

# THE BAPTIST HERALD

*January 15,  
1937*

**Snow-bound  
in the  
High Sierras  
of California**

Courtesy of the  
Southern Pacific Lines.

**"God paints in  
many colors, but  
never so gorgeously  
as when he paints in  
white."**

**John Knox.**



## What's Happening

The Rev. E. Wuerch recently brought his ministry at the German Baptist Church of Fenwood, Saskatchewan, Canada, to a close and has changed his residence to Vancouver, British Columbia, to be with some children there. His resignation was necessitated by ill health.

On Sunday, Nov. 29, the Rev. Louis B. Holzer, pastor of the North Avenue Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., baptized eight persons on confession of their faith in Christ. Of these three persons became members of the North Avenue Church, four members of the Lincoln Park Baptist Church and one a member of an Evangelical Church of the city who desired immersion.

Recently evangelistic meetings were held in the German Baptist Church of Creston, Neb., for a period of two weeks, conducted by the Rev. Martin de Boer of Shell Creek. Seven Sunday School scholars indicated their desire to follow Christ. The pastor of the church, the Rev. J. J. Renz, wrote that "it was a time of spiritual edification for all those that attended."

On Sunday, Dec. 20, the Rev. Adolf Reeh, pastor of the German Baptist Church of Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada, baptized five persons on confession of their faith in Christ. These were later received into the fellowship of the church besides eight other persons who were received by letter and testimony at the communion service. There are still several other recent converts who are awaiting baptism.

The Sunday School of the German Baptist Church of Stafford, Oregon, rendered an interesting Thanksgiving and Harvest Festival program on Sunday, Nov. 29. Almost every place in the church was occupied, and a fine responsive spirit prevailed. The offering amounted to \$15. The Sunday School has grown considerably during the past year and is engaged in an active program. The Rev. C. H. Seecamp is the pastor of the church.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 13, a large appreciative audience in the First German Baptist Church of Portland, Oregon, listened to a program of Christmas carols, rendered by the A Capella Choir of Linfield College, a Baptist co-educational college in McMinnville, Ore. Under the able leadership of Virginia Ward Elliott 21 carols were beautifully sung. A number of German Baptist young people of Portland are students at Linfield College.

The Rev. John F. Meyer of Pound, Wisconsin, presented his resignation to the church on New Year's day in order to accept the call extended to him by the German Baptist Church of Baileyville, Ill. Mr. Meyer will begin his pastorate in the latter church beginning with April 1. This will be his second pastorate in Baileyville, having served the church for a period of several years earlier in his ministry.

The Christian Fellowship Club of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., rendered a sacred musical program in the German Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., on Sunday evening, Dec. 13. The church of 20 men besides about 20 additional visitors made the trip to Benton Harbor. The fine program in charge of their choir director, Mr. Arthur Pankratz, was appreciated by the large audience which completely filled the church. Mr. Walter Pankratz is president of the men's club.

On Sunday, Dec. 6, the Rev. E. P. Wahl, pastor of the Second German Baptist Church of Portland, Oregon, had the joy of baptizing 14 persons and of receiving them and four others by letter and testimony into the fellowship of the church at the communion service. Shortly before that two weeks of revival meetings had been conducted in the church by the Rev. G. Neumann of Salt Creek, Oregon, in which 16 persons had confessed their faith in Christ as Savior. The evangelistic ministry of Mr. Neumann was deeply appreciated.

During the fall months the Rev. George Hensel, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kankakee, Ill., conducted a course on seven successive Wednesday evenings based on Henry C. Vedder's "How We Got Our New Testament." After a brief devotional service the class was held with an average attendance of 32 persons. The young people especially availed themselves of this course which was in the nature of a teacher training class. Older people of the church also came and were as much interested as the rest in the informative material presented.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 22, a deputation of students from the Baptist Missionary Training School of Chicago, Ill., under the direction of Miss Alethea Kose, a member of the faculty, rendered a program in the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kankakee, Ill. The team was composed

of Miss Laura Reddig, a German Baptist student from Cathay, North Dakota; Miss Angelita Hernandez, a Mexican student; Miss Florence Lee, a Chinese student, and Miss Pauline Roberts, who sang a number of Negro spirituals. The program was in charge of the World Wide Guild of the church.

The Thanksgiving Day offering of the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., received in an inspiring service on Thursday evening, Nov. 26, amounted to \$2,200. Of this large sum 25 per cent was given for the general missionary work of the denomination, 25 per cent for the current expenses of the church and 50 per cent for the reduction of the church debt. As the reporter stated, "this very fine offering was truly an expression of our people that they still believe in sacrificial giving."

On Sunday evening, Dec. 13, the young people of the Humboldt Park Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., had charge of the evening service. A group of the young people presented an inspiring program of original numbers. Mr. Aldin Swenson, president of the B. Y. P. U. was in general charge of the service. On Sunday evening, Dec. 20, the church choir presented the Christmas cantata, "Hail Messiah," directed by Mr. Benjamin Schroeder. The recent Sunday School election resulted as follows: Fred Stier, Jr., superintendent; Walter Lautenbach, assistant superintendent and chorister; Ernest Luedke, secretary; Ralph Luedke, assistant secretary; Paul Stier, treasurer; Mrs. W. Lautenbach, pianist; L. Kloppelt, assistant pianist; Emma Luedke, superintendent of the Primary Department, and Anna Werner, superintendent of the Beginners' Department.

(Continued on Page 26)

### The Baptist Herald

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# The BAPTIST HERALD

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Number Two

## Editorial

WHEN young people of our churches are given an opportunity of showing what they can do, the results are usually astonishing.

### Give Youth A Chance!

When the doors of service are opened to them, hidden talents are brought into play and a devotion to the task are manifested that are surprising as well as gratifying to the unsuspecting elders.

Youth exhibits certain traits that tend to create a chasm between it and age, which results in a depreciation of youth's real worth. Young people are exceedingly critical. Nothing seems to escape the glaring light of their criticism. With an optimism, which defies description, that everything would be changed for the better if only they had a hand in the task, young people are bound to discern the things that are out of place and wrong in the perspective of life.

This spirit leads young people to disregard and sometimes to look with disdain upon the traditions of the past. There is no link of the years nor are there any warm associations to bind their lives with this heritage. Therefore, youth is fascinated a great deal more by the latest styles, the most modern methods, the most recent developments than by the time-honored institutions of the long ago.

But this critical spirit of youth that has its face set forward toward change and new experiments spells progress in all of life when it is guided sanely by age and harnessed to the great, purposive tasks that need to be accomplished. The church that has not only listened patiently to the critical and suggestive comments of its youthful members but has also harnessed them in team-work with their elders in the tasks at hand has certainly gained much.

The editor of "The Baptist Herald" has not been exempted from the critical demands of youth for change and improvement in the pub-

lication of their paper. The pages of "The Baptist Herald" will be opened more and more to the talented young people of our churches to give expression in their own way to their Christian faith and to their viewpoint in life. In this issue several young people with characteristic enthusiasm and freshness speak on subjects that are near to their hearts.

Above all, the young people's conferences and assemblies of our denomination should belong entirely to the youth of our churches with their elders serving in an advisory capacity. Where young people are in control of the administration of their own conference groups and engaged in developing a well rounded program of Christian activities, wholehearted enthusiasm is being aroused for this important work. It is tragic to attend the devotional period of a young people's conference or assembly and then to discover how the available time is consumed by ministers and elders rather than by the young people themselves.

Boreham, the Australian essayist and minister, has aptly summarized the need for friendly, intelligent Christian cooperation between youth and age in the following paragraph. "In youth the blood is tingling in the veins; the muscles are itching for exercise; life is abounding, exuberant, effervescent. Age, on the other hand, is over-loaded, oppressed, overwhelmed. It stands appalled at the magnitude of life's burdens and at the meagerness of its own resources. Youth is like a balloon without a car; it requires ballast and balance. Age is like a car without a balloon; it is heavy and hugs the ground."

