

# Baptist HERALD



*The Freedom Train*

PRINTED IN U S A.

*July 1, 1948*



# Denominational Reminders

## ENGAGEMENTS

**Rev. Herman Palfenier, Evangelist**  
July 11-25 — New Leipzig, No. Dak.

**Rev. Henry Pfeifer, Evangelist**  
July 4-16 — Wolf Point, Montana.

**Rev. Martin L. Leuschner**  
(Promotional Tour Following Michigan Tri-Church Rally)  
Monday, July 12 — Alpena, Mich.  
Tuesday, July 13 — Gladwin, Mich.  
Wednesday, July 14 — Beaver

## CONFERENCES AND ASSEMBLIES

June 29-July 4 — Central Dakota Young People's Assembly, Jamestown College, Jamestown, North Dakota. Mrs. Lois Ahrens and Rev. M. L. Leuschner, Guest Speakers.

June 30-July 4 — Manitoba Convention and Tri-Union at Minnetonka, Man. Rev. Herman Palfenier, Guest Speaker.

July 1-4 — Ontario Convention at Lyndock Baptist Church, Ontario. Rev. H. G. Dymmel, Guest Speaker.

July 3-10 — Northern North Dakota Young People's Assembly at Lake Bentley, North Dakota. Mrs. Lois Ahrens, Prof. A. Bretschneider and Mr. Harold Gieseke, Guest Speakers.

### NOTICE FOR THE HAVEN OF REST SOCIETY of the Northern Conference

This is an important notice to the members and directors of the Baptist Haven of Rest for the Aged Society of our Northern Conference. The Society will hold its annual meeting in the Grace Baptist Church at Medicine Hat, Alberta on Thursday, July 8, at 1:00 P. M.  
R. H. ZEPK, Secretary

## THE BAPTIST HERALD

July 7-11 — Northern Conference at Medicine Hat, Alberta. Rev. Frank H. Woyke and Rev. E. P. Wahl, Guest Speakers.

July 10-11 — Michigan Tri-Church Rally at Alpena, Mich. Rev. Martin L. Leuschner, Guest Speaker.

July 14-18 — Southern Conference at Canaan Baptist Church, Crawford, Texas. Rev. H. G. Dymmel and Rev. J. J. Reimer, Guest Speakers.

### CONFERENCE DATES IN 1948

August 11-15 — Northwestern Conference at Immanuel Baptist Church, Kenosha, Wis.

August 25-29 — Southwestern Conference at La Salle, Colorado.

August 25-29 — Eastern Conference at Killaloe, Ontario, Canada.

Sept. 14-19 — Atlantic Conference at Calvary Church, Bethlehem, Pa.

### CHANCES OF ADDRESS

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## THE BAPTIST HERALD

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### AMONG OURSELVES

Visual education has done a great deal to bring the distant foreign mission fields much closer to us. Especially is this true of the kodachrome or colored motion pictures which seem to bring the Cameroons of Africa or the villages of China right into the auditoriums of our churches. With fine cameras and the latest photographic equipment on our mission fields, we at home now have the privilege of a more intimate acquaintance with these distant countries. Four new films in color of the Cameroons are now being shown in our churches, and more exposed film is arriving from time to time from China and Africa.

### IN THIS ISSUE

Dreams and visions are indispensable to all noble living, as this number of "The Herald" will demonstrate. The sermon by the Rev. Frank Kaiser tells of the dreams of youth which are often realized by the efforts of others. An article by a German refugee and the editorial in this issue are reminders of "the patriot dream that sees beyond the years the alabaster cities gleaming undimmed by human tears." The vision of greater work in the Cameroons glows brightly in the missionary article by Hilda Tobert. Equally bright are the plans for the Pastors' Conference at Green Lake, colorfully described by the Rev. C. B. Nordland.

### COMING

**God's Ambassadors** — This is the address delivered by Dr. William Kuhn at the Seminary commencement exercises recently held at Rochester. Everyone at Rochester said it was a superb message that should be published!

**A Sunday at Kwadja** — Laura Reddig's articles are always fascinating as they present a realistic picture and a stirring challenge of our African mission field. This is one of her best reports which will be eagerly read by all.

**Romance of Bible Coins** — This informative and intriguing article about Bible coins by Charles E. Tuckwood, which originally appeared in "Christian Life and Times," will be an outstanding feature of the next number!

# The BAPTIST HERALD

Volume 26

July 1, 1948

No. 13

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# Dauntless Women

**ANN JUDSON, Heroine of Burma**  
By BASIL MILLER

A moving, heart-throbbing story of this frail New England girl who dared to venture forth with Adoniram Judson to Burma, the land of darkness and full of trials and tribulations. One of the noblest women among many Baptist heroines ..... \$1.50

**TEN FAMOUS GIRLS OF THE BIBLE**

By BASIL MILLER  
This is another in the new and popular biographical series for young people. Included in this book are the following interesting biographical sketches of

Biblical characters ..... \$1.00  
Sarah — Esther — Rebecca — Mary and Martha — Rachel — Deborah — Miriam — Hannah — Ruth — Rhoda

### DAUNTLESS WOMEN Stories of Pioneer Wives

By WINIFRED MATHEWS

Seven colorful chapters of biography that will be welcomed for their skillful interpretation of character and for the picture they give of women's vital contribution to missions. The subjects are Ann Judson of Burma; Mary Moffat, Mary Livingstone, and Christina Coillard of Africa; Mary Williams and Agnes Watt of the South Pacific Islands; and Lillias Underwood of Korea. Cloth ..... \$1.50

Few women in the history of the world have had as wide a ministry as had this courageous woman known as "the heroine of Calabar" ..... \$1.50

**FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE**

By BASIL MILLER  
This latest in biographer Miller's series skillfully reveals the strength, the skill and the gentleness of this great and valiant woman, loved and remembered by thousands because she brought light to dark places. A well written biography of a God-used life ..... \$1.50

**MARY SLESSOR CENTENARY**

We would like to call your attention the excellent biography of MARY SLESSOR written by Basil Miller. It is a complete, well written, captivating life story.

The Roger Williams Press

3734 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND 14, OHIO



# EDITORIALS

Martin L. Leuschner

## The Freedom Train

THE FREEDOM TRAIN is making history by rolling its way rapidly into the hearts of the American people. Wherever this sleek, streamlined train stops for a day, tens of thousands of school children and their parents are on hand to see its priceless treasures. Never before have so many important historical documents and manuscripts been placed on exhibit in one place as can be viewed on the Freedom Train.

But even more epoch-making is the amazing response of the American people. It has far exceeded the highest hopes of those who planned this exhibit. It is a remarkable demonstration of the American spirit, of the love which every American has for his heritage of freedom. One can easily believe in the future of America as one looks over the long lines of people eagerly waiting to see this exhibit on the Freedom Train and as one realizes that the faith in God, which animated the founders of the Republic, is still a motivating power today.

Recently the Rev. M. Vanderbeck of La Crosse, Wisconsin and I had the privilege of seeing the Freedom Train at Willmar, Minnesota. More than ten thousand people had come from scores of nearby rural communities to view the exhibit. It was more than curiosity which held these people in line, patiently waiting their turn to look at the historical manuscripts. It was the American spirit, born of a love for freedom and a faith in God, that seemed to bathe the entire scene of the Freedom Train and the crowds of people lined up for blocks with immortal glory.

The documents on the train are historical landmarks over the centuries of time. The Magna Carta of 1215 has been extolled as the basis of all of our modern constitutional liberties. The Mayflower Compact assured the pilgrims of religious freedom for themselves. The Emancipation Proclamation signed by President Abraham Lincoln in 1863 is one of the greatest human documents of all time as the president invoked "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God" in freeing hundreds of thousands of slaves. You cannot study the scores of documents on this Freedom Train or read the story behind each one of these papers or parchments and not be vividly reminded as to how rich is this heritage of our freedom and how real is its source in God.

Before the Freedom Train began its long journey over the United States, a service was held on the train at which Dr. Francis Stifler spoke in a nation-wide radio address and said: "There is no explaining America, with her moral vigor, her self-restraint, her friendliness, her concern for the least and last man who needs help, none apart from the fact that from the beginning her conception of law and of diplomacy, her literature and her education were fed by streams of living water out of the Bible."

The Freedom Train is an exhibit of priceless historical documents. The crowds, eager to see the train, are a demonstration of the American spirit. Behind all of this stands God in whose hand is the destiny of this country and the scepter of freedom.

## THE BAPTIST HERALD

### BIBLE TEXT

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them." John 17: 10.

These memorable words of the Lord Jesus Christ are recorded for us in his high priestly prayer. We need to read this 17th chapter of John more frequently. Here is the unveiling of the heart of God's revelation in Christ. Here we see the wonders of the Trinity in the Oneness of the heavenly Father and the Son whom he sent onto this earth. This glory of God's love is not only revealed to those who believe in Jesus Christ but is also unfolded in their lives. Christ is glorified in them! We belong to the family of the eternal God. We are joint-heirs of the heavenly Kingdom with Christ. Blessed is the man or woman who is included in this host of the redeemed of whom Jesus Christ speaks in these words: "And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them."

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### THE PASTORS' CONFERENCE

The preparations for the Pastors' Conference to be held at Green Lake, Wisconsin from July 26 to August 1st are progressing so smoothly that one is soon convinced of God's seal of approval upon the gathering. It will do wonders for the unity of our ministerial fellowship and for the spiritual life of our church leadership, as well as for the strengthening of our denominational enterprise. The cost of the conference will be kept to an amazingly small sum, according to present indications. But it will be most important to have as many of our pastors there as possible. Read the article in this issue about the conference and the grounds. Arrange now for your pastor to attend. Pray for the outpouring of God's blessings upon the retreat.

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### TEACHING ADULTS

TEACHING ADULTS, by Edith Tiller Osteyee, is a recent publication of the Judson Press. Through the story of a teacher and her imaginary adult Sunday School class, the author helps leaders of such groups to organize their material, build an outline to follow in the teaching process, and discover various and better ways of using the class session. This book completes the Judson Teaching Manuals, and serves as a textbook in the First Series courses of the leadership training curriculum.

Edith Tiller Osteyee is not a stranger to our columns, as she has written several articles for the HERALD at various times. She is a former member of Fleischmann Memorial Church in Philadelphia. She now lives in Media, Pa.

# The Contemplated Temple

A Sermon

by REV. FRANK KAISER

of Rochester, New York

WHEN the ancient Hebrews migrated from Egypt into Canaan, they were a pastoral and nomadic people. They had no fixed and permanent houses. King and subject alike dwelt in tents. Their place of worship was likewise a fragile and portable tent of curtains.

As the years rolled on and wealth increased, they began to build substantial and stately structures. King David erected a magnificent palace for himself. But the house of God lagged behind and remained an antiquated tent of curtains.

### THE KING'S INTENTION

The glaring contrast between his own luxurious and palatial residence and the modest and neglected house of God pricked the conscience of the devout sovereign. In appeared to him incongruous that his mansion of cedars overshadowed the tabernacle of God. A deep sense of shame and guilt seemed to overpower him, and he resolved in his heart to build a beautiful temple as a memorial to God.

However, the contemplated temple never materialized. It failed, not because the King's intention proved to be nothing more than a passing wish and whim, nor because he overestimated his resources and lacked the wherewithal to execute such a pretentious project, but, strange to say, because God himself vetoed its erection. God had another in mind for this sacred undertaking, namely, Solomon, the king's son and successor.

No doubt, it was a keen disappointment for King David to be denied the privilege and honor of realizing his cherished and ardent resolve. For it meant the shattering of a beautiful dream, and the frustration of a noble ambition and endeavor and the failure of a pious and praiseworthy intention. Those disappointments, frequent as they are, belong to the sad-

dest experiences of life.

This arresting story of King David's contemplated but frustrated temple contains several suggestive lessons which ought to be of special interest to young people. For it is a true picture of what is going on all the time in the world.

### DREAMS AND VISIONS

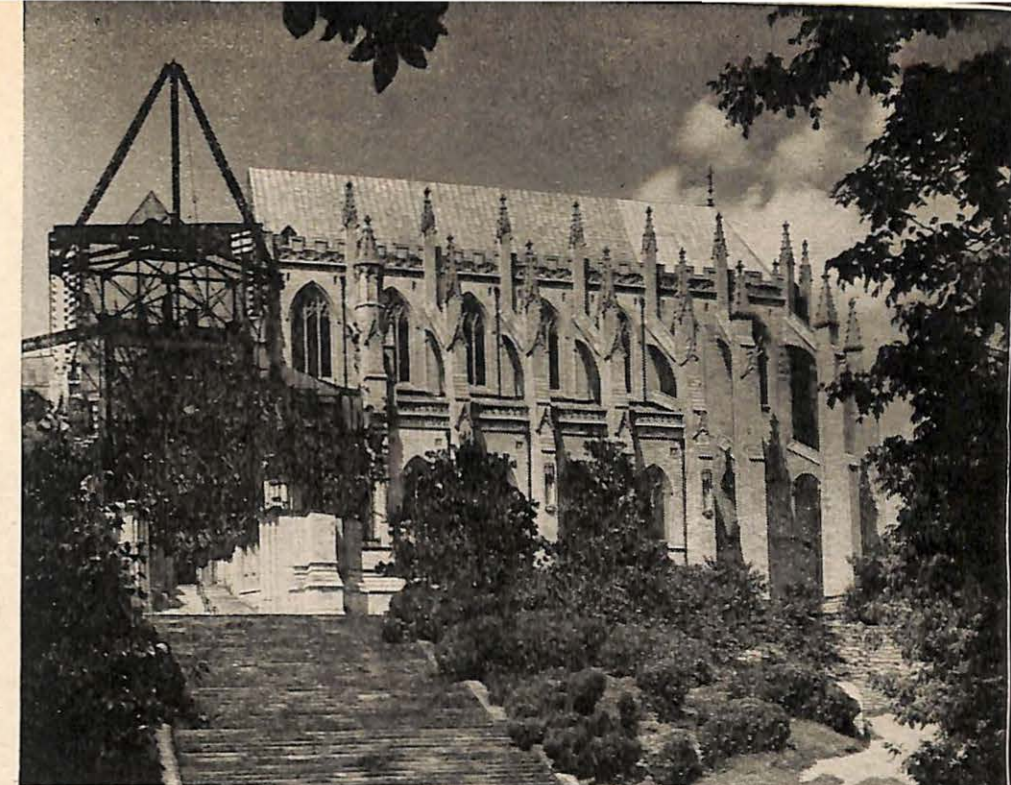
Youth is commonly and aptly characterized as the springtime of life, the time when trees blossom and flowers bloom, and the outlook is radiant with promise. Youth is the creative and formative period of life. It is the time of dreams and visions, of lofty ideals and high hopes and enthusiastic beginnings. In youth we dream of the beautiful life-temple which we plan to build and of the noble and heroic things we are going to achieve.

