of sadness swept over her as she viewed the desolate spot.

"Who took it down?"

"Several of the men in town helped me. It's hard to get them too . . . on account of the war. But we got it all cleared away at last."

"Are you going to be able to build a new one?" Heather's blue eyes were filled with curiosity as she looked up into the pair of frank grey ones.

Jim Fletcher cleared his throat nervously, and then replied, "Uh-huh . . . that's just what I wanted to see you about, Heather . . . about the new house. That's why I asked you to come over with me today."

"What do you mean, Jim? You wanted to see me about building a house?" Heather could see that unmistakable look in his eyes again. Then he reached down and took one of her small hands in his large work-worn one. Heather didn't withdraw it because she saw the sweet seriousness in his eyes. Her heart began to pound furiously and felt as if it had jumped up into her throat. She regarded him with wide open eyes.

"Heather . . ." His voice trembled as he spoke her name. Then he cleared his throat nervously, and went on. "Heather . . . I . . . I don't know where to begin. You see, I . . . I wonder . . . if you'd . . . would you like to have me build the house the way you would like it?"

Heather could feel her hands growing clammy. She was almost as nervous as Jim. Did she understand him correctly? She thought she knew what he meant . . . but the suddenness was too much. Her head began to spin.

She shook herself and blinked her eyes to make sure it wasn't a dream. Then she stammered, "Why . . . Jim . . . w-what do you mean?"

"I mean, Heather" . . . here Jim took a deep breath, "I mean, Heather . . . would you ever think of coming to live with me . . . of marrying me? Billy and Ruthie love you so much, I know, and they need a mother awfully bad . . . and, Heather, I . . . love you and I need you, too."

Heather Allison didn't know what to do or what to say. She suddenly felt queer and weak all over. A proposal! That was why Jim Fletcher had asked her over here! She had imagined that all proposals were romantic . . . the way Gerald's had been. Gerald! His memory swept across her mind once more! How different that proposal had been! Moonlight and stars and soft music floating through the open French doors. She had worn a pink dance frock that night . . . as filmy and soft as clouds. They had been dancing . . . and had slipped out onto the cool porch for a breath of air. And then Gerald had told her of his love. She remembered how his dark eyes had looked into her own so intently . . . how the moonlight had shone on his black hair . . . even as he proposed. How different this proposal! Heather swallowed hard as she looked at Jim . . . Jim in his plaid shirt and worn overalls . . . Jim with his frank, sun-tanned face. He towered above her now, his honest grey eyes watching her so earnestly.

"Jim, I don't know what to say." Oh, what an unhappy situation! Heather almost wished that she had not come with him. What should she do? What could she do? In her heart she knew she didn't love Jim. She admired him, yes . . . thought he was so clean-cut and wholesome . . . but that wasn't love.

"I'd do everything to make you happy again, Heather girl." There was a tender, pleading tone in his voice now. Heather looked down at the ground and kicked a pebble with her brown scuffs. Jim had even used Uncle Anthony's name of endearment . . . Heather girl! How she had come to love that name . . . the way her uncle said it . . . the way darling Maria Strauss said it in German!

"Don't you think you would learn to love me?" The desolate look in Jim's eyes made Heather's heart feel like a stone within her breast.

"I think, you're grand, Jim," she said, "but . . . but . . . I had no idea that you felt that way." She lifted her eyes from the ground and looked up into his, frankly and honestly.

"But you love the babies?"

She nodded.

"I could see that . . . just watching you." A faint smile appeared at the corners of his mouth.

In Heather's mind there flashed an image of the youngsters . . . Billy with

his golden curls and babyish lisp, Ruth with her adorable little girl expression, so loving and trusting.

"It's been so awfully lonely at times since Ruth died," Jim was saying, and his eyes had a far-away look in them. "You would have loved her, Heather. She was a beautiful girl. Your uncle told me how you have lost your sweetheart, too . . . last year. I thought maybe I could make you happy again. God knows how . . . how I'd love to do that. Won't you give me a chance, Heather girl?" His honest grey eyes searched her blue ones, and Heather could feel the tears welling up. She blinked hard to keep them back. What could she do? Did Uncle Anthony know Jim loved her? Did Maria Strauss suspect? Judy's words in her last letter stood out in bold-face type in her mind . . . "Jim sounds like a perfect dream . . ." Did "perfect dreams" wear plaid shirts and overalls?

\* \* \* \* \*

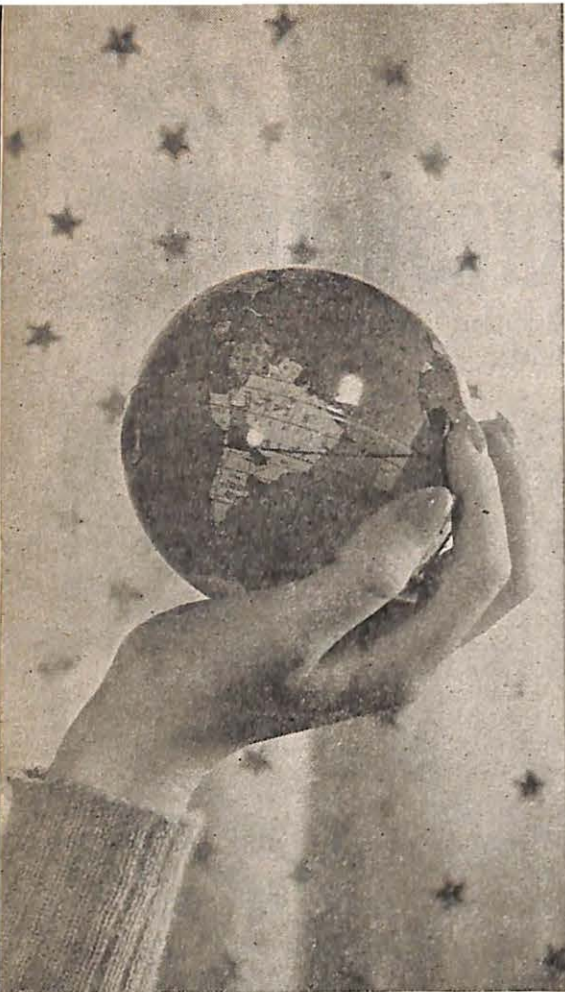
"Special delivery for Miss Heather Allison." The wrinkled little postman squinted as plump Maria Strauss signed for the blue envelope which he handed to her.