Young people of Christian spirit, who are led by their elders to reveal the talents with which God has endowed them, whose enthusiasms and critical attitudes are balanced by the friendly counsel of age, are the hope of the denomination's future.



An Inspiring View of the Canadian Rockies

"It is well to live in the valley sweet,  
Where the work of the world is done,  
Where the reapers sing in the fields of wheat,  
As they toil till the set of sun.  
But beyond the meadows, the hills I see  
Where the noises of traffic cease,  
And I follow a voice that calleth to me  
From the hilltop regions of peace.

"Aye, to live is sweet in the valley fair,  
And to toil till the set of sun;  
But my spirit yearns for the hilltop's air  
When the day and its work are done.  
For a Presence breathes o'er the silent hills,  
And its sweetness is living yet:  
The same deep calm all the hillside fills,  
As breathed over Olivet."

Yes, it is well to live in "the valley sweet," but we ought not to rest content when great summits await us.

How pure are the dews of the hills! How fresh is the mountain air! How rich with beauty and peace are the higher planes!

The Great Master Builder has built and chiselled in the hills scenic wonders beyond the

## Mastering the Art of Living

By MISS MARTHA E. KECK of Chicago, Illinois

EVERY prudent, progressive mind is ambitiously trying to master one of the many arts of science or trade. If asked the reason "Why?", the answer is "to make a better living!" It should be "to live a better life!"

The young inexperienced college student, a novice in the arms of life, works diligently for a Bachelor of Art degree. The post-graduate university student, who already has a more reasonable prospective of life, labors faithfully for a Master of Art degree, but he, too, is only a novice because not one of the arts can be sufficiently mastered to justify the title, "Master of Art."

The greatest art is the art of living. We are all students of life in the universal school of ex-

clamations of our vocabulary. The stone fence and heavy needles built by the hand of God at Tower Falls, Yellowstone Park, are fascinating sights. The mountains, the valleys, the countless pines, the boiling earth, the mysterious eruptions and formations,—these are some of the things which continually recall to mind the words of the author, "Great and marvelous are thy works, O God!"

Why are we as Christians content to live in the valley and to linger in the lowlands? Why are we afraid or too lazy to climb the mountains? We do not learn the mystery of the hills. We do not realize what glory awaits us.

May we be no longer satisfied with our levels but may we aspire to a higher, nobler, fuller life. Then, after climbing upward toward heaven nearer to God, may we, too, say:

"I want to scale the utmost height,  
And catch a gleam of glory bright,  
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found,  
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

perience, but, unlike the college and university students, we merely drift along. We have no degree of mastery in our minds. We allow our undermining weaknesses, such as temper, jealousy, deceptions and the like, to go unmastered. On the other hand, we permit our capacities for positive faculties, such as faith, hope and charity, to go on without cultivation and nourishment.

We have for our teacher the only one who ever rightfully mastered life, and who earned fully, in every sense, the degree, "Master." Christ is that One! He is the Doctor of Divinity, the Doctor of Philosophy, the Man of Letters! He gave us a practical, perfect principle of philosophy, a sound, searching psychology, and

## Climbing the Heights of Life

By MRS. HARVEY STANKE  
of St. Paul, Minnesota

working demonstrations of tactics and diplomacy. With his life as our handbook we need not falter nor fail.

The average person is too preoccupied in earning a living or education to find the artistry in life itself, the artistry as found in the spiritual effulgence of the mind and soul in the will and design of God. In other words, there is such an appalling need in Christendom for "Heart Culture." We profess to be followers of the Divine who came to give life more abundantly, but we limit his divine power because we use him

merely as a pass across the Jordan, a ticket that takes us into heaven. Thus, we fail to find our own souls, though we feel assured that they are saved.

We miss the "abundant life," and we carry the inner chambers of our hearts to the grave, unlocked and filled with uncut, unpolished, un-set jewels of virtue and talent. These are jewels with which our Creator endowed us at birth, jewels which he intended should crown our lives with rich beauty of eternal truth for the inspiration of mankind and for the glory of God.

## The Adventure of Right Thinking

By MISS CECILIA BORENITSCH of Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HAVE you ever sat down in some comfortable easy-chair and given your attention to a definition of the word "thought"? Imagine yourself seated with others around an open fireplace with the lights of the room turned low, enjoying the glow of the crackling fire and getting warmed up on the subject.

The dictionary defines the word, "thought," as "idea, conception, opinion, that which the mind thinks." One of the fundamental teachings of philosophy is that "thoughts" are "things," that they function as real and active things in our daily life. They are not mere transient affairs, but they are something new, which, once born, live forever, be they good or evil. By them we build our lives, for they are our thoughts which make us what we are.

It therefore behooves each one of us to be careful what kind of thoughts radiate from us, for they are powerful factors for all mankind as well as for the person thinking them. We must realize that almost everything in this world was at some time a thought before it became a reality. When we combine a knowledge of the power of thoughts with the fact that there is a law of "like attracting like," then we are forced to



An Unusual View of Mount Hood near Portland, Oregon

the inevitable conclusion that if we send out from us disagreeable and jealous thoughts, they must come back like a boomerang to shatter our peace of mind. If we think love, love will be returned to us. If we give out hateful and mean thoughts, they, likewise, will be returned to us. In this connection the proverb may be applied: "Give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you."

By striving to send out from us only kindly thoughts, never judging nor criticizing harshly, we shall be enabled to be lifted into a harmonious atmosphere, which is absolutely necessary if we wish to accomplish the work which God has planned for us to do. Remember that unkind words or thoughts not expressed harm you more than the one whom they are intended to hurt. By creat-

ing an atmosphere of kindness around you, it is difficult for anyone else to harm you.

We cannot help but link up our discussion with personality. Your personality is what you are on the inside showing on the outside. What you continually think, that you will eventually become. What we think is written on every line and feature of our faces as we reach maturity. The "catty" person acquires a "catty" look. The

unsuccessful person walks with drooping shoulders and shuffling steps. The miser shows his selfishness in his facial appearance. The aggressive person walks with a large stride and swing of the arms. Youth is the best time in which to change the ideas or thoughts, so that they might become the Christian servants of life.

Do not choose those things which you know will not bring you profit in life. Go through life with a clear conscience for we are told that "con-

## The Gospel for Our Age

By MR. ALBERT E. REDDIG of Cathay, North Dakota

FLOATING down the stream toward the falls (we're in the rapids now), just hoping, praying, folding our hands sanctimoniously, with never a hand to the oar, since that's the other fellow's job and mine is to trust in divine Providence, but always getting nearer the falls—

That is the picture of our social and economic situation as we find it today. Can we in such an environment win souls for Christ? Isn't our religion a workable one? Isn't it practical? Could it possibly be that we are being carried along with this age of fast living, selfishness, greed and popularity?

If a hungry man were offered only a friendly handshake instead of bread, or one who is homeless given all of our sympathy instead of material help, we would recognize it as impractical, even hypocritical assistance. As we are pointing out the splinters in the eyes of the world, such as the drink evil, smoking, dancing and movies, but for some reason avoid seeing the timbers in the form of the social injustice as evidenced in our country, are we not beating around the bush? We fight the petty evils from our front door, while we're being robbed at the back door, and robbed of the proper living conditions that we all have a right to expect. We are nursing in our souls the anguish of poverty. We are being led around by the nose, tossed here and there, thinking it is fate that has thus planned. We sit idly by, for we are not in politics. Oh, yes, we are interested in government, but we Christians should never mix in "filthy politics." If working for better living conditions, homes for all, plenty to eat and a government that is a good steward is besmirching work, then let's dig in!