Have you ever known of a normal young person who has never had such dreams? It has been said: "There is not a soul-wreck on the streets; not a prisoner serving out a sentence behind iron bars; not a debased, fallen one anywhere in whose soul there were not once visions of beauty, bright hopes and holy thoughts and purposes and high resolves, an ideal of something lovely and noble."

### JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

This quotation is astounding. However, when we visualize the alarming and widespread prevalence of juvenile delinquency in our day, it seems almost incredible if not utterly impossible. In view of it, how can we account for the menacing progress of this terrible evil?

The sad fact is that, like King David's contemplated temple, these dreams, visions, hopes, purposes and resolves rarely materialize or grow into more than mere beginnings. Not unlike frost-bitten buds and scorched blossoms, they wilt and



—Ewing Galloway Photo

wither and drop to the ground without maturing fruit.

One may have enchanting dreams and visions of beautiful and brilliant things, but no one can dream himself into their attainment and realization. That can only be accomplished by patient and persistent effort. It is a slow and strenuous uphill climb. "You cannot dream yourself into a character," says a writer. "You must hammer and forge yourself one."

Alas! we easily grow weary in well-doing and many abandon the pursuit. Then, too, the glamor and the allurements of the world bewitch others and the lofty and laudable aspirations of youth evaporate into thin air.

Moreover, we are living in an age in which the spiritual, the social and especially the home atmosphere is not at all favorable for the growth nor conducive to the ripening of such precious fruit.

### NOT AS PLANNED

It makes one blush to think of all the good beginnings which never come to anything in the end, the excellent resolutions which are never carried out, the noble life-plans entered upon by so many young people with ardent enthusiasm but soon given up. Think of the beautiful visions and hopes which might have made splendid realities, but which fade out without having made even one sincere, earnest effort to work them into realities!

Life is not easy for any who would live truly and earnestly. We all need help. None of us is sufficient unto himself. Even the great Apostle Paul felt that need, but declared: "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." The Christ of Paul is the Christ of all. For every tempted, struggling, helpless Christian disciple, Christ is ever standing ready to give victory to guide to highest good.

(Continued on Page 20)



# "I Thank God for America!"

The Heart-throbbing Story of a European Refugee, MISS MILDRED SCHINDLER, Now Living in Lorraine, Kansas



in Germany when my parents, my brother Horst and I were a happy family living on a potato and rye farm of more than 300 acres at Radack, Brandenburg, Germany. My father was not a Nazi and often criticized the policies of the party. The police were on the lookout for him and twice they warned him. But the Nazis needed farmers and we were otherwise unmolested during the first years of the war.

On February 1, 1945 the war hit us with a frightful calamity. On that day the Russians came to our town. I shall never forget that dark day. A few days later we were forced to leave our home and farm and go about 25 miles east to a place half way between Berlin and Poland. There we had to live in a barn, the only place left for us.

## MY FATHER EXILED

But on March 3 a few weeks later, more trouble hit us. The Russians took my father away, saying that he would be gone for only three days on a job. But no word has ever been heard or received from my father since that time. He has completely disappeared from this earth as far as we are concerned. My great uncle, age 74 years, who was also taken by the Russians, described some of the things my father had to endure at the hands of the enemy.

It is terrible to think that my father had to suffer like this. But the Russians took off most of his clothes except his trousers, and then beat him merciless until the blood ran down his back. My uncle said that this was the punishment inflicted on him because one of the Russian officers had scratched himself on a needle which my father carried on his coat lapel.

One month later I was told by the Russians that I was to be taken 75 miles farther away to do some washing for them. The Russians always said it would be for only three days, but when my mother remembered what had happened to my father during those "three days" she was terribly afraid.

## WASHING CLOTHING

I arrived in the town where I was to do the washing and immediately I was taken to a house where 20 girls and women and 30 men were working. I was given 100 very dirty shirts, a washboard, and a bar of Hitler's soap, the size of a hotel bar of guest

soap, and told to wash those shirts and get them clean in one day.

Naturally, this was impossible and the first day I washed 34 shirts. On the second day I washed 72 shirts, and then the third day 83. At the close of the first day I was told: "You don't get anything to eat because you don't get any work done!" If the shirts were not clean we would be slapped on the face with the wet shirts by the Russian girls.

We had potato soup and spoiled bacon for breakfast; mashed potatoes and bacon for dinner; and potato soup for supper. We had to find our own dishes out of which to eat. For a bed we used wooden shelves nailed on sticks against the wall with dirty straw on them. I can think of those days working for the Russians only with terrible loathing.

## HOME IN RUINS

Some time later I was released and after considerable searching I found my mother in another village. I was so dirty and ragged and so many vermin were creeping in my hair that my mother did not want to let me come into the house for fear I would bring the lice into the building. My hands and arms were sore with large skin cracks. I cried: "Mother, I can't help it!" Her mother's heart opened wide for me and she cleaned and washed me the best she could.

Three weeks later on May 1st we were informed that we could go back to our farm home. But when we arrived there, we found that all of our furniture and livestock had been taken by the Russians. Our fine home had been used as a wash house, and round holes had been bored into the floor for the water to run out. When we stepped on the floor water would seep out through the holes.

My father had hidden some valuable papers, including my birth certificate, in the basement of our house. I had been born in the United States at Great Bend, Kansas on March 11, 1929. My parents had been married in New York City in 1926. We went to Germany three years later to take over the estate which had been in my father's family since the 17th century. It was providential protection that the papers were all found unharmed in the basement. That birth certificate certainly helped me some time later!

Soon the Poles came and said to us: "This is ours! You will have to leave!" So we became refugees again,

driven from place to place. We couldn't take anything but the clothing which we could wear and a hand-bag. My brother and I placed our sick mother into a little cart and we started off for Berlin, 100 miles away. It took us more than four days to get there. Mother was terribly ill and we didn't have much food.

## REFUGEES AGAIN

When we arrived in Berlin we went to a relief camp for displaced persons. But after three weeks we were sent to Mecklenburg, northwest of Berlin, to another camp. God certainly took care of me during the days that followed. On December 26, 1945 thirty girls of the camp had to be sent to Russia to work. I was excused from going into this virtual slavery because of the continued illness of my mother. Then on February 3, 1946 I was allowed to go to Berlin to get some warm clothing from an aunt living there. In Berlin a cousin of mine worked for a woman who was an English interpreter for United States government officials. When she heard that I was an American citizen, she helped me to get into a refugee camp in Berlin, from where I could possibly go to the United States. I was there for almost a year.

Then the big day came on January 8, 1947 when the small ship, the SS Lili Marlin, now being used by the Red Cross, left Bremen for the United States. After I arrived in New York I was sent by train to Great Bend, Kansas where I was taken in lovingly by my aunt.

## LORRAINE, KANSAS

I worked in Great Bend in a hospital. One day one of the nurses came to me and talked to me in German. I was so thrilled! Dorothy Harder and I struck up a friendship at once. She asked me if I would like to go to high school and finish my education. I didn't think that this would be possible at my age.

But Dorothy introduced me to Mrs. Carl Dobrinski of Lorraine, and that is how I came to Lorraine. From the very first day I found everybody so friendly and wonderful to me. I lived at the home of Mrs. Dobrinski and went to high school during the week and the First Baptist Church of Lorraine on Sundays.

But the best part of the story is still to be told. I was brought up in an Evangelical Lutheran Church but I did not have a real faith in Christ as Savior. The sermons of the Rev. Fred Ferris of the Lorraine Baptist Church made the way of salvation very plain and clear to me. On a Sunday evening just before Christmas of last year I responded to the invitation to give my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. I was baptized on New Year's Eve and received into the



Miss Mildred Schindler With Her Pastor, Rev. Fred Ferris of Lorraine, Kansas

church on the following Sunday. My, how happy I have been ever since!

## BLESSINGS OF AMERICA

I love Lorraine and all the people here. I like the small town where

everything is quiet and peaceful and there are lots of trees. I am thrilled by the beautiful church and organ music. I have found a real home and Christian friends here in Lorraine, which is a symbol of the American freedom and life. And best of all, I have found my Savior in this community so that I have many, many things for which to be grateful.

When I first arrived in Lorraine in the late summer, I wanted to dig potatoes. It was a craving with me for I had worked on the potato farms in Germany. So I was told to go out and help dig potatoes. But as I filled the buckets with the newly dug potatoes, I found myself transported back to Europe with the back-breaking grind of work over there. Before I knew it, I had taken off my shoes and stockings and was working barefooted as I felt the clean strength of the earth on my feet.

My mother and brother are still over in Germany. I hope they will be able to come to the United States before long. I want them to enjoy these same blessings of life in this great freedom-loving country. It is a prize above everything else in this world to enjoy—the freedom which God has given us, the spiritual freedom in Christ Jesus. Young friends of America, cherish that prize! Thank God for that freedom which is your priceless possession!

# The 98th Seminary Commencement

Report by the REV. GEORGE W. ZINZ, Jr., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THIS WAS NOT the usual commencement at the North American Baptist Seminary of Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday, May 23rd. Only one aspect of usualness remained — the high point of the school year. There was the air of special sacredness brought on by the history which was made during the meetings of the Board in the course of the week. Final plans for the removal of the Seminary from Rochester to Sioux Falls, South Dakota were slowly drawing the curtains upon the stage where ninety-seven commencements were the prelude for this, the ninety-eighth.

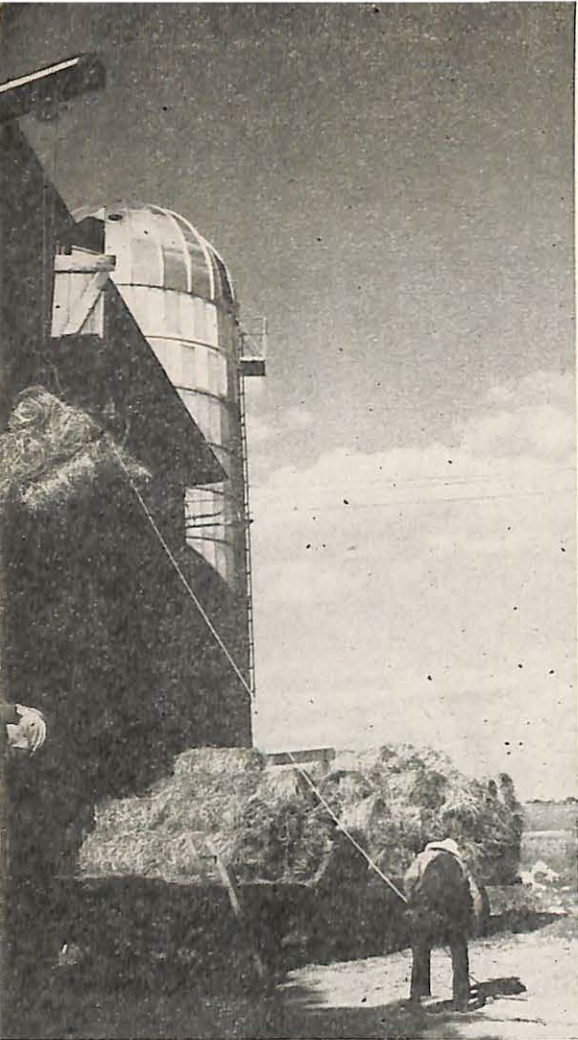
One could feel a certain solemnity bearing down on those witnessing this great event. Notwithstanding all this, the exercises were unmatched in splendor and sanctity. Careful planning was very much in evidence. Everything, beginning with the procession, was carried out with meticulous ac-

curacy. The Seminary Glee Club led the procession followed by the pages, graduates, participants on the program, faculty, and members of the board. The precision, which marked the procession, was planned and supervised by Dr. T. W. Bender.

Dr. George A. Lang presided. The program included two anthems, "The Creation" by Richter and "Hallelujah Chorus" by Haendel-Marchand, sung by the Seminary Glee Club. The commencement address on "God's Ambassadors" was given by Dr. Wm. Kuhn of Forest Park, Illinois. (The address will be published in the next issue of "The Herald.") The award of the Sigma Rho keys to Dr. Wm. Kuhn and the Rev. E. J. Baumgartner was made by Dr. Paul J. Trudel, president of the Board. President Lang gave the address and presented the diplomas to the three members of the graduating class.

The graduates, Messrs. R. Dale Chaddock, Roger W. Schmidt, and John H. Vanderbeck, then stood by to receive the congratulations of the congregation. The evening's activities were brought to a close with a time of fellowship and refreshment.

WATCH FOR IMPORTANT NOTICES  
About the Seminary's Re-location  
to Sioux Falls, So. Dak.



— Photo by Samuel Myslis  
Busy Days Are Here Again for the American Farmer as Bumper Crops Are Again Being Harvested and Stored Away in Large Barns

DO YOU who live in America really appreciate your freedom? You are the most blessed and fortunate people on earth. You may not realize that, but I do, since only a short time ago I still lived in Europe. My coming to America was like an awakening out of a terrible nightmare!

On my first day in America—New York City, to be exact—I didn't believe that you could go into a store and buy things without ration cards. A lady of the Welfare Society helped me to buy a pair of shoes. My, I was proud of them! But my eyes soon caught sight of all kinds of fruit behind the store windows. I was so excited! This was like heaven! I bought bananas and apples and oranges until I had had my fill.

