

The Spanish-American Mission Chapel at Saguache, Colo.

BAPTIST HERALD

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

● The Bridgeland Baptist Church of Calgary, Alta., Canada has extended a call to the Rev. H. Schatz of Regina, Saskatchewan to become its pastor. He has responded favorably, and hoped to begin his ministry in Calgary on Oct. 20, succeeding the Rev. Rubin Kern, now of Vancouver, British Columbia.

● The Rev. Julius Kaaz, formerly of New Haven, Conn., has been serving as the associate pastor of the Ridge-wood Baptist Church of Ridge-wood, Long Island for several months. He is assisting the Rev. A. E. Kannwischer in the

church services and responsibilities. Mr. Kannwischer is also taking further graduate studies in a nearby university.

● Some time ago the Baptist Church of Jamesburg, New Jersey called the Rev. Victor J. Hammond to become its pastor to succeed the Rev. Glenn H. Klamm. Mr. Hammond has been on the field since July 1946, rendering a very acceptable service. Further data about his training and previous pastoral experiences will be published in "The Herald" when available.

● The Rev. Virgil R. Savage has been called by the Bethany Church near Portland, Oregon to become the pastor of the Villa Ridge Baptist Mission on the outskirts of Portland. Mr. Savage is serving as the mission's minister and also studying at the Western Baptist Theological Seminary in Portland. The Rev. Frank Friesen is pastor of the Bethany Church which is supporting the mission.

● The Baptist Church of Hilda, Alberta, Canada is without a pastor at present. Mr. Edgar Martins, who served the church for a time, has discontinued his services as its minister. The Hilda Church with its several mission stations offers an opportunity for sacrificial labors in the face of difficult circumstances but with rewarding blessings for the right man of God's choice.

● Chaplain Robert S. Hess has been released from military service and has returned from Germany with the U. S. forces of occupation to the United States. He hopes to resume his pastoral duties at the Rock Hill Baptist Church of Boston, Massachusetts on or about November 1st. During his leave of absence, which the church had granted Mr. Hess, the Rev. Edward J. Olson served the congregation.

● Revival meetings were held in the Zion Baptist Church of Okeene, Okla., from Sept. 29 to Oct. 13 with the Rev. L. H. Smith of Durham, Kansas serving as avangelist. The film, "The God of Creation," was shown in Okeene on Sunday evening, Sept. 15, under the auspices of the Zion Baptist Church with more than 400 people in attendance. The Cameroons Sacrifice Offering of the church amounted to \$248.50. The Rev. Henry Pfeifer is the pastor.

● Fifteen members of the Tabor Church and Sunday School of North Dakota have left for residence in California. On Sept. 22 the church held a farewell reception for these three families: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mantz, Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Littkie, and Mr. and Mrs. Jake Mantz and their families. Bennie Littkie was the church treasurer, and Jake Mantz was the Sunday School secretary. The program with a variety of numbers was in charge of Mr. Sam Rust, the deacon.

● On Sunday evening, Sept. 22, the Bethany Baptist Church near Vesper, Kansas held a farewell dinner for its pastor, Rev. W. W. Knauf, and family. Among other gifts of appreciation was a "Bethany Memory Book," in which each church family had prepared a page with pictures and personal items of interest. A missionary offering of \$1345.50 was also received on that Sunday. Mr. Knauf also had the joy of baptizing five candidates on Sunday, Sept. 15, who were given the hand of fellowship at the communion service held afterwards.

● The Rev. Henry Smuland of Southey, Sask., Canada recently announced his resignation as pastor of the Southey and Serath Baptist Churches and his acceptance of the call extended to him by the Wiesenthal Baptist Church near Millet, Alberta. He began his ministry on the new field on Sunday, Oct. 20. The Wiesenthal Church has not had a pastor since the Rev. Robert Schreiber left the Wiesenthal and Wetaskiwin churches for Crawford, Texas in 1945.

● At the annual election of B. Y. P. U. officers of the Baptist Church of La Salle, Colorado on Sept. 22 the following were selected: Carl Jepson, president; Evelyn Meyer, vice-president; Esther Moser, secretary-treasurer; Myra Krieger, cheer messenger; Mrs. A. E. Reeh, adult advisor; Dorothy Oster and Albert Renke, group leaders; and Anna Jepsen and Lloyd Krieger, 5th Sunday committee. The Rev. A. E. Reeh is the pastor of the La Salle church.

● On Sept. 26 about 150 members and friends of the Holmes St. Baptist Church of Lansing, Mich., held a surprise party for Mr. and Mrs. Emil Dachtler on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary. Although the actual date was earlier, the reception was postponed to permit a son in the service and two of their four daughters attending Bible Schools to be present. The program consisted of several recitations, musical numbers and messages of congratulation. Mr. Dachtler is the Sunday School superintendent.

● On Sept. 26 Dr. Herbert Gezork of Newton Centre, Mass., left New York City on the steamer, "S. S. George Washington," for Germany. He has received the official appointment to serve as Chief of Evangelical Affairs for the United States government for one year. He will be stationed in Berlin. In this capacity he will be able to render an influential ministry in behalf of evangelical Christians, including Baptists, in Germany. His many friends in our churches will rejoice over this important appointment that has come to Dr. Gezork!

● On Sunday morning, Oct. 6, Dr. John Leyboldt received 13 persons into the fellowship of the Bethany Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., including Mr. and Mrs. Chester Sakura, Japanese Christians. Mr. Sakura was recently baptized by Dr. Leyboldt. The church's special offering for the Fellowship Fund for World Emergencies amounted to \$476.51. The religious film, "God in Creation," was presented on Sunday evening, Oct. 6, under the auspices of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. From Oct. 14 to 18 the Rev. J. C. Cunst, young people's secretary, conducted a leadership series of meetings by teaching two subjects, "New Testament Studies" and "A Study in Young People's Problems."

● On August 31 the Rev. P. F. Schilling was called to his Eternal Home after several years of illness. He was graduated from our Rochester Seminary in 1911 and faithfully served his Lord in the following pastorates: Harrisburg and New Castle, Pa.; Detroit and Gladwin, Mich.; Scottsbluff, Neb.; and Beulah, No. Dak. He served twice in the New Castle and Gladwin churches. He often served in four languages: German, Hungarian, Rumanian and English. He leaves to mourn his homegoing his wife, whom he married in 1899; 3 sons and 3 daughters; other relatives and a host of friends. Dr. A. J. Harms of Detroit, Mich., and Rev. Henry Hirsch of Cleveland, Ohio officiated at the service.

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Coming

LIVING LIFE TOGETHER

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hill of Kyle, Texas met each other in Charleston, South Carolina during the 2nd World War, while he was training in the U. S. Navy. They met, were married and are now "at home" in Kyle and San Marcus, Texas. Their recital of God's marvelous blessings is a heart-warming message for the Thanksgiving season. It's really grand!

THANKS FROM OVER THERE!

Our relief ministry in the Name of Christ is in full swing! The next issue will bring the latest account of the Fellowship Fund, announcements of the work of Rev. Wm. Hoover in Europe, pictures of our relief truck in Germany and letters of gratitude from those who have received the food parcels and clothes.

HERALDS OF THE CROSS FOR AFRICA

Six missionary appointees are anxiously waiting in the United States for the word that will send them on their way to the Cameroons! The story of God's guidance in the lives of these six missionaries and a biographical sketch of Rev. George Henderson, who was united in marriage with Alma Siewert on Sept. 28, will be brought. A new colorful, 24 page Cameroons leaflet also will be announced.

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EDITORIAL

Cleveland, Ohio November 1, 1946
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Blessings and Burdens

EVERY BLESSING, that wings its way to us, carries with it a burden to be borne by us. The gifts that enrich our lives become responsibilities with which we are earnestly charged. The wealth of life's joys involves a stewardship of accountability before God. These two are always inseparable.

In this season of the year we are thankful to God for many blessings—good crops, our talents, many friends, a profitable job, health, countless things that have enriched our lives. But our talents are of value only as we use them to good advantage. Our friends and loved ones are bound more closely to us as we cultivate a loving relationship with them. Our money, profit and dividends are a blessing to us only as we give an account of our stewardship to God.

This year we who live in America are privileged above every other people on earth. We are enjoying material blessings which make us the richest and most fortunate nation in the world. As Christians we are participants in even greater resources of power and spiritual blessings that money can never buy. How these "riches untold" should move us to the greatest outburst of thanksgiving which our hearts have ever known!

But do not forget the concomitant burden, of which you and I need to be conscious! We have been blessed by God for one purpose, that the hungry might be fed, that those living in darkness might see the light in Christ Jesus, that open mission doors might be entered and God's Kingdom established in the hearts of men. Our spirit of thanksgiving must be charged with the sense of sacrifice before God. Our gratitude to God must lead us to fall down upon our knees before him asking, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?"

The Thanksgiving and Sacrifice Offering to be received by our churches from Sunday, November 24, to Sunday, December 1, will emphasize this two-fold truth. As we think of God's blessings, so exceeding abundantly bestowed upon us, we shall want to bring our gifts to the altar to be blessed of God for missionary service.

The offerings will go toward our foreign missionary enterprise to bring the Gospel to benighted peoples everywhere. Of the total sum, \$15,000 will be designated for the Cameroons Sacrifice Offering to be used in the building of chapels, schools, dispensaries, and missionaries' houses in the Cameroons. It ought to be a great offering for a worthy cause in a glorious season of thanksgiving. "Exceeding abundantly" is God's way of dealing with us. What is the burden upon your heart that God's blessings have placed there?



—Ewing Galloway Photo

The Harvest Time Pictures the Truth Gloriously of God's Blessings That Have Been Bestowed Upon Us, Exceeding Abundantly!

"Exceeding Abundantly -!"

The Summons for the Denominational Thanksgiving and Sacrifice Offering by the Rev. FRANK H. WOYKE, Executive Secretary

WE BELIEVE with all our hearts that God "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." (Eph. 3:20.) But as we approach the Thanksgiving season this year we need to remind ourselves also that he has done far more for us that we had any reason to expect!

Recently I was at a men's gathering at which a former Service Man showed some beautiful kodachrome pictures he had taken in Europe during the war. Although he had studiously avoided taking horror pictures, still one could not escape the impression of devastated and grief-stricken lands across the sea.

MEMORIES OF EUROPE

The pictures brought back to my mind a flood of memories of a Europe which I had left only a few short months ago. What were some of the scenes that flashed through my mind? I saw once more the dull faces of people who had lived for years in constant danger of death from the air. There were the despairing faces of those who stood mutely looking upon a heap of ruins which had once been home, and in which loved ones now lay buried.

There appeared before me again the haunted look upon the faces of those thousands who had been driven out of

their homes and off their farms to become refugees, shunted from one temporary shelter to another. There was the pitiful, vacuous stare of the hungry, shuffling about in their effort to beg for something to eat. I remembered the eager faces of mothers bartering a precious piece of porcelain for a few bars of American chocolates, so that their children might have a joyous Christmas surprise. These and a hundred other similar scenes again appeared before me.

