



Commencement Day!

BAPTIST HERALD

Printed in U.S.A.

May 15, 1946

WHAT'S HAPPENING . . .

● On Easter Sunday, April 21, the Rev. L. H. Broeker, pastor of the First Baptist Church of St. Joseph, Michigan, baptized 20 candidates on confession of their faith in Christ as Savior. Ten of these were baptized at the morning service and ten in the evening. Mr. Broeker wrote: "We had a fine Easter season; the best we have ever had here."

● On Sunday evening, March 17, the Calvary Baptist Church of Bethlehem, Pa., held a reception for its pastor and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Philip Potzner, on the occasion of their 30th wedding anniversary. A beautiful bouquet of flowers and a check for \$30.00 were presented to them. Brief messages of congratulations were extended to them by Mr. H. Schreiber, Sunday School superintendent; and Messrs. John Hahn, F. Stangl and G. Schroeter of the board of deacons.

● The Bethel Baptist Church of Ingersoll, Oklahoma recently extended a call to the Rev. John Heer of Shattuck, Okla., to which he has responded favorably. He resigned on Easter Sunday, April 21, and the resignation was accepted soon thereafter. Mr. and Mrs. Heer and their family will move to Ingersoll early in August to take up their ministry on this new field on Sunday, August 4.

● The Rev. W. H. Barsh of Lockhart, Texas, a graduate of our Rochester Baptist Seminary, has become the pastor of the large and influential Broadway Church of Houston, Texas, a church of the Southern Baptist Convention. He returned recently as a chaplain from two years of service overseas, during which he received five battle stars in the ETO. His address is 7300 Bowie, Houston 12, Texas.

● The April 1st issue of "The Herald" was slightly inaccurate in stating that Chaplain Paul G. Schade had recently resigned as the pastor of the Liberty St. Church of Meriden, Conn. Actually he resigned in May 1943 and the Rev. Alex Elsesser has been serving as the full-time pastor since that date. Mr. Schade is now pastor of the Baptist Church of Stepney, Conn., while also continuing his studies at Yale University at New Haven, Conn.

● The Baptist Church of Prince George, British Columbia, Canada has called Mr. Vincent Sprock, a 1945 graduate of our Seminary in Rochester, New York. This appointment was

made by the Northern Conference Mission Committee and ratified by the General Missionary Committee at its annual session on May 2nd. Mr. Sprock has already begun his ministry on this pioneer mission field in the Canadian Northwest.

● The Northern North Dakota Association will hold its annual association sessions at the Calvary Baptist Church of Carrington, No. Dak., from June 6 to 9. All delegates as members and friends of the association's churches are requested to send their reservations as early as possible to the Rev. Alfred Weisser, Carrington, No. Dak. It is recommended that each one bring provisions for his or her own Sunday meals. The guest speakers will be Prof. Albert Bretschneider of Rochester, N. Y., and Chaplain Frank Woyke of Stratford, Conn.

● Easter Sunday, April 21, was a glad day for the West Center St. Baptist Church of Madison, So. Dak. A capacity audience was in attendance at both services. In the evening five promising young people confessed their faith in Christ by following him in baptism. The Rev. Henry R. Schroeder, pastor, wrote that "the Easter offering was quite large, too, in spite of the fact that in this conference year the church has already given as much for missions as for local expenses."

● Recently evangelistic meetings were conducted by the Rev. and Mrs. R. P. Bronleewe of Champlin, Minn., in the Baptist Church of Baileyville, Ill., of which the Rev. H. Renkema is the pastor. Although there were no visible results in conversions, the church was blessed and revived through the gospel messages of the evangelist and besides his selections on the musical saw, his wife delighted the audiences with many fine renditions on the solovox, marimba and chimes. The church will hold a baptismal service in the near future.

● Chaplain B. W. Krentz returned to the United States on April 4 and after spending several days at the Separation Center returned to his home at 4221 Second Ave., Los Angeles 43, Calif., on April 13. He will be on terminal leave until June 30 when he will receive his honorable discharge. Chaplain Krentz spent some time in the Philippines before going to Yokohama, Japan with the occupation forces. A brief report of his experiences in Japan will appear in the next issue. He is anxious to serve one of our churches as he places himself under the wise guidance of God.

● On Palm Sunday evening, April 14, the Rev. Thomas Lutz, pastor of the Baptist Church of North Freedom, Wis., baptized two adult men on confession of their faith in Christ. During the Holy Week, services were held every evening with a communion service on Thursday evening. Easter Sunday was a day of spiritual festivities with the young people presenting the play, "Barabbas," and special music at the evening service. The morning Easter offering amounted to more than \$300 and the evening offering of more than \$40.00 was designated for the Youth Fellowship Crusade.

● On Sunday evening, April 7, the Rev. John Schmidt of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., baptized four converts and received them into the church's fellowship at the communion service. On that same Sunday Mr. Herbert Pankratz began his services as organist and choir director, succeeding Mrs. Walter Pankratz, who had served about five years. The Easter Sunrise service was in charge of the young people's society and its president, Mrs. Carl Orth. The message on "The Empty Tomb" was brought by the former Chaplain North E. West, at present a graduate student at Chicago's Northern Baptist Seminary.

● A series of special Bible lectures was held at the Baptist Church of Aplington, Iowa from April 22 to 28 with Dr. Arnold C. Schultz, professor of Old Testament Interpretation and Biblical Archeology at Chicago's Northern Baptist Seminary. On Friday evening, April 26, after the young people's rally, Dr. Schultz spoke on "The Bible as the Word of God" and showed motion pictures of his archeological work in Palestine. On the following evening at a supper meeting of the Young Married People's Group he showed slides about his work in the Holy Land. The Rev. C. Fred Lehr, pastor, reports that the meetings were very successful and greatly enjoyed.

● At the Passion Week meetings held from April 15 to 19 at the Zion Baptist Church of Okeene, Okla., the guest speaker was the Rev. W. W. Knauf of Vesper, Kansas. The Rev. H. G. Dymiel, home mission secretary, brought a message on "The Resurrection Life" at the Easter Sunday morning service. In the evening the Rev. Henry Pfeifer, pastor, baptized 2 candidates, and the pageant, "The Challenge of the Cross," was effectively presented by the young people of the church. From May 6 to 10 a study course on "Deepening the Spiritual Life" was conducted for the young people of the church.

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly
on the first and fifteenth of each month
by the
ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS
3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland 14, Ohio
Martin L. Leuschner, D.D., Editor

Contents

Cover Picture	Harold L. Phillips
What's Happening	2
Editorial—"Commencement's Open Doors"	3
"Home Again in the Philippines" by Mr. Milton Meyer	4
"The Peace That Can Last" by Dr. E. Milton Staub	6
"A Ministry to Baptist Refugees" by Rev. Wm. Hoover	7
"General Conference News and Notices"	8
"The Plan of Redemption in the Beatitudes"	9
"We Spend Our Years" Chapter Ten	10
Children's Page Edited by Miss Esther Schultz ..	13
"Deep in the Heart of Texas" by Rev. M. L. Leuschner	14
Reports from the Field	15
Obituaries	19

Coming

MANY HANDS ACROSS THE SEAS!

The story of our large relief program for our Baptist brethren in Central Europe and of their plight across the seas will be told in an article of news items, the latest facts about the relief shipments and the critical needs of the present hour.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CITY IS MY PARISH

The Rev. John Grygo of the Immanuel Baptist Church of New York City will describe his ministry in action in that great metropolis as the first of a series of three fascinating articles about our ministers in the big city, the small town and lonely rural area. These are articles that will really catch fire!

JESUS SAVIOR, PILOT ME

This familiar and beloved hymn is 75 years old in 1946! On the occasion of this Jubilee anniversary, the story of the hymn and of its remarkable blessings will be related by Miss Ruby Thompson with real spiritual feeling for the truths that the song embodies.

Subscription price—\$1.50 a year
To Foreign countries—\$1.75 a year

Advertising rates, \$1.50 per inch, single column, 2 1/4 inches wide.

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

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner, 7308 Madison St., Forest Park, Illinois.

All business correspondence is to be addressed to the Roger Williams Press, 3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland 14, Ohio.

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

EDITORIAL



Cleveland, Ohio
Volume 24

May 15, 1946
Number 10

Commencement's Open Doors

GRADUATION from school is an exciting episode in the life of every young person. A milestone has been reached that represents the successful completion of certain educational requirements. The commencement exercises throw open doors of opportunity to every graduate which reveal a new vista of responsibilities before him or her. A new chapter in life has begun!

Such an occasion calls for the congratulations of the onlooker. The parents and friends on the sidelines are eager to encourage the successful graduate to climb to greater heights. The festive pause at graduation time takes the student to the threshold of doors of opportunity where he eagerly awaits their opening. Life has a challenge in days like that!!

Commencement exercises at high schools and colleges are often only the stepping-stones to new heights and goals of educational preparation. In this process of training the student becomes better equipped to meet the tasks of life and to assume large responsibilities of leadership. Such doors cannot remain closed to young people with these backgrounds!

Graduation at a seminary is even more significant. These commencement exercises are the climax of many years of study and of a long uphill educational climb. The experiences of the classroom have prepared the graduate to enter the open doors of service. As a minister of a church, the Seminary graduate now proclaims the gospel of Christ and launches out in his service as a leader of men. He is now on his own to prove his spiritual worth and leadership stature.

It will help every school graduate to face these open doors humbly and circumspectly if he will recognize God's part in the experience. Opportunities of life become challenging only as God guides us and determines the direction of our activity. God opens the doors upon fields of labor where we can put to the test what we have learned in the laboratory. The handiwork of God is revealed anew as the graduate starts this new chapter in his life and learns to say: "In the beginning God!"

The month of May is a gala time for commencements. The stately processions of graduates is intently watched by happy onlookers. Doors of opportunity open wide to the hosts of ambitious youth. Life commences to lay heavy tasks and responsibilities upon young shoulders and to demand the evidences of a person's real worth. Blessed is that graduate who goes forward with firm tread, assured that every open door is God's opportunity for him!



—Acme Photo
Filipino Refugees Return to Their Homes on Leyte Island With Smiling Faces and With Candy Gifts in Their Hands Given to Them by American Soldiers

MANILA! Pearl of the Orient in pre-war days, now shorn ignobly of its luster, its beauty compromised by the destructive force of modern-day warfare, brilliance deadened by stagnation under the Japanese occupation. Hot and humid city, cosmopolite, down but never quite out under the occupation.

I awoke to a clouded sultry morning the day after I had arrived from China via air travel at the Manila Leave Center. Typical Manila climate, I said to myself and eyed with disfavor the low-hanging clouds, omen to sudden tropical showers, unpredictable and terrifyingly swift in their outbursts. The autumnal season in the Philippines was a variation of the wet season. There are but two seasons in the Orient, wet or dry, and all the months may fall into these two general categories, depending upon the degree of rainfall. The wet clothes from the night before had not yet dried out. I left them to air on the cot and went out to see what was left of the city in the daylight.

MANILA IN RUINS

Where to begin? The streets had not changed any from the time when I was in the city in pre-war days; the names came back. But the buildings? Destruction was almost total south of the river, as I had heard before arriving. One optimistically had hoped for the best in spite of the ill-begot news, yet visually revisiting the city the cruel destruction was all too evident. I went

on a tour of Manila conducted daily by the Leave Center. That was the easiest way to see the greatest number of places most conveniently. As one soon realized, the only way to get around was via some Army vehicle. The thumb was well exercised in my case; lifts came surprisingly easy.

On that initial tour the city was well covered. Intramuros—"within the walls"—site of the first Spanish settlement on the mud banks in the Bay, was almost totally gone. This historic section contained the earliest churches and government buildings; it also housed thousands upon thousands of tenement dwellers cramped up in ancient rambling Spanish wood houses, reeking of filth, lacking of sunshine, living in squalor. Not a building was now intact, save for the thick stone walls of the old churches. The whole area had been bulldozed and was leveled flat. Gone was the entire community. One could see within the walls from one to the other side of the city, a feat not easily done before the war.

Destruction was not limited to the old section of the city. Almost all of the modern apartments and office buildings had been wrecked. The colonnaded Philippine Legislative building lay in shambles, the Corinthian columns twisted and warped, the roof caved in. The large port area, full of warehouses, had been gutted. Although buildings were standing, there was nothing in them, only bare columns of steel, without a partition, floor or ceiling left.