## CANDY BARS

You will be surprised at this, but the biggest event of that first day in the United States—a day of wonderful freedom for me—was when I bought \$2.00 worth of candy bars and ate them all before many hours had passed by. I hadn't seen candy bars for so many years that I craved them beyond description.

But I seem to be ahead of my story. It really begins almost 10 years ago—in 1939—at the outbreak of the war



# Adventures on the Mbembe-Funbang Trek

Present-day Missionary Experiences in the Cameroons as Related by

MISS HILDA TOBERT of the Ndu Field

EVER SINCE Earl Ahrens and Gilbert Schneider had come from Mbembe in March 1947 with sun tans which any "holiday seeker" on Miami Beach would have envied and with wild tales of a wilder people, treacherous trails, suffocating heat and a fascinatingly beautiful country, curiosity overwhelmed us. We were determined to see Mbembe for ourselves. "Come and see the Inquirers here," wrote our church teachers. "They will be encouraged by your visit." "Come and see the schools," wrote our two school teachers. "Come and bring medicine for the many, many sick." "Yes, we will come but not just now. There is much to be done here," we replied until February 1948.

You can only see Mbembe in the dry season. "The roads are impassable and the rivers too big when it rains," we were told. In January our District Officer made an extensive survey tour of Mbembe. He stopped at the mission station when he returned. "Don't ever go to Mbembe if you value your life. That country would kill anybody." However, we noticed that he hadn't any intention of dying.

"Yes, go to Mbembe," said Paul Gebauer. "You'll enjoy it. Take it in easy walks and it will be a great experience!"

## FIRST DIFFICULT EXPERIENCES

Having heard all this, no one could keep Ruby Salzman and me from going. Careful attention was given to road maps and every stop was planned so that we would have government rest-house accommodations wherever we have no mission station.

On Thursday, Feb. 12, 1948 we set out. Fourteen husky Ndu men set fourteen boxes on fourteen curly heads, and off we were! Our evangelist was chief road master, and a dispensary boy took care of the many ills and aches we would encounter. We allowed ourselves four days of luxury, paths on which we could ride our horses, just to prepare ourselves for what lay ahead.

Then came the day when we stood on the last ledges of the Nsungli plateau and looked down into Mbembe, four thousand feet below us. How our hearts thrilled at the sight! It was beautiful. It seemed like one huge palm tree plantation with tiny clearings for villages. Almost directly below us on the shoulder of the huge hill was a spot large enough for about ten houses and a corn grinding house.

That was Babekete and the first overnight stop.

We were fairly sure the district officer had been through this town, so we did not send word ahead to the chief. Imagine our dismay when we found out otherwise. There was no rest house. The chief regarded us as highly suspicious characters; why should we suddenly disrupt the peace of his town by our unannounced arrival? What did we want? Where would we sleep? And as we heard the distant rumbling of thunder we wondered too!

Much psychology and a little bribery in the form of a small bottle of liniment finally persuaded him to allow us to sleep in the corn grinding house. Our carriers cut palm branches and built us a wall all around—not sound proof, by any means, but it helped to keep out the bold and curious folk.

At midnight there arose a cry, "It raineth", as hard inside as out! The terrible electrical storm passed and with it the bucket brigade, only a soft drizzle continued—until nearly noon next day. As we descended the treacherous hill, we were in turn glad and sad for the rain. Had the sun been shining brightly, the heat would have been oppressive. But had it not rained, the rocks would not have been so slippery. After all, there is a limit to the number of times one can get up goodnatureedly.

"Day was dying in the west" as we wearily trudged into the mission compound at Ako. The entire school of 50 youngsters and the 68 inquirers were there to greet us. Water had been carried and wood gathered. What a contrast to the night before. The people were quick to notice our fatigue, and said, "We will come back tomorrow." "Yes, please come back tomorrow, bring your sick and we will try to help them."

## MISSIONARIES MAKE MEDICINE

The next day proved to be an interesting day. Ruby Salzman spent most of the day with the youngsters and the teachers while I saw a great variety of sick and well, fearful and bold, rich and poor people. Everybody came to watch us "make medicine." I could not keep from wondering what agony some of those women and girls must have suffered for the sake of beauty. Their body markings were both artistic and horrid. Infections had caused huge keloidal growths on some. They had holes in their noses, holes in their lower lips, and heavy brass bangles in

their ears. But when I made them remove their sticks, and safety pins and bolts from their lips and noses, they looked as though they had removed their make-up.

That evening we had a meeting in the chief's compound. Our evangelist told the story of God's love in plain and simple words and the entire town listened. When Ruby played her accordion they were spellbound and said, "Please, play more, more, more!"

The experiences of the next day were unique! We crossed one river 13 times, walked long stretches right in the river bed, washed the sand out of our socks in the clear stream, climbed over logs that could rightly call California's redwoods "dwarfs." No wonder the Mbembe people would rather climb over or walk around the trees than hew them in two. We had our choice of orchids; white ones could be picked from the lower branches of the trees, or the lavender-colored from the ground, beautiful corsages all for the picking!

It was late afternoon before we heard the welcome songs of the 53 Berabe inquirers coming to greet us. The chief was over-anxious to please us, and gave us his own rest-house, thinking the crude church building wasn't satelty enough properly to entertain his visitors. We soon wished it had been otherwise. The rest-house itself was a fine place, comparatively speaking. At least it had solid mud walls and sturdy frame doors, but it was in the center of the village and everybody wanted to see these peculiar white-skinned folk. And Mbembe people are not shy, so someone had to stand guard in the doorway if we didn't want all of Berabe in our one-roomed palace.

## FULL MOON IN AFRICA

In the crowd constantly milling past our door we noticed two children who were much lighter colored than their dusky playmates. "Who are they?" we asked. "Oh, we have descendants of white men in our town, Massa,—their grandfather was a white man." We were amazed at the audacity of these people who were supposed to be backward. They speak Pidgin English as freely as their vernacular and do not mind telling you that you are a liar if they happen to think so.

Full moon in Africa—is just naturally dance time, and Berabe was no exception, except that the noise was greater, the dancing more on white man style and the wine was gulped in



A Group of Native Christians Gather on the African Path in Front of the Baptist Church to Greet the Missionaries Who Have Come on a Long Trek to Visit Them

greater quantities. How we wished for the quiet and safety of our crude little church outside the town as we heard the rowdy voices outside our doors. You may be sure they were well barricaded with trunks and other heavy objects. It was indeed "morning" before things finally quieted down a bit—and then it started all over again at daybreak.

It was our privilege the next morning, Sunday, to speak to 200 of these people. The apprehension of the previous night was forgotten entirely as we looked on the men, women and children sitting all around us and listening, some of them for the first time to the Word of God.

When the chief asked us whether we had slept well in his town, we did not hesitate to tell him what we thought of his noisy, drunken dances. So on Sunday night, by order of the chief, all was quiet. That night we heard our first "medicine announcement." While everybody was busily occupied around the family stew pot, a clear deep voice called all to attention. The quiet was complete and so sudden one could have thought that everyone was struck dumb.

The voice was a tall young man standing at one end of the compound. He represented the "medicine men." His message was a sordid one. There had been several cases of smallpox in other villages. Anyone going to these villages was never to return; he would die on the road. The next day the medicine men were going to every

path leading in to Berabe; medicine would be "made" to safeguard the town — and again the voice repeated, "Anyone going to the smallpox areas will not return to Berabe alive. He will die on the way". The oldest man at every family kettle grunted his approval, and we can be assured that this "medicine call" was much more effective than any quarantine which the medical officer could issue.

## VISIT AT AKWAJA

Early next morning we set out for Akwaja. Little did we expect, after our experience at Berabe, the royal welcome and entertainment given us there. We were comfortably seated beside a clear babbling brook, just exploring the contents of our lunch kit when we heard voices, and to our dismay they came closer. Ruby and I looked at each other. Were they a crowd of men on a hunting expedition? Were they drunk? It wasn't difficult to imagine the worst. Our evangelist and our boys had gone on ahead, too far ahead to be called. The carriers were even farther ahead.

Our fears were soon proven groundless. "Welcome, Ma," called our church teacher before we could even see him, and at his heels were at least 50 women singing and shouting as loudly as possible. It was their way of saying welcome. When we were ready, they started on ahead of us — singing lustily. We could not help but envy them as they clamored up the steep hill over the huge stones with the

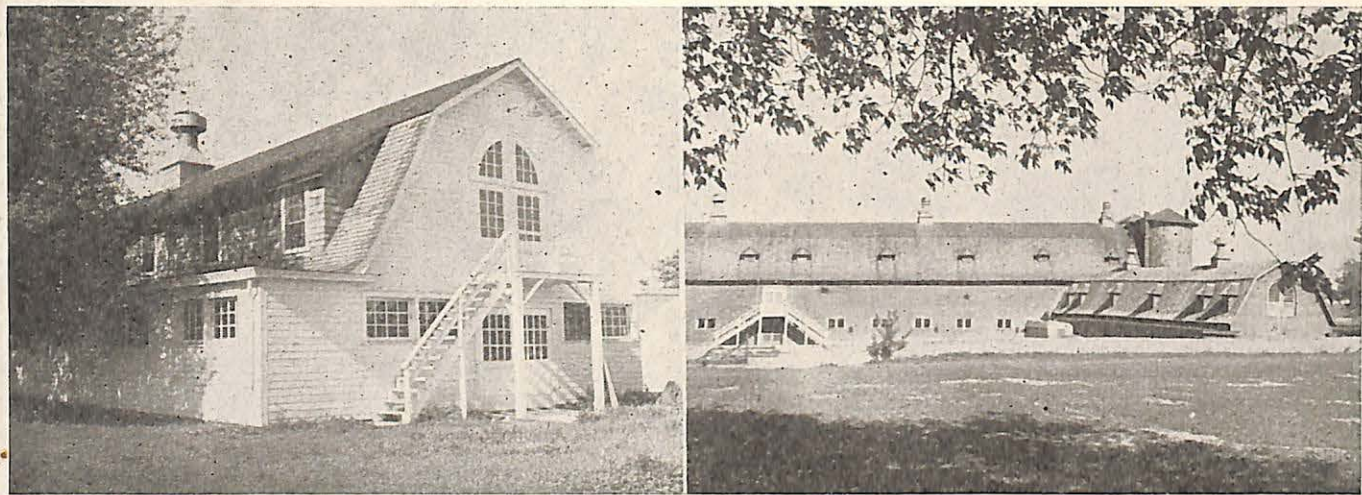
ease and grace of a mountain goat, while we laboriously elevated our position foot by foot.

"This is Akwaja prayer meeting place," said our church teacher as he pointed to a fair-sized building in the middle of the chief's compound. "Where is the school compound? Why is the church not built there?" we asked. "The people want the church here so everyone can come. The school compound is farther up the hill. The youngsters can climb the hill, but the old and sick are unable, and the Akwaja people believe all should come to church." This was the answer given, and who could question the wisdom of it?

We started on our way up to the school compound and fully agreed that the "old and sick" couldn't climb up there. In fact, we began to wonder whether we were included in the "unable" category. At long last, we came to a lovely level shoulder of this monstrous hill. Here were two and a half houses. One was a school house which was deplorably small for the 46 eager youngsters; the other was occupied by our two teachers, and the half of a house was ours. It had no roof, only sticks and palm branches for a ceiling and walls of the same material. But the beautiful dark green of the palm branches gave good protection from the heat of the sun and all the cooling breezes that passed could be enjoyed. We had close to 200 people in our

(Continued on Page 19)





The Long House (Left) and the Abbey (Right) on the Picturesque Assembly Grounds at Green Lake, Wisconsin Which Will Be Used for the Pastors' Conference in July

## Enriching Prospects for the Pastors' Conference

An Enthusiastic Announcement About the Green Lake Pastors' Conference from July 26 to August 1 by the REV. C. B. NORDLAND of Forest Park, Ill.

TO HEAR about a thing is oftentimes good, but seeing it is better. Job found it to be so when, at the conclusion of his experiences under trial, he exclaimed with wonderment and joy, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee."

I had heard a great deal about the beauty of Green Lake, Wisconsin and, being of a nature to believe my enthusiastic brethren, I accepted their glowing descriptions of this place of beauty. Now, after a visit to the assembly grounds in company with other members of the planning committee for the Pastors' Conference to be held there from July 26 through August 1, I find myself equally enthusiastic and more eagerly desirous than ever that all of our pastors shall have the privilege of fellowship in surroundings so ideally suited to such a conference and so conducive to the deepening of spiritual experiences and coming to grips with the great issues that confront the Christian church today.

### THE TRIP TO GREEN LAKE

The day was delightfully warm as we left Chicago. The Rev. Fred Lower had driven up from Kankakee in time to have breakfast with us at the parsonage. Together we drove over to headquarters to get the brethren M. L. Leuschner and J. C. Gunst — and we were on our way. Ninety miles later we pulled up in front of the home of Dr. and Mrs. John Leypoldt in Milwaukee. Thoughtfully they had prepared cool drinks for us and then — with Dr. Leypoldt sandwiched in between our two able secretaries in the back seat — we started off again in high spirits and great expectation for

the place about which we had heard so much.

Roads through Wisconsin are very good and the trip was pleasant, but it wasn't long before the conversation centered in the conference program and Mr. Leuschner reported that there had been ready and enthusiastic acceptances of invitations to share in the program by most of those who had been contacted. As was to be expected, some minor changes had to be made because of the inability of some to come for reasons beyond their control. Too, a surprisingly large number of pastors had already written to make their reservations, and the prospects at this writing are good for the conference. What an enriching time it will be just to be together and to come to know each other more intimately.

The village of Green Lake is small, both in size and population, but it is a pretty village with an atmosphere reminiscent of earlier days in our nation's history before we became so metropolis-conscious. We met a few of its habitants and they were friendly and eagerly desirous to be helpful. Down a well paved road which winds its way along the lake we went following the route clearly marked out and then suddenly we were thrilled to see the sign we were looking for, "Northern Baptist Assembly." This was it!

The entrance to the grounds which we used was the "west gate." Again, picturesque roads lay before us, and it was a sore temptation to travel in every direction before going to the office in the administration building where we were to meet with those who have charge of the conference grounds. Temptation put aside, we drove as

straight as we could over the winding roads and each new turn in the road brought loud exclamations of joy as new vistas of beauty lay before us.