She thanked him and then re-entered the house of weather-beaten brown shingles.

"Ach! From California. Now what could yet be happening?" She adjusted her spectacles and studied the signature in the left-hand corner. Mrs. G. McCombs . . . Hollywood. Mmm." Well, she would find out what the letter contained when Heather returned from the hillside where she had gone to work on her painting the past three mornings.

Heather had arrived at the friendly hillside retreat at an early hour. She wanted to complete the picture today. It needed just a few finishing touches. Somehow, painting seemed to bring her temporary peace of mind. And yet Jim Fletcher's proposal of a few days before was constantly in the background of her thoughts. What should she do about it? She had not even told Maria Strauss. She felt the little German lady would have been too enthusiastic and would have urged her to marry Jim. She could recall her words the day Jim's house had burned to the ground . . . "Such a good man! Ach! Why should this happen to him?" She was certain that nothing would have delighted Maria more than to see Heather and Jim together. Heather felt more and more bewildered. Why did all this have to happen to her, she asked herself bitterly.

As she dabbed the delicate tints onto the canvas, Heather occasionally scanned the horizon which was beginning to show signs of an approaching storm. The day was sultry and warm. Even on the hilltop there was not the usual breeze. She worked feverishly, her fingers moving nimbly from palette to picture. She had wanted to finish it



## SYNOPSIS.

"All aboard!" Dazed Heather Allison, mechanically heeding these significant words, was on her way to Vermont—"the land of green mountains." Her soul was restless, her heart without hope. Her fiancé had been killed fighting in a far-away land; her mother, too, had died. Uncle Anthony met her at the Vermont station and took her to his home, where her life soon became strangely interesting. She found friendly people in the little church and discovered new joy in helping the Fletchers, after their house had burned to the ground. She had also met a remarkable young man, Jonathan Kent, who had been in Africa as a missionary. He too seemed to be interested in Heather. As he walked home late one evening from the house of Uncle Anthony, he remembered how his former fiancée, Cynthia, had turned her back coldly upon him. He remembered her words.

## CHAPTER SIX

"Why, silly . . . you're going to be a minister. Isn't that just as good as being a missionary?" A strange look had crept into Cynthia's eyes . . . a frightened, anxious look.

"Of course, ministers are needed too, Cynthia," he had said, "but . . . oh! didn't it grip you to hear of those millions dying out there . . . never once hearing of Christ, while here in America the people don't seem to care about the Lord, though the country's full of preachers to tell them about Him."

"Listen, Jonathan," and her voice had been like honey, "you're too good a preacher to waste your talents in some filthy heathen country. Why, you might even get malaria . . . or . . . or . . . leprosy and die!" Then the tears had flowed, and Jonathan had tried to comfort her.

But the conviction of that night had grown and Jonathan Kent had gone for special missionary training after

today. Perhaps it would be wiser to go home now . . . for the clouds were fast. It took at least a half hour to go down the hillside to the house, and she would not want anything to happen to the precious picture.

Common sense told her to pack away her paints and brushes and start for home immediately. She hurriedly arranged the tubes in their compartments, wiped the brushes in turpentine and adjusted the palette in its place in the compact case. Her arms were laden with the folding easel, the canvas and the case as she began the descent.

After walking briskly for a few minutes, Heather came to a path leading across an open field. This short-cut should take off a mile from the trip, she decided. Then she looked overhead at the ominous clouds that were fast covering the remaining patches of blue sky. She must hurry or the storm would break before she could reach shelter. A swift streak of lightning across the sky verified her fears. Frightened, she began to walk faster. Perhaps there was a farmhouse at the end of the meadow where she could stop. She tried to run, her ankles brushing against the dusty weeds and daisies that hung over the pathway. At the edge of the meadow, the ground dipped into a hollow place which was bordered with birch and wild cherry trees. Beyond the trees she saw an old grey building. It looked like a deserted church. Then she recalled what Uncle Anthony had told her about the place. At one time there had been a little settlement on the top of the hill, but when the railroad had gone through the village in the valley below, the people had deserted their homes for more convenient locations where they would have closer contact with the outside world.

Another flash of lightning zigzagged across the black sky. Then a low rumble of thunder growled across the hillside. At the same instant Heather felt a drop of rain on her cheek. The storm had struck! She quickened her pace. Now she reached the edge of the field. She ran down the slope under the birches and then started up the other side of the little valley. But just before she reached the top, she stumbled over a root. In another second, she was sprawled out on the ground and her easel, box and painting were scattered around her to the accompaniment of another loud clap of thunder.

"Oh-h-h!" she groaned as she felt a sharp pain in her left ankle. She rolled over slowly, sat up and brushed the dirt from her brown smock. Then she tried to stand, but the pain in her ankle would not permit her to put her weight on her foot. What was she to do? Frantically, she looked around. Another streak of lightning flashed across the sky, followed by a great rumble of thunder. A few drops of

rain came through the leaves of the birches overhead.

About ten yards ahead of her stood the old church . . . deserted and weather-beaten. She must manage to get to its shelter with her precious painting before it rained any harder. Gritting her teeth, Heather reached for her canvas and other equipment. She would have to hop to the church . . . there was no other way! This was playing childhood's game of hop-scotch in earnest!

With great effort Heather finally reached the deserted building, and just as she entered its welcome shelter, the rain descended like a cloud-burst. Her picture was safe? She set it carefully against the wall, and slid down onto an old bench to inspect her injury. The pain in her ankle was severe now. Should she take off her shoe and stocking and look at her foot? If her ankle were broken, that might be the wrong thing to do. Would Uncle Anthony and Jim think of looking for her here? It might be hours before they found her. What was she ever going to do?