Walking around the neighborhoods I had lived in, I noticed places of personal interest gone. Churches where I had worshipped, schools which I had attended, homes where I had lived; all had been ruined, gutted. It seemed so utterly different that it was unbelievable as I recalled various bygone scenes with pleasure associated with their respective places.

Almost as pitiful was the destruction of the trees. Beautiful acacias, givers of needed shade from the hot tropical skies were for the most part hollowed by the cankerous flames. They were now withering away no more to give out with their green beauty. Total war spares neither man nor nature.

THE FLIGHT TO ILOILO

After a week of waiting around in Manila for an army plane to go south, my name finally came up on the roster and I boarded the plane at one of the Army fields outside the city and headed southward on the two-motored C-47, which was filled to capacity. A couple of Negro soldiers sprawled over the barracks bags piled in front of the cabin. The interior of a plane in flight soon takes on a drowsy atmosphere. This was no exception, and soon legs and arms sprawled out in cramped directions, aching to find a bit of free space. Trying to sleep or even to go through the motions and positions of reclining rest is a paramount problem, a problem which often resolves itself into distorted solutions.

Home Again in the Philippines!

A Stirring Missionary Saga by Mr.
MILTON MEYER,
the Oldest Son of the Martyred Missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Meyer of Capiz,
the Philippines

(To Be Continued in the Next Issue)

Going down for a landing already. This must be Mindoro! Yes, San Jose, Mindoro, scene of the second big Philippine landing which cut the island into half. A hot blast of air reached into the plane as the door was opened; we trailed out to stretch our legs. The ubiquitous Red Cross girl was there with sandwiches and cold and very refreshing drinks. A few passengers got off; many more embarked. "A capacity load," I heard someone say, and believed it upon re-entering the cabin. I thought the plane had been fully crowded upon leaving Manila, but there always seemed to be space for several more.

Next stop Iloilo. I wondered what would be left of the city. Like the rest of the Philippine towns I had heard that it had been subjected to severe bombings and shellings both from our forces and the enemy. The plane landed out quite a ways from the city on the Army airstrip at Mandurriao, a suburb. Getting a ride from one of the GI's who was going into town, I found out that the trains, after a fashion, had resumed their twice-daily trips up to Capiz, and I decided to take the next one up, which would be leaving in an hour.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE

At the rambling barn-like Iloilo station I esconced myself in one of the railway cars. Besides the ordinary steam-propelled locomotive engines, this railway line had in operation what was generally known as "sub-urban" trains, consisting of a car-engine, usually a Ford motor, in the front coach and two or more half-open cars behind. Such was the type of train I was on. The front car with the engine was still in the repair shop and knowing the Oriental disbelief in haste, I knew that it would be some time before we would start off, although it was already two in the afternoon, the scheduled time of departure.

It was good to hear the dialect again; from all sides a constant chatter kept up. Words that I had forgotten came back to me. One stout lady was discursing on the high prices of commodities and rather enjoyed being the center of attraction through virtue of possessing the loudest voice. "Canned milk," she audibly explained, "is still expensive; fifty cents a can," (this was last November), "yet it is nothing like occupation days," she continued, "when a case of twenty-four cans cost one thousand dollars," emergency money (or "Mickey Mouse money," as it was also widely called!). One vendor on the train was trying to sell an ordinary sheet, a plain simple white sheet for ten dollars. And so it went. After a three hour wait, the little, fragile-looking engine reared into view and slowly we started off on the last lap of the journey for me.

I had forgotten that Panay was such a lush island. In the late afternoon

sun the various pastel shades of green showed up beautifully; the lightest green of the half-grown rice, the darker green of the bamboo clumps and mango trees in the near distance; the emerald green of the rolling tableland further away and then the blue hills, the chiseled peaks, the highest always covered by the clouds, in the far distance. Splendid colors splashed luxuriously over the vast blue easel of the sky; artistic nature usually ended a tropical day gaudily. A veritable Shangrila!

HOME AT LAST!

At one-thirty in the morning of November fifth Capiz was finally reached. The mission compound is on the railway track before the city, and at the stop in front of the compound I got off. The buildings were still standing! It was a joy to see them intact. I had heard that the hospital, where Dad had been director for twenty-two years, had been burned. It turned out that the hospital that was burned was the one in the interior of the island where the first evacuation was made at the outbreak of the war; not the hospital at Capiz. And the home on the hill! This was saved. After four and a half years with a destructive global war intervening, after four and a half years of fervent desire of youth to return home, it was too big a joyful event for me to grasp immediately. I wandered in a daze around the compound in the middle of the night, taking in everything.

An armed guard? Who was that shouldering a rifle? I approached and questioned him. It turned out that a detachment of American Military Police had taken over the hospital for their headquarters temporarily and attached to them were a number of Filipino guards. This was one of them. Jeeps and other army vehicles lined the entrance to the hospital. Odd, indeed, to come all the way around the world and find MP's at your doorsteps, especially in this off-the-beaten-track town! The guard, however, seemed to have qualifications about my intentions, for when he was relieved by another, he said in the dialect to the newcomer, "Bas makawat sia?" meaning, "Maybe he is a thief!" I kept a straight face. Despite his suspicions, he volunteered to put me up on a cot in a room in the hospital. It turned out that it was the very same room in which I had been born. A cycle had completed itself.

The next morning I moved up to my home on the hill. Some church members had taken it over for safekeeping and were living in it to prevent any further looting. And it had been thoroughly looted by both civilians and the enemy! Almost every porch railing was gone, presumably used for firewood. Whole cupboards had been ripped out of the dining room. In the bathroom toilets were missing, even the bathtub! For a wood house, such

as ours was, to survive almost wholly intact in twice-burned Capiz town was a miracle. And ironical it was! Because of the presence of the enemy garrison on the compound, the guerrilla forces had never reached it, since they had burned the rest of the town in a scorched earth policy.

THE FILIPINO GRAPEVINE

Hours were spent in wandering around the yard. Every tree, every shrub had a case history. The rocks in the rock garden on the slope in the front yard still conformed to the general pattern on which I had laid them out shortly before leaving home in the summer of 1941 to go to college in America. There were some two-dozen different Oriental plants and trees in our one acre yard. Nature is profuse and variegated in the tropics. The house had undergone quite a history under the occupation. The Japanese colonel in command of all the troops in the province used it for his living quarters and office. Prominent Filipinos held under suspicion were imprisoned there; some of them church members.

The grapevine worked fast, for the whole town soon found out that a son of the doctor had returned. It was with pleasure that familiar faces were seen once again. The Filipino teachers of the Baptist Home School on the compound had long conversations with me, and as they had taught me from first grade on up through seventh, I learned quite a bit about my childhood. Former nurses came in from various parts of the province. One of them rode part way on the back of a water buffalo, then floated downstream by raft and finally by train. Our former cook walked in fifteen miles; she regaled me with all the delicious recipes Mother had taught her.

All had a story to tell; unbelievable stories they were. It was hard to imagine that such good friends had undergone so much. The governor's family may be cited as typical. During the siege of Bataan, the governor, Mr. G. Hernandez, a Baptist layman, was responsible for sending three shiploads of rice and food to the beleaguered defendants of the peninsula. I read letters of commendation to him from General McArthur and the late President Quezon thanking him and the people of Capiz for their material aid.

When the invasion of Panay came on April 16, 1942, they escaped to the interior and spent a good deal of time hiding in the hills and the swamps, forever on the go, endlessly changing places of refuge. The governor was finally caught on a neighboring island, returned to Capiz and kept a prisoner in our home. One afternoon the Japanese colonel called him into his office and laying a loaded revolver on the table told him bluntly: "Your cooperation is requested." But that was

(Continued on Page 20)



The United States Flag Flies High Over the Palm Trees on a South Pacific Island and a Large Army Base

AS WITH every complex experience, each Service Man and Woman has had varying impacts upon his personality, depending upon his or her particular job in the war. But one thing we have all had in common, regardless of where our assignment may have been, and that is—waiting. Waiting long hours and sometimes days for something about which we knew little or nothing!

It afforded opportunity for reflection or pastime, and in those hours many individuals degenerated while others grew. Those of us who have come from Christian families have reflected more than once upon what might be wrong with a world in which people spend millions of dollars to make it pleasant and billions to blow it to pieces.

WAR'S DEVASTATION

Let me take you through a city that has tasted war. Once its beautiful tree lined streets smiled upon happy, laughing children at play. But now the broken branches of naked trees beside the rubble, that once were homes, are as naked as the prematurely old children that poke in the ruins for bits of

The Peace That Can Last

Reflections of a Returning Service Man and a Challenge to the Church in the Post-war World by Dr. E. MILTON STAUB of Westfield, N. J.

food or pieces of wood with which to warm their emaciated bodies. Caves shelter shattered families from which menfolk have been taken by death or the enemy.

I mention this not because I want you to fear the horrors of another war that might touch our own homes, but because I want you to ask with me the question, "WHAT IS WRONG WITH A RACE OF PEOPLE THAT BUILDS WONDERFUL THINGS FOR COMFORT, BEAUTY AND ENJOYMENT AND THEN SPENDS A THOUSAND TIMES MORE SO THAT IT MIGHT BE LAID TO RUINS?" Nature with her earthquakes, famine and flood may seem hard, and the practices of cannibals and warring aborigines may be cruel, but these are but afternoon teas when compared with the extent and degree of modern warfare.

Some people have tried to bring about peace through world courts, leagues of nations, disarmament agreements, but in each instance the failure lay not with the document of agreement but with the human element. Man somehow or other could not be depended upon to live up to the agreement he made.

CHANGED PERSONS

Somehow I for one returning Service Man feel that there can be little hope of harmonious living together until the attitudes of the majority of peoples have been changed. As a doctor having shared in the frailties of moral structures, and being aware of the weaknesses to which even the Christian may fall, nevertheless, I am optimistic because the Christian knows that the disgrace in falling lies not in having fallen, but in being satisfied to lie there. He is constantly trying to better his past performance. He becomes a changed individual because of his association with Christ. Only with changed persons can we have a changed world.

Our only hope for changing people lies in Christian education. I view with deep concern a recent proposal to eliminate Christian teaching from the public schools in Illinois. We once thought a better world would follow education alone, but we have discover-

ed that it is the educated criminal whom we have to fear more than the ignorant petty thief; the crafty cunning and scientific enemy, more than the enemy who depends upon might alone. The same airplanes which dropped bombs also dropped food and medical supplies. The same ships that brought ammunition to the foreign shores brought wounded men and refugees to safety. Even now as we talk about the atomic bomb, scientists are talking about harnessing atomic energy to give us cheap transportation and heat. It is the direction in which one's knowledge is used that determines whether it will be for good or evil.

CHRIST'S TEACHING

Where then can Christian education best be given to the world? Through the dark ages of ignorance, and the black days of hatred, handfuls of faithful followers of Christ have kept alive the spark of hope and have brought untold blessings to man. In spite of persecution and neglect the church has survived. Today it faces the challenge. Are the things it has taught through the ages really true?

Will such practices as "Loving your enemy," "Doing good to those who despitefully use you," "Forgiving those who trespass against us," "Not being anxious for the morrow," "Not thinking more highly of ourselves than we ought to think"—will such practices really work? Some of us believe they will, but before they can be tried among nations they must be demonstrated among individuals in our community. Members of the church must demonstrate these things and teach them to each other, their children, and to those with whom they do business outside of the church.

Those who say, "There have always been wars, and there will always be wars"—human nature cannot be changed, are as ignorant as those who say the atom cannot be smashed. To them uranium is still black dirt. It took two billion dollars of our money and thousands if not millions of man-hours of labor to prove what power lay hidden in that black dirt. How much more are we willing to spend and how much effort will be expended to release the power hidden in Christ's teachings? To be a voice that is heard in the world today, the church must speak with authority and back up what it says with action.

To teach others we must have physical institutions, places where we can meet, classrooms for study and sanctuaries where we can worship. But (Continued on Page 19)

THE AUTHOR

Dr. Staub is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Elmer Staub of Detroit, Michigan. He and his three brothers, Arthur, Gordon and David, served in the United States Armed Forces During the Second World War. This article was delivered by Dr. Staub as a message to a church group some time ago.

A Ministry to Baptist Refugees

A Heart-stirring Report by the Rev. WM. HOOVER of the Connors Ave. Church, Detroit, Michigan

MADE my arrival in Copenhagen, Denmark on March 28th. Immediately I proceeded with my investigation in the refugee camps. To my pleasant surprise it was my good pleasure to meet Pastor Hugo Strehlow of Königsberg, Germany. He is doing a splendid work among the refugees. He has both freedom and recognition from the Danish government. He has received a pass which enables him to commute between the different refugee camps.