The contour of the land is rolling and hilly. That the Lawsons, the original owners, and the later developers of this project, had spared no money to create an ideal setting for their home life and that of their friends and neighbors, became immediately evident. Those who had the responsibility for the erection of buildings, towers, retaining walls and the planting of trees, shrubs and flowers must have been artists of the first magnitude. When we had seen all that we could see in the limited time at our disposal, we all agreed that there was not a single thing that we could think of which we would add or take away if we had the power to do it.

### BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS

How can one describe the indescribable? There is an expression in German that seems to me to fit the case — "das Unerforschliche zu erforschen." So it is in this instance. All one can say is that it is too beautiful to describe. It must be seen. You who have already made your reservations and are planning to come have a treat in store for you. If in any way those of you who think you can't come because of the press of other responsibilities can re-arrange your program. Don't miss this opportunity!

And I would like to say to the churches that it will be a serious mistake on their part if they do not do everything possible to enable their pastors to come. The denomination is doing its part. It will share the cost of transportation and entertainment.

Churches will make an enduring investment if they will provide the difference so that it will not be a burden on the pastor. This will be a workshop conference. In a thrillingly beautiful atmosphere, to be sure, but except for short periods for recreation and rest, the program will be an intensive one that is calculated to set forward the work of the denomination in the months and years ahead.

### THE ABBEY AND LONG HOUSE

There are many buildings on the grounds, including a rather palatial hotel with every modern appointment and convenience. Nearby are assembly halls, class rooms, book rooms and recreational centers. All who come will want to visit this center of conference life, but the two large buildings which we will use and around which all our activities will enter are two miles from the hotel. This is a perfect arrangement, for it will enable us to concentrate all our efforts on the things at hand without any interference or conflict with other activities which will be going on simultaneously.

One of the buildings we will use was formerly a cattle barn. The other is a former sheep barn. They are the kind of buildings of which farmers dream but seldom have money enough to erect. They have been thoroughly refurbished. Stalls were removed, partitions put in to make large, airy, pleasant rooms with accommodations for from four to six men in each room. In close proximity to the rooms are central toilet facilities. "Completely modern" describes both "Long House" and "the Abbey."

A spacious and well equipped dining hall is located in "the Abbey," as is the auditorium in which the larger



"Advance Party" for the Pastors' Conference That Went to Green Lake Grounds to Prepare the Way for the Retreat from July 26 to August 1st (Left to Right: Rev. C. B. Nordland, Rev. J. C. Gunst, Rev. Fred Lower, Rev. John Leypoldt — Photographer, Rev. M. L. Leuschner)

gatherings will be held. Between the buildings are grass plots, wonderful spots for chats, fun and fellowship. Also located near "Long House" is one of the retired "Chapel Cars" which is being set aside for use for the quiet times of the conferees. Standing inside the car and remembering the blessing of God which rested on the ministry of these cars as they carried the Gospel to the pioneer areas of our great land, there came over us the feeling that if we had nothing more out of the trip than the joy of that fellowship with kindred spirits of yesteryear, it was more than worthwhile.

A hurried inspection tour of the whole of conference grounds under the genial guidance of Mr. J. C. Clark, business manager, brought the day to a close. Too late now to think of turn-

ing home, we stayed on the grounds overnight and early the next day started home again. Of course, there was time to take pictures, some of which will be seen in connection with this article, but fine as they are, they do not begin to tell the story of Green Lake. You, too, must see it with your own eyes.

When the history of this forthcoming conference is written, I veritably believe it will be recorded as one of the most important gatherings in the life of our beloved denomination. Once again I would urge you not to let anything prevent your coming. It will be ministry will be richer and your circle of friends greatly enlarged. "Come thou with us for YOU will do us good."



The Baptist Chapel Car Which Is On the Assembly Grounds at Green Lake Between the Long House and the Abbey and Which Will Be Used for Quiet Reading and Meditation During Our Pastors' Conference from July 26 to August 1st



# WHAT'S HAPPENING

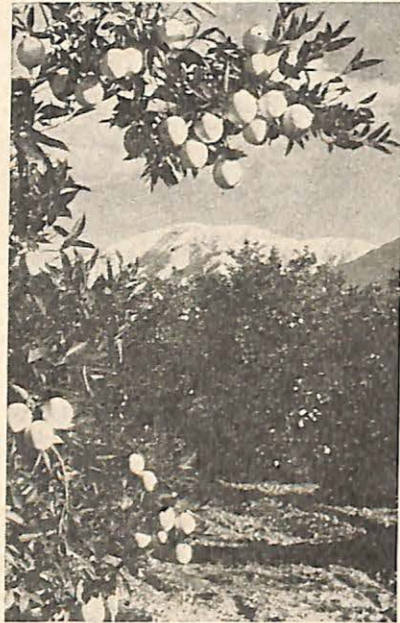
● The Rev. Daniel Fuchs, pastor of the McDermot Ave. Church of Winnipeg, Manitoba, conducted the morning devotions over radio station CBK of Winnipeg every morning from May 24 to 29. On Sunday, May 29, the new organ of the church was dedicated with special selections by the choir. Mr. Fuchs brought an address on Friday, May 28, at the Red River Valley Association of Baptist churches held at the Trinity Baptist Church of the city.

● On Tuesday evening, May 25, the Rev. Alex H. Elsesser, pastor of the Fourth Street Church of Dayton, Ohio, was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Divinity at the commencement exercises of Bonebrake Theological Seminary. Dr. Harold B. Bosley, dean of the Divinity School of Drake University, Durham, North Carolina brought the commencement address. The Fourth St. Church of Dayton is also making considerable progress in its plans for its new church edifice.

● On Saturday evening, June 5, Dr. Thorwald W. Bender, professor at the North American Baptist Seminary, served as the special speaker at a Youth for Christ meeting in Midland, Michigan. On Sunday, June 6, he preached in the Beaver Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Fred Mashner is pastor. On Sunday, June 13, Dr. Bender preached the ordination sermon at the service held in the Temple Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., ordaining Mr. Roger Schmidt into the Gospel ministry.

● On Monday, May 24, Sioux Falls College at Sioux Falls, So. Dak., conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Siebe S. Feldmann, secretary of stewardship for the Iowa Baptist State Convention. Dr. Feldmann is a graduate of our Rochester Seminary and served as a Baptist missionary in the Philippines from 1924 to 1941 on the same field with the late Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Meyer. Dr. Feldmann's wife is a daughter of Professor and Mrs. F. W. Meyer of our Rochester Seminary.

● On Sunday evening, April 25, the Woman's Missionary Society of the Baptist Church of Paul, Idaho held its anniversary program under the leadership of its president, Mrs. P. Schaub. Featured on the program were group singing, readings and a dialogue, "The Mission Collection." The offerings for



Snow-capped "Old Baldy" As Seen Through the Orange Trees of a Southern California Grove

the previous year amounted to \$820. The membership of the society is 22. Gifts were sent to the Old People's Home in Portland, Oregon, the Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich., and the needy overseas in Europe.

● The Rev. Fred Trautner of Beulah, North Dakota served as the speaker at the baccalaureate exercises of the Beulah Public School on Sunday, May 23rd. He spoke on "Exercise Thyself Rather Unto Godliness" (1 Tim. 4:7). On Thursday, May 27, the Rev. Ralph Rott of Fargo, North Dakota spoke at a temperance rally held in the Baptist Church. In the morning he met with the pastors of the town and in the evening he showed pictures at the mass meeting. A program for the Ladies' Aids of the various churches was held in the afternoon.

● The Rev. Otto Nallinger, relief director for the Baptist World Alliance in Germany and a former pastor of our Salt Creek Church in Oregon, has reported that his wife and their two daughters have arrived from the United States to be with him. The Nallingers are now living in a home

PASTORS' CONFERENCE  
July 26 to August 1, 1948  
Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis.

at Degerloch near Stuttgart in southern Germany. Their home is not far from that of a great Baptist youth leader of Germany, Mr. Hans Herter, whose mimeographed youth paper was widely read in Baptist churches in Germany before the war.

● On Sunday, May 2nd, the Rev. J. C. Kraenzler of the Bethel Baptist Church of Missoula, Montana had the joy of baptizing 15 persons on confession of their faith. To these Christian young people with three other adults, the hand of fellowship was extended on Sunday, May 9th. Two additional persons desiring to join the church were detained on account of illness. The pastor wrote: "We are able to reach more people since we use the English language in our main services. This was done by rearranging our time and having a German service during the Sunday School hour."

● The bulletin of the Clinton Hill Baptist Church of Newark, New Jersey for Sunday, May 23, featured the news that another wonderful year of service has been completed by the church under the leadership of its pastor, Dr. Harold C. Abbot. During the past year 82 persons have been added to the church, 54 of those by baptism. The total income for the year was approximately \$45,000. The church will celebrate its centennial anniversary in the Fall of 1949. So the bulletin concluded: "We are starting upon the last year of the 'hundred'. Let us labor to make this a real climax year."

● The Rev. Frank Veninga, pastor of the State Park Baptist Church of Peoria, Ill., was recently reelected president of the Peoria Baptist Executive Council. On Tuesday evening, June 1st, the annual public meeting of the Council was held at the First Baptist Church with Mr. Veninga presiding. The Scripture passage was read and prayer offered by the Rev. Charles F. Zummach of the East Peoria Baptist Church. The address of the evening on "A Christian Chance for Every Child" was given by the Rev. Clifford Hansen of New York City, director of Northern Baptist Program of Juvenile Protection.

● The Ministers' Association of Chicago, Ill., and vicinity held its last meeting of the summer season on Monday afternoon, May 24, at the de-

nominal headquarters in Forest Park, Ill. The Rev. F. E. Klein of Colfax, Wash. and the Rev. John Wobig of Portland, Ore., were introduced and brought brief messages and greetings. It was the last time that two of the pastors, Rev. Wm. H. Jeschke and Rev. Louis Johnson, could be present before leaving their pastorates at the Grace and East Side Churches, respectively. At the election of officers the Rev. Ed. McKernan of the Immanuel Baptist Church was elected president for the ensuing year.

● The Rev. Karl Gieser of Anamoose, North Dakota was called to his heavenly home on Saturday, May 29, after a critical heart illness of several months. He spent several weeks in the Trinity Hospital at Minot, No. Dak., where he received the best medical attention. Acting upon doctor's orders, he had resigned as pastor of the Baptist Church of Anamoose, No. Dak., and with Mrs. Gieser was planning on going to Portland, Oregon after June 1st to retire from the active ministry. Funeral services were held at Anamoose on Thursday, June 3, and at Bismarck, No. Dak., on Friday, June 4, where he was also laid to rest. A more detailed obituary will appear in a forthcoming issue.

● On Sunday, May 23, the baccalaureate service of the Goodrich High School of Goodrich, No. Dak., was held in the Baptist Church with Rev. H. Hirsch preaching the sermon. The class motto was of unusual interest, namely: "Tonight We Launch; Where Shall We Anchor?" The pastor was challenged by this motto to preach on, "THE RELIABLE ANCHOR AND ANCHORAGE OF THE SOUL." The class was challenged to make hope the anchor of their souls and to anchor in Jesus Christ. It was an impressive, heart warming and stirring message. On Memorial Day, May 30, Mr. Hirsch gave the main address in connection with the memorial service of the American Legion of Goodrich.

● On Sunday evening, May 23, the B. Y. P. U. of the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Wessington Springs, South Dakota held an unusual program on the topic, "What I Should Know About Our Missionaries in the Cameroons." The program was focused on the need of an annual conference on the field, (see recent issue of "The Baptist Herald"), the overcoming of travel difficulties, the need of mission trucks and more money (and still more money) and prayer! The large audience was really inspired, as reported by the pastor, Rev. O. W. Brenner, and as evidenced in the generous offering of \$275. The B. Y. P. U. has already given more than \$400 towards the Bender Memorial Trek, the mission project of the Dakota Conference.

## Southern Baptist Convention Sessions

Report of the Convention Held at Memphis, Tenn.

THE LARGEST gathering ever held by the Southern Baptist Convention met at Memphis, Tennessee from May 19 to 23. The registration of 10,000 exceeded by 1500 the record-breaking crowd of last year at St. Louis, Missouri. About 15,000 Baptist visitors came to Memphis from out-of-town. A crowd of 22,000 attended the Sunday afternoon session at Crump Stadium for an inspiring evangelistic service.

Dr. Robert G. Lee, pastor of the Bellevue Baptist Church of Memphis, Tennessee, was overwhelmingly elected president to succeed Dr. Louie D. Newton. The next Convention will be held at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma from May 18 to 23, 1949.

With the theme, "Christ is the Answer," the message of evangelism was predominant at all the sessions. Editorially it was stated: "Evangelism has made us what we as Southern Baptists are today, and New Testament evangelism must and will maintain us."

Prominent among the decisions of the convention were the adoption of a record financial goal of \$10,000,000 in keeping with the slogan, "Every Baptist a Tither," and selecting for next year's emphasis the vital matters of Christian living and family worship. Increased emphasis on an expanding mission program was manifested in the announcement of an enlarged

world program of foreign missions and the plans for greater home mission work in the western states and Alaska.

Among the resolutions adopted by the convention were the designation of South-wide Commitment day for abstinence from alcoholic beverages and a personal enlistment of voters against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks. The convention went on record as opposing any curtailment of federal tax provisions as related to non-profit religious institutions. The matter was referred to the Public Relations Committee with power to act.

The matter of dealing with displaced persons and refugees was referred to the Public Relations Committee. The messengers voted that communism, fascism, political ecclesiasticism, and anti-semitism "are utterly contrary to the genius of our Baptist concept of freedom and spiritual values."

The committee on evangelism reported that in 1947 Southern Baptists baptized 285,152 people, the largest number ever reported in a single year. "Positively and definitely" the Convention declined an invitation to send representation to the meeting of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam, Holland this summer. Someone stated: "It was a great constructive convention all the way through and closed on the right note — soul winning."

