



# Baptist HERALD



*The Grandeur That Belongs Alone to Niagara Falls*

Printed in U. S. A.

*April 1, 1949*



# DENOMINATIONAL REMINDERS

## ENGAGEMENTS

### Rev. Frank H. Woyke

Sunday, April 10 — Dedication of New Church, Faith Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

### Rev. H. G. Dymmel

Sunday, April 3 — Temple Church, Buffalo, N. Y., and Andrews St. Church, Rochester, N. Y.

Monday, April 4 — Addresses at the Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

April 8 — Foreign Mission Conference, New York, N. Y.

Sunday, April 10 — West Baltimore Church, Baltimore, Md., and Pilgrim Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

### Rev. J. C. Gunst

April 1-4 — Morris, Manitoba, Tuesday, April 5 — McDermot Ave. Baptist Church, Winnipeg, Man. Sunday, April 10 — First Baptist Church, George, Iowa.

### Rev. M. L. Leuschner

Sunday Evening, April 3 — Missionary Pictures, Forest Park Baptist Church.

Wednesday, April 6 — Carrington, No. Dak.

Thursday, April 7 — Cathay, No. Dakota.

Friday, April 8 — Goodrich, No. Dak.

Sunday, April 10 — McClusky, No. Dak.

Thursday and Friday, April 14 and 15 — Riverview Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minn.

### Rev. Henry Pfeifer, Evangelist

April 3-17 — Beulah, No. Dakota.

## IMPORTANT DATES

Sunday, April 10 — Palm Sunday.

Sunday, April 17 — Easter Sunday.

Great Things Must Be Expected  
of the  
**EASTER OFFERING**  
If God Is to Expect Great Things  
of North American Baptist  
Churches in Their Denominational Advance!

The Easter Offering Will Be  
Received in Your Church from  
Palm Sunday, April 10, to  
Easter Sunday, April 17

## THE BAPTIST HERALD

### DENOMINATIONAL LEAFLETS

The following new missionary and denominational leaflets are now available. Write to headquarters at 7308 Madison Street, Forest Park, Ill., with your requests, stating the name and number of the leaflets desired.

1. **THE BELO FIELD.** A six-page leaflet of the Cameroons, the first of a series of eight new leaflets describing our mission fields in the Cameroons, Africa.

2. **THE INDIAN MISSION.** A four-page, illustrated leaflet about our Indian mission field, converts and missionaries in Alberta.

3. **THE SPANISH - AMERICAN MISSION.** A six-page leaflet about our Mexican mission and missionaries in Colorado.

4. **THE CHINA VILLAGE MISSION.** A four-page leaflet about Miss Leona Ross and our village mission work in South China.

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Rev. R. Luchs

2131 No. Prospect  
Tacoma 6, Wash.

Rev. Adolf Reeh

First Baptist Church  
Stonington, Illinois

Rev. G. P. Schroeder

308 W. Forest Avenue  
Lodi, California

## THE BAPTIST HERALD

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

by the

ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS

3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland 14, Ohio

Martin L. Leuschner, D. D., Editor

Rev. E. J. Baumgartner, Business  
Manager

## AMONG OURSELVES

Many new names are being inscribed into the guest book at the denominational headquarters, 7308 Madison Street, Forest Park, Illinois. This building with its many secretarial offices, spacious conference room and busy relief center is well worth seeing for every North American Baptist. You will appreciate and understand the greatness of our denominational enterprise much more effectively after such a visit. The building is about ten miles from the heart of Chicago's Loop and can easily be reached by elevated train, bus or street car. A welcome always awaits you and a conducted tour of the headquarters building will be an exciting experience for you!

## IN THIS ISSUE

There are many Christian heroes and heroines who march across the pages of this issue who have found their source of joy and strength in the Risen Christ. He is the author of that victorious faith as depicted in messages by Prof. Rudolph Schade and Mrs. K. Louise Eichler. The testimony of a refugee-pastor from Hungary, the story about the Baptist deaconesses of Germany, and the latest word concerning the persecuted Baptist pastors of Bulgaria represent a triumphal march of God's children. That procession of Christian heroes is even more inspiring when the great events of Northfield's Conferences are reviewed in the light of personal history by Mr. H. P. Donner.

## COMING

**The Light Will Triumph** — Dr. John Leypoldt of Milwaukee, Wis., will bring a sermon on the theme selected for this year's General Conference.

**General Conference Program** — The program of the 29th General Conference to be held at Sioux Falls, So. Dak., from August 22 to 28 will be published in full.

**Christian Education in the Church** — This is an excellent message on a timely subject by the Rev. J. Lester Harnish, pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich.

# The BAPTIST HERALD

Volume 27

April 1, 1949

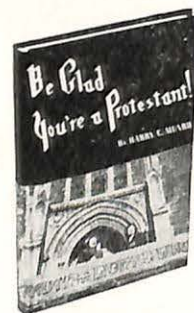
No. 7

## CONTENTS

"The Grandeur of Niagara Falls"	Ewing Galloway	Cover
Denominational Reminders		2
"The Power of an Endless Life"	(Editorial)	4
"The Day of Victory"	Prof. Rudolph Schade	5
"Easter's Bright Promises"	Mrs. K. Louise Eichler	6
"Sisters of Mercy in Germany"	Miss Gretchen Remmler	7
"The Protestant Trials of Bulgaria"		8
"Out of Great Tribulation"	Rev. Paul Galambos	9
"The Northfield Conferences of Yesterday"	Mr. H. P. Donner	10
"What's Happening"		12
"The Pilgrim's Guide"	Rev. Robert S. Hess	13
CLOUD ACROSS THE SUN	Chapter Thirteen	14
"We, the Women"	Mrs. Florence Schoeffel	17
Reports from the Field		18
February Contributions		21
"Capturing Easter's Thrill"	Rev. William Jeschke	22
Obituaries		23
"Home Again in America"	Miss Margaret Kittlitz	24
"The Face of Jesus"	Nellie S. Brooks	24

## BE GLAD YOU'RE A PROTESTANT

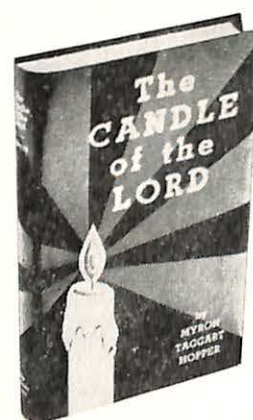
By HARRY C. MUNRO



This book is for Protestant Christians. It is meant for lay readers, especially young people. It should be in every Protestant home. It will serve well as a text for an elective course for a young people's group. The questions at the close of each chapter are a valuable feature. 138 pages, Price \$1.50

## THE CANDLE OF THE LORD

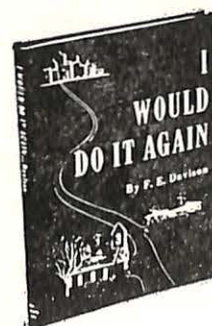
By MYRON TAGGART HOPPER



A Source book of worship services for young people. This book should be in every young people's library since it contains so much valuable material. It will serve as an excellent supplement to our own Youth Compass. 256 pages covering a wide range of Christian experience. The price is \$2.00

## I WOULD DO IT AGAIN

By F. E. DAVISON



A new book intended primarily for ministers and should be read by all of our pastors. 158 pages filled with helpful suggestions and experiences regarding the question, "What Shall I Do With my Life." The price is \$2.00. Your pastor will appreciate this as a gift.

# ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS

3734 Payne Avenue, CLEVELAND 14, Ohio

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

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES, \$2.00 per inch, single column, 2 1/4 inches wide.

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

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

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

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





## The Power of An Endless Life

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION gives power and glory to the endless life. Mere continued existence, *ad infinitum*, apart from Christ would be meaningless. But Christ who "hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel" has opened the portals wide into heaven with all of its enriching fellowship and purposeful activities for all eternity. Even the endless life will seem short in the light of those heavenly glories!

Easter is the story of the marvelous, miraculous fact that God was in Christ, not only reconciling the world to himself but also revealing in him the power of an endless life. In the seventh chapter of Hebrews, Christ is portrayed as the high priest according to the order of Melchisedec, in which there can be no change of the priesthood or of the law. This high priest, Jesus Christ, has "obtained a better covenant, which was established upon better promises" (Hebrews 8:6). Every description of Christ in these chapters shows how God made him "after the power of an endless life." Christ who once offered to bear the sins of many is entered "into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Hebrews 8:24).

This is much more than years mounting into millennia and aeons. This is immortality in all of its divine fullness and glorious power. This is the gift of eternal life, placed into our possession by the grace of God and received by faith in Jesus Christ. By it we shall have the eyes of our understanding enlightened, and know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints (Ephesians 1:18). In other words, we shall know what is "the exceeding greatness of his power toward us who believe, according to the working of his mighty power which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead" (Ephesians 1:19-20).

You cannot share in Easter's joys until you have felt the spiritual throb of this power in your own life. This is the secret of the Christian's victory, even in the face of persecution and a martyr's death. This is the motive of all true giving, even for the Easter Offering, as we spend ourselves and give sacrificially by the power that worketh in us. It is the revelation of Christ risen and living within us in all of his transfigured beauty.

How much of this power of an endless life have you known and received? You cannot wait until death removes you from this earthly habitation, for this is supremely a spiritual quality and a present possession. You cannot even wait until the observance of Easter, for calendar days are unimportant in the light of the present moment as you read these words and as God speaks to your heart.

O my soul, open the windows of prayer toward God and seek the best gifts of Easter! Let the living Christ rise gloriously over the deadness of your life! Then, and then only, can you know the power of an endless life!

## BIBLE TEXT

"My house shall be called the house of prayer" (Matthew 21:13).

These words of Jesus, quoted from the writings of the prophets, belong to the account of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The events of the first Palm Sunday can only be understood in the light of Christ's revelation of spiritual might and glory. It was the dramatization of his beatitude: "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." His kingdom was not of this world, for he had come to bear witness to the truth. Therefore, the real purpose of Christ's entry into Jerusalem was not so much for the purpose of receiving the plaudits and acclaim of the crowds but to cleanse the hearts of men and the temple of God. But his heart rejoices whenever people understand and receive the spiritual revelation of his entry and make of their hearts and temples a place of prayer, well pleasing to the Lord!

## THE EASTER OFFERING

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." If this word of the Lord Jesus Christ is really demonstrated by our people in the spirit of the Risen Lord, then our Easter Offering will be the largest in recent years. It will be received as usual by our churches on Palm Sunday, April 10 and on Easter Sunday, April 17. But it will be unusual this year in that it will test our financial strength and faithfulness in meeting the goal of the Million Dollar Offering. It is possible for us to fail in inspiring missionary and denominational advance, in which we are now engaged, unless every North American Baptist does his BEST in giving toward the Easter Offering.

## THE FRONT COVER

Niagara Falls is one of the most spectacular sights of America. Its beauty is awe-inspiring. The roar of the watery cascade is terrifying. Its picture of power is overwhelming. It moved the famous naturalist to write years ago: "All of the pictures you may see, all of the descriptions you may read of these mighty falls, can only produce in your mind the faint glimmer of the glowworm compared with the overpowering glory of the meridian sun." A glimmer of that glory which is Niagara Falls is caught in the front cover picture of this issue. It is appropriate for the Easter season since the picture prominently shows "the Rock of Ages" at the foot of the falls. The risen Christ is the Rock of Ages whose resurrection from the dead has withstood the scoffs and doubts of men and whose Presence among us is as abiding as that great rock formation in the midst of the surging falls about it.

# The Day of Victory

Only a risen Lord can live and only a living Lord can witness of himself as Savior to sinful men and women. That is our experience and witness today!

An Easter Sermon by Professor RUDOLF G. SCHADE of Elmhurst College, Elmhurst, Illinois

"But thanks to be God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15:57.

THE FAITHFUL through the ages have looked upon the day of the resurrection of our Lord as the day of victory of God over sin and death. It is a day of greatest rejoicing for the believers. With Paul they exclaim: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" This victory, like a new day, has cast its gleam into the dark valley of human existence and has guided man to a new life and a new hope. This day became the turning point in history; a new man was born; the cultural pattern of the civilized world began to undergo a slow but fantastic transformation. God was victorious over his arch enemy. Man looked with optimism into the future, for now all things were possible with God.

## THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

It is easier for us to look back upon the events surrounding the day of resurrection and to grasp their full significance than it was for the disciples of old. We look upon it from the vantage point of our own spiritual resurrection. Faith in Christ reveals to us the hidden mystery of his personality and work. We see him as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world; as the Son whom the loving Father gave that all who believe in him should not perish but have eternal life.

