



Lincoln, the Man of the People

BAPTIST HERALD

February 1, 1942

WHAT'S HAPPENING

● Professor O. E. Krueger of Rochester, N. Y., was the guest speaker on Sunday morning, Dec. 28, in the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kankakee, Ill. At the Watch Night service on Dec. 31 a stereopticon lecture on "Livingstone and the Congo" was presented by the pastor, the Rev. George Hensel, before the service of meditation and prayer. The annual church supper and business session was held on Thursday evening, January 1st.

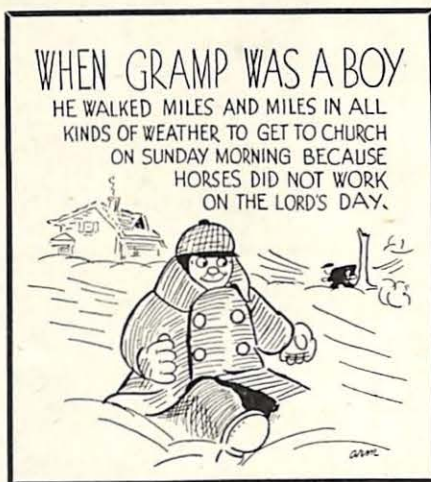
● The annual Father and Son banquet of the Temple Baptist Church of Pittsburgh, Pa., was held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 13. More than 125 men and boys were held spellbound by the program of pictures of baseball stars and highlights of the world series games and by the talk by Rosey Roswell of the "Pittsburgh Pirates." Music was furnished by the Westinghouse Quartet. The Rev. L. B. Holzer is pastor of the church.

● At the Watch Night service of the Beaver Baptist Church near Auburn, Mich., the Rev. H. P. Kayser had the privilege of baptizing three young people on confession of their faith in Christ. The pastor expressed the prayer of the church that "the Lord might make them strong in their faith so that He might be glorified through their lives."

● The Rev. W. Helwig of Ellinwood, Kans., presented his resignation to the Ellinwood Baptist Church on Sunday, Dec. 28, and announced his acceptance of the call extended to him by the Carroll Ave. Baptist Church of Dallas, Tex. Mr. Helwig spent a ministry of more than five years in Ellinwood and will leave the church in a fine spiritual and financial condition. He will begin his services in Dallas, Tex., shortly after March 15.

● The Rev. G. Sprock, pastor of the Baptist Church of Elberta, Ala., baptized 4 converts on Sunday evening, Dec. 29, in the baptistry of the nearby Foley Baptist Church. Revival meetings for two weeks had been held with Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Silberer, trailer car evangelists, assisting the pastor, during which 9 persons confessed faith in Christ as Savior. The Elberta Church has asked Mr. Sprock to continue to serve the church as pastor at least for 3 months in 1942.

● The Bethel Baptist Church of Indianapolis, Ind., proudly and joyously acknowledged the completion of twelve years of service of their pastor, the



The Prize Winning Cartoon in the Recent "Baptist Herald" Contest, Submitted by Mr. Arthur R. Macoskey of Brooklyn, N. Y., a Member of the Second Baptist Church

Rev. A. Bredy, on Sunday, Dec. 7. After the Sunday evening services, the event was celebrated with an informal fellowship hour in the social hall of the church. Refreshments were served and different members expressed their appreciation by saying a few kind words and presenting a small gift to their pastor.

● The Christmas program of the German Baptist Church of Sawyer, No. Dak., was held on the evening of Dec. 25 with a large audience that filled the church to overflowing. The children and young people presented a fine program as reported by Mrs. G. Moore. A Watch Night service was also held at which the pastor, the Rev. F. Trautner, spoke on Deut. 32 and Heb. 13:8 in English and German messages. The church is making encouraging progress in its ministry for Christ.

● The White Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, enjoyed the services of two of our seminary students during the recent Christmas holidays. Mr. Gideon Zimmerman and Mr. Melvin Pekrul spoke at some of the church services on Sundays, Dec. 20 and 27, and assisted the Rev. William L. Schoeffel, pastor, at the Watch Night service. On Christmas day a Sunday School festival was held at 5 p. m. with a very impressive candlelight worship service.

● The Rev. Ralph Rott, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., and Miss Amelia Litke of Munson, Pa., were married on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 23, in the German Baptist Church

of Munson. The Rev. George Zinz, Sr., pastor of the bride, officiated at the service. Afterwards a reception for the couple was held in the bride's home. Mr. and Mrs. Rott returned to the Immanuel Church of Chicago in time for the Watch Night service, at which the church welcomed the pastor's wife to their midst and presented them with a lovely radio as a wedding gift. Mr. Rott has been serving the church with remarkable success since graduation from the Rochester Seminary in May, 1941.

● The Christmas program of the Spring Valley Baptist Church of South Dakota was held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 23, with the Sunday School superintendent, Mr. John W. Buseman, in charge. The young people and children of the Sunday School presented the three following plays: "Christmas Giving," "The Other Side of Christmas," and "A Real Christmas Joy." Singing was furnished by a group of young people. The church also held a farewell reception for its former pastor, the Rev. William Sturhahn, and family on Nov. 28. Gifts of appreciation for their fine services during 5½ years of their ministry were presented to the Sturhahns.

● The Rev. F. W. Bartel, the Dakota Conference evangelist, spent the week from Dec. 28 to Jan. 3 in the Baptist Church of Ventura, No. Dak. During the day he taught a leadership training class with a remarkable enrollment of 114 on "The Outlines of Bible History," of whom 73 received credit cards for completing the course successfully. At the evening services two young people made their confession of faith in Christ. From Nov. 30 to Dec. 14 Mr. Bartel served the church at Martin No. Dak., in evangelistic meetings, at which 4 conversions were reported. From January 11 to 23 he conducted revival meetings in the Baptist Church of Anamoose, No. Dak., and from Jan. 25 to Feb. 6 at Harvey, No. Dak.

● The Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa, had exceptional services during the holiday season. Approximately 750 people worshiped at a fine Christmas program presented by the Church School. At the impressive Christmas Eve service held at midnight on Christmas eve, 257 candles were used, and a Junior-Adult chorus of 40 voices rendered Christmas musical numbers based upon the Christmas reading given by the pastor, the Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt. Baptismal services on the following Sunday brought the total number of baptisms for the year 1941 to 34. The New Year's Eve service was also attended by several hundred people and was the occasion for being grateful for God's many blessings.

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Coming!

JESUS CAME PREACHING!
The Rev. Lloyd George Gibbs, pastor of the Bellwood Baptist Church near Chicago, Ill., will bring a timely sermon on Jesus' message of repentance and faith for the beginning of the Lenten season.

A "QUIZ KID" LOOKS AT THE NAVY.
David Jenkins of Forest Park, Ill., tells the thrilling story with pictures of a recent visit at the Great Lakes Naval Station near Chicago with the famous "Quiz Kids" of radio.

A CHILDREN'S SCRAPBOOK.
The popular "Children's Page," edited by Mrs. Bertha Johnson, will bring another fascinating story and suggestions for a very attractive religious scrapbook. All the children (and adults, too) will want to read this!

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EDITORIAL

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DAY BY DAY!

LIVING by the installment plan ought to be considered by all of us as a successful pattern for life. We live most intensely and worthily when we take one day at a time, waiting for God's grace and power to equip us for the tasks at hand and then endeavoring to fill those twenty-four hours with an array of good deeds in His name.

Jesus Christ laid down the rules for such a poised life in his "Sermon on the Mount." "Do not then be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will bring its own anxieties. Enough for each day are its own troubles." (Matt. 7:34, Centenary Translation). Anxiety over yesterday, which is past forever, and over tomorrow, which is not here as yet, will always thwart our intensive efforts to live the present moment at its best.

This is God's method of dealing with man, as day by day he apportions his gifts of grace to his children. The promises of his Word are fulfilled in our lives in such hours when they are needed and at such times when we recognize our immediate dependence on God. When we are persecuted for our faith, we are not even to be anxious beforehand as to what we are going to do or say for "whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost."

Living day by day is also the finest technique of life for man. Our shoulders are not strong enough nor large enough to carry the burdens or regret over all the yesterdays or of fear about the dark and uncertain future. We cannot comprehend fully the immensity of life, both in its sweep of history and in the vastness of eternity. But we can live each day in fellowship with Christ and according to God's commandments so that at the close of the twenty-four hours we shall have no regrets but only thanksgiving to God for the renewed bounty of his gifts.

As you read your "Missionary Calendar" day by day during this year, (and could there be a single reader of "The Baptist Herald" who is not?), remember that this practice of daily Bible reading is a symbol of life's finest art. For the Christian lives his life day by day, relying on the daily apportionments of God's grace and serving him as if everything depended on the present.

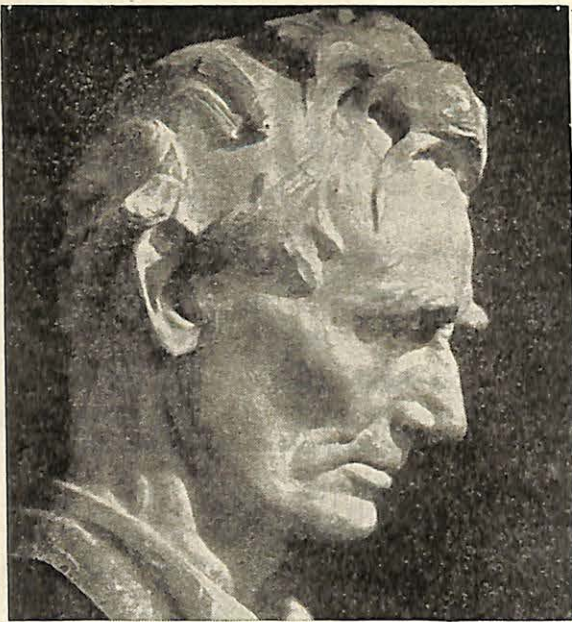
"Today well-lived makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well therefore to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn."

