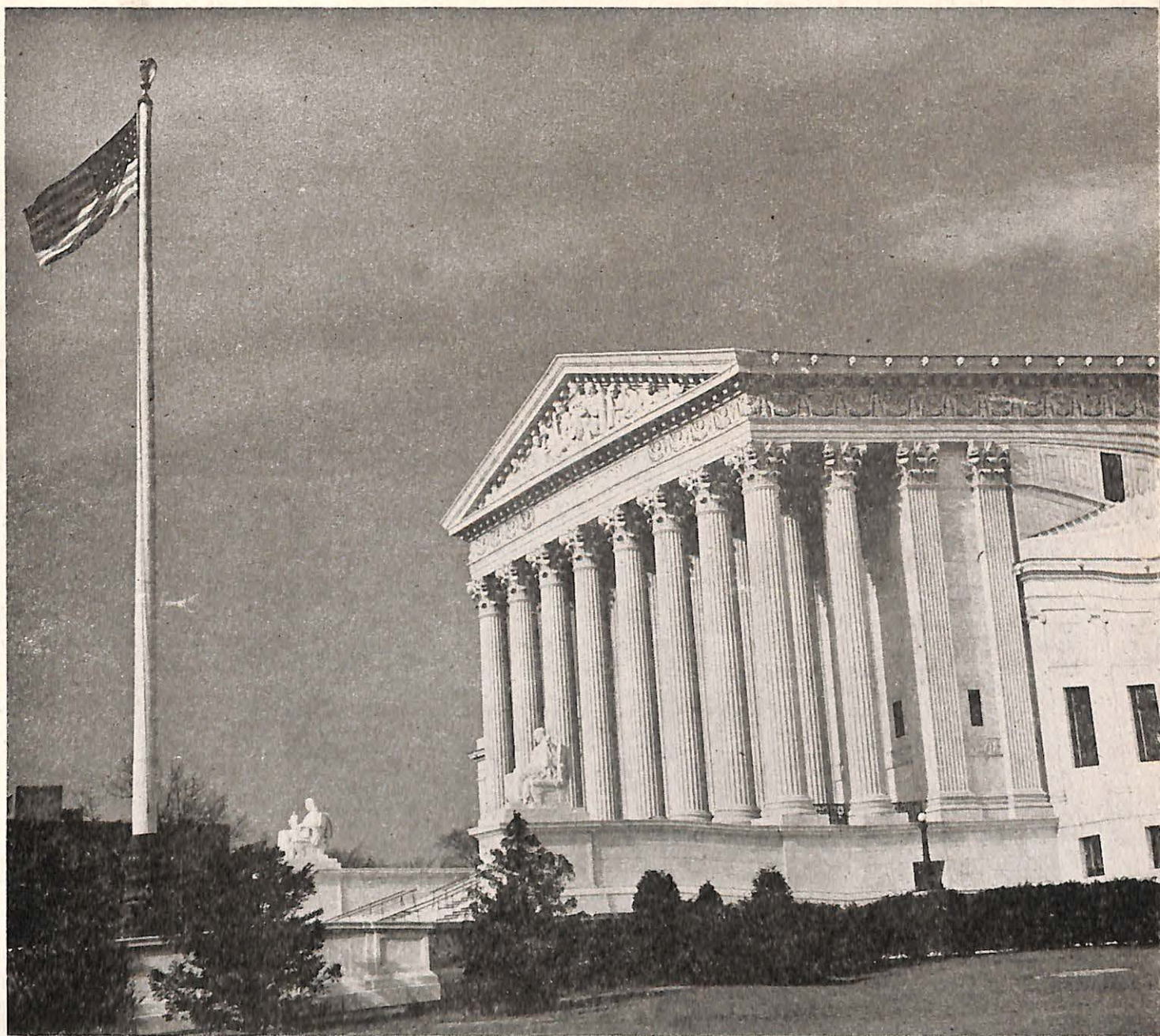


# Baptist HERALD



*The Supreme Court Building, Washington D.C.*

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

*January 15, 1947*



# Denominational Reminders

## ENGAGEMENTS

Rev. Frank H. Woyke, Exec. Sec.  
Sunday, Feb. 2 — North Freedom,  
Wis.

Rev. J. C. Gunst, Youth Sec.  
Friday, Feb. 7 — Sunday, Feb. 16 —  
Visitation of California  
Churches.

Rev. M. L. Leuschner, Promotional Sec.  
Jan. 29—31 (Wed. to Fri.) — Young  
People's Institute of Detroit's  
Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union  
at Detroit, Mich.

## IMPORTANT DATES

Sunday, Jan. 26—Edmonton Institute  
Sunday to be observed in our  
churches in the interest of the  
\$50,000 building project of this  
Bible School.

Sunday, Feb. 2 — Baptist World Al-  
liance Sunday (Greetings from  
Alliance officers will appear  
in the next issue).

Friday, Feb. 21 — Women's World Day  
of Prayer (Material to be used  
by the Woman's Missionary  
Societies on that day will be  
published in the next number).

## PUBLICATIONS

(Order the following from the Roger  
Williams Press, 3734 Payne Ave.,  
Cleveland 14, Ohio)

1947 ANNUAL — 68 pages of in-  
spirational material, colorful  
pictures, church sketches and  
ministers' addresses. Price, 50c.

1947 Volkskalender — German annual  
with stories, articles and inter-  
esting facts. Price, 35 cents.

All announcements of dates of  
conference sessions, young peo-  
ple's assemblies and special church  
events to appear on this page must  
be sent about a month beforehand.  
Send these notices to the editor of  
"The Baptist Herald."

Denominational Directory — Small  
handbook. Price, 25 cents.

Conference Minutes (Will be ready  
soon). Price, 50 cents.

THE BAPTIST HERALD — Subscrip-  
tion Price, \$2.00; Club Plan,  
\$1.60. Renew your subscrip-  
tion at once!

DER SENDBOTE — Subscription Price,  
\$3.00; Club Plan, \$2.50.

## PASTORAL PLACEMENT COMMITTEE

The General Council has appointed  
the five secretaries at the Forest Park  
office as the Headquarters Pastoral  
Placement Committee. Personnel and  
policies of this committee may change  
as time passes, but for the present we  
call your attention to the following  
points:

1. All correspondence by pastors and  
churches is to be addressed to Rev.  
Frank H. Woyke, Executive Sec-  
retary, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill.
2. Recommendations will always be  
made by the committee as a group,  
not by individual members.

Although we recognize all the limi-  
tations of such a committee, we feel  
that there is a definite need for facil-  
itating pastoral changes in our denom-  
ination. We shall serve in a spirit of  
helpfulness.

## THE BAPTIST HERALD

Is Published Semi-monthly on  
the First and Fifteenth of Each Month  
by the

ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS  
3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland 14, Ohio

Martin L. Leuschner, D. D., Editor  
Rev. E. J. Baumgartner, Business  
Manager

## AMONG OURSELVES

Our Canadian work is in the lime-  
light these days. There's no mistake  
about that! Edmonton Institute Sun-  
day falls on Jan. 26th. Up North they  
are also collecting \$10,000 for a new  
Home for the Aged at Medicine Hat,  
Alberta. There's excitement over im-  
migration and more people coming  
from Europe, who will add consider-  
ably to the size of our congregations.  
Even their flag has a place of distinc-  
tion on the front cover of the 1947  
ANNUAL. The stamp of the maple  
leaf upon our denominational enter-  
prise is now more marked than ever!

## IN THIS ISSUE

With the enlarged "Baptist Herald,"  
it is now possible to give more space  
to inspiring, spiritual reading ma-  
terial. Three sermons by young pas-  
tors from Texas, Wisconsin and North  
Dakota are presented in this number.  
Two new features make their appear-  
ance in "The Sunday School Work-  
shop" and "Children's Page," which  
will be published at monthly intervals  
hereafter. Paul Gebauer's story of "the  
holy cargo bound for Africa" is really  
exciting. You can get a free trip to  
Mexico's sputtering volcano at Mt. Pa-  
ricutin in this issue, also, besides a  
delightful visitation jaunt to our  
churches in "The Reports from the  
Field."

## COMING

An article by Dr. William Kuhn is  
always a publication event! He will  
interpret the Christian Achievement  
Plan goal which pertains to "Personal  
Discipline" in the next issue.

"Diary from a Denominational Di-  
rectory" sounds different, does it not?  
It is, too, as you will look into the  
diary of Miss Ann Swain as she travels  
across the Dakotas in the interest of  
the Scripture Memorization program.

You will also see "A Flying Mis-  
sionary's Log Book" as Missionary  
George A. Dunger describes his ad-  
ventures with his family by plane to  
Paris, France and to the Cameroons.  
It's an entirely different version from  
Paul Gebauer's account.

# The BAPTIST HERALD

Volume 25

January 15, 1947

No. 2

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THE BAPTIST HERALD is a publication of the North American Baptist General  
Conference with headquarters at 7308 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.00 a year to any address in the United States or  
Canada—\$1.60 a year for churches under the Club Plan—\$2.25 a year to foreign  
countries.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Three weeks notice required for change of address.  
When ordering a change please furnish an address stencil impression from a  
recent issue if you can. Address changes cannot be made without the old ad-  
dress as well as the new one.

ADVERTISING RATES, \$1.50 per inch, single column, 2¼ inches wide.

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

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

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

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

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and most readable testimonies to  
answered prayer granted under  
many and widely varied conditions  
of human experience.

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# EDITORIALS

Martin L. Leuschner

## Life is too Short to be Little

SOME MEN can say more in one sentence than the rest of us can say with a barrel of words. Such a sentence by the great Englishman, Disraeli, was quoted by Andre Maurois in a recent issue of "Reader's Digest." They are, indeed, words to live by! "Life is too short to be little."

Most of the worries of life are like a mirage. They appear to us to exist, until we get to them. Then they fade away as little things of inconsequential importance. But, oh, how they trouble us! How they look like giants in the way! Let us learn to cast all our cares upon HIM who careth for us. Life is too short to be drained of strength by trying to bear these little, troublesome burdens by ourselves.

The grievances of life are not much different. They cut such deep chasms of friction and animosity in family circles, church organizations and life's relationships. But they always begin as little tensions and petty differences. Someone said about such an affair in his church with two families not on speaking terms with another: "It would be a most laughable matter if it were not so tragic!" He was trying to say that the cause behind the estrangement was such a little thing. How much worth do these differences have in the sight of God and in the light of eternity? Life is too short to be little of forgiving spirit, and petty in our ways. "It matters not how long we live, but how."

The span of life is short. The day with 24 hours and the year with its 8,760 hours speed away. How important is the stewardship of time! How concerned we ought to be about the use of that time! If we spend the hours on some reading trash, foolish or harmful amusements, little trifles of life, we do not have the time to devote to inspiring books, great thoughts, noble deeds. "What we ordinarily call time is only duration. Time in the right sense is duration turned to account." Greatness of life is seen in turning time to account, redeeming the time, filling each hour with deeds and thoughts and feelings that are like to "the mind that was in Christ Jesus."

Most of us are content with the accustomed grooves of life. We don't aim high enough. We choose the road of least resistance, the easy way.

"And in between on the misty flats  
The rest drift to and fro."

Life is too short for such little living. In the face of great possibilities, why should we be content with less than the best? In the light of God's great ways for us, why should we hold on to our petty, puny desires for ourselves?

"Our wills are ours, we know not how  
Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

Life is always unfolding. The mountain ranges rise before us. The possibilities are there, especially for every Christian! Here are golden words to live by: "Life is too short to be little." Let all the little things of your life disappear in the greatness of God's Will and Way for you! That will be glory, indeed!

### BIBLE TEXT

"For which cause we faint not; but, though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." II Corinthians 4:16.

The Christian has found the eternal fountain of youth. He can smile at the calendar years as they pile on one another. Growing old in years is of little concern to him.

For the spiritual renewal of his inner life, the ever increasing youthfulness of his soul is his greatest glory. That spiritual fountain is in Christ Jesus, our Lord. O, my soul, drink deeply of that fountain and let Jesus Christ be the youthful strength of your life!

### SPIRITUAL CONCENTRATION

One thing at a time! It is difficult to train und discipline ourselves so that we can focus our entire attention upon the thing at hand that needs to be done. How many hours we waste and how much needless energy we expend because we haven't learned the lesson of life of which the Apostle Paul spoke: "But this one thing I do!"

The worship service will glow with glory if we "think upon these things" of God and do not let our minds wander. Bible reading will really transform us if we read the passage with all our heart and soul. The witness of our lives will grow in influence as we devote ourselves wholeheartedly to every opportunity that comes our way.

Learn this lesson of concentration. Whatever you do, do it with all the energy of your being, with all the attention of your soul, even as unto the Lord Jesus Christ!

### INSTITUTE SUNDAY

Sunday, January 26th, will be Edmonton Institute Sunday in our churches. Our people will remember the Edmonton Bible School in their prayers. Special offerings will be received for the new building project of \$50,000. The illustrated article about the school in the 1947 ANNUAL will be read with interest by many.

The observance is also a venture of FAITH. The president, Rev. E. P. Wahl, and his board want to erect a building that will cost about \$70,000. If the offerings of this special Sunday are generous enough to warrant the additional expenditure, then the project will be raised from \$50,000 to \$70,000. We are expecting great things by faith. Now let us attempt great things for this school with FAITH as our guiding light!

### AT HOME

The words with which we describe the decease of some friend or loved one should be Christian. It is a home-going for the child of God, the receiving of his heavenly reward, the return to the Father's House. These words describe death as the triumph of the Christian, who is now "at home" with his God.

# The Transforming Power of Prayer

A Timely Message by Rev. DAVID ZIMMERMAN of Kyle, Texas

"THE effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5:16b

"The prayers of the righteous have a powerful effect." (Moffat)

What is prayer? Can it be defined? Is it an Aladdin's lamp? Is it a blank check signed by the almighty God? No! And again I say, No! Prayer is usually a force or a farce! "Prayer is communion with God." "Prayer is the soul of religion."

### REALLY PRAYING

The sincere Christian can no more live without prayer than he can live without air to breathe. "Prayer is the sword of the saints." "God has given to real prayer the power to shape the future for men and the world." Let us, like William Carey of old, "expect great things from God, and attempt great things for God." Let us take the cudgels of prayer and knock in the windows of heaven and, according to the promises of God, showers of innumerable blessings will descend upon us as individuals, families, churches, communities and nations!

"Prayer should be pillared on promises and pinnacled with praises." Any man who is too busy to pray may depend upon it that he is busier than God intended he should be.

Thomas A. Kempis said, "It is a great art to commune with God." You cannot pick up an instrument like a violin now and then and expect to be a great player; neither can you pray now and then and be a great pray-er! Prayer is more than a spiritual thermometer; it is the link that connects us with the almighty God like the arm on the trolley car connects it with the power house.

A western rancher had asked the district superintendent that a pastor be assigned to his community.

"How big a man do you want?" the district superintendent asked.

"Well, Elder," the wiry man of tan replied, "we're not overly particular, but when he's on his knees we'd like to have him reach heaven!"

Prayer is, indeed, the wave-length that carries our praises, as well as our prayers to the throne of grace. There is a great difference between "saying prayers" and really praying. We know that only the prayers of the heart are heard by the Father in heaven.