The disciples, however, thought he would "redeem Israel." They did not know that he would rise from the dead. Their hope was rooted in the son of Mary and not in the Son of God. It is true that all the disciples had heard the Master speak of his death and resurrection, but to hear was not enough. It was only after they had experienced the presence of the risen Lord that they fully understood the significance of his person and the importance of his message.

What had happened? What had transformed their fear into boldness and their sorrow into joy? We know

that the women went to the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea to visit Jesus. He was dead for them, as dead as those who had been executed with him. If he lived, he lived in their memory as anyone departed from our midst continues to live in our memory. They had not forgotten his words and deeds. How could they? The imprint these words had made upon their life was too great.

But as they went to the sepulchre, only one concern was upon their hearts. "Who shall roll away the stone?" This was necessary that they might see him once more. As they approached they saw the open tomb; the stone had been rolled away. They were told, "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified: he is risen." They had to realize what few dared to hope — Jesus lives!

## THE EMPTY TOMB

God's Son could not be held by death. The tomb, though sealed, had to burst open. A poet cloaks the event in these words:

"Tomb, thou shalt not hold him longer; Death is strong but life is stronger, Stronger than the dark, the light; Stronger than the wrong, the right."

It was a victory which shook heaven and earth. No one speaks of it as Paul does, rejoicing in the resurrection of Jesus, and through him in his own. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Now the impossible becomes possible. The fear of the disciples changes into boldness and courage. The spirit of defeat gives way to the assurance of victory, and the faltering heart is filled with faith and certitude in God's power to save and to sustain his own.

Besides the historic witness of the resurrection of Christ, marked by the empty tomb and the fulfillment of the words of the prophets and of Jesus himself, there is one which speaks with equal authority and is just as convincing. This is the experience of the risen Christ in the lives of men and women all through the ages. Only

a risen Lord can live and only a living Lord can witness of himself as Lord and Savior to sinful men and women.

No one had seen the resurrection take place. Few had seen the risen Lord as he appeared to his beloved disciples. But the cloud of witnesses of the resurrection grows from generation to generation. It is again Paul who, even as we, did not belong to the disciples who had sojourned with Jesus, but who experienced the risen Lord in an unmistakable manner. There was never a doubt in his mind regarding the true existence of Christ in the presence of God as well as in the world. Paul knew, and that was the reason for his courage and boldness, that Christ had saved him and had commissioned him to be a missionary. The crucified and risen Lord had spoken to him, and of him he witnessed. It is the same Christ who calls men into the ministry, recruits missionaries, saves sinners and builds churches in our day.

It may be difficult to push aside the veil which conceals Jesus. Perhaps the world in which we live has poisoned us, so that we cannot see spiritual things and can never understand them fully when we see them. We may be like Thomas. He wanted to see the Lord and put his hand into his. If there are doubts in our minds and hearts about the living Christ, let us cast our eyes upon his manifestations in history. For his sake the faithful endured "trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment" (Heb. 11:36). Thousands upon thousands have given their lives in service to him who has called them. The history of the modern missionary movement from Adoniram Judson to Albert Schweitzer reveals the power and spell which Jesus Christ casts upon those who love him.

## THE CHURCH UNDER THE CROSS

Recent events have given impetus to the coinage of a phrase regarding the Church of Christ in the world. We call the church wherever it is true to the mission, "the Church under the Cross." It is suggested by this phrase that the church is truly a suffering church. It is a church in which the words of Jesus, "Have they persecuted me, they shall persecute you also," have become real. The faithful are thrown into prison and are taken before the courts of the world. Small groups struggle against the odds of a secular culture and the influence of this culture upon the lives and thoughts of the faithful. Ministers and laymen are working shoulder to shoulder against great difficulties. The faithful give joyously of their time, talent and money that the name of the risen Lord may be proclaimed and

(Continued on page 22)



# Easter's Bright Promises

By MRS. K. LOUISE EICHLER of Erie, Pennsylvania

❖

steps on the path. Would I had been there to follow this trail of love, though to walk with him, I must walk the way he goes. Years have passed, yea, centuries, and still God keeps the road open for the tread of yearning souls to seek and find in Christ the Truth and the Way.

"As heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him." With patience past our finite understanding, forstalling the day of doom, though a sinful race with their many loves and dreams of naught still oppose the "glad tidings" and refuse to receive what so freely he bestows, he lingers reluctant to smite, seeking to scatter darkness from minds by beams of heavenly light and beseeches in grace and invokes to the ends of the earth the plea, "Look unto Me and be saved; oh, why will ye die?"

## CHRIST STANDS ALONE

One by one they all turned away and left this tired young man, stalwart and straight to stand alone on Pilate's floor in the silence of a breaking heart. In this fading day moving shapes still retreat with haunted minds and wistful sighs into the blackness of darkness from the realm of peace, tranquility and love, to climb wilfully the mountains of despair or grope along the tangled trail of sin and taste the grey tears of loss, to fear the years that are to be — banished from the blissful things of God; years that in Christ would be blest serenity! I could not do without him, O Soul; what will you do without him?

Smileless eyes never to laugh again, songless lips forever silent, hearts eternally unwhole, sunk beyond the hope of salvage — at what cost life was purchased, what nameless anguish on lone Golgotha's hill! "This is my body—who eats of it shall never hunger nor taste death."

The Sabbath sun is sinking, fast falls the night. We face a new "Lord's Day." The acceptable year of pleading in grace will soon be replaced by the day of vengeance, the doom of sin. Still insensitive to his Presence, frost cold hearts' door are closed, un-

windful of his plea. Like the keeper of the inn, they snap and bolt and bar and turn the key. I censure them with quick hurt, and unseen tears rush unbidden to the eyes, and yet BECAUSE of me Christ knelt alone in unspeakable humility in Calvary.

## THE TORCH OF A LIVING FAITH

In perfect abandon to the will of God, I must carry my torch of faith like a beacon in the darkness, for darkness can be beautiful with the unwavering brightness of faith's candlelight. Although I pass in slow, uncomfortable progress the furious stares of many, I will hold it high to weather the chilling rain and dashing winds and so crucify and slay self-centered words and ways of self-pity, will and praise and bury them deep, never to rise again and resurrect "self" in control and respect and THYSELF in possession!

He knows well what dwells in sinful human hearts. No one need reveal or can conceal the hidden secret part that ensnares the life. But only to touch the hem of the garment of love, what light and glory will then shine o'er all our ways. The heart's haunted chamber will give up its ghost when filled with his Presence.

Through tear dimmed sight I see the tight rosebud unfold gradually to loveliness; so the soul comes on its long search for God. It is fatal to stem the floodtide of heart-hunger or to quench the heavenly fires within.

Once I roamed pathetically where pleasures and comforts lay with thoughts of languid ease and disregarded my soul and THEN I met him and saw his broken heart, yet peaceful face, and I blushed to see his eyes full of sorrow and pity which were keenly fixed on me. Now the threads of fabric I weave on life's loom are thoughts for the souls of men since I lost my life to live as never before.

When at last I escape this frail, tired fleshly husk to seek the blissful refuge of the glories of Eternal God, to my words, "A friend of Christ of Galilee, may I hear the welcome answer, "Friend, thy speech betrayeth thee."

AS EASTER comes again, I stand enchanted upon the veiled horizon of the glorious Springtime. In the air there is a faint, fresh fragrance of the promise of new life — of rebirth. I see, in more than mere vaporings of imagination, amid the brown flowers withered and dead and long since tucked away down deep within the brown earth, the promise of roses, red like hearts and sweet with love, heart's ease of kindness, sunny marigolds brave and bright, blue forget-me-nots of prayer, and modestly peeping-forth, sweet violets, like hidden truth. There are the blooming lilies like white flowers of blameless lives and poppies of symbols of rest from toil, all waiting Spring to uncover them when they will rise again to smile anew. There is so much wonder and mystery between sky and earth, between death and rebirth.

## HEAVEN'S ETERNAL SPRING

My heart leaps with the responsive thrill of something deep within — one of the lofty moments when the soul is near God. Although, like the flowers, I too, must someday rest beneath the sod, heaven's Son will raise me up through the mists of death which fill the valley into the bright morning land of heaven's eternal Spring.

Christ walked through Galilee, the "sweetest name on earth." Violets must have sprung beneath his foot-

"Let one supreme Te Deum roll round the World's highway,  
For death is swallowed up of life and Christ is risen today!"

With Great Joy and With Eagerness to Serve Bring Your EASTER OFFERING for the Risen Lord and With Him Let Us Go Forward in Our Denominational Enterprise!



Young Baptist Student Nurses of the "Albertinen" Deaconess Home in Hamburg, Germany With Dresses and Aprons Provided by Our North American Baptist Relief Fund

IN GERMANY there are three large Baptist Deaconess Homes. One of them is located in Berlin-Dahlem and numbers about 350 deaconesses, whose superintendent, with the title "Frau Oberin", is Franziska Verch. At Hamburg-Blankenese is the "Tabea Home" with 270 deaconesses, and Frau Oberin Elisabeth Kapitzki is the leader. The "Albertinenhaus" (formerly Siloah Deaconess Home), with 90 deaconesses, is located in Hamburg and is headed by Frau Oberin Martha Kropat.

When the Evangelical Free Churches merged with the Baptists in prewar times, a group of 27 "Persis" deaconesses, residing at Wuppertal-Elberfeld, under the leadership of Frau Oberin Kaethe Strothmann, was added. Another group of 25 "Tabea" Baptist deaconesses joined our work in Germany when their Home at Lodz, Poland, was destroyed near the end of the war, and these deaconesses with Frau Oberin Bertha Lohrer took refuge in an emergency hospital at Niedersessmar, Rheinland.

The Deaconess Homes are called "mother-house", and they are real homes to the consecrated Baptist women who find their life-calling in serving mankind "for Jesus sake." These deaconesses receive a thorough training, so that they can serve either as nurses in hospitals and private homes, or as church missionaries, welfare workers, or in similar capacities. Their living in a deaconess home forms an essential part of their training for life-service.

The deaconess homes are very well organized, and before the war they were well-to-do. The home of the "Tabea" deaconesses in Hamburg was completely destroyed during the war, and they are now living at Blankenese housed officers of the German army, in a rented home which formerly

# Sisters of Mercy in Germany

The story of Baptist Deaconess Homes in Germany

By MISS GRETCHEN REMM-  
LER of Forest Park, Illinois

Home to begin their training, their clothes and shoes were worn and torn; the girls had to be clothed, first of all. When their training period is over and the graduates become deaconesses, they will need black dresses — gowns and caps like the ten Berlin church missionaries are wearing in the other picture.

On our relief lists we have the names and addresses of our women missionaries who serve in the various Baptist churches all over Germany. It was our privilege to supply them with clothes and food which they could use for themselves and for distribution among the needy.

As we strengthen the hands of those "Sisters of Mercy," as they are commonly called, we are serving our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Therefore, let us continue to sow the good seed, "and let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." (Gal. 6:9).



Ten Baptist Church Missionaries of Berlin, Germany Dressed in the Familiar Garb of Gowns and Caps as Baptist Deaconesses Following Their Intensive Training at Deaconess Homes



# The Protestant Trials of Bulgaria

A Statement Prepared by the Headquarters' Staff of Forest Park, Illinois

Concerning Our Baptist Missionaries in Bulgaria

ACCORDING to news dispatches which reached the North American Baptist Headquarters at Forest Park, Illinois, the Rev. Nikola Michailoff Naumov and the Rev. Goergi Vassof of Bulgaria, Baptist pastors who were being tried on various charges in Bulgaria, confessed that they had been guilty of carrying on espionage activities in behalf of the North American Baptist General Missionary Society and that they have received such requests for information from Dr. William Kuhn, at that time the general secretary of the Missionary Society.

## TEARFUL CONFESSIONS

Practically all of the fifteen accused pastors, including the Brethren Michailoff (whose name many newspapers give as Naumov) and Vassof, our Baptist missionaries, made long and tearful confessions. They pleaded

"On behalf of the North American Baptist General Missionary Society we wish to state categorically that we have never had any connection whatsoever with the intelligence branches of the United States Government and that the Baptist pastors, Rev. Nikola Michailoff Naumov and Rev. Goergi Vassof as well as all other Baptist pastors of Bulgaria, have never had any relationships with us except those that have been purely religious and missionary.

## MISSION FIELD IN BULGARIA

"In 1920 the Baptist World Alliance representing 12 million Baptists throughout the world entrusted the Baptists located in Bulgaria as well as the neighboring Balkan lands to the North American Baptist General Conference with headquarters in Forest Park, Illinois. Since the Baptist congregations in Bulgaria are very small

that time with the full knowledge and legal approval of the Bulgarian political authorities.