How in the name of common sense can we expect to carry on our Christian work in this kind of environment? Why not clean up the corrupt and unjust conditions? Why not, first, feed, clothe, shelter the needy and then preach Christ to them? Have we not a Christian duty

science is to the soul what health is to the body."

One of our groups at the fireside takes the Bible from the nearby table and turns to Philippians 4:8 which makes a fitting close for our discussion. "Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure . . . and lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

to fulfill? Couldn't we find space in our denominational papers that would enlighten our Baptist voters for intelligent decisions?

Are our editors afraid that they will lose their prestige? While they will fill pages of space in our papers with virtuous stories and interpretations of certain Bible passages, they refuse to consider the corruption of our government an issue important enough to write about. They say "Amen" to the Scripture passage where Jesus drives out the money changers from the temple, an incident which happened hundreds of years ago, but with reference to the present situation silence seems the rule.

Too long have we allowed the wool of ignorance to be pulled over our eyes, while the money changers not only have charge of our temples but of our legislative and executive branches of our government as well. Church members by the thousands are being slowly but surely dragged into a laxness of moral living. Offerings of the spoils are given them, something for nothing, or closer to the point, "hush money." It is "hush money," because then they also are under obligation to keep one eye closed to the evils and to let it pass in the name of emergency, even to vote for its continuance.

While our government is facing chaos because of borrowing on the future, because of the sinful wasting of food and goods, because of the lack of intelligent voters, we are building on sand. Ours is a divided house. The rains will fall thereof. And not even the Baptists will be able to flee!

If our editors and contributors to our papers cannot see the present hand-writing on the wall that is so very obvious, how can they understand and try to make others see the spiritual that is invisible? We follow the horse-and-buggy method of bringing the gospel in this modern age. Why not accept the challenge of the times and bring our religion up-to-date in applying it to the present crisis and impending disasters?

## Contributor's Page

### An Autobiography In Poetry

By MR. E. ELMER STAUB  
of Detroit, Michigan

"My heart attack occurred on Nov. 6, 1935. The first days were severe testings of the spirit. Early one morning I awoke after days of depressed spirits and the first poem, "Songs in the Night," came to mind and was written down. After 19 days perfect peace came to me and again in the very early morning I awoke and the second poem came to mind. The next day happiness found expression in the short but direct lines of the poem, "O, Lord, My Strength." As the result of meditation as to the 'why' of my illness, I learned many valuable lessons which inspired the last poem."

#### 1. SONGS IN THE NIGHT

(Psalms 40:3 and 42:8)

Help me to be quiet,  
Rested and free;  
Refusing to worry—  
Trusting in Thee.

Perfect peace Thou'st promised  
If I be stayed  
On Thee, O, my Father,  
And unafraid.

Circumstance and shadow  
To Thee are known.  
None of them can harm me—  
I am Thine own.

Thou giv'st songs in the night—  
Praises by day—  
Turn'st shadows to sunshine  
Along life's way.

My soul, then, look upward!  
Father above  
Will keep in perfect peace—  
Trust Thou His love.

#### 2. O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

(1 Cor. 15:54-57)

O Death—do I fear Thee?  
Of course, flesh doth quail,  
But Jesus can free me—  
And never will fail.

Aye! 'Tis but a passing  
The Vale quickly through.  
See—mansions are waiting!  
All things become new!

Yes, Jesus is with me;  
I walk not alone.  
With blood hath He bought me  
And made me His own.

In love will He greet me;  
His face shall I see.  
Be strong then, my Spirit,  
Death cannot hurt thee!

#### 3. O, LORD, MY STRENGTH

(Psalm 18:1)

Jesus! O, what joy divine  
Doth fill my soul to know  
I am Thine and Thou art mine—  
Strengthened I come and go.

#### 4. AFFLICTION'S LESSONS

(Psalm 119:67, 71, 75)

You've been ill—what of it?  
God spake—O heart, be still!  
The soul's best lessons are often  
learned  
While ill.

#### Our Church

By LAURENCE WEGNER  
of Gladwin, Michigan

The little church beside the road  
Is built of pretty stone  
It has a very lovely style,  
But that is not alone.

We gather every Sunday there,  
And also twice a week,  
To serve our Lord and Savior, Christ,  
And feel our faith, how weak!

We gather there on Wednesday eve  
To lay our troubles down  
Upon the altar of our Lord,  
And never keep a frown.

When burdens press upon our souls  
At times so very strong,  
We go to Jesus, who then helps  
End that day with a song.

And every time we gather there  
In the church beside the road  
We have a passion, oh, so sweet,  
But never have a load.

#### A Memorial

By MISS PEARL ADAM  
of Madison, South Dakota

Your gentle face, your patient smile  
With gladness we recall;  
You had a kindly word for each,  
And worked, beloved, for all.

Your voice was sweet and stilled the heart,  
You loved us well and true;  
Oh, bitter is the trial to part  
From one so good as you.

#### A QUOTATION

##### Long To Be Remembered!

"Little acts of love are like bits of explosive—they produce powerful results."—Sent by Mr. E. Elmer Staub of Detroit, Mich.

You will never be forgotten, dear one,  
No, never, will you be;  
As long as life and memory last,  
We will ever remember thee.

#### Which Shall It Be?

By MRS. W. S. JAEGER  
of Hunter, Kansas

Down deep in my heart I've often been  
blessed  
By the message of some Christian  
brother,  
It seemed to my very own soul ad-  
dressed,  
Reproved and soothed like a mother.

Since the Spirit was speaking to me  
through him  
I'm thankful for help the word did  
afford;  
Shall I tell the brother what a help  
it has been,  
Or would that dull his use of the  
sword?

Should I rather kneel at the throne of  
grace  
And ask God to mightily use him,  
That he proclaim Christ in such a way  
That sinners cannot refuse him.

#### What Is Life?

By REV. HERMAN PALFENIER  
of Steamboat Rock, Iowa

Life is a gift, more precious than  
gold. Honor "the Giver" by using it  
in accordance with his will and pur-  
pose.

Life is a flame. Keep it pure and  
bright. Feed it the right kind of fuel.  
Do not let it become "a smudge."

Life is a song. Make it harmon-  
ious. Let the Master, who wrote it,  
guide your hands so that you will  
strike the right notes. It is a sym-  
phony. Do not "jazz" it.

Life is a cup. Fill it. Fill it to  
overflowing with unselfishness and  
love. Thus, it will strengthen and  
refresh others.

Life is a book for you to write  
and for others to read. Be careful  
what you write. Let the pages be  
filled with the records of noble  
thoughts, high ideals and brave deeds.

Life is a trust fund. Enlarge and  
enrich it. Do not bury it. Do not  
waste it but use it aright. Then,  
when the final balance is drawn, the  
One who gave it will say: "Well done,  
thou good and faithful servant,—enter  
thou into the joy of thy Lord."

# A Song Forever

By Paul Hutchins

## SYNOPSIS

Gardner Wilkins, the son of a newspaper editor in the small town of Mayville, had told Lela Harrison of his love for her, but she had laughed flipantly at his serious proposal. Gardner knew that he wasn't a "sport" in the eyes of the popular crowd, and so, filled with bitterness and resentment, he went for the first time in his life into the town saloon for a drink before going to the Wee Woods Dance Hall to show up Lela, who had jilted him, and the rest of the crowd.

## CHAPTER TWO

Simp, the dog, came out from behind the bar and smelled questioningly at Gardner's shoes and then wagged his tail in friendly greeting. For some reason he had always shown a liking for Gardner. Gardner knew it was because he had always spoken kindly to him on the street and sometimes had fed him when he came through his yard. Simp seemed such a lonely dog, and Gardner had felt sorry for him, and the dog had not failed to notice it. For a moment Gardner stopped and patted the sorrowful head. Then he glanced about, conscious of many inquisitive eyes upon him.