Suddenly, in her despair, she seemed to hear a voice within her speaking . . . reminding her of the sermon she had heard last Sunday. Had not the preacher said there was a God in heaven who answered prayer? Hadn't he said that God was willing to hear those in desperate need? She was in desperate need now . . . but could God answer her? For an instant, hope welled up within her heart . . . but it was immediately followed by a dreadful rush of doubt and shame and unworthiness. Why, how could God answer her prayers when she was not willing to have any personal dealings with Him? When she felt He had been so unfair to her? For a few moments a battle raged within her breast. Then such a strong urge to pray swept over her soul that it overwhelmed the doubt and shame. In her need Heather found herself calling upon God. "God . . . Uncle Anthony's God," she whispered, "if You do hear prayers . . . won't You hear mine now . . . and . . . and send me help?" A low rumble of thunder seemed to add a solemn "Amen."

As she looked down at her helpless foot again and tried to wiggle her toes, Heather heard someone running. A moment later a man appeared at the doorway, and with an exclamation of relief slipped into the shelter of the old church.

Heather looked at him in amazement and awe. It was Jonathan Kent, the missionary! Was God really answering her prayer?

"Why, Miss Allison! What . . . what a surprise . . . but . . . I . . . I didn't know there was anyone here."

"I must confess you surprised me, too." Heather managed a weak smile.

"I see you got to shelter before the downpour." He was looking at her

dry clothing as he spoke.

"Yes . . . just in time. But I had a little accident getting here. I think I've sprained or broken my ankle."

"Oh! May I see what the trouble is, Miss Allison? I've had quite a few experiences with natives in Africa . . ."

Heather nodded her head affirmatively.

In an instant Kent was a medical missionary again. He dropped to his knees and with hands as gentle as a woman's he removed the shoe and stocking and with professional skill studied the injured ankle.

"It's a sprain," he announced after his examination. Then he pulled a clean folded handkerchief from his pocket and began tearing it into strips for a bandage. He found a towel in Heather's kit of painting equipment, and this he also tore into strips.

In addition to an occasional sharp pain in her ankle, Heather felt a queer sensation in her heart as she watched the young missionary. He was so different from any man she had ever known. When he had finished the bandage, Jonathan stood and looked at his patient seriously.

"Now . . . the problem is . . . how are we going to get you home, young lady?"

"I don't know." There was a look of disgust on her face, as she exclaimed, "Honestly, I feel so stupid and clumsy. Oh, why did I have to do this?"

"You'll only make yourself unhappy if you feel that way," he reproved. "This could have happened to anyone, you know."

"I guess you're right . . . still it would happen to me." A smile displaced the frown as Heather looked up into the missionary's eyes.

"S-say . . . I've got an idea! We're not so far from my house. Suppose you wait here while I dash home and get my sister's car. I'll be back in a short while," he assured her, and then added, "You're not afraid, are you?"

Heather assured him she was not. "I'm not afraid," she said, "but it is rather embarrassing to have you go to all this trouble on account of me."

"It's really a privilege," he said, and there was such a sincere tone in his voice that she could not doubt him.

"But . . . the rain. It's still pouring!" Heather motioned to the doorway.

Jonathan laughed, "I'm so wet now a little more water couldn't hurt." Then he walked toward the door. "I'll be gone only a few minutes, Miss Allison," he said, "and then I'll return with the car to take you home."

"Hurry back," she begged as he stepped over the broken threshold.

"I promise," he said, and disappeared into the downpour.

Alone in the dilapidated church, she pulled her stocking on over the bandages, but when she tried on her shoe

(Continued on Page 19)

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

Miss ESTHER SCHULTZ, 510 Wellington, Chicago 14, Illinois

## Our Children's Home

One Sunday afternoon I went to the Children's Home while I was in St. Joseph, Michigan. It was a very interesting trip there, for it was on a knoll. We parked our car at the side of the house and went in through the kitchen. It was very clean and there were two stoves. I thought, "Imagine needing two stoves." But, of course, I had forgotten that boys and girls love to eat!

When we entered the living room there was the Home's Mother holding the sweetest little girl on her lap. She was a little orphan that had not been there so very long. She soon was showing us her doll and the other toys with which she played.

Later the Mother took us through the building. We saw the playrooms and the handcraft rooms, and then the rooms where the children lived. Some of those children were mighty fine housekeepers. We saw the supper which the children ate and enjoyed. It was very good and I noticed that they had all the milk they wanted to drink!

But the thing I liked most of all was the circular fire-escape. We were asked if we would like to go down it. We did not! You know how it is with ladies, for they are always afraid of tearing their stockings. But if I ever go again to the Home, I am going down that escape.

If the boys and girls are interested in learning how our Children's Home came to be, it would be well worth your time to look on page 33 of our "1946 Annual" of our denomination. It is most interesting.

## Our Mission Fields

Father Schmidt came home one evening with a black and red magazine under his arm. On the cover was a little girl reaching out for some luscious-looking fruit. On the front were these words, "1946 Annual—North American Baptist General Conference."

Jean said, "Daddy, why do we have a General Conference?"

"Well, we have a conference every three years that we may carry on the business of our churches. We meet so that we may have fellowship with our Christian friends of the denomination, and so that we may have the privilege of meeting the men who keep our work going smoothly, as well as meet the returned missionaries and those who are going out to work on our fields. We want to plan new ways to be of service for our Lord and Master," said Father.



A Lovely Winter Scene Showing the Front Entrance to Our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Michigan

"What is the work of our denomination?" questioned Frank.

"We have a number of services," explained Father, "among them being our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Michigan; our Seminary in Rochester, New York; our Old People's Homes in Chicago, Ill., Bismarck, North Dakota, Portland, Oregon, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; our Cameroons Mission Field, our Christian Training Institute in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; our Mexican work in Saguache, Colorado; and our Danubian interests in Europe."

"My, I really did not know there was so much to our denomination!" exclaimed Jean.

## Bible Day, March 10th

Sunday, March 10th, was Bible day. It is one day in which we ought to sit down and ask ourselves how much the Bible really means to us. Is it only

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a book which we have on our shelves to dust once a week? Is it only brought out when the preacher comes to visit?

## Why Do You Read the Bible?

One day I went downtown here in Chicago on Randolph Street with two other girls. We asked people if they read the Bible and why. Here are some of the answers that came to us.

1. Yes, I have a Bible, but I do not have time to read it.

2. The Bible is useful today for the church services, so people can listen to it on Sunday. I don't go to church, for I run a taxi and I have to work all day.