At present, there are 200 such refugee camps with a total of 240,000 Germans. Of this total we have 1500 Baptists. Most of them have come from East Prussia. It is among these refugees that we can do our greatest missionary work.

THINGS NEEDED IN EUROPE

I spoke at three of the camps and made some observations. Our people are desperately in need of the following: Babies' clothing, for most babies die soon after birth. Children's clothing of all descriptions; shoes for both children, men and women. Ladies' and men's clothes and especially underwear and stockings; blankets for bedding would be very much appreciated. Since the refugees are not permitted to do any outside work, they have ample time to do all the sewing we permit them to do. In fact, it would be a blessing for them if we could give them some sewing to do. Therefore, the smallest pieces of cloth or old clothing could be put to good use. The clothing that is sent to Denmark need not be new or mended. However, they should have needles and thread. Material for the repairing of shoes can also be used.

German tracts and Testaments are sorely needed. Our "Evangeliums-Lieder" would prove a real blessing since they have no song books that our people are used to singing out of. Bibles could also be put to good use for Bible study periods. All the German reading books that could be procured would prove a real blessing to the people in the camps who have many hours at their disposal and nothing to do.

As to the possibilities of the distribution of clothing to the Baptists in the various camps I have made the following investigations and received a very favorable answer. In company with Dr. Bredahl Petersen, who is a well-known and highly respected Baptist minister and who has been vice-president of the Danish Baptist Union in Denmark for five years, I arranged to

meet with the government director of the foreign refugee camps in Denmark. Dr. Petersen's influence was of invaluable help in procuring the most favorable terms that one could ask for.

The government has granted permission to send our relief to the Baptist families in approximately 80 camps. They have also granted us the privilege to send parcels to individuals but they need not contain any food. Since the people in the camps are receiving 2500 calories a day and no work is required

have Baptist refugees. We have had the privilege of preaching to them and fellowshiping with them. They have heartbreaking stories to tell. There is hardly a family which is not missing some loved one. For example, the Rev. and Mrs. H. Strehlow do not know the whereabouts of their oldest daughter. One Sunday after the service a father of 13 children approached me and with tear-stained eyes remarked: "I do not know where any of my children or wife are. Can't you



Five "Youth for Christ" Leaders, Included Dr. Torrey M. Johnson (With Dark Topcoat), and Rev. Wm. Hoover (Right Next to Plane) Wave Farewell to Friends Before Leaving by Plane on March 18 from Chicago to London for Important Meetings and Conferences in England and the European Continent

of them they do not need more food. None of them are underfed but, as aforesaid, they are desperately in need of clothing. The government also granted a hitherto unknown thing in granting me a pass to all the camps. This was a special privilege for which we can indeed feel thankful to God.

We were also told that it may be possible within three or four months to gather all our Baptist refugees into one or two camps. That would facilitate matters indeed. It would enrich their fellowship and make it easier for Brothed Strehlow to shepherd them.

TOURING THE CAMPS

Brother Strehlow and I have made a tour of all the camps in which we

The Rev. Wm. Hoover was planning to return to the United States early in May. Further reports about his experiences in Europe will appear in later issues of "The Herald."

help me find them?" It is pathetic indeed and therefore I feel that we should do all we can to help to alleviate the suffering of these people.

I should like to suggest the following channels through which we can best get our help and relief work to our people. Since the government authorities have been so gracious to us and the Danish Baptist Union so cooperative, for they were the only one through the able leadership of Dr. Petersen that came to the rescue of our people, when they arrived here, they would be the logical groups through whom to work. Dr. Petersen has offered both his help and influence as well as his church for storage purpose in this matter of relief for our refugees. Since the Danish Baptists have a free hand and are highly respected by the government, they can get privileges granted that no one else could get.

It might be of interest to you that (Continued on Page 19)

Conference Program Features

By the Rev. E. P. WAHL, Chairman of the General Conference Program Committee

The program committee of the General Conference met in the early part of January, eager and determined to do its assigned job. All branches of our denominational work were represented and everybody was concerned to have all phases of the great work entrusted to us represented on the General Conference program.

We are now presenting to our people a program which is unique in some respects and different from the ordinary conference programs. It promises interesting sessions throughout the conference days. Every meeting should be of some special value to all who can attend.

The program throughout the days has challenging, instructive and inspiring features to offer. Surely, as you have read it as it appeared in the last issue of "The Baptist Herald," it will have served to arouse in you an even greater desire to be at Tacoma, Washington for those conference days.

The theme chosen for the conference is striking, awakening and leading us to a more complete surrender to our Lord and Master. That opening evening service should bring to all present an unforgettable inspiration. Already much preparation and planning for the particular service have been made.

God's people have a mighty task to perform in these days. Resolutions and decisions need to be made at this conference which will be far-reaching. The program reminds us that we must be much in prayer and deep thought and open for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Blessed are the ones who shall have a part in bringing the will of God to pass through the important business sessions of the conference.

You will notice the special time allotted even during the day sessions to spiritual and devotional things. It will thrill our souls to hear the testimonies of our brethren giving us a glimpse of how the Lord saved and called them to special service.

Every evening at the conference promises to be an experience on the Mount of Transfiguration. You will agree that very exceptional and helpful type of meetings have been suggested by the program committee.

The young people have much to which they can look forward as they study the program. Their leaders are working hard to have many worthwhile features to offer to our youth that will find it possible to attend the conference.

Conference visitors, indeed, can expect to receive much through such a splendid program but of greater importance is the fact that the program exalts and honors the holy Name of

our God, the Father. Every meeting should bring to the hearts of the conference guests a new and increased appreciation of our Lord God. How appropriate therefore that the program committee arranged for a consecration service at the closing meeting.

May it be your privilege to be with many others of God's children from our churches from all sections of the country at the General Conference in Tacoma, Washington!

Additional features on the General Conference program will appear in forthcoming issues of "The Baptist Herald." Plans are also being completed for the special train to Tacoma with a more detailed announcement to appear shortly.

GENERAL CONFERENCE HOUSING
Important housing information for

General Conference Invitation!

By Miss ELIZABETH AHRENS, Clerk of the Calvary Baptist Church of Tacoma, Washington

THE MEMBERS and pastors of the Calvary Baptist Church and the Portland Avenue Chapel of Tacoma, Washington are happy that our fair city has been chosen as the meeting place for the 28th General Conference of the North American Baptists. We, therefore, would extend a hearty invitation to everyone in our fellowship to be our guests next August.

We know that you will not want to miss this General Conference, which in addition to the inspiration always afforded by a gathering of kindred hearts, the heart-warming messages and the reports of progress, will challenge us with tremendous opportunities and obligations in the post-war world.

While it is true that the conference city is situated, geographically speaking, on the perimeter of our great work here in North America, which means considerable travel for some of our people, we feel that the scenic beauty of the Pacific Northwest will amply reward everyone.

Tacoma, because of its unique situation on Commencement Bay of the Puget Sound, and at the foot of majestic Mt. Rainier, offers many attractions the year round, from "sea-level to ski-level."

Our city, with a population of 150,000 friendly people, is reached directly by three major railroads from the East

all General Conference delegates and visitors has been announced by the Reverends W. C. Damrau and Virgil Savage of the Calvary Church of Tacoma, Wash.

Approximately 245 rooms have been promised by Tacoma's hotels, all of which are within a few blocks of the First Baptist Church of the city. Most of these are double rooms; some are triple rooms. The cost will be from \$2.00 to \$6.00 a day for a double room for both persons.

The committee cannot make any guarantee regarding cabins at this early date. Some lodging in private homes will be available to a limited extent.

There are two fine college dormitory buildings about seven miles away with good bus service to Tacoma, in which double rooms will be available to those who bring their own bedding. These rooms will cost about \$1.00 per bed.

All conference delegates and visitors are asked to write immediately with the following information: How many in your party? Male or female? When will you arrive? What kind of lodging do you want? State several choices.

with direct connections from the South (California and Oregon) through Portland, Oregon, and the main Canadian railroads through Vancouver, B. C. In addition, United Airlines maintain regular fast service from any part of the United States and Canada to our new joint Seattle-Tacoma airport. Transcontinental bus lines and major highways connect this city with any part of the country and Canada. Yes, people can even come by steamer from East or Gulf Coast ports at very reasonable rates.

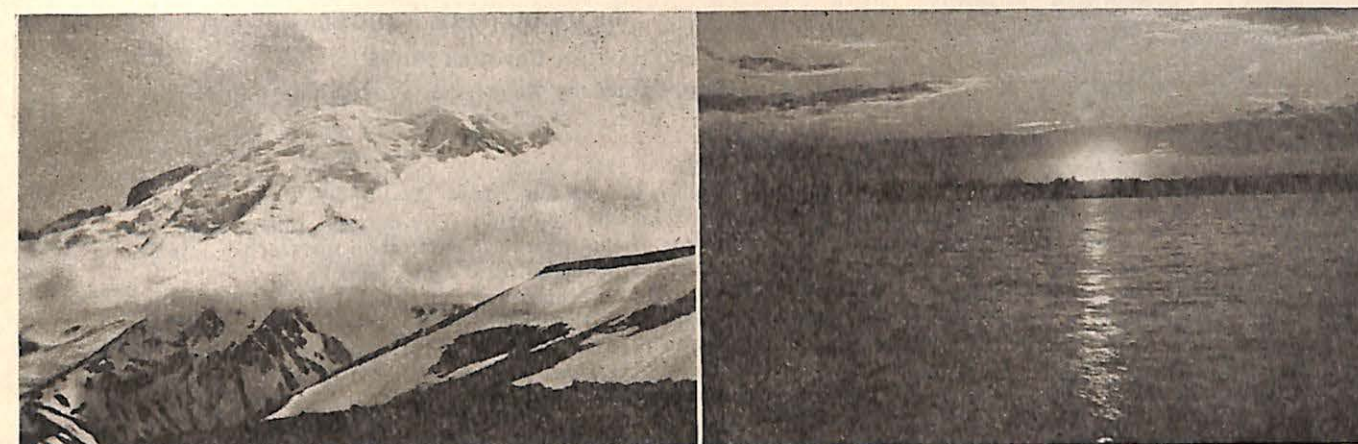
For those who plan to spend their vacations here, either before or after the conference, resorts of every description beckon, offering accommodations for every purse, in the mountains, on the lakes, at the Pacific Ocean shore, or on beautiful Hoods Canal.

Since our own church buildings are not large enough to accommodate the conference, the members and genial pastor of the First Baptist Church, Dr. Walter O. Macoskey, have offered us the use of their commodious edifice with its large auditorium and its many conference rooms. This church is located in the downtown area of our city.

Again, in the name of our Lord, we extend our heartiest welcome to you to attend the 28th General Conference in Tacoma, Washington from August 19 to 25.

The Plan of Redemption in the Beatitudes

By Rev. F. O. GERWIN of Oklahoma City, Okla.



Enthralling Views of Mt. Rainier (Left) and Puget Sound (Right) in the State of Washington as Photographed Several Years Ago by the Rev. August Lutz of St. Bonifacius, Minnesota

THE SERMON on the Mount introduced Jesus to his public ministry. In this first public discourse of his he set forth in simple terms, as only HE could do, the requirements and the working principles of the plan for redeeming sinful men—the plan for which he came to earth to perfect.

Theologians and Bible students too often take the position that there is no salvation in the Beatitudes, nor saving grace in the Sermon on the Mount, but it is all there. Why should the Son of God in his opening pronouncement give us a group of incoherent, sweet sayings of great moral value, yet meaningless in relation to the purpose of his mission on earth? Even a vote-seeking politician will get down to facts as to what he proposes to do when he makes his first speech in the campaign.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT. Not the spiritually worthless, but blessed is the man who has come to the realization of his spiritual poverty and utter bankruptcy, who has come to the realization that he is lost, and that there is nothing within himself which he can trust for salvation. Such poverty can only be revealed by the Holy Spirit through the conviction of sin.