### A TRANSFORMING POWER

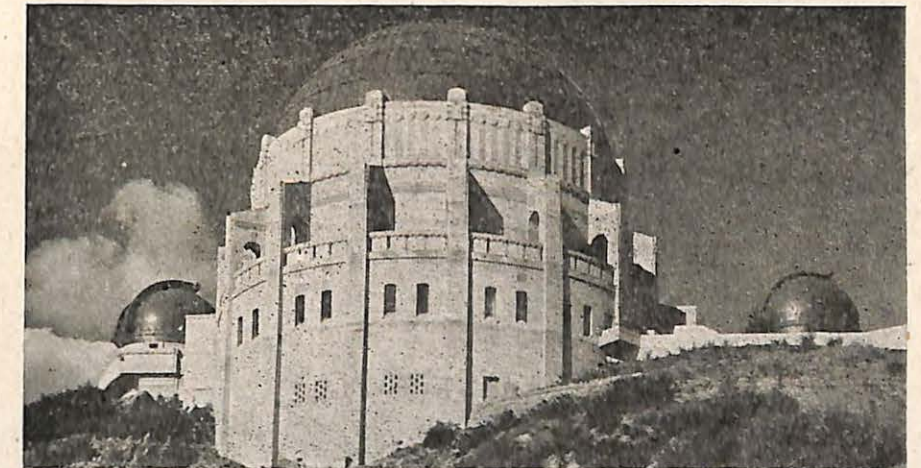
Genuine prayer changes and transforms individuals. Take for example Jesus' parable of the "two men who went up into the temple to pray; the

one a Pharisee, and the other a publican." The Pharisee was really only "saying his prayer" and left the temple as self-righteous and unchanged as he came, but the publican actually smote his breast and prayed and left the scene humble and justified; a changed man.

For examples of changed individuals, besides those of your own knowledge and experience, we refer you to such books as Harold Begbie's, "Twice Born Men" and "Life Changers," and S. M.

or unwilling to maintain a prayer service! Then too in many churches only a small number, about ten percent, attend the mid-week praise and prayer services. Incidentally, as someone said, good pray-ers make also good pay-ers! "Prayer . . . availeth much."

Prayer, "the effectual fervent prayer," has transformed whole communities. I wonder how the land boom is affecting churchless and prayerless communities. I wonder what real estate is worth in such communities.



Man's Wonder About the Starry Heavens Above, as Symbolized by This Griffith Planetarium Near Los Angeles, Calif., Is Only the Beginning of the Story of Man's Outreach for God and His Power in Prayer

Shoemaker's "Children of the Second Birth." Every true and sincere Christian knows from personal experience that prayer does change individuals.

Prayer also transforms families or homes! How vividly I can still remember my own home before my mother and then my father were gloriously saved and became sincere Christians. It was with us, children, very much like it was in the home of which it is reported that before dad's conversion the children feared and avoided the father, but after the "great transaction" they crawled upon his knees and kissed and hugged him. Who hasn't noticed the vast difference between a worldly and a Christian home? The transformation comes as a result of the power of prayer. "The prayers of the righteous have a powerful effect."

### CHURCHES REVIVED

Prayer, likewise, transforms whole churches. "Who is dead?" Someone asked when the church bell rang. The reply was, "The church." Indeed, of altogether too many church members it is true that "many are cold and few are frozen," as the little girl put it. Too many churches are either unable

Then, too, I wonder who of us would be content to live in such communities. We are told that David Livingstone twice preached such powerful sermons that five hundred were converted. How did he accomplish it? He spent the preceding night in prayer!

Charles G. Finney, we are told by his biographer, once spent a day in fasting and praying with the result that all in the service that followed were prostrated on the floor except an elder of the church. C. H. Spurgeon was once asked for the secret of his success and he replied, "Knee work! Knee work!"

Pastor Ding Li Mei of China is said to have influenced more men to go into the ministry and other forms of Christian service than any other man of modern times in Asia. When he was asked by some who marvelled at the results of his work what his method was, he replied simply, "I have no method but prayer."

### A POWERFUL EFFECT

Prayer can also transform nations. As someone wrote recently, "Spiritual power alone can cope with atomic power." Patrick Henry prayed, "Give

(Continued on Page 24)



# His Grace Is Sufficient

A Sermon by Rev. NORTH E. WEST, Pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Kenosha, Wisconsin

**When Prayer Fails to Relieve the Afflicted, Has God Failed? Come and See How the Word of God Assures Us of His Continued Interest!**

THE broken body of a soldier-friend lay at my feet in a German stable, the fires of his splendid manhood forever quenched. Before my tear-filled eyes appeared the vision of his lovely wife, their sturdy son, and the child yet unborn. In far off America they knew nothing of the tragic cloud even now blackening their sun. And from my anguished heart arose the cry, "O Lord God, why do so such bad things happen to such good people?"

During these many months that have since elapsed I have thought much of the evil which befalls the righteous. I know on further thought that such things are not isolated but widespread; they are not occasional but frequent; they are not restricted but general; they are not respecters of persons, but fall on the just and the unjust alike. Everywhere I see evidences of the suffering righteous. In the wake of war countless families face empty chairs; institutions once dedicated to the worship of God are now crumbling ruins with their worshippers in them. And dotting the borders of our own highways are little white crosses, marking the accidental death of youngsters from Christian homes.

## A THORN IN THE FLESH

However, such suffering is not limited to our contemporary scene. Nineteen centuries ago, the Apostle Paul was praying, "There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me." This man so speaking was not an ordinary person. He was one who had been especially called by God in an extraordinary fashion. A voice had trumpeted forth from heaven as he had walked the Damascus Road. He had answered, and had been commissioned for an especial ministry.

Now the seal of God was upon his ministry. Converts were numbered by the thousands, and churches had been established everywhere. What a man of God! Yet to such a one was the "thorn" given; upon such a one was an affliction laid. Thus, in this life, it would seem to be a law universal that the righteous will be continually besieged by missiles of misery.



Rev. North E. West of Kenosha, Wisconsin

But is not prayer the answer? I seem to remember that Jesus said, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Perhaps, the evil that has befallen my friends has come because I failed to pray sufficiently. Or, if sorrow has darkened your door, it may be that you have neglected your prayer-closet. Will not consecrated prayer to God cause evil to cease? As Christians we have often so thought. But let us look at the facts.

When St. Paul was afflicted by his thorn, he prayed that it might be removed. I can imagine him pleading with God. He had been chosen in an especial way! He had been used in an especial way! Now he was being hampered in the work for which he was commissioned. Surely, it could not be the will of God that he should so suffer. Let the thorn be removed! God answered St. Paul's prayer; he always answers prayer. But this time the answer was, "No! No, Paul. The thorn remains; the affliction stands." A second time Paul prayed. Perhaps this time, the prayer was even more vehement. Again God answered, but the answer was still, "No." Persistent, Paul prayed a third time. And yet again God answered. But the answer was still the same. "No, Paul. The thorn remains; the affliction stands."

## GETHSEMANE FOR JESUS

A similar example can be found in the Gethsemane experience of the Lord Jesus. On the morrow he was to face the agony of the cross. It was not to

be welcomed, but something to be avoided if possible. In my imagination I can hear the Son of God cry out, "O Father in heaven, if there be any other way by which sinful men can be saved, other than by my death, let me be delivered from the suffering of the cross. O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

The Father in heaven heard his prayer, as he always hears prayer. But to the only begotten Son of God the answer was, "No! There is no other way by which men can be saved. You must go to the cross!" And to the cross he went. Beneath the heat of an Oriental sun he made the death march to Golgotha's Hill.

I have concluded, therefore, that prayer is not always the answer, for prayer does not always cause evil to cease. Sometimes it seems to be the will of God that his people suffer. The reason for suffering may be veiled in the mystery of the Divine economy, yet can be planned and purposeful. I may pray for the deliverance of myself or friends, but receive in reply only a Divine Negation. Evil has come and cannot be ignored; it has befallen and prayer will not remove it.

If I were forced to stop here, how tragic life would be! If there were no further hope, to what depths of despair would the human soul descend. "But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," the Christian has now come to the threshold of rejoicing. Even though God will not remove the thorns of life, he will nevertheless give grace to endure them.

When God refused to remove the thorn from the flesh of St. Paul, at the same time he promised: "My grace is sufficient for thee." No matter how hurtful or distracting Paul's affliction became, he could be assured of special grace for strength to endure. That such grace was forthcoming is evident from his later life. His ministry increased and the churches grew; his writings were prolific and his wisdom inspiring; and withal came power to traverse his own Via Dolorosa to the block of Nero's beheadsmen, there to lay down his life in triumphant fashion. What prayer could not remove, God's grace enabled him to endure.

## SPIRITUAL VICTORIES

Now this same grace, I have seen become incarnate in those around me. I see, in memory, a sprightly lady of eighty years, defrauded by those whom

(Continued on Page 17)

**What Does the Communion Service Mean to You? Does Its Observance Make a Difference in Your Life? This Article Can Open the Door for You to Some of the Christian's Greatest Blessings!**

WE as Baptists have two ordinances, baptism and the Lord's Supper. There seems to be a present-day tendency among many Christians to take these ordinances too much for granted. The significance of their spiritual value has largely been lost, nor do we prepare for them with the proper appreciation and reverence.

It would be well for every Christian to read all the accounts of the Lord's Supper before attending the communion service and partaking of the elements. It would help them to regain a sense of its importance. It would help them to appropriate its blessings. It would also help them to realize its holiness.

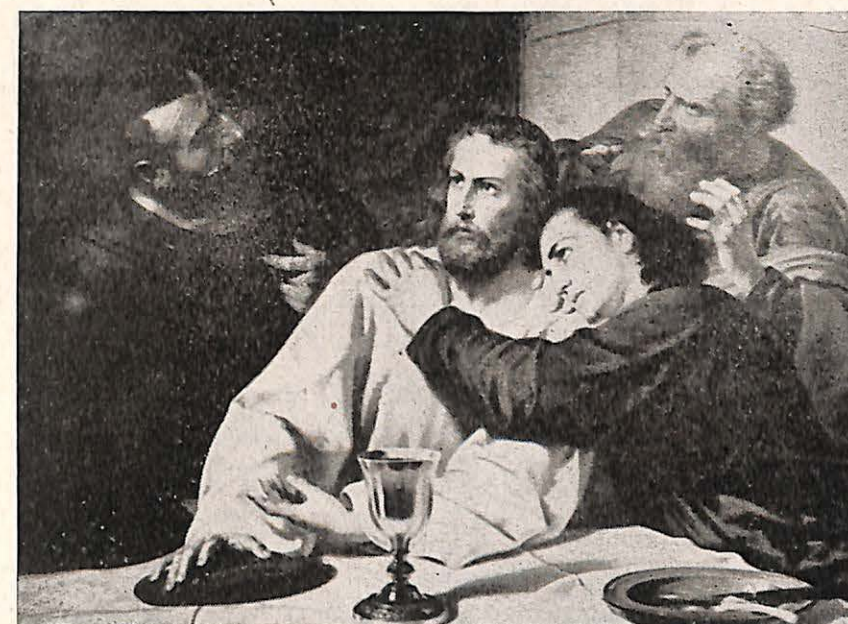
Often the negative side of the Lord's Supper is stressed in order not to give the new converts a false impression. They are told that it does not save them from sin, neither does the partaking of it forgive sin. But why neglect the positive side? It is the most beautiful and the most sacred symbol that we as Christians are privileged to have. Just because one church claims that it is everything does not mean that we should claim that it is nothing. Just because it doesn't save nor forgive we wonder whether it does anything.

## CHRIST'S COMMANDMENT

Let us remember that if it had no meaning or value, Jesus would not have commanded us to keep this holy ordinance. He spoke with authority when he said, "This DO in remembrance of me." It is expected of us to keep this commandment as well as the others which he has given us.

There are some dangers, however, which cannot be overlooked. The paradox remains that anything that is holy is at the same time a source of blessing and a source of condemnation. This was very evident in the Old Testament, especially in reference to the Ark and the Holy of Holies. These were the means of blessing life, but they were also the means of taking life, depending on the condition in which you found yourself—worthy or unworthy.

The Ark had special bearers. Others could get near it but at the price of their life. One man did touch it but he died in the attempt. The Ark was also for a special people—the Israelites. When it was in the camp of an enemy, like the Philistines, many lives were lost. The same was true of the Holy of Holies which became the resting-place of the Ark. Only the high priest could enter, but not before he prepared



## "In Remembrance of Me"

A Communion Meditation by Rev. B. C. SCHREIBER of New Leipzig, North Dakota

himself. A king once tried it and he also perished.

Paul too, gives us a warning as to the Lord's Supper. "Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." He gives this as a reason why so many are weak, sick and sleepy. They have no power. They did not know the true meaning of the Lord's Supper.

## NEGATIVE LESSONS

It was a celebration without appreciation. It was not a holy ordinance; it was an unholy nuisance. They came with a prepared stomach when they should have come with a prepared heart. They used the Lord's Supper in an unholy way, and soon they themselves became unholy. The consecrated bread and wine was desecrated with the result that the whole church suffered.

"God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall be also reap." We know what happened at the first Supper when Judas took part in the communion. It is said, according to John, "he then having received the sop went immediately out—AND IT WAS NIGHT." It certainly was night for Judas. His soul never saw daylight again.

The lesson teaches us this. It shows us how close we can be in outward communion with Christ and yet how far away we can be in inward communion. Bodily communion means very little. It is only when spirit with spirit meet that the communion is vital.

To the disciples the danger of the first Supper was also evident. They did not realize its true significance as they gathered around him. What were they thinking about? Did they think of the shed blood? The broken body? Were they aware of the fact that their beloved Master was ministering to them with a heart that was almost broken? Far from it. Instead of the love of Christ permeating every heart, instead of Jesus being the source of conversation, this is what was going on: "And there was also a strife among them which of them should be accounted the greatest."

It was really a sad state of affairs, humanly speaking. But the surprising thing about it all was the fact that Christ never once lost patience with his disciples. On the last night of their unfaithfulness his faith in them remained firm.

Strange to say, that spirit of strife has not left the disciples of the Lord. That "Self" still crops out among church members, and I must say, also among ministers. "Who is going to be the greatest?" And there among the shadows stands our patient Master, waiting for us to give him the place of

(Continued on Page 24)



# Mexico's Monstrous Spectacle

By MARTHA L. MOENNICH

**God Speaks Through Earthquake, Wind and Fire. And When God Speaks, Men Must Hush. His Voice Can Be Heard in This Amazing Story of Paricutin, the World's Latest Volcano**

Near the village of Paricutin Dionisio Pullido, a peon, had just peacefully finished ploughing his field when the unexpected happened. The earth quaked, cracked, and released a puff of smoke similar to steam escaping a newly baked pie. Thinking it was the devil trying to come up out of the pit, his superstitious fear compelled him to press down the suspicious place with his hands to keep him under. But, finding that the force below was far beyond this strength, the Indian ran to call the village priest for assistance. By the time both came back, the mouth of the crater had opened into a yawning gape, spewing fire as it rapidly transformed the level ground into a furiously active volcano. Bewildered by the phenomenon, he went out of his mind and fled. To him the loss of his cornfield was more than he could bear. Instead of the golden corn expected, a raging volcano was born.

Dumbfounded and panic-stricken, the neighborhood watched on like helpless children. Could they escape? If so, to where? If not, what then? Government officials, geologists, newspapermen and photographers poured into the smitten area to see a sight, the like of which had not been seen in Mexico since September, 1759, when Jurulia came to birth.

Paricutin, named after the little village now lying beneath the shadow of its threat, grew by leaps and bounds from a mound to hill, from a hill to a mountain, rising 163 feet during the first few days and to an altitude of 1800 feet after three months. The volcanic ashes flew high, lowering a pall of gun-powder gray over a radius of two hundred miles.

In Uruapan, twenty miles away, day changed into night and for two weeks the people lived and labored by electric or candlelight. Drifts of it blew over

the streets of Morelia and even Mexico City was sprinkled. Fear seized many of the inhabitants who sincerely thought the world was coming to an end and no few evacuations took place. Volcano-conscious men and women ceaselessly toiled to save the roofs, sagging with the weight of ashes. Thoroughfares were cleared for traffic and pedestrians. But the ashes blew in quicker than the people were able to shovel them out. They had been caught in a storm of ashes as people are caught in a New England blizzard. The Morrows of the Southern Presbyterian Mission alone swept seventy-seven quarts of ashes from their little garden in a day.