## Northern Baptist Convention at Milwaukee

Report of Sessions Held from May 24 to 30, 1948

THE SESSIONS of the Northern Baptist Convention at Milwaukee, Wisconsin from May 24 to 30 were not attended by any record-breaking throngs with about 5,000 registered delegates and visitors. But they were marked by spiritual harmony and quietness and unusual unity of action. This may have been somewhat due to the fact that the Conservative Baptist's program had been held in the same city's auditorium a few days earlier and that most of those attending these sessions had left for their homes and churches before the large convention began.

There were many highlights in the program from the opening address by the president, Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg of Syracuse, New York, to the closing message, "To the Work," by the inimitable Dr. C. Oscar Johnson of St. Louis, Missouri. Dr. George A. Butt-rick of New York City's Madison Ave.

Presbyterian Church lifted the convention to great spiritual heights in his daily devotional messages which dealt largely with personal evangelism and witnessing for Christ. Dr. Luther Wesley Smith made an outstanding contribution to the thought of the convention in his address, "Our Protestant Heritage."

A debate held on Saturday night in the nature of a Town Meeting gathering attracted a great deal of attention. The subject, "Will Increased Military Preparedness Help to Make America Secure and Contribute to an Enduring Peace?" was presented favorably by Dr. Daniel A. Poling of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Mr. Perry Brown of Beaumont, Texas and adversely considered and heatedly debated by Dr. Bernard C. Clausen of Cleveland, Ohio and Mr. Walter White (Negro) of New York City.

The new president of the convention  
(Continued on Page 17)





"Alaskan Scene" by William Zimmerman of Chicago, Ill.

## Land of Tomorrow

A Novel by CHARLOTTE KRUGER  
(Copyrighted by Zondervan Publications)

### SYNOPSIS

After the war Chris MacKay went back to Alaska — "the Land of Tomorrow" — not only to the mountains and forests, but to love and dreams. On the steamer he met Julianna Barrett, who was going to Alaska with the message of the Gospel. In the little fishing village of Willow Point Julianna held meetings for the children in the old schoolhouse. She also met an old-time friend of hers, Lydia Wilson, the friendly government teacher at Beaver Creek. The arrival of the government mailboat, "Nushagak", with its husky skipper, Neal Jones, was a big event. Chris MacKay soon became Jones' first mate on board the ship. He also became a very good friend of Julianna. Everywhere Julie witnessed for Christ — to Molly Tedishoff, to Cookhouse Mike, even to the men on the "Nushagak." Two weeks would go by before Julie could expect another visit with Chris. The "Nushagak" was off on another busy trip.

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN

EARLY December found the town of Valdez deeply covered with snow. Daily the tractor chugged and rattled up one street, down another, making wide paths so cars and pedestrians could get through. Beneath its soft white quilt of winter the town presented a pretty picture much like those you see on Christmas cards. Orange-gold squares of light, the windows of simple frame houses, broke the gloom of the early darkness. Daily the snow fell and made the white quilt thicker, thicker, thicker. Occasionally the snow ceased for a day or two, and

then the wind would begin to blow and howl and the snow would be drifted into frosty white mountains and valleys.

The time for the regular mail run of the "Nushagak" arrived but the weather prevented Jones and MacKay from starting out on the morning of the usual day. A terrific wind was blowing across the Bay. Waves were dashing clear over the float to which the smaller sea craft were tied. Boats were pitching at their moorings. MacKay, warmly clothed, went down to the dock where the fury of the wind was the strongest. He had a strange love for wild weather and enjoyed braving the elements. To venture forth on the water today, though, would be suicide. He realized that as he watched the churning waves and braced himself against the terrific gusts of wind that almost took his breath away. He wondered what it would be like at Willow Point. Would Julie be all right? Would she have enough wood to keep warm? Would she be growing anxious for word from her loved ones back in Pennsylvania? He knew she was eagerly awaiting each mail trip because they invariably brought her letters from the ones she loved best. He hoped the wind would soon die down so they could get started on the mail run. They had planned to make it around the Sound and back

before Christmas. It was the twentieth today. The boat was well loaded with extra mail which included many packages . . . evidently gifts from the families and friends of the white population on the different fox islands, and for the teachers at the various native villages.

All day MacKay and Jones watched the weather . . . hoping a change would make it possible for them to venture forth. By late afternoon there was a perceptible change and then the wind died down as quickly as it had come up.

Jones poked his blond head outside. "What do you say we leave tonight, Chris?" he asked when he re-entered the cozy living room.

"Sure thing. Im' game," agreed the man from Wyoming.

"We'll have to let Gundersen and Oberg know. Promised 'em they could come along this trip to the logging camp."

"I'll find them," Chris volunteered promptly, at the same time going for his windproof, rainproof jacket. "They're probably at the North Star Hotel. Won't take them a minute to get ready. They've got their sleeping bags down on the 'Nushagak' already. Saw them down there this morning."

"Swell, Chris. Don't you think we might as well get goin'?" We've got

everything loaded. The folks would be awfully disappointed not to get their Christmas things . . ." Jones seemed to be debating within himself as to the wisdom of going.

"I think we should," agreed MacKay. "The wind's died down. We're all set to go."

"I'm wondering how it'll be out beyond the Narrows." Jones was thinking aloud.

"No better way than going there to find out," Chris answered with a laugh. Then he fastened his muskrat cap over his ears, pulled on his heavy leather mittens and started out to find the two Scandinavian lumbermen.

He found them without any trouble. They were eager to get going for they knew the others at the logging camp would be awaiting them and the supplies they would bring.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock that the mailboat slipped away in the gray-white gloom of the December night. No moon or stars brightened the sky, but the whiteness of snow on every hand brightened the cold earth and jutting mountain peaks.

They had a few stops at lonely mines and islands during the night. Chris had to pound on the doors of the houses to rouse the men and give them mail and freight. A few times the tide prevented them from going directly to the docks and MacKay had to push the skiff into the icy waters and row ashore. Tall and muscular, he easily and naturally handled the skiff, even in rough waters. They should reach Willow Point by the following evening. Julianna Barrett had asked to be taken over to Beaver Creek to spend the holiday season, between mail trips, with Lydia Wilson. If all went as planned, Julie should reach Beaver on the twenty-second of December; then they would call for her again about the seventh of January.

About the middle of the night a terrific wind began to blow. Chris, taking a nap on the bunk in the pilot house while Jones was at the wheel, was awakened by the pitching of the boat. He opened his eyes and sat up.

"What's the matter, Neal?"

"That terrific Portage wind startin' to blow . . . regular gale."

"Think we can make it across?"

"I'd hate to turn back to Louie's place. We'd lose a lot of time. The 'Nushagak' can take it all right. We'll let 'er go ahead!" With determination the skipper clung to the wheel, watching the raging waters, letting the ship take the swells. It took a long time to straighten from each swell, but he managed expertly. Years of experience had given Jones a confidence in himself and in his ship.

MacKay stood beside the pilot and peered through the iced windows. He tried to see what lay ahead. At least a dozen times it seemed that the boat would capsize! Several times the deck was almost at right angles with the

waters! Neal's handsome face was set and grim. After a quarter of an hour of fighting the storm he admitted bluntly that he was sorry he had not turned back to Louie's. It was too late now. They would have to continue through the thick of it and hope to come through safely.

Jones confirmed MacKay's fear a few minutes later. "We've got to list to port, Chris."

"Hey! What's the matter? Boat goin' down?" Gundersen stuck his curly blond head through the opening in the floor where he and Oberg had descended hours before to the galley bunks.

"Just a bad wind," assured the skipper mildly. He did not like to confess that it was worse than he had bargained for.

"Think I could correct the list, Neal?" Chris was pulling on his jacket, mittens and cap.

"Hate to have you out there on a night like this, Chris," returned Jones, "but maybe if you shoved a couple of those oil drums to starboard, it'd help."

"If they haven't gone overboard, you mean!"

"They're pretty heavy!"

"If I hang to the riggin' on the starboard side it ought to help," Chris mumbled to himself as he opened the small door and went out into the raging wind.

He balanced himself carefully and picked his way to the stern deck. All of the oil drums had rolled over onto their sides and were sprawled out on the port side. With determination he began to roll one across the slanting stern deck, hoping to right it on the starboard side. There were five drums. Three should be moved to starboard. Using all his strength, he began to right the first one. In another minute he was joined by Gundersen.

"If I add my half a ton," volunteered the Norseman cheerfully, "it oughta help." He had to shout to be heard above the wind.

Chris accepted his help gratefully. In a few minutes they were rolling the second drum across the deck. Suddenly a few huge swells, three or four in a row, hit them. The stern cut deep. Ice water sprayed them from head to foot. The oil drum they were attempting to right rolled back to port and bounced over the gunwale into the sea. At the same instant Oberg came rushing out from the pilot house with instructions to throw all the drums overboard.

Suddenly the stern deck was awash once more! Two more drums went overboard! Miraculous though it seemed, the one drum to starboard still stood. Mustering all their strength, the three men moved the other to starboard, the high side, to help right the ship. In addition, Chris jumped to the gunwale and clung to the rigging. Oberg and Gundersen followed. They were knee-deep in ice water as the

stern cut deep a few times. Fighting desperately to keep the ship right side up, the men scarcely felt the biting wind and icy water that had soaked through their clothes and was freezing as the terrific wind lashed and whipped them. Again the stern was awash! Chris jumped back onto the deck and began to pump the water out! He stood waist-deep now in the freezing bath! The ship had been righted, but the engine had stopped!

Almost midnight . . . and still no mailboat! Julianna Barrett, in her lonely cabin, prepared for bed. She had waited all day, hopefully, expectantly, for the "Nushagak." Everything was in readiness for the brief Christmas vacation with her friend, Lydia Wilson. Julie was delighted to be able to visit in Beaver Creek again. She would see precious Molly and Grandpa Tedishoff who, Lydia wrote, was quite the talk of the town since last summer. Since that day he had not touched a drop of liquor! Her heart sang within her every time Julie thought about it. Mike Tedishoff had truly become a new creature that late summer day! He was letting his few remaining days be days of testimony to the other villagers. What better proof could there be than the actual transformation of a life!

Sometime in the middle of the night, Julie awakened with a queer feeling of uneasiness. Suppose something had happened to Chris, to Neal! Suppose the "Nushagak" had met with an accident! All sorts of terrifying possibilities began to crowd in her mind in bewildering confusion. This would not do! She, a Christian, should not allow herself to become frantic! Perhaps the weather was too bad at the other end for the men to venture forth at the usual time! Earnestly, she began to plead with the Lord to protect the men if something should be drastically wrong and to bring them to safety. Gradually a sense of comfort and quietness stole over her troubled thoughts and after a while she dropped off to sleep again.

It was still pitch black when Julie awakened at seven the next morning. After lighting her lamp and stoves, she shivered into her clothes and prepared for the day. Her water for washing had to be thawed out on the top of the small kitchen range. It had become very cold during the night. Shortly the little cabin was comfortably warm and cozy. Her little native boy was very faithful in keeping her well supplied with wood. She praised him often for his diligence and dependability.

Another day passed. Julie waited for the "Nushagak" . . . patiently and hopefully. The sun made a brief visit to the little native town and again disappeared behind the spruce-covered horizon. In the blackness of the



early afternoon, Julie lighted her lamp and began to write letters to friends back home. She had planned to wait until after Christmas, but now with this extra time and no Bible classes planned she could write a few of the letters before she left for Beaver Creek.

In the late afternoon she visited a few of the native homes, especially to see those who had been ill and unable to come to recent meetings.

While she was preparing her lonely supper, Julie heard a welcome rap on her front door. Could it be Chris? Her heart skipped a beat for joy. Could the "Nushagak" have slipped in so quietly that she had failed to hear it? Many times during the day she had run out to look longingly down the steep hill to the dock to see if perchance the mailboat had come in. Every time she had been disappointed.

The glass portion of the front door revealed her visitor. It was Helen Roberts, wife of the schoolteacher.

"Come right in, Helen," Julie said as she swung wide the door in welcome.

"Oh, have you started your supper already, Julie?" The air was filled with the agreeable odor of food cooking in the other room.

"Yes, why?" Julie offered her a chair.

"I've wanted to get down all day to ask you to eat with Jack and me tonight. I know you're awfully lonely here at times. I really should have you up much more than I do." There was an apologetic tone in the young woman's voice. Her accent was definitely that of one born south of the Mason and Dixon line. Julie enjoyed her very much. She was an Alabama girl who had fallen in love with a schoolteacher. After their marriage he had transplanted her to this little Alaskan village, far away from the outside world. Deeply attached to her husband, she had willingly left the sunny Southland for this land of ice and snow. The young women had pleasant times together and Julie, with a growing hope in her heart, realized that Helen and her husband were very definitely interested in the things of the Lord.

"I can skip my own humble supper, Helen," Julie assured her. "In fact, it's just a can of soup you smell cooking in there. I'd love to have supper with you and Jack. When shall I come?"

"Right now . . . with me, if that's all right."

"I'll be with you in a jiffy," said Julie.

She returned in a moment, buttoning her attractive parka under her chin.

"I can have the soup for lunch tomorrow if I'm still here," she said with a pleasant little laugh.

As the girls were leaving, Julie hesitated. "I believe I'll leave a note," she said. Quickly she printed the

words, "Am at schoolhouse apartment," on a slip of paper and put it on her front door with a thumbtack.

"In case the mailboat comes while I'm at your place," she explained simply.

"That's right," said Helen. "It should have come yesterday. I hope nothing's wrong."

"I'm going to Beaver Creek for Christmas, Helen."

"I know. You told me, Julie," returned the Southern girl. "I do hope the boat gets in to take you over there on time."

"So do I."

The evening passed quickly. Julianna Barrett was deeply grateful for this invitation and for the companionship of this devoted young couple. Were it not for their presence here, she would have felt even more alone at times. It was true that the Lord was her ever present Friend, but it was good to have this human companionship. Lydia Wilson's position was really more difficult than hers. She was the only white person in the entire village. When Julie had first come to Willow Point she had been glad to learn that she would have the friendship of these two young people, Jack and Helen Roberts. Both in their late twenties, they were congenial friends of the young missionary.