A sinner "poor in spirit" has arrived at the first step toward his redemption. Surely, the Kingdom belongs to such. The need of the hour is to proclaim anew from our pulpits this vital doctrine, for convictionless professions which are so popular these days can only fill churches with worldly members, thus jeopardizing the candlestick. There is no salvation apart from total conviction.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN. This is repentance. "Godly

sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation." (II Cor. 7:10.) God's law had been broken; hence the sorrow. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:3.) There is no redemption without it.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK. Here Jesus speaks of humility. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein." (Mark 10:15.) Salvation comes by birth (John 3:3), and it is no accident that only little children are ever born. There is no salvation apart from sincere humility and meekness.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS. Hunger and thirst compel and motivate a seeking to satisfy these cravings. Without this hunger and thirst the sinner would have no desire for "the bread of life," or "the living water." Blessed is the sinner who anxiously desires righteousness.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL. A willingness to forgive others is a

prerequisite to receiving forgiveness. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly father forgive your trespasses." (Matt. 6:15.) While this condition does not apply to every sinner, for not all sinners have ought to forgive men, yet there must be that willingness to forgive wherever the condition exists. This is also true of Christians who ask forgiveness from the Father.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART. This refers to cleansing. Such are new creatures in Christ, pure in heart, having received a spiritual "blood transfusion" from heaven's "blood bank." "They shall see God." This is the first Beatitude with such a promise.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS. Vertically considered, blessed is the man who makes peace with God. Such are called God's children, children born of God, at peace with God and man. This culminates in the new birth, and establishes a spiritual relationship that is eternal. Having experienced a spiritual rebirth, he is now qualified as a peacemaker, horizontally—man to man—to bring this peace to his fellowman by bringing him to the great Peacemaker who said, "My peace I give unto you."

BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE. The first promise to God's children is persecution. No where is there a promise of "flowery beds of ease." Rejoice that you are accounted worthy of persecution for his name.

Nowhere in Scripture is the redemptive plan, from the sinner's side of the equation, so clearly and so forcefully stated, step by step, as in the beautiful Beatitudes.

THE AUTHOR

Mr. F. O. GERWIN is the son of one of the early members of our former North American Baptist Church at Piney, Arkansas, and it was here that he received his early Christian teaching. He has continued to be an active Christian since his conversion in his youth and has spent many years as a teacher in Sunday Schools of the churches to which he has belonged. At present he and his wife are both active in the Lord's work in the Foster Baptist Church of Oklahoma City, where he teaches the Men's Bible Class. Their son is a ministerial student in one of the Oklahoma schools. He is a personal friend of the Rev. A. G. Rietdorf of Beatrice, Nebraska.

We Spend Our Years

By CHARLOTTE KRUGER

A Christian Novel

Copyrighted by Zondervan Publishing House



SYNOPSIS

Heather Allison went to Vermont, "the land of green mountains," where her uncle, Anthony Morrison, soon made her feel at home in his lovely mansion. She found friendly people in the little church and discovered a new joy in helping the Fletchers whose house had burned to the ground. The widower, Jim Fletcher, even proposed to her. She also met Jonathan Kent, a young missionary to Africa. Back again in New York she found a wonderful companion, Virginia Hansen, who told her about her faith in Christ. Heather and Virginia spent their Christmas holidays in Vermont.

CHAPTER TEN

It was a clear cold evening in January. Virginia's Arnold was in for a brief furlough and Heather was alone in the apartment.

There had been a letter from Uncle Anthony that afternoon informing her of Jonathan Kent's presence in New York City. He was speaking at various churches of his denomination, and Heather was debating within herself whether or not she would go to the place where he was scheduled to speak that evening. She glanced at her watch. It was already seven-thirty. The meeting would probably start at eight. Yes, there would be time to get there if she hurried. She could probably slip in with other people and take a back seat, then slip out quickly after the meeting so that Jonathan could not possibly see her in the congregation.

At exactly eight o'clock Heather emerged from the subway exit and walked briskly the remaining two

blocks to the church. It was one to which Virginia had taken her several times, so she was sure of the location. She had taken with her the beautiful leather-bound Bible that had been Virginia's Christmas present to her. Of late she had begun to read in it, and had found it interesting. Then, too, Virginia had such a wonderful way of explaining things to her. Since September she had been attending Bible school classes two evenings each week, and she just bubbled over with the things she was learning. On those nights that Virginia was at school, Heather stayed home and wrote letters or read.

In a few minutes, Heather had reached the large grey stone church. The service had just begun. Several other men and women were passing through the great oak doors as she reached them and slipped in with them. Once inside, she took her place where the usher indicated, in a back pew.

The congregation had just begun to sing. It was a hymn that Heather had never heard before, and as she found her place in the book, she listened especially to the words . . .

Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls forever may be lost;
Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost?

During the singing of the chorus, Heather saw Jonathan Kent on the pulpit. A queer happiness welled up in her heart, and then it changed to a feeling of sadness. Jonathan belonged to Africa with its millions of black men and women. His heart was there. Hers was here in America. Jonathan belonged to the Christ of the Cross. She did not.

The entire service was a revelation to Heather. She listened intently to every word that was spoken. Never had she realized before the appalling number of people there were in the world who had never had one single opportunity to hear about God's love. And here she was . . . Heather Allison . . . hearing the Gospel over and over again, and yet not willing to do anything about it. A sense of shame crept over her.

And now a young man arose to sing. The organist played a simple introduction; then the words came out . . . clear and plaintive . . .

One sat alone beside the highway begging,
His eyes were blind, the light he could not see;
He clutched his rags and shivered in the shadows;
Then Jesus came and bade his darkness flee.

Heather had just recently read the story of a blind man in her lovely new Bible. Her heart warmed as she realized that she knew at least a little about the contents of the Book . . . though her knowledge was pitifully small, she admitted. How much like that blind man she was . . . she thought to herself . . . clutching about her the rags of her own self-righteousness, and blind to the things of God! Yes, she was blind . . . spiritually blind. Oh, if only the light of God would shine into her darkened heart! Suddenly a sense of deep conviction began to settle down upon her heart. There was an earnest desire within her to get right with God . . . to know Him . . . to see the Lord Jesus as Jonathan saw Him, as Jim Fletcher saw Him, as Virginia and her Arnold saw Him!

The soloist had now finished the last stanza and was singing the refrain. His splendid baritone voice, together with his sincere attitude, touched Heather's inmost being . . .

When Jesus comes the tempter's pow'r is broken;
When Jesus comes the tears are wiped away.
He takes the gloom and fills the life with glory,
For all is changed when Jesus comes to stay.

Perhaps if Jesus would come into her heart and life to stay, she might be changed too, thought Heather. Perhaps He could wipe away all the bitterness . . . all the anguish of soul that had been hers these past months!

After the message in song, Jonathan arose to speak, and as in a dream, Heather heard his voice again. It held the thousands of people spellbound even as it had gripped her when she had listened to him last summer . . . there under the shade of Uncle Anthony's beautiful maples.

He told of the great multitudes of black men and women who gathered

daily at his humble "dispensary" for medical treatment . . . told how they received not only help for their bodies but healing for their souls as well. He recounted many touching incidents of the simplicity of faith and the wonderful trust exhibited by some of the converts. When he brought his message to a close after forty minutes, there were few dry eyes in the room.

The service ended, Heather walked out of the church in a daze, hurried down the street to the subway station, caught a train immediately, and in a short time was turning the key in the lock of the apartment door.

Virginia was not yet home. Heather was glad of it tonight, for she wanted to be alone . . . wanted to be alone with God . . . wanted to pour out her heart before Him . . . wanted to have Him come in and dwell within her heart even as He had come into the lives of many of those humble Africans.

After putting away her hat and coat, Heather knelt beside the old green studio couch . . . to pray. It was the first time in her life that she had knelt to pray . . . that is, since the "Now I lay me" days of childhood . . . but those prayers hadn't meant much. She had merely mumbled them quickly, kissed her mother and then hopped into bed . . . a sleepy child. Tonight it was different. She felt she must kneel before God who had created her . . . God who loved her and whose Son she had been rejecting these many months. While she kneeled there and confessed to God her need of Him . . . the fact that she had been miserable for so long, without hope . . . a middle-aged man with a kindly face was kneeling by his bedside in Vermont . . . praying for the salvation of his sister Myra's girl. Even as he prayed, the angels in heaven were rejoicing over one sinner that had repented.

* * * * *

When Virginia came home that night, a bright-eyed Heather met her at the door.

"Why, honey, your face is just glowing. What has happened?" Could she believe it? Had the thing for which she had been praying these many months actually come to pass?

"What is it? Did you meet your missionary tonight?" As Virginia hung up her hat and coat, she gazed intently into her friend's eyes.

"No, although I did see him. It is something more than that, Virginia. I met Someone else." The look in Heather's eyes was Virginia's answer.

"You . . . you mean . . . you met the Lord? You gave your heart to the Savior?"

"Yes." In another instant the two girls were in each other's arms . . . sisters in Christ at last! Virginia Hansen was so overjoyed she hardly knew what to say. Then they knelt together and the Scandinavian girl poured out a

fervent prayer of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

Later Heather went into the kitchen and came back with a little snack of milk and crackers. Then they prepared their studio couch bed for the night.

"Why didn't you bring Arnold back with you?" Heather wanted to know.

"He left me downstairs at the door, honey . . . had to catch a train. But he'll be back soon. He's being transferred to a school in New York within a month."

"You mean . . . you mean you'll be able to go ahead with your wedding plans?"

"Uh-huh. Isn't it wonderful?" Heather couldn't help noticing how pretty Virginia looked when she smiled. She was so radiantly happy.

"Almost too good to be true," agreed Heather.

"Darling, I'm too excited and happy to sleep. I know I won't catch a wink tonight."

"Neither will I." Heather's eyes were filled with a beautiful light. At last there was peace within her heart. As the Bible expressed it, she had been justified by faith and had found peace with God through Jesus Christ the Lord.

It was long after midnight before the two excited young women stopped talking and finally went to sleep.

In the morning, just as they were ready to leave for work, the 'phone rang. They had already started down the first flight of stairs.

"What on earth could that be at this hour?" Virginia stared at Heather in the dimness of the hallway.

"I don't know, but I'll see," and Heather turned and ran back up the stairs, inserted her key into the lock and swung wide the door of the apartment. "It's probably Giuseppe Marmont. He's got some wonder-cozzi telling me he's got some ridiculous as that." She giggled as she said it. Then she reached the 'phone.

"Hello. Yes . . . that's right. Read it to me, please . . ."

There was silence for a few seconds as she listened.

Virginia, down on the landing, could not bear the suspense so went back up the stairs and stood in the doorway. Heather was just saying, "Uh-huh. I see. Thank you very much. Good-bye."

"What is it?" Virginia's blue eyes were wide with anxiety.

"It's a wire from Uncle Anthony. Jim's little Billy is very sick and my uncle thinks I should come . . ."

"You mean the little curly-headed lad I met at Christmas?"

"Yes." There was pain in Heather's eyes. "Oh, Virginia . . . what shall I do? Mr. Siegel won't like it if I don't come to work because there's so much to do . . . but I'll have to go to Vermont."

"Don't be silly, honey. He'll understand."

"Do you really think so?"
"Of course."

So it was settled. Virginia went to work while Heather packed her suitcase hurriedly and then dashed over to Grand Central Station to catch a train. Virginia would explain tactfully to Mr. Siegel and all would be well.

Before boarding the train, Heather sent a telegram to Uncle Anthony giving the train time and asking him to meet her at the Forrester station.

The nine hours on the train passed quickly for Heather. She read in her new Bible a good part of the way and dozed at intervals. The joy and excitement of last night had been so great that she hadn't slept very well. This was a good place to make up lost sleep.

It was already dark when the trainman came through the coach, calling in a nasal tone, "Forrester next stop. Next stop is Forrester!" A few minutes later Heather jumped from the last step of the coach. She saw her uncle standing in the shelter of the station; it was too cold to be out in the open. Yes, he was coming towards her just as he had when she had first come to this land of green mountains last spring. And just as he had done the first time, he placed a fatherly kiss on her forehead.

"Oh, it's good to see you," exclaimed Heather as she looked up into his kind face.

"I knew you'd come, Heather girl," was all he said as he carried her bag to the car.

Heather was filled with quiet happiness as she sat beside her uncle again. It was so good to be with him . . . to glance up occasionally at his strong profile as he studied the road before him which was icy and rather dangerous tonight. The green of the mountains had become white and silver. Heather sighed contentedly as she watched the fleeting landscape. Even in the darkness she recognized certain spots along the way.

"How is little Billy tonight?" she asked earnestly.

"About the same, child. He's a very sick baby, Heather, I'm almost afraid for him . . ."

"No . . . don't say that, Uncle Anthony."