GOD HAS BLESSED AMERICA

Involuntarily there welled up within my heart a deep sense of gratitude to God. How wonderfully God has spared America!

To be sure, the war brought sadness into many American homes. Since the war ended, we too have been inconvenienced by shortages of butter, meat and other articles. And yet, how trivial have been most of our trials in comparison with those people in other lands!

Our people have not become refugees. On the contrary, the whole world still looks upon America as a haven for the homeless and oppressed. Untold thousands would fall on their knees in thanksgiving to God if only they could set foot on our soil.

Our homes, churches and cities have been spared bombardment and destruc-

tion. We were not called upon to endure the horror of air attacks by day and night. Almost without exception we have adequate, comfortable, well-heated homes.

Our harvest has been an abundant one. American farms have again produced a crop unmatched in our entire history. There can be no thought of a real scarcity of food in our country. Rather, we expect to feed the starving in many other lands.

OUR SPECIAL BLESSINGS

We as North American Baptists have shared in all of these blessings. In a very real sense, we appreciate them even more than most Americans. We remember that most of us are the children or grandchildren of immigrants. Were it not for the fact that God had led our fathers to these shores, we too would be among the homeless and hungry today.

But aside from that, God has given us some special blessings.

God has given us a large measure of "the power that worketh in us." This has been evident in the vigorous spiritual life that manifested itself in our churches last summer in our local conferences and at our General Conference in Tacoma, Washington. Never has the attendance been better, or the interest keener, than at our recent Conference. Above all, the leading of God's Holy Spirit was evident at all the sessions.

God has helped us meet our heavy financial obligations. All of our cooperating societies have been able to satisfy their needs. Besides, we have been able to raise large amounts for world need and for missionary expansion.

God has opened doors leading into wider fields of service. More and more, we are being permitted to relieve the misery of the hungry and homeless in Europe. Formerly we had only a share in the Cameroons mission field. Today we have the sole responsibility for the entire work. New home mission fields are promising a rich spiritual harvest.

OUR RESPONSE TO GOD'S GRACE

Why has God been so gracious in his dealing with us? Surely, not because we have deserved it.

While I was ministering to wounded soldiers in an army hospital during the war, I was often told: "Chaplain, everyone around me was getting killed. I should have died. God saved me, and he must have saved me for some purpose. From now on I want to serve him better!"

As a denomination our response to God should be in this spirit. If God has blessed us so far beyond all expectations, then we must respond in a magnificent way. In our living, in our testifying, and in our giving we must go beyond all previous efforts.

(Continued on Page 14)

God's Missionaries at Home

The Needs of Home Mission Fields as Depicted by the Rev. H. G. DYMMEL,

General Missionary Secretary

THIS ARTICLE is to treat of an uncommon matter. It is so uncommon because it deals with what has been often regarded as too common—our home mission field. And yet it was by way of aggressive home missions that we have grown into a virile denomination, afraid of nothing and doing the impossible.

Our General Missionary Society was founded primarily with a view to home missions. Benevolence and foreign missions were to be side issues. Today our attitude is almost the reverse. But unless home missions had succeeded, there would have been no foreign missions. And if America should grow increasingly pagan, foreign missions would dwindle and die. It is home missions that taps the resources of personnel and finance for foreign missions.

This article submits the needs of our missionary pastors and their fields. There are seventy of them. I asked them what their needs are, and they replied.

A GOD-GIVEN REVIVAL

First and foremost, they covet a God-given revival, that is, a revival of church members. The conversion of outsiders will follow, as a matter of course, when drowsy believers have shaken off their stupor and easy-going indifference. Nor do our pastors identify a revival with denominational loyalty or generous giving. These are precious assets and not to be overlooked, but they are not revival. In fact, they may even prevent a revival, if they are an expression of pride and prestige.

A revival means to be awakened to the seriousness of the times, to the relentless and fiendish efficiency of the prince of the air to sap the church. A revival means to be alerted to a sense of individual and corporate guilt for the terrible catastrophe which man has brought upon man all over the world.

A revival means to become uneasy about the approaching judgment of a holy God and an adequate answer to the question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation." (Heb. 2:3.) A revival will drive home that man cannot live by ham and eggs alone, but rather by every word of God. It will prod us to work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

WILLING WORKERS

Such a revival will answer the mission pastors' further prayer for will-

ing and conscientious workers with an understanding heart. There are not enough volunteers for young people's work, nor are there enough Sunday School teachers who take their privileges seriously and prepare thoroughly as well as are faithful on the job every Sunday. Nor are there enough church officials who will put themselves in the place of our young people and seek to promote their love for Christ and his church.

There is also a real need for more friendliness on the part of church members toward strangers and newcomers, say these pastors. It has hitherto been the mark of our denomination that visitors have been strangers but once. We surrounded them with love and interest, and they returned to become an integral part of us. Keep up the good record!

The mission pastors crave also the intercession of their churches. Without such prayer the pastors feel stranded in lonely Gethsemane. In fine, the marks of a true revival are enthusiastic and sympathetic workers and intercessors for pastor and people.

MATERIAL GOALS

Thus far we have treated of the spiritual and personnel needs of our mission parishes. We shall now mention some material goals. Of course, these material goals are neither extra nor secondary, but rather a constituent part of a thorough revival. Perhaps, we should not even make a distinction between spiritual and material needs, for even science has given up the concept of matter. There is only energy, or, as we Christians would say, there is only spirit. And what we commonly call "material" is but that manifestation of the Spirit which we can grasp with our dull senses and need for our mortal bodies.

There is, first of all, the heartening demand for more space for worship and teaching. Several mission pastors write they no longer dare to invite strangers, because ushers are embarrassed to tell them there is not even standing room. The churches in Bismarck, N. D., Billings, Mont., and Kellowna, B. C., cry for more commodious sanctuaries and training halls. A future looks over their shoulders and demands help to "lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes — to enlarge the place of their tents."

Another very pressing matter, a matter about which our mission pastors are reluctant to speak, is their relatively puny salaries. Living costs are rising by leaps and bounds, but the

preachers' income, which was never lush, lags and never catches up with the price of necessities.

A MISSION PASTOR'S LETTER

One mission pastor writes pathetically: "Looking back upon twenty-two years of ministry, we find that all we earned went back into this work: one tenth directly and the other nine tenths indirectly. There was never any money left to buy some new furniture. There was never enough to buy some extra bedding for a visitor. Very seldom could winter coats be bought for the children. The monthly salary was seldom enough to pay for our bare needs." Searching, is it not?

Such conditions are, in part, due to the fact that our mission pastors have to defray the enormous cost of their car operation for travel from station to station and from church member to church member. One pastor reported that he traveled twenty thousand miles last year on behalf of his churches, and such an itinerary demanded half of his meager salary for gas, oil, tires and repairs. Our mission pastors need extra money to pay for their frequent and in winter quite dangerous pastoral trips.

Our nation last year had an income of \$140,000,000,000. Most of us as individuals and churches have benefited by this staggering income. Yet mission pastors were a painful exception. Need it really be so?

OUR THANKSGIVING GIFTS

At this Thanksgiving and Sacrifice season our hearts swell with thanks to our gracious God for the greatest year in our history as a nation and as a denomination. He has blessed us exceeding abundantly above all we could ask or think, while the rest of the world goes through the afterpangs of the most devastating war on record.

We dare not fail our Lord. Let us thank him most affectionately for his unspeakable gift, our Savior Jesus Christ. Let Jesus never become only a matter of communion remembrance. Precious Jesus, let our tongues cleave to our palates, if we fail to sing thy praises! Yet let us equally implement such devotion by a sacrificial effort to meet the needs of our home mission fields and Christ's faithful servants in our behalf, as we sing:

"Savior, thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee.
In love my soul would bow
My heart fulfill its vow
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee."

Building Christ's Church in the Cameroons

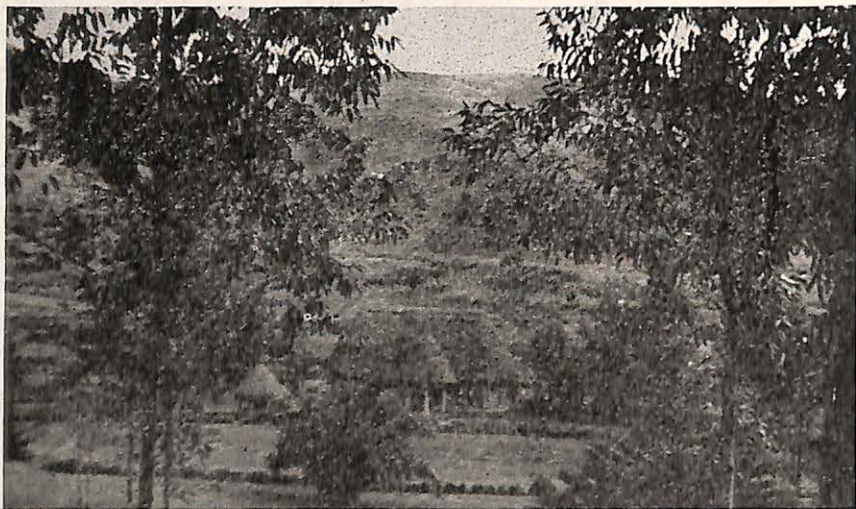
The Urgent Need of \$30,000 for the Cameroons Building Program As

Described by Missionary GEORGE A. DUNGER

WIDE EXPANSES of the Cameroons primeval forest! Giant trees, thick underbrush, lianas, flamboyants, thorns and briars! The road winds through the impenetrable wall of vegetation. The truck sways and rumbles along over bridges. A few native houses appear. A number of children line up at the roadside, and their elders greet us from the deep shadows of their huts. We return their greetings by waving our hands. After a few minutes we reach the Mission Station.

THE CHAPEL

Observing the activities on the Mission Station and the arrangement of its buildings, a design or a plan is noticeable. There is the Chapel—yon-



The Baptist Chapel at Mbem, Kakaland Which Is Almost Completely Surrounded by Trees Planted by Missionary Paul Gebauer.

der is the School, there are the missionaries' houses, below are the brickfields, the drying sheds, the kiln, the carpenter shop and the seasoning sheds for timber; on the other side of the plot stands the Dispensary and behind it are to be seen the Isolation Huts, the Teachers' Quarters, the School Dormitories, the vegetable garden and the school farm.

It is impossible to escape the realization that this is a Mission Station at the center of which stands the Chapel as evidence of Bible-centered, evangelistic activity; that the school with its Christian headmaster and teaching staff endeavors to lead the pupils in the paths of Christian life and service; that the dispensary with its Christian dispensers and dressers helps to alleviate pain and teach the patients how to live sanitary lives, at the same time giving testimony to the power and love of God who can save to the uttermost; that carpenter and

mason with their apprentices erect houses and provide them with furnishings, testifying to their changed lives.