3. I read the Bible because I am a Sunday School teacher. I would not be a good teacher if I myself did not study. I read the Bible because it has the finest literature in the world within its covers. I read it for it tells how a people were led in a marvelous way. I read it also because it tells me of the love of God for us through his Son Jesus. I read it for comfort, assurance and inspiration and, above all, so that I can tell others about my Christ.

Why do you read your Bible?

## Notice About Books

We are happy to give you the privilege of using the books in our Denominational Library. However, when you return a book, will you please put it within corrugated paper? One of our books was loaned, which had been just purchased for \$2.50. When it came back, it was in such a bad condition that we hardly can send it out again.

If you could help us in this matter we would be most grateful to you. Thank you!

## Letters of Appreciation

Dear Miss Schultz,

I have never seen your page before, for we are getting "The Baptist Herald" for the first time.

I was happy to see the picture of the three little Canadian girls for we are studying about Canada in school.

Corona, So. Dak.

Yours truly,

Ruth Gommer.

May I express my thanks to all the boys and girls who sent me birthday greetings? You helped to make this the nicest birthday I have ever had. I hope you will not mind my sending my thanks to the Womens' Missionary Societies of our denomination which also sent greetings. Thank you so much!





## REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

### NORTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

#### Golden Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. August Hildebrandt of St. Paul, Minn.

During the first days of February we of the Riverview Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn., had the privilege of celebrating the golden wedding anniversary of two of our faithful members. On Friday evening, Feb. 1, the children and immediate relatives, and the pastor and Mrs. Wobig assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. August Hildebrandt to celebrate with them the occasion of this their golden happiness. After banqueting at two richly laden tables, beautifully decorated for the occasion with a centerpiece of yellow roses, jonquils and tall tapers, the evening was spent in reminiscing on past experiences and in happy Christian fellowship.

Then on Sunday morning, Feb. 3, in connection with our communion service the entire congregation took recognition of the joyous event. Words of best wishes and appreciation for their many years of faithful service in the church were expressed to the happy couple by the pastor. The choirmaster, Mr. Dwight Parker, sang, "He Leadeth Me." Then a golden bouquet of gorgeous flowers and a box containing fifty dollars were presented to them.

In the afternoon their children held open house for them so that church members and friends could extend to them their congratulations in person. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrandt God's guidance and blessing upon their continued journey of life.

John Wobig, Pastor.

#### Baptism of Six Converts and Fellowship Fund Offering at Hutchinson, Minn.

On Sunday evening, January 27, the Northside Baptist Church of Hutchinson, Minnesota had the joy of witnessing a baptismal service at which the Rev. G. P. Schroeder baptized 6 converts who had declared their faith in Jesus Christ and desired to follow him. At the communion service on the following Sunday, the hand of fellowship was extended to the six new members by the pastor.

In the evening Mr. Schroeder gave a very interesting and enlightening message entitled, "I Was Hungry." He spoke vividly of his experiences in Russia during the starvation period there following the close of World War I. An offering for the World Emergency Fund was taken which amounted to \$117.15.

Our prayer is that God may help us in this new year to serve him diligently and faithfully in the days that lie ahead.

Mrs. Arnold Krueger, Reporter.



Mr. and Mrs. August Hildebrandt of St. Paul, Minn., at Their Golden Wedding Anniversary Celebration

#### First Missionary Conference at the Dayton's Bluff Baptist Church of St. Paul

"The Field Is the World," was the challenging theme of our first missionary conference held from January 13 to 17 at the Dayton's Bluff Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn. A wider vision of world need was received and a greater missionary spirit is expected as a result of the five informative and inspiring days.

Speakers for the conference were Miss Bertha Lang of the China Inland Mission; Rev. Paul Friederichsen of the Association of Baptists for World Evangelism; Rev. and Mrs. Frank Pickering of the South America Indian Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Keur and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Walkup of the Christian Broadcasting Association, a new group endeavoring to erect a missionary broadcasting station in Honolulu, Hawaii. It was rather unique that all the speakers were related to us through the denomination or through the church. Miss Lang and Mr. Friederichsen are offsprings of retired pastors of our denomination; the Pickering family are related to the Arthur Stahnke family of our church and Albert Walkup is the younger brother of the pastor.

In addition to the great blessing brought to our church, several of the missionaries were shared with other churches and groups for a total of 14 meetings. Many mission-minded friends from other churches were present and large attendance was enjoyed at several services.

We are earnestly praying that the impressions of these meetings will aid some of our young people to heed the call of God to the foreign field which is truly "white unto harvest." A large framed world map is soon to be hung in our church auditorium as a constant reminder of our commission . . . "into all the world . . . and to every creature."

John W. Walkup, Pastor.

### DAKOTA CONFERENCE

#### Fourteen Converts at Evangelistic Meetings at the Selfridge Station of McLaughlin, So. Dak.

Beginning January 7th and extending until January 24th evangelistic meetings were held by the First Baptist Church of McLaughlin, South Dakota at the station in Selfridge. The services of the first week were conducted by our own pastor, the Rev. Alex Sootzman. The Rev. David Littke who had been summoned from Plevna, Montana was the evangelist for the other meetings.

Fourteen persons were won for Christ and the Lord's blessing was felt by everyone. The meetings did very much to revive us in the Spirit of God. Most of the persons won for Christ were young people, one of whom was a Service Man. We trust that this will do much toward advancing our Young People's Union. May the Lord be with us all as we continue in his great and wonderful work!

Wilma Goehring, Reporter.

#### Many Activities and Special Programs at the Baptist Church of Hebron, No. Dak.

The Christmas season for the Baptist Church of Hebron, North Dakota was greatly enhanced by three fine Christmas programs. Both Sunday School programs, the one at the Antelope station and here in Hebron, were under the able direction of the respective superintendents. On December 26 our church choir and B. Y. P. U. presented the pageant, "The Coming of the Great Light," to a crowded but appreciative audience. We were privileged to have Rev. and Mrs. Edmund Keller of Sioux Falls, S. D., with us during Christmas week. We are thankful for the two fine messages which Mr. Keller brought.