"But it's so, Heather."

"When was he taken sick?"

"About three days ago."

"And you've had a good doctor?"

"The very best one we could get . . . a child specialist from Saint Johnsbury."

"And Jim? How can he manage to nurse the little fellow alone?"

"Kent's sister, Margaret, is a nurse. She's been coming over to help. She's a wonderful girl . . . just like her brother. I don't know what we'd have done without her."

The car sped along the icy roadway while its occupants remained silent for a while. Heather was longing to break

the wonderful news of last night to Uncle Anthony. Perhaps she should wait until they were alone in the living room . . . probably in front of a roaring fire. Already she could see the smile of rejoicing that would spread across his fine face. Already she could hear his deep resonant voice breathing a sincere prayer of thanksgiving.

Maria Strauss was waiting at the big house to welcome them. "Ach, Kind! How good to see you!" It was heart-warming to feel the dear little German lady's arms about her again. How refreshing to look into her sweet face! Heather hugged and kissed her in return with genuine affection.

"But why you must come is not a happy reason," and here Maria's eyes grew moist. "Billy Fletcher . . . he is a very sick baby . . . very sick."

"I know . . . Uncle Anthony has told me. I must go to see him . . . and Jim. May I still go over tonight?"

"So we had planned it. You must have a snack first. Then Herr Toni will take you over yet. Leave your things up in your room, Kind, and hurry down right away quick."

As she ascended the golden oak staircase to go to her rose room with its window-seat and lovely walnut furniture, Heather's heart was filled with happiness. She was home again!

An hour later Uncle Anthony and Heather were driving cautiously along the winding roads to the outskirts of Forreton to Jim Fletcher's farm.

Jim met them at the door. "I'm so glad you're here," he said simply as he ushered them into the cozy front room and took their wraps. "Margaret Kent is upstairs with Billy. I believe he's asleep. But wait . . . I'll find out for sure."

Just as he started up the staircase, Margaret Kent descended.

Heather liked her immediately. Margaret was dressed in a plain white uniform. Her eyes were the same hazel color as her brother's and her hair, too, was brown and curly. Like Jonathan, she had a sweet friendly smile that made tiny wrinkles appear at the corners of her eyes.

Jim introduced the two girls. "I've heard Jon talk about you." Margaret's soft eyes looked intently into Heather's deep blue ones.

"And he's told me much about you," Heather returned. "But . . . but . . . how is little Billy?" There was deep concern in her eyes as she spoke to the nurse.

"Just now he's resting comfortably. I'd prefer that no one disturbs him tonight. It's the first natural sleep he's had for a few days and we must take advantage of it."

"Of course."

The four sat in the living room and chatted quietly for a while. Little Ruthie was asleep also, so the house was very still. At nine o'clock Margaret arose and announced that she would have to be leaving for her in-

valid mother would be expecting her and she was alone since Jonathan had gone to New York.

"But suppose Billy needs you?" Heather regarded the nurse anxiously.

"Jim has complete instructions," she returned with a quiet smile. "And if he needs me, there's the 'phone and my little car. I can get here in a hurry."

Jim, Heather and Uncle Anthony stood at the door and watched as she walked over to her little coupe. Then there was the sound of the motor warming up and of wheels crunching on the packed snow. In a few minutes, the little tail light on her car had disappeared over the hilltop. The three turned back and took their places again before the open fireplace.

As they sat in the firelight watching the flames leap and whirl about the fragrant birch logs, Heather told the two men of her decision the night before.

"Praise God!" said Uncle Anthony, and his eyes were aglow with holy joy. "Praise the Lord . . . He has answered our prayers!"

"And I say, 'Praise God,' too!" Jim added. "We have all been praying for you, Heather."

* * * * *

It was late when Anthony Morrison and his niece finally said good-night to Jim and returned to the house on the hill.

Once alone in her rose room, Heather mentally reviewed the evening. Jim had looked so fine as he'd sat in the big green chair by the fireside. She could still see him there . . . and on the wall over his chair, the painting which had been her Christmas gift to the Fletchers. It had startled Heather to notice that Jim, too, had a strong yet gentle look in his eyes, much like the picture of the Man of Sorrows who had been acquainted with human grief. It was with an effort that she finally drove these thoughts from her mind and allowed herself to go to sleep.

The days following were anxious ones. Billy Fletcher had taken a turn for the worse. For days he hovered between life and death, while loved ones prayed and hoped for his recovery.

Heather would stay with the child several hours each day to relieve Margaret Kent so that she, in turn, might be free to help others who were in physical distress. Sometimes spiritual ailments, too, were remedied, for Margaret knew how to point souls to Him who alone can help those with broken hearts and contrite spirits.

It was the last day of January . . . a bitterly cold day . . . and in Forreton a severe blizzard was raging. Heather Allison's breast was filled with icy fear. Billy was delirious, and she was afraid! Jim was in the cellar fixing the furnace. Ruthie was downstairs playing with her paper dolls. Heather was alone

with the sick child. Uncle Anthony had driven her over early that morning before the blizzard had begun. Margaret Kent had not yet arrived for her regular morning visit . . . but was expected momentarily.

"Dear God, send Margaret soon . . . please . . . please . . . soon." Heather's lips moved in silent prayer as she stood watching the frenzied whirl of snowflakes outside the window, leaping and fluttering frantically . . . much like her heart! Turning from the blinding white, she looked again at little Billy's flushed face. He was staring up at her now, trying to say something. She listened, her heart hopeful.

"Daddy?"

"Your daddy's downstairs, darling. He'll be here in a minute."

Heather held her breath and again prayed silently for Margaret Kent to come. Outside the maddening dance of snowflakes continued in fury. The child's feeble voice broke the stillness.

"Is it up yet?" His feverish eyes opened again and gazed into Heather's. "Is what up, Billy?" She bent low to catch his words.

"The minute. Don't you remember?" He smiled at her weakly. "You . . . you said . . . my daddy would come in a minute. I want my daddy. Where is my daddy? Daddy, where are you?"

"I'll call him for you, Billy," and Heather hurried to the doorway. This was terrible! Why, didn't Jim come? Why didn't Margaret come? Why didn't someone come?

Jim was on the other side of the door when she turned the knob. With a sigh of relief, she stepped aside to allow him to enter.

"Margaret? She hasn't come yet?" There was a strained look in Jim's eyes as he noticed his little boy's condition. "He's worse," admitted Heather. "Oh, Jim, what shall we do?"

"We must . . . pray, Heather girl." He said it softly. Billy recognized his father's voice.

"Daddy, you come at last!" A faint smile spread across the child's flushed face as he lifted small arms toward his father's strong ones.

In an instant Jim was on his knees at his little one's bedside gently holding one of the baby's hands in his own.

"Billy boy . . ." his voice was husky, "you must . . . you must get strong and well. Be a good boy. Go to sleep now."

"But Daddy . . . if I sleep, I'll miss all the singing . . . and . . . and . . . all the boys and girls . . ."

"What singing?" Jim pressed the little hand more tightly.

"Why, don't you hear it, Daddy? There it is again!" Another wan smile spread across his face, then he closed his eyes. Jim bowed his head; so did Heather. For several minutes no one spoke. To Heather those minutes seemed like an eternity. The only sound to break the stillness was the

(Continued on Page 19)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Miss ESTHER SCHULTZ, 510 Wellington, Chicago 14, Illinois

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

Dear Boys and Girls:

We have been trying to get stories for you from the various missionaries on the field. Today we have a story by Miss Margaret Kittlitz about Gracie Ndi. There is also a letter which was written by Paul Edwin Michelson, not really, of course, for he is only a year old.

Auntie Esther.

❖

NOW I'M ONE YEAR OLD

Dear Boys and Girls:

Hello! May I come to visit with you for a while? My name is Paul Edwin Michelson and my father and mother are missionaries in West Africa. Even though I was born and live in Africa, I am interested in my American friends and would like to tell you something about myself.

Today is my birthday and what a lovely time I am having! Father and mother seem to be extra nice to me because they are happy and proud that I am already one year old and have come along so nicely during my first year in this world. Auntie Laura took pictures of me and she played, "Happy Birthday," for me on her little flute.

This afternoon we had a birthday party and Auntie Laura's cook made a nice cake and sandwiches for the party. Father bought a candle to put on the cake, but I did not know how to blow it out when they lighted it for me. I am so thankful that God had kept me so well this past year and I have brought much joy and blessing to my parents and my African friends.

My first year in Africa has been one filled with many different happenings. I learned to travel when I was two weeks old since Soppo, which is my home, is a long way from the hospital where I was born. I traveled in a car, a boat and a truck to reach my home.

When I was seven months old, my father and my mother took me up to the grasslands, which is a part of our mission field many miles away from Soppo. We traveled two days with the truck before we reached there. Mother said I did very well on the trip. I liked the sound of the motor so well that I was quite content to sleep or ride. We went to Ndu, where Auntie Lois and Uncle Earl live, since it is the station at the end of the motor road. Ndu is cold, and mother had to dress me in warm clothes and keep me near the fireplace to keep me comfortably warm.

After a few days, I went on my first



This Little African Girl Seems to Be Quite Uncomfortable in the Arms of the Grizzly Bearded Chief of Bangolan

with malaria. It is a very bitter medicine but to me it tastes almost as good as my milk.

The last months I have grown and developed very much and I learn something every day. I can say a few words and I hope to be able to walk soon. I like attention from others whenever I can get it, but I have also learned to enjoy playing all by myself.

I hope you have enjoyed this visit with me, and may I ask a favor of you? Please pray for me and all our missionaries in Africa. Maybe some day one of you will come to tell these people about Jesus in this land. May God bless you all and help you to be good boys and girls!

Your friend in Africa,

Paul Edwin Michelson.

❖

AN AFRICAN BABY

This is the story of Gracie Ndi. She was born in the small hospital in Mbem. Her father is an evangelist and goes to visit many of the churches. So Gracie is being brought up in a Christian home, a privilege which only a few African babies have. But this is not the only thing that makes her different. You see, she is our "sample baby."

African babies do not have nice lacy cribs to sleep in; they do not have a bed of their own, at all. From the time they are born they sleep on the hard bamboo bed with their mother. When they are old enough to take care of themselves a bit, they often sleep curled up around the warm ashes of the fire that burns in the middle of the floor until it goes out after all are asleep.

Many days one sees small girls and boys and older ones, too, walk about with their nice brown skins looking very gray, because of the ashes near which they have slept. It is nearly always cold at night and in the mornings, so people do not wash until the sun is fairly high in the sky. Then they go down to the rivers to wash and because they have no towels they let the warm sun dry them.

But Gracie is different. The day she was born her father made a bed for her from an old wooden box. He filled the bottom with freshly dried grass and put a piece of cloth over it for a sheet. He had also gotten a bath towel which was used to wrap the baby in. So Gracie is about the first Cameroonian African baby to have a bed all her own. Instead of being fed with

(Continued on Page 19)

After spending several months in the grasslands, we went home to Soppo. I was glad to be home again where I could sleep in my own home and play in my large play pen. I was home only a few days, when I became ill with malaria. This is a disease very common in Africa and it is carried by mosquitoes different from those in America. I had a high fever but after treatment in the hospital for five days I soon recovered. I have to take quinine every day so I won't get so ill again



Children and Teachers of the Beginners', Primary and Junior Departments of the Cottonwood Baptist Church of Texas (Left) and a Field of Texas Bluebonnets, the State Flower, in a Colorful Setting (Right)

Deep in the Heart of Texas

A Report by Rev. M. L. Leuschner, Promotional Secretary

TEXAS is a state of mammoth possibilities. In April its fields of bluebonnets stretch for miles along the highways and over the countryside like a blue sea of flowers with their sweet fragrance filling the air. These outward characteristics of Texas have become a real part of the thinking of the people of the state. They are always doing things on a grand, big scale, and their fame for hospitality and friendliness is as well known as their fragrant, lovely bluebonnets.

These impressions grew upon me during a recent trip of three weeks to our churches "deep in the heart of Texas." The visits at the Cottonwood, Crawford, Gatesville, Donna, Waco, Kyle, Elm Creek, Hurnville, and Dallas churches were revelations to me of the great things that can be done by a handful of churches in our Southern Conference. Their missionary zeal is inspiring. They leave no stone unturned in their thorough work within their churches. Loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ and their churches' programs is a watchword among them.