However, at the center of the Mission Station stands the Chapel and from it spiritual life-streams flow into every activity on the station, into the lives of its people, and far beyond its boundaries into the outstations and the dark places of the land. Let us make the "Station Rounds" and see how building activity is carried on.

THE MISSIONARY'S HOUSE

Three distinct steps are to be recognized in all these building activities. They are represented in three different types of buildings—the temporary, the semi-permanent and the permanent house, even though they

may be chapel, school house, dispensary, carpenter shop or the missionary's house.

Here are a number of station laborers who are busy clearing a site and leveling it. Other natives—village people—carry "bamboo," "bush-rope," saplings and the straight stems of trees which a few hours previously stood in the shimmering heat of the African sun. Others bring large, cumbersome bundles of grass to be used for the thatch of the roof. While the building material is being brought to the site, the "ground plan" of the house is laid out by means of bamboos. The sides of the walls as well as the roof sections are "prefabricated" on the ground nearby and a sufficient amount of clay or mud is prepared for plastering the walls.

Four corner posts are placed into the ground and the bamboo walls are attached to them by means of fiber-rope. Now the roof sections are lifted into

place and secured. Then the soft clay is plastered onto the walls and the thatchers busy themselves completing the roof. This house will stand for three or four years. It will serve as a temporary classroom of the School until a semi-permanent or a permanent building can be erected. How pressing is the need, for our present classrooms are badly overcrowded. Sixty pupils crowd a classroom designed for twenty!

THE DISPENSARY

For many months patients have been brought to the Dispensary. Like the School, the Dispensary is far too small and the Isolation Huts are overcrowded also. A second dispensary unit is being erected. It is to be a semi-permanent structure. Since this building must last at least six to ten years and since it must provide reasonable security for medicines and instruments (the termites devoured the labels, stoppers, corks and rubber caps of Miss Kittlitz' medicine bottles!) as well as provide an amount of sanitation sufficient to satisfy the Medical Officer (a British official who inspects dispensaries and hospitals), it is going to be a semi-permanent building.

A shallow foundation has already been completed and the bricklayers are erecting the walls. These men are busy placing the sun-dried bricks on top of each other, using soft clay as mortar. The carpenters anchor door frames and window frames and, on one side of the building, another carpenter is occupied with the construction of the frame for the roof. The timber (believe it or not) is mahogany, the cheapest and only available building timber in this part of Africa. As was the case with the temporary classroom, the roof will be a grass thatch, although the roof structure is a frame combined of timber and bamboo.

While the temporary classroom has a floor of beaten earth, this dispensary unit will have a brick floor. The walls will be whitewashed. There will be window panes of cel-o-glass and cabinets for the storing of drugs, cupboards and tables for dispensing of medicines. There will be a stove for sterilizing instruments and for the boiling of water.

In a few weeks time, numerous patients will file into these rooms every day. They will come from near and far. Some will be carried on stretchers, others will come on crutches. Still others will have to make their way on foot, slowly, painfully, their minds determined to reach the Mission Dispensary, their hearts

filled with the hope of recovery.

Shall we ever forget the man who came to us with deep cuts across his ankles, sinews exposed, his legs swollen, infected, festering, telling us that unfriendly tribesmen in whose area he had been traveling, had so mutilated him and who, weeks later, left the Mission Station a happy man? And shall we ever forget the Moslem patient who came to us, his body wrecked by disease, his belongings stolen—a man cast away by his fellow-believers—how he, at first unbelievably, accepted Christian kindness, and later came to Chapel rejoicingly, his eyes shining with the happiness he had found among the followers of Christ?

THE STATION CHAPEL

Then there is the Station Chapel. It commands the view of the Mission Station. It is a large structure, resting on a secure foundation. It is a beautiful building. There are thick, massive walls—carrying an enormous thatched roof with wide, overhanging eaves giving protection from driving tropical rains. The design of the windows and doorways is an adaptation from Gothic style.

The interior makes one feel that one is in a sanctuary. A huge cross lends dignity to the altar and platform space and tells in silent but eloquent language of the supreme sacrifice of the Son of God. Carved posts and beams remind one of the richness of the native's inherent sense of art and feeling. The steps of this Chapel are worn by thousands and thousands of black feet. Countless hearts have sought and found peace, Christian brotherhood and accomplished the realization of higher goals in the expression of Christian love and life.

Here in the atmosphere of Christian teaching and fellowship the evangelists and church workers gather for extended periods of instruction in Bible doctrine, Bible history, Bible geography, evangelism, church management, for earnest prayer and worship services. This chapel is not only the center of the Mission Station, but it is also the spiritual center of evangelistic and Christianizing efforts. It is like a mighty lighthouse from which radiate beams of God's grace, convicting pagan hearts of sin and showing the way to the Cross of Jesus where alone it can find forgiveness from sin and reconciliation with God.

MAKING THE BRICKS

Yonder are the brickfields. Station laborers swing pickaxe and shovel, filling baskets with clay and taking them to the mixing trough on the surface. From there the mixed clay is taken to the brickmakers, who by means of wooden forms produce an average number of two hundred bricks a day. Other natives take these bricks to the drying sheds where they remain for several weeks for the purpose of hardening. Still other station labor-



An Evangelical Church in the Victoria Area With a Zinc Roof Making It a Semi-permanent Building. The Third Man from the Left is Daniel Lobe, One of Our Best Church Workers on the Coast.

ers are busy carrying hardened bricks to the kiln, stacking and spacing them in orderly fashion so that the flames may strike every one of them.

The kiln holds about four thousand bricks and soon, after closing and sealing it, the fireman will start firing the bricks—two days and nights increasing the fire, one day keeping it at its peak and two days and nights gradually decreasing it. When the kiln has cooled off, after about ten days, it will be opened and there will be thousands of high-grade bricks ready to be used for the permanent buildings as station chapels, school houses, staff quarters and work shops.

The permanent houses are designed to provide the greatest amount of usefulness, durability and African "comfort." Their foundations extend to secure layers of rock and soil. These foundations and walls are termite-proofed by means of cement courses and layers. Well-made doors and windows, a strong durable roof structure, upon which is placed a roof covering of corrugated iron or tile (which are also "home made"), provide safety against storms and lightning. The timber that is being used for these permanent buildings is well-seasoned.

OBTAINING TIMBER

In the seasoning sheds rest hundreds of planks and timbers on level platforms and spacers. These planks and timbers are removed as they are needed, taken to the Carpenter Shop and made into house fixtures, blackboards, desks, benches, cabinets, cupboards and many other articles needed for efficient operation of the mission and all its departments and service.

How is the timber obtained? The missionary engages a gang of sawyers after he has located a tree suitable for building timber. This type of tree

usually grows in those forests which line the gullies and ravines or even entire mountain sides. Since villages are not located near these forests and since the sawyers cannot afford to lose the time that would be spent in walking to the place of work and return to the village in the evening, they make temporary shelters for themselves.

After these have been erected, they construct a platform around the tree at a height of about fifteen feet from the ground. This is necessary for it is at this height that the gigantic buttress roots merge with the stem. The sawyers, swinging their axes, begin to fell the tree. After the tree has fallen, its trunk is cut into a number of logs which, in turn, are rolled over a pit. The missionary specifies the size of planks and timbers, and the sawyers set to work, one standing in the pit and the others standing on the top of the log, alternating pulling and pushing the large rip saw. Station laborers finally carry the planks and timbers to the Mission Station where they are placed in the seasoning shed.

The Mission Station is a busy place. All its activities are well-organized. Whatever the activity, one aim can easily be recognized. It is the realization of Christian faith and life in pagan surroundings. But WHY all these building activities?

SPIRITUAL GROWTH

The explanation lies in the fact that a mission station—a mission field—is a growing organism. Growth means extension of structure, facilities and relationships. Thus, a nucleus of Cameroons' believers increases to an appreciable congregation. The bush chapel no longer suffices; a church has to be built. An increasing number of churches means more evangelists and

(Continued on Page 20)

If You Are Praying for Africa!

A Prayer Challenge and Summons by Missionary EDWIN MICHELSON
of Soppo, the Cameroons

PRAY for our school teachers in the Cameroons of Africa. Few of them are soul winners. The majority are interested only in their salary and the coveted prestige of a school teacher's position. The African teacher, for the most part, cannot comprehend his work as being more than teaching the three R's. Many who wish to help their fellowman to the Savior are not able to do so because of lack of knowledge.

God can provide, and your intercession will go farther than we can ever know. The future of the Cameroons lies in the school teacher's hands.

churches. Their duties include preaching every Sunday, conducting daily prayer meetings, collecting members' contributions, teaching classes for those who have become Christians in preparation for baptism and church membership, visiting the sick, burying the dead, and preaching with a pure life in Christ. If he falls into the temptation of keeping God's money or getting another wife, his witness is ruined and others fall because of him.

PRAY God to bless the newly founded Bai Sombe Bible School in Balondo where 15 young men are "studying to show themselves approved unto God"

than average spirit. He is many times more valuable than the church worker to the cause of Christ in a church. His duties even out here are those given of God through the Apostle Paul. The church may be honored or dishonored by his life. Souls are won and lost by our elders.

PRAY for the Cameroons woman. She is sold to her husband by her parents like a slave and lives like one. To marry a woman without paying dowry is a shame even for our Christians. The African woman, realizing the position she holds in this life, takes firm hold of God's promises to the faithful for a better one to come with Jesus. The membership of the Cameroons Baptist Mission churches is largely composed of women. They are the missionary's joy and the blessed of God.

PRAY especially for the backsliders. "And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke 9:62.) Many believe that baptism brings them to heaven, and no amount of teaching will cause them to continue to follow Jesus once they have this key to heaven. Pray that our Christians may know the love of God, and not the fear of hell. And loving him first who first loved them, they will gladly follow, and following him they forsake all that is of the world.

PRAY for your missionaries.

Pray for the Cameroons Building Program

(See the Article by Missionary Dunger on Pages 6 and 7 of This Issue)

Tentative List of Building Requirements.

1. Station Chapel at Belo.
2. Station Chapel at Ndu.
3. Station Chapel at Warwar.
4. Four School Houses at Soppo.
5. Seminary and Dormitories at Soppo.
6. School Dormitories at Soppo, Belo, Ndu and Mbem.
7. Dispensary at Soppo.
8. Dispensary at Belo and Medical Helpers' School.
9. Dispensary at Ndu.
10. Completion of Hospital at Mbem.
11. School Houses at Ndu.
12. School Houses at Mbem.
13. Dwellings for Mission and School Staffs.
14. Garages and Work Shops.
15. Missionary Staff Houses.
16. Manual Training School at Belo.
17. Rural Science School at Soppo.
18. New Main Station for Kumba Mission Field.



Church Workers of the Balondo Mission Field. Evangelist Engale, "the Missionary's Right Hand Man," is at Extreme Right With Pastor Embola of the Bai Sombe Bible School at His Side.