At our annual business meeting it was decided that the pastor's salary should be increased \$300, and that the parsonage and premises should undergo some remodeling.

Since the beginning of the year the young people are taking charge of one evening service every quarter. They meet every Sunday evening before our evening service for their regular meetings which are in charge of group leaders.

Now that the majority of our young men are back as civilians again, we are forming a male chorus which will help beautify our services along with the mixed choir.

We are busying ourselves in the collection of clothing for the needy in Europe. These things will be shipped to Forest Park in the near future.

Mrs. Jothan G. Benke, Reporter.

#### Twenty-fifth Anniversary Program of the B. Y. P. U. of Bismarck, North Dakota

On Sunday evening, January 27th, the B. Y. P. U. of the Bismarck Baptist Church of Bismarck, No. Dak., celebrated the 25th anniversary of its organization. The program was under the leadership of Mrs. Reinhold Neu-harth, who is serving her seventh term as president. Special recognition was given her for her many years of faithfulness.

Our church was filled to capacity on this special occasion. For our Scripture we read Phil. 3:12-17. The highlights of the 25 years were read by Mrs. Edward Kary. After each year a member of the society, which represented that year, brought forth a candle and placed it on a table around the birthday cake until there were 25 candles. It was interesting to note that our B. Y. P. U. has accomplished much and is progressing nicely. For the conclusion of this feature the group sang, "All the Way My Savior Leads Me."

Mr. Peter Klein, the only charter member still in our midst, rendered a beautiful solo, "The Holy City." The dialogue, "Take Time to Be Holy," was given by four young ladies. We also had a variety of other numbers on the program and the Rev. Edward Kary brought our program to a close with a challenging message. A special offering was taken and designated for our building fund.

Violet Staiger, Secretary.

### CENTRAL CONFERENCE

#### Memorial, Missionary and Baptismal Services at Chicago's Grace Baptist Church

Last Fall the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois held a "Welcome Home!" service for its returning Service Men. A memorial service was held for those whose lives had been taken. Chaplain North E. West, who saw service in Europe with the 13th Armored Division, was the guest speaker.

On Jan. 27 the Ladies' Missionary Society held a missionary service, at which Mrs. Paul Friederichsen gave an inspiring and challenging presentation of recent missionary activities in the Philippines. In the morning service, our pastor, Rev. W. H. Jeschke, baptized six Sunday School pupils upon their confession of faith in Christ.

The Sunday School officers and teachers have undertaken organized canvassing of the church neighborhood recently. May the Lord graciously honor every endeavor for his Name's glory!

Elizabeth Steinke, Church Clerk.

#### Rev. and Mrs. R. Wilkinson of Detroit's Burns Ave. Church Leave for Haiti

Last Fall the members of the Men's Bible Class of the Burns Ave. Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., gave a farewell dinner in honor of the Rev. Rich-

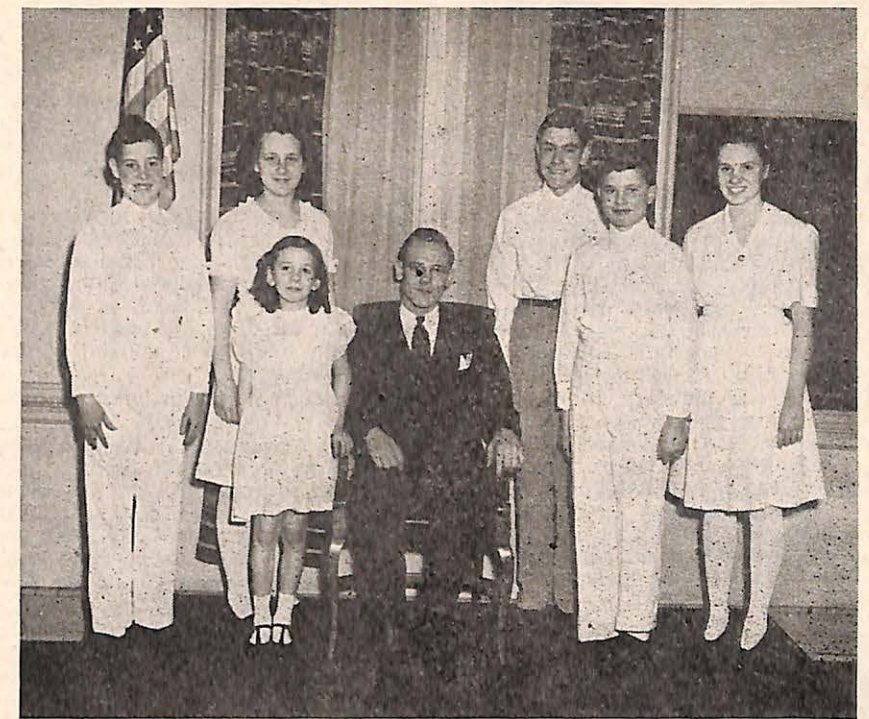


Photo by Mr. H. Slemund

The Rev. Wm. H. Jeschke of the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., and Six Young People Whom He Recently Baptized

ard Wilkinson, our assistant pastor, at the Y. M. C. A. An interesting program was given by the men of the class with Norman Wolfe in charge. Dr. A. J. Harms, our pastor, gave a short message as well as Lloyd A. Potts and Norman Wolfe. A Glee Club, composed of members of the class only, rendered two beautiful folk songs. Arthur Thom, activities' director at Burns, and Gordon Medel sang a very fitting duet, followed by a challenging message given by the Rev. Owen Miller, pastor of Detroit's Bethel Church and a close friend of Mr. Wilkinson. Lloyd A. Potts, president of the class, presented Mr. Wilkinson with a promissory note for a moving picture camera.

On November 14, 1945 Mr. Wilkinson preached his last sermon at the Burns Ave. Church at which time \$2200.00 were raised for the support of the Wilkinsons as missionaries in Haiti.

The Wilkinsons were back with us again on January 30th, when Mr. Wilkinson conducted our prayer meeting. He showed moving pictures of Haiti and the work being done in that field. After our time of spiritual fellowship, members of the church and friends were served light refreshments in the basement of the church.