Pool balls lay quiet on the tables while cues were held suspended. Archer Wilkins' son in here at midnight? There must be something going to happen. Ever since Archer had become mayor at the last election, some of the goings on at Dan's place had had to be stopped. It'd be a good thing if that Archer Wilkin's just drop off some-time when he had one of them heart attacks—yes, it sure would. However he got elected was a mystery, unless the church crowd had had something to do with it. But who wanted a religious mayor in times like these?

"Something with a little life in it," Gardner ordered, assuming a tone of authority. He'd show Lela that he could do daring things and that he could even take a drink, if he wanted to. If she thought him too slow, too old fashioned, too sober—well she'd find out otherwise. Oh, he didn't intend to make a fool of himself, he'd drink enough to "speed him up" as she had expressed it, and then he'd go back to the dance, cut in on whoever was dancing with her and then see what would happen. As he lifted the glass to his lips the sparkling liquid dancing and foaming its invitation, he

hesitated. This was ridiculous! Gardner Wilkins would not do a thing like this. . . . What would the boys at college think of him? Level headed, self denying Gardner! What would Larry think? Gardner winced. He should not want Larry to hear about this. Larry, with his exemplary life, his keen intellect and his taste for the finer and higher things.

Even Clyde would disapprove, as would the rest of the family. Yes, and little Tommie, who always thought what his big brother did was just right. And then Gardner thought of Lela. Lela would approve. Oh, not if he became drunk, but if he took just enough to speed him up. Perhaps she wouldn't like him to drink at all. He didn't know. But she would like him to be less sober minded and to have a little more "pep."

"Another," Gardner gulped as the fire of the first glass burned his throat and tears made him blink his eyes.

"Glad to see you becomin' a man, Wilkins. It must be your college. Schools nowadays don't seem to hurt our business like they used to."

Determined to act quickly, feeling strangely out of place and already ashamed that he had been seen by his father's enemies, Gardner tossed down the second glass hurriedly and with a hesitant, embarrassed expression on his face, he paid for the drinks and turned toward the door.

"Come in again," Old Dan called as the door closed behind Gardner.

"Hi there, Gardner! Jes a minute," someone called.

Gardner turned. The voice was familiar. Then he recognized the unkempt figure of one of Mayville's many black sheep. Abner Beckwith shuffled toward him, his step unsteady, his shabby suit hanging loosely upon him. He had done some work for Gardner yesterday for which he had not been paid. Gardner knew at a glance that Abner wanted his pay and that he would probably drink it all up tonight. Instinctively he hated him. He had always held an aversion for drinking men; and but for the feeling of abandonment which was slowly stealing over him, he would have hated even himself.

"Hello, Abner," he returned. "Can't stop now. Here's your dollar." A silver dollar jingled on the pavement and Abner scrambled after it as Gardner's car backed out of its parking

place and went racing down the street toward the Wee Woods Dance Hall.

Standing for a moment, holding the coin in the palm of his right hand, Abner stared at it gloatingly. "It'll just be beer tonight, it will—nothing stronger. I ain't going to get drunk this time—not real drunk. Sary won't stand for it." He went through the brilliantly lighted doorway; and when Old Dan counted his money at one o'clock in the morning, a bright, new silver dollar fell in its place in the till, while at the same moment Mayville's "black sheep" stumbled and reeled along the street that led to home and "Sary."

"They ain't nuthin' wrong in drinkin'," Abner mumbled to himself, as his right foot reached for and missed the first step at his back door. "I ain't drunk, anyhow—not this time. Fool-ed Old Dan, I did. And I'll fool Sary, too."

He pounded unsteadily on the door. "Hey, Sary! Sary, let me in! I've come home sober t'night." He began to sing. "Sary'll know I ain't drunk, too. I sure do like Sary. She's been a good wife—good wife."

Sara Beckwith heard the shuffling footsteps coming down the street, and when her husband called and his fist pounded on the door, she sighed wearily and rose from her bed and turned on the light. "Oh Heavenly Father Above," she cried. "How long! How long!" She pushed aside a basket of clothes, Archer Wilkins' family wash, it was, and it'd have to be done first thing Monday morning. Tomorrow would be Sunday, and she could rest a little—perhaps. She slid back the bolt that held the door, and let her husband inside—a miserable picture of the once fine young man she had loved and given her life to. Now she was giving her life for him.

Gardner, on his way back to the dance, felt the blood racing through his veins and a sense of recklessness coming over him. He wished that dog hadn't come up to him like that, as if he knew him. What made poor Simp turn away from him and go slinking back behind the bar again? As if he were ashamed to see him come in to his master's place! Gardner didn't like to think of the way the dog had looked at him, as if he had been disappointed in his friend.

Gardner shook himself. Lela would be proud of him now. She would be

more proud of him still, when he cut in on her dancing partner and dashed away with her, like a knight rescuing her from these colorless youths who frequented dance halls. Couldn't Lela see how slow they were! How was it that a sparkling vivacious girl like Lela could fail to understand he was fully able to handle any situation? That he far outclassed all these fellows from the small towns and the country? He had a degree—a genuine M. A. degree—from Rynelle College!

Ten minutes later he parked his car at the far end of a long row of other cars. He walked boldly up to the entrance of the dance hall and pushed his way through the crowd of young men clustered about the door, and went inside. The lights were low and the music dreamy and tantalizing. Slowly moving couples swayed rhythmically, obedient to the voice of the music—dancing in the modern way.

Far down the long room he spied her, swinging gracefully with abandoned motion, in the arms of a young man whom Gardner did not know. Under the dimly colored lights, Lela was gorgeous, more gorgeous than all the others, Gardner thought. As he watched her drifting along, her blue eyes met his and fired him with all the old desire to possess her for himself. A brilliant blue tafetta, like the blue glory of a mid summer sky, had been Lela's choice of a gown for tonight.

Not understanding the boldness which asserted itself and courted his immediate action, Gardner cut in at the first chance and a moment later was dancing with Lela. It was at this moment that the orchestra swung into a faster moving number and with a swift series of changes, marked by portamento and syncopation, began, without any semblance of abruptness, to play a reckless, wild melody, a wierd, pounding thing of the jungle. In spite of its violating the laws of music it was appealing, its very irregularity making more bold the spirit of lawlessness in the mind of Gardner. Caught and swirled along in its onrush, he danced on and on—with Lela.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning before the dance broke up. There was a great deal of shouting, laughing, swearing, good natured banter, the honking of auto horns, the racing of motors, the screeching of brakes. Headlights of cars flooded the horizon in every direction; girl's screams and laughed; and little by little the line-up of cars untangled itself and streamed, with cutouts and horns going full blast onto the highways which branched in four directions from the Wee Woods Dance Hall. This was youth at play, youth aflame and reckless youth, allowing itself to do under the sway of music and public opinion what it would never dream of doing in its more sober moments. This was the younger set, intoxicated with pleasure.

And Gardner Wilkins was intoxicated tonight, drunk not only with liquor but with the spirit of success. Two little glasses! Not much, but enough to make drowsy the old "slow" Gardner to fully arouse the "sleeping giant within." Lela was proud of him now. She must be.

"Go on and walk home, like you said you wanted to do," he scolded at Clyde. "There—there's Erwin Byers, you and he can ride home with anybody that happens to be going to town."

Lela walked quietly beside Gardner, accepting his hand upon her arm as they wended their way to his car.

"A bunch of saps! A disjointed crowd of mental sluggards! Yes, and kids, just kids half grown!" he boasted to Lela. "I can't stand to be around a herd like that. . . . Nevermore, nevermore, quoth the raven, nevermore. . . . Orce upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary. . . . Tell this soul with sorrow laden if within the distant Aidenn it shall clasp a lovely maiden, whom the ange's name Lenore, Clasp a rare and lovely maiden—"

"What on earth is wrong with you, Gardner? This isn't the time to be talking about distant Aidenns!"