They hold the moulding clay. The adults are hardened and comparatively few are truly changed in the power of Christ. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." (Proverbs 22:6.)

PRAY for the children of our schools and Sunday Schools. It is in them that the great change of the Cameroons will come. Today, they are young and innocent; tomorrow they will be either walking in the way of Jesus or be the habitual thieves, liars, bribers, and adulterers that their parents are. It all depends upon us. Your financial support alone it not enough. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." (Luke 18:10.)

PRAY for the church workers. Our church workers are untrained men who are in charge of their appointed

under the teaching of an experienced pastor. May they come forth in the wisdom and strength of the Holy Spirit in their lives to bring the Light of life to their brethren.

PRAY for the pastors and evangelists. They visit the churches regularly, teaching, admonishing, correcting, and uplifting. They give the Lord's Supper and baptize. Their harvest can be great or small as is their spirit. God's work needs young men called from our schools to carry on. None with a better education is willing to forsake all and follow Jesus in full-time service because teaching school or becoming a clerk in the plantations pays more. Pray for a realization of spiritual values by the young men of this land.

PRAY for the church elders. Without exception, a church with a consecrated elder is a church with better

"Father in Heaven, We Thank Thee"

General Conference Echoes Brought in a Unique Manner to the White Ave.
Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio by Miss RUTH T. BURGER

THIS is for me "Thanksgiving" . . . a thanksgiving for the opportunity which was mine to see the majesty of God's creation and to attend the General Conference at Tacoma, Wash., from August 19 to 25. Before making this trip, I had appreciated only a limited phase of God's beautiful world. I could appreciate only the first part of a poem around which I have built my message of General Conference echoes.

FATHER, WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
Father, we thank thee,
For tender grass to fresh and sweet,
Father, we thank thee,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
Father, we thank thee,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
Father, we thank thee,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

For this new morning with its light,
Father, we thank thee,
For rest and shelter of the night,
Father, we thank thee,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything the goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

As we traveled for three days and three nights across the country to the West in the special conference train with 200 children of God, I was permitted to understand more fully the second and third verses of this poem.

"FOR BLUE OF STREAMS AND BLUE OF SKY." Never before had I seen mountain streams. The water seemingly ran in two directions. At times the stream would be quiet, then again it would boil out of the ground. Neither shall I forget the blue of the Pacific and the perfect blues of the western skies.

"FOR PLEASANT SHADE OF BRANCHES HIGH." Especially does this phrase mean something as I recall seeing the straight tall firs growing in the state of Washington. Our train just wound its way up the mountain through the forest of the stately trees.

"FOR FRAGRANT AIR AND COOLING BREEZE." Never before had I breathed such pure fresh air as when on Mt. Rainier the day before the conference ended. "Cooling breeze," yes, that too . . . While sitting on the hillside during the short devotional period we had at noon that day on Mt. Rainier, I got sunburned on the right side which faced the sun and "duck bumps" covered my left arm as the cool breezes blew from the snow-covered mountain.

After our devotional period, some went mountain climbing. I met some

friends on one of the first larger patches of snow, and we had fun playing there for some time before climbing higher.

"FOR BEAUTY OF BLOOMING TREES." On my return trip I went through Arizona and New Mexico, almost entirely desert land. It was here that I saw cactus blooming—some yellow and others red.

to a conference to conduct business that God's work might go forward and that his challenge of the long ago might be accepted more fully today. Behind this large group at the conference, almost 2,000, were the others of our denomination of 40,000 who remembered the conference in prayer.

"FOR EVERYTHING THY GOODNESS SENDS." Yes, there were the



A Group of the S50 General Conference Enthusiasts Who Went to Paradise Valley Overlooking Mt. Rainier on Saturday, August 24

"FOR THIS NEW MORNING WITH ITS LIGHT." Each morning I would look out the train window to watch the dawn. Especially do I want to mention the mornings going through Washington as we would around the foot of mountains along the bed of a river, and then the morning on the return trip going through Arizona. In the sky was the morning star, Venus—the East was getting light. There was a glimpse of the colors painting the sky silhouetting the mountains against the horizon. Gradually the red sun appeared creeping over the top of the mountain peaks.

"FOR HEALTH AND FOOD, FOR LOVE AND FRIENDS." Always we are thankful for health. Especially can one be thankful for health on such a trip as was my privilege to make. "Food—we had plenty of this and was it good! "For love of friends"—here was a group of 200 traveling together

grand devotional meetings we had on the train each day on our trip to Tacoma. The meetings of the conference—especially the opening service on Monday when young women of the Calvary Baptist Church of Tacoma presented a pageant of the nine conferences . . . the young people's get acquainted socially on Tuesday . . . not to forget the impressive devotional period led by Prof. O. E. Krueger on Tuesday morning at which time the ministers stood as servants of God and were challenged with the Great Commission . . . the wonderful and inspiring women's meeting of Wednesday . . . a "pause that refreshed" at Thursday morning's sunrise service and breakfast at Point Defiance . . . the large inspirational youth rally at Temple Theater on Friday night . . . Mt. Rainier on Saturday—the glorious witness of God's greatness and creation, and also the huge young people's banquet that night—and the last day of our conference—the commissioning and re-commissioning of missionaries for foreign and home service.

Truly, I want to emphasize the last line of the poem, "FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE."

The Conference's Last Word!

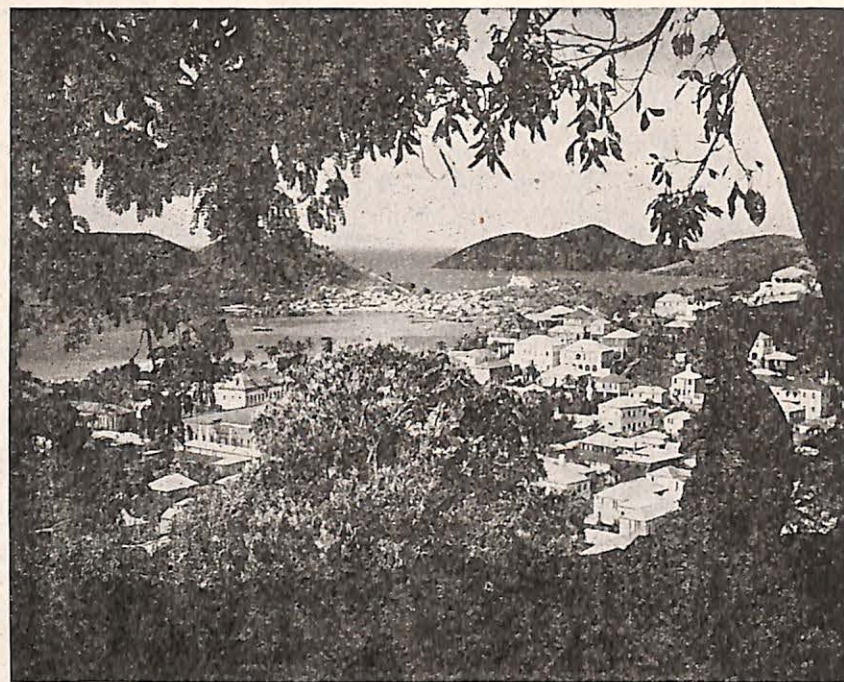
Although our people will talk about the General Conference for months to come, this is the last of the conference reports to appear in "The Herald."

After Many Days

A Christian Novel

by JOYE HOEKZEMA

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—Ewing Galloway Photo

A Striking View of St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands from Synagogue Hill With the French Village With Its White Church Crowning the Hill Top in the Distance. Here Chris and Jane Spent the Weeks and Months of Their Extended Honeymoon.

SYNOPSIS

Dr. Christopher Matthews, Chief of Staff at Cass General Hospital, had a brilliant mind and skilled hands, but—so people said—no heart. He fell in love with Jane Lee, a nurse and a consecrated Christian, and asked her to marry him. She knew that he was grieving the Spirit of God, but she consented. Soon there after Chris took her to meet his mother who lived in a lovely cottage on the shore of a lake. But that night ended in tragedy as his mother was killed in an accident. Chris and Jane were married, but the doctor was bitter toward God and other people. For the honeymoon trip he took his bride to the Virgin Islands.

CHAPTER FIVE

Less than a week later Chris and Jane were settled in the Pan-American Clipper, headed out of the port of San Juan, Puerto Rico, on the last lap of their breath-taking journey to St. Thomas. The memory of the glorious days and nights brought to Jane's heart sweet happiness as well as the deep satisfaction of perfect fulfillment. Chris had proved himself a tender, wise and adoring husband, unselfish and always gentle where she was concerned. He had kept his grief and bitterness locked sternly within himself, and only the shadow of it showed in his eyes.

However, Jane was not foolish enough to hope they had left it behind. Someday it would rear its ugly head, and then her battle would begin. Against that hour she fortified herself with ceaseless prayer.

Chris was a wonderful companion during the first honeymoon days. He had made traveling by train and by air an Aladdin's dream come true. He filled in the moments when he wasn't making love to her by telling sparkling bits of history concerning the islands they were to visit.

"The Danes owned them up until 1917," he told Jane tucking a kiss beneath her ear. "I suppose that gives the Islands their quaint Old World atmosphere. You'll find life on the Caribbean something right out of a storybook, darling. If you like it, we'll buy a villa and settle down for a while."

"But that won't be living the life you were meant to live," she began, and then something in his face stopped her. His bitterness rose like a wall between them. She couldn't say the things that were in her heart—that he had a duty back home—that crippled children desperately needed his skill—that old Doctor Stone was breaking under a double burden—that he had no right to shirk his responsibilities. She couldn't call him a quitter and a coward—not when his soul was bleeding before her eyes and his heart was an empty thing because he had no faith. No, she couldn't speak yet. She must pray and bide her time.

It was indeed a moment, straight from a fabulous fairy tale, when they caught their first glimpse of the Virgin Islands, American and British, with the vast, limitless bow of the Lesser Antilles, island after island, gleaming jewels against the blue throat of the ocean.

Directly below them the Virgins seemed to rush upward to meet the Clipper. As Chris remarked, Columbus had discovered these same islands, though from a different angle. On his second voyage in 1493 he stumbled on them at the threshold of his new world, and, astonished by their number and beauty, promptly christened them the Virgin Islands after St. Ur-

sula and her eleven thousand virgins.

Excitement tingled to Jane's toes and she clung to Chris as the Clipper circled into the wind and pointed its nose sharply downward. The Island of St. Thomas became something more than a brilliant splash on the relief map below. The little town of Charlotte Amalie sprang suddenly into being, crowding to the water's edge—gay, picturesque, pleasantly hilly.