The Wilkinsons left for Haiti on February 4th to serve the Lord as missionaries there. We are praying for God's richest blessing on this talented young couple and their child.

Jean Nienuis, Reporter.

#### Ordination of Rev. Norman Clapp and Rev. William Jefferis at St. Joseph, Michigan

On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 26, a Council composed of representatives of Baptist churches in and near St.

Joseph, Michigan met for the purpose of interviewing two candidates for the Christian ministry, namely, Mr. Norman Clapp and Mr. William Jefferis. The council had been called by the First Baptist Church of St. Joseph, Mich., of which the Rev. L. H. Broeker is the pastor. The young men are members of this church.

The Rev. F. W. Wing of South Haven was elected chairman, and the Rev. A. F. Runtz clerk. The Rev. F. W. Bartel was named examiner for the council.

The pastor then introduced Mr. Jefferis who is at present a student in Northern Baptist Theological Seminary of Chicago and who had been doing some fine work at the Victory Center in Waukegan, Ill. After his statements and a period of questioning Mr. Clapp was introduced. He too is a student at Northern. He has also some experience as a pastor having served the Federated Church of Hartford, Mich., for several years. Both men gave fine testimonies and the church was instructed to proceed with the ordination.

This service took place on the same evening in the sanctuary of the church. The Rev. Erich Gutsche, pastor of the Clay St. Church in Benton Harbor, gave the charge to the candidates, and the Rev. Mr. Meier, representative of Northern Baptist Seminary, welcomed the men into the ranks of the Christian ministry. Dr. Charles W. Koller, president of Northern, delivered the ordination sermon, using the text, "There was a man sent from God." (John 1:6)

The ordination prayer with the laying on of hands by the pastors was offered by the Rev. F. W. Bartel, denominational evangelist. In closing the service one of the candidates led in prayer and the other pronounced the benediction.

August F. Runtz, Clerk.

# NORTHERN CONFERENCE

## The Mission Work Continues at the Baptist Church of Valley View, Alberta

Since the return of Mr. William Miller to the Edmonton Institute last Fall, we of the Baptist Church of Valley View, Alberta have been able to keep up our practicing with choir and orchestra and with the young people's work. Two programs are rendered each month by the young people.

We had the privilege of rendering two Christmas programs, one of which was given in English for our friends in the community. On New Year's Eve we held a blessed Watch Night service. As the midnight hour approached, we bowed with humble hearts in the holy presence of God to thank him for keeping and guiding us through another year.

Church of Rochester, N. Y., do not often report in our denominational papers, we are still alive and active in the work of our Lord and Master. We meet every month, and the attendance is good. Working under the "Group System," we have good and interesting programs. The "Shut Ins" are visited regularly, and we do good wherever there is an opportunity. On the occasion of the church's mortgage burning on New Year's Eve it was revealed that we have contributed more than \$3000 towards the removal of that heavy burden upon our church. And yet we did not neglect our other missionary obligations.

The picture, accompanying this report, was taken by Prof. Schade at our Christmas meeting, at which Mrs. A. A. Schade presided for the last time. She was our president for seven years, and under her quiet and tactful leadership it was smooth sailing. As a farewell gift she was presented with a beautiful bathrobe. We in the Andrews St. Church are fortunate in al-

interim pastor, was leaving us for the mission field.

The Rev. W. S. Argow, a former pastor of Central Church and now retired, had charge of the evening's program in which the following pastors took part: Rev. John Taylor, Delaware Baptist; Rev. John Sylvester, Russian Baptist; Rev. D. MacDonald, Immanuel Baptist; and Rev. C. Bishop of First Baptist.

Words of farewell were directed and a gift was presented to the Rev. Paul D. Ford by Mr. John Zurn on behalf of the church, while Mrs. Harvey Meuser, acting for the Ladies' Missionary Society, presented Mrs. Ford with a corsage of pink carnations and a gift. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ford then expressed their appreciation of the love shown them during their sojourn of 17 months with us and their regret at leaving but still their happiness as they return to the mission fields of the Bahamas to resume the work to which God called them 22 years ago.

Words of welcome by Mr. Zurn were then expressed to the Rev. George W. Zinz, former chaplain, and he then expressed his gratitude to God for bringing him safely back to the charge he loves. Mr. Zinz testified that he was certain that he had escaped death and great injury on different occasions only by the prayers of "those back here."

So blessings continue at Erie's Central Baptist Church!

Mrs. Robert R. Eichler, Reporter.



Members of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Andrews Street Baptist Church, Rochester, New York

On January 3 we held our annual church business meeting with election of officers. On January 11 the young people held their business meeting. Our theme song for this year is "Living for Jesus."

With the coming of colder weather and since some families live far away and most of the young men have left for bush work, we found it necessary to drop some of our rehearsals for the meetings. But we are carrying on the work of the Lord just the same and different families bring special numbers in music and song to beautify our church services.

We request your prayers for this great pioneer work out here in the Peace River District.

Mrs. Ruth Lehman, Reporter.

# EASTERN CONFERENCE

## Activities of Love of the Woman's Missionary Society of Rochester, New York

Although we of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Andrews St.

ways having excellent leadership, in whatever organization it may be, and so in our young pastor's wife, Mrs. D. Fuchs, we have secured a new president. Under her leadership we look forward to new heights and greater achievements.

In our midweek prayer meetings the book, "These Glorious Years," is being reviewed, and our society was in charge of one of the meetings, and the chapter written by Mrs. H. G. Dymmel, was very capably reviewed by two of our ladies. We are also in charge of one of the Sunday evening meetings.

Mrs. O. Guddat, Secretary.