THEY LIVED

Abraham and His Mother

Keystone View Company
Head of Abraham
Lincoln, modeled by
Andrew O'Conner.
The original is in
Springfield, Illinois.

Copyright Lincoln National
Life Insurance Company
Young Abe and his
Mother, from painting
by M. Leone Bracker



Copyright Lincoln National Life
Insurance Company
Lincoln the President, from
painting by Dean Cornwell.

THREE homes had Thomas and Nancy Lincoln on the "dark and bloody ground" of old Kentucky. Those cabins did not endure. The first was a mere shanty in an alley of Elizabethtown. Then Thomas tired of carpentry in the village and set out, without capital, to try his hand at farming.

Abraham was cradled in a log hut near the present village of Hodgenville. He was the second child of the Lincolns; their firstborn was named Sarah. As a small boy, Abe knew also another cabin, the home on Knob Creek.

This home was small shelter against the surrounding forest. Restless Tom Lincoln did not know that he would tarry long. He was looking around and asking questions about better land and better hunting in the west. Almost as soon as he could walk, Abe was out among the birds and the animals of the woods that crowded close to his father's place. The old tales relate that the boy released animals caught in traps, rescued a frog from a snake, shouted a warning to a fawn that foiled a hunter.

Through youth and manhood Abe Lincoln liked nothing better than a hard physical or mental contest between equals. Learning much from his mother's tenderness and patience, Abe sought always to protect the weak. He knew the spirit of good sportsmanship in times and places where that spirit was seldom practiced.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln was not of the physical mold of the pioneer mother. Her slender fingers had been trained for needlework. Along with her "book l'arnin'" she had been taught to sing. Tall and slender, she has been called "a delicate flower of the rude frontier."

Though he was not quite ten when she died, Abe vividly remembered his mother.

"She was intellectual by nature, had a strong memory and acute judgment, and was cool and heroic," he wrote of her.

When Abraham was seven, the family took a long and hopeful journey. Nancy was not eager to leave the shaded hillside along Knob Creek. This place could be made more fruitful and livable. The soil would come to a better yield. Nancy must have visioned the persistency with which Abe, a little older, would turn to tasks that needed to be done. But Thomas listened to the pioneers who passed through Kentucky bound west.

The first home of the Lincolns in the new land was an open-faced camp without a chimney. The blank wall of the lean-to was given over to a wide fire, laid for heat and for cooking. The Lin-

(Continued on Page 18)

DEMOCRACY

Lee the College President

WITHIN the span of five years Robert Edward Lee of Virginia had to make two life-changing decisions. The first choice came at the fall of Sumter, when Lincoln called for volunteers and Virginia left the Union.

Lee, as a competent and experienced military leader, was expected to report for duty. Unquestionably he would be assigned to lead an attack on his own neighbors in northern Virginia. Emotion struggled in a brave heart. Shaken like a great tree exposed to a hurricane, Lee wrote his resignation as an army officer, adding these lines for President Lincoln:

"With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

It was bitterly hard to change the uniform after forty years. And Lee could not learn to hate the old flag, the old uniform, and the men who met him in battle. Many of the officers on both sides were "Lee's boys." For General Lee had been superintendent of the West Point Academy which trained able leaders for both the North and the South.

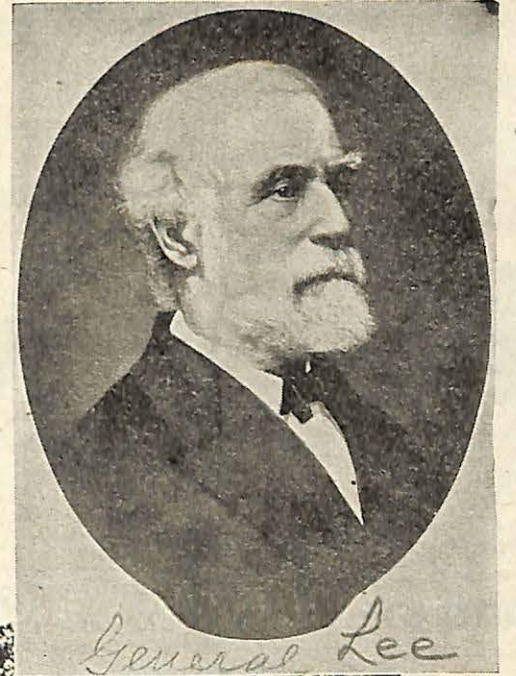
Short of men and money, but courageous and uncomplaining till the last, Lee finally sought peace at Appomattox. They say he was the calmest, steadiest man in that tableau of surrender.

That was in April. By midsummer Lee made another great choice about what he would do with his life. In October he crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains and quietly and capably began his new work as the president of Washington College.

The first citizen of Virginia left no public record about this decision. His friends believed that he saw clearly the overwhelming need for leaders for the New South. While they sat stunned by the turn of events, Robert Lee was planning a new life that would help save the

(Continued on Page 18)

By BERT H. DAVIS



General Lee

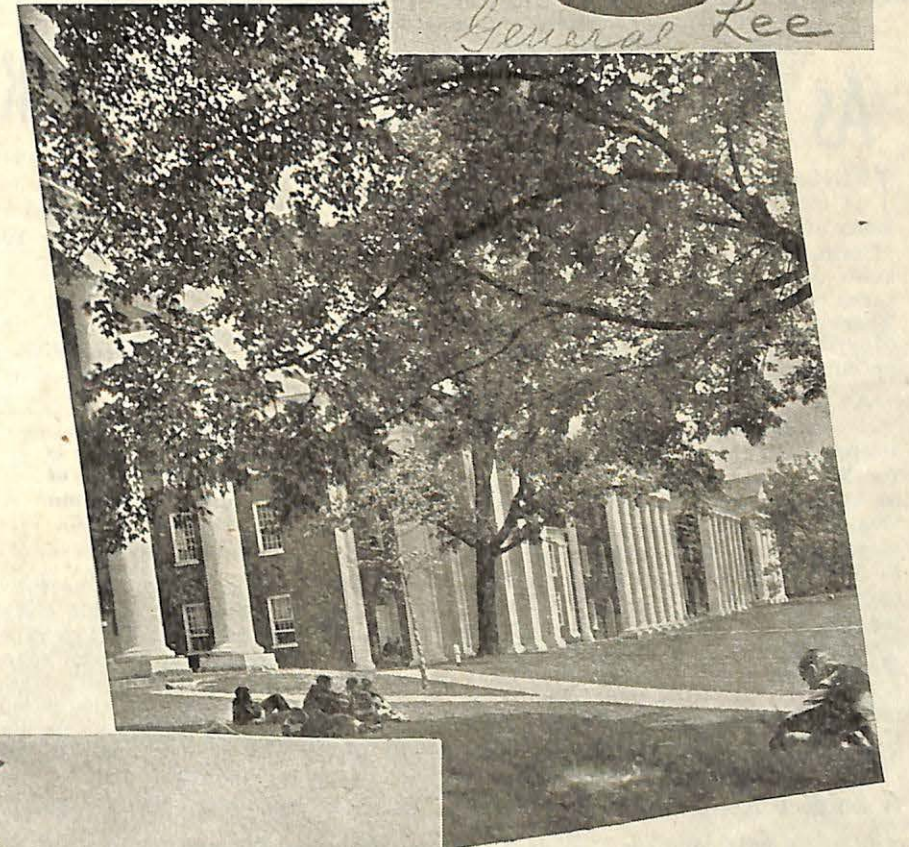


Photo by Brown Brothers
Robert E. Lee as president of
Washington University



Photo by W. H. Bagby
On the campus of Washington and
Lee University the ideals and principles
of General Lee still live

Photo by Brown Brothers
General Lee mounted on his favorite
horse, Traveler



A General View of Fort Riley, Kansas, Where Several of the Young Men of Our Churches Are Stationed

As a Chaplain Views His Work

THINGS DON'T JUST HAPPEN! It is interesting to observe the operations of the Divine among the affairs of men. There is an unseen hand which rules over and above everything that takes place. Things don't just happen. There is a reason and a cause behind everything. May it not be the mind of an omniscient God?

A few Sundays ago the writer walked into his office, which was in connection with the same tent of the recreation center of a military camp, and, as he did so, he invited a soldier, who was working on a model airplane, to attend the religious service which was to follow immediately. The young man casually replied, "I may come." Knowing the nature of the case to be very much like that related by the Great Master Teacher, "I go sir: and went not" (Matt. 21:30), I urged him with more persuasiveness, but to no avail. He failed to attend the services of that day.

A Soldier Repents

Just two days later, as I inquired at the first-aid tent for the names of hospital patients—which in line with my regular duty I visit each week—I was given the name of the boy whom I had invited to the services, but who, by sheer neglect, had failed to come. I was amazed and wondered if I had heard aright, for the day before he appeared vigorous of health. I was told that he cut his finger and soon thereafter was rushed to the hospital with an emergency case of blood-poison.

"My, Chaplain, I am glad to see you!" he explained, as I entered the apartment to which he was confined. "Perhaps the Lord has sent you here so I may speak to you about your soul's salvation," I replied, "The Lord

chasteneth whom he loveth." "I know I should have gone to church when you asked me, but I have no bad habits. I do not smoke, nor drink, nor run around," he remonstrated.

By the help of God I was able to show him the sinfulness of man, the holiness of God, and the reconciliation affected through the sacrificial death

The Author of This Article is Chaplain Edwin Kraemer of the Air Corps Basic Flying School of Bakersfield, Calif.

of Christ. It was there he accepted Christ and trusted Him as his Great Physician. A smile of satisfaction came over his grief and pain stricken countenance when he realized that God had forgiven. After two weeks, the thumb that looked so dangerous was normal once again; and he was ready to follow Christ in baptism, and to say, "Where he leads me, I will follow."