"This has involved correspondence between Dr. William Kuhn, the former General Missionary Secretary, and more recently the Rev. H. G. Dymmel, the present general missionary secretary, with the Bulgarian Baptist pastors. But there has never been any request for reconnaissance and intelligence information which have been solicited or received by us from any one of the Bulgarian Baptist pastors. All reports which they have made to the North American Baptist General Missionary Society have concerned missionary activities purely.

## MISSION TOUR OF 1938

"In 1938 Dr. William Kuhn and the Rev. Martin L. Leuschner as editor of THE BAPTIST HERALD made a missionary inspection tour of the Bulgarian Baptist churches and mission fields. That visit was entirely for the purpose of studying the spiritual conditions of these Bulgarian Baptist churches. No intelligence or espionage activities were even thought of or discussed during the time of the visit. Through long years of correspondence and the visit of 1938 the impression was gained at that time by the American visitors that everyone of these Bulgarian Baptist pastors was a true and ardent patriot of the Bulgarian Fatherland. The picture of Bulgarian national political figures and the display of Bulgarian national emblems in their homes as well as the enthusiasm with which these Baptist pastors depicted Bulgarian national history gave ample proof of their loyalty to their country."

We have been disturbed by these confessions. No doubt, some readers of "The Baptist Herald" have likewise been concerned, for letters and newspaper clippings reach our office from various parts of our country.

## PRAY FOR OUR BRETHERN!

Why have these men pleaded guilty to such serious charges, when in our opinion they are completely innocent? Dr. Arnold T. Ohrn, general secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, paid a visit to our office on March 1st and gave us a very clear insight into such situations. Having spent the years from 1940 to 1945 under a dictatorial regime, he is intimately acquainted with the means such governments use

(Continued on Page 22)



The Bulgarian Baptist Conference of Pastors and Leaders, Meeting Years Ago at Sofia. With Rev. Goergi Vassof at Extreme Left (Standing) and Rev. Nikola Michailoff (Third from Left, Standing), Both of Whom Are Now Imprisoned in Bulgaria

guilty to black market activity and treason. In their confessions, they implicated the Brethren Karl Fuellbrandt, William Kuhn and Martin L. Leuschner.

At the time when these statements were made, the Associated and United Press news services urgently requested a statement from our office. Brother Dymmel was in Canada and Brother Kuhn was on the Pacific Coast. Feeling that a denial of the charges should be made by our denomination so that it could appear simultaneously with the news reports, the secretaries who were here at the office at the time prepared and released such a statement, which follows:

## THE BULGARIAN TRIALS

The Bulgarian court sentenced the Rev. Nikola Michailoff and the other Protestant leaders to life imprisonment, and sentences of varying years of imprisonment were imposed upon the other evangelical pastors, including the Baptist ministers. The American and English press has generally been regarding the Bulgarian trials as a "farce in justice."



The Rev. Paul Galambos, a Refugee from Hungary, Is Shown at the Left With Dr. George A. Lang in Front of Our Rochester Seminary Where He Is Now a Student; and (Right) He Is Shown (Extreme Right With His Baptist Congregation and Visitors at Gyorkony, Hungary in 1938

# We Came Out of Great Tribulation

By the REV. PAUL GALAMBOS, a Refugee from Hungary Who at Present Is a Student at Our Rochester Seminary

"They which came out of great tribulation."

Revelation 7:14-17.

PRaise BE TO GOD our Lord, for it was he who helped us and led us into our new home country, into this beautiful land of liberty. Well, we are here and our heart is full of happiness and joy. With a great love we greet all our dear brothers and sisters and the good friends in our denomination heartily.

We arrived in the United States on Christmas Day, and on that very evening we took part in the Christmas festival of the First Hungarian Baptist Church in Akron, Ohio. All that we saw and heard there, all that happened around us and with us, climaxed by the hearty welcome of the church and of all our relatives, was so overwhelming that we felt that all this could not possibly be true. It seemed to be only a dream. During the first week almost every day brought a pleasant surprise to us and we felt day by day that God is so good to us.

## U. S. EMIGRATION CENTER

The days, months and years of great distress are behind us, and, we believe, they are behind us forever! We waited for two and a half years for our emigration. During the last eight months we lived in a camp, in the United States Emigration Center in Munich, Germany. About 5000 people lived in this camp under similar circumstances as we did, and therefore I wish to describe our life there.

## REV. PAUL GALAMBOS

The Rev. Paul Galambos is studying at our Rochester Seminary for six months to prepare himself more effectively as the pastor of one of our churches. He can be heartily recommended to one of our bilingual churches. He and his family will be available for service in a church after May 1st. He will also be a speaker at the General Conference in Sioux Falls, No. Dak.

We lived together with fifteen people in one room. We had no table, no chairs, no cupboard in the room. All our furniture consisted of fifteen American Army bedstands. Our clothes hung on the walls. On the beds we ate our breakfast, and mostly our supper. On these beds we sat down when we were tired. We had so few blankets that, when sleeping, we had to cover ourselves with our overcoats in order not to catch a cold.

Our food was very poor. One day a doctor friend of mine came to see us and I invited him to take lunch with us. I asked him for his opinion about the lunch. He said: "The proverb says: 'Too little to live and too much to die', but I say to you, 'If you have nothing else to eat, you must die.' That was true! If we hadn't received food from our good American friends, brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ, I cannot imagine how we could have escaped starving."

On this occasion, I want to express our hearty thanks for all your gifts which you have sent to the suffering people in Germany. Possibly the permanent inhabitants of the camp had somewhat more comforts, but they live under similarly bad circumstances.

In one camp there is a small Ukrainian Baptist Church and a Latvian Baptist Church. In the latter church I preached twice a week for five months. There are a great many such D. P. camps in Germany and Austria.

## THE PLIGHT OF REFUGEES

Many of the Displaced Persons and particularly the refugees of German descent, who came from Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, and the refugees of East Germany live privately but they are similarly crowded in their small lodgings. They are just as poor, if not more so than those in the camps. I want to mention several cases, as an example.

Far in the Bavarian forest I visited a Baptist family as soon as I got their address from the "Bruderhilfe" office. I found seven little children there, the oldest one 13 years old. The father was an invalid and without a job. What I saw there almost broke my heart. I ate dinner with them, consisting of mashed potatoes, cooked in pure water without a bit of fat. They lived in a small cabin outside of the town. It was winter time, but they had no overcoats and no shoes for the children who ought to be going to school. Only the oldest girl was at school.

When I came home from there, I packed all the clothes which I had received from the gifts of the "Bruderhilfe" and sent them to this family. Some days later I was able to send them fat, powdered milk, and other

(Continued on Page 13)





North American Baptist Young People of Yesterday Among the Birch Trees of the Northfield Conference Grounds With Mr. H. P. Donner at the Back of the Group and Mr. Samuel Hamel to His Left

## The Northfield Conferences of Yesterday

Golden Reminiscences of One of America's Greatest Conference Grounds of Yesterday

By MR. H. P. DONNER of Cleveland, Ohio

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH once told me that he had visited one of the Northfield conferences and that it had proved to be a crisis in his life. At the turning of the century many Christians flocked to that sequestered spot in Massachusetts for spiritual inspiration.

Some of our pastors in the New York area were attracted to its deepening influence. I recall meeting some of them there, together with a number of our church missionaries, as for instance, the Misses Augusta and Hannah Seils, Miss Hannah Ritzmann and Miss Kraft who drew on these spiritual resources for new strength to carry on their exacting tasks. This throws some light on those years of devoted service. Guests came from all parts of the country and there were those also from foreign lands. Northfield became a spiritual mecca in those early years.

### ITS FOUNDER, D. L. MOODY

The Northfield Conferences were a development, having had a very modest beginning under the providential leadership of that great evangelist of the past generation, Dwight L. Moody. Two great schools had been founded, Northfield Seminary for girls and Mount Hermon for boys, between the years 1879 and 1881 with spacious campuses, the former on the east shore of the Connecticut River and the other on the opposite bank. These grounds and buildings became available for such gatherings. First, there were dormitories and later, the Gothic Sage Chapel and the auditorium with its seating capacity of 2500.

The inception of the movement was a simple gathering of guests and neighbors for Bible study conducted by Mr. Moody himself. Later, it became his annual experience to entertain

distinguished ministers from Great Britain who could then serve in similar ways. These meetings centered on Bible study and prayer.

In 1880 there was issued a call to a "Convocation for Prayer." Three hundred persons attended. This was the beginning of what became a permanent institution. After 1885 the conferences were held annually, the largest one known as the General Conference for Christian Workers.

It was in 1886 that the first College Students' Conference was held and this developed into a veritable movement, the spiritual impact of which reached around the globe. Out of it grew the dynamic Student Volunteer Movement which exerted a tremendous influence in the colleges and universities of that day, enlisting young men like Robert Wilder, John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer in globular service. The General Conference assumed the largest place in the planning and as the years rolled on attracted increasingly large attendance until the housing facilities were greatly taxed.

### SPIRITUAL GIANTS

In the early days men like Henry Drummond, George Adam Smith and Andrew Murray were enlisted, and

### MR. DONNER'S BIRTHDAY ON APRIL 13th

Mr. H. P. Donner, for 34 years (from 1912 to 1946) the business manager of our Publication Society, will observe his 88th birthday on Wednesday, April 13th. Many of his friends will want to send their greetings and congratulations to him on this memorable milestone in his life. His address is 3172 Warrington Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio.

such distinguished platform speakers greatly augmented the popularity of the yearly convocations. The simple requirement of all men admitted to the Northfield platform was belief in the deity of Jesus, the atonement by his death and the final authority of the Holy Scriptures. This was the evangelical standard maintained through the years. The emphasis lay on the deeper spiritual life.

More and more, such men were invited who were active in the Keswick, England meetings which were the pattern for other European countries, including the Blankenburg Conference in Germany. Complete surrender and yieldedness to the indwelling Holy Spirit were urged with holy fervor. This brought men like F. B. Meyer, Webb Peplow, G. Campbell Morgan, J. Stuart Holden and Samuel Chadwick from Great Britain to Northfield whose ministrations were of incalculable value molding the lives of many who attended.

Concurrently with these men of God were a number of American pulpiteres who greatly strengthened the prestige of these annual conferences with effective preaching and Bible exposition. Their services added much to the well-rounded out program, which made Northfield a source of great power. I refer to the saintly A. J. Gordon, the brilliant Arthur T. Pierson, the missionary-statesman Henry C. Mabie, and the first president of Crozer Seminary, Henry G. Weston, as well as such men as R. A. Torrey, A. T. Schofield and A. C. Dixon, not forgetting the consecrated masters of song, such as Ira D. Sankey, George C. Stebbins, Lewis S. Chafer and Charles M. Alexander. We hope in a succeeding article to bring a few biographical sketches of some of these men who gave themselves unstintingly to this unique service.

### EVANGELICAL KEYNOTE

These men of spiritual prowess gave a setting to these assemblies of that period when the founder, Dwight L. Moody, and after his homegoing his son, William R. Moody, so ably directed them and the evangelical keynote peeled out with no uncertain sound. It is greatly deplored that there followed a lapse in the preaching of the historic faith entrusted to God's messengers and with it went the power of the earlier day. The platform became a forum of religion and the conferences' influence faded away. How very sad!

It was in the beginning of this declension that I urged my pastor to go to Northfield, as I had repeatedly done with others. Upon his return I was eager to know what lasting spiritual impression had been received but what seemed to impress him most was the scenic beauty of the place.

Northfield was the birthplace of D. L. Moody which he left when a youth for Boston to find a business career but where he also found a Savior to whom he yielded his prodigious strength to become the greatest evangelist of his generation and a mighty leader of men. To Northfield he returned in his riper manhood to find a resting place for his family and which became, without premeditation, a great religious and cultured center with repercussions in all parts of the earth.

### NORTHFIELD'S BEAUTY

Northfield is ideally situated on the banks of the placid, deep, and swiftly flowing Connecticut River on the northern border of Massachusetts within a few rods of the juncture of Hampshire and Vermont, having a that state with the states of New ravishing view of the White Mountains of the former and the Green Mountains of the latter state.

Off to the west is seen the beauty of the Berkshire Hills, over which shimmer rallying mists in the late summer only to be dissipated by the breaking through of the sun's rays as the day advances. This vista gave birth to the song known to earlier days, "When The Mists Have Rolled in Splendor" written by Annie Herbert and to which Ira D. Sankey set the music.