## Reception and Farewell Services for Two Ministers at Erie's Central Baptist Church

A combined reception and farewell service was held in the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., on Thursday evening, January 24, and attended by the pastors, members and friends of the various Baptist Churches of the city. The Rev. George W. Zinz, chaplain in the United States Army, returned to his pulpit and Rev. Paul D. Ford,

## Seminary Endowment Fund

(Continued from Page 15)

Lorraine—First	2573.50
Marion—Emmanuel	70.00
Mount Zion	83.83
Stafford—Calvary	1014.94
Strassburg	244.35
Vesper—(Lincoln County Bethany	473.00
Nebraska	
Beatrice—West Side	52.00
Creston	285.06
Scottsbluff	75.00
Shell Creek	146.00
Oklahoma	
Gotebo—Salem	112.24
Ingersoll—Bethel	149.73
Loyal—Immanuel	150.00
Okeene—Zion	820.50
Shattuck—Ebenezer	155.00
Unnamed churches	70.00
Nebraska Vereinigung	367.80
Oklahoma Convention	75.00
Southwestern Conference	72.12
Southwestern Conf. Y. P. Union	100.00
Women's Miss. U. of S. W. Conf.	150.00
MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS	
In memory of	
Rev. S. A. Kose	100.00
Rev. G. Mengel	400.00
Rev. R. Stracke	100.00
Harold and Carl Albrecht	45.00
Pfe. Ralph A. Klammer	50.00
Rev. Karl Kleppe	150.00
Emma Wilke	50.00
Judge N. B. Neelen	100.00
Rev. J. Kratt	500.00
Rev. August Becker	200.00
Rev. Edward Graalman	1000.00
Rev. Aug. R. Berndt	100.00
Chaplain Gustav Lutz	15.00
Prof. J. S. Gubelmann	260.00
Prof. Lewis Kaiser	250.00
Rev. R. Otto	160.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwass	10.00
Henry Schwass	10.00
Henry Bickle	10.00
Prof. A. Rauschenbusch	10.00
Prof. A. J. Ramaker	10.00
Prof. H. Schaefer	10.00
Prof. J. Schneck	10.00
Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch	10.00

Total as of December 31, 1945 \$99275.07

# OBITUARY

(All obituary notices must be limited to 175 words or 25 lines hereafter. Please take note of this new ruling of the Publication Board. The charge for obituaries will be at the rate of five cents a line. Editor.)

## Mrs. ERNESTINA SCHEEL of Arnprior, Ontario

Mrs. Ernestina Scheel of Arnprior, Ontario, wife of the late Robert Scheel, passed away after a short illness on Feb. 4th at the home of Mr. Clarence Scheel. The deceased was born in this locality all her life. She reached the age of 74 years and one month.

Mrs. Scheel was a faithful member in the First Baptist Church of Arnprior for many years. She had a lovely disposition and loved much, and was loved by all who learned to know her. She will be greatly missed by her many friends.

Psalm 23 served as the text for the message of comfort, for the whole church feels the loss of a very faithful helper.

Arnprior, Ontario, Can.

Rev. A. Stelter, Pastor.

## Mrs. EMMA JAHNKE ARNOLD of Baraboo, Wis.

Mrs. Emma Jahnke Arnold of Baraboo, Wis., daughter of Martin and Matilda Jahnke, was born on December 2, 1870 in the town of Freedom, Wisconsin, and died on February 6, 1946 at St. Mary's Ringling Hospital, Baraboo, Wisconsin a few hours after a fall on an icy sidewalk at her home. Death was attributed to a skull fracture. Her age was 75 years, 2 months and 4 days.

In early youth she was converted and baptized. She united with the North Freedom Baptist Church where she remained a faithful member until 7 years ago when she united with the First Baptist Church of Baraboo, Wisconsin.

She was united in marriage to Adam Arnold in 1894 and lived in the vicinity of Baraboo all her life. She was preceded in death by her husband and one sister, Mrs. Louis Mueller. Mrs. Arnold was a generous giver to missionary work and to Christian institutions.

Surviving Mrs. Arnold are 4 sisters: Mrs. Martha Hemberger, Miss Minnie Jahnke, Mrs. Bertha Smith, Mrs. Richard Lange, and one brother, Herman Jahnke, a number of nieces and nephews.

Reverends J. G. Hein and

Thomas D. Lutz, Officiating Ministers.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESSES

Rev. Leslie P. Albus  
Box 506  
Arnprior, Ontario, Canada

Rev. John Kemnitz  
3274 E. 121st St.  
Cleveland 20, Ohio

Rev. Henry Lang  
Wolf Point, Montana

Rev. Hugo Lueck  
932 No. 14th St.  
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Rev. C. Martens  
129 Harriet St.  
Winnipeg, Man., Canada

## YOUNG WOMEN

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## Mr. JOSEPH A. GOERS of Evanston, Illinois

Mr. Joseph A. Goers of Evanston, Illinois was born in Chicago on December 7, 1879 and had been a resident of Evanston since 1924. He was a member of the North Shore Baptist Church of Chicago for the greater part of his life (transferring from the German Baptist Church of Chicago where he was active as a very young man.) At the North Shore Baptist Church he sang in the church quartet, was a deacon of the church, and assistant superintendent of the Sunday School. He died on Sunday, January 13th. His dear wife preceded him in death five years ago.

He is survived by two sisters: Mrs. August Rennegarbe of Anaheim, Calif., and Mrs. Joseph Underwood of Oak Park, Ill.; a daughter, Mrs. E. B. Oberg of Milwaukee, Wis.; a son, Harold J. Goers of Kansas City, Mo.; and a granddaughter, Joanne Oberg. Dr. Weldon M. Wilson, pastor of North Shore Church, officiated at the funeral service and burial was in Forest Home Cemetery.

Evanston, Illinois.

Officiating Minister.

## Mrs. MARTHA WEBER of Emery, South Dakota

Mrs. Martha Weber, nee Heitzmann, was born on July 23, 1900 near Alexandria, So. Dak. During the ministry of Rev. W. H. Buening in the Plum Creek Baptist Church she was converted and baptized. On Dec. 30, 1919 she married John Weber of Wessington Springs, So. Dak. Later both returned to Plum Creek. In 1937 she with her husband joined the First Baptist Church of Emery, So. Dak., where she remained a faithful member until her death on January 28, 1946. A year before her death she suffered severely from internal ailments which confined her to her sick bed. Now the Lord has relieved her of her pain and taken her to himself. Everywhere she was beloved and respected for her kindness and liberal benevolence.

She is survived by her husband, five children, her mother, 4 sisters, 7 brothers and 2 grandchildren, and other relatives and friends. At the large funeral service on Jan. 30 held in the Emery Church the Reverends G. Rutsch, R. Piper, and J. Schweitzer served with the pastor in comforting word, prayer and song. The numerous floral tributes and the large attendance showed the high regard she had with all. May the Lord comfort and bless the bereaved.