"No, that's right," he acquiesced, "not when the rare and lovely maiden is here beside me."

"You've been drinking, Gardner—I know it now."

"Surely. Why not? . . . 'Take thy beak from out my heart and—'"

"Gardner Wilkins!" Lela cried. "Take me home at once!"

They were in the car now and he was still talking. "Listen, my Lenore, you're the most beautiful, the most rare 'n lovely maiden, and I'm young Lochinvar, come to search for the Holy Grail. As Elizabeth Barrett Browning once said, 'If thou must love me, let it be for naught but love's sake only. Do not say, I love her for her smile—her look—her way—' my smile, I mean."

"Don't, Gardner, don't! Let's not spoil that beautiful sonnet. Mrs. Browning would turn over in her grave if she knew how you were distorting that lovely dream song of her honeymoon days. Please, let's go home!"

"I say Fitz James was brave, yet to his heart

The life blood thrilled with sudden start."

"Let's make a sudden start for home. I'm tired."

"You're not tired of me, little girl, are you? Don't you like me tonight?" Now they were on the highway leading to Mayville. He went on: "I'm not so slow now, am I? Remember the old pine tree back at Rynelle? Ah, that was the night—come my fair maiden. . . . I've lots of pep tonight, now, haven't I?"

"I don't care for artificial liveliness. Coming from you it makes me hate

every move you make, every word you say. Your jokes are crude and your chatter is like the splutterings of an idiot. Gardner, I'm ashamed of you!"

Gardner was staggered. He was still sober enough to sense that Lela was not pleased with what he had done. Hadn't he risked his reputation? His standing in the community? Just for her? Lela should appreciate his efforts to make himself more to her liking.

Suddenly he was angry and he stepped down hard on the accelerator. The car leaped forward. He would take Lela home and leave her there. If she couldn't show some appreciation for him, then he was through—through!

Afterwards he couldn't have told the details of the awful thing which happened. Lela seemed to sense the danger and a terrible fear seized her. "Gardner!" she cried in alarm. "Be careful! There are so many cars on the road, and we're nearing the bend!"

But Gardner did not heed. Instead he pressed his foot down on the accelerator until it reached the floor-board. He didn't care. There might be danger, but he was not afraid. He only knew that he was angry and that Lela was to blame.

What was that strange thing in the road ahead? He leaned forward. Queer! He had never before seen a car with four headlights! Four headlights! Yes sir, and they looked like—ah, now he knew! It was Old Dan's dog, Simp! That was just what it looked like—poor old Simp's red eyes . . . glaring out at him from the blackness. Four of them! Four, all in a row and on the wrong side of the road. He mustn't run over the poor dog!

"Gardner!" Lela screamed. "TURN OUT! YOU'RE GOING TO HIT THAT CAR!" Lela screamed again, and leaning toward him, seized the steering wheel.

But already it was too late. He had turned to the left to miss the car and . . .

It was all a dizzying whirl that seemed like an eternity. Their car was struck. It careened to the left and turned over, then over and over again. The mad honking of the horn of the other car and Lela's screams were the last Gardner heard. He didn't care. Lela didn't love him and that was all that counted. If Lela got hurt, she deserved just that. Then came the crash!

It was in the hospital at Stromberg, twenty miles from Mayville, that Gardner regained consciousness. He was aware of a dull pain in his head, of an elusive vision as of an awful darkness from which he had just emerged. He seemed to hear again Lela's scream, to feel the careening of the car, to see the approaching automobile with its four flaming lights blinding him.

There was another pain, too . . . somewhere. A new kind of pain. It wavered between an actual physical ache and a disturbing memory. Whatever it was, it was obstructing his mental powers, afflicting him with a strange, unpleasant emotion. He lifted his hand to his head and felt of the bandages.

"Lela!" he cried, "where are you? Are you hurt? Tell me, Lela!" The words formed themselves on his lips, and the moment he uttered them, it seemed as if he had been hearing them repeated over and over again, for a long, long time.

"Lela is at home and well. She was not hurt seriously." It was the quiet, soothing voice of the nurse beside him. Gardner opened his eyes and fixed them upon her.

"You may see Lela tomorrow, perhaps," she said pleasantly.

He continued to stare at her as if he had seen her before and was trying to remember. Then he said, "I . . . then she is all right?" Oh, he couldn't have stood it if Lela were seriously hurt. He had been angry at her last night, but he still loved her. That was it! Now he understood this new pain. He had made a fool of himself, broken through the standard of right which all his life had held him in. And on the other side he had found, not what he sought, but disillusionment. Lela would hate him now, more than ever . . . now that he had blackened his soul in this way. "Artificial liveliness!" That was how she had described his new behavior. He hadn't meant to make such a fool of himself.

"I want to see my father. How is my father? Is he better? He was sick last night!"

The nurse looked sadly upon him. Gardner saw the hurt expression on her face and wondered. "Father," he asked, "is he better? I want to see him."

"We thought perhaps you might see him today, but you will have to . . . to wait a little while now. You can wait, can't you?" she asked brightly, turning her face away.

"Yes, I can wait, I guess, till I get home. When do I go home?"

"Not for a little while, Mr Wilkins. We had thought today, but things have changed." Then she added more cheerily, "you'll have to wait until you're well. Your leg was broken, you know, just above the knee."

He did not speak for a full minute. He felt very tired. "I thought there was something strange down there."

It was not until after Gardner had slept again that the doctor thought it wise to allow visitors. Clyde came in first, and then Tommy.

Tommy's face was tense and Clyde was looking more serious than Gardner had ever seen him. Both boys

(Continued on Page 31)

## What's Happening News

(Continued from Page 18)

A community preaching mission was held in Trenton, Illinois, from Sunday, Nov. 22, to Sunday, Nov. 29, with Mr. Harold Gieseke of the First Baptist Church of Trenton, assisting in the fine publicity. All the services were exceptionally well attended with two of the meetings held in the Baptist Church. The Rev. Thomas Stoeri of St. Louis, Mo., brought the message on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, in the St. Johns Evangelical Church. These services in Trenton were inspired by the National Preaching Mission which held some of its meetings in the nearby city of St. Louis.

During recent months the young people of the Minnesota churches have been rendering visitation programs in nearby churches as related in "The Messenger," the quarterly state paper edited by Maria Schreiber. On Nov. 1 the Minneapolis B. Y. P. U. went to Hutchinson; on Nov. 22 the B. Y. P. U. of the First Church of St. Paul visited the group at Randolph with George Gutsche, president, presiding at the service; on Nov. 29 the River-view Society rendered a program in the Minretrista church and on Dec. 6 the Hutchinson B. Y. P. U. returned a visit to Minneapolis with a fine and inspiring program.

On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, an inspirational service was held in the Second German Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. with the pastor, the Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt, in charge. A son of the church, Mr. Frank Veninga, and Mr. Jacob Gunst, students at the German Baptist Seminary in Rochester, N. Y., brought stirring messages at this service. The church choir rendered a Christmas cantata before a large audience on Sunday evening, Dec. 27. On Nov. 30 Mrs. Steitz, the last surviving charter member of the church, died as a result of a severe fall. Her spirit of loyalty and sacrifice will long be remembered in the church.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 29, the Immanuel Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., was well filled to hear a program of sacred music rendered by four young men who had toured the country in 1929 as the Rochester Seminary Quartet. They are the Rev. John Mueller, pastor of the Chicago Church, the Rev. B. Jacksteit, now completing his studies near Pittsburgh, Pa., and the Messrs. Otto Potzia and Edgar K'att of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Mueller entertained the members of the quartet over the Christmas holidays, and the services of the church on Sunday, Dec. 27, Friday evening, Dec. 31, and Sunday, Jan. 3, were addressed by the young men.