Answers to Prayer

A high ranking officer, a major of outstanding ingenuity, connected with the medical staff, remarked to the Chaplain that he believed in prayer but not to the extent that God answers prayers. He did not profess to be a Christian. In the conversation he said, "Often times people pray about things and then when they happen to come to pass, they attribute it to prayer. The other afternoon my children wanted me to take them in swimming. My bathing suit had been misplaced. I told them if they would find my bathing suit I would take them. So when they had looked and could not find the bathing suit, they decided to pray about it. Soon after they had prayed they

found it. I think they would have found the bathing suit anyway, but they thought it was an answer to prayer. A lot of times things just happen and people say it is an answer to prayer." Compare the attitude of the unbelieving father with that of the dear children who actually had an answer to their prayer. Is it strange that Jesus said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

A boy from distant Chicago was assigned to duty to the Flying School of Bakersfield, Calif., from where I am writing. Being placed in an altogether different environment, distant from home and severed from devoted loved ones, he found himself lonesome and in poor health. He had an inherent ailment, and with the towering temperature of this climate, he found himself unable to eat or to digest any food. After several days of continued illness and loss of strength, he was confined to quarters, with medical care.

The Chaplain is Called

A sergeant, who was aware of his condition, sent for the Chaplain. When the Chaplain made his appearance, the physician in charge accosted the sergeant, "Who called for the Chaplain?" "I did," said the sergeant, "I saw the boy needed something besides what he was getting." "Well, if I were sick, I wouldn't want a Chaplain to come to see me," chuckled the physician. The Chaplain prayed with the boy who was a Christian and counseled him as best he could.

The boy took courage in the Lord. God answered our prayer. The boy's appetite returned and soon he was able to report for duty among the virile troops of his camp. As the physician observed the almost miraculous return of the boy's health, he spoke to the sergeant in the apologetical manner, "I don't know what the Chaplain did for the boy but he surely did something for him." It did not just happen; God did it! "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." (James 5:15)

God's Sovereignty

The world has forgotten God's sovereignty and rightful place in the affairs of men and in the course of events. The underlying principle that girdles the earth is found in Luke 12:6-7, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God. But even the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."

It was no mere coincidence that you were placed on this earth. We are here because God wanted us to be here. It was not just "Old Luck" that brought Christ into the world. It was in God's eternal plan that Christ should redeem this world and save you from your sins. Shall we recognize Him?

From the Gold Coast to "Lady Liberty"



The Second of a Series of Two Articles by Miss Edith Koppin of Detroit, Mich., About Her Return Trip to America from Africa.

Daily we prayed for the "missionary boat" to come in, but every day the harbor was quiet, with the ships standing in their places, not daring to move. At times we heard mines explode all of their own, without having touched a ship. But one day, as I came in from a walk along the water-front, I saw that the ships were all steamed up and it seemed that some had changed their positions, and now looked as though things were active.

Anxious Hours

I went back to the Baptist Academy and I told the principal, a Southern Baptist missionary, who was in his office with his native assistants, that I thought the harbor was open. He looked up and smiled and said, "We have just had prayer about this," and we both thought of the verse, "Before they call, I will answer."

The "missionary ship" was then over two weeks late. The next morning we received word that it was to come in that day and those of us who were interested and anxiously concerned about it went down to the waterfront to see it come in. A nurse from South Africa, a missionary in Nigeria, was to proceed on this ship to Cape Town, and she was with me as we watched the triumphant entry into port. Prayer brought her in.

Later on I met some of these missionaries. There were over one hundred missionaries on this boat, and most of them disembarked at Lagos. Some were bound for the interior of Nigeria; some had to go on to the French Cameroons, some had to proceed north again to the Gold Coast, Liberia, Sierra Leone. Needless to say, we asked them

"what happened." This is the amazing story which they told.

Many missionaries were hounding the agency in New York for a boat to take them to Africa. After the "Zam Zam" left, this ship also went on her way, taking the same route as the "Zam Zam." When the ship reached Trinidad, on the coast of South America, they heard of the sinking of the "Zam Zam." It seems that the agency in New York had sent word that all should be given an opportunity to return to New York.

God's Hand on Africa

One by one the Captain called the passengers to his office and asked them whether they wanted to proceed to Africa or return to New York. Among those missionaries were many going out for the first time, young women and young men who had left the safety and comfort of home to launch out on their missionary life. One after one were called to the Captain. With courage and conviction they answered to him they would proceed to Lagos. One Mission Board recalled their missionaries, but all the other ones decided to go on.

When they arrived at the coast town, because of mines being laid in the harbor, they were told to proceed to another port, which they did. When they arrived there, for some reason they

could not enter that port, so they had to wait outside the harbor cruising around, awaiting the word to proceed to port. After two weeks they were permitted to come into port and to tie up at the dock. They had spent six weeks on the boat, but all felt that God had remembered them and God had brought them into safety, and God was taking them to the work which so needed them!

My heart was thrilled and inspired by witnessing all this, and I realized anew that our work in Africa is not finished, that God still has his hand on Africa, and he still wants missionaries there.

Bound for the Gold Coast

Now it became my turn again. My own boat, the "Otho," was to have sailed from Lagos down to the Congo on the first of July, but, due to difficulties resulting from war, she was delayed. Then I was told that it would not call at Lagos on its return trip but would make a non-stop voyage from Matadi, Congo to the Gold Coast. Very few of the Barber Line boats were stopping there on the return trip and anyone wanting to board them would have to proceed to the Gold Coast! Some people are flying from Cameroons and elsewhere to the Gold Coast and then they board American steamers at this port.

So what now? I applied to the two English steamship agencies for a boat that would take me to the Gold Coast. I really did not relish going there. I

did not know anyone there nor any mission society working at that place. Also to add to it, I was told that the place was well populated and that accommodations were limited, and, if at all obtainable, were costly. Upon advice, I packed my camp bed and bedding. I didn't know what I was going to do with them except the hope that somewhere I might be able to find a corner to put it up in and at least have a place to sleep while waiting for my boat.

The first few days of inquiries for English boats were not very successful. They seemed very vague about the movements of ships. This, of course, was to be expected. I waited another few days when I received a message that an English trading vessel would be leaving for the Gold Coast.

Hoisted in the "Mammy" Chair

So on the appointed day I embarked. This being an English ship it was all painted so as to camouflage its identity, and even the name of the ship was painted out. At night we had blackout. Before the boat even started on its journey, we were called for boat drill. All life boats were swung out ready for lowering and they were kept that way. We were told to have our life belts always with us. At night we were to have clothes, warm clothes, life belts, etc., near the bedside.

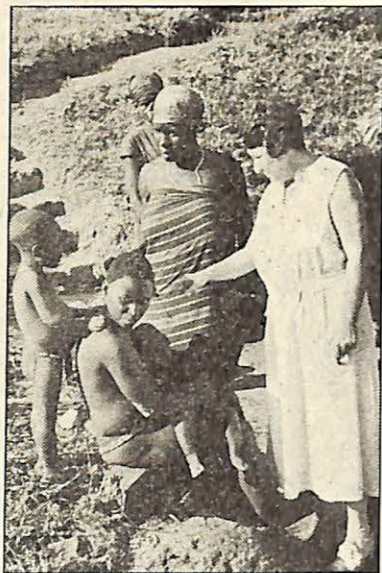
All port holes were painted black and no light could be used on deck, not even a flash light. When we went into the dining room life belts had to come along. These precautions brought the dangers of war very near to me. We zigzagged along the coast and on the morning of the third day we beheld the surf-pounding shore of Accra.

There is no wharf at this place for the ships to tie to but all passengers and cargo are lowered by winches into surf boats waiting at the side. This was my first experience in the "mammy" chair—a two seated "buggy" draped with flags. Gingerly I sat down. Up went the cranes and in a moment we were dangling over the ocean and I then lowered into the surf boat. I looked apprehensively at the huge hook which held our "buggy" to the crane's arms, but all was well. Down we went and bumped into the surf boat!

Then we were rowed ashore, and the sea being rough—waves high—I could see them breaking in high cascades on the shore—I had a recurrence of seasickness which I thought I had left behind. A half hour's rowing brought us near and on the crest of high waves we were finally dumped on shore. (Surf riding, you know!)

Custom Regulations

Then the usual procedure of custom and immigration regulations. Also, the agent of the trading company was there who kindly said he would make arrangements for me to proceed to the next town where I would find lodgings. He left to find a car to pick me up and all of my luggage. I waited at the custom's shed. A short time passed when



Miss Koppin, Our Missionary-Nurse in the Cameroons, Serving Natives in the Name of Christ

a telephone call came for me to board the American boat now in the harbor. How wonderful I thought! My luck had turned! Instead of waiting a month, I would arrive home a month earlier.

Through customs again—a message to the immigration office of changed plans—then loads and myself back into the surf boat! This time the waves came breaking over the boat and I got all wet. Thus I arrived back at the American ship. Loads and myself hoisted up again on the "mammy" chair into the boat.

The purser came to see who this strange person might be. I asked him where my cabin was—and he with a blank look on his face—said, "I don't know anything about you." I told him I had been ordered to the ship. Well, it seemed the Captain was on shore and he would write to him about it.

In the meantime, I could go into the ladies cabin—all missionaries—and change my wet clothes for dry ones. By that time I was tired and hungry. It was now two-thirty o'clock and my breakfast had been at six-thirty that morning. But I couldn't get anything to eat until the Captain came, they said.

A Sit Down Strike!

So I rested. An hour later the Captain sent for me. He informed me that while on shore he was responsible for my being sent to board the ship but it was a mistake! I should have been another person, a man, who had already boarded and he did not know it—so all that I would have to do was to get off again!!!

But I went on a sit down strike!

There was a group of missionaries on board of the Assembly of God Mission (they were of that group who were proceeding from Lagos to Liberia), also two Baptist ladies from the Congo and French Equatorial Africa, and they rallied to my cause and one of them offered to sleep for the three nights (to their port of disembarka-

tion) in the dining room on the settee to make room for another passenger. This meant that I could proceed at least as far as Freetown where I knew the United Brethren Mission had a home and would take in a wandering missionary.

The Captain, after getting permission to carry me that far, agreed to this arrangement and I stayed on board. We took on cargo here.