This was their third year at Willow Point and the young man and his wife had come to the definite conclusion that no matter how much you crammed into the heads of these natives, you could not break the hold which sin had upon them. Drink was one of the worst evils they had to fight here. Educating the children to hate the poison would not succeed under existing conditions. They were too easily misled into paths of sin and immorality by the older people and were too weak to resist. Julianna Barrett had come with a new solution. She had no desire to cram something into their heads, but a mighty conviction that if God could change their hearts, make them new creatures by faith in Christ, things would be different. Not enough time had elapsed to prove whether or not her theory was worth while, but they were watching with interest . . . wholly in sympathy with the attractive young woman's optimism and vision.

At nine o'clock there was a rap at the door of the schoolhouse apartment sitting room. Again Julie's heart skipped a beat. Could it be that the "Nushagak" had come in? Would it be Chris on the other side of the door? Jack arose from his comfortable chair and strode to the door. The two girls ceased their conversation and waited to see who was there as Jack opened the door.

A handsome young Aleut stood on the porch. "Is teacher here?" he asked politely.

"I'm the teacher," answered Roberts cordially. "Won't you come in?" He did not recognize the native chap but could see that he was an exceptionally fine specimen. That he was not a Willow Point resident he knew.

"N-no," explained the young man, "I mean lady teacher . . . lady who teach from . . . from . . . Bible."

"Oh, you mean Miss Barrett! Yes, she's here. Won't you come in?"

The young Aleut accepted the invitation. Julie looked up with interest. There stood Steve Tedishoff . . . Molly's big brother!

"Why . . . Steve! Hello! How did you get here?" The young woman arose, pleasure in her low voice. She was glad to see the fine young native lad, and in a moment had introduced him to her friends. Then she seated herself beside him on the comfortable couch.

"How is it you're here, Steve? Did you hear anything about the mailboat? How is Molly? How is your grandfather?" The questions came tumbling one after the other. Steve answered them one at a time. He had come to attend to some business at Willow Point, had not heard a thing about the "Nushagak"; his sister and grandfather were both well. He then explained the reason for his call.

"Teacher ask me," he said . . . he meant Lydia Wilson . . . "if you want to come Beaver Creek with me if no mailboat come. I leave tomorrow, early."

"You . . . you mean . . . I could go with you instead of waiting for the 'Nushagak'?"

Steve shook his head affirmatively. "Why, that would be awfully nice of you, Steve, to take me. I did so want to get there before Christmas. This is the twenty-second. Maybe the mailboat hasn't even left Valdez yet." She wrinkled her pretty brow in thought and then said definitely, "Yes, Steve, I'll go with you tomorrow morning. What time?"

"Six."

"I'll be there," the missionary assured him.

Steve rose to go. Roberts urged him to stay for a while, but without success. Steve evidently had other plans for the remainder of the evening and so they did not retain him.

"I wonder," said Helen after the young man had left, "I wonder . . ."

"What are you wondering about, honey?" Roberts asked as he resumed his seat beside his attractive young wife.

"Could that be Walya Totemoff's beau?"

"Are you talking about Minnie's big sister?" Julie wanted to know.

"Uh-huh."

"Since when has she had a boy friend?" Jack asked. His wife regarded him with astonishment.

"Why, Jack, you know she's been raving about someone from across the

Bay ever since last summer when she worked at the cannery near Beaver!"

"Mmmm . . . now that you mention it, I do remember," admitted her husband.

"She's been boasting that he has his own Diesel-powered boat, and that he's been coming to see her . . ."

"I guess I don't take in all those things the way a woman does," confessed Roberts with a grin.

"Well, I happen to remember it as plain as day. How about you, Julie?" She looked to her missionary friend for support.

"Now that you mention it, I recall that little Minnie told me in Bible class one day that her big sister was 'in love'."

"Did she say the man was from Beaver Creek?"

"Honestly," Julie said with a chuckle, "my memory's not that good!"

At ten o'clock Julie arose to go. "If I'm to be at the dock at six, I'd better get a good rest."

"That's a good idea, Julie," Helen assured her.

She thanked her friends for the very pleasant evening, put on her warm outside garments and hurried down the hillside to her own little cabin. The lights of a boat down at the dock caught her eye. For a moment she wondered . . . could it be? Then she realized that it must be Steve's small boat . . . the one she would be going on tomorrow morning . . . early.

(To Be Continued)

### Northern Baptists

(Continued from Page 13)

is Dr. Sanford Fleming, president of the Berkeley Divinity School of Berkeley, California. He is well known in our churches of the Pacific Conference, having frequently preached at the First Baptist Church of Lodi, California. He is widely known for his strong evangelistic emphasis and for his winsome Christian witness. His few remarks following his election warmed the hearts of all who were present. The next convention will be held in San Francisco, California from May 31 to June 5, 1949.

On Thursday noon a group of 34 North American Baptist people of present and former status in our churches met at one of Milwaukee's restaurants for dinner and fellowship. Memories were revived and greetings exchanged in a vivid reminder that the fellowship of the North American Baptist General Conference is still very dear to all hearts who once have known it for themselves.

The convention theme was built around the words of John 5:17 — "And I Work." The work of human agencies and of the intricate convention organizations was amply demonstrated in this convention.

# We, the Women

Views and News of the National Woman's Missionary Union

By MRS. FLORENCE E. SCHOEFFEL, President

## LET THE PITCHER STAND

"Then the woman left her water-jar and went her way into the city, and saith to the people, Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did, is not this the Christ?" Forgetting the chore she had set out to do — drawing water from the well for her family — the Samaritan woman became so absorbed in the great spiritual truths unfolded in her conversation with Jesus, that she returned to the city, her soul quickened and refreshed — leaving her pitcher behind.

This is something all of us need to learn — to "leave our pitchers at the well" — and take time out for spiritual refreshment. There are many ways we can do this. Recently my husband and I took a weekend trip to Cook's Forest in Pennsylvania, a beauty spot, where virgin pine trees tower in primeval splendor. True, I had plenty of work to do at home — drapes to sew, cupboards to clean, etc., but as you know, "a woman's work is never done" — so why wait? Climbing the mountain trails in the shadow of those tall trees, marvelling at the rugged beauty of nature unspoiled by men, we felt close to God, the Creator, our heavenly Father. With new vigor we returned to our daily tasks.

This summer offers many opportunities for spiritual refreshment at the various conferences and assemblies. Some of you have already gone, others are getting ready to go, and still others probably feel that you haven't time to go. There is too much work to be done at home. Why not "leave your pitchers at the well," and go, anyhow?

You have no idea what an inspiration and uplift such a gathering can be. There you will find a fellowship unsurpassed anywhere — the joy of

Christians, sharing their experiences. Inspiring messages will lift your souls, draw you nearer to God. As you take part in the transaction of the King's business, your horizon will be widened, and you will have a greater appreciation of the work our denomination is doing, and the still greater tasks ahead. For your own sake, attendance at a conference this summer will be a most worthwhile experience.

The Samaritan woman left her water-jar at the well, not because she was lazy, or just wanted to get away from the daily tasks, but because she wanted to tell others of her wonderful discovery. We read that "many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman, which testified he told me all that I ever did."

Here is another reason for our getting away from the humdrum of everyday life for a time of spiritual refreshment. We will be able to share with others our experiences, and help to enrich their lives. The reason we have the goal, "Attendance at Local Conferences," on our project chart is so that all of our woman's societies may receive some of the benefit and inspiration resulting from the conference sessions, from the glowing reports of those of their members who were able to attend.

I sincerely hope that all of you will follow the example of the Samaritan woman this summer, and "leave your water-jar at the well." Whether you go to some beauty spot in nature for your vacation, where you can commune with God as well as renew your physical strength, or whether you go to a conference for inspiration and fellowship, I am sure that you will return to your daily work and the work in your society with renewed enthusiasm and joy.

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## RELIEF NEWS

More than 22,000 food parcels have been packed at the denominational relief headquarters in Forest Park, Illinois and sent overseas "In the Name of Christ" to the destitute people of Europe. This relief ministry of sending food parcels is in charge of Miss Gretchen Remmler, one of the office secretaries, and the Relief Committee, and is carried on by a large faithful group of women volunteers from the Chicago churches.

Through our affiliation with the Canadian Christian Council for the Resettlement of Refugees, our denomination has recently been able to assist a number of families in coming from Europe to Canada. Mr. Herman Streuber of Winnipeg, Manitoba, under appointment by the Relief Committee, has labored tirelessly in assisting sponsors of prospective immigrants. Hundreds of applications have been received and processed. Thirty-six families have been helped in their immigration into Canada.

Dr. Walter O. Lewis, general secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, returned to United States on April '30 and reported that the Rev. Otto Nalinger is rendering a very effective and much appreciated ministry as Director of Relief in Germany. Mr. Nalinger's secretary is Miss Erika Schmidt, the youngest daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Paul Schmidt of Berlin. Mrs. Lena Koller Crewes, sister of Dr. Charles Koller, is in Vienna, Austria to supervise feeding centers for children, students and the aged. She is serving without remuneration in a ministry of love.

# Urgent Requests from Germany

An Appeal for More Clothes, Cotton Sacks, Etc., for Our Denominational Relief Ministry

FROM Germany our North American Baptist Headquarters has received the following urgent request:

"We are in desperate need of layettes and baby clothes for young families. As these children are born into these homes of ours in Germany there is definitely a lack of things which are necessary for infant care. For these families we need such things as diapers, little blankets, shirts and jackets for babies, in fact almost everything that infants can use when they come into this cold and austere world of human life.

"But we thank God for such brave parents who see to it that their Christian families are established with a home and with children and that our Sunday Schools have a necessary increase in membership. But now we need to call upon the mothers in other countries where conditions are better to help us to clothe these children. Won't you try to assist us with this all-important task? We can use almost everything in the care of infants!"

## COTTON SACKS NEEDED

Not only layettes but also children's clothing, principally shoes and stockings for children are also needed. All of these things can be sent to our headquarters for shipment overseas. Small cotton sacks in great quantities can

also be used to be filled with food products such as sugar, rice, peas, coffee, etc., to be sent overseas. For the 18,000 food parcels already sent we used about 100,000 cotton sacks. They are still needed! This is an urgent request to all of our women's missionary societies to continue to help in this ministry. The following sizes of cotton sacks can be used: 7 x 10 inches, 7 x 14, 10 x 14, 10 x 18, 12 x 12 and 12 x 18 inches.

There is still a crying need for used clothing in this relief ministry of our denomination. Clothes, underwear and shoes for men, women and children will be received with gratitude at headquarters and forwarded to Germany. Copies of the German Sunday School hymnal, "Singvoeglein," are in great demand. Possibly you can find some of these books in a corner or closet in your church. Send us as many copies as you have on hand. The Baptist churches of Germany and Austria observe the communion service with the one large chalice or goblet. If any of our churches have such sets in their possession and are no longer using them, they are urgently requested to make them available for relief overseas.

Send all of these things to Relief Department, North American Baptist Headquarters, 7308 Madison Street, Forest Park, Illinois.



Many Bales of Clothing and Boxes of Food for Shipment Overseas to Europe Surround These Women from Our Chicago Churches and the Members of the Denomination's Fellowship Fund Committee on a Busy Day of Activity at the Relief Room in Forest Park, Ill.

—Photo by Herman Siemund

## Mbembe-Funbang Trek

(Continued from Page 9)

short service, and all afternoon people came to thank us for our visit.

Let me give just one illustration. In the late afternoon we noticed the Queen and some of the older women sitting in the school house. We went to greet her, and what a surprise we had! There stood four large baskets of yams, one of sweet potatoes, a bunch of bananas, some plantains, 16 eggs, and a hen. "Here is a little food for you." "We don't want people in our town to be hungry." We were dumbfounded at this display, and to show our gratitude, we presented her with a small carton of salt, being careful to explain that the salt did not begin to pay for all that food. We only wanted her to know that we were grateful.

Of course, we expected her to accept the salt quite readily, and were we surprised! "No," she said with quiet dignity. "We did not buy the things we are giving you, and you are strangers here. Your journey is not yet finished; you may need the salt on the way. If you want to give me something, I will accept the empty carton to store pepper in it." What a contrast to the usual, "Please, Ma, help me with this, that or the other thing."

The Queen then spoke on behalf of her people and expressed their thanks to the mission for having sent them a church teacher and school teachers to bring them the "God palaver and book of learning." She asked us to stay longer to teach them more. When told that we were unable to stay, she asked us to pray for her and the chief and all the Akwaja people that they might learn to be true followers of "the God Way."

They want to leave the old fashion of killing and hatred and learn about God's love for everyone. Our hearts rejoiced to hear this woman who has much authority among her people speak so freely about "the God palaver." Please put Akwaja on your prayer list.

The next morning we left Akwaja. Day was just breaking as we began our climb out of Mbembe back on to the Nsungli plateau. When the cool breezes of the wide treeless plains greeted us, we turned for one last look over the palm plantation. We could pick out every place to which we had been, and just below us was Akwaja. In spite of the memories of aching muscles, in spite of the hills and stones, we still thought it was beautiful.

We are happy to be back at Ndu, but we shall not so soon forget our Mbembe trek. These people need our intercessory prayers. We are grateful for the opportunities to witness for our Lord and Master and rejoice that to these people also is given the opportunity of hearing the Gospel.

# Session of the Committee on Education

A Report by REV. J. C. GUNST, Recording Secretary

THE ANNUAL meeting of the Committee on Education took place at the headquarters office at Forest Park on April 25 and 26.

The task of this committee is to get the information about all of the Christian Education activities in our denominational enterprise. Furthermore, it is to make a study of the Christian literature used and to correlate a workable program of study among our institutions of learning. Having studied the activities and literature used, the committee is to give further guidance and suggestions in Christian Education.

The following items of business received attention at the annual meeting.

1. The request was made for a comprehensive report of the summer student workers under the Youth Service Plan. The Summer Visitation Committee was urged to have a fall meeting to give further study to the summer student workers.

2. The committee approved in general the setting up of a correlated curriculum with the North American Baptist Seminary and the Sioux Falls College for the benefit of all students concerned.