From one of the street corners of Uruapan I watched the serpentine column of black-and-white smoke rise sky-high. Picture the smoke coming out of the funnel of the largest and fastest traveling coal-burner imaginable, then multiply this by a thousand, and you will have some idea of Paricutin's capacity.

One night a party of us started out for a close-up view of Paricutin and we had the time of our lives. We left Uruapan in a station wagon around eleven P. M. The farther inland we drove the harder the pushing and plodding through depths of ashes. Twice the car stuck and we had to walk, sinking, as we went.

Enthroned in the midst of her twinkling retinue, the queen of the night shone her best on a clear and cloudless sky. It was a glorious sight, a perfect night! From an opening in the forest we observed part of a cloud curl up like lamb's wool. Streaks of brilliant lightning flashed through it with chariot-like speed followed by rebuking thunder claps and thunderous growls that rolled out into the distance like the voice of judgment. We might have been before Mount Sinai! It was so real! We stood awestricken! The silence pervading all around emphasized the speech of nature. Driving further on we had our first full view of the volcano itself and it looked as if gold had been broken into thousands of pieces and wastefully scattered over the black cone. Tongues of ruby-red fire leaped from its throat

and a belching of what resembled hell came in a terrific roar.

Arriving at Paranaricutiro, also called San Juan by the natives, we changed from car to horseback to make the last five kilometers. And though destruction lay at the door of the village, the Indians were able to make a little money from the tourists to compensate somewhat for their losses.

Before us on the trail we watched the crater's activity on a massive scale. Chemical combustions shook the very ground beneath our feet and the constant change of operations held us spellbound. The sounds of cannon roars, of rolling thunder, of tumbling rocks, cracklings and crashings, made one wonder how the ground could stand it and not cave into the heart of the globe. Then, when we reached the top of the hill, approximately a half a mile away from where Paricutin was staged, we sat under a matshed on logs tense with emotion and eyes fixed upon one of Nature's monstrous spectacles.

It was as thrilling as it was fear-instilling. The exclamation "Wonderful!" was too weak a word to express so stupendous a conception of horror and glory combined. Man's puny speculation instantly vanished into oblivion in the face of the inexplicable and his undue pride of knowing anything in the Presence of the Almighty Who held the physical underworld in control.

"Be still, and know that I am God," was the appropriate attitude to take.

Imagine the gigantic hammer of a Master Blacksmith pounding down upon an anvil, sending sparks of fire into every direction! Think of an open hearth furnace blown into blazing flames and into a maze of light! Picture tons of glowing rock flung into space and then dropping like flare-bombs, or hanging like magic lanterns in mid-air, or dispatches of "Spitfires" sent traveling like comets with tails of glittering gold dust in their wake! Visualize hundreds of thousands of skyrocketing shot into two or three thousand feet of heights all at once, then falling in the similitude of fire-lit flowers or burning stars, hitting the crater, bouncing hoop-like, splitting to pieces as they rolled down the sides of the mountain in a thousand streams of fire!

Hell seemed unchained as these natural forces were released from the bowels of the earth. And it took twelve to thirteen seconds for the heaviest boulders to descend.

But what crowned the dramatic performance of that night were the fountains of fire that sprang up from depths—to unknown heights with grace and lightness—spraying, as they rose and fell in showers of fiery rain. And yet what appeared exquisite from a distance was treacherously dangerous



Oxen-drawn Carts and Automobiles Pass Each Other on One of Mexico's Many Dusty Roads

nearby. Hearts and homes had been saddened by the destruction inflicted and there was no sign of Paricutin coming to a halt.

With respirators fastened tightly, we walked over the lava beds that wound around the circumference of the volcano in an ever-widening circle. We made our way over the already hardened lava beds steaming with stifling sulphur fumes. They were as warm as heaters when we sat upon them and licked the stone, bitter with saltpetre. Sprays of ashes veiled us in the black of a chimney-sweeper.

These lava beds were really walls of lava as high, and higher, than a native hut in many places. As the volcano poured out the molten rock, these would push forward like war tanks, swallowing up, as they rolled out twenty to twenty-five feet per day, vast areas of field and vegetation. Veins of glowing fire ran through them and we walked close up to peer into their transparent brightness.

Then, to add to the further distress of the people, another new crater blasted open from Paricutin's side, issuing rivers of liquid fire in an endless flow and with considerable speed.

The village of Paricutin had no hope of survival. The earthquake had already reduced it to shambles and now a total burial threatened it. Other villages, likewise, were having the same fate. Therefore the government commanded all Indians to vacate. They were doomed!

The word of warning God had spoken to Lot and his family by the Angel of the Lord before destroying Sodom and Gomorrah by fire came to one's mind, when he said: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee. Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do anything till thou be come thither," a type of the judgment predicted in his Word that is to come upon the earth during the Great Tribulation.

It also reminded us of the Lake of Fire burning with brimstone into which the anti-Christ, the false prophet, and beast, and all such whose names are not found in the Lamb's Book of Life, are to be cast at the Last Judgment, causing one to tremble at the thought of neglecting "so great salvation" as has been provided for through Christ the Redeemer, re-inspiring us in a faithful witnessing of these things through the preaching of the gospel.

At 6 A. M. we left for home. Once more we turned upon our horses to catch a last glimpse of Paricutin. Nature had lowered a curtain upon the mystery play of the past night as if to hide the "hidden works of darkness." All we saw, now, was a thick cloud of silver gray tainted by the rose of the rising sun ascending to meet daylight. However, the sun rose to throw light upon the havoc wrought, showing the visitors that what had once been land flourishing with rich vegetation, now laid waste; and what used to be the home of colorful Indian life, birds, flowers, and grazing cattle, was now a landscape of death. Ashes, ashes, ashes, nothing but ashes everywhere, and a growling crater.

Wise men refrained from saying much about Paricutin. Natural reasoning was not sufficient to fathom out the phenomenon. It was a sight as terrible as it was magnificent. When God speaks, men must hush! There are some secrets God keeps to himself. Scientists may be endowed with a limited ability to search out things, but none has ever been invited to be present, when, in the heart of the earth, God revolutionized carbon into crystal, neither when he brought a volcano to birth. "The secret things belong to our God," we read in Deut. 29:29. This is one of them—Paricutin—a never-to-be-forgotten sight! Who is like unto our God?

—Ewing Galloway Photo  
An Awesome Study of Paricutin, Mexico's Newest Volcano, With Its Cone of Lava and Smoke Pouring Out as From 10,000 Chimneys

HAPPENED to be sound asleep in a native hotel of Ixtepec, southern Oaxaca, when, suddenly, a quake aroused me and abruptly thrust me to my feet. I heard the roar and felt the vibration and hurried to unlatch the door of my room to save myself from being trapped in the event of a collapse. "Something has happened somewhere," I reasoned to myself. "I wonder what and where?" Frightened guests wildly discussed the incident in the lobby, then retired again. Evidently the quake had been a strong foreboding of the volcano's near arrival.

A volcanic belt runs through the center of Michoacan, one of Mexico's beautiful states, and people never know when or where an earthquake might shake into being another crater. Three weeks before Paricutin came into existence, a violent tremor rocked the country, with many intermittent ones following, until, on February 20th (1943), at 5:30 P. M., the fiery creation broke through the surface of the earth and hurled into the air its first infernal eruptions of flaming dust, lava, and rock.

## THE AUTHOR

Miss Moennich, who is well known in our churches, has been a missionary for many years in different parts of the world. She is the author of several missionary books. The story of Mt. Paricutin is a chapter in the book, "That They May Hear."





From Heights of Neighboring Hills and Trees as Well as From the Air One Can Look Down Upon Thousands of Villages in the Vast Continent of Africa Where the Gospel of Jesus Christ Needs to Be Proclaimed.

## Holy Cargo to Africa!

The Story of Our Missionaries' Flight to Africa by the Rev. PAUL GEBAUER, Field Superintendent

OUR Douglas "Skymaster" plane carried 45 passengers a third of the way around the globe. Thirty of its passengers were missionaries or children of missionaries. Had the plane failed in its mission, it would have been an outright and unquestionable "Act of God," as one of the crew members philosophized. And an "Act of God" would have released his company, Air France, of legal complications and obligations, said the philosopher!

Thirty missionaries in one spot, and in one plane at that, are a lot of missionaries, even for me who should be used to them. How much more of a phenomenon it was to our five Frenchmen, who piloted and served this cargo of modern apostles is easily imagined. It was an ordeal to our stewardess on the New York to Paris run to see normal and sober Americans reject her perfect French champagne. It was too much for the pretty thing! The steward on the Paris-Lagos run rejoiced knowing that he would have to drink the stuff all by himself. Never before had he met so many "water drinkers" in one plane. We seemed hopeless to him.

But "the water drinkers" made good at the French meals. They ate all, hoped for more, gave up as easily when the air grew bumpy, and they ate again as cheerily as Kansas threshers when the air calmed down. Some

appeared defeated in the presence of a dismal breakfast served at Dakar. They recovered fast in the presence of an American supper served by the Pan-American Lines in Liberia. Down at Lagos in Nigeria some filtered at once into their mission channels, while others had to eat their way through a second-rate hotel to pay for it in more than one way only.

We had some splendid fellow-passengers. The model of them all was a lovely girl, daughter of missionaries, who returned to the task of teaching the offspring of missionaries. Her behavior, conversation, expressions were superb. The opposite was an old, experienced hand in blaming God for everything. She must have been too long among Mohammedans where fatalism gets a religious coating with each brand new day. But there were others. We had Southerners, so sure of doctrine, future and all. We had the refined youngsters of the Brethren, so famous on the West Coast. Each one of them is a credit to church and board at home. We had a doctor in the group, and a woman at that, young and gentle. Oregon sent us a unique fellowship in a pastor and his wife who had left a successful pastorate to serve in the slums of a port town.

Of our own I need not write you much. Daphne Dunger behaved like a veteran of the air. Her mother and the wonder of three months did tricks

that sailed beyond our fondest hopes. To take changes in altitude, climate, mealtimes, company and surroundings gracefully is a feat not so easily performed by grownups. The youngsters were best at it. Nights in the air are hard on all, more so on little ones and mothers. Clara Gebauer weakened once. I blame the American ice water at Liberia for it. Anne, our daughter, became irritated by the heat of Lagos; most of all she missed her cool milk and regular bedtimes. "Nobody lets me sleep" she complained when an early flight took her out of her best sleep.

Papa Dunger performed wonderfully. Observing him, I learned to appreciate more fully my three years in the army which liberated me from floor-walking and nursemaid problems. To do like George requires a measure of patience not given to a humble man of my type.

Do I advise travel by air for your missionaries? It is a terrific and an exhausting experience. Exhausting in that it shows one's eyes this Africa as no other device can. From the height of 10,000 feet the traveller gains an overall view of the immensity and variety of this continent. Such an impression is very helpful to the missionary, the best of whom so easily degenerates to his corner and field as "the" field and challenge. At a height of a thousand feet one learns more about Africa's westcoast, waterways, mangrove swamps, village types and vegetation that the best textbook can convey to its readers.

But these advantages are outweighed by the suddenness with which body, mind and soul are thrown into Africa. The disadvantages are tremendous. Not every one can take changes easily, suddenly. It is an ordeal for the most experienced of us. So I still favor the old and seemingly outdated way of sailing, especially for the beginner. Neither America nor the plane allow for the weeks of quiet meditation, of searching perplexity and helpful fellowship of a sea voyage. Rest and quiet waiting before the attack of this stormy Africa are safeguards of value.

Stormy it is! Africa has gone modern in these recent years. Strikes have become the style. They are African; simple and formidable. What are rails without spikes? So why not take them all out and see how the white man's locomotive will fare? Offices without files are unthinkable to the poor white man. So why not throw confusion into the files by mixing its contents generously? Our Africans return from the Middle East campaigns of the British Empire as heroes full of medals and discontent. This Africa ripens remarkably fast to fit into the pattern of confusion like our country. How important it is for your messengers to have that spiritual strength that comes by the quietness and confidence of which Isaiah speaks. (Isaiah 30:15).

## An Effective Worship Service

By Mrs. JOHN ADAM of Minneapolis, Minnesota

WHEN VISITORS attend the Sunday School of the Faith Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., for the first time, they invariably express their delight about the unusually dignified opening worship service which we present one-half hour before classes convene.

It was suggested that perhaps "The Baptist Herald" readers might enjoy learning how a seemingly dull Sunday School has been transformed into one that is known far and wide as being very interesting and quite out of the ordinary.

### Program Leaflet

A number of years ago when the Rev. W. J. Appel served as our pastor, he suggested having a leaflet printed for each quarter with a definite order of worship for opening exercises. This was done, and it has been a blessing and inspiration ever since. It is a real joy to see entire families come to our Sunday School, for age is no barrier, and we have classes for all, from babes in arms to grey-haired grandmothers and grandfathers.

The first requisite of a successful school is, of course, a good superintendent. We have been especially

## The Sunday School WORKSHOP



fortunate because Mr. Alfred Brachlow has all the desirable qualifications combined into one genial, patient and sincere personality. We are grateful, too, for a loyal group of teachers and officers who willingly and faithfully perform their duties and obligations each Sunday.

At the first of the year, after the election of the Sunday School officers, the program committee plans the program for the ensuing quarter. A list of names is posted on the bulletin board, two for each Sunday, one to tell a story and one to lead in opening prayer. This program, of course, can only be effectively used in Sunday Schools where all the classes can be together for the opening exercises.

### Songs and Stories

The program includes an opening song, appropriate Scripture verses to be read, prayer response, memory work, references and a birthday song. These leaflets are distributed and the service proceeds without the customary confusion.

As the pianist softly plays a sacred prelude, creating a worshipful atmosphere, teachers and pupils take their respective places in the auditorium, and the German adult class in the adjoining room.

The opening song, printed on the leaflet, is sung. A Bible verse is read by the superintendent, another is read in response by the school, and the person designated for that particular Sunday leads in prayer. Then, softly and reverently, the prayer response is sung.

Mr. Brachlow always has appropriate songs selected. Sometimes he asks for a choice of songs or a chorus or two.

The story is awaited with eager anticipation. It may be an object lesson, a true story, or an illustration clarifying the lesson. These are always a blessing and often give our young people their first experience in public speaking.

Our birthday parties are also most enjoyable. Some have the erroneous (Continued on Page 17)

## The Institute's Prayer Bands

A Report by Miss GLADYS SCHEIRER, Secretary of the Prayer Bands of Edmonton's Christian Training Institute

before the Throne of God, interceding on behalf of others and praising him for answered prayers. Precious souls have been saved, wayward returned and Christians encouraged in the service of the Lord. To be sure, not all answered prayers are known but we are confident that according to God's promise he will answer in due time and in his own wonderful way.

The newly elected officers of the Christian Training Institute Prayer

Bands are as follows: Harold Weiss, chairman; Ruben Herman, vice-chairman; Gladys Scheirer, secretary; Gladys Schmuland, assistant secretary.

The nineteen prayer bands and their leaders are: 1. The Faithful Five Group, Helga Tischer; 2. Valiant, Vigilant, Victorious, Gladys Schmuland; 3. The Fervent Five, Olga Miller; 4. Consecrated Prayer, Gertrude Miller; 5. The Ever Glowing Truth Seekers, Gertrude Detert; 6. The Praying Pilgrims, Ella Iseli; 7. The Intercessory Prayer, Helen Paschke; 8. The Upper Room, Lyla Bresch; 9. The Inner Circle, Lydia Rentz; 10. The Looking Upward, Lily Bertsch; 11. The Truth Seekers, Cecilia Priebe; 12. The Supplicatory Six, Gladys Scheirer; 13. The Prayer Warriors, Walter Hoffmann; 14. The Prayer Stewards, Ruben Herman; 15. The Loyal Trusting Prayer Group, Clarence Falk; 16. The Joyful Six, Jake Derman; 17. Saved to Serve, Harold Weiss; 18. The Prayer Loving Six, Fred Sonnenberg; and 19. God's Torchbearers, Erwin Dickau.