This is one of the charming landscapes with which New England abounds. It is obvious that this beautiful countryside as a background for the spiritual forces released in the conferences drew to its embrace thousands of visitors year after year. I look back, with much gratitude, to the conferences which I was privileged to visit in the eighteen-nineties and in the first decade of this century. They influenced me profoundly. They did much in leading me into full-time Christian service.



Handsome Young Samuel Hamel Is Visited (Many Years Ago) by a Group of Attractive North American Baptist Young Women at His Tent on the Northfield Conference Grounds

## What Easter Means to Me

A Personal Testimony by MISS VIOLET MEHLHAFF of Sioux Falls College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

EASTER! What does Easter mean to you, to me? Have you ever stopped to think what Easter means to you? Have you ever consulted Webster just to see what he says as to Easter's meaning. In his words he states that it is an annual church celebration commemorating Christ's resurrection. That to me is a rather cold meaning. Easter is much more than that.

Easter comes at a very pleasant time of the year. Spring is blossoming, flowers are blooming and trees are budding everywhere. All nature round about is springing forth. Nature is dressing herself in a clean, new garment. So we as Christians should put on a new robe of righteousness and of cleanliness. To me, Easter is the most perfect time to do just that.

### EASTER'S GLORY

In the thatched huts of the Pacific Islands, in the great cathedrals of Europe, at open air dawn services from San Francisco to Boston, Christians will gather to hear the message of the justification of their faith. Wherever the message is brought forth, the truth will still shine with the same glory that burst on the eyes of the astonished disciples on the first Easter morning when Jesus Christ had risen from the dead.

In your imagination travel back with me to a day almost two thousand

years ago. Come with me for a visit to Jerusalem in the upper room on Jesus' last night before his crucifixion. The air is that of suspense and impending tragedy. We hear Jesus saying to the disciples, "Take and eat this; it means my body."

The simple, symbolic rite of the broken bread and outpoured wine was only fully understood by Jesus. The disciples and Christians since then have only imperfectly glimpsed its meaning and purpose. Does its meaning not go beyond the fact that he lived, beyond any attempt to make it a means of selfishly getting benefits for ourselves?

Surely, the meaning of the rite is found in the Christian's fidelity to the moral and spiritual qualities which Christ embodies and his dedication to the realization of the ideals and spirit of Christ "in earth, as it is in heaven."

### CHRIST SUFFERED FOR US

Again, join me as we journey to Calvary, there seeing Christ suffering and dying on the tree. The thing that is so astounding about this is that he did it for you and for me. He did that so we now can have a real reason for living.

Last summer I served as the dramatic director and counsellor in a Junior High Camp. Never in my life (Continued on Page 23)



# What's Happening

● The Rev. O. E. Reeh has resigned as pastor of the Baptist Church of La Salle, Colorado, which he has served since 1942. On April 1st he is beginning his ministry in the First Baptist Church of Stonington, Illinois, a church of the Northern Baptist Convention. In February a series of pre-Lenten services were held at the La Salle Baptist Church with the Rev. L. H. Smith of Denver, Colorado serving as guest evangelist.

● Dr. Arnold T. Ohn of Washington, D. C., the general secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, spent the greater part of Tuesday, March 1st, at our headquarters in Forest Park, Ill. He conferred with the Rev. Frank H. Woyke, executive secretary, regarding the Baptist relief ministry and plans for the Baptist Congress to be held in Cleveland, Ohio in 1950 and brought an informative message regarding Baptists throughout the world at the weekly prayer meeting of the headquarters' staff.

● The West Center Street Baptist Church of Madison, South Dakota has extended a call to the Rev. Herbert Hiller of Buffalo, New York to which a favorable answer has been given. Mr. Hiller has served as pastor of the Temple Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., since 1941. His resignation, when presented to the church, was heard with deep and sincere regret. He will assume his pastorate in Madison, South Dakota on May 1st and will succeed the Rev. H. R. Schroeder, now of Chicago, Illinois.

● The Forest Park Baptist Church of Forest Park, Ill., has extended a call to Miss Adelaide Klatt to become its church missionary, to which a favorable response has been given. Miss Klatt has been working since 1946 as stenographer at the denominational headquarters in Forest Park, Ill., but she has felt to call of God to a more extended missionary service in the influential ministry of the Forest Park Church. She will begin her services at the church on May 1st and will work under the supervision of the Rev. C. B. Nordland, pastor.

● Throughout the Lenten season the Rev. A. R. Bernadt of the Oak Street Church of Burlington, Iowa is bringing messages on the words of Jesus from the Cross with the choir presenting the corresponding word from the oratorio, "The Seven Last Words of Christ" by Du Bois. The annual

## FOR EASTER

"Oh, let me know  
The power of the resurrection;  
Oh, let me show  
Thy risen life in calm and clear  
reflection;  
Oh, let me give  
Out of the gifts thou freely  
gavest;  
Oh, let me live  
With life abundantly because  
thou livest."

—Frances Ridley Havergal  
**This Blessing of Easter Will Be  
Yours As You Give Towards  
THE EASTR OFFERING  
Palm Sunday, April 10, to Easter  
Sunday, April 17**

School of Religion for Burlington Protestant Churches is being held in the Oak Street Baptist Church on Tuesday evenings from March 1st to April 5th with the Rev. A. R. Bernadt serving as dean. Ten leadership classes are being presented at these weekly sessions from 7:30 to 9:30 P.M.

● The fourth annual Lenten series of meetings is being held on Thursday evenings from March 31 to April 14 by the State Park Baptist Church of Peoria, Ill. Among the speakers have been the Rev. Frank H. Woyke of Forest Park, Ill., on March 17, and the Rev. L. H. Broeker of St. Joseph, Mich., on March 31. A "Spiritual Awakening Rally" was conducted for a week from March 20 to 25 by the Rev. Herman H. Mauch of Bluefield, West Virginia. In observance of National Youth Week, a young people's banquet was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 19, with Mr. Harold W. Giesecke, vice-president of the National Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union, as speaker. Mr. Giesecke also brought the message at the evening service on Feb. 20. The Rev. Frank H. Veninga is pastor of the church.

● Miss Margaret Kittlitz, one of our 26 Cameroons missionaries, arrived in the United States on Feb. 19 and spent several days thereafter in the greater Chicago area and at the Forest Park headquarters. She stayed at the dormitory of the Baptist Missionary Training School of Chicago, which is the school from which she was graduated. On Sunday morning, Feb. 27, she attended the services of the Forest Park Baptist Church and on that Sunday evening viewed the Cam-

eroons missionary pictures which were shown to a large audience at the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago. On Monday, Feb. 28, she traveled southward to Waco, Texas to be with her family and the Central Baptist Church and to enjoy a long deserved rest for several months. Her further plans will be announced shortly.

● The Rev. M. L. Leuschner, promotional secretary, addressed a group of 400 women of the Fundamental Baptist Women's Missionary Fellowship of Buffalo, New York at the Prospect Ave. Baptist Church on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 22. About 20 Baptist churches of Greater Buffalo are associated together in this fellowship. Mrs. Paul Loth, wife of the pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church of the city, is president of the organization for the current year. It has for its purpose the promotion of missionary interests and the opportunity of hearing missionary speakers or about important Baptist mission fields. The occasion was also the fourth anniversary of the fellowship, which was recognized at the luncheon tables. Mr. Leuschner described the missionary ministry of the North American Baptist Churches. The Fellowship made substantial gifts with \$100 towards our relief work and \$60 towards the Cameroons mission field.

● On Sunday, Feb. 27, the First Church of Chicago, Ill., observed "Thanksgiving and Consecration Day" with the pastor, the Rev. Robert Schreiber, speaking at the morning service on "What Can I Do?" The new building campaign for a \$100,000 edifice was launched with prayer and the distribution of a colorful eight page booklet presenting the story of the building project. A goal of \$20,000 has been set for the year 1949. Mr. Edward Meister is chairman of the building committee and Mr. Walter Pankratz is serving as chairman of the Finance Committee. On that Sunday evening the first service was held with the Gross Park Immanuel Church congregation in the latter's church. These services on Sunday evenings will represent the congregation of the newly organized Foster Avenue Baptist Church, which is the merger of the two former churches with the Rev. Robert Schreiber as pastor. A sketch of the proposed new church building is shown among "the Reports from the Field" in this issue.

## Out of Tribulation

(Continued from Page 9)

foods and more clothes, which were sent from America and divided by the "Bruderhilfe." They couldn't thank me enough for them.

In a small Bavarian village, far from a Baptist church, two elderly sisters lived, one a sick widow of 79 years and her 81-year-old unmarried sister. One winter day, early in the morning, when I brought them a gift parcel with food and some fine garments, they were still in bed, because they had no fuel to heat the small room throughout the day. After reading the Bible and praying with them, I was accompanied to the door by the eldest sister, who, after looking around to be sure that nobody might see it, not even her sister, gave me a kiss and said: "I'm old and so I can give you a kiss. I thank you for all you have brought us. Please write to our American brethren for us and say that we thank them very much."

Finally, I wish to say something about my own people of Hungary about the many thousands of refugees who are outcasts from their home country where they, their fathers, grandparents and great-grandparents were good citizens and loyal patriots, and now they are outcasts, solely because their ancestors were Germans. They are the real Displaced Persons, because they cannot go back into their homes. They are unwanted in Germany, because the German people fear that they might get the right to settle there. But they are also unwanted in the International Relief Organization, because they are regarded as Germans, and so their opportunity to emigrate is limited.

They are homeless and hopeless. It is a pitiful question which has to be solved. I plead for them especially, but I plead also for all refugees who are still in great distress. Please help them to a new home, help them to ease their heavy cross. Although I am already here in this new homeland, I cannot be really happy when I think of their unhappiness.

Although they are all suffering, they do not forget to take care of their spiritual life. I could tell you much about God's blessings among the Baptist refugees in Catholic Bavaria, but my space is limited for the present.

Now that I am here in "the land of unlimited possibilities" I want to seize only one of them, namely, to serve my Lord with a greater devotion, to help to prepare the Church for his glorious coming, and to save many souls for our Master, Jesus Christ. This will be my opportunity somewhere in the United States, wherever my Savior will have me stay.

# The Pilgrim's Guide

Brief Expositions of God's Word

By the REV. ROBERT S. HESS of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

❖

## TWO EMMAUS DISCIPLES

LUKE 24:13-35 we have one of the recorded appearances of Christ after his resurrection. The event occurred on the same day he arose from the dead. The narrative is peculiar to Luke which has given weight to the conjecture that the unnamed disciple was Luke himself. They were walking to Emmaus, a village about six and one-half miles from Jerusalem. It was a two-hour walk. They were going home after the Passover.

## TWO CONFUSED DISCIPLES

(Verses 13-24)

As they walked, the subject of conversation was the crucifixion and tales of Jesus missing from the sepulchre. Those who love Christ make him the subject of their conversation. It is to such that he draws nigh, for "they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another; and the Lord heard it."

While they rehearsed the events, endeavoring to come to an understanding of the things which they saw and heard, Christ drew near and walked with them. Thus he comes to troubled hearts. He appeared "in another form" or perhaps miraculously kept them from recognizing him. Christ knew, but inquired concerning their serious conversation and their sad, downcast appearance. Cleopas revealed their perplexed and sorrowing hearts. They had hoped for political deliverance from Rome and for a victorious, ruling Messiah. Instead, crucifixion and tales of an empty tomb had amazed them. They were about to give up the cause, with no place to turn.

How tragic it is to be lost to the Savior. It was not the loss of money and position, but the loss of a person, their dearest friend, that caused sorrow. But he was alive and near. They were never lost to him. Let us remember this when the storm clouds come. Of all people, the disciples should have been the most unlikely to be in such confusion. It was their great hour of triumph and gladness, yet they knew it not. Let's look up!

## TWO INFORMED DISCIPLES

(Verses 25-31)

The risen Savior speaks a word of rebuke because of the slowness to believe. Here the word "fool" de-

notes a dullness of understanding. Unbelievers often brand Christians as "fools," but Christ tells us that those who believe not are fools. Through his exposition, "Christ in the Scriptures," their confused minds were informed, their sorrowing hearts became learning hearts. No doubt, as he revealed himself through the Word, they saw the necessity of the Messiah's sufferings and his triumph over death. When the mind is thus enlightened and the heart willing to learn, God's Word takes on a new meaning.