The Rock Hill Baptist Church of Boston, Mass., has been served during the past few months by Mr. Earl S. Kalland, a student of the Gordon School of Theology in the same city. The young man of Norwegian descent has been ably supplying the pulpit with the result that the church has renewed its participation in an active and aggressive program. The Rev. William Kuhn, D. D., general missionary secretary, visited the Boston church on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 19 and 20, preaching at the Sunday morning service before a good sized audience. The church will receive some missionary aid in order to strengthen its work and its ministry in the community.

The Ebenezer Church of Wessington Springs, South Dakota, held the annual Mission festival on Sunday, Nov. 29, with the Rev. E. Gutsche of the Plum Creek Church, as the guest speaker. The church was filled to capacity for all three of the services and a mission offering of almost \$60 was received. This was very gratifying in the midst of the hardships which the community has had to face. The pastor of the church until the first Sunday in December, the Rev. Wilfred Helwig, had charge of the service on Thanksgiving Day which was also very well attended. A farewell reception was held for the Rev. and Mrs. W. Helwig after their ministry of seven and one-half years in Wessington Springs prior to their departure for Ellinwod, Kansas.

On Sunday, Dec. 6, the Rev. A. G. Schlesinger, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kenosha, Wis., received 29 persons into the fellowship of the church at the joyous observance of the Lord's Supper. Of these 15 persons had been baptized by Mr. Schlesinger on Sunday, Nov. 22, following evangelistic meetings held on the previous Sunday evenings. Mr. Schlesinger wrote that "we surely feel humble and grateful to our Lord for all of these blessings. We haven't done our work with such a great joy accompanied with such signal blessings of Christ, during all the years of my ministry." Mr. Schlesinger became pastor of the church in the summer of 1936. During the United Preaching Mission conducted by the Baptist Churches of Kenosha from Nov. 29 to Dec. 6 Mr. Schlesinger was the special speaker on two occasions in the First Baptist Church and Baptist Tabernacle. On Sunday, Jan. 3, Mr. Leuschner, young people's secretary, was the guest-speaker in the Immanuel Church at both services.

# Reports from the Field

## Central Conference

### Recent Events of Interest in Kankakee, Illinois

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 24, a Father's and Sons' banquet was sponsored by "the Brotherhood" of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kankakee, Ill., at which 78 men and boys were present. A fine dinner was prepared and served by the Ladies' Missionary Society. Mr. Ed Stewig, president of the organization, led in the singing of the pep songs and after the banquet introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. J. C. Bohmker, who gave a most interesting talk on his recent trip through Africa, which he illustrated with movies which he himself had taken. What made the address and the pictures especially interesting was that they gave us a business man's point of view. Mr. Bohmker is a representative of the Bradley Factory which is introducing farming implements into darkest Africa.

Our church participated in an eight day "Preaching Mission" sponsored by the Ministerial Association of Kankakee. We began this "Mission" with two union services held on Nov. 28 and 29 at the First Presbyterian Church and the High School, respectively. Bishop Ernest Waldorf of Chicago, was the speaker at these two services. The attendance on Sunday night was estimated at a thousand. Following these two meetings the individual churches of the association conducted services in their own places of worship throughout the week. Our pastor, the Rev. George Hensel, preached on the following themes: "The Greatest Commandment," "By What Authority?" "Jesus' Supreme Mission," "Fighting Against God," "The Kingdom of God." A fine spirit manifested itself in all these gatherings.

On Sunday, Dec. 6, we were privileged to receive five new members into our church fellowship. Among these were the Rev. and Mrs. F. P. Kruse who have come from Philadelphia to make their home in Kankakee on the Krueger homestead where Mr. Kruse was born and raised. After an active ministry of 38 years the church was happy to welcome him back again, since he is one of its sons whom it had sent forth into the ministry. The evening message was brought by the Rev. F. P. Kruse on the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

A new pulpit Bible was presented to the church on Sunday, Dec. 6, by the Ladies' Missionary Society, and the Beacon Light Class has donated a pulpit lamp which will soon be installed.

## Christmas Banquet of the Chicago Young People's Union

The Jugendbund of Chicago and vicinity brought to a close its activities of 1936 with its first Christmas banquet which was a huge success. The program was built around the theme, "God With Us." The banquet was held in the beautifully decorated dining room of the Lincoln Belmont Y. M. C. A. which was crowded with enthusiastic young people.

A tone of profound and refreshing satisfaction was noticeable after the hearty meal was partaken of and the last dish was cleared from the table. The red and green candles on the tables and the large picture of the three wise men that hung on the wall made the atmosphere inexpressibly pleasing and served as a very suitable background for the program that was to follow.

Our president, Roy Anderson, then took charge of the program and made a few introductory remarks. Miss Marian Kleindienst read the Christmas story as recorded in the gospel according to Luke. Walter Pankratz led in prayer. We were fortunate in having with us Mr. J. Stratton Shufelt, music director of the Moody Memorial Church, who favored us with a vocal solo. Laren Shufelt and Mrs. Margaret Shufelt Anderson, joined him in several Christmas selections.

In the absence of our secretary, Ethel Boyer, Elsie Dons officiated in the roll call. The Immanuel B. Y. P. U. which surprised us by winning the attendance award at the Fall Rally, again won the banner with an overwhelming majority. This was followed by the awarding of a magnificent picture, entitled, "If Thou Hadst Known, O Jerusalem," to the Second Church B. Y. P. U. which was the winner of the "On To Portland Contest."

After another selection by the Shufelt trio, William Maxant, delivered a five minute extemporaneous talk on the subject, "Star Dust." A reading, "The Other Wise Man," was recited in splendid fashion by Mrs. Erica Loewen. Humor was supplied by a number of our young people who were called upon to give impromptu speeches. These were Orville Warning, Harold Reuter, Betty Kleindienst, and Herbert Pankratz, who spoke on the subjects: "Static," "Mistletoe," "Two Men in a Boat," and "The Beautiful Moonlight."

The president's trio, consisting of Roy Anderson, Gerald Koch and Victor Loewen, favored us with a conference booster song. Victor Loewen

then reviewed the plans for the Lake Geneva Assembly to be held June 24 to July 5. If the enthusiasm shown at the banquet is any indication of the success of the conference, we are sure that it will be the best of its kind ever held in the German Baptist denomination.

Our speaker, the Rev. L. H. Broeker of St. Joseph, Mich., delivered an inspiring Christmas message on the theme, "God With Us."

After the last "Amen" was sounded and the candles were down to their last flicker the large crowd of young people with satisfied hearts and inspired lives wended their way homeward.

VICTOR LOEWEN, Reporter.

## Southern Conference

### Reception for the Rev. L. Hoeffner and Family at Donna, Texas

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 9, members and friends of the Baptist Church of Donna, Texas, held a reception for their new pastor and family, the Rev. and Mrs. L. Hoeffner and daughter, Louise.

Mr. D. J. Heidland, one of the senior deacons, took charge of the meeting, reading a Scripture passage and leading in prayer. Words of welcome to Mr. Hoeffner and family were extended by Mr. Heidland in behalf of the church.

Charge of the meeting was then given over to Mr. Bill Ontjes, superintendent of the Sunday School. Mr. Ontjes welcomed the pastor and family in behalf of the Sunday School, after which the various organizations of the church presented their greetings. Miss Bertha Brown, president of the B. Y. P. U., spoke words of welcome and promised the cooperation of the young people's society. Mrs. D. J. Heidland, president of the Ladies' Missionary Society, welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Hoeffner, in behalf of the women. The teachers of the various Sunday School classes also spoke welcoming words. The church as a whole pledged itself to work hand in hand and to cooperate with its new pastor for the upbuilding of God's Kingdom. An inspiring program was then given by the members of the various organizations. In response the Rev. and Mrs. Hoeffner and Louise expressed their appreciation for the hearty welcome.