"Here we are, little wife," Chris said, as the big plane settled with a soft thud onto the water and taxied toward the miniature airport. "You'll like it. There's something about the air down here that gets in the blood. Look! Look at the crowd to meet us—friendliest folk you ever saw. I'll wager there'll be a small girl with wild flowers from the hills, and another selling little bottles of bay rum. They grow it down here—very good, too. And fish . . ." He was laughing like an excited boy and Jane captured the precious moment and stored it away against the time when memory would still his laughter and bitterness would turn his eyes to bleakness.

"Are we going to stay at a hotel?" she asked breathlessly, nestling closer into the curve of his arm. For an instant his lips rested reverently against her cheek.

"Hardly. Do you imagine I'm going to share you with staring tourists and native hangers-on? There is a villa, high on the hill behind the town . . . but wait till you see it! I cabled a man who lives here—a man who once was a patient of mine—and he promised to have it cleaned and furnished for us. You'll find it like a dream, darling. Below the house is a

palm-lined bathing beach all our own and in the bay a mile down we can get boats for deep-sea fishing . . ."

"And so we'll play while sick children lie neglected because there aren't enough doctors to go around," Jane whispered sadly, but not loud enough for Chris to hear.

A pony cart took them and their luggage up a winding, picture-book street, past ancient Danish colonial dwellings, to a quaint, moss-bewhiskered stone house, sheltered by a patriarchal mahogany tree. From a distance it appeared to be aflame because of the riot of scarlet bougainvillea climbing over and around it.

Chris chuckled at Jane's gasp of involuntary delight. "I told you this was the land of make-believe," he said as their driver stopped with a flourish before the ornate horse-block. "Wait till you see the fireplaces and the deep-cut windows looking out to sea, and the hideaway bedroom at the top of the tower. Come on, sweetheart, I'll carry you over the threshold in the good old-fashioned way!"

He picked her up as easily as though she were a child and strode up the flagstone path. The pulse in his throat throbbed strongly and Jane lifted herself to lay her lips tenderly against it. Physically there was nothing wrong with Chris now. It was something far deeper—far more grave. His arms tightened, and for an instant he buried his face against her hair.

"My wife," he whispered unsteadily. "I hope I can make you happy here. We'll turn into a couple of young savages and pretend we own the whole island. We'll fish and swim and lie in the sun. And I'll make love to you under the stars. Oh, Jane, beloved, I wish there were words to tell you just what you mean to me! . . ."

The Danish driver drove away quickly, clucking to his horse and smiling broadly. He was a gentleman. He didn't look back!

* * * * *

Life was idyllic. Their tower bedroom was a fragrant bower, cloistered by the screening leaves of the mahogany tree, cooled by the unflagging trade winds, serenaded by a hundred gay-feathered songsters.

Jane awoke many mornings to find Chris' dark head pillowed against her arm, his body sprawled in awkward, boyish slumber. He looked so defenseless then, so young. Her heart ached for him. He was fighting his bitterness and grief with long days of violent exercise—with nights of exhausting hikes along the beach. But it was a losing battle. Each day she watched the shadows deepen in his eyes, saw the torment dogging his steps, knew that his hours of moody silence would become more prolonged, more savage.

At the beginning of their second month old Toby sent her a letter by airmail.

"Dear Jane," he wrote. "I hate to interfere like this but somebody has to tell Chris what's going on here. Three nurses left for the Navy last week and on top of that, Doctor Stone suffered a slight stroke. He won't be able to operate for weeks. Can you imagine how that affects the rest of the staff. Every nurse in the hospital is working like five women. We are desperately short of help. Dozens of children who need surgery and could be helped are being turned away because there is no competent surgeon to operate. Surely Chris must be physically able to come back to work. Can't you wake him up to his duty, Jane? Remind him of his oath—of his sacred obligation to medicine . . ."

"That letter isn't from your family, is it?" Chris asked curiously, as she finished a hasty reading. "I thought it looked like Toby's . . ."

"It is," she said, avoiding his glance.

"How did he find out where we were?" Chris demanded sharply. "Who told him?"

"I did," Jane admitted, drawing a long breath to steady her voice. "I felt he ought to know. After all, lover, you are on the staff of Cass General, and it was hardly fair to run away without leaving an address. We've had a wonderful honeymoon now, and you are fit as a football star. Shouldn't we be starting back soon?"

She forced herself to look at him then, and the expression on his face turned her cold. His mouth had become a thin, relentless line. "I told you we weren't going back," he said curtly. "You had no right to give Toby our address. As far as I'm concerned, Cass General can close its doors."

"That's exactly what it appears to be doing," Jane interrupted. "Toby says three of the nurses left, and poor Doctor Stone has had a stroke. You know he shouldn't be trying to carry all your work and his own, too. The entire staff is laboring under a terrific strain. They need us, Chris. We've got to . . ."

"I didn't ask you for your advice," Chris interrupted violently. "It isn't my fault that Stone takes his responsibilities so seriously. There's no point in driving yourself like that. It has made an old man of him before his time. Well, I'm too smart to follow suit! I've got all the money I ever want or need. Why should I go back and slave for a lot of stupid people who won't even say 'Thank you' when they're cured! I'm going to get what happiness there is out of life!"

"By robbing other helpless folks of theirs?" Jane cried. "Oh, Chris, you can't do it! Happiness isn't won that way, and in your heart you know it. Only when we're serving others can we find happiness for ourselves. That is the law of love."

"Will you kindly stop lecturing me?" he roared. "You sound like a text-

book on ethics! And I'll thank you not to give our address to people when I expressly ask you not to!"

He flung himself out of the room then and went striding down the hill toward the beach, as though a thousand devils nipped at his heels.

Jane crept to the tower room, but she couldn't pray—not yet—not with this consuming agony in her soul. What was to be Chris' salvation? How could she lead him away from the dry husks of bitterness to the banquet table of the Lord? Deep in her heart she knew she had done wrong to marry Chris in his prodigal state, and that unhappiness of the most bitter sort would undoubtedly result. These sharp words were only the beginning of many. In his hurt he was bound to strike at someone and she was the nearest and dearest.

"Oh, Lord, forgive me," she cried desperately. "I know I sinned in marrying Chris while he was still grieving the Spirit at every turn. But, God, please don't forsake me. Wash me clean as Thou hast promised, and somehow bring Chris back to Thy house!"

Kneeling beside the bed, Jane opened her Bible and asked for a comforting verse, one that would give her assurance or forgiveness and of divine aid. The worn pages opened to the story of Jesus as told by Mark, and she read aloud the glorious story of the frightened disciples in the midst of the stormy sea. "And he saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them: and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them. But when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out: for they all saw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. And he went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased."

The words "Be of good cheer: it is I! be not afraid," seemed to glow with a soft radiance as she read, and the Voice of her Companion whispered tenderly, "The waves are high just now, dear child. The winds are contrary. But be of good cheer. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. I still have power to calm the raging sea. I have forgiven you."

It was hours later before Jane heard Chris' step on the stairs. He came in quietly, closing the door behind him.

"Jane?" he questioned, his voice drained and spent. The twilight was thick in the room and she couldn't see his face.

"I'm here, Chris."

He was beside her in an instant, and with a harsh sob he dropped to his knees and buried his face in her lap.

"Darling, I've been a beast. I—I didn't mean to talk like that. I don't

know what got into me . . ."

She held his head against her breast as though he were a small, exhausted child.

"It's all right, dearest. I understand," she whispered, but he interrupted her by placing unsteady fingers across her lips.

"It's not all right. It wasn't only the things I said. It—it was the things I thought! Stone has been my friend. I'm not insensible to his misfortune. It's only that . . . I can't explain . . . But, Jane, I love you! Don't ever doubt that. I may act like a brute sometimes . . . but I'll always love you. You're as much a part of me as my right arm. I couldn't live without you. But don't talk to me about going back, Jane. I can't explain what it does to me. It—it turns a devil loose inside me. I want to hurt somebody as much as I'm being hurt. When you get tired of this place, we'll move on, but don't ask me to go back home, where everything and everybody reminds me of—of what happened . . ."

"All right, Chris," she said steadily, her heart clinging to the memory of her Companion's blessed promise. "All right, if that's the way you want it, there's nothing more for me to say. But the Father won't allow you to remain in the pig-sty, Chris. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." He'll bring you into the fold someday, Chris, because He loves you infinitely more than you are capable of comprehending . . ."

"Please, let's not talk about it anymore," he said with soft violence. "I've stood all I can right now."

"All right, Chris. How about a dip before dinner?" she asked gallantly, but her voice broke a little under the weight of sadness in her heart. She realized then that though the Lord had forgiven her, she was bound to reap the bitter harvest of her willful sowing.

It was a week later that they stumbled on Andre's cottage. They had been hiking down the coast and on the way back Chris became thirsty.

"Let's stop at this little fishing village and ask for a drink," he suggested. "Haven't they a snug berth here, though?"

Nestled along the shore of the little half-moon harbor, the village sprawled indolently in the sun. A few fishermen were mending their nets. Others were caulking the boats which were evidently undergoing strenuous repairs.

It was then that Jane saw the cottage which was well removed from the rest, a low, green-roofed little house, half hidden by vines and flowering shrubs, clinging to the hillside a few rods above them.

"Look, Chris, what a dear place," Jane said, "and there's a well-sweep, too, and dense shade. Let's get a drink there."

"Right," Chris agreed, leading the way toward the stone cottage. "Say, don't I hear somebody singing?"

Indeed someone was singing—high and clear as a lark at dawn. It was a boy's voice, bell clear and breath-takingly sweet. "What a voice!" Chris whispered under his breath.

As they rounded the bend, they saw the singer perched upon a stone wall—a lad in his early teens, his beautiful brown body naked except for a pair of ragged shorts, his dark curly head pillowed on his arms, his face upturned toward the glistening boughs of a sweet olive tree.

"I can sing as high as you," he challenged, and a bird, hidden somewhere in the leafy bower above, answered with an impudent trill.

"I can do that, too," sang the young minstrel, and mimicked the bird with a meltingly sweet whistle.

Involuntarily Chris and Jane paused. It was almost sacrilege to interrupt a voice like that. But someone else did. Abruptly a man appeared in the cottage door and a softly slurred voice remanded, "Michael, have you finished mending the nets yet? I'll wager you haven't! You'd rather lie there and sing silly songs to the birds!" But there was no anger in the voice—only gentle chiding. The boy laughed and stretched his long legs.

"Peter said he'd mend the nets if I'd sing at Sabbath school tomorrow." The man in the doorway crossed the yard and stood looking down at the boy. The scene was like a painting by some Old World master, and Jane found herself holding her breath with delight. The old fisherman was weather-beaten to the shade and texture of leather, and his hair was the color of new straw. He walked with the rolling gait of a sailor and his eyes were the blue of a far horizon. But it was the look on his face that made Jane catch her breath in wonder—the look of parental tenderness and unspeakable devotion.

"Michael lad, I'm fearful you're getting lazy," he said, shaking his head. "You'd rather sing than work . . ." His voice died abruptly. He had caught sight of Chris and Jane standing motionless on the path. Instantly his seamed face broke into a welcome smile.