They drew near to Emmaus, and upon invitation, he came to abide with them. The Son of God is eager to come and abide in our hearts and homes, but he never forces his entrance. He comes upon the invitation of faith and love. It was during the supper hour that "their eyes were opened" and they recognized Christ, after which he disappeared. What a wonderful revelation! They saw the risen Lord. What if they had not invited him to lodge at their house? What profit is it to entertain self and the world in our hearts instead of the risen Christ, and to lose his salvation and companionship? May God open our eyes to see the risen, glorified Christ.

## TWO REJOICING DISCIPLES

(Verse 32)

The sorrowing hearts gave place to the learning hearts, and they, in turn, gave place to burning hearts. When they saw him, their doubts vanished, their hopes were realized and joy filled their hearts. The divine warmth of spirit was an evidence of the living Christ. This verse and the following verses express extraordinary emotion and delight of soul. His resurrection is here attested by the differences made in the lives of these two disciples. Their bewilderment and sorrow ended in assurance and joy.

## TWO WITNESSING DISCIPLES

(Verses 33-35)

With hearts overflowing with joy, they had to share the good news with others. A cold heart will never produce Christian energy, but a burning heart always leads to a yearning to go and tell. Where there is a real experience of joy of salvation, the sparks

(Continued on Page 23)





—Photo by Herman Siemund  
Forests of Trees Can Be Seen on the Way to Paradise Valley on the Slopes of Mount Rainier, Washington.

# Cloud Across the Sun

A Novel by G. FRANKLIN ALLEE

(Copyright by Zondervan Publishing House)

## SYNOPSIS

Larry Brantwell, a famous radio announcer and singer, was told by the doctor that he was through with his radio career because of a bad throat condition. All that the doctor could further suggest was to get out-of-doors, to go logging in the Northwest country. It wasn't long before Larry was on his way to the white-capped Olympics in Washington to begin life all over again at Camp One, of which Big Jim Rand, a bold dynamis leader, was foreman. As a result of a friendship with the boss, Sam Reese, Larry was made superintendent and later discovered a way of putting the logging company back on its feet financially. He also miraculously escaped a fierce cougar in the woods because of the cook's hound, even though the cook lost his life in the struggle that ensued when the men were attacked by the beast. A few days later Larry was invited to lunch by Mr. Hill, the wealthy lumberman.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

HE DAY had become gloomy, with a low-hanging overcast, but the fire glowing in the fireplace brought just the right sense of coziness, of security from the storm. Hill leaned back in a tall, deeply-cushioned chair, drew a deep sigh of satisfaction, and said "This is the kind of labor I favor."

"Yes; I could take a lot of this without overdoing. Sounds as though the storm is increasing," Larry replied, as a gust of wind smote the window.

Hill's shoulders trembled; whether he shivered at the sound of the storm or shuddered at some memory it provoked, the younger man was at a loss

to know, but his next words revealed at least a portion of the reason: "Nothing makes me more miserable than a storm of wind and rain."

Larry glanced at the finely-molded features of the man as they were silhouetted against the soft light of the fire. Again he was reminded of that strange, indefinable cloak of mystery that continually surrounded him. It was not that he was deliberately secretive, but rather that he was apparently closed in upon by some force beyond his control, some outward power, or an uncontrollable trait of his own nature. When it seemed that one was about to penetrate that veil, to come close to the man behind it, a question of an unfortunate word would draw it quickly about him again. But as they talked on, occasionally lapsing into recesses of silence, the veil was gradually pushed aside. It was a day fit for confidences, with the sound of the dripping rain and the rising wind on the outside, while the cozy crackling of the fire on the inside, as if by comparison, added to the sense of comfort, security and isolation.

They had been sitting there some time when, in response to a carefully-worded question, the lumberman said, "I've been in the lumber business ever since I can remember. I started in as a buckner, then was made

logging boss, and later superintendent. My employer was old, and when he foresaw the crash of the late twenties coming he turned the business over to me—almost entirely on a credit arrangement. I managed to pull through that, and by the time the war was started I was out in the clear. Since then it's been easy to go ahead."

"Well maybe there's a hope for me," Larry said, laughing. "Our biographies read a bit alike, except that I don't seem to be making any money, and I didn't start in as a boy."

"I—er—can't say that I was exactly a boy when I began," Hill replied, brushing his hand across his eyes in a gesture peculiar to him which Larry had noted before, while about him there was again the closing in of that wall of seclusion. His next words pushed aside the subject, closing it completely. "By the way—I thought I heard you singing this morning. I was some distance from where you were sitting, but if that was you I heard, we should have some more of it."

"It is doubtful if you heard me, for there were a number of men singing in that section this morning and I sang very little," Larry answered evasively.

"Of course I could have been mistaken. But you do sing, don't you?"

"Seldom," Larry parried. "And then not well."

"Have trouble with your throat?"

"Well, I had a bad case of tonsillitis when I was overseas."

Hill waited several seconds, then belatedly said "Oh, I see." A minute of silence followed, then he went on as though there had been no interruption of time, "There used to be a singer on the radio—with a program called Twilight Reveries—whose name was similar to yours. He isn't on any more, and I surely do miss his program. I used to turn out the lights and sit here by the fire many a night last winter; it was wonderfully helpful to me. After a troublesome day it was restful and refreshing and sometimes I could do a lot of remembering then. Many things came back to me during those programs, and their absence has been a real loss."

The telephone rang in the adjoining study just then, and Hill, excusing himself, went to answer its insistent clamor. Larry was glad for the interruption. It had been a close margin by which he had avoided the penetrating questions of his host, and he had been forced to practice an evasiveness he did not relish. Yet a note of greater gladness that he had known for many months was rising within him. He visualized the gray-haired lumberman sitting here in the semi-darkness after what he called a "troublesome day." He heard the crackling of the fire, and then from the beautiful console radio came the words of that song by Ackley, which had been his theme song:

Memory, memory,  
Blessed memory that leads me back to  
Calvary;  
When I was lost the Savior found me,  
Put His loving arms around me,  
'Tis a memory that never fades.

To know that his program had been a blessing to this lonely man was encouraging. And doubtless, if he could but know it, there were thousands across the country who had been similarly strengthened.

But the pleasure this assurance gave him, and to which he was inclined to surrender himself, was instantly driven away by the knife thrust of his own memory. Those days were forever gone. He knew the throat specialist had been right; he would never again sing as in the past. That fact had been assured him this very morning by the sharp sting of his throat when he had joined in with the congregational singing.

Hill's voice came as a soft murmur from the study, broken by occasional periods of silence, when he would be listening to the one who had called him. Larry glanced about the room with interest.

Hundreds of books peeped out at him from the long shelves that lined the walls: books of travel, biographies, encyclopedias, novels; a number of volumes on various phases of the lumber industry—evidently the lumberman believed in being well posted in his business—and one entire section given over to books of a religious nature, ranging from Josephus to Chapel.

A small, dilapidated leather-bound volume reposing under a glass cover attracted his attention. Lifting the cover and examining the book, he discovered it to be a copy of the New Testament, weather-stained and half illegible. The title page in front was preserved and had been entirely filled with writing in a feminine hand. Larry read it through twice, carefully replacing the book under the glass and sat down again half stunned by the shock of his discovery, or by what he believed to be such.

Hill came back, apologizing for leaving him so long, and he replied in a voice so strained and unnatural that his host gave him a quick glance of inquiry. Quickly regaining his composure, he set out deliberately to question the man. But in an instant, like the sliding of a secret panel across a hidden portal, the veil of reticence closed between them and he realized he had been too tactless. Veering about, he came at it from another angle:

"Jim Rand has been trying out the Reverend Mr. Martin's premise that every problem of life can be solved by conversion and consecration. I don't suppose you would see it, having just met him, but if you had known him before you would have been mightily surprised at how easy he was with us today."

"To tell the truth, I was a bit surprised," Hill said. "I have heard quite a lot about him, and I saw him once when we were having a meeting of operators and union representatives. I couldn't have believed it was the same man if the knowledge hadn't been positive."

"The same man, all right; but a different one," Larry said. "I was wondering if it was only my imagination, or if this change in him was really as great as it seemed."

"There certainly is something radically different about him," Hill said as he stooped to add another piece of fuel to the fire. "Of course I didn't know anything about the cause."

"This thing is coming at me from so many angles lately that it has me in a dither. How it happens that so many are discovering this 'secret', or many are discovering this 'secret', or at least it seems to be such, all at once is a puzzle to me," Larry said, once is a puzzle to me, Larry said, a tinge of scorn accenting the word "secret". Already the old self-pride was setting up a barrier of defense in order to maintain its place upon the throne of his life.

"Has someone beside the pastor spoken about it?"

"Yes. Sam Reese claims to have found the cure for his money-madness through this method."

"What! Reese found it?" Hill exclaimed, sitting straight in his chair and then settling back again.

Larry noticed his odd pronunciation of Reese's name. It was as though he made two syllables out of it, pronouncing "Re-ese" with the accent on the last syllable. Only one other person had in his hearing pronounced it that way. He watched Hill closely as he replied, determined to push up a bit closer.

"That's what he tells me. He came near losing everything he had a few weeks ago, but he was saved by some anonymous friend."

"Did he tell you that?" Hill asked in a slow, tense voice.

"No. He doesn't know much about it yet, especially about who it was. But I think I'll tell him tomorrow."

"I doubt if you should. If he's been helped that's all that counts, and that anonymous friend might wish to remain so."

"But if that person, whoever he was, had some ulterior motive back of his apparently good deed, Reese should know about it," Larry said, still speaking in an offhand, third-person manner.

"One wouldn't think he had a wrong purpose in view if he saved a man from ruin, as you say. Possibly he has some theory he is trying to prove, some foolish experiment that has no harm in it. In that case it would be to Reese's interest if he were in ignorance of such a transaction," Hill said, falling into the same manner of speech his guest had adopted. He added, "You're certain you aren't mistaken about this?"

"I seldom mistake my own hearing, even when I unintentionally eavesdrop," Larry promptly replied.

Hill cleared his throat, drew his hand across his eyes and, in what was too clearly a tone of disguised casualness, said, "I've never heard much about Reese's background. He's unmarried and lives with his parents, I believe?"

"With his mother and sister," Larry corrected, watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Oh, I see."

"Sam's a fine chap, a keen businessman. His father was lost at sea when Sam was a youngster."

"I see. This timber he's cutting has belonged to them for some time, I believe?"

"Yes, it has. Sam's father was a lumberman."

"I see," Hill said, his tone placing an emphatic period after his words.

The conversation seemed shut off then, as though by a stone wall. Deeper shadows were creeping into the room, and the increased howling



of the wind reminded Larry of the drive ahead of him. Thanking his host for a fine meal and an enjoyable afternoon, he drove away toward camp through the drifting rain, and stopped in town for a cup of coffee on the way. His mind was in a whirl, torn between two opinions. Respect for the gray-haired churchman struggled with contempt; esteem gave way to scorn. Yet he knew the evidence was too inconclusive and circumstantial for him to base an opinion upon it.

As he drove toward camp he reasoned concerning the man's apparent sincerity in blocking the banker's plans, and the things he thought he had discovered today. The two were at such variance that it was difficult to reconcile them as belonging to the same life. There was but one way to understand it: back of his threat, which had cowed Jonas and temporarily saved Reese, was no doubt some selfish plot. Quite possibly he had some scheme by which he hoped eventually to swallow both Jonas' and Reese's interest. According to his own admission, he had risen from obscurity to his present place of wealth and power within the matter of a few years. Could he have risen so rapidly by strictly fair and honest means? Larry remembered the suspicions of Big Jim and the men concerning the chain of accidents that had befallen them, wondering the more at Jim's attitude of friendliness toward the lumberman today.

He determined to watch more closely than ever, and was regretful that he had babbled so garrulously when Hill had—with apparently neutral interest—drawn him out about their logging operations and the rafts that were ready to ride the high water of the present rains down the river.

Driving through the rain, which had increased to a downpour, Larry saw the flash of headlights through the rear window of his coupe, and a big car, traveling at high speed, swiftly approached from behind him. At the blast of a horn he pulled tightly to the right and the car shot past, dashing a mass of muddy water across his windshield.

It was a gray sedan, one with which he was not familiar, filled with men dressed as loggers. That much he made out as they passed, but when he looked for a license plate to place what county it was registered in, none was visible. He pressed the accelerator to the floorboard and set out to follow them, curious about their identity. Two red dots ahead showed through the rain and the inky blackness, steadily drawing away from him. The speedometer needle moved around the circle, the color on it changing from green to orange and then to red. The ribbon of black asphalt slipped under the wheels faster and the dark forms of rain-drenched trees blended

into a dark wall on either side of the highway, but still the red dots ahead moved farther away. A sharp curve in the road, taken at high speed, nearly sent the light car into a spin, and when he reached the junction a little farther on, the other car had vanished.