May God bless the new pastor, his wife and daughter, and may the work go forward here in building God's Kingdom!

BERTHA BROWN, Reporter.

### Dedication and Anniversary Services at Gatesville, Texas

The state of Texas has had its fame spread during 1936 far beyond its borders because of the centenary celebrations in many places of the state, but the readers of "The Baptist Herald" have heard or read little about Bethel Church near Gatesville. Recently this secluded spot on the map was the center of attraction for many people. The church had just finished an addition to its house of God, the people. The church had just finished a quarter century of service in the ministry, and it was just half a century ago when the church was organized. These anniversaries together with the eighth fall assembly of the Y. P. and S. S. W. Union made "Bethel" quite attractive.

On the evening of Nov. 25 a crowd of eager people, both young and old, joyously entered the house of worship. The choir sang "Tread Softly Here" and "We Praise Thee O God." During the singing of the latter hymn the pastor tapped the bell and the curtains and the doors to the new addition were opened. The Rev. M. L. Leuschner preached the dedication sermon to a very attentive audience and the Rev. A. Becker offered the dedication prayer.

On the evening of Nov. 28 the 25th anniversary of the Rev. W. H. Buening's service in the ministry was observed. The senior deacon, Mr. Chr. Lengefeld, was in charge of the service who spoke words of congratulation and presented the celebrant with a bouquet from the church. Another bouquet of flowers was presented by the members of the pastor's family. The following spoke words of congratulation: A. Becker, C. H. Edinger, H. G. Ekert, G. O. Schwandt, M. L. Leuschner and Vernon Ekert. The Rev. Wm. Schweitzer brought his message in song. Chester A. Buening sang a solo. A quartet which was sung 25 years ago by four ministers was now sung by Curt Lengefeld, Chester A. Buening, Herbert Schaub and Bernhard Koch. The pastor was "a minority member" of the program committee and so could do nothing to stop the majority from presenting this program. And they did put it across in a wonderful way!

On Sunday, Nov. 29, the Golden Jubilee of the church was celebrated. This was to be the great climax of all the services, and many of us got stuck in the mud since it had rained. But this day, although one service short was a day of many blessings. The Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D. D., was expected to have been with us but could not come, so the Rev. A. Becker preached the Jubilee sermon. An inspirational address by Mr. M. L. Leuschner in the afternoon was the closing message in these days while we were in the presence of God.

To us it seemed good in "Bethel."



Student Chorus and Faculty  
of the Bible School at  
Bethel, Alberta

(The smaller pictures of the Reverends A. Kuyath and G. Beutler in the front have been added separately to form a composite photograph.)

The church now has a church building in which far more effective work can be done. The platform was taken from the east end and placed on the west end of the old church. The new addition is an extension of 24 feet square built onto the east end of the old church. In it we have four rooms upstairs and two rooms on the ground floor which will be divided with curtains into four or more class rooms. The entire church now has a seating capacity of approximately 350. In material, carpenters' wages and volunteer labor by members of the church, together with the help of a few friends, the new church addition together with the renovation of the old as it now stands represents a value of nearly \$1,200.00. This expenditure is covered by cash and subscriptions. "Where there is a will there is a way" and our Bethel church found that "WAY." We "praise God from whom all blessings flow."

W. H. BUENNING, Reporter.

### Northern Conference The Bible School Held at Bethel, Alberta

For some time the young people of Southern Alberta have felt the urge that a Bible School should be held in their area to draw them closer together and to study God's word. Our dreams materialized this fall when we were able to gather together as a group of young people at the church at Bethel, Alberta, from Oct. 19 to 29. Due to cold weather a number of the young people from distant points were not able to attend, but, nevertheless, 27 students represented the churches from Bethel, Calgary, Craigmyle, Olds and Trochu during the complete session.

As teachers we were privileged to have with us the Reverends Gottfried Beutler, Heinrich Schatz, Albert Kujath and C. B. Thole. The teachers aptly taught us the following subjects: Rev. G. Beutler, "Christian Ethics" and a study of "The Book of Acts;" Rev. H. Schatz, "The Letter to the Philippians" and "A Study of Music;" Rev. A. Kujath, "The Old and New Testaments" and "God's Plan of Salvation of the Old Testament." Besides these subjects we also had Round Table Conferences on various subjects, such as Sunday School Work, Young People's Work, Music and the Directorship of a Church Meeting. A devotional half hour preceded the day's work, which was led by the different students.

A program brought our efforts and enjoyment to a close on Thursday evening, Oct. 29. An orchestra, made up of students, opened the program. Frieda Kujath of Calgary gave a short talk on behalf of the Young Ladies' Class while Ed Neher of Craigmyle, spoke for the young men. The Reverends G. Beutler, C. B. Thole and H. Schatz brought thoughtful and earnest messages. This evening not only marked the close of the Bible School, but also included a song festival of the southern churches. The mass choir of 47 voices, led by our Tri-Union director, Mr. Schatz, rendered several numbers in song.

May God bless us in our further work and grant that many more might attend our school next year to be held at Olds, Alberta. A picture of the mass choir and teachers appears on this page of "The Baptist Herald" accompanying this report.

ELMA NEHER, Reporter.

### The Annual Report of the Olds B. Y. P. U.

We are very thankful for the many blessings which we as the young people's society of Olds, Alberta, Canada, have experienced during the past year. We have held 21 meetings. At present we have 46 members. It has been our aim to keep up the interest by an even distribution of the work.

Our programs were prepared under the following topics: Music, Missions, Devotions and Education. Three special programs were given which were of great interest to all. These were programs for Easter, Mother's Day, and a surprise for our fathers on Father's Day.

We were very much pleased to receive visits from the Swedish Baptist quartet of Wetaskiwin, from Mr. Geis our colporter, and from Rev. H. Rumpel of Kelowna, British Columbia. These evenings proved to be very interesting and beneficial.

Our Bible School conducted by the Rev. C. B. Thole and the Rev. B. Jacksteit was of great blessing to us. Special services were held in the evenings at which several consecrated their lives to the Master and many others found peace in him. We hope to have the privilege of attending Bible School again this winter.

May God's blessing rest upon our work in the future as in the past! May we as a society do the work God has planned for us!

GLADYS FALKENBERG, Reporter.

### Northwestern Conference Reception for the Rev. and Mrs. J. Wobig in St. Paul

A reception for the Rev. J. Wobig, the newly called pastor of the River-view Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn., was held at the church on Friday evening, Nov. 20, with a large number of members and friends in attendance.

The program for the occasion was opened by prayer, offered by the Rev. H. Lohr, state missionary of Minnesota, and followed by a vocal solo by Prof. John Jaeger. The Rev. H. Hirsch, pastor of the German Baptist Church of Minneapolis, representing the German Baptist Churches of the Twin Cities, welcomed the pastor and family. The Rev. F. E. Stillwell, president of the Ministerial Association of Riverview and pastor of the Ascension Church, extended a hearty welcome to the new pastor as a fellow-worker and partaker of all community activities. The Rev. B. C. Siewert, pastor of the Winifred Street Evangelical Church, welcomed Mr. Wobig as one of the pastors serving in this community for the longest period of years.

The Ladies' Aid was represented by an original poem of welcome by Mrs.

Henry Glewwe, and Miss Alyce Hymers, representing the young people, gave a reading. The Sunday School also greeted our new leader with a song. Mr. H. W. Hirt, as a representative of the church, also warmly welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Wobig.

Selections by the male chorus, the ladies' chorus and a solo by Prof. John A. Jaeger concluded that part of the program, which was followed by refreshments and fellowship with one another. May we carry on a glorious work for our Master. That is the wish expressed by everyone.