"Howdy-do. I didn't see you there. Won't you come in?"

This lad sat up like a released spring, his face eager and curious.

"We'd like a drink and a minute's rest, if we may," Chris said, and the man nodded pleasantly.

"Of course. You're most welcome. Michael lad, run and draw a pail of fresh water. Sit down on the bench, folks, and cool off a bit."

The boy sped around the corner. Jane smiled.

"We heard him singing," she said.

"He has a lovely voice."

"Aye," the man agreed, pride light-

THE BAPTIST HERALD

ing his eyes. "Aye, that he has. His mother used to say it was like an angel's, and I guess she knew rightly."

"My name is Chris Matthews and this is my wife, Jane," Chris said impulsively. "We're your neighbors up the coast a bit."

"I've heard of you." Their host nodded, his smile finding a place for itself among the wrinkles. "My name is O'Hara—Andre O'Hara—if you can imagine a combination like that! French, Danish and Irish—the worst of all three."

Chris laughed. "I've heard of you, too. You captain this fishing fleet here, do you not?"

"Aye. I own all ten vessels now," he admitted with pardonable pride. "We do a thriving little business since the United States bought the islands. We're doing right well."

Michael reappeared with a brimming bucket and a gourd dipper. His eyes, blue as the sea at morning, were dancing with interest.

"Michael—this is Doctor and Mrs. Matthews," Andre said, and the boy nodded shyly, his smile flitting across his face like sunlight. His bare toes dug a furrow in the dry soil. He proffered the dripping gourd without speaking, but Jane felt his sweetness and his charm.

Andre was saying, "Won't you come in and sit a bit? We don't have much company." The wistfulness in his voice touched a chord in Jane's heart.

"We'd enjoy that, wouldn't we, Chris?" she said, and followed him into the clean but bare little parlor, where a woman's picture held the place of honor above the stone fireplace. Andre nodded toward it.

"That was Michael's mother," he said with quiet dignity. "She left us about three years ago. At first we couldn't make it seem right. She was like a light in this house—always singing, too, like the lad. It was hard to bear, but the Lord gave us strength according to our need . . ."

Chris winced and changed the subject with brutal rudeness.

"What kind of fish do you catch mostly?" he asked sharply.

Andre's eyes questioned him in surprise, but without resentment.

"It depends on the time of year, of course, and the place. We bring in bonito and red snappers mostly, and a sprinkling of blue doctor fish, mulatto cuvally and flat blare-eyes."

"What droll names for fish!" Jane smiled. "Your work must be interesting."

"It is. And the important thing is that it brings in a livelihood for the entire village. None of these men used to have many comforts. They were stranded here when the depression made the sugar-cane industry unprofitable. Most of them are of Danish and Irish descent. Fine fellows. I feel proud that I have built up a small fleet."

(To Be Continued)

First Impressions of Africa

Missionary RUBY SALZMAN'S First Letter from the Cameroons, Africa

Written on September 8, 1946

ELEVEN WEEKS ago yesterday I bade goodbye in New York City to the "Lady with the Lamp," and seven weeks later said "Hello" to the great Mt. Cameroons that towers above our mission compound here at Soppo. Our journey across the ocean was delightful, the weather was ideal, and the waters calm. Since this was my first experience on the ocean, I was thrilled with the vastness of the sea and sky; yet it did not seem possible that we were a thousand miles from land.

We reached the shores of Africa after fifteen days of sailing, pulling in the dark at Dakar at 7 P. M. on Sunday, July 7th. From 3:30 until 7 P. M. we stood on deck watching, first, the first faint outline of the rocky islands, then the lighthouses, the barracks remaining from the war, and finally around the bend to the town port. We trekked through the town that evening and saw such a variation of sights—narrow, paved streets filled even at a late hour with natives out strolling with their family or friends, others lying on the sidewalks before their homes, sound asleep. American jeeps and French bicycles kept us on the jump at every intersection. The miniature French sidewalk cafes were patronized by natives, local Frenchmen, and many soldiers and sailors.

Freetown in Sierra Leone is under British control, not as large as Dakar, but just as interesting. Here we saw a number of landmarks from the slave trading days, the huge cottonwood tree around which the slaves were herded while awaiting embarkment, and the old stone steps down which they trudged to the boats. Life here was not so hurried, and the people seemed more friendly.

Our own Soppo village is still another sight. Here we see huts about 10 by 20 feet with ground floors, rough hewn siding or just woven mats tied to crooked thin poles, and thatched roofs. Usually this house has two or three divisions, the center one for the dining room, the other two for bedrooms. Most of the natives have a little lean-to or extra hut in the back where they prepare their meals; and their stoves are simply a pile of stones on the floor on which they stand their kettles. In the main house they keep warm around a little fire of sticks that burns on the ground floor in the middle of the room. There is no thought of chimneys.

The food consists chiefly of cocoa, yams, cassava and maize. Most of these foods are rolled into balls or pat-

ties, and then eaten with native soup, usually highly spiced with red peppers. Fingers were made before forks, so they simply put everything in a little bowl and proceed to roll, dip and eat, not at all as Emily Post prescribes.

The native's wealth consists chiefly of domestic animals. As we trudge down the village foot path we must watch not only the mud puddle and the slippery stones, but also the tracks left by the cows, horses, pigs, goats and chickens. There are no yard fences, so all these creatures are free to roam at will, and often they will enter the living rooms or promenade on the verandas. Also, because of this freedom, the women must choose their farm and garden sites as far as two miles from the village to evade the intrusion of their treasured possessions and the eventual destruction of their food stuffs and market produce.

Yesterday morning I attended the third native funeral since I arrived. This cold rainy season is very hard on our villagers, for most of them have no change of clothing when they get wet, and few have enough bed clothes to keep them warm at night. As a result, many of them catch colds which drag on for weeks and finally end with pneumonia. Worms and dysentery cause much discomfort and the mission nurse has numerous cases of ulcers, yaw-yaws, cuts and bruises to treat and bandage at the school dispensary every school morning.

When we think of September at home, we think of Fall and the approaching Winter, but here the natives are looking forward to the planting season and Summer time. Since I've been here the temperature has varied only from 66 to 74 degrees and most of the time it stays at 70. Yesterday was our first day without rainfall in several weeks, and even then it was cloudy over half of the day.

My chief activity during this past month has been attending our daily school classes. We have 350 children enrolled in our eight grades with 13 teachers and classrooms. How our children at home in the large city schools would appreciate the surroundings of our Soppo buildings. All kinds of flowers, bushes and trees and in the distance the grand Mt. Cameroons and his love to his children.

With this description of my new home comes my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a blessed New Year. By the time this reaches you I hope to be on my own field, some 300

miles inland up 6,000 feet in the grasslands. There I will be supervising our native teachers in our mission schools, helping to bring to those people the blessed story of "peace on earth, good will to men."

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A Missionary's Letter of Thanks from China

By Miss BERTHA LANG,
Missionary in China Under the China
Inland Mission Board

My dear Friends:

First of all, let me thank those of the Iowa Young People's Convention for their generous gift. It isn't possible to write letters to each of the churches. I trust you will accept this letter as an acknowledgment for your share of the gift. You have been faithful, loyal friends of mine ever since I went to China in 1922. God bless you richly—always!

The time has come to set my face China-wards. As I look back over the almost two years here at home, my heart overflows with gratitude to the Lord for his great goodness to me. Those of you who have read the little booklet entitled, "Here I Am," will know what I mean. It has been a privilege and a joy to have fellowship with so many of the Lord's people. The renewing of old acquaintances and the making of new ones has been an added privilege. How grateful I am to all who took me in as I visited from place to place telling of the Lord's work in China and the great remaining need there for knowledge of Jesus Christ as Savior. All these add to my sense of debt—a debt I cannot pay.

I go forward with a desire to honor and serve him so long and in whatever way he may direct and please and also with the same eagerness that led me forth the first time. There will be many times, when alone in some small inland station, that thoughts will come of the happy moments spent with you and it will be an impetus to carry on.

I'm counting on your prayers as never before. We realize our working days are limited. There is the open door now—but there are many adversaries.

To those of you who care to write, and let me assure you letters never come too often, my address will be,

China Inland Mission,
Pingyanghsien, Chekiang, China.

Needed Immediately

FOR INDIVIDUAL FOOD PARCELS NOW BEING SENT TO EUROPE!

Canned Meat, Fat in Tins, Sugar in Any Quantity, Packages of Split Peas, Lentils, Flour, Cereals and Rice, Canned Fruit, and Chocolate.

Also Sewing Thread, Darning Cotton, Mending Yarn and Needles.

Contributions in Money Can Always Be Used to Purchase Certain Goods in Large Quantities by Headquarters and to Defray Shipping Expenses.

Used Clothing in Good Condition Always Acceptable.

All Food Parcels, Clothes and Money Gifts Are to Be Sent to DENOMINATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, 7308 Madison St., Box 6, FOREST PARK, Illinois.

To Benefit Our Pastors Families

Our General Conference, at its meeting in Tacoma, Washington, decided that every pastor and missionary of our North American Baptist Churches who at that time was under the age of 65 should be enrolled on a group insurance plan. The entire cost of this plan shall be paid by the General Conference as a token of appreciation for the loyalty and devotion of our coworkers and their families.

Each pastor and missionary has received a letter from our executive secretary, Rev. H. Woyke, with an enrollment card that must be returned to the Headquarters Office as promptly as possible. This will be the only obligation that must be fulfilled to benefit from this insurance plan. Those who were age 60 or under receive a \$1000.00 policy and those from ages 61 to 65 receive a \$500.00 policy.

If any pastor or missionary under age 65 did not receive a letter and enrollment card, we ask to be advised and pardoned for the oversight. We trust that no name was omitted from our mailing list. Send your communications to Box 6, Forest Park, Illinois.

SEPTEMBER CONTRIBUTIONS — NORTH AMERICAN BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Conference	September	September
	1946	1945
Atlantic	\$ 850.14	\$ 2,216.62
Eastern	1,936.61	1,315.58
Central	6,892.08	3,304.78
Northwestern	1,269.69	3,168.72
Southwestern	2,421.15	2,831.51
Southern	1,236.82	797.18
Pacific	8,177.48	2,690.00
Northern	6,406.98	314.22
Dakota	5,205.13	3,044.09
Totals	\$34,395.08	\$19,682.70
Fellowship Fund for World Emergencies		
Sept., 1946	\$ 9,871.62	
Sept., 1945	5,150.07	
Total to Sept. 30 1946	\$337,572.28	
Seminary Endowment Fund		
Sept., 1946	\$ 1,243.26	
Sept., 1945	1,719.18	
Total to Sept. 30, 1946	\$119,090.17	

Exceeding Abundantly

(An Offering Summons)

(Continued from Page 4)

In order to give our churches a practical outlet for their gratitude, our denomination is again sponsoring the week of November 24 to December 1 as Denominational Thanksgiving and Sacrifice Week. We are calling on our churches to gather during that week the largest Thanksgiving Offering in our history, but we are calling for it only because we know that the Lord Jesus Christ, who gave his ALL, is calling for it also.

For what will this Thanksgiving Offering be used? A major part of it has this year been designated for our Special Cameroons Sacrifice Offering. Sometime ago the raising of this special fund, to the amount of \$30,000, was authorized to help bear the unusually heavy initial costs of our expansion program on that field.

About \$10,000 has already been contributed, and the denominational Finance Committee has voted that the balance, or approximately \$15,000 be paid out of the Thanksgiving Offering.

This fund is a vital necessity, and is needed NOW! Already, only six weeks after the conclusion of our General Conference, the Gebauers and Dungers are back in Africa. New appointees will soon be on their way, so that we shall have more than twenty missionaries on the field. This represents a tremendous expansion of our work.

Houses must be built, mission stations must be prepared, equipment must be bought. This is all a vital part in the larger objective of bringing the Lord Jesus Christ to the unsaved people of the Cameroons.

The remainder of the Thanksgiving Offering has been allocated for the Missionary and Benevolent Fund. This fund supports our entire denominational enterprise. To each member of the family a fair portion is given, according to need. Wise and loving parents do not lavish all their affection and income on one child to the detriment of others. A good householder does not take a year's income and spend it all on clothes, or all on new furniture. Just so our budget provides that all of our societies shall be cared for. Let us give generously to provide for all the members of our denominational family.

Our key verse says: "Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages world without end."

In the church of Jesus Christ, everything is to glorify God. Let us give God the glory—in thanks-giving and in thanks-living.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

NORTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Inspiring Shoreland Youth for Christ Rally at the Bethel Church of Sheboygan, Wis.

The Bethel Baptist Church of Sheboygan, Wis., was the host to the Shoreland Youth for Christ Rally on Saturday, Sept. 21st. Young people from Manitowoc, Sheboygan Falls, and other surrounding communities attended the rally. Many young people at the rally responded when the appeal was made for those who wish to enter full time Christian service. Many others requested prayer to help them in coming to a decision concerning full time service. Many young people consecrated their lives at the service.

Dr. Carl F. H. Henry of Northern Baptist Seminary, Chicago, Illinois was the speaker. Miss Joyce Pankratz of Chicago was guest soloist. Dr. Henry spoke at the worship service of Bethel Church on the following Sunday morning while the Rev. Fred J. Knalson, pastor of the church, filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

Fred J. Knalson, Reporter.

Recent Events for Rejoicing at the Bethany Church of Milwaukee, Wis.

The Bethany Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., has acquired several new members since the last report. We have also had seven babies dedicated this summer in a beautiful service.

Our Vacation Bible School was a real success, a number of children accepting Christ as their personal Savior, and many others learning to love him more than before. Miss Elizabeth Giesecke, who attends Moody Bible Institute, was in charge. She was fortunate in having many consecrated workers to assist her. The school proved a real blessing, and we feel that all who participated in any way deserve a real vote of thanks.

One of our members, Miss Alma Siwert, missionary-elect to the Cameroons, will be going to Africa very soon to serve God by serving the people there. She was married on September 28th to the Rev. George Henderson, who is also devoting his life to mission work in Africa. These consecrated Christians met at Taccoa Falls College, where Alma graduated on June 3rd. We are very proud of Alma, whose personality and character denote genuine Christianity. She says about her calling: "I feel that it is the highest calling in the world, and is a task that the angels in heaven would covet."

Bethany looks back on a pleasant summer, and looks forward to the winter season with renewed vigor, and the prayer that God will use us greatly to further his work in the coming year.

Mrs. Kurt Knebel, Reporter.

St. Paul's Riverview Church Holds Farewell Reception for Rev. J. Wobig and Family

On Thursday evening, Sept. 5th, the members of the Riverview Church of St. Paul, Minn., with members of the Daytons Bluff Church of St. Paul, Minn., and Faith Church of Minneapolis as their guests met to bid farewell to Rev. John Wobig and family.

Mr. Henry Marks, moderator of the church, presided and a fine program of music, songs and reading of an original poem written by one of our members was presented.

The Rev. John Walkup brought fitting words of farewell from the Daytons Bluff Church and, in the absence of Rev. L. Berndt, Mr. Alfred Brachlow represented the Faith Baptist Church of Minneapolis. The Rev. Alfred Grossman, a neighboring pastor, spoke words of farewell in behalf of the Ministerial Association of Riverview.

Mr. Wobig was presented with a gift envelope by the church and with it the sincerest wishes for many blessings as he and his family enter their new field of service.

A social hour followed and in an informal way we would express our appreciation in person of God's guidance and the many bountiful blessings we have received during these ten years of fellowship together.

Ida Glewwe, Reporter.

Sunday School Advance and Baptismal Service at Kenosha's Immanuel Baptist Church

Since we of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kenosha, Wis., have had the privilege of being guided by God through our new minister, the Rev. North E. West and family, our church has been very active and gradually advancing with a great deal of recognition in our community.

During these days Miss Eva K. Basara, director of Christian Education of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention, was guest speaker at our regular Sunday morning worship service. Her message "The Church and its Children," was the keynote address for a plan of enlarging the Sunday School. While staying with us for several days, methods for the improvement of the work now done was outlined by her. We have already gained success through the work of 40 volunteers in taking a census in our neighborhood under her leadership. The largest enrollment ever had for our Church School was on September 15 with a total of 124 present.

On August 25 a baptismal service was held for 13 candidates and on September 8 the hand of fellowship was extended to 23 new members. These are outstanding and spiritual awakenings for this field, and we thank God for them.

"Permanent Victory for the Families of Tomorrow," is the title of a folder printed and distributed by our volunteer workers. It includes pic-

tures of the different departments in our Sunday School and of the sanctuary, giving a brief description of each. The Sunday School board agreed to stand the expenses of having 8,500 of these folders printed. Five thousand have already been distributed, covering 400 square blocks surrounding our church. The remainder are now being used for hotels, rural homes and other places where the church needs to be advertised more.

Mrs. Fred Marquardt, Clerk.

Impressive Dedication Service for the New Parsonage at Hutchinson, Minnesota

Dedication services for the new parsonage of the Northside Baptist Church of Hutchinson, Minn., were held on Sunday, Sept. 22, with services in the morning and afternoon. The Rev. M. L. Leuschner of Forest Park, Ill., was the guest speaker. The male quartet composed of Melvin and Myron Ziemer, Albert Krueger and Rev. G. P. Schroeder sang several numbers. Dinner was served to about 200 people and an inspection of the new home was done during the noon hour.

The afternoon session opened with a selection by an impromptu mass choir. Then each society of the church presented reports on their share of work or building in the parsonage. The Woman's Missionary Society was represented by Daraliene Klinger with a violin solo and the report by Mrs. Arnold Krueger; the B. Y. P. U. by David Fratzke, who sang a solo and the report by Thomas Zipf. A mixed quartet of Phylliss Fratzke, Irene Krueger, Myron Ziemer and Albert Krueger represented the Sunday School, and Karl Krueger, superintendent, reported for the school. The Philathea Society was represented by Mrs. Karl Krueger who read an original poem. The financial report was given by the treasurer of the Building Committee, A. W. Krueger.

Congratulatory speeches were given by John Fratzke of Minneapolis, Vernon Heckman of St. Paul, Rev. August Lutz of St. Bonifacius and Rev. E. Anderson of Hutchinson. The latter two also took part in the services. Irene Krueger sang the solo, "God Bless this House," before Dr. Leuschner gave the dedication address. The offering for the building fund was \$133.

Since the dedication an electric water heater has been installed and work has been started on the new built-in cement garage on the hillside back of the church.

We are grateful for the help donated and the money that was pledged by the members and friends of the church. Also our thanks to the building committee for their untiring efforts and cooperation during the time of construction. The men who served on the committee were Reuben Fratzke, A. W. Krueger, Erich Fratzke, Paul Fratzke, Emil Ziemer and Irwin Jordan.

Mrs. Arnold Krueger, Reporter.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

Golden Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Weisser of Camrose, Alberta

The beautifully decorated Bethany Baptist Church of Camrose, Alberta was a place of great rejoicing on Monday evening, August 12, on the occasion of the 50th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Weisser. The actual date is November 17, 1946 but it was celebrated at this time because all members of the family were able to be at home.

To the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, Bert Hendrickson and Kurt Mueller, sons-in-law, ushered in the wedding party. Laura Weisser, a granddaughter, acted as flower girl, and Ronald Weisser, a grandson was ring bearer. Mr. Weisser was attended by his oldest and youngest sons, Ben and Clarence Weisser. Just before the ceremony their two grandchildren, Harriet Weisser and Gordon Dickau, sang, "I Love You Truly."

The Rev. Karl Korella, pastor, read the marriage lines as Mr. and Mrs. Weisser renewed their marriage vows. As the recessional was played, the bridal party returned to the lower church auditorium, where congratulations and gifts were presented to the anniversary couple and a delicious lunch was served.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Weisser have been prominent members of the Bethany Church for many years. Three of their sons represent the only group of three brothers serving as ministers in our denomination. They are Rev. Arthur L. Weisser of Wishek, North Dakota; Rev. Alfred Weisser of New Haven, Conn., and Rev. Carl Weisser of Killaloe, Alberta, Canada.

Mrs. Alfred Weisser, Reporter.



Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Weisser of Camrose, Alta., Canada, Who Recently Celebrated Their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

was repaired, plastered and painted. A kitchen, which was so necessary to provide for our conference guests, was built. Tables and benches were constructed and painted. Yes, it was work, but it was worthwhile. The Lord made many hearts willing to serve him even in this measure. Our spacious basement dining room has now a seating capacity of 230. This was especially beneficial on the Sunday of the conference when approximately 1000 were served at the noon meal.

Vacation Bible Schools were held in five different places, with eleven young people serving as teachers. Some 150 children attended to be fed with the Bread of life. Eternity will reveal the results of these faithful efforts of his children.

The week following the conference,



Thirty-four Converts of Minitonas, Manitoba, Canada Who Were Recently Baptized and Received Into the Baptist Church by the Pastor, Rev. J. B. Kornalewski (Center).

Baptism of Thirty-four Converts in Out-of-door Service at Minitonas, Manitoba

The past summer has been a full and blessed season for the Baptist Church of Minitonas and its station at Swan River, Manitoba. Early in the Spring preparations for the Northern Conference were undertaken. The upper auditorium was completely remodeled and freshly decorated. The basement

special revival services were conducted. The Rev. F. W. Mueller of the Laurelhurst Baptist Church of Portland, Oregon served as the evangelist. The Lord crowned the efforts of his people with many precious souls.

The highlight of the season came on Sunday, August 11. God granted perfect weather for our outdoor baptism service. The large congregation gathered on the banks of the beautiful Swan River and the people were

moved to humble thanksgiving as they witnessed the baptism of thirty-four converts.