### EDMONTON INSTITUTE SUNDAY

January 26, 1947

On This Sunday Our Churches Will Remember the Christian Training Institute of Edmonton, Alberta in Their Prayers and, If Possible, Receive an Offering Toward the \$50,000 Building Project of the School.



# WHAT'S HAPPENING

● The new officers of the Home for the Aged in Bismarck, North Dakota are as follows: president, Rev. J. G. Benke, Hebron, No. Dak.; vice-president, Rev. J. C. Kraenzler, Goodrich, No. Dak.; secretary, Rev. Edward Kary, Bismarck, No. Dak.; and treasurer, Mr. A. F. Lehr, Gackle, No. Dak. The Rev. and Mrs. C. Knapp were reappointed to the superintendency of the Home.

● On Sunday, Nov. 24, the Rev. J. J. Renz, pastor of the First Baptist Church of George, Iowa baptized 4 persons on confession of their faith in the new baptistry of the recently remodeled church. This was the second baptismal service within two months. The pastor is also making plans for a training course for young people to be held in the early months of 1947.

● The Rev. Karl Gieser of Bismarck, No. Dak., recently resigned as promotional director for the new building project of the Dakota Conference Home for the Aged located in Bismarck. His resignation was accepted by the Home's Board. He has also announced that he has accepted the call to become pastor of the Baptist Church of Anamoose, No. Dak., where he will begin about April 1st.

● The Rev. W. P. Rueckheim of McHenry, Ill., a member of the Forest Park Baptist Church, moved on Dec. 26th to live with his daughter, Mrs. P. H. Thienes, in Needles, Calif. Later he will secure a dwelling of his own in Needles. He served as pastor of our churches in Alpena, Mich., and Kenosha, Wis., and worked for several years in the Cleveland Publication House. His address now is 107 Walnut St., Needles, California.

● On Sunday, Nov. 24th, the young people of the Baptist Church of Minnetonka, Manitoba, presented the church with a pulpit and three chairs at a total cost of \$240. These were dedicated with fitting words by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Kornalewski. Earlier the young people presented the play, "These Things Shall Be," under the direction of their president, Miss Adina Tullman. The Swan River and Minnetonka Churches surprised their pastor on the occasion of his birthday on Dec. 8. Each group brought appropriate words of congratulations.

● The Rev. J. A. Pankratz of Chicago, Ill., one of our retired ministers, was called to his heavenly reward on Sunday, Dec. 22nd, after a brief illness.



The Rev. W. J. Luebeck, the New Editor of "Der Sendbote."

Since Jan. 1st Mr. Luebeck, formerly of Alpena, Mich., has been at the helm of our German publication. He has succeeded the Rev. Samuel Blum, who will continue to serve at the Publication House in other capacities. Mr. and Mrs. Luebeck and their family are already residing in Cleveland.

His last active pastorate was in the First Church of Chicago from 1929 to 1938. The memorial service on Dec. 26 was held in the First German Baptist Church of Chicago with the Rev. John Schmidt, pastor, and Dr. William Kuhn bringing the messages of tribute. About 12 pastors of the Chicago area were in attendance besides a large congregation of friends. The obituary appears in this issue of "The Herald."

● The Rev. Charles F. Zummach, pastor of the Baptist Church of Trenton, Illinois for the past 10 years, has decided to retire from the active pastorate. Recently he tendered his resignation to the church to take effect about April 1st. After that date Mr. Zummach will be available for supply work wherever the opportunity presents itself. Mr. and Mrs. Zummach plan to make their home with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kohrs, at 409 E. Arcadia, Peoria 4, Illinois. Until April 1st they can be reached at the address: Trenton, Illinois.

● The Rev. and Mrs. Gilbert Schneider, missionary-appointees, sailed for the Cameroons of Africa from the harbor of New York City on the Barber

West Africa freighter, S. S. Ferngulf, on Jan. 3rd. They will bring the total of our Cameroons missionaries on the field to eighteen. They had visited almost every church in the Atlantic Conference prior to their sailing in a very effective promotional program. They are members of the Salt Creek Baptist Church of Dallas, Oregon, which is partly supporting them along with the Baptist Church of Avon, South Dakota. Their trip to the Cameroons on this freighter will require several weeks.

● A series of evangelistic meetings was recently held in the Cathay Baptist Church of Cathay, No. Dak., with the Rev. Rudolph Klein of Gackle, N. Dak., serving as evangelist. The meetings were well attended, and all who came were richly blessed. Special music each night added much to the meetings, with singers from Germantown, Fessenden, and Harvey participating along with local talent. The heart searching sermons and fine illustrated talks of Mr. Klein were greatly appreciated, and the church experienced a spiritual "lift" through his ministry. The Rev. R. A. Grenz is pastor.

● On Sunday, Dec. 1st, the first program of the newly organized Junior Club, composed of 17 young boys and girls, of the East Ebenezer Baptist Church of Ebenezer, Sask. was held with the president, Joyce Hoffman in charge. The program included musical numbers, the reading of a Cameroons letter written by Miss Myrtle Hein, missionary, and the dialogue, "Praising Him". The Rev. G. Beutler, pastor, also brought a brief message. Other officers of the organization are: Delores Katzberg, secretary; Dona Hoffman, treasurer; Grace Hoffman, pianist; Harold Patzer and Wesley Hoffman, ushers. Mrs. G. Beutler is serving as the club's adult advisor.

● On Thursday evening, Dec. 19, a Christmas banquet and social evening was held at the Christian Training Institute of Edmonton, Alberta. All students, faculty members and house personnel were invited to participate. The Rev. Karl Korella of Camrose, Alberta served as the toastmaster of the program. Sunday morning services of worship are held regularly at the Institute building with Miss Ethel F. Ruff of the faculty as the director. Erwin Dickau is the Sunday School superintendent, and Harold Weiss serves as chairman of the worship service. The Rev. E. P. Wahl, president, answers Scriptural questions and

problems on the radio every Sunday morning over station CFRN.

● Evangelistic services were held at Lehr, North Dakota from Nov. 4 to 15. The Rev. W. Stein of Ashley, N. Dak., served as evangelist. Six persons were converted, but one of these burned three days after her conversion in a tragic farm fire which took the lives of six children. The other five were baptized by the Rev. H. J. Waltereit, pastor, on Sunday Dec. 8, with the Ashley church graciously giving the use of its facilities. These converts and another person were received into the church at the midnight communion service on Dec. 31. The B. Y. P. U. gave an all-musical program on Dec. 1.

● Evangelistic services were held in November at the Baptist Church of Bismarck, No. Dak., with the Rev. H. J. Wilcke of Linton, No. Dak., bringing the messages. He stressed the necessity of a deepening of the spiritual life and challenged others to accept Christ. One Sunday School scholar accepted Christ as his Savior. On Nov. 17 the church had its Harvest and Mission Festival with the Rev. Alex Sootzman of McLaughlin, So. Dak., as guest speaker. An offering of nearly \$800 was laid upon God's altar. During the month of November the Rev. Edward Kary, pastor, conducted services each Sunday morning at the State Penitentiary located in Bismarck.

● At the close of the morning service on Dec. 15 the Rev. G. G. Rauser of the Bethel Baptist Church of Salem, Oregon had the privilege of uniting the church's missionary, Miss Eva Krenzler, and Mr. Harry Niehouse of Sheffield, Iowa in holy wedlock. Miss Jean Rauser played the wedding marches. Mrs. Ivan Reischke sang "Together Life's Pathway We Tread." About 225 persons were present to extend their best wishes to the newlyweds. "God's Kingdom shall have first place in our lives," was beautifully portrayed by these young people, and before leaving for California on their wedding trip, they served the church with Mr. Niehouse showing a gospel film.

● "Resolved, that our world is better than the world in which our fathers lived." This was the subject of debate at the meeting of the Men's Brotherhood of the Temple Church of Pittsburgh, Penn. Mr. E. G. Collins, a professional engineer and teacher of the Brotherhood Class, and Richard Beckmann, a student in Carnegie Institute of Technology, and winner of the Westinghouse scholarship in 1946, contended for the positive. Mr. A. P. Yung, efficiency man for the Gulf Oil Corporation, and Albert Wagner, president of the class and connected with the U. S. Post Office department, spoke for the negative. The positive side stressed progress along scientific as well as social lines. The negative team emphasized the degrading morals of our day and spiritual indifference.

## Beside the Still Waters

Devotional Nuggets of Truth by Dr. JOHN LEYPOLDT, Pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

### Like A Tree

The Psalmist compares the godly man with a tree. The righteous man is not found walking, standing or sitting in wicked company. While he has no fellowship with scoffers, he does delight in the law of the Lord. It is his daily food for the soul. This godly man is like a tree. By way of contrast, the Psalmist speaks of the wicked as chaff. They are not firmly rooted like the tree, but are rootless, lifeless, fruitless and worthless.

The Oriental loved trees. The Psalmist says in Psalm 92:12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." A tree has life. A tree is a living and breathing creature. The Christian must be rooted in God, if he is to have

spiritual life. He must be planted by the streams of God's Word and refresh himself daily by drinking from the water of life.

A tree has leaves. How unattractive trees look when they are bare in wintertime, but how attractive when they are clothed with their beautiful dress of green. A Christian should be attractive. He need not be a fashion-plate but he should be courteous, friendly, sociable and happy.

A tree bears fruit. A fruit tree is of no use without fruit. We must bear the fruit of a Christian character. The fruit of the spirit must be found on our life's tree. May we bear much fruit in this new year for our divine Gardener.

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## Pointed Paragraphs

By Rev. C. B. NORDLAND of Forest Park, Illinois

☞ "The hope of the Jew is God and not the United Nations. Political maneuvering, mass meetings, economic boycotts, and terrorism will prove to be inadequate instruments; indeed, they always become boomerangs. The Jews in origin and history are a unique people, even though many of them want to forget it; and they have a peculiar relationship to God which they must not forget and which the Gentiles dare not forget to their peril."

—"Messenger of Good Will"

☞ "The sob of a thousand million of poor heathen sounds in my ear and moves my heart; and I try to measure, as God helps me, something of their darkness; something of their blank misery, something of their despair. O think of these needs! I say again, they are ocean depths; and, beloved, in my Master's name, I want you to measure them, I want you to think earnestly about them, I want you to look at them, until they appall you, until you cannot sleep, until you cannot criticize."

—Rev. Charles Inwood in "Tabernacle Bulletin"

☞ "A view of the inner man reveals a conflict that is not found elsewhere. The thing that differentiates a man from animal is his consciousness of conflict; a life that knows only peace is a life that has become stagnant."

—Rev. Rudolph Woyke in "The Baptist Herald"

☞ "From January first of 1946 through September 98,000,000 man days have been lost through strikes. This is more than two and one-half times the loss for all of last year, and three to four times that of several previous years. These strikes came at a time when the country was making every effort toward reconversion, and when all markets were clamoring for needed goods."

—Bridgeport, (Conn.), "Life"

☞ "Well do I remember the shock that came to me when one of three young men practicing the hymn, 'We Three Kings of Orient Are,' for a Christmas pageant mispronounced the first word of his solo stanza. Instead of singing, 'Myrrh I bring,' he sang lustily, 'Mire I bring.' What a parable! Unfortunately there are millions of American people who brought as their gift to the Christchild on Christmas not the myrrh of kindly devotion, but the mire of the prodigal and the swine herd."

—Dr. E. T. Dahlberg in "Missions"

☞ Rev. J. H. Kornelsen, director of Rural Bible Crusade, National, reports in its quarterly publication dated November 1946 that more than 220,000 rural school pupils and teachers have enrolled for Scripture memory work since the organization was founded a few years ago. Nearly 5,000 have come to a saving knowledge of Christ and more than 3,400 have committed 500 verses to memory. The work is now being carried forward in 17 states."



# After Many Days

☪  
A Christian Novel

by JOYE HOEKZEMA

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☪

## SYNOPSIS

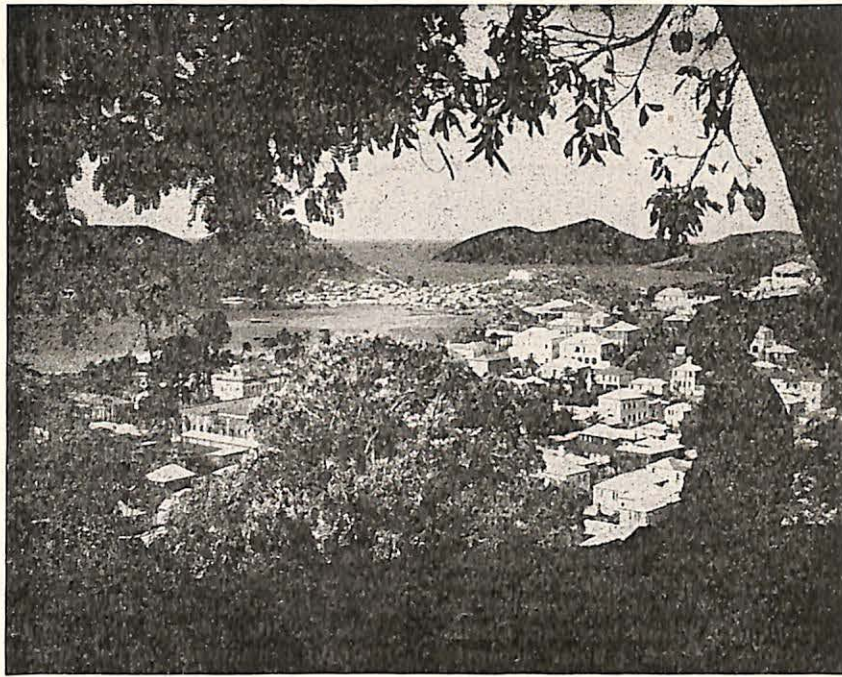
Dr. Christopher Matthews, Chief of Staff at Cass General Hospital, had a brilliant mind and skilled hands, but—so people said—no heart. He fell in love with Jane Lee, a nurse and a consecrated Christian, and asked her to marry him. She knew that he was grieving the Spirit of God, but she consented. For their honeymoon they went to the Virgin Islands, where in bitterness of spirit, because of inexplicable tragedies, Dr. Matthews closed his mind to God. Following their return to the vicinity of the hospital, Jane tried to persuade her husband to return to the hospital's staff. But it was all in vain. Jane's heart bled in anguish. "Oh, God," she whispered. "How long?"

## THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER

The night seemed endless. Jane heard Chris tossing in his bed and knew that he, like her, was staring wide-eyed into the darkness. Had they spoken of divorce? Was their marriage that close to complete and hopeless failure? His terrible helplessness increased her fierce protective tenderness. She pressed the pillow tightly against her mouth that he might not hear her sobbing. Love for him ached through her like a fever.

It was dawn when she finally tiptoed to his bed. He had dropped into troubled sleep and lay with one arm flung wearily over his head. He looked young and defenseless and dear. She slipped to her knees on the cold floor and gently laid her cheek against his. He stirred a little but did not waken. There, in the grey dawn, Jane began to pray as she had never prayed.

First she prayed for faith—the simple unflinching faith of a little child—the faith that, though it be as small as a mustard seed, has the power to move mountains. Then, with tears of full repentance, she confessed her lack of trust, her sin of criticism and her first sin also—the sin of marrying Chris while he was out of fellowship



—Ewing Galloway Photo

with his God. She confessed her failure to "wait on the Lord."