3. The curriculum of the Christian Training Institute received due attention. At the suggestions of the committee, the president, Rev. E. P. Wahl, was able to report progress made in mutual credit arrangements for courses taught at the C. T. I. and the North American Baptist Seminary.

4. The committee encourages the presidents of the respective schools, the C. T. I. and Seminary, to have a visiting faculty to strengthen the overall denominational program. The general workers are to be included in the visiting faculty. The presidents were further encouraged to establish a course in the regular curriculum of the school which covers the history of our denomination, its development, its pres-

ent methods of work as well as future plans.

5. The following committee was appointed to prepare a list of the denominational objectives and available literature for our constituency; M. L. Leuschner, chairman, F. H. Woyke, J. C. Gunst, R. Schreiber and Miss Alethea Kose.

6. The report of the Committee on Survey of Sunday School and young people's literature used by our churches was received and approved. The committee was encouraged to continue its services for another year. A recommendation to the General Council to prepare four leaflets for educational purposes was approved by them. These leaflets will stress Baptist principles and Bible doctrine and are to be used as supplementary material for our Sunday School activities.

7. A further recommendation drawn up by the Committee on Education presented to the General Council to change the representation of the membership of the Committee on Education. This was also approved by the Council. The resolution, in part, calls for five members on the Committee on Education to be elected by the General Conference. The other four members are to be elected by the four affiliated societies: the Seminary, C. T. I., National Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union and the General Missionary Society.

8. The Committee on Education also presented a resolution to the General Council whereby a plan was formulated to make "The Baptist Herald" available to students from our churches who are attending institutions of learning during the winter months. The resolution was approved.

9. The mission study book on our Cameroons work is now in the hands of the printers. This will be a study book available early in the fall for all church leaders. A second study course will follow.

## THE PATH TO SUCCESS

A Brief Statement by Mr. John C. Lotz of Richmond, N. Y., a Member of the Ridgewood Baptist Church

Many helpful statements have been made by men and women in various walks of life on the subject of success. Here is one made by Lee Wilson about a year and a half ago before the student body of Denison University. It seems worthwhile to repeat it for the guidance of youth everywhere.

"Success will not be measured by any particular achievement, or by your place in the social scale, or by the rank attached to your job. Rather, it will

be measured by your own inner feeling when you ask yourself, 'Have I made full and able use of head, heart and hand in the thinking, the understanding of others, and the action that could reasonably have been expected of me.'"

Mr. Wilson little dreamed then that he was heading for the presidency of the largest business enterprise. He was recently chosen president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Wilson will forgive a retired telephone engineer for restating his wonderful prescription for the youth of today with the remark: "These are my sentiments!"



# The Contemplated Temple

(Continued from Page 5)

"Across the fields of long ago,  
There often comes to me  
A little lad with face aglow,  
The boy I used to be.  
He watches, listens, takes my hand  
And walks awhile with me,  
Then asks me if I've made myself  
The man I planned to be?"

I fear the most of us, perhaps the best of us, must give a negative answer to this little poem. We have not realized the high ideals that once shone brilliantly on our horizon like scintillating stars beckoning us on, but which gradually faded out in the growing gloom. We are not the men and women we planned to be.

### GOD'S APPROVAL

It is disheartening for us as we review the fair hopes and the unrealized ideas that lie like withered flowers on the grave of the past. We wonder and ruefully question: "Are all the good intentions, these efforts and failures of no import, senseless, purposeless?"

In place of the temple which King David contemplated building, his son and successor, King Solomon, reared a more glorious one which on account of its grandeur has been regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world. On the occasion of the dedication of this temple King Solomon made reference to his father's earlier intention, saying: "Now it was in the heart of David, my father, to build a house for the name of the Lord, God of Israel. But the Lord said to David, my father: Forasmuch as it was in thine heart to build a house for my name, thou didst well that it was in thine heart."

King David might have interpreted God's command not to build a temple

as a manifestation of his disapproval and displeasure. On the contrary, it was an expression of appreciation and praise. "Thou didst well to think of and to desire building me a temple." King David did not live to see that matchless temple which his son erected or to hear the wonderful words from the lips of Solomon. If he had, what an inexpressible joy and gratification it would have been!

What a comforting thought it is for us that God is not unmindful or indifferent to our holy desires and honest intentions, even when they prove abortive and seem not to accomplish their purpose. It was not King David's fault that his intention to build was frustrated, and it is not always our fault when our best intentions go

### WELCOME BY MEDICINE HAT CHURCH

to All Northern Conference Delegates and Visitors

The Grace Baptist Church of Medicine Hat, Alberta extends a cordial invitation to all the churches of the Northern Conference to the sessions of the conference to be held from July 7 to 11 in Medicine Hat. It is requested that all delegates and visitors, who anticipate attending the conference should notify Rev. E. J. Faul, 1012 Yuill St., or Mr. Charlie Biffart, 1102 Ross Street, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

By order of the church  
Charlie Biffart, Clerk,  
Erwin J. Faul, Pastor

### MAY CONTRIBUTIONS — NORTH AMERICAN BAPTIST

#### GENERAL CONFERENCE

Conference	May, 1948	May, 1947
Atlantic	\$ 3,165.75	\$ 1,709.74
Eastern	689.34	1,779.84
Central	4,823.87	7,310.19
Northwestern	872.79	5,382.11
Southwestern	3,981.23	4,018.43
Southern	991.59	1,045.25
Pacific	6,495.07	9,890.94
Northern	1,173.64	4,318.13
Dakota	4,413.74	6,143.48
Total for the Month of May	\$26,607.02	\$41,598.11

#### MILLION DOLLAR OFFERING

May 1, 1948 to May 31, 1948	\$ 25,322.79
August 1, 1947 to May 31, 1948	422,446.14
Total required to date	\$416,666.67

#### TOTAL BUDGET CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

April 1, 1948 to May 31, 1948	\$69,190.04
April 1, 1947 to May 31, 1947	88,427.58

awry. Something altogether beyond our control may loom up and defeat our noblest aspirations. There is, however, one thing of which we can rest assured, and that is God's approval. His "thou didst well that it was in thine heart," and God's approval are our highest reward. "God, seeth not as man seeth, for man seeth on the outward appearance, but the Lord seeth on the heart."

Sometimes we are tempted to be envious of others. They seem to overshadow us. It hurts us to hear them praised. It appears to us as if they wronged us in some way by drawing off some measure of attention from us, thus obscuring our little work in the brilliance of their larger and more conspicuous achievements. But if we bear in mind, that God is no respecter of persons and that he looks on the heart, on our sincerity, our upright desires and pure intentions rather than on our achievements and attainments, it should cure us of all such miserable feelings.

### CANDLE OR MATCH?

The story of David's contemplated but frustrated temple affords another impressive and inspiring lesson. When the Prophet Nathan communicated to the king the message he had received from God that King David should not build the Temple, the king did not mope or murmur or rebel as anyone in such a situation is prone to do when that upon which he had set his heart goes wrong. The king not only accepted the will of God, but also cheerfully surrendered the preparations which he had already made. If he could not build a temple himself, he would pave the way and do all in his power for the one upon whom this honor would be conferred. What a noble and praiseworthy spirit and attitude that manifests!

The story is told of an artist who greatly desired to have a share in the decorating of a famous building. If he could not do it all, he asked that he might be permitted to paint one panel of one of the great doors. If this request could not be granted, he craved to be allowed at least to hold the brushes for the master who should do the work. This illustrates the spirit and the attitude of the King. Someone has said: "If I cannot be a candle, I will be a match." But what is a candle without a match to light it? One is as important as the other.

This charming story tells us that if we cannot do the beautiful and spectacular things for Christ which we long to do, we can at least do some lowly work for him. It teaches us, too, that self-surrender to God, although our heart's fondest hope has been laid down, in God's sight is the most beautiful and heroic thing which we can do with our life.

# REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

## Southern Conference

### Missionary Programs and Lawn Supper Sponsored by the Woman's Union, Crawford, Texas

The members of the Woman's Missionary Union of the Canaan Baptist Church of Crawford, Texas are happy to report that we are still trying to work faithfully for our Lord. We meet each month in different homes and are engaged in White Cross work, making booklets out of greeting cards, sewing sun dresses for the African natives, and helping our Children's Home. We also hold mission studies.

Recently our church held a Lawn Supper, sponsored by our Woman's Missionary Union. Afterwards we gathered in the church for a program which was led by the president, Mrs. Arthur Schulz. This consisted of various numbers and an inspiring talk by our pastor, Rev. Arthur Schulz.

We are thankful to Mrs. Schulz for her capable leadership, and above all to God for his guidance. May it please him to bless us in the furtherance of his work.

Mrs. Walter Gauer, Reporter.

## Northern Conference

### Inspiring Song Festival by Springside, East and West Ebenezer Churches at Springside, Sask.

May 23rd proved to be a Sunday full of blessings for the young people of West Ebenezer, Springside and East Ebenezer Baptist Churches of Saskatchewan, Canada when they united their voices in praise to God. The Lord blessed us with a beautiful summer day and well over 400 people from near and far attended. The church was filled to capacity and loudspeakers were provided for those who had to remain outside.

A challenging message in the forenoon was brought by the Rev. G. Beutler of Ebenezer and selections by the mass choir under the direction of Rev. R. Kanwischer of Springside were rendered. All remained at noon to partake of the lunch served by our very capable Ladies' Aid at Springside.

In the afternoon we again gathered to praise our Lord in song. Selections by the individual choirs as well as by the mass choir were heard. We were also privileged to have the male quartet and ladies' trio from Fenwood with us. The Yorkton church was represented by a duet.

The Rev. Henry Schumacher of Fenwood was the speaker for the afternoon. His message, "The Price of

Your Religion" stirred our hearts and brought a challenge to a very attentive audience. A very fine offering went toward the Tri Union Summer Bible Camp to be held at Echo Lake.

Phyllis Horn, Reporter.

## Dakota Conference

### Unusual Cameroons Program Is Presented by B. Y. P. U. of Westington Springs, South Dakota

The B. Y. P. U. of the Ebenezer Baptist Church near Westington Springs, South Dakota held a program on Sunday, May 23, which proved to be a blessing to all in attendance. The topic was: "What I Should Know About Our Missionaries in the Cameroons."

Different members spoke on the various needs and phases of the mission field. The topics discussed were: The need for the missionaries to have at least one conference each year; the existing traveling difficulties and the great need for trucks; a summary of Miss Laura Reddig's article in this year's "Annual," "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," stressing the great importance of the schools on the mission field; a brief account of the blessed and very instructive correspondence of our members with our missionaries in the Cameroons; the great need for more money to carry on the mission work and the greatest of all needs, namely, that of prayer. A review was also given of the courses of our High School students with our pastor, Rev. O. W. Brenner, as their instructor. A poem was read entitled, "I Met the Savior Face to Face."

The choir sang two songs. A mixed quartet entertained us with a song, and a duet brought another musical message. The Rev. O. W. Brenner assisted

## CAMPTIVITIES

or

### Handbook for Summer Bible Camps

Compiled by MISS ETHEL RUFF, Faculty Member of the Edmonton Christian Training Institute.

\$2.00 (plus postage) at the Vacation Bible School Office, Box 395, Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada.

243 Pages of Mimeographed Programs for Bible Conferences, Young People's and Children's Bible Camps.

Place Your Order Early!

Recommended by many pastors' churches and young people's groups.

the young people in many ways to give this program. The highlight of the program was the inspiring message of our guest speaker, Mr. Harold Lippert from Tripp, South Dakota. It was very much enjoyed by a large and very attentive audience.

We received an offering which amounted to \$275. This was added to our missionary offering for the year to the Bender Memorial Trek.

Erma Mae Kludt, Reporter.

## Central Conference

### Anniversary Program of the Round Lake Woman's Mission Society of Gladwin, Michigan

The women of the Mission Society of the Round Lake Baptist Church near Gladwin, Michigan held their anniversary program on Sunday, May 23. God has blessed us graciously during the past year. We have 25 members in the group. We installed a new gas stove in the church kitchen. We sent a number of parcels to Europe to aid the needy besides sending money to the Red Cross, Rochester Seminary, the Children's Home in St. Joseph and love offerings to some of our former members. Our women followed the point system and most of the members read the required material.

On two occasions we met at homes of members and did White Cross work for our Cameroons Mission and for the San Luis Valley Mission in Colorado. Our incoming monies for the year amounted to \$463, of which \$154 was spent for missions.

Our program was well attended. Our president, Mrs. V. Prendinger, was in charge. The congregation sang several songs followed by the vice-president reading Psalm 34. Our pastor, Rev. V. Prendinger, led in prayer. A word of welcome was extended to all, including our visitors from the Beaver Baptist Church near Midland, Mich.

The newly organized girls class sang. Mrs. J. Landenberger, who had had the special privilege to visit South America, was one of the speakers for the evening. In the absence of our other speaker, our pastor, Rev. V. Prendinger, gave a sermon on how important women's lives can be. Our neighboring pastor, Rev. Fred Mashner, closed with the benediction.

Our mission offering for the evening amounted to \$43.00. Our officers for the coming year are: president, Mrs. V. Prendinger; vice-president, Mrs. G. Schmidt; secretary, Mrs. E. Schultz; treasurer, Mrs. H. Gertz; mission treasurer, Mrs. H. Will; birthday treasurer, Mrs. M. Schindler; pianist, Mrs. H. Doede; and reporter, Mrs. A. Schindler.

Mrs. E. Schultz, Secretary.