The Station Swan River has long felt the need to have its own place of worship, and this summer the construction of a church was undertaken. It is a promising mission field. On Sunday, September 15, a baptism was held here also. Ten have been added to the church in the past few months. The membership of Minitonas and Swan River has now passed the 500 mark. With our eyes on the Lord, we are looking for even greater things in the future.

J. B. Kornalewski.

Farewell Service for the Rev. and Mrs. R. Kern at Calgary, Alberta

On Sunday evening, September 29, the members of the Bridgeland Baptist Church of Calgary, Alberta and many friends from the neighboring churches gathered to bid farewell to the Rev. and Mrs. Rubin Kern.

The Rev. R. Schilke of Edmonton served as chairman and guest speaker. The deacon and representatives of the Sunday School, Ladies' Mission Society, Young People's Union, Choir and Rev. E. M. Wegner of Carbon spoke words of appreciation and farewell. A solo by Mr. Ted Neher and two selections by the choir, of which Mr. Kern was director, were rendered.

The church presented the Kerns with a love gift of money. The Rev. and Mrs. Kern also spoke words of farewell. Their young daughter, Harriet, sang a chorus as her response.

As an untiring worker and popular president of the Alberta Tri Union Assembly, Mr. Kern will be greatly missed by the young people of Alberta. The Kerns have served our church very faithfully for four years. Our prayers will follow them as they work for their Master at the Ebenezer Church at Vancouver, Brit. Columbia. Helen Schmidt, Reporter.

The Elkwater Lake Assembly for the Saskatchewan and Alberta Central Tri Union

Autumn has come, but we still have to ponder over the events of the past summer. The young people of the Saskatchewan and Alberta Central Tri Union undertook a new project. During the week of July 21 to 28 an assembly was held at Elkwater Lake for approximately 40 young people.

Elkwater Lake is about 40 miles south of the city of Medicine Hat, Alberta. The scenery at the lake is very beautiful. Our campsite was partly hidden in the tall trees at the foot of the hills.

At 9:00 A. M. all gathered for the morning devotions. The young people remained after devotions for their morning classes which were conducted by the Revs. H. G. Dymmel, H. Zepik, R. Milbrandt and E. Martens. The aim of all classes was Christian Living. The children gathered outside under the trees under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Janzen.

In the evening evangelistic services were conducted by Rev. H. G. Dymmel and Rev. H. Zepik.

Mrs. E. L. Janzen, Reporter.

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Session of the Pacific Conference Woman's Missionary Union at Tacoma, Wash.

On August 19th during the session of the Pacific Conference at Tacoma, Wash., the Woman's Missionary Societies of the Pacific Conference convened for their annual meeting.

Mrs. C. Rich, president, called the meeting to order and introduced the speaker of the afternoon, missionary Paul Gebauer. Since he only recently returned from serving as chaplain in the European theater of war, he brought to us very realistically the great needs prevailing over there. First, there are the physical needs such as food, clothing etc. To these needs the women have responded magnificently by sending tons of clothing and innumerable packages of food. Second, are the spiritual needs. Our women will rally to the cause of our Christ with their prayers of faith and with their sacrificial gifts.

The women's business session was opened with a devotion based on Gal. 6, ably conducted by Mrs. E. Becker of Vancouver, Canada. The following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year: president, Mrs. E. Mittelstedt, Calif.; vice-presidents, Mrs. H. Schmunk, Tacoma, Wash., Mrs. E. Becker, Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. F. Mueller, Portland, Oregon; secretary, Jennie C. Hoelzer; and treasurer, Ruth Baer. The Standard of Goals chart as recommended by our National Woman's Missionary Union is to be used again during this year.

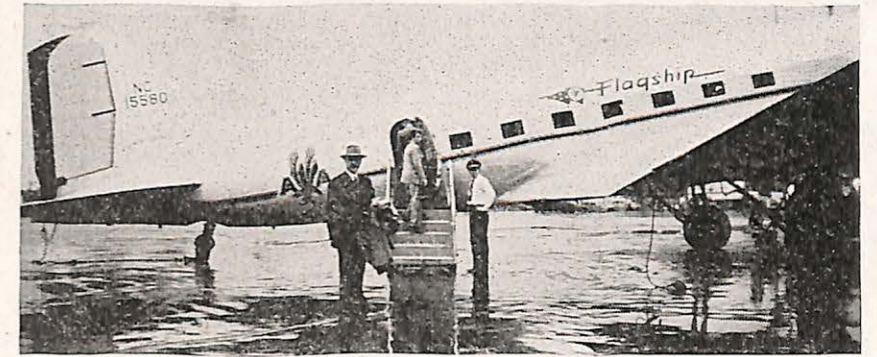
Jennie C. Hoelzer, Secretary.

Reception of Welcome for the Rev. and Mrs. G. G. Rauser and Family in Salem, Ore.

The words of the prophet Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," beautifully expressed the sentiments of the Bethel Baptist Church of Salem, Oregon as we gathered on the evening of September 8th to praise God who so graciously answered our prayers and to welcome his messenger, the Rev. G. G. Rauser, and his family into our midst. Words of welcome were extended by representatives of all the branches of our church.

A welcome song, especially composed for the occasion, was sung by the Beginner and Primary children. The choir, male quartet, ladies trio, and a duet rendered songs of praise. The Rev. Otto Nallinger, pastor of the Salt Creek Church, who had set aside their evening service and with his people had come to share our joy, spoke words of welcome in behalf of this church. The impressive ceremony he performed in uniting pastor and church, as in holy wedlock, will long be remembered!

After Dr. J. R. Turnbull in his humorous way had extended greetings in behalf of the ministers of Salem, Alice Rauser favored us with a violin solo, accompanied at the piano by her



The Rev. William Hoover of Detroit, Michigan at the Detroit City Airport on Sunday, Sept. 22, at the Beginning of His Trip to Europe.

sister, Jean. Mrs. Rauser in turn welcomed us to their home. Every listener was stirred and our faith was strengthened as Rev. G. G. Rauser told of God's definite leading in answer to prayer. A time of fellowship was enjoyed with refreshments in the church basement.

As a church we are expecting great things from God, "for there is still much land to be possessed." (Joshua 13:1.) We are sharing a picture of the Rauser family and our church missionary, Miss Eva Krenzler, who has endeared herself to our hearts by her untiring labor in our midst since May 1, 1945.

Mrs. Sam Schirman, Reporter.

CENTRAL CONFERENCE

Conners Ave. Church of Detroit Releases Its Pastor for Denominational Relief Ministry

After having spent two and one-half months in the spring of 1946 touring eight countries of Europe in the interest of relief, the Rev. William Hoover, pastor of the Conners Ave. Baptist Church, Detroit, Michigan again left New York on September 23rd on his second mission to Europe to act as one of two denominational representatives.

In recent months our pastor has been kept very busy giving reports to various religious groups and other organizations on the dire needs of the people in Europe. He has reported to a capacity crowd, representing our five

churches of Detroit, in the Bethel Baptist Church; to more than twenty thousand at a gathering of Michigan Relief Inc. in Carpathia Park, Detroit; to the American Lutherans, Flint, Mich. and Port Huron, Mich.; to our churches in Cleveland; to the General Conference and to many of our churches on the West Coast en route. Although many of the above mentioned do not belong to our denomination, nevertheless, they were very liberal in giving support to our cause.

We, as a church, feel very happy that we have the privilege of sharing our pastor for so worthy a cause and feel, to do less would be failing in our Christian responsibilities.

The church has given loyal support to the relief program. The per capita giving in the last year reached a new high of \$85 per member. The entire expenses of our pastor's first mission to Europe, were carried by the church, plus a gift of \$4500 for the purchasing of goods for the refugees in Denmark.

The heavy relief program has also brought added responsibilities to our pastor. In the past year he has been honored with the following offices: director of Michigan Relief Inc.; appointed on the Board of the National Association of Evangelicals for Religious Books for Europe; relief of the North American Baptists. At the Central Conference he was elected moderator of the conference and also as a member of the General Council.

We, as a church, covet the prayers of God's people for the success of our pastor's second mission and for his safe return.

Will Yungton, Reporter.

The Rev. and Mrs. G. G. Rauser (Front Row) of the Bethel Church of Salem, Oregon With Their daughters, Alice (Left), and Jean (Right) and the Church Missionary, Miss Eva Krenzler (Center).



—Bishop—Moderne Studios, Salem, Oregon

Building Christ's Church in the Cameroons

(Continued from Page 7)

church workers. They have to be trained. While formerly occasional periods of training proved adequate, now a Bible School or a Seminary becomes a necessity.

At first only a few sick people ventured to the Dispensary. Now crowds of patients cluster around the Dispensary every day. While formerly the nurse was able to take care of the patients, it is now a number of medical helpers, dispensers and dressers who must attend to the sick who receive routine attention. Large numbers of patients who need prolonged treatment necessitate the erection of larger, more satisfactory dispensaries and sanitary wards. They, like the school houses, must satisfy the requirements of the provincial administrator.

A school begins with an infant class of twenty-five. Within a few years' time that school has added—due to its natural growth—four to six classes, and the school population may exceed several hundred. It is necessary to employ more teachers; it is necessary to have eligible teachers trained to become qualified headmasters; it is necessary to provide dormitories for out-of-town boys; it is necessary to have adequate class rooms. Missionary houses must be erected in order to provide safe dwellings and office space.

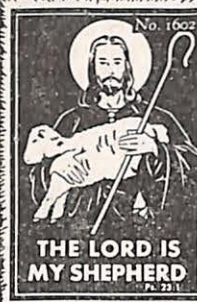
It is the growing Mission Station that evidences spiritual growth. The new life bursts the former bounds in an overflow of joy and blessing, seeking greater outreaches and penetrating heathen darkness with the glorious light of God's grace and the Gospel of salvation.

BUILDING NEEDS

Every one of our Cameroons missionaries is confronted with the ever growing needs of the mission fields. Every one of our Cameroons missionaries feels handicapped, and due to lack of appropriate and adequate facilities he knows that the growth of the Church is being thwarted. This is a painful realization. The missionary's heart aches when he is compelled to send away those who thirst for the Living Water and hunger for the Bread of Life.

He knows that adequate facilities must be provided and at this time of the Thanksgiving and Sacrifice Offering issues his appeal to his fellow-workers in the home land to open the floodgates of their hearts and give joyously and generously—yes, to sacrifice of his substance for the establishment and upbuilding of the Church of Christ in the Cameroons.

New! Fascinating!
Cathedral Art LUMINETTES
*For the Christian—light
By day and by night!*



Here are ten beautiful mottoes that will delight young and old! Each carries a pleasing silhouette in color on a background of highly active (harmless) luminous material. After exposure to sunshine or strong artificial light these mottoes shine with a lustrous glow. The longer the exposure the brighter the glow.

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