Our friends from the Assemblies of God Mission disembarked here and we, too, went on shore for the day to visit at their port city and to learn more about the work of this mission. I had long wanted to see a town in Liberia—that country which was patterned after that of our United States. Well—I saw a lot—and learned a lot more! My respect goes to those missionaries who are laboring there.

Rubber Plantations

That evening we returned to the Plantations. The rubber is brought in lighters from the plantation to the ship and we proceeded to Marshall where we at once began taking a large cargo of rubber from the Firestone boat and, coming up the river into the ocean, they have to cross a sand bar over which the ocean waves break with great force. We were at this place eight days. The rest of the journey was without mishap. Our ship was well lighted at night. A huge American flag was painted on either side of the ship, on which flood lights were shone. There was no mistake as to who we were.

Our entry into the harbor of Freetown was a bit tense, but we made it safely. And I would like to add at this point that, when I left the shores of Africa, the British Navy had all things well in their command. All ports were open—convoys came in speedily and left readily. No one was unduly delayed.

I learned much while there and what I learned there and other places makes me proud to be a humble member of that body who call themselves, "Missionaries to Africa."

The S. S. Otho

It was a happy Sunday morning when I received word to board the "Otho" that afternoon. The launch took me to my ship, which was not a large one. It was heavily loaded, weighted down to the waterline. On board I met a friendly group of missionaries and a kindly Captain.

The Captain deserves honorable mention. He saw two stranded Missionary Alliance missionaries down at the Gold Coast. They had come in from French Sudan to a British port since Dakar was closed to all but French ships, it seemed, and they made a long journey to the Gold Coast. This Captain had taken them home before and when he saw these ladies—his passenger list already being full—he gave up his own cabin and had a hammock put up on deck for his use so that there might be room for them on his ship.

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Women's Day of Prayer

on Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1942



A Women's Missionary Society Met For Prayer

A Program for All Women's Missionary Societies of Our Churches

GREETINGS!

Greetings to the women of our denomination of our country and Canada! May our faith be strengthened in these troublous days by our daily contact with God, our heavenly Father, and in our concerted efforts to his Throne of grace on Prayer Day, February 18, 1942. And when our faith seems weak let us hold fast to the faithfulness of God. (Mark 11-22.)

May I remind those societies which have not paid dues of \$1.00 for "Missions-Perlen," \$1.00 for membership in the Women's Union and \$1.00 toward the scholarship fund as yet, that our treasurer, Mrs. J. Leyboldt, 1847 S. E. 56th Ave., Portland, Ore., will be ready to acknowledge receipt of your remittance.

Thank you sincerely and may God be with you always!

Respectfully yours in His service,
Mildred B. Dymmel, President,
Emma Kaaz, Secretary.

Have Faith in God!

Program Suggestions by
MISS EVA YUNG,
Directress of the Girls' Home
of New York City.

Mark 11:22

Volumes of books have been written on the subject of faith. We touch upon it only briefly here to serve primarily as a guide to further study and meditation.

Faith—An Experience

It has been said that faith can only be known by experience. To the man or woman who knows by experience what it means to have faith in God and to trust the promises of God implicitly, it seems sheer folly to engage in an explanation of faith.

We have Paul's commendable words of the "unfeigned faith" of Timothy

(2. Tim. 1:5). It was not some religious philosophy he had accepted from his grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice, but a real experience which bore testimony both of his life and lips.

In every realm of life, yes, even in the spiritual, we find the sham, the counterfeit, the make-believe. Many a Christian's profession is empty because his faith in Christ is feigned and unreal. Too many depend on, or we might say hide under, the righteousness and the experiences of their godly parents.

Not so was Timothy's faith. Not so was Job's confession in Job 42:5, "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee." It was a personal experience. A long procession of men who knew faith by experience pass in review in the pages of both Old and New Testament. (Read Hebrews Chapter 11).

Knowledge Essential to Faith

The first prerequisite to faith is knowledge. Let us bear in mind here that the faith with which we are concerned and of which the Bible speaks involves a person as its object. Sometimes we speak of having faith in impersonal things.

After years of experience in the ways and knowledge of God, Paul announced, as one of his highest ambitions, "that I may know Him." Faith in God is founded upon knowledge. We can scarcely have faith in a person without having some knowledge of that person. In Hebrews 11:6 we read, "He that cometh to God must believe that he is." We must believe in the existence of God before we can trust him or have faith in him.

When we say that knowledge is the basis of faith, we do not mean that we must know everything the Bible or the theologians have to tell us about God before having faith in him. Faith may come on the basis of very elementary and partial knowledge, or may even come simultaneously with knowledge. Do we not begin the Christian life as "babes," growing from knowledge to knowledge?

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" is a real battle cry of faith. Such a statement goes back to the religious conviction of the individual in his belief in God as the active and ruling force in the universe, eternally sovereign over all that he has made.

How Can We Know God?

1. *Nature.* I believe that one of the channels through which the knowledge of God may be acquired is by a contemplation of his works in nature. Who has not stood spellbound by the beauty of a sunset or a rainbow? The wonderful blending of colors fill the soul with ecstasy. Who can explain how the tiniest flower distills its color and perfume from the brown earth? Emerson said: "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen."

Those of us who have been to a planetarium and have looked into that sky and seen the immensity of creation, those millions of worlds swinging in their orbits, their symmetry, beauty, order and harmony, have gone away with a new realization that the Creator of all this is vastly superior, both in wisdom and power, and in full agreement with what the Bible says that only "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

2. *Bible.* We may know God through the Bible. It is largely a record of God in action and of his varied dealings with his people for the salvation of sinful men. It contains the biographies and testimonies of men of faith—the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs. Is there not a sad lack of interest in Bible study today? The rapid pace at which we are living leaves Bible reading, to say nothing of Bible study, a neglected duty.

Communion With God

Someone has said that there are three stages of Bible study: first, the cod-liver-oil stage, when you take it like medicine because it is good for you; second, the shredded-wheat-bis-

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The Prodigal Returns

By HAROLD GARNET BLACK

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SYNOPSIS

Benoni, the younger son of the Hebrew farmer, Ezra ben Israel, felt an irresistible desire to be free, to be away from all parental restraint and from the necessities and duties of home and the farm. His father, ben Israel, understood the strange yearnings in his younger son's heart and was ready to let him have his share of the inheritance. One day soon thereafter father and son sat astride the she-asses bound for Jerusalem. After several days of hard, slow travel they saw on Mount Zion in the golden distance the walls and towers of the city of David, Jerusalem. There the two parted, the father returning home, and Benoni going on to Damascus. In a month's time he had become familiar with the pagan city and its sights, its pleasure gardens and its gay night life. Occasionally his thoughts wandered back to his native country and the home he had left.

CHAPTER FIVE

A Damsel of Damascus

But in far-off Damascus things were vastly different. There King Solomon's warning about wine and strong drink was virtually unknown, or if known, at least unheeded. The far-famed Syrian wines produced near the city seemed to loosen the speech, to make talkers more voluble, to heighten gaiety, and to induce a certain recklessness and abandon that gave an added glow to social life. Benoni was loath at first to indulge much in these new Syrian vintages to which he was unaccustomed, being fearful of what consequences might develop therefrom. But the influence of environment is hard to overcome, so that he, too, enjoyed the midnight revelry and drank almost as deeply as the seasoned winebibbers. True, his conscience smote him for a little while, as well as the fact that the next morning his head was somewhat heavy and the memory of the night before rather hazy, for he could not quite forget the truths that his father had inculcated through all his earlier years. He had that uncomfortable feeling of inner fear that always comes to those who knowingly violate the promptings of their moral nature. But time hardens as well as softens.

With young men of his own age—natives, travelers, sometimes adventurers—Benoni often sat down and played at tessarae in some khan courtyard while they sipped their wine together. One warm night, tired of inside

entertainment, he and three of his newly-made acquaintances went outside to enjoy the freshness of the evening air and to wager a few shekels on the game at which he had first tried his hand when traveling north on the camel caravan, and of which he had since become exceedingly fond. Thalazar, the youngest of the three, had been reared in Damascus; the others—Demas and Glaucus—had come from far-off Greece. When some strong date wine was brought, Benoni at first refused but was finally persuaded to join his fellows, though they had been drinking other wines intermittently all through the earlier part of the evening. Around a low table, by the light of a couple of earthen lamps, from which the wick had exhausted most of the oil, the four sat throwing dice, wagering only a silver coin or two at a throw. There was no moon, and the stars gave but slight aid to the smoking lamps.

"More wine, gentlemen?" asked the jolly-faced innkeeper, who had just come up, a big brawny man, and was standing behind Demas in order to watch the game.

"Thank you, none for me," said Benoni, speaking for himself only. He seemed to be observing Glaucus with unusual care, for the latter's movements looked suspicious. Glaucus made another throw.

"Hold there!" said Benoni, rising from his seat; for, in spite of the poor light, he was sure that he had seen him quickly and deftly turning up a larger number than he had actually thrown.

"Hold? What for?" replied Glaucus, as he reached across the table and picked up the little pile of silver coins. "I won by a point."

"No, you didn't," retorted Benoni. "You turned up that six after you threw. I saw you do it. You cheated!"

"That's a lie, a damnable lie!" shouted Glaucus angrily, as he stood up, a little unsteady on his feet, in belligerent mood. "You take that back!" And he raised his arm to strike. Benoni stepped back, prepared to defend himself. The other players started to interfere. But the innkeeper was quicker.

"No, no young gentlemen," said he, "you mustn't quarrel; that will never do." So saying, he interposed his huge body between the would-be fighters and held them apart. "This young man," said he, pointing to Benoni, "is right." Then he looked Glaucus squarely in the eyes, and added, "I, too, saw you cheat. The hand is quick, but the eye is quicker."

"That isn't so," Glaucus snarled back. "You're a liar too. You are all wrong," he added, a little thickness of tongue betraying itself. "If I did, it was pure accident—perhaps a little too much wine."

"No, it wasn't that," explained Benoni. "I thought I saw you doing it once before, so I watched you."