The Cottonwood, Kyle and Henrietta church buildings, located in the open country, are edifices that stand out conspicuously for their architectural design and worshipful beauty. The Donna Church in the Rio Grande Valley is surrounded by the exotic gardens of citrus groves, fruitful farms and ever blossoming flowers as well as by the desolate desert of Mexican villages and people who live in a spiritual darkness that is worse than the hinterlands of Africa. Our Donna people and their pastor, the Rev. Ralph Mulder, are acutely aware of these spiritual desert spots and are carrying on an

evangelistic work in open air meetings and through an organized mission among these Mexican people.

Study courses are a popular fare with our Southern Conference people. In the Immanuel Church of Kyle, of which the Rev. David Zimmerman is pastor, the people came together every evening for an entire week for a two-hour service. A forty-five minute study course on our denominational history with the use of the textbook, "These Glorious Years," was followed by a half hour of missionary pictures and an evangelistic service of three-quarters of an hour. The meetings grew in attendance and enthusiasm throughout the week as an evidence of the fine spirit of these Kyle people.

About 800 feet of kodachrome moving pictures were taken by the promotional secretary of our Texas churches and people, of scenes in the Rio Grande Valley with its possibilities for increasing missionary work among

the Mexicans in the area, of the state's fields of bluebonnets and enrapturing scenic views. These pictures will be edited and prepared as a new Southern Conference film to be shown in our churches in days to come.

The spiritual life is on a high plane in most of our Texas churches. They seem to hum with many sound activities. The Central Church of Waco and the Carroll Ave. Church of Dallas, of which the Reverends Roy Seibel and Wilfred Helwig are pastors, respectively, are at a high peak of activity in their history. The Crawford Church, with the Rev. Robert Schreiber as pastor, is again singing the songs of rejoicing "in the land of Canaan" because of God's abundant blessings. The Cottonwood Church, of which the Rev. C. H. Seecamp is pastor, recently burned its last papers of indebtedness on the new church building, and is looking forward to new accomplishments in the future. In general, things look very bright for the Lord's work among our churches "deep in the heart of Texas."

One cannot travel among such churches and spend some time of fellowship with them and not be affected profoundly by this overwhelming conviction. The most important thing in God's Kingdom is the faithfulness of His children. Gideon and his three hundred loyal men could accomplish miracles. North American Baptists, even though they represent a small group in contrast to the large hosts about them, can undertake to do great things for the Lord so long as we have wonderful servants of Christ such as these friends of ours and of His "deep in the heart of Texas."

Edenwold Anniversary, June 2nd

The Edenwold Baptist Church of Edenwold, Sask., Canada will celebrate its 60th anniversary on Sunday, June 2, 1946. We extend a hearty welcome to all former members and friends of the church to be present with us or to write a message of greeting for that occasion. We are praying that God will grant us many rich blessings for that day and the future. The Rev. Frank Armbruster will be in charge of the services.

WILLIAM KRAMER,
Church Clerk,
Edenwold, Sask., Canada

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

CENTRAL CONFERENCE

Mr. Herman Siemund Is Honored on His 50th Anniversary in Chicago's Grace Church

Mr. Herman Siemund, outstanding layman and well known figure in our Chicago churches and denomination, celebrated his 50th anniversary as a member of the Grace Baptist Church, formerly Second German Baptist Church, of Chicago, Ill., on March 31st. Mr. Siemund was Sunday School superintendent and church moderator of the Grace Church for many years, and still is the active president of the Chicago Sunday School Teachers' and Workers' Union.

The church honored him on this momentous occasion by presenting Mr. Siemund with a "Parker 51—Gold Band" pen and pencil set. Mr. Siemund showed pictures in the evening service of missionary activities in the Philippine Islands. We wish Mr. Siemund many more years of God's rich blessing and active participation in the great Kingdom work!

On Easter Sunday the pastor baptized 8 Sunday School scholars and these and two adults were received into the church on Sunday, May 5.

Wm. H. Jeschke, Pastor

Service of Tribute and Birthday Celebration for Mr. H. P. Donner in Cleveland, Ohio

If you know Brother Henry Paul Donner, you probably will be tempted to envy those Clevelanders who were privileged to attend the Donner Recognition Service conducted at the White Ave. Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio on April 12th. The service was sponsored by a special committee of the Publication Board in cooperation with the Erin Ave. and White Ave. congregations. The chairman of the Board, Mr. Harold B. Johns, conducted the service. The Cleveland pastors, the Reverends Emanuel Wolff, Henry Hirsch, and S. Blum, participated in the reading of the Scriptures and leading in prayer. The choir of the White Ave Church and the Men's Chorus of the Erin Ave. Church served with musical offerings.

Brother Donner had been brought to the service without warning as to what had been planned. To find so many friends gathered for the sole purpose of honoring him for his 34 years of faithful service as manager of our Publication Society surprised him greatly. To find all of his children and grandchildren present added to his joy. Brother Donner was also reminded that the following day would be his 85th birthday anniversary and that the date of this festivity was also to serve as a birthday celebration.

An attractive program had been especially printed for this service. With spiritual warmth and informal efficiency Brother Johns wove the vari-



Mr. Herman Siemund of Chicago, Illinois, Who Is Widely Known as the Official Photographer of Our General Conferences, and Who Was Recently Honored by the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago on His 50th Anniversary as a Member of the Church

ous parts of the program into a most enjoyable pattern. A tribute of beautiful red roses was presented to Brother Donner by the employees of the Publication House. Verbal tributes flowed readily from the lips and hearts of Dr. William Kuhn of Forest Park, Ill., Dr. Herman von Berge of Dayton, Ohio, and the Rev. E. J. Baumgartner of Cleveland, Ohio. Written tributes, several hundred letters bound into a beautiful volume, were given to the guest of honor by the writer of this report on behalf of the denomination. The charm, graciousness and humility that characterized the response of Brother H. P. Donner moved the spirit of all. An hour of social fellowship, with refreshments furnished by the Cleveland churches, brought the occasion to a very pleasing finish.

T. W. Bender, Reporter.

Inspirational Bible Studies on Romans at the Holmes Street Church of Lansing, Michigan

Members and friends of the Holmes Street Baptist Church of Lansing, Michigan received many blessings from attending meetings conducted from February 27 through March 10 by the Rev. Simon E. Forsberg, Bible instructor at the Multnomah School of the Bible, Portland, Oregon.

Romans, Chapter one through eight, took on a new meaning when explained by Mr. Forsberg. Many puzzling passages were straightened out, as the simple truths of the Bible were unfolded anew. The soil was prepared. The seed was sown. We now await the showers of blessing. Then the harvest, as the fruit ripens to maturity in God's vineyard. We pray that the harvest may be bountiful. Mr. Forsberg also addressed the Central Mich-

igan Bible Conference held at the Holmes Street Baptist Church on March 4.

We thank our heavenly Father for the wonderful things he has given us thus far in the year of 1946 and look forward to walking more closely with him day after day under the fundamental guidance of our pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Riffel.

Henry S. Hopp, Jr., Reporter.

In Appreciative Memory of Mrs. F. W. Bartel of St. Joseph, Michigan

On Friday morning March 22nd, Mrs. F. W. Bartel of St. Joseph, Mich., the former Louise Diedrich of Rochester, N. Y., passed away. For 29 years she was the devoted wife and efficient helper of the Rev. F. W. Bartel, now our general evangelist. The burial service was held in the First Baptist Church of Saint Joseph, Michigan on Tuesday afternoon, March 26th.

This service was in many respects unique. It was made so, in that following Mrs. Bartel's homegoing there was found among her personal papers a letter with full instruction for her service. The songs she selected were, "O Jesus, I Have Promised," "We'll Say Goodnight Here But Goodmorn'ing Up There," and "Lead Kindly Light." It was her wish that the 14th chapter of John be read and revealing her concern and compassion for the lost, she made the particular request that an invitation for the acceptance of Christ be given.

The service was further unique in that the body was placed in the mausoleum to await the possible arrival of her daughter, Mildred, who is a nurse in the U. S. Army and who was at the time en route from Japan. Her other daughter, Eunice, flew from California to be present. One week after the memorial service, Mildred having arrived, the body was laid to rest in Saint Joseph's Riverview Cemetery.

On Easter Sunday a letter was read to the First Baptist Church congregation and a check for one hundred dollars was presented, to be added to the missionary offerings. This had been sent by Brother Bartel in meetings in Jamesburg, N. J., and was designated to go to our Rochester Seminary Endowment Fund as a memorial to Mrs. Bartel.

L. H. Broeker, Pastor.

OUR APPRECIATION

In sincere appreciation we wish to thank our many friends, far and near, for their kind and timely expressions of sympathy on the homegoing of our beloved companion and mother, Mrs. Bartel, which greatly helped to sweeten our sorrow and to comfort our hearts. Our loss is her gain, for "to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." And so we say "Good night" here to say "Good morning" up there.

Rev. F. W. Bartel,
Eunice and Mildred.

Inspiring Programs and Happy Anticipations of the Beaver Baptist Church of Michigan

Two weeks of revival meetings were held recently in the Beaver Baptist Church near Auburn, Michigan with Rev. F. W. Bartel as evangelist. We as members of the church feel that our spiritual lives have been greatly enriched and we have a new desire to work harder for our Lord and Savior.

On Sunday, March 24, our pastor, the Rev. G. K. Zimmerman, and the Rev. Victor Prendinger of Gladwin exchanged pulpits for the day. Mr. Prendinger brought us a fine message at the morning service. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Prendinger both spoke to the Ladies' Missionary Society as well as bringing messages in song. Our Bible Day program was given in the evening, at which time Mr. and Mrs. Prendinger again favored us with a beautiful musical selection, and Mr. Prendinger spoke a few words. It was a day of great blessings for us and at the close of the day we all felt that it had been good to have been in the house of the Lord.

We as a church are very enthusiastic about our missionary, Miss Esther Schultz, who will sail in the Fall for the Cameroons of Africa to take up the work for which she has been called. Our Friendship Circle is very much interested in doing some handwork for her, and many things have already been made. We are sure that when she uses these things she will be reminded that our thoughts are ever with her, and our prayers will always follow her.

The Beaver Church is eagerly awaiting the arrival of a new Hammond Organ, which we expect to receive about the first of June. Quite some time ago "a sinking fund" was started with this thought in mind. Mr. Edward Lempke was appointed chairman of the fund, and he did a wonderful piece of work in encouraging the different departments to contribute as freely and willingly as they were able until the needed amount was received.

Luanna Majeske, Reporter.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

A Fellowship Supper Is Held by the Woman's Missionary Society of Vida, Mont.

As the Ladies' Aid of the First Baptist Church of Vida, Montana, we can certainly thank our Lord for the many blessings we have had in this year.

Friday, March 15th, proved to be a successful evening when the women of our society planned a Fellowship Supper, inviting the neighboring church as our guests. The supper was followed by a program consisting of musical numbers, a brief talk on "Jesus Never Fails" by the Rev. O. Simpson, and a Bible quiz led by our pastor, the Rev. Henry Lang.

May the Lord grant us a greater love and a more diligent desire to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Mrs. Henry Lang, Reporter.

Thirty-four Persons Are Baptized and Received Into the Ashley Baptist Church

Palm Sunday, April 14, was a day of great rejoicing for the Baptist Church of Ashley, North Dakota. On this beautiful day we had the privilege of baptizing 34 persons. For a long time we were giving instructions to these candidates and anticipated a great blessing from the Lord when these fine people, saved by grace, would follow Christ in baptism.

The baptistry was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants. In the background stood a lighted cross which gave a touch of reverence and beauty to this important event. Most of the baptismal candidates came through the services of the Rev. Wm. Hoover to the Savior. Besides the 34 who joined the church by baptism, we could extend the hand of fellowship to another 15 who joined our church by testimony and letter.

During the winter months we conducted a course in "Religious Education" with the young people and children. Every Saturday afternoon from 50 to 64 children took part in the Bible course. The children were eager to learn, and when we had our examination all of them passed with good marks.

Walter Stein, Pastor.

Birthday Festival & Anniversary Program of the Woman's Missionary Society, Linton, N. Dak.

The Baptist "Schwestern Verein" or Ladies' Aid in Linton, North Dakota annually looks forward to two special events, the Birthday Festival and the anniversary program. These happened to be held in rather close succession this year.

Our Birthday Festival was held on Friday evening, March 8th. Festivities began with a 7 o'clock dinner attended by about 50 members and guests, followed by group singing and then the regular monthly business session of the society. Following this a most interesting report on a mission book was given by one of the members. Birthday offerings amounted to \$35.00.