First Emery Baptist Church,

Emery, So. Dak.

Arthur Ittermann, Pastor.

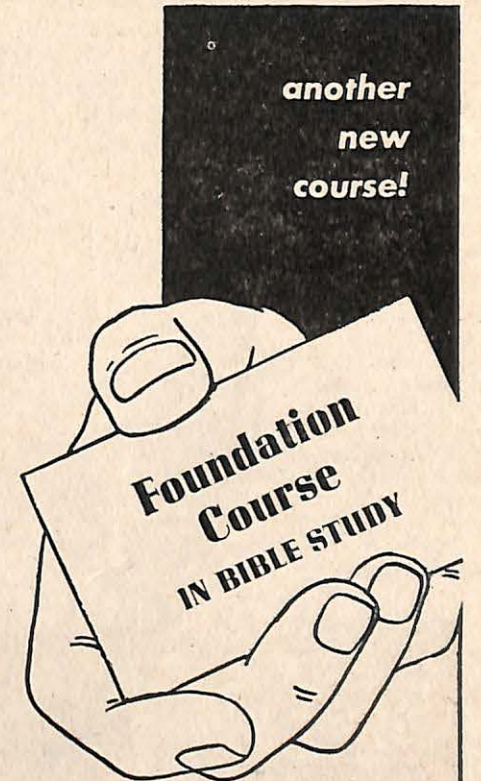
## We Spend Our Years

(Continued from Page 12)

it would not fit. As she sat on the old bench waiting for Jonathan, she felt strangely rebuked, for she had no sooner asked God to send her help than that help had come. Could it possibly have been an answer to prayer... or was it merely a coincidence?

The minutes passed slowly for Heather. Her watch showed that it was past lunchtime at the Morrison house. What would they be thinking? They were probably worrying about her this very minute. She began to feel frightened... Jonathan had been gone fifteen minutes. And then she heard the sound of a car coming up the hill. In another minute a car door slammed and then a voice was calling her name "Heather! Heather!" It was not Jonathan Kent's voice. Suddenly he tall form stepped over the threshold. It was Jim Fletcher!

(To Be Continued)



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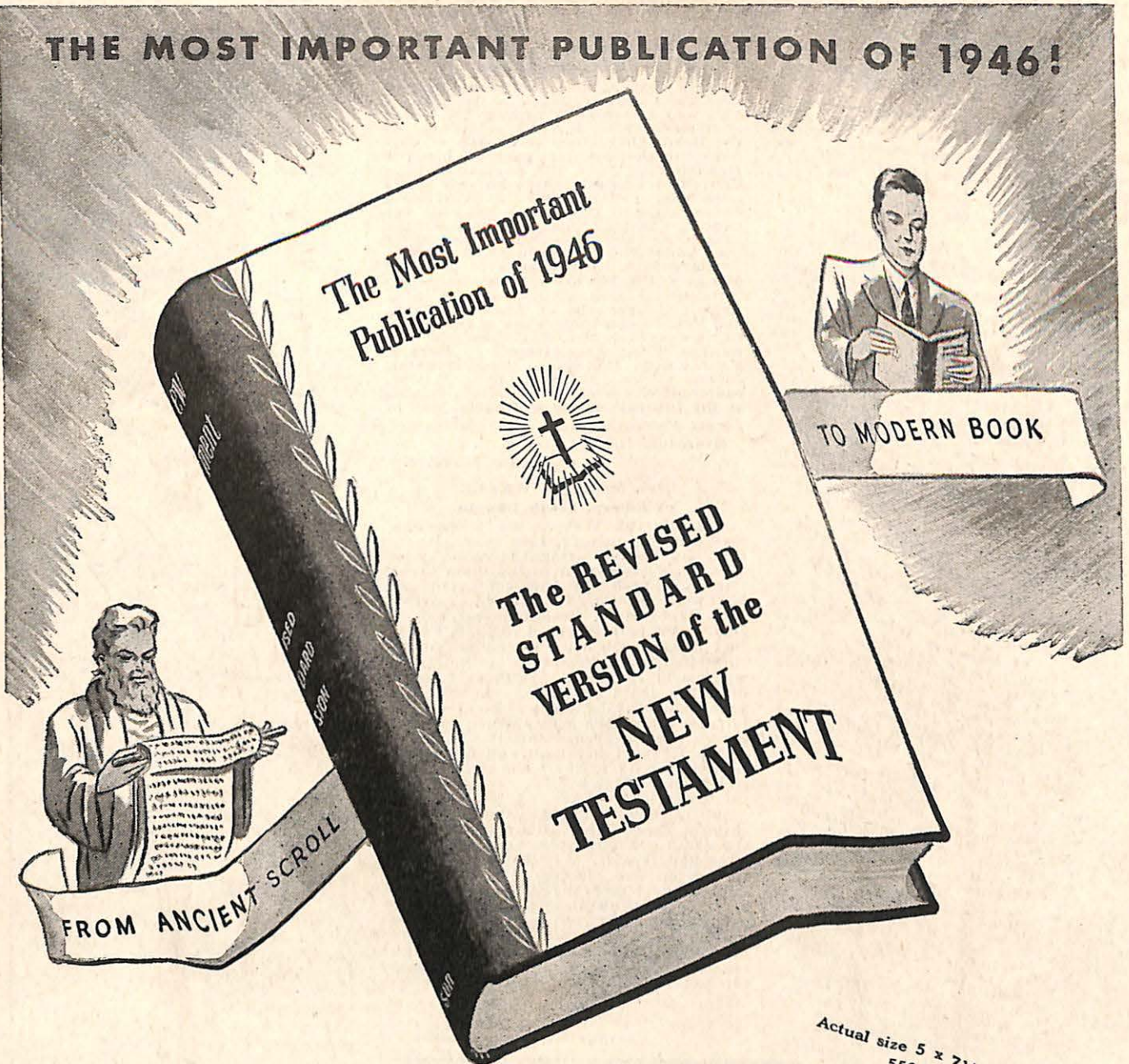
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