As Jane prayed, the Companion she had so long grieved stood beside her in such glorious radiance that the place where she knelt shone like the sun. She lifted a tear-wet face, glowing now with a joy unspeakable, and whispered in awed adoration, "My Lord and my God."

How surprised God's children are when their prayers are swiftly answered! In fact, when Doctor Kane appeared just before breakfast, Jane failed to recognize him as a direct reply to her petition of early morning, though there was the deep peace of assurance in her restored soul.

"What's the matter with your telephone?" He greeted Jane tersely and gave Chris a nod and a brusque "hello." "We've been trying to get you from the hospital since six o'clock."

"Why, what's wrong?"

Doctor Kane ignored Jane's sharp query and addressed himself to Chris. "Toby Bartholomew had a nasty fall this morning. We've X-rayed him and he has a badly shattered hip, two broken ribs and possible internal injuries."

Chris came out of his chair as though pulled by an invisible hand. "How did it happen?"

"He slipped on the oiled floor and hit the radiator."

"Who's taking care of him?"

"No one—yet! He won't let any of us touch him." Doctor Kane met Chris' startled eyes squarely. "He says we're a bunch of lilies and he won't have us tinker with him. He says he wants a doctor who knows a broken rib from a bellyache! In other words, fella, he wants YOU and nobody else."

It was so still in the dining-room that Jane heard the mad beating of her own heart. Chris stood motionless. Only his eyes were alive—hot, tormented, reflecting the fierce conflict raging in his soul.

"He's crazy! I haven't touched a patient in months. My fingers are all thumbs. Any other doctor is better qualified to . . ." he began hoarsely, but Doctor Kane waved a protesting hand.

"Don't argue with me." He grinned wryly. "I'm not the one who wants you, Chris. Go argue with Toby. He's suffering terribly, so I wouldn't make him wait much longer if I were you. Every minute counts."

"But I tell you I'm not fit! Where's my hat! I'll go and make him see reason!"

In the bedroom Jane found Chris' surgical bag and slipped it under her wrap. She was crying deep inside and whispering, "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Chris walked so fast on their way to the hospital that she had to trot like a child to keep up with him. His face was white and set, his clenched hands thrust deep in his pockets. "He shouldn't be so stubborn!" he muttered once, his voice rough with affection. "The blessed old idiot. He ought to know that a delay like this may cost him his life."

Toby was still on the table in the emergency operating room when they arrived. He was covered with warm blankets and hovered over by Sormagg and two other anxious nurses. At sight of Chris, Sormagg began to cry.

"I knew you'd come," she whispered. "I knew you wouldn't let Toby down." Chris glared at her. "Get Doctor

Maxfield on the phone," he ordered savagely. "Tell him I want him here in twenty minutes."

Sormagg's body snapped to its old rigidity. "Doctor Maxfield left yesterday," she said, and marched from the room with her back as stiff as a poker.

Chris muttered something as he turned toward Toby. Then he spoke and the gruffness of his voice couldn't hide the tenderness beneath.

"Hello, fella! What do you think you're trying to do to yourself?"

Toby's head turned painfully. His ashen face lighted. "Chris, boy, I knew you'd get here," he whispered weakly. "Imagine my being fool enough to fall down at my age! But you'll have me patched up in no time."

The harsh intake of Chris' breath sounded loud in the stillness. His fingers moved almost without conscious volition to Toby's pulse. "I'm pretty rusty, old man. I'll stand by, but we'd better let Doctor Hilliard or Kane . . ."

"No!" Amazing strength and determination energized the spent voice. "No, boy, not Kane—not Hilliard—no one but you! Promise me you'll do the job."

"But, Toby, I've gone to seed."

A groan escaped the tight-pressed lips. "I've waited quite a spell. You—you aren't going to keep me waiting much longer, are you, boy?"

Chris' forehead glistened with cold sweat. Jane couldn't watch this final agonizing struggle of his imprisoned, chained spirit. Was this the travail of an awakening soul? "Dear Lord, please, please!"

"I'll have a look at the X-ray pictures," Chris muttered.

A peaceful smile softened Toby's pain-ridden face. "Good boy! Now—now you're on the beam!" he whispered and slipped into unconsciousness.

For an instant Chris' eyes met Jane's across the prostrate body. "He didn't fail me when I needed him," he said hoarsely. "He was the best friend I ever had."

"He IS the best friend you have," she corrected softly, smiling through her tears. "And you aren't going to fail him, either."

"But—but suppose I'm too late?"

"The result lies with God, Chris. You will have done your best."

Chris straightened like a man facing a firing squad. Then, with a sudden note of the old ringing authority, "Sormagg—Jane—prepare the patient for surgery!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Chris fought desperately for Toby's life during the grim days which followed. Even at night he refused to leave the sufferer. He spent endless hours watching Toby. Sometimes, in the chill grey dawn, Jane heard him talking, and it wasn't the coldly impersonal voice of the old Doctor Matthews who said, "You're fighting a great fight, fella! Just a little longer

now. You're not going to give up, are you, Toby? It's the will to live that counts—the will to live, do you hear me? We need you here, Toby. We all need you. Keep fighting. Just keep fighting!" No, it wasn't the old Chris who knelt beside Toby's bed, pouring out the strength of his body and spirit in a fruitless effort to stem the waning tide of life.

But Jane was afraid for this new Chris who was "coming to himself" through such fierce suffering. What was going to happen when he failed in his fight for Toby's life? Would the old bitterness again engulf his soul? Or were the chains being forever severed by divine hands?

During those days and nights of anguish, Jane prayed until her heart was drained. The lonely evenings in the silent apartment made her realize with fresh clarity what it would mean if Chris left her. He meant more to her now than anything else in the world—even her little son. Without him she would never again be whole and complete. But in all the loneliness and exhausting vigil, there was, deep beneath the surface anxiety, a strange abiding peace, a sense of eternal security, of divine strength and assurance.

Then one winter dusk, just as the lights were being turned on in the hospital, Sormagg came into the fracture ward where Jane was taking temperatures. Jane guessed from the expression on her face what her errand was. Sormagg motioned with her head toward the hall.

"Toby's dying," she said, denying the burning tears in her eyes. "You'd better go down. I'll finish for you here."

Jane didn't thank her. The lump in her throat was too big. She merely pressed the older woman's lean hand in silent gratitude and hurried out. But when she came to Toby's room, she didn't go in. The door was open and she heard Chris speaking. His voice was low and tender, the richly sympathetic voice of a parent telling a weary child a story—or of a great surgeon talking to a dying patient.

"Rest, now, fella. There's nothing to be afraid of, as I figure it—just a door opening into bigger service—just another chance to do the things we failed to do down here."

Toby's whisper interrupted, a wisp of sound. "Can you quote the fourteenth chapter of John, boy, the first of it, anyhow?"

There was a pause, then Chris' voice again, strong and firm and challenging. "I think so, old friend, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

"That's good—good!" Toby's whisper seemed suddenly stronger. "I'm going home, boy. In a little while now I'll be meeting your mother up there. And after—after I've told my blessed Lord Jesus how much I love Him—after I've feasted my old eyes on His beautiful face and maybe been allowed to touch His nail-scarred hands—then I'll have a talk with your mother, Chris. And what shall I say to her? Can I tell her that you're safe back in the fold?"

There was a moment of silence, and then Toby, his voice clear now and firm with a strength that was not his own, spoke again. "You've been a wandering prodigal, boy. But you needn't be any longer. You have been tryin' to lift yourself by your own boot-straps . . . and that's no good. When you get done tryin' to save yourself, then the Father will take over. You know all that, deep in your soul, boy. You learned it on your knees the night you were saved. You know that when Christ died for you on Calvary, He finished the beautiful work. He left absolutely nothing for you to do but believe, accept and confess Him as Lord and Savior. You did just that years ago, Chris, but you've left your Father's house and spent your spiritual substance in a 'far country.' It's time you followed the example of the first prodigal. He said, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.'"

Chris murmured something too low for Jane to hear, but she heard Toby's ringing reply. "Have you forgotten the end of the story, boy? Listen, 'And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servant, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' What shall I tell your mother, Chris? Can I tell her that her son that was dead is alive again . . . that the lost, at last, is found?"

Again Chris' words were too soft for Jane to hear. She sat with hands clenched, scarcely breathing. Then, clearly, tenderly, she heard Chris say, "Yes, fella, it's getting dark, but not for long, Toby—not for long. You've fought a good 'fight.' You've finished the 'course.'"

"And there is now laid up for you a 'crown of righteousness,' Jane finished soundlessly. Suddenly she heard Andre's gentle voice saying, "Heaven is but a step ahead for those who keep the faith." Jane bowed her head and whispered, "Good-bye, Toby. Good-bye, darling. For you a door is opening, but for Chris . . . Oh God, what was his answer to Toby's question? Has he returned to his Father's house?"



Moving down the hall, Jane sank into another chair where she could watch the door. She had no place in that room. It had been Chris' fight, and now it must be his triumph or his defeat. Could he survive the bitter disappointment of losing Toby?

Chris was standing in the doorway of the darkened room, one hand pressed hard against his forehead, the other absently straightening his wrinkled white jacket. Light from the hall slanted across his weary body, and Jane tried desperately to read the look on his drawn face. Was only sorrow there—and not defeat? Was he merely grief-stricken and not beaten? Was he back in the blest shelter of his Father's house with Christ's glorious robe of righteousness about his naked suffering soul? As he stepped into the hall he lifted his chin a little. Was it with the old arrogance, or was this the humble gesture of a broken heart?

Doctor Kane appeared around the corridor. Apparently he had not heard about Toby, for he accosted Chris briskly, his face lined with anxiety. "If you can spare a minute, I wish you'd take a look at a new case that just came in. A mess if you ever saw one."

Waiting for Chris' answer, Jane held her breath. For an instant he hesitated, while over his shoulder his eyes saluted the silent friend who needed him no longer. Then very quietly he said, "I guess I can spare the time now. Where is this new case, Doctor?"

Chris didn't come home at all that night. Jane waited beside the dying fire, hour after endless hour, listening for his step, praying with a new confidence that he was the victor and not the vanquished. In spite of her natural anxiety, there was a deep peace in her soul. Toward dawn she found herself repeating, with a new understanding, the glorious words of Isaiah 40:31: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Little Lee stirred in his sleep and whimpered. Jane welcomed the excuse to take his warm, yielding little body in her aching arms and rock him. He was part of Chris—part of that tender love they had shared. She remembered how Chris had held him the morning he was born and said, "May he be a whole lot better man than his dad."

The hospital moved at the usual brisk tempo of seven o'clock activity when Jane entered that next morning. Breakfast trays were on the metal trucks in the hall. Parrying the sharp thrust of fear in her heart, Jane stopped at Sormagg's desk. "Have you seen Chris?" she asked, aware that the other woman knew her thoughts. The pen dropped from Sormagg's hand and she looked up, her eyes bright with unshed tears.

"He spent the night in Ward A with a case he operated on at midnight," she explained unsteadily. "Doctor Matthews is back on the job, Jane."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!"

"Amen! And now get yourself down there and see if you can make him take some rest," Sormagg commanded, attempting to hide her emotions.

Jane never remembered how she reached Ward A. She was crying and laughing, at once, and praying brokenly all the way. Then she stopped inside the door, for Chris wasn't sitting beside the screened bed in the corner as she had expected.

He was standing by a wheel-chair near the windows—a wheel-chair that held a boy in his early teens. The morning sun made Chris' tired, contented face radiant, and touched the boy with warmth. Chris was saying, "You don't want to take it like this, fella. You'll have to wear a brace for a while, sure, but you're man enough to stand that. Don't forget that most of the great men of history had physical handicaps. Did you know that, Fred?"

"No. Did they, sure enough?" The young voice was doubtful. Questioning blue eyes looked into gentle dark ones.

"That's right. Milton, one of the best-loved poets who ever lived, wrote his finest verse after he was blind. Peter Stuyvesant, the first governor of the great state of New York, had an artificial limb. And there was a man named Paul . . ." Chris' voice became deeper, as though he spoke now of a loved and honored friend. "He was the most magnificent Christian the world has ever known. He carried the glorious message of the Gospel to far places. He talked to kings and rulers. He left a blazing trail wherever he went. I'll read you the story of his life someday, Fred. I promise you that you'll never be the same again. This Paul had a physical handicap, too. We aren't told just what it was. He refers to it as the thorn in his flesh, but from his experience with it he wrote a truth that has helped millions of people the earth around. He wrote, 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given to us. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.' Chris paused because of the sudden quiver of emotion which crept into his voice. The boy smiled uncertainly.

"It sounds all right, but I don't get what it means."

"You will, fella, you will!" Chris promised, his eyes glowing with happiness. "I'll come back tomorrow and tell you the story of how this man Paul had a strange experience of the Damascus road and how it changed him from a murderer to a saint. You'll like the story, Fred, and in the meantime . . ." — Chris' hand dropped to the thin shoulder — "in the meantime, just remember that you're lucky to have both legs, even if one is a little shorter than the other. In a month you'll be kicking a football. Isn't that something to be thankful for?"

Slowly the young body straightened, as though unconsciously meeting the warm, friendly challenge in Chris' voice.

"I guess I ain't so bad off, Doc. And you will come to see me again tomorrow and tell me about that guy Paul?"

"Sure will—provided you'll do me a favor."

"Me?"

"Yep. Tommy Carls, in the third bed over there, is pretty low in spirits this morning. You see, Fred, he may never be able to kick a football again. Suppose you have a talk with him, sort of cheer him up a little, eh? How about it?"

"Sure, Doc, if you say so, and I'll tell him about this Paul fellow, and that he can listen, too, when you tell the story tomorrow. O.K.?"

"O.K., Fred."

The ward blurred before Jane's eyes and when she could see again, Chris was coming toward her, his tired eyes lighting with welcome.

"Jane, honey! I hope you didn't worry about me last night. I couldn't get away."

"Of course, Chris. I—I understand!"

His hands closed over hers—strong, sure, warm with tenderness. In a secluded nook beyond the elevators he stooped and kissed her. It was more than a mere touching of lips. It was the communion of two hearts that spoke the same blest language. They needed no words. She knew without being told that the son that was dead was alive again, and the lost had been found.

"Good morning, Mrs. Matthews," he said unsteadily, his voice glad and young and free. "Have I happened to mention lately that I love you very much?"

Was it only the morning wind laughing beyond the east winds, or did she hear, high above the busy hum of the hospital, a chorus of voices singing—Toby's and Michael's and the others who had already learned that "heaven is but a step ahead for those who keep the faith"? Perhaps it was the glad refrain which came from the overflowing thanksgiving of her own humble heart—"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found!"

(THE END)

## THE AFTERGLOW!

One of Nature's most beautiful displays, always dramatic and inspiring, is her sunsets. How often we have sat at the lakeside watching in rapt silence the changing, ever-blending colors, from gold to fiery red, to rose, then to orchid and purple.

One evening stands out especially in my memory. There were clouds and a haze in the sky. As the fiery ball dropped out of sight, seemingly into the lake, the clouds caught the reflection. First on one side, then softly, silently spreading until the whole sky was a rosy hue. Gradually the waters of the lake mirrored the reflection, until sky and water were bathed in a fairy-like glow. The afterglow lasted many long, breathless minutes.

A symphony concert sometimes has the same effect. This afternoon I listened with wonder and appreciation to a concert of the Cleveland symphony orchestra. The last note has died away, but the melody still lingers on—and for many days it will echo and re-echo in my heart.

We have just passed through Christendom's most beloved holiday season, Christmas. What a glad and joyous time that was! Love and laughter all about us, the Spirit of giving and sharing made manifest in many ways. No wonder that this is the most beloved holiday, for isn't this spirit the very

## Sunday School Workshop

(Continued from Page 11)

conception that only little children enjoy dropping pennies for each year, but we wish you could see our birthday celebration every Sunday. Not only the tiny tots but older men and women seem not at all embarrassed to bring their pennies (sometimes dollars), and receive a greeting card and congratulations. Somehow it gives one a warm, happy glow that continues all the year to see and hear the entire Sunday School heartily sing, "God bless you on your birthday!"

One year a birthday song contest was held. We were pleasantly surprised to discover much latent talent revealed by both teachers and pupils, and the songs composed were quite melodious.

The visitors' book always creates much interest each Sunday as the names are read and greetings exchanged.

Our Scripture memory work is very important and is kept varied and interesting, too, by having different classes or family groups take turns learning and reciting the verses. During recent years we have learned all the choice and precious portions of Scripture, books of the Bible, and various Psalms.

The best education a child can have is the training he receives from the

# We, the Women

Views and News of the National Woman's Missionary Union by Mrs. FLORENCE E. SCHOEFFEL, President

heart of our Christian religion? God GAVE at Christmas time; that is the basic fact of our religion. Because of that gift, our SAVIOR, we have cause to rejoice. He brings peace to our hearts, and fills us with love and goodwill towards our fellow-men.

It is now more than two weeks since Christmas day has passed beyond the horizon, not to reappear for another year. Has all the beauty and the radiance gone with it, packed away with the lights and the ornaments from the tree, not to reappear until next year? Or is there an AFTERGLOW in your life and mine? Are we carrying over that spirit of love and goodwill, of unselfish giving and sharing?

How much we need this spirit in our home life, in church life and in our everyday relationships with our fellow-men. All about us are people whose lives could be brightened if they could but catch the reflection from the glow of our spirit. Little acts of kindness, a word of cheer, a thoughtful

Word of God. Blessed is that Sunday School where his Word is honored and taught.

"And that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

## His Grace Is Sufficient

(Continued from Page 6)

she trusted and left in poverty, but by means of God's grace she was enabled to rise above her vicissitudes. In thought I am confronted by one who faced sickness, loss of property, who laid beneath the sod his beloved wife, and has been forced to rear his children alone. Yet, in spite of sorrow and heartache, I see him growing increasingly tender because of God's sufficient grace. I read again the words of her whose sun was blackened by the cloud that hovered over that German stable. "If my husband's work was finished," she wrote, "I will not question the providence of God. I will thank him for the three years of married happiness which were ours, and will rely upon him for the grace to endure my affliction." Affliction, yes; but no bewailing of her lot in life. The grace of God was sufficient for her.

Near my father's home is a little lake. Its bottom is covered with thick, black, rotting muck. Near its shores, the stench in summer is extremely

deed will spread the radiance of Christmas about us, and make it linger long. The notes of the Christmas carols have died away, but as their melodies linger in our hearts, so may the true spirit of Christmas linger throughout this year, until another Christmas day looms on the horizon.

Paul writes to the Ephesians, "Let brotherly love continue." That is what we are trying to say: "Let the Spirit of Christmas continue!"

\* \* \* \* \*

COMING! In the next issue, the program for the World Day of Prayer, prepared by Mrs. Frank Veninga, wife of the pastor of our church in Peoria, Illinois, will be published. We hope you are planning NOW to conduct a Day of Prayer in your society next month, either on the World Day of Prayer (Feb. 21st), which is on the first Friday in Lent, or on any other suitable day.

nauseating. To the casual observer nothing of worth could ever come from such odorous material. Yet by a miracle of God this evil-looking and evil-smelling substance gives birth to a flower that is beautiful and fragrant. Failing to have seen those water-lilies, I should now be extremely skeptical of such beauty being derived from that unlovely source. But in God's providence it has happened.

In the midst of life's sorrows, heartaches and tragedies I can see nothing but misery and despair. But when the sufficient grace of God is granted to the thorn-ridden child the miracle begins. That which has darkened lives now begets a new brilliance and becomes a beacon to light our way. That which has been nauseating now becomes a fragrant flower, sharing its sweetness with the passerby. That which has brought pain to our weary bodies now becomes our means of strength with which to slay our giants. And that which has been naught but discord now bursts forth into a glorious melody inspiring the fellow-traveler.

Thus, with God's message of sufficient grace, I no longer ask him why he fails to relieve the afflictions of his people. I no longer ask him why he answers my prayers in the negative. I am now content to thank him for his grace. I know that it is sufficient to meet the needs of all; be the affliction small or great, his grace is sufficient.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



Hello, there! How are you, my little friend? Here we are together again after a couple of years and I'm glad to see you. I shall be coming into your home each month around the 15th and I trust you will be waiting for me and will enjoy our time together. If you ever have anything to share with our other "Herald" friends, just write to

Mrs. Louis Johnson,  
3505 East 107th Street,  
Chicago 17, Illinois

and I'll be very happy to hear from you. Until next month, goodbye and God bless you!

The Children's Page  
Is Edited by Mrs. LQUIS  
JOHNSON, 3505 E. 107th St.,  
Chicago 17, Illinois

too, and we had fun even though we stayed only three days."

"Where does your grandma live?" asked Jim.

"Why she lives over in Colton. Have you ever been there, Jim?"

"Oh, pooh! that old hick town! Sure,

angry because Jim had made fun of her and her grandmother. But somehow as she entered her house she was sorry that she had lost her temper again.

Hadn't she received Jesus as her Savior just a little over a week ago at grandma's house after the Christmas program? And hadn't she told her pastor that that was the best Christmas present she had received? And hadn't her pastor told her when she showed him her New Year's resolutions that Jesus would help her to keep them if she would let him? Now a Voice said to her, "Why you aren't a Christian at all! Do you suppose a Christian would get mad? or call a friend names? or wish him bad luck? You aren't a Christian!"

Kathleen went to her own room and cried. On Christmas eve her grandmother told her that now that she had received Jesus as her Savior she was his child forever, and now so soon it seemed as though she weren't even a Christian. What could she do? Mother wasn't home, so she didn't have anyone to talk to.

"Oh, I know. I'll go over to see Nancy Ellen until mother gets back."

Nancy Ellen was a little baby—just two months old and Kathleen loved to go over and see her. She was so sweet and sometimes Nancy's mother would let Kathleen hold her. Then she would sing to Nancy.

When Nancy Ellen's mother opened the door, she said, "Hello, there, Kathie. How are you today? Come on in. Nancy is awake and she's having so much fun. Take off your coat and watch her."

Nancy Ellen was lying in her buggy and she was kicking her little legs and throwing her little arms around. She seemed to be enjoying it very much. Kathleen watched her for a while and then went to her mother.

"Why does Nancy kick her legs all the time, Mrs. Schwinn? Won't she get awfully tired?"

"Well, you see, Kathie, she kicks her little legs so that they will grow strong. She can't run and play as you do so she exercises her legs by kicking."

"Oh—", said Kathie.

Mrs. Schwinn sat down and drew Kathie to her. "You know, Kathie, when I watch little Nancy I think of our Christian life. When we receive Jesus as our Savior, we are little babes

(Continued on Page 24)



Three "Big" Little People of the Sunday School of New Leipzig, North Dakota (Left to Right: Diane, Larry and Dorine Ruff)

## GROWING AS A YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Kathleen and Jimmy were walking to the skating pond after school. It was the first day of school after their Christmas vacation and they were discussing their vacations.

"I went to my grandma's house in the city for Christmas and we stayed a whole week. Boy, does she have a swell house and is that a big city where she lives! Why, there must be a million people there! And, oh boy, you should see the kids slide! The street back of grandma's house is a hill and it's all blocked off for the kids. I played with some boys who had a big sled and we just zoomed down that hill. Say, you've never been to the city, have you, Kathie?"

"No. But I went to my grandma's,

I was there once. The kids go to school in a one-room schoolhouse. Ho! Ho! is that where you went for Christmas? Aha, ha, ha!"

Kathleen lifted her head high. "Well, I don't care. I had just as good a time as you did."

"But you didn't see any swell decorations in the big stores like I did. Why you don't know anything about —" and just then he saw some other school children across the street. "Say, kids, Kathie spent Christmas out in the sticks — at Colton. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Kathleen forgot her New Year's resolution — 'I'm not going to fight with anyone this year.' — 'Shut up, you little brat! You just think you're smart because you went to the city. I hope you break your neck on the ice.'"

Instead of continuing to the skating pond, she turned the corner and ran quickly to her home. She was very

# REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

## Atlantic Conference

### The Grand Old Lady of the Philadelphia Baptist Home for the Aged

In October several of our denominational leaders came to visit Philadelphia. On October 30 they came to our Home for the Aged with the Rev. H. Palfenier and Rev. John F. Crouthamel. After enjoying their fellowship in the dining room and listening to short talks by the Rev. M. L. Leuschner and Rev. Frank H. Woyke, several pictures were taken of our Home.

In the accompanying picture from left to right you see, Rev. J. F. Crouthamel, pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Church; Miss Laura Auch, former matron of the Home; Mrs. Louise Thomsen, our oldest guest; and Rev. H. Palfenier, pastor of the Pilgrim Church.

Mrs. Thomsen is the grand old lady in our Home. Last July she celebrated her 98th birthday. She is loved and respected by all who know her. In the sunset years of her life she has been a blessing to many. Her simple, childlike faith and trust in the Lord have been an inspiration to many. "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Laura Auch, Reporter.

### Negotiations for an Improved Pipe Organ at Philadelphia's Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church

On Sunday, December 1st, the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., completed negotiations with the Tellers Organ Company of Erie, Pa., for the electrification and enlarging of its pipe organ. The church is rejoicing at the prospect of the fulfillment of a dream of many years in this step. If labor difficulties do not hinder, the instrument should be dedicated on Easter Sunday, April 6th.

One expert has placed an estimated valuation of \$15,000 on the proposed instrument. It will be a twenty-five stop, electro-pneumatic action, organ, built with both swell and great organs under complete expression. When complete it will be of the most modern type instrument built.

Mr. Herman J. Tellers is most anxious to build this instrument because several of his key craftsmen belong to our North American Baptist fellowship. The organ will be installed by Mr. Edgar Mangam, an expert of repute in the Philadelphia area. The church was most fortunate in having Mr. Harry Auch, a former member of the Pilgrim Baptist Church of Phila-

delphia and, before his recent retirement, a nationally known pipe-maker, as its chief advisor during these negotiations. Mr. Auch has won the esteem of organ builders far and near, one of his notable pieces of work being the construction of the string section of the famous Wanamaker Organ in Philadelphia.

John F. Crouthamel, Pastor.

### Special Blessings Enjoyed by the Calvary Baptist Church of Bethlehem, Pa.

The city of Bethlehem, Penn., is known as "the Christmas City." During the month of December the streets are decorated with lights that reflect

us many blessings during these few months.

October 27 and 28 were red letter days for our church. It was our privilege to have four representatives of our general work with us: Rev. Frank Woyke, executive secretary; Rev. H. G. Dymmel, general mission secretary; Rev. M. L. Leuschner, promotional secretary; and Rev. J. C. Gunst, young people's secretary. We were greatly inspired by their coming and they were a great blessing to us. From November 3 to 8 we had a week of evangelistic services with the Dr. Clifford Lewis of Nashville, Tenn., preaching. A number of persons accepted the Lord as their Savior, and four adults followed the Lord in baptism on Sunday



The Rev's John C. Crouthamel (Left) and Herman Palfenier (Right) of Philadelphia, Pa., With Miss Laura Auch, Matron of the Home for the Aged, and Mrs. Louise Thomsen, Guest, Who Is Now 98 Years of Age

the rainbow with their splendor. But we are more interested in the little church that is known here as the Calvary Baptist Church. Since coming into our new location, God has given

evening, Nov. 17th.

On December 5th we celebrated the home-coming of our young men who served our country so faithfully during the last war. We had 24 service stars on our service flag. All but four of these men have returned home. One has reenlisted, two are still in service and one has paid the supreme sacrifice. A large "welcome" cake was baked and on each side of the cake there was a V with 12 candles, one candle for each of the men in service from our church. The candles were lighted by two gold star mothers. Each of the gold star mothers was honored with a beautiful corsage by the Sunday School. Words of welcome and recitation were brought by the superintendent of the Sunday School, Mr. H. Schreiber, the pastor, Rev. Philip Potzner, and others. After the service a social fellowship was enjoyed by all, the Young Ladies' Christian Society being the hostesses.

Philip Potzner, Pastor.

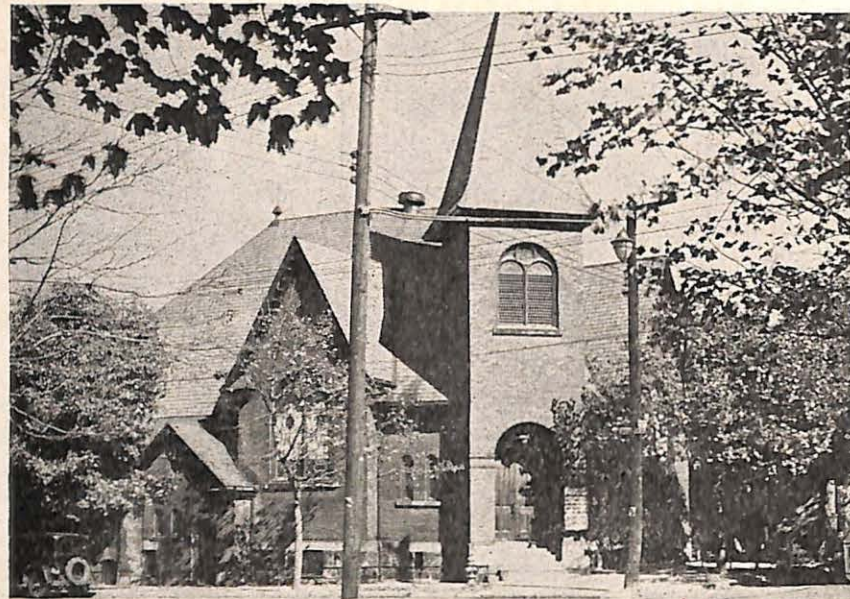
### WANTED, MATRON AND MAINTENANCE MAN

The German Baptist Home for the Aged in Philadelphia, Pa., has the above mentioned positions open. The woman must be of Christian character and must otherwise qualify. The man must have mechanical ability and be able to work in the garden.

Write for details to

Rev. H. Palfenier,  
4522 Aldine St., Philadelphia 36,  
Pennsylvania





The Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., Which Recently Observed Its 85th Anniversary With a Special Program of Festivities

### Eastern Conference

#### 85th Anniversary and Organ Concert at the Central Baptist Church, Erie, Pa.

The Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., observed its 85th anniversary on Sunday, Nov. 17. It was a day of consecrated celebration and activity which will long remain in the memory of all members and friends.

All the departments of the church took part in the program and special music was provided for the services in each department. There was an overflow congregation at both morning and evening worship services at which Prof. Otto E. Krueger of the Rochester Seminary brought the messages.

Both the Rev. and Mrs. George Zinz, Sr., parents of our pastor, the Rev. George Zinz, Jr., were here to assist in the services. Mr. Zinz, Sr., is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winburne, Pa. The anniversary sacrifice offering for this day reached a total of \$1,454.

A special dedication service was held on the following Sunday for the presentation of the chimes given to the church in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Meuser by Mrs. H. Kugel and Mr. Harvey Meuser. This was an inspiring service followed by a communion meditation.

On Friday evening, Dec. 6, the Fidelis Class presented Prof. A. B. Mehnert in an organ recital of music by Bach, Handel, Lemmens, Carelli and Laschhorn and with one of Mr. Mehnert's own compositions, "Sonata in F". The proceeds of this highly successful recital by Mr. Mehnert, who is one of the two Fellows of the American Guild of Organists of Erie which is the highest distinction in organ music, will go towards the purchase of robes for the choir.

Mrs. Robert R. Eichler, Reporter.

### Southwestern Conference

#### Recent Mountain-top Experiences at the Strassburg Baptist Church of Kansas

On Sunday, Nov. 17, the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner, editor of "The Baptist Herald," was a welcome guest of the Strassburg Baptist Church, Kansas. He brought the morning message in his usual challenging manner. We will long remember his heart-searching words as he led us closer to God.

In the evening the Emmanuel Baptist Church of Marion joined us as Mr. Leuschner showed pictures of our Southwestern Conference Mission project in Colorado. We at Strassburg are particularly interested in this work because on each second Sunday of the month the Sunday School holds an offering for the Reimers. Other pictures shown were of the Southern Conference and of the General Conference sessions at Tacoma.

On the following Monday Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson came to us with their enthusiastic testimonies. It was heart-thrilling to listen to them as they spoke of the joy they have in serving the Lord, now as they visit the various churches and later as they go to Africa. On Tuesday evening the young people of the church had "George and Alma" all to themselves as they gathered at the parsonage for a social.

For two weeks from Dec. 1 to 15 our church united in a community-wide evangelistic campaign held in the Marion Municipal Auditorium with the Rev. Theodore H. Epp of the "Back to the Bible Broadcast" as evangelist and the Rev. J. Darrel Handel as song leader. Our pastor, Rev. A. Schulz, served as pianist and four of our men are members of the Christian Business Men's Committee of Marion sponsoring this campaign. The capacity of the City Building was taxed as 800 people turned out for these meetings.

Mrs. Harvey Kruse, Reporter.

### Dakota Conference

#### Two Inspiring Women's Mission Programs at the Plum Creek Church of South Dakota

On Sunday, Dec. 1st, the Ladies' Aid of the Plum Creek Baptist Church near Emery, South Dakota gave their annual mission program in the church before an appreciative audience. The various readings, vocal selections, and dialogues were wisely chosen and effectively rendered with the one purpose in mind, to present a clear and vivid picture of our many denominational projects in which our women play an important part.

Inspiring words of encouragement were spoken by the pastor, Rev. G. W. Rutsch, based on Matt. 5:7, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." The offering, willingly laid on the altar of God, was \$368 for missions.

The Mission Circle of the Spring Valley Baptist Church with their pastor, Rev. Kenneth Nelson, and his wife as the able president of the group, rendered a very impressive program in the Plum Creek Church on Sunday evening, Dec. 8. The climax of the program was the play entitled, "Lift Up Your Eyes to the World," which was certainly an eye-opener to everyone who has failed to see the crying need of the world today. A blessed time of fellowship was enjoyed afterwards. The mission offering was \$36.00.

Mrs. G. W. Rutsch, Reporter.

#### Northern North Dakota Sunday School Convention is Held at Fessenden's Baptist Church

At the Northern North Dakota Sunday School Convention a year ago it was decided to meet in 1946 immediately following the Fall Young People's Rally. This plan was arranged to help the young people to stay over for the Sunday School Convention, of which they are a part.

On Friday, November 29, a large group of young people attended the rally at the First Baptist Church of Fessenden, North Dakota. The following two days, November 30 and December 1, were convention days. The Beatitudes (Matthew 5:1-12), were carefully, interestingly and helpfully presented by the Reverends H. G. Dymmel, A. J. Fischer, J. Kepl, J. C. Kraenzler, L. P. Albus, W. G. Gerthe and R. A. Grenz.

It was to our advantage and blessing to have the Rev. H. G. Dymmel, general missionary secretary, Miss Ann Swain, director of Bible Memory Work for the Dakota Conference, and the Rev. D. Klein, Dakota Conference Missionary, with us, who brought inspiring messages.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Rev. J. C. Kraenzler, moderator; Rev. R. A. Grenz, vice-moderator; Rev. J. Kepl, secretary-treasurer. It was decided to meet in 1947 following the young people's rally.

Richard A. Grenz, Reporter.

### Contributions for the Building Fund of the Bismarck Home for the Aged

We would like to announce to all friends of the Old People's Home in Bismarck, No. Dak., that the Rev. Karl Gieser, who in the last year was engaged as promotional director for the new building project, has resigned and will not be collecting for the Home in the future.

We are, however, still planning to build and urge the Dakota Conference churches not to lose interest in the building project, for as soon as material is available and building conditions are more favorable we shall build an attractive Old People's Home here in Bismarck. Any money designated for the building fund should be sent directly to our treasurer, Mr. A. F. Lehr, Gackle, North Dakota.

By authority of the Board of Directors,

Rev. J. Benke, President.

Rev. E. Kary, Secretary.

#### Turtle Lake and Tabor Churches Have Reception for the Rev. and Mrs. Fred Schmidt and Family

On Sunday evening, December 1, about 150 members and friends of the Baptist church of Turtle Lake and Tabor, North Dakota, gathered at the Turtle Lake church to welcome our new pastor, the Rev. Fred Schmidt, his wife and daughter.

The Rev. A. J. Fischer of McClusky, North Dakota, who had been invited for this occasion, extended words of welcome to the Schmidts and wished the church and pastor God's blessing. Words of welcome were also spoken by the leaders of the B. Y. P. U. Societies, Sunday School, Ladies' Aid and the deacons of both churches. Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt responded and prayed that God's guidance plus the efforts of the pastor and church members would lead to the building of a greater program for him in our church.

Mrs. Reuben Bauer, Reporter.

#### Woman's Missionary Meeting at Emery, So. Dak., and Farewell for Rev. and Mrs. A. Ittermann

On Wednesday, Nov. 20, the Woman's Missionary Society of Emery, So. Dak., met for its regular meeting and farewell for the Rev. A. Ittermann and family at the home of Mrs. C. A. Rust. Our president, Mrs. Ittermann led the program. We heard songs and a reading on "Love." We had the privilege of having the Rev. G. G. Rauser of Salem, Oregon with us who gave us a fine talk on the great love of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Afterwards, our vice-president, Mrs. Harm Bleeker, presented Mrs. Ittermann with a gift and spoke words of appreciation for always helping us so willingly. Our neighboring pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Rutsch, were with us and they spoke words of farewell. Mrs. Rutsch read the poem, "The Minister's Wife."

Mr. and Mrs. Ittermann both brought words of thanks and Mrs. Ittermann presented each member with a gift.

Mrs. Bertha Roskens, Secretary.

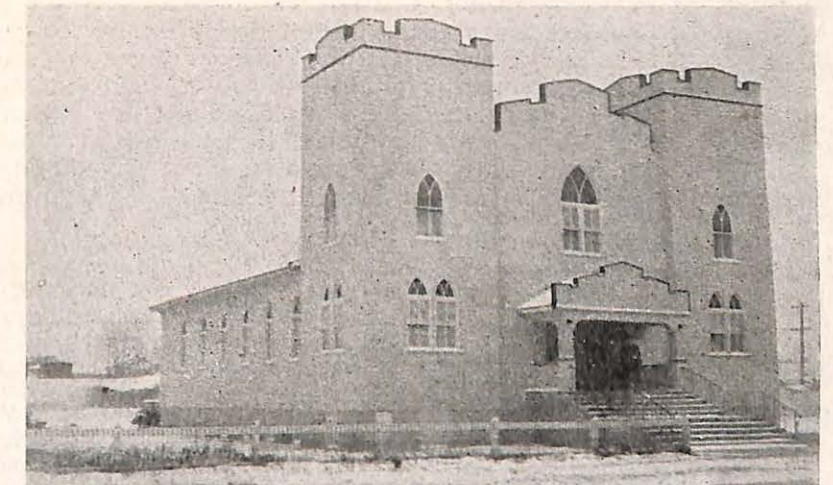
### Northern Conference

#### Dedication of New Church Valued at \$35,000 at Carbon, Alberta, Canada

Sunday, November 17, was indeed a glorious day of rejoicing at the newly built Carbon Baptist Church of Carbon, Alberta. Was it not exactly one year ago when the former Freudental and Bethel congregations staged a local rally in the Town Hall in order to break down "the wall of partition" and work toward a possible amalgamation of the two churches? On the morning of this happy day of dedication, it seemed as if all the things that had taken place throughout the past year

the builder, C. Thompson. Following the encouraging report of our building treasurer, Chris Harsch, the building committee was called to the platform and words of recognition were spoken by Mr. J. J. Ohlhauser, the first deacon of the church and also by the pastor. The main speaker of the afternoon was the Rev. H. G. Dymmel of Chicago using as his subject, "The House of God." The Rev. E. P. Wahl of Edmonton led in the dedicatory prayer. The special music was provided by the Carbon mixed choir, the Carbon male quartet, the Carbon sextet, and the combined male chorus.

The evangelistic service in the evening, although not quite as well attended, was also a great blessing. The Rev. E. P. Wahl brought the message. The special music was provided by the Carbon Young People's Society and by



The New Edifice of the Carbon Baptist Church of Carbon, Alberta on Dedication Sunday

passed before our eyes—the amalgamation late last fall, the reorganization, the dismantling of the two church buildings early in the Spring, the planning and building of the new edifice here in town this summer—yes, all had become a glorious reality and this was the day of dedication.

Shortly before ten in the morning a large throng gathered about the church waiting for the doors to be opened. This was done by the builder after the pastor, Rev. E. M. Wegner, had read Psalm 24 and had led in prayer. The melodious tones of "The Church's One Foundation" greeted everyone. Following these preliminaries, the service of thanksgiving took place. The choir of our Zion Station supplied the music for the morning; the Rev. H. Zepik of Trochu read God's Word; and the Rev. E. P. Wahl of Edmonton led in prayer. The speakers of the morning were Rev. H. Schatz of Calgary who spoke in the German language using Psalm 84:1 as text, and the Rev. H. G. Dymmel of Chicago, our general mission secretary, whose subject was "The Eleventh Commandment."

The actual dedication service took place in the afternoon. Words of greeting were brought by the following: Rev. H. Hinchey of the United Church of Carbon, Rev. H. Zepik of Trochu, Rev. H. Schatz of Calgary, Rev. E. P. Wahl of Edmonton, Mr. Sam Garret, mayor of our town, and finally

several groups. The offering of the evening amounted to \$236.18, which was sent to our mission headquarters.

Yes, it was a surprise to many of us to have built a church, valued at \$35,000 (size 74 by 46 feet) and paid for it in one year. Of course, it did not cost us that much because of the volunteer labor which our people rendered so freely and willingly, and also because of the lumber from the two former churches. Nevertheless, the actual cost of about \$19,000 is more than we had hoped it would be. However, of this sum about \$4,000 was realized by the selling of church property which we did not need any longer. About \$11,000 was donated by our people throughout the summer. Another \$1,000 was raised by our Ladies' Aid Society and the Sunday School. And the remaining \$3,000 was the sum realized on the day of the dedication.

The material side of our church-life required much of our time during the past year. Nevertheless, since the dedication of the church the spiritual emphasis has again come into its own. We held two weeks of special meetings from Nov. 24 to Dec. 6 with the Rev. J. C. Schweitzer as evangelist. It was indeed a spiritual treat, not only for the Christians many of whom have been drawn closer to the Lord in that they dedicated their lives anew to Christ, but also in that a number of souls were saved.

E. M. Wegner, Pastor.



# BOOK REVIEWS

## THE BOOK OF OUR CHOICE

It was a happy, fortunate day for Christian readers when Richard Ellsworth Day, the noted biographer of Spurgeon, Moody and Finney, decided to write the biography of Henry Parsons Crowell. (Breakfast Table Autocrat — Moody Press — 317 pages — \$3.00.) Crowell was a great executive who headed the quarter billion dollar enterprise with Quaker Oats, directed the business of the Perfection Stove Company and built up one of the five greatest cattle herds in the United States at the Wyoming Hereford Ranch. But all of this was pushed into the background by his spiritual labors of 40 years in behalf of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago until,



Price, \$3.00

as a reviewer expressed it, "in a peculiar sense he became Mr. Moody's successor."

This is an unusually fine book, masterfully written, beautifully bound, and colorfully illustrated. There is no exaggeration in calling it "an educational, romantic and inspirational biography." The reader has a good grandstand seat from which he can view the strenuous struggles in life's race for this young man who made such unreserved commitments of himself to the Lord Jesus Christ.

But neither the subject nor the author of the book receive the major emphasis within the pages of this volume. The guidance of the Holy Spirit has a monopoly of the reader's attention. Dr. Day tells how indifferent he was to the suggestion about writing the book until he became convinced by the Spirit's guidance that this man's life, that was always glorifying Christ, would inspire others. Last summer at Mt. Hermon, California Dr. Day confided to the editor that he now considers this to be his "best book," largely because he was so completely captivated by the radiance and winsomeness of Crowell's Christian faith.

The busy, full-orbed life of Mr. Crowell is summarized in this volume in two of his own statements. The first was made in 1873 when he was a lad of eighteen, facing darkness ahead because of symptoms of tuberculosis: "O God, if YOU will allow me to make money to be used in YOUR service, I will keep my name out of it so YOU will have all the glory." The second statement was made by Mr. Crowell in 1899 at the age of 44 when he wrote on a desk pad these words: "If my life can always be lived so as to please HIM, I'll be supremely happy."

Your heart will be warmed as you travel along this pilgrimage, marveling at the achievements of the man, the happiness he spread along the way, the stirring witness he gave for the Lord, and the humble, self-effacing spirit which always kept Henry Parsons Crowell in the background. With serene poise and dignity of character he was a "breakfast table autocrat." But as Dr. Day points out, "the world must have autocrats to get things done. And autocracy is sublimated if tempered to the will of God." The man knew where he was going because he was always sure, first of all, to find the will of God. In that sense, he was "an altogether amiable autocrat bound in velvet," walking confidently in the light of the Holy Spirit.

This is "the Book of Our Choice" for this issue which will be a valuable gift for some friend or your pastor and a treasury of inspiration for yourself. It belongs in every library after having made an indelible imprint upon every Christian heart!

### HEROES OF FAITH

One of the best missionary books of today is E. Myers Harrison's "Heroes of Faith on Pioneer Trails" (Moody Press, 224 pages, \$2.25). Dr. Harrison is pastor of the Woodlawn Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois. He is related by marriage to Dr. and Mrs. Donald Davis of Wasco, Calif. He and Mrs. Harrison are now under appointment by the Conservative Baptist

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**ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS,**  
 3734 Payne Ave.,  
 Cleveland 14, Ohio

Mission Society to return to Burma as soon as the doors are opened.

Dr. Harrison writes as enthusiastically and fervently as he speaks in depicting the lives and missionary adventures of such men as David Brainerd among the Indians, William Carey and Adoniram Judson in Burma, David Livingstone and Robert Moffatt in Africa, Henry Martyn in India, Robert Morrison and J. Hudson Taylor in China, John Williams among the cannibals, and John G. Paton in the South Seas.

In these chapters the heroes of missionary trails live triumphantly and rise with vivid human stature before the reader to thrill and challenge him. There is no exaggeration in the words of the jacket: "This is a 'must' book for the church library, for the missionary society, indeed, for all Christian people."

### ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

Annie Johnson Flint's poems are known around the world. There is hardly a religious publication that has not used some of her poems. Every minister of the gospel has quoted the familiar words that begin:

"Christ has no hands but our hands  
 To do His work today."  
 She has lifted the souls of men on the wings of poetry closer to the stars and nearer to God.

You can now read the story of her saintly life in the book, "The Making of the Life Beautiful." (Evangelical Publishers, 108 pages, \$1.25.) For more than 40 years there was scarcely a day when she did not suffer pain. For 37 years she became increasingly helpless. Every joint in her body had become rigid, although she was able to turn her head, and in great pain write a few lines on paper. So the late Dr. Rowland Bingham tells the triumphant story of this beautiful soul, that will move your spirit and help you to appreciate her poems even more deeply.

Recently the first of two volumes of her poems appeared, "Annie Johnson Flint Poems, Volume I." (Evangelical Publishers, 141 pages, \$1.50.) A brief foreword by Dr. J. H. Hunter introduces the reader to a long, golden garland of 110 of Annie Johnson Flint's poems, each of which is a rung higher on the ladder that leads to heavenly heights of inspiration. Reading these poems will help you to make your life more beautiful in the beauty of Him Whom Annie Johnson Flint always extolled.

This brief poem of hers is one open window into the treasury of the book: "Though waves and billows o'er me pass

In whelming floods of ill,  
 Within the haven of God's love  
 My soul is anchored still;  
 For though the stress and strain  
 of life  
 My thread of life may break,  
 The cable of His faithfulness,  
 No storm can ever shake."

## OBITUARY

### MR. CONRAD STENZEL of Marion, Kansas

Mr. Conrad Stenzel of Marion, Kansas was born March 2, 1882 at Husenbach, Russia, and died of a fatal heart attack on Friday evening, Oct. 4, 1946. Although Mr. Stenzel had not been in good health in recent years, yet he never complained but evinced a noble Christian spirit.

On Nov. 22, 1906 he was united in marriage to Miss Martha Propp. This happy union was blessed with five children.

Two years before his marriage he was converted, baptized and united with the church. When the Strassburg Baptist Church was founded in 1911, he was one of the first to become a charter member. He served as a deacon of this church from 1929 until he died. Mr. Stenzel was a devoted husband, a loving father, and a faithful church member. His passing away is deeply felt by his wife, Martha; four daughters, Esther of the home; Mrs. S. S. Klassen of Newton; and Mrs. Harold Lambert of Langdon, Kansas; and Mrs. Harold Ekut of Ft. Worth, Texas; and one son, Milton, of Marion, Kansas.

May the Lord comfort the bereaved! Strassburg Baptist Church, Marion, Kansas.

A. K. Schulz, Pastor.

### MRS. ANNA DALLMAN of Parkersburg, Iowa

Mrs. Anna Dallman, nee Van Dornum, of Parkersburg, Iowa, was born at Pekin, Ill., on April 16, 1868, and died on Friday night, as the result of a lingering heart ailment, at the age of 78 years, 7 months and 20 days.

As a young girl she came to Steamboat Rock, Iowa with her parents, where she lived for some time. On July 29, 1891 she was united in marriage to W. R. Dallman. To this union one son, Henry, was born. Both the son and the husband preceded her into eternity.

She came to a saving knowledge of her Savior, and was baptized by the Rev. J. DeWeert on May 27, 1894, becoming a member of the Steamboat Rock Baptist Church. During the last 25 years she was a member of the Parkersburg Baptist Church. With her husband, Dr. W. R. Dallman, she resided at various places, at George, Iowa; Tyndall, So. Dak.; and for the last 25 years at Parkersburg, Iowa.

She leaves to mourn her departure her daughter-in-law, Mrs. H. W. Dallman of Waterloo, Iowa; one grandson, Charles Dallman, student at Cornell College; and one aged sister, Mrs. Sam DeHaan of Madison, So. Dak.; as well as other relatives and friends. Funeral services were held at the Parkersburg Baptist Church with the Rev. C. Swyter of Steamboat Rock, an old friend of the family, preaching the funeral sermon based on John 10:27-28.

Parkersburg, Iowa.

H. Lohr, Pastor.

### MRS. MARGARET SCHUH of Elk Grove, Calif.

Mrs. Margaret Schuh, nee Kurr, was born on July 24, 1869 at Gildendorf, Russia, and went home to be with her Lord and Savior on Nov. 21, 1946 at the age of 77 years, 3 months and 28 days. It was her happy lot to close her eyes in peaceful repose that night, after hearty participation in our prayer service at church, to enjoy her first wonderful morning in glory, beholding her long-loved Savior.

In the year 1886 she was married to Adam Schuh with whom she spent many happy years until 1932, when death marred that beautiful relationship and left her a widow. God blessed their home with 15 children, of whom 5 have preceded the mother in death. In 1900 she came with her family to the United States, making their home in Parkston, S. D. Leaving that community in 1914,

they moved to American Falls, Idaho where they lived until 1924, when they left there to settle in the Elk Grove community of California, where they were residents until the day of their death.

As a young wife, Mother Schuh had the experience of salvation by personal acceptance of Christ as her Savior. Subsequently, she was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Kludt and added to a Baptist church in Europe. Upon her coming to Franklin, she joined this newly founded church and was a faithful member and loyal supporter unto the day of her death.

Those who are left to mourn her departure are: Adam Schuh, Napoleon, N. D.; Jacob Schuh, Merced, Calif.; Mrs. Martha Koschel and Mrs. Susie Derheim of Sacramento, Calif.; Mrs. Margaret Rueb, Tyndall, S. D.; Mrs. Lydia Braun, Burley, Idaho; Mrs. Marie Easterbrook, Rena, Nevada; Mrs. Clara Meyer, Ben Schuh and Edwin Schuh of Elk Grove, Calif.; as well as 35 grandchildren, 30 great grandchildren and a host of friends.

Rev. Hans Penner and the undersigned brought words of comfort in the German and English languages, respectively. Zion Baptist Church,

Franklin, Calif.

W. W. Knauf, Pastor.

### REV. F. DOBROVOLNY of Lodi, California

The Rev. Frank Dobrovolny was born on Sept. 16, 1874 in Budapest, Hungary, where he also spent the days of his childhood and youth and received his basic and advanced education in the schools of that city. He came to the United States in the spring of 1903 and was joined by his family which followed him in the Fall of the same year.

Our departed brother lived at first at Chicago, Ill. Later he served as pastor of the following Baptist churches: Pesenden, No. Dak., Herreid, So. Dak., Delmont, So. Dak., Emery, So. Dak., Ashley, No. Dak., and Missoula, Montana. Since 1932 he has lived in retirement here at Lodi.

Our brother entered holy matrimony with Miss Christina Ziech on Sept. 17, 1896. Into this union 9 children were born. One girl died in her infancy and 8 children together with their mother mourn over the unexpected departure of their father and husband.

Mr. Dobrovolny acknowledged Christ as his personal Savior and was baptized on Sept. 15, 1887 at Budapest, Hungary. He was added to the Baptist fellowship and held an unbroken relationship with the Baptist church wherever he lived. After receiving his training in the Bible School at Budapest, Hungary, he served as a licensed preacher until coming to the U. S. He was ordained into the Christian ministry in Chicago. Even in his years of retirement he ministered as teacher of the large Bible class in a most effective way. He frequently led the Bible study and prayer meetings and took the pulpit whenever the pastor was absent. He served as interim pastor of the church after Dr. Lohr's passing as well as during the 5 months of the illness of the present pastor. We shall miss him and his influential ministry among us.

He taught the Bible class on the last Sunday only two days before his homegoing. On Sunday night he was compelled to go to bed, and after two painful and strenuous nights and one day of illness he fell asleep at 5:30 on Tuesday morning, December 3rd, to enjoy the Lord's glory. The thought of death was not strange to him and he was not afraid to depart from here for it was very real to him that he would be with the Lord.

Over his departure mourn his beloved companion, Mrs. Christina Dobrovolny; his 8 children, the daughters, Mrs. Mary Horst, Mrs. Bertha Imlay, Mrs. Frida Sheehan, and the 5 sons, Frank Jr., Henry, Charles, Ernest, and Herbert Dobrovolny; 15 grandchildren; many relatives and a host of friends and his beloved church.

An exceptionally large congregation at the funeral service was a witness to the fact that the departed brother was

beloved and highly respected by great hosts of people. The pastor was assisted in the service held in behalf of Mr. Dobrovolny by six pastors living in retirement: the Reverend E. Broeckel, Paul Blossche, Hans Penner, August Auch, Christ Reimche and John Rummel, who spoke words of comfort and also served as pallbearers. May the Lord of all comfort fill the hearts of those who mourn with the assurance of a reunion in the presence of the Lord.

Lodi, California.

Albert S. Felberg, Pastor.

### REV. JOHN ARTHUR PANKRATZ of Chicago, Illinois

The Rev. John Arthur Pankratz of Chicago, Ill., was born in the village of Gnadenheim, South Russia on Oct. 8, 1872, and was called to his heavenly home on Dec. 22, 1946 at the age of seventy-four years. He came to America with his parents, Johann Peter and Margaretha Pankratz, at the age of five. On Dec. 27, 1889 he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and was baptized on the confession of his faith on March 15, 1890 by the Rev. C. P. Wedel. He entered our Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., in 1892, was graduated in 1897, and was ordained into the ministry on Sept. 23, 1897. On June 23, 1898 he was united in marriage to Miss Anna Loewen in Hillsboro, Kansas, the Rev. Robert Stracke officiating.

During a continuous pastorate of forty-one years, from 1897 to 1938, he served the following churches: Hillsboro, Kansas, 1897-1901; Dillon, Kansas, 1901-1905; Higginsville, Mo., 1905-1908; Peoria, Ill., 1908-1914; Marion, Kansas, 1914-1922; Chicago, Ill., Second Church, 1922-1928; Kenosha, Wisconsin, (interim pastor) 1928-1929; and Chicago, Ill., First Church, 1929-1938.

Following his retirement from the active ministry in 1938, he felt a strong desire to continue proclaiming God's Word and served a number of churches, both far and near, in evangelistic services, as interim pastor, and in supplying pulpits. Other Chicago churches which he served as interim pastor were the Ogden Park Church and the Gross Park Immanuel Church. In more recent years he became less active, as his physical powers declined; but continued to busy himself with the writing of sermons and religious articles.

His death was caused by a cerebral hemorrhage, following a brief illness of only several days, and the good Lord mercifully spared him from any prolonged suffering. He is survived by his widow, Anna Pankratz; three sons: Arthur J., Walter C., Herbert R.; and three daughters-in-law: Hulda, Minnie and Beatrice; also one daughter Esther and a son-in-law, Walter Sobeski; besides seven grandchildren and one great granddaughter, and one brother, Henry J. Pankratz, at Hillsboro, Kansas, who together with his wife attended the funeral service.

During his successful ministry he was instrumental in leading many souls to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he loved and served. His requested funeral text was Ephesians 2:8 and 9; the central thought of which he expressed in the words, "Saved by grace, and grace alone." Always a great lover of music, he has now joined the heavenly choir to sing the eternal praises to the Lamb of God.

The impressive funeral service was held in the auditorium of First German Baptist Church of Chicago and was attended by many people. The open pier was surrounded by beautiful floral contributions. The Rev. A. G. Schlesinger read portions of Scripture from Ephesians 2:4-10 and Revelation 22:1-6. Prayer was offered by Mr. Martin L. Leuschner. Pastor John Schmidt spoke on the requested funeral text of Eph. 2:8-9. Dr. William Kuhn, a classmate of Mr. Pankratz, used 2 Tim. 4:7-8 for his message of comfort. Mrs. Ann Hausschild sang, "Face to Face with Christ, My Savior," and the church choir sang, "Im Herrn entschlummert, selige Ruh."

First German Baptist Church,

Chicago, Illinois.

John Schmidt, Pastor.



## The Power of Prayer

(Continued from Page 5)

me liberty or give me death," and God gave him and his fellow-countrymen, you and me, liberty! A John Knox prayed thrice: "O Lord, give me Scotland or I die!" And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Queen Mary and Cardinal Beaton. Martin Luther said, "Prayer is a powerful thing; for God has bound and tied himself thereunto."

On the tombstone over the grave of Dr. Geddie in the New Hebrides are inscribed these words: "When he came here in 1848 there were no Christians; when he left in 1872 there were no heathen." "The prayers of the righteous have a powerful effect."

The poet puts it this way:

"We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others—that we are not always strong,  
That we are ever overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?"

Prayer can ultimately also transform the world. Archimedes of old said, "Give me a place to stand and I will move the world." The apostles were accused of turning the world upside down and Jesus promised them and us that "greater works than these shall ye do!" Niagara River is a great source of power. Christ is our Niagara, our source of power, and with Paul we may say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Phil. 4:13)

Jesus said, "Ask, seek, knock!" Sir Walter Raleigh was once asked by Queen Elizabeth, "When will you cease begging?" He replied, "When your Majesty ceases giving." When shall you and I cease praying? When the almighty God ceases giving! "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

## Children's Page

(Continued from Page 18)

like Nancy, but if we are to grow as Christians we must exercise, too. If Nancy just lay in her little bed all day and never moved or ate, she wouldn't grow, would she?"

"No, I guess not," said Kathie thoughtfully. She had never heard of growing as a Christian. "But how can we grow as Christians? That sounds funny to me."

"We grow first of all, Kathie, by feeding on God's Word. You aren't very old yet but you can read, so you ought to read something from your Bible every day and pray every day. Then when you get into a tight spot, you can remember God's Word and call on him and he will help you to be strong and a good girl. Don't you think it would be a good idea as we're

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starting a New Year to resolve that we are going to grow every day by reading our Bibles and praying?"

"Yes," said Kathleen. "I see now that we can't just take Jesus and stop there. I didn't know that the Bible is like food for a Christian."

As she walked home that afternoon, she thought about the lesson she had learned. She was glad there were older Christians who could help her, and she was so glad that she had learned how to be a strong Christian. She decided to make the resolution to read her Bible and pray every day and she knew that if she did that, it would help her to keep her other resolutions, too.

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## In Remembrance of Me

(Continued from Page 7)

honor. If Christ is not the greatest in your life, then you will never be great. Let a man examine himself whether he is worthy in this respect.

These are some of the dangers. Now let us see some of the blessings. It is first, of all a blessing because it is the desire of Jesus to share everything with us. He takes the initiative when he says, "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer."

On the eve of his imminent death Christ thought there was nothing that would give him more joy than to spend that last night on earth with his disciples. What a glorious privilege! How

much he longed for fellowship. How he still longs for it. There is nothing he loves better. There is nothing we should love better. The Lord's Supper is a symbol of the most intimate fellowship with Jesus Christ. "We are made nigh by the blood of Christ." "Draw nigh unto me and I will draw nigh unto you."

It is a blessing because we are reminded of what Christ did for us. During his life he shared everything with his disciples. Now he has nothing more to give. Nothing? No, he is now ready to offer them his most precious possession, his life. "This is my body which is broken for you. The cup is the New Testament of my blood which is shed for you. This do in remembrance of me." That is the least we can do. He remembered you with his broken body and his shed blood. Are you not willing to remember him with your sound body?

It is a blessing because Jesus said, "I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom." He gave us his life and now he gives us his Kingdom. We not only have fellowship with him; we reign with him.

It is a blessing to know and to remember at this time how concerned Christ is of our spiritual infirmities. Like Peter we often feel over-confident in his blessed presence. But as soon as we break the fellowship, how easily and quickly we fall. What a comfort to think of Jesus as our Intercessor as we partake of the elements. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

## AN ABIDING FELLOWSHIP

With the humble acknowledgement of our weakness, there comes to us the thought of the responsibility toward our weak brethren. "When thou art converted—" But in its place we can say, "When thou art strengthened, strengthen thy brethren." How often we are the means of weakening our brethren!

"And after they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." That is where Jesus met his temptation and conquered, and where the disciples met theirs and fell. As you silently bow in prayer during the Communion Service, remember the gentle but solemn warning of Jesus, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

The fellowship of the Lord's Supper should not be a momentary fellowship. It should be a symbol of an abiding fellowship which we must have in order to overcome the temptations and trials which are soon to follow. In his presence the Christian should never be taken by surprise nor caught napping. "This do in remembrance of me."—But for your benefit!