On Sunday evening, March 31, the ladies presented their anniversary program to a well filled church. The program consisted of words of welcome by the president, Mrs. Val. Kremer; a summary report by the secretary, Mrs. Eva Graf; special musical numbers; and a dialogue, "Die Lebenskrone," given by the following ladies: Mrs. Esther Wilcke, Mrs. Rosina Bibelheimer, Mrs. Martin Walther, Mrs. Gottlieb Kremer, Mrs. Carolina Graf, Mrs. Eva Graf, Mrs. Ben Meidinger, and Mrs. Ed. Tschritter. Remarks by the Rev. H. J. Wilcke and a choir number brought the program to a close. The offering was \$57.30.

We still hold our meetings regularly the first Thursday of every month. We have gained several new members recently, and are truly thankful for the opportunities to gather in this manner and always feel richly blessed. Words of meditation are brought by our minister, Rev. H. J. Wilcke, to make our meetings more interesting.

Mrs. Gottlieb Kremer, Reporter.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

Easter Program of the Young People's Society of the Ebenezer East Baptist Church

Our aim as the young people's society of the Ebenezer East Baptist Church of Saskatchewan, Can. is to go forward with Christ. Ten young people have joined our society recently, and it's a great joy to see them help along so splendidly.

We are thankful to have our boys back from overseas service. Only two are still absent, Harold Batke who is stationed at Victoria, B. C., and Lloyd Hoffman who is with the occupation forces in Germany. We pray that they may soon join us in serving our Lord.

On Sunday, April 14, under the leadership of our president, Mr. Melvin Hoffman, our society presented an Easter program to a very large audience. The highlights of the evening were songs by our mixed and male choirs directed by Mr. Fred Batke, as well as special numbers and a dramatized sermonette entitled, "Release." This short play served as the prelude for a very challenging message by our pastor, Rev. G. Beutler.

Mrs. Leslie Reiman, Reporter.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Reception for the Rev. and Mrs. A. Rosner by the Mowata Church of Louisiana

Sunday, April 7th, was a special day of rejoicing for the Mowata Baptist Church at Branch, Louisiana. For on this occasion they had the privilege of greeting their new pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. August Rosner. Words of welcome were given by the children in song, by the Sunday School superintendent, the deacon, clerk and guest speaker, Rev. L. Hoeffner, who was invited for this occasion.

At the morning service the Rev. August Rosner brought his opening message, based on Matt. 16:18, "On this rock will I build my church." The message took well and won many hearts for the new pastor and his wife. The church choir followed with a fitting message in song. After the close of the service all were invited to a fellowship dinner in the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Lengefeld, where the ladies served a bountiful dinner.

The afternoon service was opened with song, Scripture reading and prayer, after which three of the women spoke words of welcome, representing the different branches of service. Mrs. Rosner graciously responded. Then the guest speaker brought the closing message, based on John 11:40. In recent weeks the church had remodeled the parsonage at a considerable cost. They now have a very attractive home, of which the church can be proud. May God richly bless the work of pastor and church with a bountiful harvest.

L. Hoeffner, Reporter.

The Easter Season at the Carroll Ave. Baptist Church of Dallas, Texas

The Easter season was a time of rich blessings for the Carroll Avenue Baptist Church of Dallas, Texas. The weeks of faithful service by many of the members of the church was crowned with the results of our fine pre-Easter revival. During the two weeks of March 31 to April 14 we had the Rev. Frederick P. Billings, a local pastor, serve us as evangelist. His heart-searching messages resulted, first of all, in a revival within the church. A goodly number reconsecrated their lives for greater service. Four young ladies, among them a young mother, accepted Christ as their Savior. The entire church was brought into closer relationship with Christ.

Easter Sunday, April 21, was a full day of added blessings. Sunday School, in its shortened session, observed its spring promotion which is always a joy to the boys and girls to take a step forward. During the morning worship we had the pleasure of entering the baptismal waters with three exceptional young ladies who gave their testimonies of their previous experience as they followed the Lord in baptism. After the baptism the hand of fellowship was given these three, and then we gathered about the Lord's Table, closing the service with the Lord's Supper.

The young people rendered a most outstanding program in the evening about which another report will soon appear.

On Tuesday evening, April 16th, we had the Rev. M. L. Leuschner with us who was a definite inspiration just at this time. His stirring message, accompanied with pictures of our mission work, was of particular benefit for our Easter Offering. The mission offerings on Easter Sunday amounted to over \$325.00.

The Lord is blessing his work here, and since the beginning of the year, our attendance has almost doubled in every department.

W. Helwig, Pastor.

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Eight Men of the Franklin Baptist Church of California Render an Influential Ministry

In the month of April 1945, under the leadership of the pastor, the Rev. G. G. Rauser, a group of men from the Franklin Baptist Church of Franklin, Calif., was invited to come together for the purpose of organizing a male chorus. It was discovered that the eight voices blended so well that it was thought well to leave it at that. The octet has become quite well known in the Sacramento area, and has had many opportunities to witness for Christ in word and song.

Our activities have taken us to various places singing for different groups and occasions such as the "Youth For Christ" Meetings, the Christian Business Men's Committee meetings, evangelistic services, Youth Rallies and Union Services, all of



"The Franklin Octet" of the Baptist Church of Franklin, Calif.

(Top Row, Left to Right: Wilfred Rueb, Le Roy Adam, Jack Kammerer, Alvin Adam.)
(Bottom Row: Henry Rauser, Rev. G. G. Rauser, Edwin Schuh, Edward Neher.)

which were held in the city of Sacramento. We also sing in our services and have given two concerts in our own church, one in the Fall of the year and one for Mother's Day on May 12th.

If possible we have one rehearsal a week in the home of one of the members of the octet climaxed with a social hour and refreshments. The members of our octet are: First Tenors, Henry Rauser, Rev. G. G. Rauser; Second Tenors, Edwin Schuh and Ed. Neher; First Bass, Wilfred Rueb, LeRoy Adam; Second Bass, Jack Kammerer and Alvin Adam. Jean Rauser, a daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. G. G. Rauser, serves as the accompanist at the piano.

G. G. Rauser, Reporter.

CONFERENCE DATES

- May 29—June 2: Eastern Conference at the Temple Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- June 12—16: Dakota Conference at the Grace Baptist Church, Grand Forks, North Dakota
- June 26—30: Central Conference at Lansing, Michigan
- July 4—8: Northern Conference at Minot, Minn.
- July 10—14: Northwestern Conference at the Immanuel Baptist Church, Wausau, Wisconsin
- July 24—28: Southern Conference at Kyle, Texas
- Southwestern Conference—Date and Place Still Undetermined.
- August 18 (Sunday): Pacific Conference at the Calvary Baptist Church, Tacoma, Washington
- August 19—25: General Conference at Tacoma, Washington
- Sept. 11—15: Atlantic Conference at the Evangel Baptist Church, Newark, New Jersey

Seventy-eight Persons Received Into Membership of Lodi Baptist Church Since January 1st

The communion service on Saturday, February 24th, in the First Baptist Church of Lodi, Calif., was one to be long remembered. For on that evening the Rev. A. S. Felberg was privileged to baptize thirty-seven persons, of whom the majority were young married couples. Fifty-three in all were given the hand of fellowship by letter and testimony or Christian experience. Seventy-eight persons have joined our fellowship since the first of the year, and others are waiting to be received into the church's membership.

In appreciation of our pastor and his wife for their great work here, the members of the church surprised them both on Sunday evening, March 3, on the occasion of their 18th wedding anniversary. The congregation and visiting friends were invited to the reception rooms, which were soon filled to capacity. The long table was beautifully decorated with a huge wedding cake, topped with bride and groom under an arch on which was inscribed, "18th anniversary." Buffet refreshments were served, and tea and coffee were poured by hostesses on either sides of the tables from elaborate silver service sets.

A gift of \$115.00 was presented to the honored guests by the congregation. The presentation was made by Dr. J. Mehlhoff. Mrs. A. Lippert sang, "The End of a Perfect Year." Mrs. G. A. Burgstahler gave an appropriate reading. Calvin Lohr and Dave Gray sang, "Jesus Leads." Mr. L. A. Hirsch spoke in behalf of the church, congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Felberg and telling of the church's appreciation for their love of this church. Mr. Felberg responded for his wife and himself and expressed their appreciation to the church.

Bertha Meyers Wolff, Reporter.

SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

"Service Men's Sunday" at the Ebenezer Baptist Church Near Elmo, Kansas

The Ebenezer Baptist Church of Elmo, Kansas set March 24th aside as "Service Men's Sunday" honoring the 15 men who have returned to us from the United States Armed Forces. On this day we had a dinner in the church basement after which we held a short program. We were led in a number of choruses by our pastor, Rev. Wilmer Quiring, and then the honored guests were given the opportunity of telling a few of their experiences while away from us.

We thank God for his guidance and protection of our men during the war in that none was lost nor were any too seriously injured. It is our prayer that men and women all over the world might return to God and we might truly have peace on earth and good will towards all men.

Our church has recently collected \$100 for the Seminary Endowment Fund. We had a special offering on March 31st, at which time we received \$66.00. The Ladies' Aid of the church voted to contribute enough to make the donation the aforementioned amount.

One of our young men, Mr. Harold Fisher, has answered the call of God to go into full time Christian work, and together with his wife and daughter he has gone to Kansas City, Mo., where he is studying for the ministry in the Kansas City Bible School.

Mrs. W. Quiring, Reporter.

ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Sixty-fifth Anniversary Dinner of the Evergreen Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

About one hundred members of the Evergreen Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., gathered about beautifully decorated tables on Saturday evening, March 23, to remember the goodness of God in the life and ministry of our church on the occasion of the church's 65th anniversary. Under the able leadership of Mrs. Gertrude Marklein a group of our women had prepared a delicious dinner which proved to be a good beginning for an interesting and profitable evening.

Messages from former members, now in the ministry of the gospel, and members at present in training for full-time service, were read over the radio. Dr. Walter Macoskey, Rev. Herman Bothner, Rev. Frank Veninga, Mr. Ted Krause and Miss Dorothy Batjer sent messages of appreciation for the inspiration and training received at Evergreen. A very fine letter from Dr. Herman Von Berge was read in which he spoke very tenderly of his first church home in America.

Mr. Edwin Marklein, representing the Board of Trustees, presented highlights in the history of the sixty-five years during which the pages of a

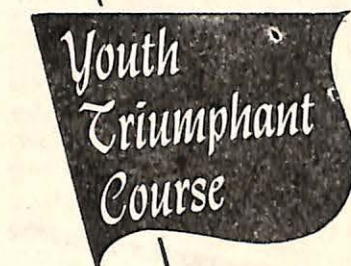
large book of history presented these facts to the eye. Mr. Arthur Macoskey's skill in lettering accounted for this fine visual aid.

Another surprise awaited the audience in that a very beautiful painting of our church building was brought to view. Our artist, Mr. Arnold Veninga, had spent many hours on short notice in preparing this picture and everyone spoke in highest terms of the result. The building was in white in contrast to the trees and shrubbery which had been done in colors and our attention was called to the fact that our building needed repairs and improvements which would cost the sum of \$5000. Mr. John Steinhoff presented the plan for raising the amount needed and before the meeting adjourned \$4100 had been pledged. The Rev. W. J. Appel is the pastor of the church.

Reporter.

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY

This down-to-earth study for Christians young in the faith will help you meet present-day unbelief . . . and will lead into a more joyful Christian experience. Three attractive textbooks, *The Word of God, The Will of God, and The Work of God*. 30 lessons, \$5.00



FOUNDATION COURSE

Shows that the Bible is an orderly expression of the mind of God. Gives divisions, purposes, and interpretation. Excellent summer study. 10 lessons, \$2.50.

SCRIPTURE MEMORIZING

Will help you to use the Word for soul-winning. Teaches how to memorize. A profitable summer study. 12 lessons, \$3.50.

These courses ideal for class study. Half-rate for 10 or more.

Mail Coupon Today

Please ☐ send me information.
☐ enroll me in

Name of course _____

Your name _____

Address _____

Enclosed find payment for course . . . \$ _____

20 sheets of examination paper and

12 large envelopes24

Dept. BH-862 Total \$ _____

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

Moody Bible Institute

153 Institute Place • Chicago 10, Illinois

Double Celebration Service Is Observed by the Evangel Church of Newark, New Jersey

On Wednesday, April 10, the Evangel Baptist Church of Newark, New Jersey held a double celebration service commemorating its newly completed program of church expansion and the twenty-fifth anniversary. The evening's program, under the capable leadership of Mr. Arthur Niebuhr, chairman of the board of trustees, and the social hour, with Mrs. Katherine Weber in charge, proved a great blessing to the large number of members and friends attending.