Oh, well, he thought, it's none of my business if they want to risk their necks like that. Probably a bunch of loggers, who've had a little too much to drink, on their way to one of the camps on the Quinault.

The pastor's story of the Indian's surrender had been lingering in his mind since the morning service, and now it came back to him anew; possession after possession the dusky son of the forest had yielded of his pitifully meager ownings. Finally coming to the end of things to be given, he had presented his prize possession, the one always withheld longest—self.

Was this not what he, Larry Brantwell, had been doing? Could it be that here was the cause of his continual discontent? Had he not also surrendered every thing while withholding that which was most dear, that hidden recess of his heart where in a secret vault he had preserved his own ego, his real self, upon an altar of devotion? One by one he had counted off the things surrendered—money, friends, comforts, occupation—numbering them off on his fingers until there was nothing tangible left. But he knew there was one place where he had always paused; one door stood barred; one vault had never been opened—the niche where reposed his old self-life, pride and the desire for fame.

The call of the Spirit became more insistent, knocking louder and stronger upon that closed door. With clear vision he saw his own selfishness and insincerity, his love of self while professing love for God. He remembered the few terrible seconds he had endured while fifty tons of logs rolled above him, and of his frantic cry for help from heaven. Promises had flashed through his mind then, swift pledges he had made back there but which afterward had been forgotten. He breathed a prayer, "Holy Spirit, help me to want to surrender. Let complete consecration become my greatest desire. Let the upward pull be so mighty that I will be enabled to yield everything, including myself."

By the time he reached camp he was hungering for complete yieldedness to the will of God in his life as he had never hungered before. He tried to read but the lines ran together and the page blurred. He saw himself in the bright light of the Holy Spirit's illumination and he cowered before what he saw. Insincerity, pretense, sham, selfishness and pride stood revealed in his unrobbed heart. Beside his bed he knelt, crying for divine help, yielding up the last bit of desire for self-exalting fame,

hungering for sincerity and righteousness. He emptied himself of every vestige of self-righteousness, yielding self and appropriating the merits of the Cross until that self was in Christ crucified. He bade farewell to his own ambitions that Christ might live in him and possess his life.

A sense of relief came to him then. Nothing unyielded remained, without or within. Love for God and His cause burned with a new vigor, but the assurance of sincerity had not come. His consecration had gone beyond that of Saturday night, in that this time he had given up self, the one thing he had not seen in its own ugly light then. But still he had no witness, no assurance from Above that he would henceforth be sincere of heart, that self would be crucified. Yet he had done everything he knew.

The storm raged across the mountains, howling through the trees and beating about the frail shack, but within the heart of the man kneeling there in prayer a calm prevailed. Yet it was not the calm of fullness, but of emptiness; it was negative rather than positive. There was nothing else for him to do, and, in the calm assurance that God would in His own good time work it out, he retired and was lulled to sleep by the pelt of raindrops on the roof close above his head.

He had been asleep about an hour when some unfamiliar sound awakened him. He lifted his head from the pillow and listened, but no sound came to his ears except that of falling rain and moaning wind.

Then, like a voice—in audible to the ears, but felt and heard with every faculty of his mind, body and spirit—he heard the whisper of the Spirit; his prayers were answered; his sacrifice had been accepted; fully, completely, he belonged to God.

Rich, satisfying joy stole over him as he realized that henceforth he would live with self submerged and Christ exalted, that God had granted him the sincerity of heart he craved, that his house was no longer occupied by old King Self, nor empty, but filled with the presence of the Divine King.

He arose and walked back and forth across the shaky, uneven floor with his whole heart pouring out an inaudible prayer of thanksgiving. His long and hungry search had been rewarded.

It was still black night, although the wind and rain had ceased, when Larry was awakened by a sound as of a sudden blast of distant thunder, followed by a quivering vibration of the ground that caused his shack to tremble in every one of its stiff joints. He sat upright in bed, straining his eyes into the blackness and listening. A minute later the sound came again. Then Big Jim was hammering at his door and a bedlam of voices and sounds filled the night air.

They roared away a few minutes later, fifty men with axes, shovels and peaves, clinging to the sides of the jolting, careening trucks. Jim took one truckload of men and headed for the log landing on the river where the rafts were moored. Larry and the others climbed the steep trail at a heartbreaking and body-wracking pace, struck out for the dam at the head of the canyon. Already the canyon was roaring with water, with an occasional log shooting it at terrific speed, half smothered in foam. Several of the men carried kerosene lanterns; all of them carried tools. Larry, with a small flashlight in his hand, was in the midst of the panting file of men when up ahead there was an explosive burst of voices, imprecations, shouts and curses, and mingled with it the sound of a struggle. Around and past him quickly surged the loggers who had been bringing up the rear.

At first he scarcely comprehended what was taking place. Then when he endeavored to reach the scene of confusion he found the way blocked by those who had rushed past him. Someone said, "They've got 'em." The sounds of conflict ceased as abruptly as they had begun. A voice he recognized as that of one of the bulldozer drivers said, "Bring the ropes, boys. We'll tie and throw 'em in the water."

Someone else said, "We won't need to tie 'em; nothing could live in that."

Pushing and crowding his way ruthlessly through the circle of men, Larry took command of the situation with a decisiveness and power of voice that surprised even himself.

"Easy there, fellows! Here, Bob; here, Hanson; tie these fellow's hands behind their backs," indicating the two wet and beaten captives. "Take them back to camp and guard them while we go on up and see what can be done with the dam. Ole, you'd better help them."

One of the loggers demurred. "But, Mr. Brantwell, this here is the guy who's been workin' here an' at the same time tryin' to do us up. You don't figure to let a rat like that get by, do you?"

With a heavy finger he pointed into the face of a figure crouching on the ground in an attitude of abject terror, while blood streamed from a fresh wound above one ear. Larry drew closer and saw that it was Bill Barlow. Near him lay a stranger who seemed to be unconscious from the blows rained upon him by the loggers.

A clamor of voices rose in angry tumult then, and Larry, sensing the rise of the mob spirit, vainly endeavored to calm the infuriated loggers, shouting commands and threats. But above his arguments and pleading rose the cries, "Drown 'em! . . . Pitch 'em into the sluice . . . Give 'em a taste of the water they set loose! . . . What're we waitin' on?"

(To Be Continued)

# We, the Women

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

Many of you have asked about the progress of the Nurses' Training Project, which has been the special goal of our National Woman's Union since the conference in Tacoma, Wash., in 1946. We are very glad to present to you this first-hand account, given by Missionary Margaret Kittlitz, as she stopped at the headquarters office on her way home to Texas on February 23, 1949.

## CAMEROONS NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL PROJECT

Three years ago there came to Belo six enthusiastic young men filled with a desire to serve God and their countrymen, to teach them more healthful ways of living and to witness to them of Christ. The women of our denomination "adopted" these boys and made a project of financing, what we thought at that time, would be our Nurses' Training School. The young men were quite proud of their "adoption."

In the months that followed, this group of boys learned a great deal about the component parts of the body and their functions, names of many strange medicines and their uses. They counted drops and bound up wounds. They were helped along the road to nursing knowledge by books and charts sent by our women and individuals. Their uniforms were protected from undue soiling by aprons sewn at white cross meetings and in your homes. They covered the wounds with dressings folded and bandages rolled by your hands. They measured castor oil and other things just as unpleasant to swallow in spoons provided by our women.

One year passed quickly for these boys. They learned much, and because of their real desire to be of service they learned well. But there was still much to learn. They were happy in their work and had learned to love it. How much they loved it, to love it. We had to discover. We had just taken in a new group of four boys when the blow fell. The government decreed that without a doctor and a properly equipped and functioning hospital there could be no Nurses' Training School, as originally planned.

Sadly we informed the boys of this state of affairs. They were told that they could expect no recognition, they could expect no credits or certificates but that the missionary nurses wanted and needed their help. They were free to go and find their fortune elsewhere, or to

stay with us and find joy in service. We could promise them nothing until a mission doctor would come. Recognition, credits and certificates are next in importance to eating in the lives of African young people. They were free to go, but all of them stayed, constrained by the love of Christ, having faith that a doctor would come.

## THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS

Now the doctor has come, but there are still bridges to cross. Our doctor must spend some time working with the government medical officers and must meet their approval. He must visit other mission hospitals to gain from the experiences of others. Details of our own medical work must be planned and established. Meanwhile the government medical officers have suggested that we send our boys to the government hospital at Victoria, so that they may begin to receive qualified training while we are getting settled and that we might have government recognized native helpers that much more quickly. Soon eight of our group of boys will begin to realize their dream of becoming real nurses.

Does this mean that the work which has been done has been for nothing? Does it mean the end of the training school project? No, to both questions. Now more than ever we need your support. The teaching that has been done will help these boys to a better and easier adjustment in the days of training that lie ahead. While they are at Victoria we must house, feed and clothe them. Living expenses are much higher in the coast than in the grasslands. Therefore, expenses for training one boy will be more than if they were in our own hospital. Victoria is a city full of vice and wickedness. Many of the "white man's sins" have been adopted by the natives and life is complicated. Our boys come from the grasslands where life is still comparatively simple and free from the white man's evils.

They are still our boys and yours. We ask you to pray that the time will not be too long until our own medical work is established and we will be qualified to give these Christian boys the Christian training which they deserve. At this time we cannot give a definite date as to when we hope to fulfill our dreams but meanwhile you can help by praying and continuing your plans for financing the training of nurses for the Cameroons.







### Chicago's Grace Church Holds Reception for the Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Schoeffel

When the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois invited the neighboring churches to be present at the reception held on Thursday evening, Feb. 10, for her new pastor and his charming wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Schoeffel, we went there from all over the sprawling city of Chicago and suburbs. The Grace Church was highly pleased to have us in large numbers and welcomed us with flowers, hymns and friendly looks.



The Rev. and Mrs. William Schoeffel of Chicago, Illinois at the Reception Held in Their Honor at the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago

The moderator, Mr. Herman Siemund, and representatives of all church organizations assured their pastor of solid backing and cooperation. The Rev. E. McKernan of the Gross Park Immanuel Church added well-chosen words as president of the Ministerial Union. Dr. William Kuhn, beloved and revered, emphasized the abiding principles of a good minister of Jesus Christ.

The Schoeffels were visibly moved by all the evidences of devotion and thanked the church for the beautifully remodeled parsonage. Dr. J. E. Knechtel, a former pastor, received a substantial gift in recognition of his gracious services as interim pastor. Sumptuous refreshments, gracefully served, concluded the happy hour.

The Rev. Wm. Schoeffel brings to his ministry at Grace Church his rich experiences of several former pastors. Mrs. Schoeffel is the president of our National Woman's Union which loyally supports our missionary outreach into foreign lands.

H. G. Dymmel, Reporter.

### Pacific Conference

### Evangelistic Services and Baptism at the Baptist Church of Elk Grove, Calif.

Evangelistic meetings were conducted at the First Baptist Church of

Elk Grove, Calif., from January 16 to 28. We felt the presence of the Lord in our midst from night to night while God's messengers ministered unto us. During the first week we had the Rev. Thorbjorn Olsen of San Francisco with us as evangelist. Mr. Howard Jewell of Detroit, Mich., was our song leader and soloist. During the second week the Rev. G. G. Rauser ministered to us with stirring messages. Miss Jean Rauser rendered a much-appreciated service upon her vibra harp.

Many special numbers rendered by the choir, octet and others added

greatly to the spirit of the meetings. Many of God's people reconsecrated their lives to God and several young people and children acknowledged Christ as their Savior. We acknowledge the kindness of the First Baptist Church of Lodi for permitting their pastor to serve us in this capacity.

At the Watch Night service two Sunday School pupils followed the Lord in baptism and these, besides two others, received the hand of fellowship at the communion service on the first Sunday of the year.

W. W. Knauf, Pastor.

### Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the First Baptist Church of Elk Grove, Calif.

"Rejoice in the Lord, Oh, ye people! Rejoice! Rejoice!" That was one of the anthems which the choir of the First Baptist Church of Elk Grove, Calif., sang on Sunday, February 20, at the 25th anniversary of the church. We rejoice because of the goodness and mercy of God that have brought us thus far.

At first it seemed that our rejoicing would be dimmed because Dr. William Kuhn, who was to be our guest speaker, could not be with us as planned due to circumstances beyond his control. We do hope that at some future date he will be able to be with us. However, we felt that God was

in our midst and we were richly blessed at all meetings.

Our celebration commenced on Saturday evening with a youth rally and fellowship. The meeting was in charge of our president, Dale Rau, and after a rousing song service led by Mr. Wilford Reub, we were blessed as we listened to the Word of Life from the Rev. G. G. Rauser, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Lodi, California.

On Sunday morning, despite heavy skies, a steady stream of cars could be seen arriving at the church amid the call to worship by the chimes. The church was beautifully decorated in harmony with the occasion, and a beautiful basket of flowers, presented to the church by the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church of Lodi, did much to enhance the beauty. The morning service was a source of inspiration to all. Our pastor, the Rev. W. W. Knauf, who has led the church for more than two years, brought a challenging message on the text, "What God Hath Wrought!" (Numbers 23:23).

In the year 1917 a group of German Baptists had the desire to start a fellowship of their own in the town of Franklin. It was in this year that a small church was built under the direction of the First Baptist Church of Lodi. On February 10, 1924 the church was organized with 52 members under the name of Zion Baptist Church of Franklin, which became a mission of the First Church of Lodi, under the leadership of the Rev. Gustave Eichler. In August 1924 a call was extended to the Rev. Lawrence A. Ross, who served the church until October, 1927. It was at this time that the first addition was built to the church building due to the increase in membership. Rev. Abraham H. Heinrichs served the church from February 1928 to December 1929. Rev. Hans Penner served the church from August 1930 to October 1936. From November, 1936 to July 1937, the Rev. J. A. H. Wuttke served as interim pastor until the Rev. G. G. Rauser became the pastor who served until June, 1946.

It was in the year 1941 that the church again became too small and it became necessary to enlarge it. Our eyes had long been directed to Elk Grove, a community approximately five miles from Franklin. In October 1946, the Rev. W. W. Knauf became our pastor and to him was given the task of making the plan and vision of a new church at Elk Grove a reality, so that on February 15, 1948, our new church was dedicated, which was exactly 24 years and 5 days after the original church was organized on February 10, 1924.

On Sunday evening we had another time of rejoicing at which the remaining active charter members received recognition and our oldest charter member, Mrs. Samuel Schanzenbach, was presented with a corsage. Representatives from the different neighboring churches brought greetings and letters of congratulation were read, and musical numbers by the choir and octet were given. All in all, the day was done to be remembered.

On Monday evening the church members and friends again assembled in the dining hall to have fellowship around the tables. We were very happy to have two former pastors of the church with us on this evening. The Rev. Hans Penner, the third pastor of the church, and the Rev. G. G. Rauser, the fourth pastor, spoke words of congratulation and encouragement. Our own pastor, Mr. Knauf, ably served as toastmaster and an enjoyable evening was spent in musical numbers and short talks by the different organizations of the church.

Theodora G. Wuttke, Reporter.

### Spacious Parsonage Is Purchased by the Bethany Church of Vancouver, British Columbia

The accompanying picture shows the parsonage which was recently purchased by the Bethany Baptist Church of Vancouver, British Columbia, for the price of \$10,200. It is located in a section of new homes and near most of our church membership. The building site is artistically furnished with shrubs and trees and the front of rock and masonry. The rear has a spacious lawn, aquarium and double garage of stucco finish. The house is also of stucco exterior and California plaster interior.

The rooms are spacious, with hardwood floors and large windows. The kitchen and bath are modern and of tile finish. There are also some rooms in the basement. These features made the purchase exceedingly desirable. The former parsonage was inadequate, yet sold for a good price. Thus, the hopes of the church and pastor family have been realized and the new premises occupied with the beginning of the year. The church property has been deeded to our General Mission Society.

The Lord has blessed the work of the church. The present membership is 146. The two main sources of influx came through baptism and immigration from Germany. All services are well attended. The church's choirs and musical organizations are superb. We also had a season of refreshing with Evangelist H. Palfenier during the first part of March.

J. C. Schweitzer, Pastor.

### Dakota Conference

### Leadership Training and Evangelistic Meetings at the Bethel Church, Missoula, Mont.

From Feb. 2nd to 13th the Bethel Baptist Church conducted a Teachers' Training Course, with the Rev. J. C. Gunst and Miss Ann Swain of Forest Park, Illinois serving as teachers. The courses were not only attended by our Sunday School teachers and officers but by a large group of young people as well.

Miss Swain, national Scripture memorization worker, taught a course on "Old Testament Law and History" and also enrolled twenty-five children in the Scripture Memorization Course. Mr. Gunst, national young people's



The Newly Purchased Parsonage of the Bethany Baptist Church, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

secretary, taught the course, "You Can Teach." He also spoke on a Wednesday evening to a large audience, and on Sunday morning he brought a challenging message which was especially directed to young people on the subject, "What Will You Do With Jesus?"

During the first two weeks of October, the Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Klein of Colfax, Wash., served our church in evangelistic meetings. Mr. Klein preached God's Word clearly, forcefully and with much conviction. One young girl gave her heart to the Lord.

J. C. Kraenzler, Pastor.

### The Dorcas Society of Wishek, North Dakota Celebrates Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary

On Thursday evening, Feb. 24th, the Dorcas Society of the Baptist Church of Wishek, North Dakota celebrated its 25th anniversary with a program and tea. About seventy-five guests were invited which included the Evangelical Church's Guild, the Congregational Church's Lydia Society, the Lutheran Mission Society, and all the ladies of the Baptist Church. Each guest received a favor from the society at the door and each Dorcas member wore a pink rosebud corsage.

The Scripture passage was read by

Evangeline Ammon. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Edwin Faul. The welcome was given by the Dorcas Society president, Margaret Baum, and response by Frieda Nickisch. A piano solo, "The Holy City," was rendered by Mrs. Milton Schwindt, and a duet, "Wonderful Savior" by Pat Herr and Nita Faul. Several readings were rendered by Francine Mickaelsohn and Mrs. Art Eberle. Another piano solo, "The Lost Chord," was given by Mrs. Delmar Hoff, followed by the song, "He Chose the Cross," by the Dorcas Society.

The program concluded with the reading of the Dorcas Society's history. This was compiled, written and read by Harriet Herr. Highlights of the report show that the society after 1930 became a branch of the Baptist Church and contributed about \$800 to various missions and now have \$825 in the current building fund. One of the aims of the society is to lend a helping hand whenever the need arises. At the present time there are 17 active members. Two of our members are charter members, Eleanor Herr Bailey and Viola Stading Kautz. Esther Herr joined the society in 1930 and has been an active member since then.

After the program the guests enjoyed visiting and becoming better acquainted with activities of the other societies, after which the guests served themselves from a beautifully appointed tea table. A four tiered and beautifully decorated anniversary cake, baked by Ida Ebel, was the center piece. On either side of the cake were pink and white tapers, colors of the society. Dainty tea cakes, sandwiches, cookies, candy, salted nuts with coffee were served as refreshments.

A basket of cut flowers, an anniversary gift from the Herr Merchandise Company helped in the decorating of the church. A congratulatory card from the Guild and a telegram from a past president, Ruth Koth of Los Angeles, Calif., was read.

Mrs. Vernon Herr, Reporter.

### FEBRUARY CONTRIBUTIONS — NORTH AMERICAN BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Conferences	Feb., 1949	Feb., 1948
Atlantic	\$ 4,095.19	\$ 1,667.99
Eastern	863.67	1,030.36
Central	3,664.64	5,090.58
Northwestern	3,449.46	3,031.39
Southwestern	2,081.34	2,247.85
Southern	304.30	777.43
Pacific	3,562.95	10,022.11
Northern	913.82	645.60
Dakota	3,271.55	3,776.15
Total for the Month	\$22,206.92	\$28,269.46

### MILLION DOLLAR OFFERING

February 1, 1949 to February 28, 1949	\$ 20,981.41
August 1, 1947 to February 28, 1949	755,699.37
Total required to date	791,666.67

### TOTAL BUDGET CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

April 1, 1948 to February 28, 1949	\$402,443.27
April 1, 1947 to February 28, 1948	461,716.02



# Capturing Easter's Thrill

A Message for the "Sumner Gazette," a Regular Feature in the Newspaper Entitled, "Of Things and Life Abundant," and Prepared by the  
**REV. WILLIAM JESCHKE, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Sumner, Iowa**

EACH YEAR at Easter, Wanamaker's department store in Philadelphia, Pa., displays the vividly-colored, twenty-three by fourteen feet original painting of Munkacsy's "Christ on Calvary." A man who was examining the awesome masterpiece one day found his attention suddenly diverted to a little street Arab who had silently crept by his side. The boy too was gazing at the picture, and his spellbound expression indicated that the Calvary drama had forcibly gripped the eager little soul.

Touching the boy's shoulder, the man asked, "Sonny, what does it all mean?" "Dontcha know?" he answered, his face marvelling at the man's ignorance. "That there man is Jesus, an' them others is Roman soldiers, an' the woman what's cryin' is his mother, an' —" he added, "they killed him!"

The man was loath to leave the tragic scene but he finally turned away and moved down the street. In a few moments he heard pattering footsteps and up rushed the little street Arab. "Say, Mister," he exclaimed breathlessly, "I forgot to tell you — but HE ROSE AGAIN!"

"He died! And hope lay beside him in the sepulchre; He rose! And with him hope rose, and life and light. Men knew; Not Christ but death died yesternight!"

The Savior had predicted not only his death, but also his resurrection to the disciples. Yet to none was the latter more unexpected. They were not waiting at the tomb on the third day! Even when Mary saw the open grave and the angels, she could only despair: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have

laid him."

But the disciples' darkest night was changed into glorious day when the Master "showed himself alive" from the grave! What resurgence of faith, purpose and power gripped the small band again. The Victor had carried the gates of death with him as he emerged from that hitherto-unknown. Death's sting was vanquished, and so the grave its victory. Redemption had been wrought for men. The Redeemer stood declared as "the Son of God with power." And with what transmitted power did these apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, until through persecution, torture, imprisonment and death, they had "turned the world (of that day) upside down" for God!

"The evidence for the resurrection of Jesus is the existence of the Church in that extraordinary spiritual vitality which confronts us in the New Testament" (James Denney), and which defies rationalization and duplication as it conforms to Scriptural pattern today. Even Dr. Joseph Klausner, the great Hebrew scholar, must admit: "THE NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS' FAITH OF MILLIONS IS NOT FOUNDED ON DECEPTION."

It is a living Sovereign who declares, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." It is only through him that we come to God. And it is through resurrection-power that we can enter into the victory of eternal life now being born in the souls of men! "Wherefore HE IS ABLE TO SAVE unto the uttermost THAT COME UNTO GOD by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Some were sick and walking painfully;  
 Some had a load of sorrow to bear;  
 Some came to give an offering;  
 Some had a song to share.

Yes, they came to pay Him homage;  
 They came their help to lend;  
 They came to receive a blessing;  
 They came to greet a friend.

And you and I may never realize  
 As to church we worshipfully go  
 That others, in years to come,  
 Will follow our footsteps in the snow.

## Trials of Bulgaria

(Continued from Page 8)

to obtain confessions. Prolonged questioning, complete isolation and threats to the welfare of a man's family often prove so effective that he barely knows what he is saying. Dr. Ohrn suggested that the pastors may purposely have made their confessions so fantastic that we would know that they are without meaning. He urged us not to lose faith in our brethren and assured us that any statements they may have made in their hour of persecution are not a betrayal of their Lord but merely evidence of their human frailty. Although we are now cut off completely from our Bulgarian pastors, we want to reaffirm our complete confidence in them as faithful brethren in Christ.

We urge all of our churches everywhere to remember in prayer our Christian brethren in Bulgaria. May they place all their trust in the heavenly Father and may his grace encompass them in their hour of trial.

## The Day of Victory

(Continued from Page 5)

that lives may be reclaimed for the Kingdom of God.

We ask, "Why is all this possible?" Because the tomb was empty. The stone was rolled away. The stone, which was the means to conceal him from the eyes of the world, became the cornerstone of the highest structure, the Church of the risen Lord, the fellowship of the stalwart believers. Faith in the victory of Christ has been the possession of the saints of all ages. The martyrs have written with their indelible blood: "Upon this rock will I build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

We may ask, "How could they do it?" The answer is simple. Those spiritual giants believed in the resurrection, in the victory of God in Christ Jesus over sin and death. These men of faith were optimists, knowing that with God and through God all things are possible. They suffered joyously and prayed and labored unceasingly for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. They believed in the success of their mission, and achieved that success. They knew Christ lives and can subdue even the strong unto himself.

The empty tomb witnesses that Jesus lives. The presence of Christ in the lives of the faithful through all ages testifies that he has power and dominion. The Church of Christ, as she endures the hatred of the world, without ever being overcome by it, is a sign of the victory of Christ in our day. This victory may seem but partial at times, but in faith we know that the risen Lord shall reign triumphantly when the kingdoms of this world become the Kingdom of our Lord.

## What Easter Means

(Continued from Page 11)

have I had a more thrilling experience. It was a real joy to witness to those High School students and to see them grasp the meaning of Christianity.

I think, as young people, that it is time for us to dismantle from our robes of selfishness, uncleanness and unwillingness to witness and to robe ourselves in garments of cleanliness, purity, unselfishness, and to be more willing to go forth to serve our Master who gave his all for us.

The following poem probably sums up the entire meaning of Easter better than I could ever hope to express it.

"What does Easter mean to you?  
 Stately church with cushioned pew,  
 Where, Lenten season gone at last  
 And days of self-denial past,  
 Richly-clad, devoted throngs  
 Of worshipers unite in songs  
 Of praise in lily-scented air?  
 Is this what makes your Easter fair?"

## REMEMBER TO GIVE YOUR SHARE TOWARD THE EASTER OFFERING!

"Does it mean the end of winter's reign,  
 Bright skies and welcome warmth again,  
 Singing of birds, budding of trees,  
 Sweet spring odors on the breeze  
 From daffodil and crocus bed  
 And balsam branches overhead?  
 Sad is the world and cold and gray,  
 If this is all of Easter Day.

"But if this blessed season brings  
 A firmer faith in holy things;  
 Assurance of a living Lord  
 A strengthening of the tender chord  
 Of love that binds us to the life to come,  
 Where loved ones "wait us in the heavenly homes,"  
 No pain or loss can e'er efface the bliss,  
 Dear friend, of Easter when it means all this."

## The Pilgrim's Guide

(Continued from Page 13)

will fly. Christ gives a present reality of salvation and peace and a future hope.

Though they had just come from Jerusalem and it was night, yet they had news too good to keep. That very hour they began to rush back six and one-half miles to Jerusalem to share the good news to the "eleven" and others. Their theme: "The Lord is risen, indeed!" What a glorious message of hope, comfort and joy! Let us never forget that millions are in despair and without joy because they know not of our crucified, risen and glorified Lord. In the joy of Easter morning, let us remember that we are witnesses of that which we have experienced with Christ. Yes, many believe in the Easter spirit, but too few have experienced Christ's power now in their lives or have a hope of a future bodily resurrection unto eternal life. It is our privilege to testify of these eternal realities.

## Obituary

### MISS ANNA FALB of Elgin, Iowa.

Miss Anna Falb of Elgin, Iowa was born on April 8, 1866 in Canton Berne, Switzerland and passed away on Feb. 1, 1949 at the age of 82 years.

At three years of age she emigrated into the United States with her parents and sisters to spend her life in Elgin, Iowa. During Rev. Schunke's ministry she joined the Elgin Baptist Church that meant everything to her and which she faithfully attended. She greatly loved children and she, in return, was highly esteemed by children and adults alike.

Survivors mourning her departure are her two brothers, John and Fred Falb, and her sister, Mrs. Mary Keiser; the latter is known as a faithful attendant at our denominational conventions and conferences.

First Baptist Church,  
 Elgin, Iowa

ARTHUR YTMERMANN, Pastor.

### MR. DANIEL SCHMITKE of Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Daniel Schmitke of Portland, Oregon was born on Jan. 28, 1833 in Parkston, So. Dak., and died as the result of a heart attack en route to a hospital on Feb. 16, 1949, having reached the age of 66 years and 18 days.

In 1892 at the age of nine he moved with his parents to Turner, Oregon, coming to live in Portland about eleven years later. In the year 1895 he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and on June 21st of that year was baptized by the Rev. F. Reichle on confession of his faith. For ten years he was a member of the Bethel Baptist Church of Salem, Oregon. In 1905 he transferred his membership to Trinity Church in Portland and served as a faithful member until 1937 when he joined Laurelhurst Baptist Church as one of its charter members and where he also served as a deacon. On Nov. 1, 1905 he was united in marriage to Malvena Ratzlaff to which union there were born three children, two daughters and a son.

He leaves to mourn his departure his now widowed wife, Malvena Schmitke;

two daughters, Esther Marie at home and Mrs. Lorena Glaske of Portland; one son, Walter of Dallas, Oregon; two sisters, Mrs. Fred Moser and Mrs. Adolph Weisser of Portland; two brothers, Joe Schmitke of Denhoff and Gottfried of Portland; four grandchildren; and many relatives and friends.

The undersigned officiated at the burial service and spoke on Ps. 17:15 which the deceased had marked in his Bible to be used as his funeral text. May the bereaved look to Christ, our great Elder Brother, for comfort and consolation.

Trinity Baptist Church,  
 Portland, Oregon

JOHN WOBIG, Pastor.

### MRS. EMANUEL BROECKEL of Bismarck, North Dakota.

Mrs. Emanuel Broeckel, the former Frieda Wiesle, of Bismarck, North Dakota was born on Jan. 12, 1881 in Switzerland. She came to the United States at the age of 14, joining her parents at Winona, Minn., where they had previously settled. Her father was pastor of the Baptist Church there.

On January 23, 1900 she was married to Mr. Emanuel Broeckel at Eureka, So. Dak. The couple resided at Herreid, So. Dak., until 1910. During this time their home served as a gathering-place for a group of faithful Christians. Consequently, the Herreid Church was founded by this group, meeting in their home. In 1910 the Broeckels moved to Rochester, N. Y., where Mr. Broeckel attended the German Baptist Seminary.

Upon returning to the Dakotas, Mr. Broeckel accepted his first pastorate at Washburn, No. Dak. Later he served this church in a second pastorate. He also served as pastor of the churches at Eureka, So. Dak., Goodrich, No. Dak., Turtle Lake, No. Dak., Tyndall, So. Dak., and Lehr, No. Dak., retiring in 1942 when he and Mrs. Broeckel moved to Bismarck.

In addition to her husband, Mrs. Broeckel leaves the following children: Herbert of Bismarck; Ernest, Milton and Mrs. W. W. Rueb, all of Sacramento, Calif.; Theodore, Mrs. Adolph Wedman, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. E. Isaminger, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Arthur Mauch, Lodi, Calif.; Mrs. R. Mrs. Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. Carl N. Barnes, Turtle Lake, No. Dak.; and Schlafman, Turtle Lake, No. Dak. She Mrs. Ervin Rueb, Des Moines, Iowa. She also leaves 34 grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, three brothers, Ernest grandchildren, three brothers, Ernest Wiesle, Springfield, Mass.; Otto Wiesle, Wiesle, Springfield, Mass.; Henry Wiesle of Salt Lake City, Utah; and two sisters, Mrs. Guthrie Center, Iowa; and two sisters, Mrs.

H. Parlow, Waterloo, Iowa and Mrs. Arndt Dreyer of Applington, Iowa.

Mrs. Broeckel became ill on December 1st and was confined to the hospital for almost 11 weeks. On Monday, February 14, at 10 A. M. she quietly went to be with her Lord. At the funeral services the Rev. R. Sigmund read Scripture and led in prayer. The Rev. J. R. Matz spoke in German and the Rev. E. Kary spoke in English.

Bismarck, North Dakota  
 EDWARD KARY, Pastor.

### MR. SAMUEL RIESENWEBER of St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Samuel Riesenweber of St. Paul, Minn., was born in Wolinsky, Russia on March 28, 1893. He passed to his heavenly reward on November 7, 1948 at Mounds Park Hospital after an illness of four years, at the age of 55 years, 7 months, 9 days.

As a young boy he accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and followed him in baptism. When he was about eight years old, the family moved to Canada, living on a farm near Winnipeg. At about 12 years of age he went to Winnipeg with his older brother where he learned the cooks trade. He worked as a chef on the Canadian Pacific Railway before coming to St. Paul and since then has worked in some of the leading hotels and restaurants of this city.

He was a faithful member of the Daytons Bluff Baptist Church of St. Paul, serving as deacon, trustee, choir member, men's club officer and assisted with banquets and meals served in the church. He was always willing and ready to help wherever and whenever his services were needed.

He leaves to mourn his wife, Elvira (nee Bienhoff); five daughters, Mrs. Reuben (Dorothy) Heckmann, Mrs. John (Irene) Young, Carol, Marilyn, Virginia; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Riesenweber of Winnipeg, and four brothers. His first wife, one daughter and one son preceded him in death.

The robed choir paid final respects to him at the church in one procession before the service began. They also paid tribute to him by singing two of his favorite songs, "Under His Wings" and "It Is Well With My Soul." Miss Arline Richter, a niece, sang "Only Glory By and By." Rev. Russel Blank, our interim pastor, conducted the services and brought a very comforting message. Rev. C. Curtis of Cypress Street Baptist Church assisted by reading Scripture and offering prayer.

Daytons Bluff Baptist Church,  
 St. Paul, Minnesota  
 MRS. E. STANKE, Reporter.

## FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

By HATTIE BAUMGARTNER

of the Immanuel Baptist Church,  
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The day was cold and snowy,  
 A few small drifts remained;  
 Will there be women at the meeting?  
 I wondered as I came.

Then in the snow I noticed  
 Footprints from every street,  
 Until by the church door  
 Were the prints of many feet.



# Home Again in America!

A Message of Greeting and Gratitude

by MISS MARGARET KITTLITZ of Waco, Texas, Our Missionary  
at Belo, Cameroons, Now on Furlough in the United States

GREETINGS to all of you who are of the household of faith, who are one with us missionaries in Christ Jesus!

When one leaves the homeland and goes to a land far away, with the desire and determination to love one's work and the people whom one goes to serve, it doesn't take long for that land to become "home." Therefore, it was with mingled feelings that I

left Belo of the Cameroons. My heart was with my babies, the dispensary helpers, the native Christian workers, the "boys" who had so faithfully helped in my household, the many friends, both Christian and pagan, among the natives, as well as the missionaries with whom it had been my privilege to work.

Even the buildings which had grown so familiar during the years seemed to call for my affection. That

was true of the house which sheltered me from rains and tropical storms, the church where I worshiped with fellow-Christians, the dispensary where many Africans made their way into life and others made their departure from this mundane sphere and from whence many went away healed in body and spirit. But love reached out to friends and loved ones in America who for months had been asking, "When are you coming back?"

After days of packing, settling various affairs and leaving two newly arrived orphans in Eleanor Weisenburger's care, the day came when the lorry started down to the coast with me and such belongings as were to accompany me to the United States. There followed some time of fellowship and "Goodbyes" with missionaries along the way, with the Gebauers at Bamenda, with Paul giving helpful last minute advice and instructions, with all your missionaries at the coastal stations. The new arrivals looked fresh and vivacious and ready to go full swing into the work they love.



## The Face of Jesus

By NELLIE SUMNER BROOKS

You ask me — did I ever try to trace  
My own conception of the Savior's face;  
What picture could my finite verses bring  
From sacred Word, or heart's imagining?

Would it be face of gentleness one sees  
As little children pressed about his knees,  
Or the transfigured holiness — in sight  
Of Peter, James and John — on mountain height?

Would I portray the thorn-pressed, tortured brow —  
The same that wears the crown of glory now —  
Or kindly look of friendliness which shone  
And claimed the loved disciples as his own?

Oh, words would fail! My heart could only call  
The Master's name, as at his feet I fall;  
As Mary saw her risen Lord of yore,  
Let me but see, and worship, and adore.

—The Watchman-Examiner

### SUMMER ITINERARY

The summer itinerary for Miss Margaret Kittlitz will be announced as soon as it is available.

The "African Pilgrim" brought me safely across the Atlantic Ocean. I thought the name of the ship rather apt, for was I not also an African pilgrim? For two weeks I had a private yacht, being the only passenger from Duala to Monrovia. The captain of the ship was friendly and congenial, so that there were not many lonesome hours. The time for meditation, reading and rest was welcome and beneficial. The sea remained calm and smooth, so there was not the agony of seasickness as when I went out to Africa. A "welcoming committee" with my winter coat and a beautiful gardenia corsage from my home church in Waco, Texas added to the great joy of arrival on American soil.

Now I look forward to meeting my friends in the homeland face to face. There are physical needs to care for, and there must be some time of spiritual refreshing. It will be good to sing again the old familiar hymns, to fellowship with people I have always known, to meet new friends and renew and deepen old friendships. Then, I shall come to you to tell you, "Thank you," in person for your thoughts and prayers during my sojourn in the Cameroons. "I give praise to God at all times for you, keeping you in memory in my prayers; having ever in mind your work of faith and acts of love and the strength of your hope in our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. 1: 2-3 (Basic English).