IDA GLEWWE, Reporter.

### The Rev. and Mrs. H. Palfenier Welcomed to Steamboat Rock, Iowa

Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Surely we in the German Baptist Church of Steamboat Rock, Iowa, would praise him for having so wondrously answered our prayers and for having sent us a new shepherd to lead his flock. Just one month from the Sunday on which we heard the farewell sermon of our former pastor, the Rev. C. Swyter, now at George, Iowa, we heard our new pastor, the Rev. Herman Palfenier, in his opening sermon. On Dec. 2 the Rev. and Mrs. H. Palfenier and sons, Carl and Daniel, arrived in Steamboat Rock where Mr. Palfenier has taken up his duties as pastor of the German Baptist Church. On Friday evening, December 4, the church assembled to honor its pastor and his family at a reception.

The message of the evening was brought by the Rev. Carl Sentman, pastor of the church at Sheffield, from Acts 8:5. Following this message words of welcome were extended by one of the deacons, Mr. Charlie Sentman; by a representative from the Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. L. G. Johnson; by the president of the Dorcas Society, Mrs. Will Rose; and by the president of the B. Y. P. U., Mr. Louis Johnson. Then in a few words, Mr. Palfenier expressed his appreciation to the church. Also included on the program were two duets and a selection by a mixed quartet.

On Saturday afternoon the women of the church surprised Mrs. Palfenier in her home and expressed their appreciation and welcome to her by presenting her with gifts of various kinds of food. May the Lord bless these gifts!

On the following Sunday, Dec. 6, we were privileged to hear the first sermons by our new pastor. It is our prayer that under his leadership we may all be revived through God's Word and the leading of God's Spirit, and that we together may be instruments in leading many souls to Christ. The Lord surely has blessed us "above all that we are able to ask or think."

BERTHA E. SCHWITERS, Reporter.

### Daily Bible Readings

Based on the International  
Sunday School Lessons

Monday, January 18  
**Christ Heals the Sick**  
(Read John 5:2-9)

Tuesday, January 19  
**Christ Feeds the Hungry**  
(Read John 6:8-15)

Wednesday, January 20  
**One With the Father**  
(Read John 5:19-29)

Thursday, January 21  
**The Compassion of Jesus**  
(Read Matthew 9:32-38)

Friday, January 22  
**Heavenly Manna**  
(Read John 6:22-33)

Saturday, January 23  
**The Spirit of Helpfulness**  
(Read Matthew 25:31-40)

Sunday, January 24  
**God's Goodness**  
(Read Psalm 146:5-10)

Monday, January 25  
**The Unprofitable Servant**  
(Read Matthew 24:45-51)

Tuesday, January 26  
**The Price of Intoxication**  
(Read Habakkuk 2:12-17)

Wednesday, January 27  
**Belshazzar Sells His Kingdom**  
(Read Daniel 5:17-28)

Thursday, January 28  
**Defeat Through Drunkenness**  
(Read 1 Kings 20:1, 16-21)

Friday, January 29  
**Alcohol and Race Degeneracy**  
(Read Isaiah 5:22-24)

Saturday, January 30  
**Woe Upon Excesses!**  
(Read Isaiah 5:11-17)

Sunday, January 31  
**The Law of Recompense**  
(Read Galatians 6:1-10)

Monday, February 1  
**A Blind Man Healed**  
(Read John 9:1-11)

Tuesday, February 2  
**The Healed Man's Testimony**  
(Read John 9:24-38)





## I M P O R T A N T !

### Subscription Matters

come up for special consideration at the beginning of the year as nearly all subscriptions expire at the close of the calendar year.

#### MAKE SURE THAT YOUR RENEWAL

is forwarded to the office of publication without delay. This can be done through the church booster or agent but otherwise mail it direct to Cleveland. This is very important if interruptions are to be avoided, for in the regular course of business, names will have to be removed from the list in the absence of renewals.

The Management.

## Results of "Baptist Herald" Contests

### FAVORITE HYMNS

The response to the question, "What are your five favorite hymns?", was most gratifying. There were 238 ballots which were cast, which listed 380 hymns as favorites. These selected hymns of the denomination would compose a large hymnal in themselves. All readers who participated in the contest are to be commended for their cooperation.

In the total count the hymn marked first by the individual received 5 points, the next hymn 4 points and so on to the fifth hymn which received 1 point. The final tabulation of the first 15 favorite hymns, of which the highest five will later serve as the basis for "Baptist Herald" articles, are as follows:

1) The Old Rugged Cross	164 Points
2) In the Garden	138 "
3) Living for Jesus	107 "
4) What a Friend We Have in Jesus	93 "
5) Have Thine Own Way, Lord	88 "
6) Abide With Me	80 "
7) Rock of Ages	74 "
8) Nearer, My God, to Thee	63 "
9) Count Your Many Blessings	53 "
10) God Will Take Care of You	52 "
11) Jesus, Lover of My Soul	44 "
12) No Longer Lonely	40 "
13) It Pays to Serve Jesus	40 "
14) O Love, that Will Not Let Me Go	39 "
15) Beautiful Garden of Prayer	39 "

### SNAPSHOTS AND PICTURES

The many fine photographs which were submitted to the judges in the "Baptist Herald" contest made the selection very difficult. The practical use of these pictures as illustrations or front cover views for "The Baptist Herald" had to be taken into consideration. The uniqueness and beauty of the photographed scene or person were guiding factors in the final selections, which are announced as follows:

#### First Prize—\$4

Rev. Edward Kary,  
Durham, Kansas

#### Second Prize—\$3

Miss Alice Kaaz,  
12 Broad Street,  
New Haven, Conn.

#### Third Prize—\$2

Miss Sarah Folkers,  
Box 74,  
Randolph, Minn.

#### Six Prizes—\$1 Each

- 1) Rev. August Heringer,  
Route 1, Box 170  
Dallas, Oregon
- 2) Rev. William Sturhahn,  
Canistota, South Dakota
- 3) Mrs. Fred Doye,  
2509 No. 15th Street,  
Waco, Texas
- 4) Mr. Jacob Sudermann,  
528 North State St.,  
Ann Arbor, Michigan
- 5) Miss Ruth Sponholz,  
Tothill, Alberta, Canada
- 6) Miss Martha Meier,  
Marion, Kansas

### "HERALD" SUGGESTIONS

Many fine letters were received containing helpful and practical suggestions how "The Baptist Herald" could be improved. Some of the suggestions have already been incorporated into the new issues of 1937. Others will be used in the immediate future. The letters whose suggestions were deemed best by the judges and who will receive the proffered prizes are as follows:

#### First Prize—\$3

Miss Hilda Bitz,  
Grainger, Alberta, Canada

#### Second Prize—\$2

Miss Helen Buchholz,  
Tripp, South Dakota

#### Ten Prizes—\$1 Each

- 1) Mrs. Martha Isaak,  
Aberdeen, Idaho
- 2) Mr. Clarence Susek,  
1733 Kensington St.,  
New Kensington, Pa.
- 3) Mr. A. D. Schantz,  
P. O. Box 256,  
Tolleson, Arizona
- 4) Miss Anna M. Bechthold,  
Ekalata Route,  
Baker, Montana
- 5) Miss Goldie Voigt,  
Tyndall, South Dakota
- 6) Miss Helen Nestler,  
6436—68th Ave.,  
Glendale, Long Island,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 7) Miss Mabel Liss,  
Box 105,  
Vesper, Kansas
- 8) Mr. John Kohrs,  
Stafford, Kansas
- 9) Mrs. P. H. Wuest,  
539 Munson Street,  
East Peoria, Illinois
- 10) Mrs. C. Peters,  
189 Ferris Ave.,  
Highland Park, Mich.