The evening began with a piano-organ duet by Miss Helen Thorson and Mrs. Frank Machorek, followed by a congregational hymn led by Mr. William Kettenberg. Then, in fancy, we turned back the pages of our calendar to re-witness the blessings of the Lord through the years.

There was a series of short talks by members of long standing, whose reminiscences were enjoyed by all. Among these were Miss Grace Kettenburg, former church worker, and Mr. Henry Lauterwasser, who became a charter member 54 years ago. Another speaker was Mr. J. Adolph Drechsel, a member of the building committee of 25 years ago, who took over the chairmanship of the present building committee at the passing of Mr. George Kollmar in September. Mr. August Stocker told about the beginning of the choir and Mr. Herman Weippert, Sr., told some amusing anecdotes of years gone by. Miss Lydia Niebuhr, also a former missionary of the church, stirred our hearts to thankfulness unto the Lord for his great goodness. Mr. G. William Lauterwasser, formerly organist and choir director for 35 years, told about changes in customs through the years, and Mr. Arthur Kettenburg, chairman of the board of deacons, spoke on the outlook of the future.

Following these speeches, the church clerk read a diary of the highlights of the last 25 years, and a list of 44 members in full-time Christian service, or preparing for it.

Our guest speaker, Dr. H. Theodore Sorg of the Clinton Hill Baptist Church, was introduced by Dr. M. A. Darroch, our pastor. Mr. Sorg, a former superintendent of our Bible School, has, in many instances, been used by the Lord to further the progress of the church. Dr. Ferdinand Dinger, chairman of the Building Finance Committee, reported on finances as of April 9th, and Mr. Niebuhr then publicly thanked those responsible for all phases of the work. Following a brief talk by Willis Horton, representing the Service Men, who stressed youth's obligation to spread the gospel, the choir ably rendered the anthem, "Great is the Lord."

Pastor Darroch brought a brief message from Ezra 6, exhorting us to serve the Lord with joy, to dedicate our building to his service, and to separate ourselves unto the Lord. Following a prayer of dedication, an offering was received for the building fund, the amount exceeding \$1000.

Eleanor M. Ohlsen, Reporter.

A Ministry to Refugees

(Continued from Page 7)

the British government has granted me the privilege to visit all prisoners of German war camps in the British Isles of which there are 200. I have also been granted permission to go to the British occupational zone in Germany. Just the other day through the good help of Dr. Petersen, who is an intimate friend to the Polish ambassador in Copenhagen, I received a visa to Poland. Dr. Bell, Dr. Petersen and I hope to proceed to Poland to investigate our Baptist work. The Lord has indeed been good to me and has given to me an open door undreamed of. The element of time is the only thing that can detain me from wonderful opportunities in store.

We Spend Our Years

(Continued from Page 12)

whistling of the wind as it whirled the snowflakes to the frozen ground.

"Daddy?" It was Billy's voice again . . . weak and hollow.

"What is it, son?" And Jim Fletcher leaned his head with its greying temples closer to his child's lips.

"Nothing. I just want to know are you there . . ."

More silence. The old Heather of a week ago would have felt like screaming at a time like this. The new Heather stood quietly, with aching heart and prayed . . . that God's will might be done. A minute later Margaret's car came up the driveway.

* * * * *

Little Billy Fletcher was laid to rest beside his young mother, under the bare elm trees just behind the old stone church. A small group of loved ones surrounded the flower-decked mound while the young minister read the service.

"Ashes to ashes . . . dust to dust."

Heather Allison, standing beside a tear-stained Maria Strauss, noticed how much greyer Jim's temples had become. Her heart ached for him. Why, oh why, had God taken little Billy away from him who had already suffered so much? Then, above her thoughts, she heard the voice of God's servant . . .

Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight. And now the glorious resurrection truth rang out through the crisp New England air. Jim Fletcher, too grieved to weep, listened, and took heart . . . Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live . . . O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

(To Be Continued)

The Peace That Can Last

(Continued from Page 6)

buildings alone are not enough. A college campus during vacation is a dreary, empty place. Neither do churches without members survive. The church proper is made up of you and me. We must be banded together, determined to demonstrate to each other and the world that the things we believe do make for better living. If it were not so this would be but a social hour and a place to show off.

We sacrificed much for this war! Are we willing to sacrifice as much for an ideal which when interpreted into living will bring not to us alone, but to the entire world, benefits far in excess of mere military victory? Speaking for myself, but expressing what I believe is the opinion of a great many of the returning Service Men and Women, the Church of Jesus Christ and the Church alone can meet this challenge. And I pray to God that it will!

Children's Page

(Continued from Page 13)

fufu (corn meal), she was given only milk. Her mother and her father have watched over her with loving care. Her happy face shows what a difference love makes. Because she is a happy baby she cries very seldom, unlike most African babies who cry very much and very loudly.

Gracie is now seven months old and is eating the kind of foods that all babies need to make them strong and healthy. African mothers do not know the kind of foods babies need so they feed them many things that are not good for them. She is kept nice and clean, too. Every day she has two baths in warm water. Her one little dress is washed out and hung out on a rose bush or other shrub to dry and then she puts it on again. Then she is set down to play on a clean mat while other babies sit on the dirt.

When she gets old enough she will go to school and be one of the very few girls who go to school here. Girls in Africa are kept at home to look after the babies while their mothers farm, or even to help on the farm.

Often when the missionaries try to teach the mothers about caring for their babies they say, "Oh, but you cannot take care of black babies in that way." Then we point to Gracie and say, "Isn't she nice and strong and happy?" And they have to agree that she is. So in this way many of the mothers learn what is good for babies.

Although Gracie has many privileges which other African babies do not have, the very best thing in her life is that her parents are Christians and she will learn about Jesus very early and she will come to love and to follow him.

:: OBITUARY ::

Mrs. ALICE HUISINGA of Aplington, Iowa

At the age of 80 years and 10 months, the Lord called out of time into eternity the soul of our sister, Mrs. Alice Huisinga, nee Schuerman of Aplington, Iowa, on Thursday, April 4, 1946. Born in Ostfriesland, Germany, she came to this country in 1881. In 1886 she was united in marriage to B. Ostercamp, who preceded her in death in 1890. In 1901 she married C. Huisinga, who also preceded her in death in 1916. In 1884 our sister was baptized upon the confession of her faith and united with the Aplington Baptist Church, of which she remained a faithful member to the end. For a number of years she served as Sunday School teacher and as an officer of the Frauen Missions Verein. She leaves one son, B. Ostercamp, and his family; the stepchildren and their families; as well as other relatives and friends. Her earthly remains were laid to rest on Monday, April 8, 1946.

Aplington, Iowa

C. Fred Lehr, Pastor.

Mrs. OTTO VOSS of Alpena, Michigan

Mrs. Otto Voss of Alpena, Mich., born Susanna Tober on August 24, 1868, came from Poland at the age of 24. She resided in Oscoda for a year, then came to Alpena where, on April 15, 1892, she was united in marriage to Otto Voss. The young couple came to Moltke Township where they settled on a farm, clearing the land and putting in crops by hand.

Mrs. Voss was a quiet, home-loving mother content with the trials and cares of raising a family. She worked hard all her life and was able to do her own work until the very last. She was a member of the Fourth Ave. Baptist Church of Alpena, Mich., and attended whenever able. She had that deep sense of religion and that strong faith in God that cannot be shaken.

Mrs. Voss became ill on Sunday night, April 11, and soon after suffered a stroke. She passed away quietly on Monday morning. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, one son, four daughters, 18 grandchildren, seven great grandchildren and one brother.

Fourth Ave. Baptist Church,
Alpena, Mich.

W. J. Luebeck, Pastor.

Mrs. MARTHA STIER of Madison, South Dakota

Mrs. Martha Stier of Madison, South Dakota was born on March 20, 1868 in LeRoy, Wisconsin, and passed to her eternal reward on Saturday evening, April 6, at the age of 78 years and 16 days. When only 12 years of age she was baptized on confession of her faith in Christ as her personal Savior and received into the fellowship of the Baptist Church in LeRoy, Wis. On December 8, 1891 she was united in marriage to Mr. John Stier with whom she shared the joys and sorrows of life for almost 37 years. He preceded her in death about 18 years ago. Soon after their marriage they moved to Elgin, Iowa and about 11 years later they came to Madison, S. D.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Otto Idhe of Hope, Kans.; and four daughters, Mrs. Ed. Jung, Mrs. Hilmer Richter, Mrs. Carl Frautchy and Miss Hulda Stier, all of Madison. There are also 10 grandchildren and many other relatives and friends. For the last few years she suffered from a lingering illness and was not able to participate in the activities of the church as she had done in former years. Two daughters died in infancy, and three sons died quite suddenly while in the best years of their lives. Miss Hulda Stier remained at home, giving her mother all the care she possibly could.

West Center St. Church,

Madison, So. Dak.

Henry R. Schroeder, Pastor.

Back to the Philippines

(Continued from Page 5)

not the end of the story. He stalled for time by travelling from one island to another until the Leyte landing. He was one of the first Filipinos to get there when the Americans landed.

UNSUNG HEROES AND DEATHS

Those people who did stay in the country towns always kept a pot of rice and an armful of clothes handy to make a hasty escape when it was announced that the enemy was coming. Time and again friends did this. People would run by shouting that the Japanese were but a few hundred feet behind. Immediately they would gather up those items close at hand and literally jump out of windows and join the fleeing folk.

There had been more than physical destruction under the occupation. There had been an insidious cultural stagnation. For three years all organized democratic western ways of education had ceased. Students for the most part were in hiding, fleeing constantly in hills and swamps, or had they remained in the towns, they were forced to study Nepongo, or, as it might be termed, "Japanese for the Millions." As a result, everyone was anxious to resume their studies. To the school in Capiz came townfolk bringing chairs and desks eager for their children to take up once again the

CHANGE OF ADDRESSES

Rev. B. W. Krentz
4221 Second Ave.
Los Angeles 43, Calif.

Rev. Otto Nallinger
67 Merwin Ave.
Rochester 9, New York

After June 1st: Dallas, Oregon

Rev. August Rosner
Route No. 1
Branch, Louisiana

Rev. William L. Schoeffel
3734 Payne Ave.
Cleveland 14, Ohio

ways of the classroom, ways that were less exciting than the risky resistance campaigns. Enemy barricades were taken down by the students, trenches filled in, bloodstains washed off the walls and bullet holes covered.

There had also been a needless loss of life under the occupation because of lack of proper medical treatment in faraway places of refuge. What could ordinarily have been treated in normal times went uncured oftentimes fatally. The lack of proper nourishment carried over into the post-war period; I noticed some friends had bad vision or were purblind on account of it.

I wandered through the halls of the hospitality, bare for the most part, the flooring torn up by looters in some

places. The name "Emmanuel Hospital" had been painted over by the enemy. O men of foolish intent! As if ye could cover up the name and spirit of those whose life-work it was! I walked through the empty wards, the private rooms, the nurses' home, and downstairs in the classrooms and the laundry rooms.

"I used to work in the laundry room as a spy," one church member, the mother of a large family, told me.

"A spy?" I repeated slightly startled, looking at her.

"Yes, a spy. During the occupation, the compound was taken over by the Japanese for a garrison and the townspeople were forbidden to come anywhere near it. But I heard that they needed some washwomen. So I applied and found out how many enemy troops were stationed there, their disposition, weapons and defense precautions. This information was passed on to the guerrillas. Besides, I was anxious to see the hospital again," she added.

"You weren't suspected?" I queried. "Oh, no," she lightly replied, "they didn't suspect a thing. Old ragged clothes were worn. When you had any dealings with the enemy, you looked as unrepresentable as possible. When I found out all I wanted, I just quit."

With such an air of finality, the conversation ceased. What could one say?

When School is Out - What Then?

Will Your Church Have A VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL?

The Children of To-Day Are the Men & Women of Tomorrow

How Are You Helping Them?

We recommend enthusiastically the set-up of the Southern Baptist Sunday School Board and the set-up of the Scripture Press; but are in position to supply any other publications. Write for further details and catalogues.

ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS

3734 Payne Avenue, CLEVELAND 14, Ohio

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE