

Baptist Herald

NORTH AMERICAN BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE



April's Glory in a Blaze of Flowers

April 23, 1953

Ready to Preach the Word!

Seminary Students, 1953 Class

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Religion in Stamps

Liberia Honors United States Missionary as Father of Country

LIBERIA, the little republic on the West Coast of Africa, has issued a set of stamps that recall the dramatic story of how a young American missionary became "father of a country."

The time was early in the 19th century. The Rev. Jehudi Ashmun, born in 1794, one of ten children in a New England Puritan family, had just been ordained into the Christian ministry. A wave of indignation was sweeping many American churches at the barbaric practices of human slavery. Reformers, concerned with helping those slaves who were able to win their freedom, suggested the possibility of setting up a refuge for freed slaves in their ancestral Africa where they could live in dignity and independence.

An organization was formed by American church leaders for the purpose, called the American Colonization Society, which with the kindly help of President James Monroe obtained a lease on a substantial tract of land on the coast of Africa.

The Rev. Jehudi Ashmun was offered the post of director of the society's colony and accepted. It was 1822 when the young missionary, his bride, and a party of 52 Negro families sailed for Africa. After a difficult 81-day journey they found many heart-breaking hardships awaiting them. Malaria took a heavy toll, young Mrs. Ashmun being among the first to die.

But the minister's faith in God never wavered. A capital city was laid out and called Monrovia in honor of President Monroe. Gradually clearings were made and families were established on homesteads.

The colony had enemies. Spanish slave traders, still trafficking in the evil profits from the capture and sale of human beings, scorned the new venture in African independence and gave arms to hostile coastal tribes with which to attack Mr. Ashmun and his settlers. In November, 1822, the hardy missionary and 35 able-bodied men held back an attack by 1,000 fierce savages and repulsed them.

Gradually, better days came and Mr. Ashmun's driving faith overcame all obstacles. When he died at the age of only 37, having literally given his life for this cause of human freedom, President Ashmun of Liberia knew his infant nation was destined to be a success.

Liberia, whose name means literally "land of freedom," did not solve the



One-cent stamp of Liberia (left) showing Jehudi Ashmun and the seal of Liberia and the Rev. Thomas Buchanan and Ashmun on the five-cent stamp (right) over a map of Upper Buchanan.

world-wide problem of slavery. Only a few thousand of the 2,000,000 slaves in North America were able to emigrate there. Yet Liberia became an island of freedom on the Dark Continent. For many years it was the only free nation in all of Africa. Only in late years have Ethiopia, Egypt and Libya joined it in this honor.

The former slaves proved capable of solving their problems and governing themselves. Today as Americans honor George Washington, so the Liberians honor the Rev. Jehudi Ashmun as father of their country. A free Christian nation in darkest Africa has become the fulfillment of a missionary's dream.

It is also interesting to note that Liberia honors in this set of stamps the Rev. Thomas Buchanan, missionary cousin of the 14th President of the United States, James Buchanan. The Rev. Mr. Buchanan was another missionary who devoted much of his life to Liberia. A province, "Upper Buchanan," was named in his honor and a map of it is pictured on the stamp paying tribute to him.

This series of stamps from Liberia tells a real story of the triumph of Christian faith over obstacles.

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

Do you like this department, "Religion in Stamps"? We shall continue it at frequent intervals if it meets with the approval of our readers. Let the editor know your answer.

The story of "Religion in Stamps" ought to be of interest to everybody. Read the article on page 8 of this issue to see the continued ministry of Christian missions in Liberia, Africa.

ENGAGEMENTS

- Dr. Frank H. Woyke
April 22-23—Convocation Speaker, North American Baptist Seminary, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
- April 24-25—Board meeting, North American Baptist Seminary, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
- April 29-30—General Missionary Committee sessions, Forest Park, Illinois.
- May 3 (Sunday)—95th anniversary, Baptist Church, North Freedom, Wisconsin.

- Rev. R. Schilke
April 26 (Sunday A.M.)—Steamboat Rock, Iowa.
- April 26 (Sunday) P.M.—Sheffield, Iowa.

- Rev. J. C. Gunst
April 26 (Sunday)—McLaughlin, South Dakota.
- May 3 (Sunday)—McDermot Ave. Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
- May 5 (Tuesday)—Reception for North American Baptist Students of Twin City Area at Bethel College, St. Paul, Minn.

- Rev. Daniel Fuchs, Evangelist
April 26 to May 8—Durham, Kans.

EVENTS IN APRIL

- April 24-25—Board of Trustees sessions, North American Baptist Seminary, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
- April 25-26—Wisconsin CBY and Sunday School Rally, Manitowoc, Wis.
- April 29-30—General Missionary Committee sessions, Forest Park, Ill.
- April 29 (Wednesday, P.M.)—Missionary Rally for churches of Chicago and vicinity at the Foster Avenue Baptist Church, Foster and Meade Aves., Chicago, Illinois. Dr. Leslie Chaffee, Guest Speaker.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

• "A look at the Bamenda New Hope Settlement"—A new 8-page leaflet about our mission to the lepers in the Cameroons. Free.

• A Map of the Bamenda New Hope Settlement. An enlarged map of the colony as prepared by Miss Laura E. Reddig. Free.

• Mission Mite Boxes. The mite boxes for the Women's Mission Societies in beautiful blue and with new pictures are now available. Free.

• Missionary Picture Packet. Thirty pictures of all of our missionaries, appropriate for bulletin boards or even for framing and uniform in size, are available. \$1.00 for each packet.

Send to Headquarters, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill., for the above.

CHANGES IN ADDRESS

Rev. Constantine Salios
35 S. 20th Avenue
Maywood, Illinois

Editorial

The Making of a Minister

THE MAKING OF A CHRISTIAN minister is an act of God by which he is set apart as the Lord's anointed and Christ's ambassador to proclaim the unsearchable riches of the Gospel. God calls him to this important ministry. The Holy Spirit equips him for this task of "rightly dividing the word of truth." The arduous training of the seminary classroom and of life's experiences makes its impress upon the kind of minister he will be.

A minister is always in the process of becoming a good, faithful, humble servant of the Lord, even as every Christian should endeavor to be in his or her discipleship. But God is dealing mightily and uniquely through those who serve him as ministers and teachers of the Word. This glorious truth is exemplified in God's call to the ministry and is symbolized in every ordination service.

You will see the facets of glory in the early unfolding of young ministers when you read the testimonies of six young men in this issue of the "Baptist Herald" prior to their graduation from our Seminary in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The editor remembers with heart-warming joy the occasion just twenty-five years ago (April 22, 1928) when he was ordained into the Baptist ministry in the little brick Baptist Church in Pittsford, New York. There is a power beyond ourselves and a glory that is not of the earth in the true making of every Christian minister. That truth must be clearly seen and earnestly cherished by the man behind the pulpit as well as by the man in the pew of every Baptist church!

The making of a minister confronts us with the gift of God's grace, by which we have been called to this task and privilege and by which he reveals his purposes and truth through us. The Apostle Paul in all humility recognized this as he wrote: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ" (Ephesians 3:8). This gift of God's grace is the transforming power in every Christian's life, but the minister must never forget that all he is and does is by the grace of God that has touched him and prepared him for this service.

The making of the minister is also the story of God's effectual working of his power through him. Through the years the ambassador of God realizes more clearly how he is "strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man" (Ephesians 3:16). There are more times when he is beset by loneliness. After he has visited the sick and comforted the discouraged and helped solve the problems of his parishioners, he finds himself in a quandary, weary of body and disheartened in spirit. It is in such experiences, like Elijah of old, that the majestic making of the minister of God takes form in shining splendor as God empowers him for every step of the way.

As the minister devotes himself in full-time service and unwavering love to his task, God gives him a greater anointing of the Spirit for this divine mission. That is the unfolding story in the making of every minister whom God has called to be his faithful servant and interpretive ambassador!

HERALD

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Ready to Preach the Word!

Personal messages by members of the Senior Class of the North American Baptist Seminary, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., prior to the commencement exercises to be held on Sunday, May 17, 1953

GOD'S CHARGE TO ME!

By MANUEL D. WOLFF
of Grand Forks, North Dakota.

"I charge you in the presence of God and of Christ Jesus who is to judge the living and the dead, and by his appearing and his kingdom: preach the word, be urgent in season and out of season, convince, rebuke, and exhort, be unfailing in patience and in teaching . . . As for you, always be steady, endure suffering, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill your ministry."

This is Paul's charge to the young minister, Timothy. Though times have changed and, along with this, the methods used, the principles set forth in this charge remain the same.

I consider this charge to Timothy my charge. However, to fulfill my ministry I will need God's help and the help of his people.

The task is great, but we have a great God! "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose."

THE SEMINARY AS A PLACE OF TRIUMPH

By LE ROY W. SCHAUER
of Aberdeen, South Dakota.

"Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ" (2 Corinthians 2:14).

The past three years which I have spent here at the Seminary have indeed been days wherein I have triumphed through the matchless Name of Jesus Christ. They are days which I will always remember.

The Seminary means to me a place of teaching. In order for young men to be fit for the work which lies before them, they must be taught concerning all the various implications of proclaiming the Gospel and of the carrying out of the ministry of Christ. Our Seminary has given me just that through the able and consecrated work of our professors who gave of themselves unselfishly and willingly at all times.

The Seminary means to me a place of training. The ministry needs not only teaching but an all inclusive application of the things learned and our respective relation to them. Thus, also our training here is widened by experience.

Also the Seminary means to me a place of triumph, for here one is helped to become victorious over self and to allow oneself to become completely devoted to the Christ whom we seek to serve. Here one can day by day be renewed in the challenge of the great calling and receive even a greater vision of the field into which we are going.

My thanks goes first to God and then to his people who have given us such a fine and beautiful place wherein we are allowed to train, all for the sake of Christ. I pray to God that I as a young man may never lose sight of this, for with Paul I must say, "woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

TWO ACQUAINTANCESHIPS EXPERIENCED AT OUR SEMINARY

By WALTER HOFFMAN
of Medicine Hat, Alberta.

The five years that I have been privileged to spend at our Seminary have been years filled with experiences of getting acquainted. There are many such experiences that could be related. I would like to divide these happenings into two definite areas, and I feel that they must work together in our Christian experience.

The first area of getting acquainted is that with reference to God. This is the time spent in the study of God's Word. These moments have been rich in blessing and inspiration. His Word has become my daily guide. It is a "lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

The other acquaintance is that with reference to man. I am grateful for the opportunities that have been afforded to get to know so many, many people. I had the privilege to travel

1953 SENIOR CLASS

Six testimonials from members of the Senior Class of our Seminary appear on these pages of the "Baptist Herald." The 1953 class is composed of eight students. Heinz Grabia who will receive his B.D. degree sent his testimonial two years ago when he graduated with the Th.B. Walter Ortman, who is from a Mennonite group, did not respond.

with the King's Stewards Male Quartet for two summers. In these travels I had the pleasure of meeting many of our own people from the east to the west and from the north to the south. Other acquaintances have been right at the Seminary. We had our own missionaries come to visit with us. We have had our own secretarial staff visit us from Forest Park. These and many more have challenged us to a great service for our Lord.

With these two acquaintanceships of God and man, our faculty has pointed out the need of integrating the two. That task is now mine of presenting God to man in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ and bringing man to God. For this fellowship of getting acquainted, I am indebted to our Seminary.

WHAT THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY MEANS TO ME

By WILLIAM EFFA
of Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

Ever since my conversion in my early youth, I have had a reverent attitude toward the Christian ministry. However, I never gave it a thought that some day I would find myself called into the ministry. I had other ambitions and interests in my life for the future, but not the Christian ministry. The day came, when I responded to God's call after repeated calling to resign myself to his will.

During the years of preparation for this divinely appointed task, I realize that the Christian ministry is not a profession or a money making proposition, but a "Divine Imperative"—a call from God. With utmost respect I regard it as the highest calling which can be bestowed upon an individual. Often, I have wondered why God saw fit to call me into such an exalted sphere of service with my limited abilities and talents. I esteem it an high honor to be called of God to be one of his ambassadors.

From my practical experience the Christian ministry demands of me to present my life a living sacrifice unto the Lord wholly and completely consecrated with an unreserved surrender of my will to God's. Then, too, it demands surrendering all my talents and times for unceasing service, ready to bear the cross without murmuring and to suffer for Christ's sake; to be a



Members of the 1953 Senior Class of the North American Baptist Seminary, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Front row, left to right: LeRoy Schauer, Manuel Wolff, Walter Hoffman and William Effa.—Back row: Walter Ortman, Heinz Grabia, Robert Nielsen and Edward Oster.

physician of the soul, a shepherd with a true shepherd's heart caring for the flock, having a burning passion for the lost and rescuing them, having an unceasing love for people, a friend to the friendless, a counselor to the troubled, encouraging the discouraged, comforting the sick and the bereaved and lifting up the fallen.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," that I may be found faithful "holding forth the word of life" and to hear my Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." That is my sincere prayer and desire.

A TRIBUTE TO THE ENRICHMENT OF LIFE AT THE SEMINARY

By ROBERT P. NIELSEN
of Chester, South Dakota.

As a student who expects to graduate from the Seminary this spring, I count it a great privilege to express in a few words what the Seminary has meant to me. Especially do I cherish this opportunity since I am not a member of your denomination.

It would seem trite to say that it is difficult to find appropriate words, yet there has been so much of joy and satisfaction and spiritual blessing for me here, that the place to begin is the problem. It might be well to say at first that this has been a time of "pointing up" the spiritual and intellectual foundations of my life. I have found here the leadership, the fellowship and the environment that have enriched my life spiritually as well as intellectually. I am confident that I am much better prepared to meet life and the challenge of my calling from God from having studied here.

My Seminary experience has been the most enriching of my Christian life. I feel, as one who views from without, that you of the North American Baptist General Conference are indeed fortunate to have this school, and I hope that more and more of your men will fill its corridors. To say how I feel about the school in simple terms is this: if I had my seminary work to do over, had again the choice of schools, I would want to come here.

I am deeply grateful to the denomination and the faculty for their part in providing this school for such as myself and for contributing so much to my preparation and growth for acceptable service to Christ.

WHAT THE SEMINARY MEANS TO ME

By EDWARD R. OSTER
of La Salle, Colorado.

It is always a pleasure to stop along one's path of life and reminisce about the past. It was back in the year of 1938 that I came to Christ. As I meditate upon these past fifteen years, I can truly say that God has ushered forth many blessings into my life.

The seventeenth day of May will be the culmination of a dream that has existed for twelve years. Yet, it will be graduation time, and then out into the battlefield for my Lord, endeavoring to love and win souls for him.

It was in our Seminary that I began to fulfill in my life the words of Paul as they are found in 2 Timothy 2:15, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the truth." For there has been no better

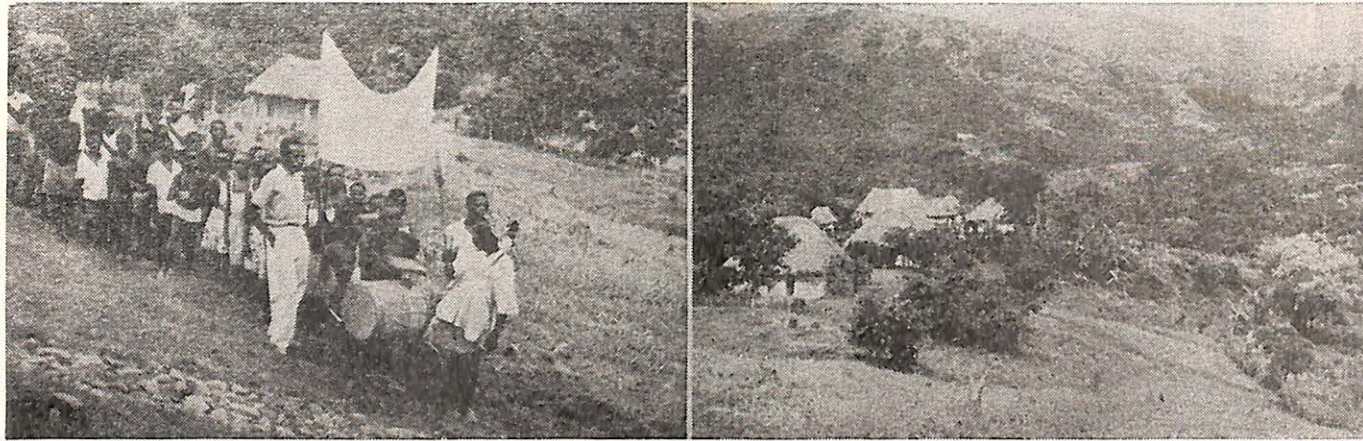
place to equip myself to become a shepherd of our blessed Lord that at a school that is set aside for the training of Christ's soldiers.

With the moving of our Seminary to Sioux Falls, S. Dak., many privileges have been manifested to us. First of all, a new and wonderful building for the use of our education was placed at our disposal. Many new friends have been made through the co-operation of our Seminary and the other institutions of higher education.

Secondly, new fields of work have opened up in the form of pastoral work in churches in the surrounding area. Yes, the ability to be able to know our own people in the Dakota Conference is a vital asset to any student's education.

In our school of higher education, I have had the opportunity of formulating my concepts of God and the glorious grace of God toward mankind. I have also gained a deeper sense of loyalty toward my God and our denomination.

As I think of these past five years, I am overwhelmed with gratitude and thankfulness to God for what he has done for me. Surely, the hand of God has been and is in our process of education at our Seminary. Ever pleasant will be the memories of my student days at the Seminary, for it is there that the revelation of God has become illumined and more explicit to me. It is at the Seminary that I have found peace and contentment in my soul, for I am realizing the fulfillment of my calling into the service of God. I shall be ever grateful with much thankfulness for the blessings received at the North American Baptist Seminary.



The Baptist Band at Lus, Cameroons, directed by Samuel Njitu Mwumfe takes part in a colorful school conference as the enthusiastic school children march to the Lus Baptist Churchyard which can be seen at the right from the mission resthouse.

Life Story of Samuel Njitu Nwumfe

The amazing story of a young African Christian, told in his own words, how God had to deal with him and how our Cameroons missionaries were a blessing to him

Edited by the REV. EARL AHRENS of Mbem, Cameroons

SAMUEL Njitu Nwumfe, was born at Lus Mfumte, Nkambe Division, in Bamenda and the Cameroons Provinces. I was born in 1930. My correct age was learned in this way. The Lus people have a system of farming which is known as shifting cultivation. They work one piece of land and, after a year or two, they will leave this spot and move to a different one. When my father counted all the years and the places where I had been, I then came to know my correct age and the exact year I was born.

During the time I was at home, I was practicing simple magic of deceiving people and taking things from them. This sort of practice had been given to me by my father. He taught me how to fight and how to be brave. I became a fighter!

MAGIC OF A BOOK

One day I heard that there was someone in our town who could take papers and write things on them which could be read in far off places—just the very words as put down. I had to beg my father to go and see this man but I was not allowed. Unfortunately at this time my uncle's wife was put to bed (delivered a child) and I was asked to care for the child, since this is very commonly practiced by our people. I had to obey my father's word and did it.

When this little child was able to walk on its legs, the man of the book came again and all went to him. This

time I was able to reason a little and the man came right into our village. This man was Robert Jam. (See article by Robert Jam in the March 26 issue of the BAPTIST HERALD.) He taught people mostly about God. I did not like his talking too much, but his magic in writing and reading held me. This time I could not show much interest in my father's magic, because this man's magic was better than his own.

One day a friend who came from Victoria told me that there was a house where little children go to learn this wonderful "magic." He said that there was such a house at Nsop, where now the motor road to Mbem is. He also told me that some boys in our town were getting ready to go there. Despite the fact that my father was very ill and was very much against my going there, I had to sleep in the bush on the road waiting for those boys. At last I was able to attend Nsop school for two weeks.

Then the boys, with whom I had gone, had to come home and I returned with them. I had to remain at home for one more year, working with my father as a hunter and fisher boy. During the time that I was at home, my heart was not at rest because of this wonderful "magic" which was above my father's own, namely, that of reading and writing.

Late in the year 1939 I heard of such a wonderful "school of magic." This time I had to follow some church teachers who came down to Mbem for

their conference. At first I thought that something would be put in my eyes before I would know the book (how to read). Every morning I expected the medicine to be put in my eyes. As time went on I became very progressive in my class.

Before we went for half-yearly holidays, I was promoted to Infants II (second grade). When I was in this school, my food was mostly gotten from my home and at last I was taken by one teacher to stay with him and he supported me. I became interested in football and sports. This made all my teachers love me.

YEARS AT BELO

When I reached Standard IV Elementary (sixth grade), I was asked not to go to Ndu for an entrance to Standard V. This made me annoyed and I left the school and was at home for one year. In 1945 I thought of school again and was taken by one church teacher right to Belo. Here I was in a "far away" country. My brother managed to give me some money. Before this, I was wearing the bark of a tree to school because I had no clothes. One day my father sent me a shirt which I honored as a kind of gift from God. That was the very first time that I wore a shirt and knicker.

One day I was taken by the Rev. S. Donald Ganstrom to serve him. I worked so hard that he took it upon himself to pay my fees, buy my books, house me, feed me and clothe me. I was at Belo for three years. Here I

completed my Standard VI (8th grade). I passed first in the class.

On January 19, 1948 I was employed as a school teacher in the Cameroons Baptist Mission School at Lus. In March 1948 I was married. Here I was deceived by other teachers who contributed ten pounds to use for the marriage feast. All this money was spent very wastefully and this gave me a very bad start. I then lived a very poor life with my wife for two years.

Just when I was at Lus, I was influenced by my friends to drink wine. Some of us became "dead drunkards." All my money was used in this way and many a time I ran to my father crying for money and he helped me.

EVIL HABITS

In 1949 our first child, Alfred, was born. I had nothing to feed the women who came around and nothing to feed the mother with. I nearly lost him and the mother because of no proper feeding. I had to cry to my father again for help. While all of this was going on, I did not cut down "the drinking matter." I drank more and more again. I took it as a sort of pride to drink much wine. I did not care for my wife's needs and each year I bought her but a single gown. She was told by her people to leave me but she did not do so.

At the end of the year 1949, I was asked to go to Koffa where I was to be as the teacher in charge of the school. My life in Koffa was a dead one. I went so deep in wine drinking that I could go to the town after school and only come back very late at night. This type of life continued for two complete years. Here in August 1951 Grace Nwumfe was born.

All this time I was a nominal member of the Baptist Church. I became a Baptist member in 1944, baptized at Lus by Mr. Robert Jam. Although I was a Baptist, I did not walk according to the way of the Lord. In Koffa I used all the money I got for twelve months for wine.

NEW BIRTH IN CHRIST

At the end of the year, I was informed that I would be transferred to Mbem. I wrote denying it because I was conscious that my evil practicing would be revealed. Since it was God's plan, no one even cared to listen to my refusal to come to Mbem. I then said that I would go to Mbem. There are no palm trees there, so the wine problem would be solved. Mbem! Mbem! This place became so deadly to me. The missionary was stationed here and would find me out. At Mbem I was led, not only to drink but to fall into the bad habit of attempting to beat my wife and my house servants.

One market day I had seven shillings. My wife asked me to give her



Samuel Njitu Nwumfe (right), the author of the article, arm in arm with Philip Nyong (left), the evangelist in charge of the Mbem Field.

some for food and I told her that there was not even a single penny left with me. All the seven shillings were spent in the Hausa quarter on corn beer and that was not even enough. I then borrowed corn beer and took some to my house. Every morning a group of Mbem and Hausa women came to my house for their money, and I only told them a lie. I told them to go saying that "Mr. Ahrens is no good. He has not paid me. He will pay me on Sunday and I will pay you." Many a time I ran into my sleeping room and told my people to tell them that I was not in. Other times I told them that my key to my money box was lost.

One evening when the people hounded me for payment of debts, a very heavy rain fell and it thundered. I thought to myself that if it is that the world would come to an end, where will I be? I thought of the time when I was praying to God at Belo and how Mr. Ganstrom preached to us. I thought of many debts that I already owed and how to pay them back. I opened my box and saw nothing.

I now came to my senses that I have a wife and two children that I do not care for. I saw my wife lying on her bed without any covering. Little Alfred was shivering with cold and the heavy rain was going on. It seemed to me that it was a dream. I started crying and my wife had to ask me what was happening. I could not explain it to her. In the morning

something came to my mind and told me that I should go to the missionaries and they would help me.

When I got to Mr. Ahrens' house (he was gone), Mrs. Ahrens simply came out and told me all that had happened to me, and that one thing alone surprised me. She told me what God wants me to be and what I must do. She asked me to pray and, of course, I did not know how to pray, though I had claimed to be a Christian since 1944. My heart was just suspended by a thread when I thought of what sins I had committed.

I asked God to let me die rather than living after having done all these things. I asked Jesus to take away the thirst of wine from me. I had to pray very sincerely to God and in this prayer I felt that I had never known Jesus before and had never known how to pray. As I kept on praying every day, I felt within myself that the Holy Spirit has entered into my heart. I came to my real senses that I had never known God before.

WITNESSING FOR CHRIST

During my August holidays a thought came to me that the downfall of the Lus people was in my hands and that I had to do something with it. I now thought of what happened to me. I said, wine kept me back and I must stop this wine drinking altogether, right now, and not tomorrow. I had to start off for Lus and on my way I had to pray to the Lord to help me in all what I would do there. When I got down, many people came with wine as usual, but I told them that I had stopped drinking wine and many of them would not believe me. This continued from four to six days, and I kept on preaching and telling them about the wonderful things Christ had done to me. I also confessed what I had done to them previously.

My father was my very first fruit for Jesus. My father and all his brothers had been living and paying jujus during their lives. They are famous in Lus as far as the juju business is concerned. I then told them about Christ and they accepted him. All their juju and all their medicines were buried. They went to the church and said openly that they have accepted Jesus as their Savior. Two days later forty backslidden members turned to Christ and I continued speaking to them, not in my words but I was conscious that a different power was in me. I stood up among them and talked to them individually without being afraid. Each day new faces came to me to accept Christ. I had to tell them about Jesus and about his wonderful love to us.

The latest thing about my witnessing is that 70 to 75 persons have been baptized during the last baptism at

(Continued on Page 24)



At the worship service held in Tournata camp (left), Mr. R. G. LeTourneau speaks with the aid of a native interpreter. Walter Kohrs, author of the article, is pictured (center) with some of the African younger set while on an exciting missionary trek. At the right, two lepers of New Hope Town, located about 60 Miles from Tournata, show their leprosy hands and feet.

Tournata Mission in the African Bush

This is the second of two articles to appear in the BAPTIST HERALD on Tournata following the return of Walter Kohrs, LeTourneau photographer, from Liberia where he accompanied Mr. R. G. LeTourneau on a visit to this missionary-agricultural development project

By MR. WALTER KOHRS of Peoria, Illinois

MISSIONARY activities in connection with the Tournata project in Liberia, Africa, go into full swing on Sundays. All three of the mission staff go into the bush—Rev. W. H. Guenther of Madison, Wis.; Paul Lewis of Miles City, Mont.; and Harold Crossman of Pennsylvania. Mr. Guenther is a former engineering instructor, Mr. Lewis is a graduate of Moody Bible Institute and attended LeTourneau Tech, and Mr. Crossman is a graduate of LeTourneau Tech.

It was my privilege to accompany Lewis and Crossman on their trek into the bush. You don't know what getting to church involves unless you do it in Africa! We made it up and back by using four methods—plane, canoe, on foot and via Tournapull (a self-propelled earthmover).

FOUR MILE TREK

We started out by plane, flying eight miles to a landing strip at a native village on a river bank. There we climbed into a native canoe hollowed out of a huge log, the "cross man" rowing us across the river near the point where it empties into the sea. As any experienced African canoe traveler will tell you: "Park your gum in the middle of your mouth but don't chew it. Don't rock the boat."

The four mile trek through the bush began when we reached the opposite side of the river. There a native boy ("My name is James. What is yours?") shouldered my pack of photo equipment, and away we went. Native boys always accompany expeditions into the bush country. White persons get better acceptance when accompanied by

natives, and native boys do the carrying of supplies needed on trek.

As we passed through native villages, hordes of little black boys would set up a great shout as soon as they spotted us and, chattering and laughing, would stream along behind us far out into the bush beyond their own villages. Scores of black hands were extended in friendly handshakes as we trekked single file down the sand paths that led between the houses, which were built of mud covered with a thatched roof.

CHURCH SERVICE

Arriving at the village which was our destination, we were greeted by the clanging of a "bell" (a native lad banging away on a piece of metal) announcing our coming. Then we entered the native house parsonage, waiting one hour for the people to assemble in the church outside. The second clanging of the "bell" announced the start of the service, and we all filed in, facing the audience.

The calmness that marked the beginning of the service didn't last long. The choir, led by a leader clad in black-and-white vestments, started things off by a 12-minute number. They sing at the top of their voices, their accompaniment being the rhythmic pounding of seed-filled gourds and tin cans, with others not so equipped clapping their hands. The native leader talked for a few minutes, then another lengthy number by the choir again . . . and so it went until the leader called on each of us to speak.

We spoke a few words at a time, then the leader "passed the word," taking many times longer to say in the

Kru dialect what we had just said in English. Many of our expressions have no counterpart in their native tongue, and so there is a great deal of explanation for every phrase. Crossman gave the sermon in the same manner, the choir interrupting his discourse repeatedly by suddenly breaking out with another number. There was lots of "palavering" during the passing of the offering plate and it went on for a long time. After the service, we took pictures outside, everyone "mugging" the camera so close that we had to keep waving them back to get the pictures.

SUNDAY ADVENTURES

After that, the hour-and-twenty-minute trek back, during which we all stopped on the trail to eat lunch, all the while under the close scrutiny of natives winding up the procession.

On re-crossing the river, we arrived at a village where Mr. LeTourneau had just finished speaking and the service was ending. He boarded the plane for the flight back to Tournata, the remainder of us boarding the Tournapull in which Mr. R. G. LeTourneau had ridden to the river bank village. With some up by the operator's seat and the rest standing in the scraper bowl, we had a swift trip over the sands and the surf of the seashore down to Tournata.

Such was Sunday in the jungle!

On another Sunday we went to a native village in the opposite direction. That service, conducted by the Rev. W. H. Guenther, was more "Americanized" than the first one. This was due largely to the fact that we took with

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New and Old Things in Jerusalem

The second and last of a series of articles on "The Holy Land as Seen Through Evangelical Eyes"

By the REV. CHARLES J. ANDERSON of Kenosha, Wisconsin

ALTHOUGH WE LEFT our story in the last issue at Damascus, ready to enter the Kingdom of the Jordan, for the second phase of our Holy Land journey, we must return briefly to Beirut, Lebanon, to fully understand our "welcome" at Jordan's gates. At Beirut I had been approached by a representative of a major press association, an Arab gentleman, who beneath his courteous exterior gave the definite impression that he considered America and Americans quite anti-Arab and pro-Jewish.

When I assured him I was quite open-minded and neutral toward both sides and wanted to see at first hand such things as refugee camps, etc., on both sides of the frontier, he not only arranged such visits for me in many places on the "Arab" side but, without my knowledge, wrote a very favorable article complete with pictures for the Arabic language newspapers. This was now to "pay off" in a very pleasant manner.

CROSSING THE BORDER

As our hired car approached the Syrian-Jordan border, a long line of vehicles of almost every description awaited scrutiny and inspection. Presenting my credentials to the "Arab-legion" corporal who accosted us, I settled back for a wait of what should have been hours, and might have become even days, under adverse circumstances. In about ten minutes a captain approached our car, got in, and ordered my driver to drive around the long line of cars, where we were met by a major who asked me in rather good English if I understood German.

When I said I did, he switched to perfect German and asked me to come in out of the sun. In a cool pleasant room, he asked me about my journeys to Germany during the postwar period, while lovely cakes, exotic sandwiches and endless cups of Turkish coffee made their appearance in assembly-line precision.

I found he was a former member of Rommel's "Afrika Korps" and was very happy in his new position, although with a nostalgic loneliness for the Germany he felt he could never again visit. After several pleasant hours I learned for the first time about the newspaper article, and as my

papers stamped, "Special courtesies," were returned to me, only then did I learn that the entire line had waited while the major and I chatted in the coolness of his air-conditioned office! Many were "the black looks" cast in our direction as we by-passed the entire waiting line, stopping at the frontier barrier so that the guard might raise and lower the barrier a number of times while I took motion pictures.

As we drove through the countryside on "the road to Damascus" in the reverse order from that which Paul took on his famous journey, we saw for the first time great and very efficient military activity. Tanks, trucks, gun emplacements and maneuvering cavalry were everywhere. One could see evidence that if the hand of God had not kept the crack Arab-legion out of combat action during the Jewish year, 1948 ("War of Liberation"), Israel might still not be a nation today.

As late afternoon came we arrived in Amman (called Philadelphia in New Testament times), where Abdullah, king of the Jordan, reigned who was soon to be assassinated. Amman

is a bustling modernized city with a splendid first-class hotel and with wonderful food. Across from the hotel (the Philadelphia) is a Roman Arena, still in fairly good repair, where in early Christian times, beyond doubt, many of "the new faith" met death for their faith in the Christ of Calvary.

CITY OF AMMAN

It is, of course a Moslem city, but several flourishing evangelical congregations meet here, with the knowledge of the monarch, and of course with his consent. Abdullah was noted for his genial tolerance and his liking for Americans. One can only hope that the present monarch will continue his gracious attitude. However, while he might have tolerated Christianity, Abdullah himself was a devoted Moslem, and was killed on the steps of Jerusalem's Mosque of Omar while coming from prayer.

The stay in Amman was all too short, but we had to be on our way to Jerusalem. Old Jerusalem, except for electric lights, is within "the city walls" much as it must have been in

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—Westminster Films
The old city of Jerusalem, where Jesus walked on its streets, which is now in Arab hands.

Christian Education in Every Church

The importance of establishing a Committee on Christian Education in every North American Baptist Church

By MRS. EMMA B. MEIER of Portland, Oregon,
a member of the denomination's Committee on Education

IN VIEW of our denominational emphasis on STEWARDSHIP during the present triennium, it is quite appropriate that we turn our attention to the educational program of our local churches and ask ourselves: Are we good stewards in the planning and carrying out of the very important work of Christian education in our churches?

Many of our forward-looking churches have found that a COMMITTEE (or BOARD) OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION has been of great service in the designing and supervision of their total educational program. Whether a congregation is large or small, it might do well to consider establishing such a committee as a means of integrating and strengthening all of its activities.

SERIES OF ARTICLES

Our denominational Committee on Education has been giving serious consideration to this problem and at its session last spring decided to publish a series of articles in the BAPTIST HERALD, calling attention to the importance of a COMMITTEE ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION in the local church, its purpose, and how it has worked in churches which have such a committee. There has also been made available to our churches an outline describing (1) the need for such a committee, (2) the constituency of the committee, (3) the duties of the committee. (See next page.)

In the present article we shall merely try to point out some of the advantages of having a COMMITTEE ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION in the local church and some of the services it can render.

1. THE FINDING AND ENLISTING OF WORKERS. It often happens that there are members in our churches who are thoroughly capable of doing excellent work in positions of leadership, but who, for some reason, are inactive. They may be too timid to offer their services. They may feel that they do not want to crowd out someone who has held a position for a long time. They may simply be waiting to be enlisted. A wide-awake COMMITTEE ON CHRIS-



Missionary education is important in every church's ministry, as shown by Missionary Paul Gebauer describing an African tribal headdress to Trudy Milbrandt of Medicine Hat, Alberta, at the General Conference in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

TIAN EDUCATION will be on the lookout for such persons and will try to place them in positions for which they are best suited.

2. THE TRAINING OF WORKERS. In every church there are young people (and others not so young) who are willing enough to be of service, but who feel that they do not know how to do the job efficiently. And they are probably right. Everyone knows that teaching a class of Junior boys requires a technique quite different from that of teaching adults or beginners.

The Committee on Christian Education can organize leadership training classes to help these prospective workers secure the training they need and to help those who are already at work to render even more efficient service. It can also keep its workers informed as to other training opportunities outside the local church, such as institutes, summer schools, conferences, etc.

3. MAKING CHANGES WHERE NECESSARY. Difficult situations sometimes arise when a person who is evidently a misfit continues to hold a position of leadership, or when a whole group engages in activities which do not promote the best interests of the church. Here the COMMITTEE ON CHRISTIAN EDUCA-

TION is the proper organization to bring about a change. If the pastor or Sunday School superintendent suggests a change, he may find himself in an embarrassing position, for those involved might take the matter as a personal affront and strained relationships might arise.

The committee, on the other hand, since it is composed of several members is in a far better position to assume this responsibility. The pastor, relieved of such burdens, can thus devote himself more fully to his primary task of preaching the Gospel and of fostering the spiritual life of the congregation.

4. THE PLANNING OF THE TOTAL EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM OF THE CHURCH. It is only natural that enthusiastic leaders will promote that phase of church work in which they are most vitally interested. The result is that sometimes great effort is put into some areas while others are sadly neglected. Or there may be an overlapping of activities which brings about friction and confusion.

Since the Committee on Christian Education is concerned with the total program of the church, it will take into consideration the needs of all age levels, whether children's work, youth groups, or adult groups. It will be concerned with Evangelism, with Missionary Education, with Stewardship. It will frequently examine and evaluate the present program of the church to see where it might be improved. It will inquire into what is being done in other churches and what has worked out well and has proved worth doing.

REAL STEP FORWARD

It is the hope of your denominational Committee on Education that some of our pastors who have had the opportunity of working with a COMMITTEE ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION in their churches will share their experiences with others by means of the BAPTIST HERALD and that, as a result of this exchange of ideas, many of our churches which do not yet have such a committee, may be encouraged to establish one. The total outcome could very well be a real step forward for the churches concerned as well as for our whole "beloved denomination."

A Committee on Christian Education

Practical suggestions for such a committee in the local church prepared by the denominational Committee on Education

I. THE NEED FOR THE COMMITTEE

1. To strengthen the spiritual life of the church.
2. To unify the purpose and program among all organizations of the church.
3. To coordinate all organizations with one another in the total life of the church.
4. To provide for a well-balanced and well-planned program.
5. To study present methods, materials and equipment with the possibility of improving them or acquiring new ones.

II. CONSTITUENCY OF THE COMMITTEE

1. Appointment. The members are to be nominated by the official board or committee of the church or Board of Deacons and elected by the church.
2. Qualifications.
 - (a) Personal Christian experience.
 - (b) Interest in all activities of the church.
 - (c) Willingness to grow in the knowledge and use of more effective methods and materials in Christian Education.
 - (d) Practical experience in education.
3. Size of the committee. This will vary with the size of the church, but we suggest from three to five members in addition to the pastor and Sunday School superintendent as ex-officio members with (or without) the right to vote.

III. DUTIES OF THE COMMITTEE

1. Hold regular meetings (preferably monthly) for the purpose of examining and reviewing the work of Christian Education in the church and to plan for a well-balanced program.
2. Keep the church informed about what the committee is doing.
3. Evaluate the materials being used in all organizations of the church and compare them with other available materials.
4. Counsel with the leaders of all organizations of the church concerning specific problems or suggesting improved methods, including audio-visual aid equipment.
5. Select a limited number of definite goals toward which to strive. These goals should be concerned with the following areas: Christian experience, Bible knowledge, Baptist conviction,



—Photo by Herman Siemund
The Bible is the textbook of all Christian education in every North American Baptist Church.

tions, planned evangelism, the teaching church, practical discipleship, leadership education, Christian vocational guidance, Church history, Christian missions, our denomination, and the Christian family.

6. Plan for a long-term program of training for leadership in all phases

of the church work, such as: Sunday School, CBY, Vacation Bible School, women's work, men's work, children's work, and parents' groups.

7. Where the need for new or better equipment becomes evident steps should be taken to improve the situation in cooperation with the church officials concerned.

Some churches already have a Committee of Christian Education (sometimes called a Board of Christian Education) elected by the church and functioning with greater freedom in carrying out its responsibilities. Information concerning such a Board of Christian Education may be secured through the reading of such books and leaflets as:

"Christian Education in the Local Church" by Oliver Cummings.

"The Local Church Board of Christian Education" Bulletin No. 603.

"The Pastor as Educational Director" by J. C. Hensley.

"Planning Christian Education in the Local Church" by R. Hoiland.

"The Organization and Administration of Christian Education in the Local Church."

"The Board of Christian Education in the Local Church."

"Church Officers at Work" by Glenn H. Asquith.

"Solving Church School Problems" by Irene Catherine Smith.



—Photograph by Harold M. Lambert
An important committee meeting at which the educational policies and activities of the church are seriously considered.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

● The Baptist Church of Creston, Neb., has extended a call to the Rev. Reuben Stading, pastor of the Rosenfeld Baptist Church near Anamoose, North Dakota. He has responded favorably to the call and will begin his pastorate in Creston on April 1st, succeeding the Rev. John Broeker, now of Paul, Idaho. Mr. Stading has been pastor of the Rosenfeld Church of North Dakota since his graduation from our Seminary in 1951.

● From Jan. 25 to Feb. 1st the Ebenzer Baptist Church of Shattuck, Okla., observed "Youth Week." All of the meetings were in charge of the young people, and the guest speaker for the week was the Rev. Elmer Strauss of Ellinwood, Kansas. The services were enjoyed by the adults as well as by the young people. On Friday evening, Jan. 30, a large crowd enjoyed the fellowship and refreshments in the church basement.

● Mrs. F. W. Godtfring of Buffalo, N. Y., was called Home on February 16 in her 84th year. She was the wife of Mr. F. W. Godtfring, who served for many years as the secretary of the Florida Life Association. He was in regain on doctor's orders, trying to of his strength and health at the time a member of the Temple Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years. The obituary of Mrs. Godtfring appears on page 23 of this issue.

● Junior Young People's Parents' Night was observed by the First Baptist Church of Watertown, Wis., on Sunday afternoon, March 8, at 5:30 P.M. After the supper, the program Little Dollars, featuring the play, "Five Dollars," presented by 17 young people and directed by Ruth Rabenhorst. The welcome was extended by Mrs. Benke, pastor. The Rev. Jothan G. Benke, pastor, brought a brief missionary meditation after the play. The theme for the inspirational program was "The Field Is the World."

● From April 7 to 9 the ministers of the Southwestern Conference churches held their Pastors' Retreat at the Baptist Church of Lorraine, Kansas. Guest speakers were Dr. George A. Lang of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and the Rev. Wilbald S. Argow, a retired minister of Erie, Pa., who spoke on his experiences of more than 50 years in the Baptist ministry. There were also provocative

round table discussions at the retreat. There was a good representation of the Southwestern Conference ministers at the conference.

● On Sunday, March 15, the Rev. George Hensel presented his resignation to the King's Highway Baptist Church of Bridgeport, Conn., which he has served since 1943. He hopes to retire from the active pastorate and he and his sister, who has ably assisted him in his pastorates, will reside in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. Hensel's resignation will take effect on May 31. It was accepted by the Bridgeport Church with sincere regrets and with appreciation for the influential ministry rendered.

● The First Baptist Church of Saint Joseph, Mich., has elected the Rev. Thomas Stoeri, a retired pastor in its congregation, minister-emeritus. He is the only living former pastor of the church, having ministered in Saint Joseph from 1919 to 1928. It was during his pastorate that the present church edifice was built. He preached at the morning service on Sunday, March 22. He is enjoying fairly good health at the present time. Both he and Mrs. Stoeri live with their daughter and son-in-law.



Japanese lanterns are receiving their finishing touches before they are used at the Japanese festivals. Our missionaries in Japan will soon tell the story of God's continued wonders in our Japan Mission.

● On Palm Sunday evening, March 29, a large audience at the Grace Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., viewed the two-hour presentation of the religious film, "The King of Kings." An Easter sunrise service was held on April 5 with Edith Barton, Sunday School teacher and professional nurse, as the speaker. During these festive days the combined church choir and Junior Choir of 44 voices sang. On April 12 the Rev. William L. Schoeffel baptized seven converts on confession of their faith in Christ as Savior.

● Evangelistic meetings were held in the First Baptist Church of Underwood, N. Dak., from March 22 to 27 with the Rev. A. W. Bibelheimer of Turtle Lake, N. Dak., serving as evangelist. A mission rally was held in the church on Sunday evening, March 15, with Miss Eleanor Weisenburger, Camerons missionary, as the speaker. The Rev. Fred J. Knalson, pastor, conducted evangelistic meetings for two weeks early in March at the Bismarck Baptist Church. This was the 11th campaign which he has conducted during the past five years.

● The First Baptist Church of Bellwood, Ill., has extended a call to the Rev. Constantine Salios who is also studying toward the ThD degree at the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary in Chicago, Illinois. He is a graduate of Bob Jones University and spent one year at Southwestern Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas. He and his wife and their two sons are residing in the church's parsonage. Mr. Salios began his ministry in Bellwood on March 1st, succeeding the Rev. Ronald MacCormack, now of Parkersburg, Iowa.

● Members and friends of the River-view Church, St. Paul, Minn., had the unusual privilege of hearing two Estonian professional musicians on Sunday evening, Feb. 1st, in a fine spiritual program. They were Kaljo Raid, violin-cellist, and Valdeko Kangro, violinist. The program was sponsored by the Men's Brotherhood. The moderator of the church, elected at the annual business meeting on Jan. 14, is Mr. Ed Glewwe. The church clerk is Mr. Richard Glewwe. The Rev. Edgar W. Klatt, pastor, is conducting a series of studies on Hebrews at the prayer meetings of the church.

● The Baptist Church of Moosehorn, Man., Canada, has extended a call to Mr. Bert Milner of Winnipeg, Man., a Senior student at the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Milner has accepted the call and will begin his pastorate in Moosehorn on July 1st following his graduation in May 1953 from the seminary. He and his wife served the church during the summer months of 1952. In the Moosehorn church he will succeed his father, the Rev. A. Milner, who left the Moosehorn church and has moved to Winnipeg for reasons of health.

● The days from February 15 through March 1 were days of inspiration, heartsearching and rejoicing in the Lord for the First Baptist Church of Paul, Idaho. During this period a revival campaign was conducted. Christians were brought nearer to the Lord and four persons, two of whom are a young married couple, confessed salvation in Christ. The church rejoiced in the salvation of these souls and prayed that many more might yet be saved. This campaign was conducted by the pastor and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. John Broeder. The church is looking forward to a baptismal service in the near future.

● Special pre-Easter services were held from April 1 to 3 at the Daytons Bluff Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn., with Dr. Earle V. Pierce of Minneapolis, Minn., a former president of the American Baptist Convention, as the inspirational speaker. On March 18 the Rev. Donald Patet of Randolph, Minn., was in charge of the prayer service. Mr. Patet is a son of this church. He has also announced his engagement to Miss Betty Gossen of Waco, Texas, a daughter of the late Rev. C. C. Gossen and his widow, who is still living in Waco, Texas, in July. The Rev. William H. Jeschke is pastor of the Daytons Bluff Church of St. Paul.

● Commencement exercises of the Christian Training Institute, Edmonton, Alta., were held from Easter Sunday, April 5, to April 7. The baccalaureate service was held at the Central Baptist Church of Edmonton on Sunday afternoon, April 5, with the Rev. Edgar Bailey, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Edmonton, as the speaker. The Rev. L. B. Berndt of the Central Baptist Church, Portland, Ore., was the commencement speaker. Other speakers during the closing exercises were Dr. Frank H. Woyke, executive secretary, and Mr. Walter W. Grosser, General Conference moderator. The Rev. E. P. Wahl, C.T.I. president, reported that 15 students were in the graduating class. A more detailed report will appear in the next issue of the "Baptist Herald."

C.B.Y. and S.S.U. HERALD NEWS

YOUTH COMPASS TOPICS

April 26, 1953—"The Truth of the Matter" by Mrs. Fred W. Pahl, Olds, Alta., Canada.

May 3, 1953—"More Light!" by Miss Marion Campbell, Brooklyn, New York.

FROM BRAZIL, SOUTH AMERICA

This summer Miss Vallerie Stillner, youth missionary in the Baptist churches in Brazil, South America, will be visiting in the United States. Miss Stillner has been employed in Brazil for five years working with Sunday Schools and youth groups. She will be visiting at our headquarters office to meet with the secretaries. Announcements will be made later on if she should be available for speaking engagements at some of our churches.

RIO DE JANEIRO, SOUTH AMERICA

From July 15 to 22, 1953, the 4th Baptist Youth World Conference will be held in Rio de Janeiro, South America. Baptist young people from all over the world will be at this great conference. The Rev. Joel Sorensen, youth secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, has invited our leaders to this conference. As far as we know, no one from the North American Baptist Conference will be able to attend. Let us pray for the success of this conference.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS' TRAINING CONFERENCE

July 13-18, 1953, is the date of the Christian Workers' Training Conference to be held at the Seminary Building, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. It is for all workers in Sunday Schools and CBY groups. The program will include phases on Christian Growth, Baptist Doctrine, Missions, Church music, camp ideas, fellowship, audiovisual aids, Vacation Bible School ideas. Many other interesting features will be presented in the program.

SUMMER CAMPS AND ASSEMBLIES

Many of our Sunday School and CBY leaders are already busy making plans for their summer camp program. Camping is part of the total program of Christian education of the church and careful planning should go into the program outline. Here are a few suggestions.

Password Talks: Occasionally, right after breakfast, a short inspirational talk, sometimes called "password" or "seed-thought" may be given by an adult. This helps to set the tone for the day. The talks should be short and deal with one point only.

Grace Before Meals: To add variety there might be verses sung in unison, the doxology, silent prayer while an appropriate selection is played on a musical instrument, or have unison prayers by a cabin group.

Worship Periods: Take advantage of the outdoor chapel among the trees or overlooking a body of water. Plan the worship period well. Participation by campers, when it can be done on their level of experience, should be encouraged.

Recreation: Opportunity might be provided for the campers to learn several new camp skills such as handicraft, archery, nature study, group games and hiking.

For further help in planning your camp program secure "The Camp Leaders' Guide" available at the headquarters office. Price 20 cents.

STUDENT PLACEMENT COMMITTEE

The Student Placement Committee has met on March 13th and again a large number of students have been placed. It is not only important that students are well received but that they also have the cooperation of the leaders and the people. Watch this column for the names of the students and their place of appointment.

FAMILY WEEK

May 3-10, 1953, has been set aside as National Family Week. The building of Christian foundations for homes is a joint responsibility of family and church. To succeed fully in this noble ideal the church and home must work together. The theme selected for this week is "A Christian Foundation for Every Home." An appropriate verse for Family Week is Joshua 24:15, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The hymn of that week might well be "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us."

SUMMER ITINERARIES

The summer itineraries for the general workers and missionaries have been sent to all youth leaders. Get in touch with these guest speakers as soon as possible, without fail.



Of Men and of Angels

A Prize-winning Christian Novel by LON WOODRUM

The serialization of Woodrum OF MEN AND OF ANGELS is being published by permission of the Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

SYNOPSIS

To Steve Glen, home meant his foster parents, Phoebe and Jason Gray, and the little town of Gold Springs, California. After years of army service, battle-weary and frustrated, Steve decided to return. Before long, he met Dian Lockwood, with whom he had gone to high school, and her rich father. He soon saw Jenny Grant, the preacher's daughter, a sweet and sincere girl, as he knew. At his home he met the new orphan boy, Dick Reubens, who had come to live with the Jasons. On the wall was the motto, "God Is Love." That was the spirit of the home! At first, Steve did not want to go to church, but a strange impulse prompted him to go one Sunday morning. The preacher, Dr. Grant, talked about the shipwreck on Malta in which the Apostle Paul was involved. Steve liked the sermon. He had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Grant and Jenny, with the Lockwoods, and he got acquainted again at the newspaper office. He also met Tony Granite at the hotel and learned about his gambling ways and his hard, defiant outlook on life.

CHAPTER SIX

THE MOUNTAIN road that ran eastward out of Gold Springs climbed higher and higher toward the uneven pinnacles of the Sierras. The smell of spring rushed in and out of the unpeopled wilderness and through the open window of the car, and the sun lay bright like burnished copper on the peaks and on the lower hills. Somehow, the sun on the mountains gives a man a feeling of ecstasy.

At my side sat Jenny. "It's so lovely up here, Steve."

"There's nothing lovelier," I replied, turning my eyes on her. "Well, except one thing."

She flushed and her prettiness was enhanced. "You are a flatterer, Mister Glen."

"You're wrong. Flatterers are people who don't mean what they say."

I grimaced lightly, swinging the car on a sharp curve, the gravel drumming in the fenders. "You wouldn't class me as the wolf type, would you?"

"I didn't say that, did I?"

"Listen, even a wolf is not such a bad thing. A dog, a gentle, lovable dog, is only a wolf who has been handled right for a long time."

"You do sound like a wolf, now! But as for the flattery—well, I'm a woman, after all," Jenny laughed gently.

You're the sweetest woman I ever saw, I said (but not aloud), and for you I get the feeling I could even roll up the long trail and stick it in a little house in poor old Gold Springs.

My look flicked to Jenny's sweet-hewn profile, but before I could speak I nearly drove off a quick curve, and she gasped as I brought the car back.

"Wouldn't you want to die with me?" I said lightly.

"I'd rather stay alive with you," she returned with a faint smile.

"That," I said, "is the nicest thing I've heard since they told me Hitler was licked."

"See that road which leads to the right at the top of the plateau ahead? Follow it down till you reach the brook. That's the spot I was talking about for our picnic."

The dirt road we struck to the right was narrow and rough, but it twisted through a domain that spring had decorated richly. Near the place where we spread our tablecloth for lunch, a stream of bright water swept ecstatically off down the steep, but we were far enough back from it for it to make a noise like a loud cat's-purr. The sound of the water made a fair back-drop for a choir of birds. A vast peace seemed to hold the outdoors in a tender hand.

We opened our basket and spread out the lunch. Between bites of food we stopped to take a deep breath, exhaling with genuine satisfaction and remarking how lovely everything was.

Sitting there with Jenny I felt real contentment; then my mind took up a reverie, and the contentment thinned. This was such a contrast, I thought, from the mad rush of war and its horrible aftermath.

Their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their way; and the way of peace have they not known—

"You shouldn't frown like that," said Jenny, "in such lovely surroundings."

"I was thinking, believe it or not, of something your father once used in a sermon. And, somehow, it took just such a peaceful scene as this to make me recall it."

I quoted the lines to her, and she said, "Saint Paul."

"Paul again, huh? He said a lot of things, didn't he?"

"If the world would only notice what he said we'd have a life worth living."

"Maybe that's what I was thinking, unconsciously. You have to go a long ways, sometimes, and see many things, a few good things, but many bad ones, then come and sit down in a spot like this to realize what the world has forgotten."

Jenny nodded without speaking. She lifted her face toward the sky that was all glittering blue and her breath sighed into her lungs, and her eyes were closed. Then she said, "You can almost hear God walking in the hills!"

You had to sit there and see her to know that she wasn't attempting either exhibition or drama; she was just being Jenny Grant.

Jenny seemed to sense that some of my thoughts were disturbing me.

"Tell me, Steve," she said, "how did you escape?"

"Escape? From the Nazis, you mean?"

"From your boyhood."

"Play that one over again, slow."

"You lived in a home where Christianity was the heart of things. Will you forgive me for being frank?"

"Be frank," I said.

"The religion which you were exposed to seems to have gone over your head, or something, to some extent!"

I lifted my eyebrows. "Do you think I'm not religious?"

"Maybe I don't make myself clear. Certainly I don't want to preach to you."

She hesitated then and I said, "Keep talking, Jenny. I won't run out on you."

"Well, I keep wondering why you have such a restlessness in you. Why you seem to be reaching for something 'way off."

"Listen. You're not talking religion now. You sound more like a psychologist," I grinned.

"Recently, Steve, I read a piece called 'In Search of Serenity.' I wish you could read it."

"Who knows, maybe I did read it. I can't remember right now. I've read a lot of stuff. The search for serenity is an old one. People seek it in many ways. By detachment, by indifference, by submission, by denial. Which path are you on?"

"I'm afraid you missed my path."

"Is there another one?"

"Yes," Jenny looked at me steadily. "Yes," she said, "surrender."

"Surrender? It's the same as submission, isn't it? Surrender to what?"

"It's not what, Steve. It's Whom!"

"You're going back to Saint Paul again, I think."

"Yes. I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

I looked toward the tops of the Sierras, then back to her face. "I remember hearing your father talk like that. It never quite clicked. Maybe I'm dumb."

"You're not dumb."

"Let's face it. Let's get down to business. You say you have hit the right path. What happens? Do you have this inner serenity?"

Her look was almost appealing; she seemed to be asking me to understand her. Her voice was low, but her eyes level.

"I have it, Steve—even if I am unworthy of it."

She sat looking at me, her lovely hazel-green eyes earnest and pleading, her mouth touched with a soft smile, an almost wistful smile. A far-off needling began to hurt me. Her words brought trouble to my spirit. I might have thought she was taking a holier-than-thou attitude, but her unassumed

simplicity, her very goodness, checked the thought. She watched me for a moment, then apparently realizing how her words had registered, she changed the subject and said, "What was London like, Steve?"

The abruptness of her question relieved me, even if it did leave a vague dissatisfaction in me, and I grinned.

"They seemed to be quite British," I said. "A little reserved for most of us, maybe, but a dependable people. The girls are not very emotional, outwardly anyhow. The Paris women are more so."

"Were you studying the women?"

"Listen, Jenny. Men have always studied women, just as women have always studied men. They've never quite understood each other, I guess, but the studying seems natural. I'm sure that Eve studied Adam and vice versa."

She laughed quickly. "Silly."

"There's nothing wrong in men being interested in women, nor the other way around. What really counts, though, is when one man gets deeply interested in one woman."

"That has been happening for a long time, hasn't it?"

"Take me, Jenny. I've never been what you would call a woman's man. At least there's nothing of the Don Juan in me. But I'm afraid I'm getting interested in that one woman!"

She made no attempt at being coy, and somehow I hadn't expected her to. Twiddling a blade of grass, her eyes on me, she said, "I'm not ungrateful, Steve."

Well, that could have been a signal. You're supposed to kiss a girl when she talks like that, I suppose; but I didn't make a gesture toward her. I just sat there drinking in her unspoiled loveliness, her unassumed charm, loving her with a sort of tender reverence. Oh, I would have kissed her, you understand, in a few moments, but a sudden spurt of feet not far away, from a frightened deer, shattered the brief interval. Too, I was aware of her mind's conflict. She was probably thinking that we were miles apart in our philosophies of life, that I still thought Gold Springs was a far cry from the big world beyond it.

Jenny came to her feet brushing crumbs from her skirt. "Haven't we better go, Steve?" We loaded the picnic stuff in the car and a few minutes later we were wheeling down the winding road toward Gold Springs. We had almost reached town when a convertible shot past us leaving a puff of dust for us to pass through.

"Dian Lockwood really uses the gas," I said.

Jenny glanced toward me as though she would ask a question, but she said, "She's a fast driver, all right. She's the energetic type."

"She always was like that, even as a kid."

"She's awfully attractive, too."

"Check on that."

"And she's rich, too."

"Uhuh. But she doesn't like the little village of Gold Springs."

She spun a quick look on me. "Where did you get that idea?"

"She gave it to me herself," I said.

"Oh." Just that one word, no further comment, no queries. My ego slid downward slightly.

"I saw her when I was coming into Gold Springs. She had a flat tire and I drove her home to get help."

"She wouldn't know how to fix a flat tire."

"Do you?"

"Of course. Dian's father gives her everything. They are very close to each other. They attend church almost every Sunday morning together."

"Tell me, do you think a man like Adam Lockwood is—well, how shall I put it? Do you really think he is a Christian?"

"Do you think I have the right to judge him?"

I almost said, "You judged me!" But I held it for I realized that Lockwood and I were in different camps since he claimed to be a Christian and I didn't. But resentment hit me over Jenny's words. I even wondered whether she actually felt that way or whether she was putting me in my place. If it hadn't been for her apparent lack of pretension I might have been angry. As it was I was only disturbed.

"Judge not," I said lightly, and dismissed the matter.

When I let her out of the car at the parsonage she said, "I hope you'll decide to stay in Gold Springs, Steve."

"You never can tell," I replied. On the way home I kept wondering why I hadn't kissed her.

As I swung around a corner from the parsonage on the way home I saw Dick Reubens standing there, eating a candy bar. I stopped and opened the car door.

"Come on, Dick, I'll drive you home, if you wish."

He climbed in, munching, his cheeks bulging. He pulled a second bar from his pocket and offered it to me. I shook my head saying it would spoil my dinner.

"Tony sure is a swell guy," said Dick enthusiastically.

"Tony?"

"Sure. Tony Granite. He bought me the candy bars."

My hands tightened on the wheel. I started to say something, but Dick said, "Boy, he's a good guy. I like him a lot. He makes me think of Hopalong Cassidy."

"Look, Dick," I said. "Tony Granite isn't anything like Hopalong Cassidy. How can you get your characters mixed up that way?"

"Sometimes," mused Dick, "he makes me think of Superman!"

"Why does he buy you candy?" I asked.

Dick stared at me incredulously. "Why? What do you mean, 'why?' Just because he's a good guy, that's all!"

The thought hit me that there was really nothing strange in Tony buying a boy some candy, for he would be remembering the times he had longed for candy when he was a kid. Still, I felt troubled over Dick's association with Tony.

"Dick," I said suddenly, "why don't you pick someone else for your hero?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, perhaps you don't exactly need a hero. What you need, maybe, is a brother."

Dick contemplated this and said, "Well, I guess you and me are sort of brothers, aren't we?"

"What do you mean 'sort of'? I thought we were brothers."

"Well—" said Dick, "I guess so."

"I never had a brother. Neither did you."

Dick grinned, "Okay."

A warm possessive feeling curled inside me and I felt that all men should have kid brothers.

That night in my room I was full of thinking. Sleep was as elusive as the flying saucers. After trying to read awhile I put on a jacket against the coolness of the air and went for a walk. I always liked to walk, especially at night, to feel the night air brushing my face, conscious that the sky was lighted by "a powdered drift of suns," as the poet said. Somehow, walking through the night I can think better.

I followed my feet with no direction in mind until I realized I was taking a little-used road which ascended a gentle foothill. Soon the lights of Gold Springs were lost behind me, and the town-sounds were only an echo.

As I sat there in the dark alone, the old feeling of serenity came back to me. And the eternal truth I had learned from Phoebe and Jason and Dr. Grant came back to me. You can forget them for a brief time, perhaps, but they always come back to you.

From everlasting Thou art God.

The words just came to me out of my long-barred memory vault, for no reason that I can explain. I let the words run through my thinking like a slow recorder-tape. Then strangely enough I remembered something that Tony Granite's father had said one night when we were camped on the Consumnes River. He had been drinking, and we had been lying there by the campfire, talking about the stars, as men have done for ages, drunk or sober. The old man had murmured, partly asleep, "The whole thing is too big. Scars a guy to think about it."

Well, I wasn't really afraid, but the world was too big for me, all right. It

wasn't only too big for me; it was too big for man. And it either meant something, that is, it made sense, or it didn't. You couldn't just shrug it off.

The old words came through again. The worlds are the work of Thy hands.

You see what I mean? You can't get rid of those things. The old words, the old hopes and dreams, they are as much a part of the universe, or more so, as the star-swarms and the suns.

I haven't any idea how long I sat there, propped up on the fallen tree trunk. I was aware that it was growing late, that I should be getting back, but still I lay there, trying to read the starry hieroglyphics on the sky, listening, without listening, to the strange-tongues broadcast of night-voices. An unutterable, and almost unbearable, longing came to me, for something beyond my ken, a hunger for some shapeless Dream; and I felt incomplete, a stranger to my own earth, an orphan, homeless. Life, I thought, left alone, is like a candle-flame, passing from oblivion to oblivion, over a narrow span of darkness, without meaning. Beyond, surely, there must be music I had never heard and visions I had never seen.

I was empty, utterly empty; there was in me neither sorrow nor joy, neither peace nor strife, nothing but a vast meaningless emptiness. I was a little lifethrob clinging to a note of earth that was lost in Something bigger than the best mind could grasp.

I rose to my feet and walked through the lonely night, my feet crunching on the gravel. I came down the hill and back to the Gray's house, scarcely knowing that I came. A strange confusion whirled through me. When I got into bed, I could not sleep. Memory, wakened perhaps by my mood, fished an incident from the past.

It hadn't happened too long ago. I had just been discharged from the army and, like many others, was trying to get myself reoriented, and was nursing a case of disillusionment. It was Los Angeles; and I noticed in the papers the report of a large tent meeting, and something about the "new voice of evangelism." A tall young preacher named Jerry Hill was packing in the crowds nightly. So I went, out of curiosity, I think, to hear him. The seating capacity of the tent I judged to be about five thousand, and it was more than half filled. The singing was enthusiastic and warm; the speaker was good-looking and dynamic, and he had a good voice. He impressed me, but I was far from making any application of his message to myself. I had been brought up on messages that hadn't been without evangelistic emphasis. Allen Grant had always had special evangelists

every year to fill his pulpit for two-week periods.

So I sat far back in the tent and listened. At the close of the message several people responded to the evangelist's invitation and went forward to pray. Some time later, when I was leaving, there was more excitement at the front of the tent. Impulsively I started to move forward and see what it was but changed my mind and went out on the street and to my hotel. When I got to my room I read the papers, noting that Larry McComb was still making headlines. He had been making them for the past month or so, for he was the underworld king of the West Coast, or so the press hinted—a big-time gambler and racket-man.

The following morning while eating breakfast I opened another paper and fairly gaped at the headlines. The caption spread read: McComb Gunman Gets Religion.

The story in the paper told about the gangster being converted in the tent meeting I had attended the night before. There was a picture of the gunman along with a picture of the young evangelist. I tried to recall the evangelist's sermon, wondering what had made such an impression on the gangster from McComb's mob. But all I could recall clearly was the evangelist's invitation, given in his earnest manner.

"A young pilot in the last war," the speaker had said, gripping the edge of the pulpit with both hands, his hair ruffled, his eyes sincere, "who had made many missions across the Channel, and had faced death on a hundred fields, told me: 'The bravest thing I ever did was to walk down the aisle and accept Christ as my Savior!'"

Somehow those words the evangelist spoke that night pierced the mood I was in now. Had the gangster suddenly felt what I had been feeling while sitting out there under the sky tonight? Had he felt the unutterable emptiness, the hunger? Something had driven him to his action. It had taken courage—he had gone forward, with all the eyes on him, and publicly stated that he was accepting Christ. The papers had shouted his act. There had even been speculations in the paper as to what the gang leader, McComb, would do about his henchman. The racketeer, the papers hinted, might even have the fellow eliminated. But something greater than his fear of consequences had overpowered him. He must have been knifed by some terrible hunger.

Hunger, I thought, lying there in the dark. Hunger is such an old drive. What was it the psychologist said in that article? Something about the conscious mind, not liking something

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We, the Women

News and Views of the National Woman's Missionary Union

By MRS. WALTER W. GROSSER, President

MISSIONARY NEWS

The greatest news of the day is the announcement to the Woman's Missionary Union about a change in the name of our Woman's Union Worker in the Cameroons. No, Tina Schmidt has not married and changed her name! She has simply been found most valuable in filling the vacancy on the field left by Berneice Westerman, who is at home in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., on a deserved furlough. Tina is in Soppo appointed as school manager of Coastal Schools.

From a letter written by Tina Schmidt to your president comes this message: "I must say that I am very happy about my placement. School work has always been a favorite of mine. As a youngster it was my dream and ambition to become a 'school marm,' but since that did not materialize, due to lack of funds, I now find contentment because God has led me very close to that ambition. Part of my assignment is to teach the regular sewing class, as outlined on the curriculum, to four classes of girls. There are over 30 girls. The other duties of a school manager entail much book work, visiting the schools, observing the teaching, inspecting the buildings and various other things, such as paying the teachers' salaries and filling out the endless forms for Government Grants of money, etc., etc. I'm still in the inquisitive and learning state . . . I'm content to let my faithful Father who brought me out here have his way with me."

God bless our Tina!

All of our women missionaries in the Cameroons do women's and children's work on their respective stations. Because the single girls have the responsibilities of their specialized work, the wife of the station manager often has charge of women's work. Frequently the single girls have carried the burden of women's work with their own full-time tasks, and they have done it well.

As a Woman's Union we are supporting the chairman of the Cameroons women's work. We were permitted to fill this position but the personality, according to the usual procedure, was to be selected by the Annual Missionary Conference in the Cameroons.

Because Mrs. Donald Ganstrom (Verna) is familiar with the overall picture, having worked for many years

with the African women, and because she knows the tribal backgrounds and ground-work in coordinating and organizing the women's work, she was selected for this special appointment. The matter of transportation is a big financial item. Mrs. Ganstrom requires no special transportation because she can accompany her husband as he tours the field to visit the schools. He is the Supervisor of Schools. Mrs. Ganstrom has two children, but they are in the school at Banso, so she is free to do "the women's work."

We will continue to pray for Tina and all of our women's workers, but will remember the name Mrs. Donald Ganstrom, or more intimately, Verna, as our Women's Worker. We will assure her of our united efforts in supplying the funds necessary to carry on this important work.

Berneice Westerman will share with us in a later issue of "We, the Women" some of the work she has done and Tina's important place in taking over those duties at Soppo.

Tina Schmidt is happy in her work; Verna Ganstrom is happy in her special work; and we are happy in our special support of a Women's Worker. "God bless us, everyone!"

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Please fill in your annual report blanks and mail them to Woman's Union at headquarters in Forest Park, Ill., as soon as possible. If your society did not receive a blank, or does not receive the **Broadcast**, please send your president's name and address to Woman's Union, 7308 Madison St., Forest Park, Illinois. All correspondence pertaining to the Woman's Union should be sent to the above address, unless otherwise indicated.

NEW LEPER MAP AND LEAFLET

Laura Reddig's leper map of the Bamenda New Hope Settlement, size 12 by 15 inches, may be secured, free of charge at Forest Park, Illinois. A new leaflet on the Bamenda New Hope Settlement is also available. Send your requests to the above address.

NOW WE ARE 55

Copies of the 48-page brochure about our missionaries, **NOW WE ARE 55**, are still available at 25 cents a copy. Write to Headquarters, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill., for them.



Mrs. S. Donald Ganstrom, the Women's Worker of the Woman's Missionary Union in the Cameroons, Africa.

MISSION MITE BOXES

Mission Mite boxes for our North American Baptist Churches may be secured from headquarters for your missionary society or any of your women's groups. Mark the money received in the boxes, "Woman's Giving," when returning them to headquarters in Forest Park. Remember, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THANK YOU FROM DR. CHAFFEE

In a letter to Miss Gretchen Remmler from Dr. Leslie M. Chaffee before his return to the United States for his furlough, comes this word written January 8, 1953. "We received with much thankfulness, and in good condition a shipment of 22 cases and bales of White Cross supplies about two weeks ago." This had been shipped during April, 1952. Then just before leaving Soppo in the Cameroons he added this postscript, "The next shipment of six bales, eleven cases and one carton just arrived at the coast as we were leaving for home." Of the supplies he writes, "They contained many things we needed badly at the hospital and dispensaries.

"The White Cross supplies are of tremendous help at the hospital. No one appreciates more than I the faithfulness, generosity and labor of love that our women put into this work."

We say, "Welcome Home," to Dr. Chaffee and his family and to all of our missionaries on furlough.



The majestic Tetons in Yellowstone National Park are a reminder to us to give thanks to God at all times, in all seasons of the year.

LET US RETURN THANKS!

By MRS. W. T. EDWARDS of Kankakee, Illinois



The dollar is worth but thirty cents,
Costly the groceries, ditto the rents,
Taxes increase with more inflation,
Burdening the worker, exhausting our nation.

There's murder and war, grieving and pain,
Crime on the increase, good on the wane,
Hatred and gossip, malicious reports,
Bribing and trickery, cheating in sports.

Fires in the forests, crashing of planes,
Many lives, taken in buses and trains,
Drunken drivers, out early and late,
Take heavy toll from every state.

Korea's a headache, taking our boys,
Declaring no war, each plan but destroys;
Graft in high places—such goings on!
What are they doing in Washington?

A picture so black from headlines grim,
Can we for this give thanks to HIM?
Half-hearted leaders leaving the ranks;
Shall Satan conquer? Shall we give thanks?

No A-bomb fell on our house today;
No one took your home or drove you away.
You had all you could eat and some to spare,
None lacked clothing or good, fresh air.

If you were sick, you had doctor and nurse,
A hospital waiting if you became worse;
Your loved ones are near and no one dares
To interfere with your evening prayers.

Your children play in field and street,
None searching garbage for food to eat;
Pensions for old folks unable to work,
Protection for children where dangers lurk.

You have freedom of press, a free radio,
Nobody watching wherever you go,
No one to censor your daily mail,
You can vote as you please without going to jail.

You can choose your companions, the books you read,
Pay all your taxes, yet buy what you need.
Remember depression when you did without?
Dear Lord, just what were we squawking about?

You can go to your church whenever you choose
And worship in freedom, expressing your views.
If you are a thinking sort of a man
You are thanking the Maker for his peace plan.

You'll give of yourself, ah, yes, and then,
You'll give of your bounty again and again,
For a chance to live in a righteous way
Your thanks in Canada and the U. S. A.!



Happy scenes at the Alberta Tri Union Assembly last summer at Sylvan Lake Camp. Left, young people line up for "chow". Center, some of the young people enjoy a ride on Sylvan Lake. Right, others take part in an exciting game of volley ball on the camp grounds.

Youth Camps With a Purpose

By the REV. J. C. GUNST,
General Secretary for the CBY and Sunday School Union



IT COULD BE that some people still think of the young people's camps as a time of recreation and vacation only. The fact of the matter is that under trained Christian leaders, camp programs and camp life offer excellent opportunities to develop Christian character in at least three important phases of the Christian life. It is a program:

1. Where the Gospel is presented to our young people on their own level;
2. To assure hours of training in the deepening of the Christian faith, with emphasis on Bible doctrine;
3. To provide days of spiritual inspiration and Christian fellowship for our young people which will prove to be a stabilizing factor in their Christian behavior for the rest of their lives.

BIBLE STUDY

Each year at our more than twenty summer camps the plan of salvation is fully and clearly presented to our young people. Evangelistic services and lessons in personal soul-winning are a common emphasis. The Bible is always the focal point around which every activity on the camp ground is centered. Our young people become acquainted with the Bible through lessons in Bible study. A thorough study of our mission fields belongs to the program. This year a strong emphasis will be placed on Christian stewardship in most of these camps.

Our fine leaders at all of our camps stress and see to it that the basic principles for spiritual growth are taught. These are: Bible teachings on Baptist principles, the ordinances, basic fundamentals in the Christian faith, and the meaning of church membership. Prayer is the order of the day. Communing with God in private prayer

and publicly with fellow-believers must become a part of the young Christian's life. Prayer groups are popular with our young people at camp. Testimonial meetings and personal witnessing are not only encouraged but also carried out.

All these, and many more thrilling activities, provide impressive inspirational experiences which remain indelible in the minds of these fine young people from our many churches.

Christian fellowship is also an important function of the camp life. Where else can young people meet and share their Christian experiences better than at a camp with fellow-believers? I can imagine no better pro-

gram for Christian young people where they can learn more about Christian fundamentals, inspire each other better for Christian service, and demonstrate how to live a fully surrendered life than at a summer camp.

The purpose then of a summer camp is a training program geared to help youth to be well informed in the Christian way of life, with a challenge to live a fully consecrated life for the Lord, to serve him well in the church. The aim will always be for young people well prepared who shall eventually take over the leadership in our churches, the leadership in our denominational life and to serve well as Christian citizens in years to come.

TOURNATA MISSION IN THE AFRICAN BUSH

(Continued from Page 8)

us a small, foot-pumped organ which had been brought over to Liberia on the Motor Vessel. Accompaniment to the hymn singing was played on this organ by Mr. Guenther, with the natives, however, breaking out spontaneously in their own fashion whenever the spirit moved them, accompaniment or no accompaniment. The small organ was dedicated at this service.

On still another Sunday, it was my privilege to participate in a service conducted at the colony itself. This was held outdoors under a wild plum tree with spreading branches, with all attending clad in summer clothes. Quite a contrast to a church service in January conducted in the States! Mr. LeTourneau and Dr. Edman brought the messages of the morning, speaking through a native interpreter so that the natives attending could understand, while Gus Dick, Tournata gen-

eral manager, laid aside his work-a-day duties to lead the singing.

Even under the present limited setup, when the task of carving a place to live out of the jungle takes up just about all of the time during the working days of the week, spiritual ministering to the native population is not confined to Sundays only. Natives employed on the project frequently drop in at the cabins of residents to visit or to study while other natives passing through the colony frequently stop in for brief periods of fellowship.

Welcoming visiting missionaries from mission stations, often great distances away, are one of the privileges of the Tournata residents in their day-to-day activities. The champion long distance visitors while we were there were a trio of missionaries from the Sudan Interior Mission in Nigeria, 1600 miles distant.



FROM THE FIELD

Dakota Conference

New Pastor and Scripture Memory Pin Award at Zion Church, Vida, Montana

The Zion Baptist Church of Vida, Mont., recently extended a call to the Rev. Leland Schantz of Norman, Okla., to which a favorable response has been given. Mr. Schantz began his ministry here on March 22. He succeeded the Rev. Henry Lang, now of Napoleon, North Dakota.

On Feb. 1st the church had the privilege of awarding to Arleen Leuenberger her Scripture Memory Pin. Arleen is one of our fine Christian girls and the first to complete the course. We are looking forward to see the rest of the pupils complete their course.

Gary Buechler, Reporter.

Activities and Programs of the Baptist Woman's Missionary Union, Lehr, North Dakota

Members of the Baptist Missionary Society have been very active during recent months. They, and many other interested friends in our circle recently took approximately 95 coffee cakes and freshly baked rolls to the Old People's Home in Bismarck, North Dakota. Clothing was gathered and packed and sent to Forest Park, Ill., where it was sent to Germany for relief. White Cross work was prepared and completed and sent to headquarters. Non-members also had a hand in this work.

In the evening of the World Day of Prayer on Feb. 20th our women together with the members of the society of the local Evangelical United Brethren Church put on a program which, this year, was held in the EUB church with Mrs. J. Herr as chairman. A fine and lengthy program was arranged by the program committee, during which time the women of the Baptist Ladies' Aid had planned and practiced to render the play, "The Challenge of the Cross." However, adverse weather conditions were such that the play had to be cancelled but it was given just preceding Easter.

The Lord has richly blessed us during the past year, but a great deal of sorrow has also been our portion in that we lost two very efficient and loyal members in death, Mrs. John A. Miller and Mrs. Jacob Entzi. May we who are able to work labor even more faithfully for our Lord and Master.

Mrs. John Kranzler, Reporter.

Southern Conference

Sessions of the North Texas Association at the Hurnville Baptist Church

The North Texas Association convened with the Hurnville Baptist Church of Henrietta, Texas, from March 4 to 6 with the Rev. Harold Ekzut as host pastor. The Rev. Louis Johnson of the Central Baptist Church of Waco, Texas, served the association as moderator.

During the course of the sessions many inspiring messages were given by local pastors on the theme, "Our Baptist Witness." The following messages were discussed, respectively: "Today's Need For the Baptist Witness" by Rev. Harold Ekzut; "Where Baptists Came From" by Rev. Louis Johnson; "What Baptists Believe" by Rev. Harold Gieseke of the Carroll Ave. Church, Dallas; "How Baptists Are Organized" by Rev. Edwin Kraemer of the Bethel Heights Church, Gatesville; "Who Are We North American Baptists?" by Rev. J. K. Warkentin of the Canaan Church, Crawford; and our guest speaker, Dr. John Leypoldt of Forest Park, Ill., who presented "Our North American Baptist Witness At Home and Abroad," and also "An Ideal Church." Panel discussions were held following each message by the above pastors and the above topics proved very interesting, thought-provoking and also very vital. "Baptists, a Friendly People" was presented by Mrs. Charles Marstaller, Jr., as her challenge to the Woman's Missionary Union and to those delegates present.



Mrs. George Strobel (left), Scripture Memory teacher of the Zion Baptist Church, Vida, Mont., awards a Scripture Memory Award pin to Arleen Leuenberger (right).

Our devotional periods were given by Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn of Waco; Rev. Peter Dekker of Dallas; Mr. O. G. Miller of Cottonwood; and Mrs. Harold Ekzut of Hurnville. The following are the officers who are to serve for the ensuing year: Rev. J. K. Warkentin, moderator; Rev. Harold Ekzut, vice-moderator; and Rev. Louis Johnson, secretary-treasurer. We were happy to have Dr. Leypoldt in our midst and his inspiring and challenging messages were an inspiration to those who were in attendance at the association.

Special music by the choir of the Hurnville Church, duets by Mrs. Louis Johnson and Mrs. Marstaller; solos by Alvin Moser, Mr. Warkentin; and instrumental music by Milton Lippert and Oliver Thomason added to the blessings and enjoyment of these days.

We are grateful to the local pastor, the Rev. Harold Ekzut, and to his congregation for the gracious hospitality extended to us. The spiritual fellowship of the association was most refreshing. We thank God for the blessings that were ours and we pray for continued blessings in the following year.

Mrs. Charles Marstaller, Jr. Reporter.

Atlantic Conference

Session of the Atlantic Conference CBY and SS Union Executive Committee at Newark, N. J.

On Saturday, Feb. 28, the Executive Committee of the Atlantic Conference CBY and SS Union held a business meeting at the Clinton Hill Church in Newark, New Jersey. The officers of the conference, as well as members of the individual churches were present. We were also privileged to have Mr. E. Ralph Kletke, president of the CBY and SS Union, with us to tell us about the activities of the Conference Union as a whole.

Our own group is planning for a very active year. Presently, we are engaged in a Sunday School contest as well as a visitation contest. The Leper Mission Project—our mission project for the year—is also being completed.

At the business meeting we planned for the activities for the coming spring and summer months. The Spring Rally and Workers' Conference will be held from May 22 to 24 at the Evangelical Baptist Church in Newark, New Jersey. At this time new officers for the conference will be elected. We are also anxiously awaiting for our Summer Assembly which will again materialize after a period of two years. It will be held at Camp Hope in New Jersey, the week of August 17 to 24. The memories of past conferences are already filling us with expectations for the coming one.

As the meeting came to a close, we again reviewed our aims as a conference—those of leadership, service, consecration and knowledge. We thank God for a union in which we can have such fellowship and through which we can learn to "Live Christ."

Norma Sobels, Secretary.

Christmas Festivities Bring Cheer to the Home for the Aged, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

It is wonderful to be at the Baptist Home for the Aged in Philadelphia, Pa., during the Christmas holidays. Everyone comes to cheer our hearts and to hold special programs for us. For an entire week prior to Christmas, we at the Home were visited by children and young people from such neighboring churches as the Lutherans, Methodists, Brethren Church, Evangelical Church, Missionary Alliance and even the Episcopal Church. Members of the Pilgrim and Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Churches were especially concerned about our Christmas joys.

After the various programs by these church groups, the children distributed Christmas goodies or small presents. These evidences of Christian goodwill touched our hearts deeply. In the dining hall we were often surprised by a special piece of Christmas "Stolle," fruitcake, delicious cookies or assortment of fruit.

On Christmas Eve we had a delightful program in the reception room which our matron, Mrs. L. Fuchs, had arranged. A variety of musical numbers with the Christmas message were presented as well as several appropriate recitations. Then we had lots of fun as small inexpensive Christmas toys were shared with one another.

The highlight of those days came on Dec. 26 when the Ladies' Board presented a program at the Home. Christmas songs were sung and the Children's Choir of the Fleischmann Memorial Church gave a beautiful Christmas cantata. Then each guest was given a small Christmas basket filled with cookies, nuts, fruit and candy besides a small gift of money. Then we had a wonderful time in the basement room where the members of the Ladies' Board served coffee and cake to us.

The Lord Immanuel was very near to us during these Christmas holidays, even as he is throughout the year with his wonderful spiritual blessings. As guests of the Home we want to encourage our people everywhere with these words of Galatians 6:9, "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Mr. H. Altheer, Reporter.

Northwestern Conference

Missionary Interest and Building Improvements at First Baptist Church, Buffalo Center, Iowa

Seasons come and seasons go but Jesus Christ is always the same! We of the First Baptist Church of Buffalo Center, Iowa, have experienced this since 1900 for it is 53 years ago that this church was organized with 25 adult members. Of these seven, including our first pastor and wife, are still living. We believe this is quite a record.

It is not our intention to elaborate on this at this time, for the past is

speaker. Their mission money is distributed both in this land and abroad. Our Sunday School is supporting Jacob, also a native missionary in the Cameroons.

Although some marked improvements have been made in our church and parsonage, the money given for missions exceeded the amount needed for current expense for the past year. Our services under the leadership of our pastor, Rev. W. G. Gerthe, are well attended. Souls are being saved, and several have been added by letter. May the Lord grant unto us the opportunity to serve him even better in this year!

D. H. Feldick, Reporter.

Mid-winter Institute for the Minnesota Young People at the Faith Church, Minneapolis

"Vessels for the Master" was the inspiring theme of another successful Mid-winter Institute of the Minnesota CBY and SS Union. This annual event was scheduled to be held at Faith Baptist Church in Minneapolis on February 20, 21 and 22. However, due to unforeseen and completely "uncontrollable" circumstances, in the form of a good old-fashioned blizzard, we met on February 27, 28 and March 1. Approximately 90 young people attended.

We were grateful that, in spite of the postponement, all of our busy guests were able to be present, for without the wonderful work of Dr. Ralph E. Fowell and "The Master's Messengers" quartet from our Seminary in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and Rev. Miss Ethel Ruff of St. Paul, Minn., our Institute could not have been the success we all enjoyed.

It would be impossible here to give a summary of the class sessions, or even just to hit the high spots. Both Dr. Powell and Miss Ruff endeared themselves to the young people in their classes, who thoroughly enjoyed their teaching. The few short hours passed much too quickly, but each young person present profited greatly by the instruction given.

The evening services were exceptional and well attended. Friday evening "The Master's Messengers" presented the entire service. On Saturday evening (following an informal and enthusiastic "Singspiration"), Miss Ruff gave an extremely interesting account of her recent trip to the Holy Land, illustrated with colored slides which she took. Miss Ruff is at present working in the Hebrew Mission in St. Paul, Minnesota.

The closing service on Sunday afternoon was a fitting climax to this wonderful week-end. In his message, Dr. Powell again made clear to us the responsibility we have of making an impression on the world by being effective Christians. We were reminded that we are the "salt of the earth," placed here for a purpose.

These were very busy days, filled with blessings. Everyone left feeling that "it was good for us to have been here," and looking forward to meeting again at the Assembly in June, 1953.

Iona Fluth, Reporter.

COMING EVENTS

May 10—Mother's Day.

May 17—Commencement Exercises, North American Baptist Seminary, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

May 24—Pentecost Sunday.

June 14—Children's Day. (Program material will be sent to all churches in a few days.)

June 21—Father's Day.

NEW AND OLD THINGS IN JERUSALEM

(Continued from Page 9)

Jesus' day, except for the fact that Arabic is spoken rather than Hebrew. There are no Jews within the old city of Jerusalem, and the wailing wall is quiet. The Mosque of Omar stands where the Temple stood, but the tiny cobbled streets, the donkeys and camels, the dress and customs of the people make the Jerusalem of Jesus' days on earth and the Jerusalem of today one and the same.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, venerated by some as the place of the death and burial of our Lord, and fought over by the Crusaders, is despised by the Moslem congregations as "pagan" and "idolatrous." Although the place has a certain amount of sanctity of a sort, a real evangelical, soul-winning Christian must admit that the Moslem conception is not too far from actuality. Its swinging censers, its gloomy musty interiors, its statues, and garishly adorned figure of the Madonna are a far cry from evangelical Christianity, to say the least.

MOUNT OF OLIVES

To sense the presence of the Christ of Calvary, one must walk through the streets quietly and preferably alone. Climb "the Hill of the Skull" outside the city wall, although it is today a Moslem cemetery, and you will be in the presence of the Invisible. Spend a night on the Mount of Olives (for the nights are short), then make your way in the early morning hour to watch the sun penetrate the "garden tomb" and you will find Jesus today—in Jerusalem!

Bethlehem, we remember, not for the Church of the Nativity, although we were there, but for a Home for Blind Girls, operated by two blind women, just a few blocks from where the Son of God was born in a manger. Then at Ain Arrub, just a few miles away, we found a giant Palestine refugee camp serviced in Jesus' Name by the great "Lambie of Ethiopia" who after spending 26 years in Ethiopia is now performing the work of a spiritual giant in building a brand new hospital and influencing the whole area for Christ.

Now we began to make provision for "crossing over" to the Israel side and the "new" city of Jerusalem. Nine hundred yards of bleak dynamited buildings and a mined barbed wire area separate the "old" from the "new"—Israel from Jordan—as one has put it, "the day before yesterday from the day after tomorrow."

I had no permission to cross these lines and I knew it was impossible to cross from the other direction. However, a visit to the U.S. consul brought me permission from both governments

to cross. But I had a mighty strange feeling as I picked up my bags, with my camera slung over my shoulders, to walk the long 900 yards, with Arab legion guns at my back, and Israeli guns pointed casually in my direction to the front. The fact that these were machine guns, and that no one on either side cracked a smile didn't do anything to make me feel any better. However, I was received very courteously by the Israeli officers and the guards courteously called a taxi for me to take me to the beautiful YMCA in the new city of Jerusalem where I was to stay while in the city.

ISRAEL TODAY

Prices in Israel are from four to six times what they are on the Arab side, and my taxi fare was the first rude jolt I had in that direction. Jerusalem here has new and broad streets, department stores, apartment houses, traffic lights, cinemas, western dress and much bustle. It is Brooklyn transported to the Middle East! This same impression is also gained from such cities as Haifa and Tel Aviv, and to a lesser extent from Jaffa, which still holds a substantial Arab population.

The Christian faith in Israel is a tiny minority, with the exception of the city of Nazareth where the population is still native Palestinian and approximately two-thirds Moslem and one-third Christian. Nazareth was surrounded and the original population was not driven into lands surrounding Israel as happened to 750,000 native Palestinians who now live in refugee camps, in Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, having been driven from or fled their homes during the fighting in 1948 and being kept from returning by the present "armed truce" which exists.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance work in Israel is perhaps the most widespread, but the Southern Baptist Mission has a fine church in Jerusalem, a model farm near Tel Aviv and the largest evangelical congregation in Israel at Nazareth. We held meetings for all these congregations, visited the southernmost mission station at Beer-sheba and had a glorious series of meetings in the Baptist Church in Nazareth, pastored by the Rev. Dwight Baker who, oddly enough, as a chaplain in the United States Armed Forces was one of the founders of Youth for Christ in Germany, conducting the famed first postwar boat ride, dubbed "the Rally on the Rhine."

Fascinating, bustling, efficient, sacrificial, cold, hard, ruthless—all these adjectives might well find a description in modern day Israel. However, we as Christians thrill in this modern day fulfillment of ancient prophecy.

Obituary

(A charge of five cents a line is made for all obituaries, except for those of our pastors and their wives. If possible, limit the obituary notices to 250 words. Send them to the Editor, Box 6, Forest Park, Illinois.)

MR. KARL WILLIAM BLUME of Parkersburg, Iowa.

Mr. Karl William Blume of Parkersburg, Iowa, passed away in Des Moines, Iowa, early on March 2nd, following a lingering and painful illness. He is survived by his wife, Louise; one sister, Mrs. Heit Husinga; and one nephew, Wilbur Husinga, all of Parkersburg. The deceased was born in Germany in 1897 and moved to Parkersburg in 1906.

Since 1911 he has been a faithful member and worker in the Parkersburg Baptist Church from which the funeral service was held on March 5th, with the pastor, the Rev. Ronald C. McCormack, officiating. Burial was in the local Oak Hill Cemetery. He will be remembered for his unselfish devotion to duty, his talents which he modestly displayed in his civic and spiritual duties, and for a personality which was transformed by his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Parkersburg, Iowa

RONALD C. MACCORMACK, Pastor.

MRS. LILLIE MILLER of St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mrs. Lillie Miller, nee Marks, was born in St. Paul, Minn., June 23, 1894, and was called to her eternal home, March 14, 1953 at the Riverview Memorial Hospital. At the early age of 12, she experienced the joy of entering into a personal fellowship with Christ. She was baptized and received into the fellowship of the Riverview Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Jacob Herman was pastor. In the ensuing years she became active in the choir of which she remained a member until recent years. She was also active in various organizations of the church, and served in various offices of the organizations and the church.

She was married to Wilmer Miller of St. Paul, Minn., on May 17, 1919. In the late years she suffered from a lingering illness. While we feel that the Lord graciously relieved her by calling her Home, yet we feel that her passing was too soon. The funeral service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Edgar W. Klatt, pastor of the Riverview Church, who spoke on the words of Paul to Timothy, "I have kept faith." Interment was at the Oakland Cemetery.

Surviving Mrs. Miller are her husband, Wilmer; her sister, Mrs. Frank Stassen; and

MY COMPANION

He walks beside me every day,
He guides me in the things I say,
He stands beside me when I pray,
He's all the world to me.

I feel his footsteps leading mine,
I hear his voice speak words divine,
His touch weaves all my life's design,
His wondrous face I see.

I never knew a Friend so true;
He's made my skies a clearer blue,
He's let the light of heaven shine through,
He even died for me!

His blood washed all my sins away,
He'll keep me in the narrow way,
This Savior who still lives today,
The Christ of Calvary.

—Joyce Ramage.

five nieces and nephews. May the comfort of the Lord bless all who mourn her passing!
Riverview Baptist Church,
St. Paul, Minnesota
EDGAR W. KLATT, Pastor.

MRS. GLEN KRAUS of Carrington, North Dakota.

Mrs. Glen Kraus of Carrington, N. Dak., a lifetime resident of North Dakota, passed away Friday, Feb. 27, in the Carrington Hospital, at 2:00 P.M. She had been admitted to the hospital some 15 hours earlier, following a cerebral hemorrhage.

The former Anne Pepple was born in the Pleasant Valley District on December 10, 1913. She was called to her heavenly reward on February 27, 1953. She graduated from the Park River High School, the Ellendale Normal School and Ellendale Industrial School, North Dakota. She taught school after graduation at Temvik and Wellsburg, North Dakota. Later she attended the New York Hairdressing Academy in Fargo, North Dakota. In Kenmare, N. Dak., she operated a beauty shop during the years 1945-46. It was on July 16, 1946 that she was united in marriage to Glen Kraus.

She was baptized on the confession of her faith in Christ by the Rev. Albert Alf and received into the fellowship of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church on July 4, 1926. She leaves to mourn her husband, Glen; two stepsons, Russell and James; her father, Fred Pepple, Sr.; two brothers, Frederick and Delford; two sisters, Mrs. Elmer Okert and Betty Jane; also a host of friends and relatives.

The undersigned spoke on the words from Jeremiah 15:9: "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day." May the Lord comfort those who mourn!

Calvary Baptist Church,

Carrington, North Dakota

CARL R. WEISSER, Pastor.

MRS. FRED J. GOEHRING of Ashley, North Dakota.

Mrs. Fred J. Goehring of Ashley, N. Dak., daughter of John and Christine Wolfe, was born at Fredonia, N. Dak., on November 22, 1898. She lived in the Fredonia area until 1936. On March 4, 1916 she accepted Christ as her personal Savior, and was baptized in the Scriptural way in the same year by the Rev. S. J. Fuxa. Thus she became a member of the Berlin Baptist Church near Fredonia, North Dakota.

In 1936 Rose Wolfe migrated to Lodi, Calif., and on May 13, 1938 she was united in marriage by the Rev. A. S. Felberg to Mr. Fred J. Goehring. Mr. and Mrs. Goehring resided on a farm southeast of Ashley, N. Dak., for about ten years, and about five years ago they went to their present home in Ashley. Since 1938 she was a faithful member in the Ashley Baptist Church.

Last summer Mrs. Goehring sought medical aid concerning her health. Following an operation in August, she spent about two months in the Bismarck Hospital. Regardless of all medical and loving care, Mrs. Goehring after a lingering illness succumbed to cancer on March 11, 1953.

Those who remain to mourn her departure are her husband; Fred J. Goehring; her aged mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoffman of Fredonia, N. Dak.; Mrs. John Hoffman of Fredonia, N. Dak.; Mrs. Lydia, Mrs. Albert Fey, of Fredonia, N. Dak.; five brothers: Christ Wolfe, Fredonia, N. Dak.; Karl Wolfe, Sioux Falls, Fredonia, N. Dak.; Fred Wolfe, Billings, Mont.; Albert S. Wolfe, Portland, Ore.; and Ephraim Wolfe, Lodi, Calif.; two half-brothers: Willie Hoffman, Stockton, Calif., and Henry Hoffman, Oakland, Calif.; three stepbrothers: John and Fred Hoffman, both of Fredonia, N. Dak.; and Albert Hoffman, Lodi, California. Her father, John Wolfe; one half-brother, John, of Carbon, Alta., Canada; and a stepson, Otto Goehring, preceded her in death.

Mrs. Goehring reached the age of 54 years, 3 months and 19 days.

Ashley, North Dakota

J. J. RENZ, Pastor.

MR. JOHN BISCHOF of Lodi, California.

Mr. John Bischof of Lodi, Calif., was born on Dec. 3, 1883 in Freudenthal, South Russia. In 1905 he came to the United States and

entered the business college in Fargo, North Dakota. In 1907 he homesteaded near Ashley, N. Dak., at which time he was also employed in the local bank there. From 1908 until 1932 he was engaged in the banking business in Zeeland, North Dakota. In the same year he came to Lodi, Calif., with his family and started a new career in real estate and in the insurance business. After 20 years of outstanding success as a representative of the State Farm Mutual Insurance Company, he retired in 1951 due to ill health.

Mr. Bischof was united in marriage to Christine Mindt on Sept. 8, 1911. This union was blessed with four children, one son and three daughters. One daughter died in infancy. Our departed brother was born again by faith in Jesus Christ on Dec. 3, 1944 which was also the day of his birthday. He was baptized by Rev. A. Felberg on the profession of his faith and united with the First Baptist Church of Lodi, of which he was an active and faithful member until his death. He was a good and faithful husband, a loving father and a friend to all.

During his suffering in his prolonged illness he looked to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of his faith. Only a few weeks before he was completely disabled, he desired fellowship with the brethren in communion, which was held in his own home. He passed away in the peace of God on Feb. 26, 1953 at the age of 69 years, 2 months and 23 days. He is survived by his beloved and bereaved wife, Mrs. Christine Bischof; one son, Albert Ted Bischof of Lodi; two daughters: Mrs. Erna Powell of Sacramento, Calif., and Mrs. Julia Marrs of San Leandro, Calif.; two grandchildren, Charles and Joanne Powell of Sacramento, Calif.; besides many friends and relatives and his beloved church. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

First Baptist Church,

Lodi, California

GUSTAVE G. RAUSER, Pastor.

MR. GEORGE STROHMAIER of Lodi, California.

Mr. George Strohmaier of Lodi, Calif., was born on March 1, 1879 in Berlin, South Russia. In 1905 he came to this country and settled in Elgin, North Dakota. For many years he was engaged in farming and in the grain elevator business and in the later years he operated a Farmers' Cream Station. In 1930 he moved to Lodi, Calif., with his family and became a partner with the late John Bischof, in the real estate and insurance business. Besides this, he also operated a trucking business. In 1944 he retired from a very active business life due to ill health.

In 1925 he was united in marriage to Mrs. Sophie Klaut, his beloved and now bereaved wife, who nursed him with loving devotion during the many months of his prolonged suffering. Our brother was converted in 1951 and baptized on the profession of his faith in Jesus Christ as his personal Savior by the present pastor and united with the First Baptist Church of which he remained a faithful member until his death.

He loved to be in the house of the Lord and in the fellowship with God's people. He spoke often how much he longed for just one more worship service in God's house. The words of the Psalmist are now fulfilled for him: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple." He bore his suffering with great patience and fortitude of faith.

Our brother passed away March 5, 1953 at the age of 74 years and 4 days. He is survived by his beloved wife, Mrs. Sophie Strohmaier; seven children: Jacob Strohmaier, Huron, S. Dak.; Richard Strohmaier, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. W. H. Davis, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Robert Bailey, Sacramento, Calif.; Mrs. Miller S. Morris, Stockton, Calif.; Mrs. Eileen Goehring, Lodi, Calif.; Mrs. A. Kaas, Patterson, Calif.; ten grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren; one sister, Mrs. Christian Phal of Lodi; one brother, John Strohmaier, and one brother-in-law, Mr. T. H. Maier, both of Lodi. Besides these, he leaves many relatives and friends in his church.

First Baptist Church,

Lodi, California

GUSTAVE G. RAUSER, Pastor.

MISS MARGARET SENTS of Aplington, Iowa.

Miss Margaret Sents of Aplington, Iowa, was born September 8, 1883 in Pleasant Valley Township, Grundy Center, Iowa. After a lingering illness she was called to her heavenly home Wednesday, March 11, 1953.

Many years ago she experienced the regenerating power of God and accepted Jesus Christ as her personal Savior. Since the time of her conversion and baptism (August 1, 1920), she held continuous membership in the Aplington Baptist Church. She loved her church and always found her way to the Sunday School and worship services. Her devotion to her Lord and her simple trusting faith in the goodness and kindness of God will long be remembered by those who knew her.

Surviving are two brothers, Fred and Eilerd, both of Aplington. She was preceded in death by her parents, three sisters and one brother.

Funeral services were held at the Aplington Baptist Church on Saturday, March 14. The text for the funeral message was taken from 2 Corinthians 5:1, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

She will be missed by her family, her friends, and her church.

"Long days, long nights she bore her pain,
Waiting for cure but all in vain,
God saw that she was suffering
And that the hills were hard to climb
So he closed her weary eyes and whispered
'Peace be thine'."

Aplington Baptist Church,

Aplington, Iowa

FRANK VENINGA, Pastor.

MRS. ELIZABETH GODTFRING of Buffalo, New York.

After long and patient waiting, "for God's good time to call me home," Mrs. Elizabeth Godtfring, nee Ueffinger, of Buffalo, N. Y., had her wish fulfilled. She passed away on Monday, February 16th, to be eternally at rest. And we, who knew her through the years, enjoyed her sweet disposition and cheerfulness, were inspired by her Christian faith and her patience in suffering, pay our tribute of affection and say, "Farewell until we meet again." We will remember her as a woman who had a good measure of that wisdom which is pure, peaceable, easy to be controlled, full of mercy without partiality and without hypocrisy. Death has cut off her walk with us but cannot destroy what by the grace of God she was: a Christian of child-like trust in God.

Mrs. Godtfring was born in San Francisco, Calif., on November 8, 1868, the daughter of Christian parents, George and Regina Ueffinger who led their daughter to take an active part in the worship and work of the church, so that early in her youth she held responsible places of leadership in the youth program of the German Evangelical Churches. All through her life, the church, the Sunday School and the various missionary interests occupied much of her time.

She served in just about every capacity open to a Christian woman of her generation. She always did her best. It was on July 18, 1893 that she was married to her now widowed husband, Frederick William Godtfring, and shared with him these long years of a happy Christian family life. Six children were born to the couple. The first three: Theresa, Ethel and George, and the youngest, Naomi, preceded their mother in death in the bud of their lives.

Surviving her are her beloved husband, F. W. Godtfring, Sr.; her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Morton, who tenderly cared for her mother in her long illness; a son, Frederick William Godtfring, Jr.; and three grandchildren: Mrs. Jeanne Morton Reidy, Mrs. Beryl Morton Bernhardt and Miss Naomi Morton; and five great-grandchildren; all of Buffalo, New York.

Our memory of her prompts us to say:

"It is not death to die —
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God."

Temple Baptist Church,

Buffalo, New York

G. E. FRIEDENBERG, Minister.

STORY OF SAMUEL

(Continued from Page 7)

Lus. It was wonderful for them to see a man who was not sleeping or drunk because of wine. They actually believe that God can change a man's life and actually that there is God. "You would have died, if you had not stopped drinking," some said. Others said, "Who made you stop?" I told them, "Jesus." When I told them it was Jesus, they said that it is true. Then they had very great fear of God. Some people said that I was going to die and others said no. This was because I had left the juju.

When I left Lus and came to Mbe, some friends at Mbem came to me and made a mockery of me. They said, "The only holy man on earth!" Others said I have done this so as to get favor from the white man. One day one person actually came and boldly asked why I should stop drinking. My answer to him was, "Even you yourself do not see me now as I was the last time and you think that if I had continued in this wine drinking what would become of me!" He laughed at me and called me a fool and I said, "Yes, sir!"

To anybody who may read this, my friends, my sisters and brothers, my father and my mother: Take this to your heart that God has a purpose for everyone. You can see with me that this is a divine gift from above.

I have been rewarded by the Lord for my stand. One big reward that I have received is the power of prayer. I can now pray and feel what I am asking the Lord for and my answers many times are received just in hours and some in minutes.

Many things that I did not see before have now come to my eyes and those I did not hear have come to my ears. What a joyful life I have in Jesus! Before that, I thought that God cannot hear a sinner as myself. I know and I hope that the Lord has greater responsibilities for me to face as long as I live in this sinful world.

OF MEN AND ANGELS

(Continued from Page 16)

suggested by the subconscious, symbolizes the thing suggested into something else? Maybe the gangster had been a gangster because he had been hungry for something else! And, maybe, coming face to face with the fact of God, he realized what that hunger meant. Maybe the symbolism cracked and he saw reality. Maybe the whole world was hungry and was disguising its basic hunger and making it seem another thing.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled.

I sat upright in bed and said aloud, "Suppose that's it?"

Then, half-ashamed at the sound of my own voice, I started to lie down again when a voice spoke from the doorway.

"What is it, Steve?"

I fumbled for the light. Phoebe was standing in the door in her night-robe and slippers.

"It's nothing," I mumbled. "I just forgot and started talking to myself."

Phoebe came over and stood by the bed, her face showing love and tenderness. "You went out tonight somewhere. I thought something might be wrong."

"I thought you were asleep, Phoebe," I said.

She touched my face with her hand. "I sleep better when I know you're all right." And I knew she meant it.

It's a fine thing to be loved, to have a mother, even if she isn't the woman who brought you into life. A man will accept for his mother the woman who loved him most when he was a baby, I guess. I smiled up at Phoebe, loving her for all her years of care, and her kindness to me. "You know something," I said. "You're pretty wonderful!"

She stooped quickly and pressed her cheek to mine. Then she went out. I snapped off the light and lay there thinking that God had been kind in giving me Phoebe and Jason Gray. And soon I fell asleep, wrapped in the comforting warmth of these thoughts.

(To Be Continued)

Foxe's Christian Martyrs of the World

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