The Choir of the Grace Baptist Church, Kelowna, B. C., Canada Which Rendered the Cantata, "The Triumph," on Easter Sunday and Sang at the Pentecost Sunday Services

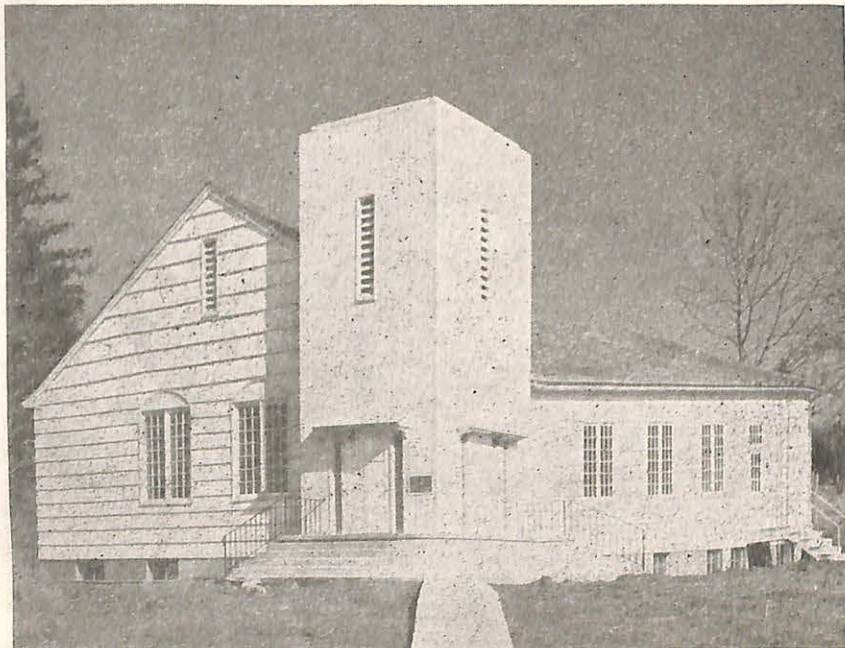
**Pacific Conference**

**Pentecost Sunday Services at the Grace Baptist Church, Kelowna, British Columbia**

Pentecost Sunday, May 16, was a very impressive occasion at the Grace Baptist Church of Kelowna, B. C. Our pastor, Rev. A. Kujath, had the joy and privilege of baptizing seven persons in our Savior's death. Some of the candidates were fruit of the evangelistic meetings held in our church from March 3 to 14, which were conducted by Rev. F. W. Bartel of Spokane, Wash.

The message in the morning was "The Holy Spirit, the Personal Pentecostal Power," taken from Acts 10:44. We were again reminded of the Day of Pentecost, when 3000 persons accepted Christ and followed him in baptism. The church was filled to overflowing for this special occasion.

At the evening service these seven persons received the hand of fellowship into the church. One adult, who had just come to us from Germany, was received by testimony. The message for the evening was based on



The Glencullen Baptist Church Near Portland, Oregon Photographed Soon After Its Dedication

**THE BAPTIST HERALD**

effort several months ahead of schedule.

In the meantime, plans were acted upon to begin work as soon as the weather would permit, and by June, 1947 the ground breaking service was held amidst the blessing of an Oregon shower. The new building progressed rapidly, and by September 15th we were able to hold our first service in the basement of the chapel. The sanctuary was completed about a month later. The chapel is fully modern in design; workmanship and construction are of the very best. It is a two-story edifice with many improvements and conveniences not to be found in many older and larger churches. The grounds, when finally landscaped, will be beautiful for appearance and situation. It is hoped that later on a parsonage can be erected on the property.

It should be mentioned that the giving by the Trinity Baptist Church members was truly sacrificial, and up to the present time they have given some \$13,000 on the total cost of the building, which is estimated at about \$27,000. This leaves a balance of \$14,000 which has been assumed by the Glencullen membership.

In January of this year, with the encouragement of Rev. John Wobig, pastor of the mother church, the Glencullen church membership was organized with thirty-two members. This list is being enlarged constantly with many others to come later. One week after the organization, the chapel building was dedicated to the Lord's service. Rev. H. G. Dymmel, our denominational Mission Secretary, preached the dedicatory sermon.

Since that time the general ministry of the church has been steadily growing. We have 125 enrolled in the Sunday School with about 100 average attendance. A Primary worship service is held simultaneously with the Sunday morning worship service. Sunday evening we have a Junior youth service with a regular worship service following. This work is kept vibrant with a lively prayer service each Wednesday evening.

The present officers of the church are: John R. Kimmel, pastor; Fred Kramer, deacon; Charlotte Kristensen, church clerk; Russell Jones, treasurer; Eva Emslie, Sunday School superintendent; Eunice Kimmel, Woman's Missionary Society; Alfred Jensen, finance chairman; and Elvin Blunck, youth director.

We earnestly solicit the prayers of the readers, for this work is truly missionary in many respects, being carried on in a large community where there is a noticeable lack of church influence. But now this former trend is being checked by Christian friendliness and the dynamic of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Pray that the hearing of the Word of God may increase to bring forth fruit abundantly.

To all those who write we will send a Remembrance Bulletin of the Glencullen Baptist Church. Write: Glencullen Baptist Church, 4747 S. W. Cameron Road, Portland 19, Oregon. John R. Kimmel, Pastor.

2 Cor. 9:15, "The Two Greatest Gifts of God."

We thank God for the mother and her youngest daughter and also for the young people who dedicated their lives to Christ and are ready to use their talents in his service.

Mary Bredin, Reporter.

**Aggressive Program of the New Glencullen Baptist Church of Portland, Oregon**

The new Glencullen Baptist Church at Portland, Oregon (the mission station of Trinity Baptist Church of Portland, Oregon) is one of the newest churches in the General Conference, but we have been blessed above our ability to express our genuine appreciation for all that God has wrought on our behalf. Only a year ago in May, the pastor, Rev. John Kimmel, came to the Portland suburban district of Glencullen conducting a prayer service once a week in the homes. Later, the local community hall was secured in which a Sunday School and a Sunday morning worship service were begun. A vacation Bible School was held in June with an enrollment of eighty. This gave a proper impetus to the new work which put the mission

**New Mission at Costa Mesa Is Started by Bethel Church of Anaheim, Calif.**

The Lord is blessing the work of the Bethel Baptist Church of Anaheim, Calif., under the faithful ministry of our pastor, Rev. P. G. Neumann. The church is always well filled at both morning and evening services. The prayer meetings too are better attended than ever. The lower auditorium is filled with young and old, eager to join in prayer and Bible study.

The Men's Brotherhood has had some very inspiring meetings with prominent speakers. They believe like Spurgeon "that a man's heart is reached through his stomach," so they always have an excellent dinner to which non-church members are invited. Several have been won to the Lord through these gatherings. The men are very spiritual-minded and meet every Monday evening in the church for a time of prayer.

We rejoice in the progress of the Sunday School and young people's meetings. The Sunday School has grown to over 400. We are glad because of our truly spiritual leaders and teachers.

Will Your Minister Be at the Pastors' Conference at Green Lake, Wis., from July 26 to August 1st?

It is a real joy to see the mission work started in Costa Mesa and making such rapid progress. It is a great mission field and the attendance at the services is growing. It now reaches 70 in number. Costa Mesa is about 12 miles from Anaheim. Our church rejoices in this opportunity to reach out to this unevangelized area.

The radio program which was started by Rev. P. G. Neumann and Rev. Ernest Sitenhof (member of the Bethel Baptist Church and Field Director of the Friends of Israel Missionary and Relief Society, Inc.) is being well received. It is called "The Jewish Christian Friendship Hour," and is heard every Saturday morning over KOWL, Santa Monica, at 9 A. M. It is supported by some of the members of Bethel Baptist Church and friends and is sponsored by them. Many thousands are listening to the Word of God faithfully and fearlessly proclaimed. Please pray for this special effort that many may be led to our precious Lord and Savior.

We had the privilege of having a very fine week of evangelistic meetings a week before Easter with Rev. John P. Forsyth, pastor of the Gatewood Baptist Church, Seattle, Wash, as the evangelist. His messages were very stirring and inspiring, and many were blessed by the ministry of God's servant.

We had the privilege of having Dr. Martin L. Leuschner of Forest Park, Ill., with us in April. He spoke on Sunday evening and Tuesday evening for the Mission Guild. He showed the beautiful pictures of the Cameroons. His visit was thoroughly enjoyed by all and was of rich, spiritual blessing. Ella Sitenhof, Reporter.

**OBITUARY**

MRS. ALVINA HIRSCH of Waco, Texas

Mrs. Alvina Hirsch, nee Wedemeyer, of Waco, Texas was born February 16, 1874 near Burton, Texas. She was converted and baptized at an early age and became a member of the Greenvine Baptist Church of Burton. On April 7, 1892 she was united in marriage with John Hirsch. They made their first home near Lorena, Texas, where five children were born to them. Her husband and two children, Arthur and Lydia, preceded her in death. After the death of her husband she moved to Waco. She loved her Lord and was a faithful member of the Central Baptist Church of Waco for 32 years.

After an illness of several weeks she passed to her heavenly reward in Hillcrest Hospital of Waco on Tuesday, May 18, 1948 at the age of 74 years, 3 months and 2 days. She leaves to mourn her departure three children; one son, W. J. Hirsch of Waco; two daughters, Mrs. R. E. Engelbrecht of Waco and Mrs. D. B. Hicks of Utopia, Texas; one granddaughter, Mrs. Clifford Westmoreland of Crane; and one great-grandson, Gary Earl Westmoreland; two brothers, C. H. Wedemeyer, Cordell, Oklahoma and J. A. Wedemeyer, Buffalo, Texas; one sister, Mrs. C. H. Fritze, Crockett, Texas; and a host of relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held at the Wilkerson and Hatch Chapel in Waco, Texas with interment at the Bethel Heights Cemetery, Gatesville, Texas.

Waco, Texas

Roy Seibel, Pastor.

MISS AUGUSTA GUTH of Rochester, New York

Miss Augusta Guth of Rochester, N. Y., was born in Penfield, N. Y., on July 18, 1862. She had the privilege of being reared in a Christian home and of having the spiritual nurture of the Andrews Street Baptist Church, which she joined at the age of 16, when she received baptism at the hands of the Rev. Peter Ritter. Mr. Walter Rauschenbusch was baptized at the same time.

For 70 years she had been a faithful member of the same church, being interested in and taking part in the activities of the church and its organizations. She taught in the Sunday School many years. She has been a burden bearer and a burden sharer. Carrying her own load, she lifted the load of many others who seemed unable to carry theirs. Thus she fulfilled the law of Christ. Being a real Dorcas, her needle made many a stitch for the family of the pastor especially, and for others too.

At the services the Rev. Frank Kaiser, who had been her pastor for 14 years, paid her a well deserved, high tribute. The last years of great suffering tried her

spirit severely. For nearly four years her niece, Miss Marie Baum, devoted her entire time to her care and comfort. Death came not as an enemy but as a liberating angel on May 17th just a month before she had reached the age of 86 years. "She hath done what she could." "Well, done, thou good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Rochester, New York.

O. E. Krueger, Pastor.

MRS. AUGUST JUNGKEIT of Anaheim, California

Mrs. August Jungkeit, nee Panter, of Anaheim, Calif., was born on May 13, 1886 in Poland. While she was still a child, her parents migrated to Wetaskiwin, Canada. In the home of her parents where Christ was worshipped and honored as Lord, she received her first and lasting impressions, which changed her life for time and eternity. Confessing Christ as her Savior, she was baptized by the Rev. C. Mueller in the year of 1901 and thereby added to the fellowship of the Baptist Church of Wetaskiwin, Canada.

She became the bride of August Jungkeit on February 11, 1903 in Wetaskiwin. The Lord blessed this union with 8 children. She was a sweet and loving mother to them. Early in life the children learned the story of Jesus, and these children with one accord rise to bless the memory of their Christian mother. Her greatest joy came to her when her son Carl entered the ministry. In the year 1920, in coming to Anaheim, California, both she and her husband became members of the Bethel Baptist Church. Both distinguished themselves as faithful and loyal members of our church.

For a number of years our sister was afflicted with an incurable disease, for which there seemed no cure. Realizing this, she faced the future bravely, resolutely bearing up under it without a murmur or complaint. On Tuesday, May 11, held by the Savior's hand she crossed the Great Divide. She is absent from the body but present with the Lord.

She leaves her six sons: Herman, Walter, Paul, and Arthur W. Jungkeit, all of Anaheim; Rev. Carl W. Jungkeit of Santa Rosa, Calif., and August H. Jungkeit of Garden Grove, Calif., two daughters, Mrs. Esther Fries and Mrs. Ruth Justus, both of Anaheim; four sisters, Mrs. Bertha Ristau of Canada, Mrs. Martha Hein and Mrs. Wanda Stankey, both of Anaheim, and Mrs. Emma Ratzlaff of Wasco, Calif., two brothers, Edward Panter of Wasco and Albert Panter of Fresno; and 23 grandchildren.

At the large funeral service in the sanctuary of the Bethel Baptist Church we realized the presence of Him who has said: "I will comfort thee as one whom his mother comforteth."

Bethel Baptist Church, Anaheim, California.

P. G. Neumann, Minister.



A Lone Pine Tree Struggling Against the Winds and Storms in the Rocky Mountains



# It Will Soon Be Time to Go to the PASTORS' CONFERENCE

at the Baptist Assembly Grounds, Green Lake, Wisconsin  
to be held from July 26th to August 1st.

## PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

∴

"Bible Hour" by Dr.  
Wm. W. Adams  
of Kansas City,  
Kansas

"Pastors' Clinic" —  
Discussion by the  
Ministers

"Looking at Our-  
selves" — Mes-  
sages Concerning  
the Minister and  
His Work

"Our Denomination,  
Today and To-  
morrow"

Inspiring Evening  
Services

Latest Missionary  
Pictures

"Ministers in God's  
Workshop" —  
Practical Messages  
by the Pastors

Conference Theme:  
**MINISTERS FOR  
JESUS' SAKE**

•



—Ewing Galloway Photo

## ARRANGE- MENTS

∴

The Long House  
and Abbey will  
serve as dormi-  
tories for our Pas-  
tors' Conference.

The denomination  
will pay a cent a  
mile to and from  
the conference for  
every pastor and  
\$10.00 toward his  
board and room  
at Green Lake.  
(Cost of lodging  
and board —  
\$3.25 a day).

The local church is  
being asked to do  
as much or more  
than the General  
Council toward  
its pastor's ex-  
penses in going to  
the Retreat.

Every pastor will  
receive a letter  
with instructions  
how to get to the  
Baptist Assembly  
Grounds in a few  
days.

•

Every Church Will Want to Have its Minister at the Pastors' Conference!  
(See Illustrated Article on Page 10 and 11 of This Issue)