"You lie, I tell you," he repeated, angry at having been caught, and again tried to strike Benoni. The blow went wide, however, for the keeper of the inn pushed them apart once more.

"No, no, my friend, don't do that," urged the man of brawn in a kindly tone. "It's too late to fight. Don't you know that? When a man wants to fight, he should be at his best—not when he is full of wine. Too much wine makes the muscles weak, the aim bad, and the legs unsteady. I think you two had better go home now and get some sleep. Tomorrow you'll feel better."

Muttering a few words beneath his breath, Glaucus, perhaps a little steadier on his feet, turned on his heel and walked towards the street. A moment or two later, the others gathered their cloaks about them, bade the innkeeper goodnight, and left the inn courtyard for their several homes.

It was a gay and sprightly life that Benoni now led, and one free from all restraint. Rich and costly foods; rare and sparkling wines; soft, balmy summer nights; lovely dancing girls, lithe and sinuous; beautiful public pleasure gardens with seats for lovers under silver poplars and dark cypresses with the pale moonlight filtering through to the greensward beneath; the evening air fragrant with the delicious odors of roses and orange blossoms—all these kept Benoni's thoughts in a continual whirl of excitement and thrilling delight. At last he was able to quaff the sweet nectar of life—and he found it divine.

To one comely maiden, however, he was especially attracted as she danced with all the grace and subtle charm of which her youthful body was capable. She was dark-eyed and dark-haired, with round full lips as delicately curved as a sea shell. Her cheeks, flushing under appraising eyes, were like rose petals freshly opened to the morning sun. Beautiful as were the other dancing girls he had seen from night to night in the pleasure gardens and open-air courts, this one excelled them all.

Benoni was not only young but also inexperienced and did not realize how easy it is to be deceived by the face of

a beautiful woman. He had not yet learned that one must not judge by outward appearances, for they are so often deceptive. Just as a lovely rose may conceal a sharp and cruel thorn, so a pretty face often hides a vain and selfish heart. But so attractive did this Damascus maiden seem to Benoni that he knew he should never rest until he had spoken to her. How to do so was a problem that he turned over again and again in his mind. How could he bring about a meeting that should seem natural?

One evening the opportunity came, for he found her sitting alone beneath an almond tree enjoying the balmy night air as he slowly sipped a cup of refreshing wine. Taking his courage in his hand, he determined to risk speaking to her; so good a chance might never come again.

"Will you forgive the intrusion of a stranger to your city?" said he, addressing her, as he seated himself at the other end of the low bench on which she sat. "I too should like to enjoy the loveliness and beauty of the warm night."

She could not help noticing Benoni's striking appearance. She saw, too, that his tunic and cloak were made of silk and wool of the best texture and that he wore on his finger a ring with an exquisitely carved stone set in it. It was her habit to cultivate the acquaintance of promising young men, for she had long practised the art of making herself agreeable. The subtle use of her acknowledged charm and beauty was part of her stock in trade.

"Damascus is always ready to welcome strangers and to make them happy," she replied with a heart-warming smile.

"Thank you for your kindly words," was his courteous answer.

"If a stranger, whence do you come?" she inquired, with all a woman's curiosity. "Damascus, you know, is a great Syrian thoroughfare for countless thousands who pass through the city."

The low sweet tone in which she addressed him was altogether delightful and seemed to invest her question with a warm, personal interest.

"I come from the south, from Idumea," he volunteered, glad of the chance thus to begin a conversation. "My name is Benoni, son of Ezra ben Israel. We live not far from Hebron."

"And mine is Hermione," she broke in, "a Greek name, though my father was a Syrian. He lived in Aleppo till his death nearly five years ago. My mother died when I was a mere child, so that now I am alone."

The story was true enough, but she had learned how to use it effectively whenever she wished to ingratiate herself into one's good graces. Rarely was she unsuccessful.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Benoni sympathetically, "though one may get used to living alone, I suppose." Then pausing a moment, he added, "Perhaps I should say I am not an utter stranger here, for I came to Damascus by

The Bow in the Sky

By Mrs. W. S. Jaeger
of Hunter, Kansas

(The editorial, "Remember the Rainbow," in the June 1, 1941, issue of "The Baptist Herald" recalled for the author a beautiful rainbow of several years ago and inspired her to write the following poem. — Editor.)

Water came in rushing torrents
As rain poured from the sky,
Taking dams and culverts with it
As it surged and gurgled by.

Creek beds and rivers were too small
To hold its abundant supply;
Water, that we had longed for most
In the weeks and months gone by.

Can this be the dusty Kansas
Of just a few weeks ago?
How grateful hearts must turn to God
With joy for blessing us so.

After all this downpour of rain
The clouds lifted in the West,
Showing us God's promise again
The fine rainbow at its best.

For "perpetual" generations,
God's token of covenant we see;
It strengthens the faith in God
Who provides for you and me.

caravan a few weeks ago."

The girl seemed more than ordinarily friendly—perhaps, he began to think, because she was alone and friendless.

"I hope you like our city," she said presently, with half-parted lips that revealed a glistening row of pearly teeth within.

As she spoke, she turned a little and looked him full in the face. Her voice was soft and musical, quite unlike any that he had ever heard before, and she used it with telling effect. Already she had set out to make him hers, for she knew a likely young man when she saw him and had always been quick to take advantage of favorable situations. Hermione, though young in years, was old in the ways of the world. Having grown tired of the last man who had been dancing attendance upon her for some months, she was already casting about for some one whose possibilities of lavishing his wealth upon her seemed greater.

For half an hour or more they sat there, exchanging confidences and drinking in the loveliness of the night. Then they rose and took a walk along paths that wound through the public pleasure garden and away from the pavilion out of which she had come to take in a few deep breaths of the scented evening air. The soft silver moonbeams stole through the leaves of the myrtles and oleanders and white poplars beneath which they strolled, and wove delicate checkered patterns on the greensward and graveled paths.

At the far end they turned about and before long found themselves back at the basin of yellow and white marble which stood near the dance pavilion. From the center of the basin gushed up a lovely fountain whose falling drops seemed a musical accompaniment to the sweet conversational nothings

which the moonlight and the delicious fragrance of the night-scented air seemed to make so easy for both of them to indulge in. Knowing full well by both womanly intuition and experience that, if she wished to see this goodly youth again, she must not make herself common by staying too long but must tease him into a longing and desire for her, Hermione said a hasty good night and with dainty steps mounted the low flight of stairs leading into the now dimly lighted pavilion. A moment later and she had disappeared within.

The sixty minutes Benoni had spent with the Syrian dancer seemed like as many seconds. It had been a rare and golden hour. What a glorious creature she was! How simple and unaffected she seemed and yet how beautiful and charming! A new surge came welling up within him—something he had never been aware of before.

Who was this glamorous, this ravishingly beautiful daughter of Damascus who had filled him with such strange and vague yet pleasant emotion? He wondered whether he might not casually stumble upon her again some night—perhaps in the same place, which he knew she must frequent—and whether they could be alone again. She had vanished so quickly that he had had no time to think of any future meeting, much less to suggest or arrange one. Her sudden disappearance had left him almost breathless. Indeed that was exactly what Hermione had intended.

It was with strange new emotions that Benoni retired to his couch that night. He was thinking of Hermione and of their walk under the suffused light of a pale and waning moon. She got somehow into his dreams and seemed to take on an ethereal beauty. Slowly he came to the realization that she had suddenly become the one object of his heart's desire. Forgotten were his father and Hislon and his old home, forgotten his flocks and herds and native hills. He thought only of her.

The next evening found him back at the pleasure garden with its gay dancing pavilion. Inside he sauntered and drank two or three draughts of spiced wine in the hope of seeing again the beautiful Hermione, but she was not among the dancers and indeed was nowhere to be seen. The following night he returned, but again he failed to find the object of his search. The third night, however, she reappeared. What a joy to see her once more!

"Good evening, Hermione," said he in a friendly voice as she stepped out from the lighted hall after she had finished her last dance for the evening. "Where have you been since last we met?"

"Oh, I do not dance here every night," she explained pleasantly. "Were you thinking you might see me here again?" As she spoke, she shot a quick, fleeting glance at him out of the corner of her eye.

"Yes, indeed," Benoni admitted, "I

was hoping to; but I was disappointed."

"Well, here I am, anyway," she replied roguishly.

Now that he had found her again, he felt that it would be easy to see her often. It was strange how many evenings thereafter he chanced upon her even in other pleasure gardens of the city. But had he been aware of her craftiness, he would have ceased to wonder at their apparently casual meetings. In Benoni she believed that she had found a kind of merchant prince, and she must not let him go.

In the continued light of her eyes he quite forgot the other care-free maidens with whom he had consorted in his earlier midnight revels, and thought only of the glamorous Syrian. Together they strolled leisurely about the pleasant winding walks under the silent stars that sprinkled the great dome of heaven above them, or beneath the boughs of myrtles sacred only to the goddess of love. Often they sat under a solitary spreading cypress through whose branches the silver rays of a decreescent moon filtered with their pale opalescent light. Sometimes they stood near the edge of a fountain out of whose heart burst a circular arch of light that lost itself in a spray of a million diamonds as it touched the water in the great marble basin below.

Sometimes as he took her home they stood leaning over the balustrade of a bridge spanning the narrow Abana and looked down into the inky blackness of the famous stream that ran through the midst of the city. Such nights as these seemed made for lovers. To Benoni the touch of her warm arm was like a draught of rare wine.

"How exquisitely beautiful you look tonight," whispered Benoni to her one balmy evening as they stood beneath a giant date palm, his hands upon her soft and yielding shoulders. Through its almost motionless fronds, the silver shafts of moonlight found their easy way and threw ever-changing shadows across her upturned face.

"Do I?" she asked with a half roguish smile, as she laid her delicately tapered fingers on the strong arms that sought to take her tenderly in their amorous embrace. "I am glad, though, if you think so. But, then, men are such flatterers! I wonder if you really mean it."

"No flattery there, Hermione," declared he. "You are as lovely as any dream girl that one could possibly imagine. Your lips are as red as rose petals, your eyes as bright as starlight. Your hair is as gloriously beautiful as that of a goddess, your smile like that of an angel."

Thus the subtle and coolly calculating Hermione used all her personal charm to lure Benoni on. She dropped frequent hints concerning her own consuming desires and wishes, her love of silks and jewels and perfumery. She was both fatherless and motherless, and why, she asked herself, should she not make her art and her beauty serve and testimonies of men of faith—the

her? Forced to earn her own livelihood in the ancient city of Damascus as a dancer, the beautiful Hermione had found it impossible to provide herself with all those rich costumes and sparkling jewels for which her soul yearned and which would make her without peer in her chosen art. Now she had again within reach the means of satisfying her most ardent desires—and she would use those means. Accordingly, she did not hesitate, as opportunity offered, to speak of those things, the possession of which would be so gratifying to her own feminine vanity.

Soon Benoni found himself lavishing his wealth upon her with utter prodigality. Afternoons often saw them together, going the rounds of the open bazaars of the city and visiting the houses of the gem and silk merchants. In these places Benoni bought for her all that her vain heart could desire: luxurious garments of silk and fine linen and soft wool; ornaments of pearls and jade and amber with which to bedeck her full round throat, and of filigreed gold and silver to adorn her graceful arms and shapely ankles.

Four or five golden months thus passed away, and always was Benoni

in the company of his new-found friend. On many a night he repaired late to her quarters in the eastern section of the city not far from the southern gate, by means of which he had first entered. Usually he hastened back to his own lodgings shortly thereafter with the lovely Hermione ever in mind, though many a time he returned not till break of day, when the city was just beginning to stir again.

Then—as it almost invariably does—something happened, for Hermione, now that all her wishes had been gratified for many weeks, began somehow to tire a little of Benoni. It was a very gradual process, to be sure, and was not recognized by him so quickly as by her. In the long run, satiety overreaches itself, and things once ardently desired become tame and commonplace by very reason of their superabundance.

Man is a strange creature, often governed by his hidden feelings and vagrant desires rather than by his intellect and will and judgment; so also is woman. Neither one stops to analyze and weigh and value personal emotions, whence they spring, and whither they lead.

(To be continued)

Women's Day of Prayer

(Continued from Page 9)

cuit stage, dry but nourishing; third, the peaches-and-cream stage. To be sure, the Bible is still the best seller. It has been translated into more languages and dialects than any other book, but its value lies not in our possessing it, but rather in our using it.

We seem to *make* time for every other reading matter but the Bible today. It is appalling to see a generation, here in our own Christian country, growing up who know almost nothing of the Bible. A daily prayerful reading of the Bible and a conscientious practice of its teachings will do much to set this old world right.

3. *Communion and fellowship.* We may know God through fellowship and communion with him. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." The Christian's very strength lies in quietness. "Be still, and know that I am God." There is immense power in stillness. Henry Drummond said: "Ten minutes spent in Christ's society every day, yes, two minutes, if it be face to face and heart to heart, will make the whole life different."

Why could Jesus stand the strain of life, the continuous giving of himself for others? Why didn't he break down under the strain? I think we find the answer in Mark 11:35. "And in the morning, a great while before day, he rose up and went out and departed into a desert place, and there prayed."

The Call of Faith

We are living in distressing days, when the validity of the Christian's

faith is being challenged more than ever in a world crashing into chaos and death. All of our modern progress has left man noticeably and increasingly restless. Learning and piety have not kept pace; our progress has been in the sphere of externals rather than in the spiritual realm.

We are so prone to speak of the millions in China, Africa, Japan as "pagans," but Jesus' definition of paganism is the great preoccupation with *things*—food, shelter, clothing, drink, (Matt. 6:30-34—Moffat). Is there any other nation smothering the very thought of God with these material things more than the American people? How true this statement: "Men grow rich in what they have rather than in what they are, and when they are stripped of what they have, they have nothing."

Conditions in the churches are disheartening; missionary opportunities seem thwarted; desecration of the Sabbath Day is lamentable; broken homes are on the increase; nations are confused in their thinking; people who love truth and justice are discouraged and face the future with misgivings and fear for what it may hold for them and their children. Prevailing conditions are enough to dismay anyone!

Yet above the din and strife comes the clarion call: "HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

(Suggested closing hymn: "Faith is the Victory")

Christmas Echoes from Chicago

By the REV. E. R. LENGEFELD, Superintendent of the Home

THE first signs of Yuletide cheer in the Western Baptist Home for the Aged in Chicago, Ill., appeared on the Christmas horizon of our home as early as Dec. 12. At first, a card, a letter, and a parcel here and there indicated that the Christmas spirit was in the air. Thus, the joys of receiving gifts repeated themselves and multiplied, until up to Christmas Eve it had increased to hundreds of cards, letters, and packages from the length and

Christmas Eve was splendidly celebrated by the coming of the young people of the First Baptist Church and St. Peter's Lutheran Church, who caroled on the different floors simultaneously, giving the effect of one united chorus.

The Fidelis Class of the Forest Park Baptist Church rendered a very splendid Christmas program and distributed among our residents little tokens of love in the form of potted plants for each one, as well as candy. The Bible Class of the First Baptist Church, of which Mrs. Hugo Schmidt is teacher, gave a very wholesome program and distributed oranges and "Lebkuchen" among the residents. A wonderful musical program was given by the Christian Fellowship Club of the First German Baptist Church, which was immensely enjoyed by all. Thus, Christ-



Rev. E. R. Lengefeld, Superintendent of the Western Baptist Home for the Aged in Chicago, Illinois

breadth of the land. Substantial gifts to the Home and residents of the Home came from all parts of our country. The spirit of the Giver of all gifts had inspired the hearts of many of our friends to remember the aged.

Outstanding and special joys were spread during these memorable days of our Savior's birth, for we again had the privilege of hearing Christmas caroling by large and smaller groups from different churches and Sunday Schools.

The Philathea Class of the Humboldt Park Baptist Church caroled on the three floors of our Home, accompanied by Santa Claus, who distributed "Lebkuchen" to each one. Miss Ruth C. Doescher and her Juniors of the Humboldt Park Sunday School cheered the hearts of our aged by caroling in the halls and distributing peppermint candy canes. Also, a group from the Salem Free Church delighted our hearts by singing the old, familiar Christmas anthems.

Christmas at the Children's Home

By MISS MARY ELEANOR ADAMS of St. Joseph, Michigan

I arrived here at the Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich., as a new worker on Dec. 9, 1941. But even my past four years spent at the Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago, Ill., were nothing like the Christmas activities which I found here.

Of course, I was treated well, gradually becoming acquainted with the nineteen children, ages one and a half to seventeen years. They delighted in showing me around their lovely home and having me see their much-prized personal possessions.

As the days passed, I began to hear talk of a Christmas program. Then I was asked to plan it and to help the children practice for it. It was difficult to find time to practice when all could be together. First, there would be a Sunday School party with three, four, or five children included in each one.

Christmas was coming closer. The weeks before I began to hear talk about gifts and "What can I give to 'Ma'?" or, "Tell me what I should get for my aunt." Packages began to arrive daily and were quickly carried up to what I heard spoken of as the "Christmas Room." Those few who were permitted past its locked doors saw small piles of gifts, one for each boy and girl. Truly, it resembled Santa Claus' workshop.

As the last days came, the home was given a thorough holiday cleaning and the tree was brought in. Boys and girls delighted in beautifying it with blue lights and tinsel.

Then at last the long-awaited day arrived! The morning passed quickly as the chickens were cooked and final

mas joys were richly spread to cheer the hearts of our old people.

In spite of the dark and heavy storm clouds overcasting the skies of humanity, God's eternal love, manifested in his Son Jesus Christ, broke through like the powerful noonday sun, and shone again and again in many special ways during the commemoration of that great day on which our Savior was born.

We may enumerate good wishes, Christmas gifts and joys, but the prayers and whispers of prayers ascending to the throne of God for the consummation of peace and good will to men cannot be enumerated.

God's holy Name be praised for the many beautiful things that were given to the Home and its residents, and may those who have cheered the hearts of our dear aged guests be richly rewarded by our heavenly Father and may we always have the joy of knowing that the Lord blesses the cheerful giver. Many thanks to all who have in some measure helped to bring into the hearts of the depressed the peace that passes all understanding.

bits of cleaning were done. Guests began to arrive, dinner was served and more guests came. Then came the afternoon and the program, simple enough for all to enjoy the scripture, prayer, Christmas story, music and messages from some of the guests present.

After the singing of "Jingle Bells," the children were dismissed to the dining room where gifts had been placed on the tables. Then, indeed, did excitement and confusion begin! Many were the "Oh's," "Ah's" and "Look," as gifts were opened, admired, and shown to friends and guests present. Even thoughts of supper were almost overshadowed by opportunities to admire new clothes and to play with new dolls and toys.

Christmas had come and gone. The next days boys and girls could be found in odd corners, writing their messages of thanks to the many friends who had helped to give them another happy Christmas.

Then came New Year's Eve. Many attended the program at the church and returned to enjoy candy and nuts together as the old year passed. New Year's day brought new duties as the tree which had shed its needles very badly was "untrimmed" and removed.

The home is now returning to normal with the beginning of another school term. If they could, I'm sure that each one here would join me in saying, "Happy New Year," with words of thanks for the year that is past and an added prayer for the one which has begun.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Salt Creek Young People Present Plays at Christmas and New Year's Programs

The young people of the Salt Creek Baptist Church near Dallas, Ore., gave a Christmas play on Saturday, Dec. 28.

The name of the play was "Christmas in a Cobbler's Shop." We wish that more people would be like the cobbler, who sought to find Christ Jesus so that he too might have the real Christmas spirit. The old cobbler knew something was lacking in his life and that it was the love of his Father.

These young people plan to give the play again in the near future in one of the Dallas churches.

On New Year's Eve the young people had charge of the first hour. They presented two playlets, "This Year Has Taught Us" and "What Is Our Church Planning This Year?"

MILDRED MAY, Reporter.

Memorable Milestones in the Ministry of the Bethany Church near Portland, Oregon

The writer of these lines will soon have rounded out five years of service with the Bethany Baptist Church near Portland, Ore. These have been years of blessing and of spiritual growth. The past year has been especially significant. Bethany still stands for the glory of God and the great Kingdom challenges of Christ!

Our progress has never been phenomenal but rather steady and permanent. Thus, we are able to report some growth along every line of endeavor. Our church stands out as a bright beacon and spiritual challenge in the community. Our Sunday School under the able leadership of Mr. Samuel Rich has more than kept its own. The ladies' organizations, presided over by Mrs. Hulda Graf and Mrs. J. C. Schweitzer, have exerted a helpful and inspiring ministry in our own church and far beyond our provincial and national boundaries.

Our young people have not been idle. They divide into three groups and are ably guided by Miss Margery Graf, Miss Helen Rich and Mrs. Nora Hop-ton. These groups meet each Sunday with leadership training as their main objective. Our ministry of music with the help of a great pipe organ has been a continued inspiration to our increasing constituency of members and friends of the church.

Two community projects have been carried out. One was a Sunday School convention comprising 5 churches with all-day Sunday sessions. This was last Spring. The past Christmas season

was highlighted with the rendition of the Christmas cantata, "The Light Eternal" by Petrie. Our choir combined with the singers of the neighboring Presbyterian Church, bringing it to a total of 52 voices. This mass choir was called upon for several "repeat-renditions" of the cantata in other nearby churches.

All of the special church holidays have been appropriately observed. Our church has decided to retain the Club Plan for our denominational periodicals for the current year. The special prayer week from Jan. 5 to 9 was observed. Financial obligations have been duly met, and part of our remaining church debt paid, besides a fair allotment for home and foreign missions.

JOHN C. SCHWEITZER, Pastor.

With Paul and Clara Gebauer on a Visit to Our California Churches

Between "Sunshine and Blackouts" the Gebauers visited the California churches. They report as follows:

LODI, where we visited on Dec. 7 and 21, experiences "boomtime in Zion." Worshipers have to come early to find a good seat in the large auditorium. The classes of the Bible School are flooded with scholars and every type of meeting is blessed with visitors. The Lodi situation is unique. And so is its pastor, the Rev. A. Felberg!

WASCO was visited on a Wednesday and Thursday. In spite of blackout restrictions, the people turned out in good numbers and the interest in Africa was a lively one. We had a great time with the family of our pastor, the Rev. F. E. Klein, and with a friend of long standing, Chaplain Edwin Kraemer, formerly of our Cottonwood Church in Texas.

ANAHEIM gave us a whole Sunday and the two following days. We had well attended meetings at every time. On Sunday afternoon we had the privilege to meet with many of our Los Angeles people, who had come to join with the Anaheim Baptists. Between meetings and meals and between rows of orange trees and stately palms we had a good time settling with Professor Dymmel the problems of this age and with Theologian Leuschner, Senior, the last and latest interpretations of prophecy.

FRANKLIN, where we visited for the evening of the 21st, has made astonishing progress in the past six years. It did us good to observe what our Baptists can and will do under sound leadership. A remodeled church and a brand-new parsonage as well as attendance and spirit of fellowship are a credit to our Franklin Baptists and their pastor, the Rev. G. G. Rauser.

PAUL and CLARA GEBAUER, Reporters.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

B. Y. P. U. Christmas Program and New Officers in Beulah, North Dakota

On Thursday evening, Dec. 25, the young people's society of the German Baptist Church of Beulah, No. Dak., presented its Christmas program, which consisted of two interesting dialogues, "The Christmas Vacation" and "Peace on Earth, Goodwill Toward Men." Other numbers on the program were recitations, duets, and several songs by the entire group.

On Sunday, Jan. 4, we elected our new officers which are as follows: treasurer, Rueben Schlaffman; secretary, Lenora Boeckel; vice-president, Esther Boeckel; president Lorraine Binder Boeckel; usher, Robert Boeckel. We also appointed a program committee consisting of Esther Binder, chairman; Clara Neher, and Raymond Blumhagen, who will prepare and work out a program for the entire group for the fifth Sunday of the respective months.

We are looking forward to great blessings in the New Year.

LORRAINE BINDER BOECKEL, Reporter.

The Anamoose B. Y. P. U. of North Dakota Is Going "Forward With Christ"

The Young People's Society of Anamoose, No. Dak., has closed another year of activity. It has been a year of many blessings and added responsibilities. Many of our former active workers have taken up residence elsewhere. Several of our young men are in the service of the U. S. Army; nevertheless, we wish to continue as best we can.

For several years we have been working under the Commission Plan. This service is being continued in the new year. We have invited all our Juniors to membership in the society. They are responding very noticeably.

The annual business meeting of the society was held on Dec. 26, 1941, at which time the new officers were elected. They are as follows: Mr. Edmund Wehr, president; Lililan Kessler, vice-president; Erwin Bitz, secretary; Mrs. Robert Bartz, treasurer; Floyd Wehr, pianist, and Mrs. Tom Derman, librarian. Hilmer Kessler and Milton Derman will serve as ushers. These officers were inducted into their respective duties by the pastor, the Rev. A. W. Bibelheimer, on Jan. 4, in a special induction service.

We are going "Forward With Christ," willing and prepared to serve to the best of our ability.

ERWIN BITZ, Secretary.

Martin Male Quartet of Martin, North Dakota, Celebrates Its 25th Anniversary

On New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, the Male Quartet of the Baptist Church of Martin, No. Dak., celebrated its 25th anniversary. At this occasion the quartet, composed of Messrs. C. C. Harr, Jake Rust, Charles Rust and Robert Rust, gave a program in song besides a historical review of the beginning of their singing.

After this a decorated anniversary cake with the figure "25" on top was presented to them by the ladies followed by appropriate remarks of appreciation made by our pastor, the Rev. John Kepl. In the name of the church of Martin each was also presented with a silver lyra emblem with four strings, representing the quartet.

A small donation for new song books was also added to help them continue their much appreciated work in the church, community and at many other occasions. As a church we are thankful to God for their splendid service in God's Kingdom. May the Lord bless their continued ministry for many more years!

MARTHA KEPL, Reporter.

Annual Report of the Ladies' Missionary Society at Fredonia, North Dakota

We, as the Fredonia Ladies' Aid of North Dakota, thank the Lord, for he has been good to us and has kept us all during the past year. We lost one member who moved away, so that there are only 11 of us left to carry on.

In the past year we made \$136 without our monthly dues and birthday money. We gave \$25 to missions, \$25 to our Old People's Home at Bismarck, and also bought \$25 worth of dishes, sheets and pillow-cases for the Home and sent \$10 and a crate of eggs to our Children's Home at St. Joseph, Mich. We also gave to the Red Cross, Salvation Army and to others in need.

We meet every last Thursday in the homes of the members. Our officers for this new year are: president, Mrs. Wm. Jaster; vice-president, Mrs. F. Reich; secretary, Mrs. J. Fey; and treasurer, Mrs. B. Meidinger.

MRS. J. FEY, Secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Helm of Martin Celebrate Their Silver Wedding Anniversary

On Dec. 29 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Helm of Martin, No. Dak., celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. A host of friends and relatives, including the parents of Mrs. Helm, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Schmidt, Sr., had been invited by the daughter, Luella, who had prepared this fine celebration.

A splendid supper was given, after which the gifts were opened, and among the many valuable gifts is to be mentioned the silverware chest from their children, Luella and Eugene. Eugene was unable to be present, because of his work in Baltimore, Maryland.

A program followed the supper, including songs and recitations. The Rev. J. Kepl read Psalm 23 and made a few comments in comparing the goodness of God bestowed on them in the twenty-five years of wedlock. With prayer and a special silver wedding song the program came to a close. The guests then spent a pleasant evening in happy conversation.

ELIZABETH KEPL, Reporter.

The Plevna Church of Montana is Grateful for God's Bountiful Blessings

As we of the Baptist Church in Plevna, Mont., look back over the past year, we can gladly say with the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." We were first blessed with a good harvest, so we, in turn, were able through various offerings to place about \$900 upon the altar of our Lord. We consider this something especially to be thankful for since this was the first year that we had become self-supporting.

During the first two weeks in December we held revival meetings with our pastor, the Rev. J. J. Renz, serving as the evangelist. These meetings were exceptionally well attended, and it was a great joy to see the young people present give testimonies of praise to their Redeemer. Our prayers that our inner faith might be renewed and that lost souls might be brought to repentance were answered. Thirteen persons became new creatures in Christ Jesus.

At Christmas time the Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. remembered all our boys at camp and also one of our numbers serving in the marines at Manila with boxes of homemade goodies. In spite of dark clouds that hover over our land, we stand united with Christ who is our help and our shield and we look forward unto the coming New Year with great hope. Reporter.

Sixteen New Members Are Received by the Carrington and Pleasant Valley Churches

The Baptist churches of Carrington and Pleasant Valley, No. Dak., were blessed with some real mountaintop experiences in the past few weeks. On Sunday evening, Dec. 28, the Baptist Church of Jamestown graciously gave us the use of their church and baptism for the evening, for which we are very grateful. At this time the Rev. E. P. Fosmark, pastor of the church, had charge of the service while the Rev. V. L. Peterson brought a most inspiring message on consecration, after which the Rev. Alfred Weisser had the joy of baptizing thirteen candidates on confession of their faith in Jesus Christ as their personal Savior.

On New Year's Eve the churches of Carrington and Pleasant Valley met together for a Watch Night service and observed Holy Communion, at which time our senior deacon, Mr. Frank Albus, welcomed the pastor and his wife into the church, upon which the pastor

had the joy of extending the right hand of fellowship to sixteen new members.

The young people also have taken a new lease on life and recently purchased a piano for use in their programs. On New Year's Eve they also ably presented the play, "The Sorrowful Star," which the large audience enjoyed very much. There is much to be done and we are happy that the young people are willing to do and to live for Christ.

ALFRED WEISSER, Pastor.

The Corona Baptist Church of South Dakota is Furthering God's Cause

After leaving Oklahoma a year ago, our family in a trailer house moved southward, not knowing where the Lord might want us. Many were the opportunities to witness for him and to point souls to the Savior. A number of churches and mission stations were visited, and for a period of time we served the pastorless church at Henrietta, Tex.

After a meeting with the Corona Church in South Dakota, 13 persons were won for the Kingdom and later through the guidance of the Holy Spirit as we believe, I became their pastor. Many are the blessings received since we are in the northern part of the country. Health has been regained, and souls have been won for Christ.

The Corona Church has done much to further the Kingdom's cause! The young people have taken it upon themselves to enlist many for the mission cause and through the effort of Mr. Elmer Poppen, who has left us for the Army, nearly \$100 was raised for missions. Martha Wiese has the honor of soliciting the church members for the Club Plan of the Publication Society and going over the top. Grace Westerman has enlisted nearly 20 to take the study course, "What Baptists Believe." Dorothy DeBoer has taken it upon herself to enlist as many as possible for the Daily Bible Readers' Mission Calendar.

The choir presented the pastor's family with an electric alarm clock, and the senior deacon Leonard DeBoer presented the pastor with an envelope from the church with \$51. The Sunday School bought a very fine oil burner with blower for the parsonage. Others have supplied with eatables and other materials. The ladies sent 12 dressed chickens to each of the Old People's homes at Chicago, Ill., and Bismarck, No. Dak., for their Christmas dinner. Mrs. H. Hoekman is the president of the society.

A golden wedding anniversary was observed by the church recently. The "bride" and "groom," Mr. and Mrs. Van Deest, were ushered to the front seats with their daughter, Mrs. Westerman, by the clerk of the church, Mr. H. Hoekman, while the choir sang an inspirational hymn. After the service a lunch was served in the basement of the church.

R. A. KLEIN, Pastor.



Cast of Characters of the Carroll Ave. Church of Dallas, Texas, for the Play, "The Fishermen."

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

The Baptist Training Union of the Carroll Avenue Church of Dallas, Texas

The Baptist Training Union of the Carrol Avenue Church of Dallas, Tex., presented its anniversary program on Nov. 28, 1941. The program consisted of readings, vocal duets, a devotion by the president, and a Bible story play, "The Fishermen," by the Senior Union.

On the platform we built a set consisting of the walls of the garden and house of Peter's wife, Leah. The beauty of the set was greatly enhanced by ferns and flowers loaned by members of the church. After the program, refreshments were served in the church annex.

On December 15th the Senior Union held its semi-annual business meeting and election of officers. After the election of the officers, the union voted to purchase linoleum for the entrance hall of the church and new song books for the B. T. U.

Despite the fact that we have no regular minister, we are conducting all the activities of the church, and a fine spirit is shown by all the members. We are looking forward to a great year with our Lord trusting in him who blesses our work and provides our needs, and anticipating the arrival of our new minister, the Rev. W. Helwig of Ellinwood, Kans., in the near future.

WILLIAM BENTON, Reporter.

ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Christmas Activities of the World Wide Guild Girls of Brooklyn's Second Church

The World Wide Guild Girls of the Second German Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., were happy to accept an invitation from our genial matron, Miss Eva Yung of our Girl's Home in New York, to awaken the guests singing carols on Christmas morning. Attired in white robes the girls sang on

SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Annual Report of the Okeene Young People's Society in Oklahoma

The B. Y. P. U. of the Zion Baptist Church of Okeene, Okla., celebrated its anniversary on Dec. 7 with a fine program. Earnest preparation was well rewarded as we brought our program to the many parents and friend. The program included "welcomes" by the president and pastor, scripture reading, special song by the entire group, secretary's and treasurer's reports, cello solo, and a play entitled, "The Only Day I Have."

The young people began the year with new officers, under whose leadership we look forward to a prosperous year. The officers are as follows: Miss Velma Weber, president; Miss Mildred Metzler, vice-president; Weldon Geis, treasurer; Miss Ruth Emmert, secretary; Betty Louise Geis, pianist; and counselors, Misses Esther Weber and Leora Reising, Mrs. Herman Laubach and Rev. Henry Pfeifer.

During the past year we have presented the church with a new English Pulpit Bible, and helped in the purchase of the Christian and American flags which now adorn our church. We have also purchased 25 hymnals for use in our B. Y. P. U. meetings.

We accepted our part in welcoming the Southwestern Conference held here last August, and a large number attended the institute held at Ingersoll in May where we received the banner of excellence and the mileage banner.

We have added several new members to our B. Y. P. U. during the past year and are still striving to win others. We now have a membership of about thirty. The programs are in charge of different members who give reports of missionaries and other leaders who have helped in furthering the gospel.

RUTH EMMERT, Secretary.



Christmas Carolers With the Rev. W. J. Appel of the Second Church of Brooklyn, New York

(Front Row: Dorothy Hauch, Gussie Andrews; Middle Row: Helen Appel, Corrine Lohr, Lillian Hauck; Top Row: Rev. W. J. Appel, Eleanor Seltzer, Mildred Ward, Grace Appel)



"The Bible Quiz Kids" at the Recent Banquet of the Chicago Sunday School Teachers' Union (Left to Right: Hazel Shiner, Guenther Horn, Grace Walther, David Jenkins, Barbara Voigt, Vernon Schroeder, Norman Pfeiffer and Patricia Young.)

Publication Sunday is Observed by the Bethany Church of Kansas

Publication Sunday, Dec. 14, was observed with a special service at the Bethany Church near Vesper, Kansas. Several talks were given on the value of our publications. They began with the local "Bethany Bulletin," a monthly church paper, and its purpose in informing and unifying the thought of the Church. Miss Lucille Wirth spoke for the "Kansas Convention Chronicle," also a monthly publication for the Kansas young people.

Mrs. Norman Schulz represented "The Baptist Herald." First, she said, she read the "What's Happening" page, then the mission reports, and then everything from cover to cover. Mrs. W. S. Jaeger, a reader of "Der Sendbote" for over 50 years, spoke on what this paper had meant to her and to our denomination. She remembered when her mother had read to her from "Der Sendbote" before she could read it herself and she urged today's parents to read our denominational literature to their boys and girls.

The pastor, the Rev. J. H. Kornelsen, then brought a stirring message from Habakkuk 2:2. In a brief history of our papers he showed how they were instrumental in much of the success of our first one hundred years, and if we are to continue to "run" well, we must "read" so that we keep the "vision."

MRS. WM. WIRTH, Reporter.

CENTRAL CONFERENCE

Novelty Program Given by the Chicago Sunday School Teachers' Union

The Chicago Sunday School Teachers' Union recently held its eighth annual banquet at the Lincoln Belmont Y. M. C. A. About 250 persons attended and a delicious chicken dinner was served. After preliminary welcome remarks by the president, the song leader, Mr. Fred Grosser, led the group, which responded with enthusiastic singing.

Then to all appearances a regular radio program, "Miracles and Melodies," started. Either the Ford Symphony and

Victor Salon Orchestra gave a special broadcast for our benefit or we heard recordings. After this auspicious entree, an interview of the Lehrerbund officers was heard. The most surprised were those persons listening to themselves being interviewed over the radio. Either this was done previously be record or the officers were imitated.

Then followed two stirring radio dramas, "Mutiny on the Bounty," and the story of the rescue of the Missionary Stam Baby. The young people of the Grace Church did the dramatic work over the radio and gave a wonderful performance. This radio program of symphonies, dramas and gospel melodies was undoubtedly controlled from another room by the young people of the Grace Church, but it was evident clever technical work and radio equipment were involved and required considerable preparation.

The second half of the program was decidedly different. The Lehrerbund had its "Quiz Kids." Nine youngsters representing the nine Chicago Sunday Schools of our denomination were selected as "the Quiz Kids." This was a clever stunt inasmuch as it aroused enough excitement in some of the schools to have contests in order to select the smartest Bible scholars to represent their churches, and all of them crammed for the event. The "Quiz Kids" were Hazel Shiner of Bellwood, Guenther Horn of Ogden Park, Grace Walther of Grace Church, David Jenkins of Forest Park, Barbara Voigt of Immanuel, Vernon Schroeder of East Side, Norman Pfeiffer of First Church, and Patricia Young of Humboldt.

"Professor Siemund Quiz" was a natural, and disarmed the youngsters of any stage fright or mike fright. The questions he asked were Biblical and somewhat difficult. They were true or false, historical or doctrinal.

The youngsters took their responsibility seriously and were anxious to win, and the audience tried to coach (on the easy ones). The prize, a beautiful Bible, was won by David Jenkins, and the others received pen and pencils. All in all, the Lehrerbund gave a very novelty program.

MARION KLEINDIENST, Reporter.

Christmas and New Year's Programs in the Bethel Church of Indianapolis, Indiana

The True Blue Girls of the Bethel Baptist Sunday School of Indianapolis, Ind., gave a Christmas entertainment on Dec. 17. The program was opened with prayer by the president, Mrs. Ruth Mock.

Two inspiring plays under the direction of Miss Emma Schaefer were presented. Mr. Fred Presher directed the singing and sang a solo. Mrs. Carl Hoffmann and Miss Ruth Ann McElfresh played the new baby grand piano that was presented to the church by the True Blue Girls, Ladies' Aid Society, Sunday School and an individual contributor. The proceeds of approximately \$5 went toward the piano fund.

Our Sunday School Christmas entertainment was held on Sunday evening, Dec. 21. Our superintendent, Miss Emma Schaefer, directed a very inspiring program of recitations by the children and a play by the young people.

Mrs. Olga Laufer recited "The Night Before Christmas" before Santa Claus appeared and presented boxes of candy to all Sunday School members. The offering went to our Children's Home.

Several faithful church members gathered in the church for a "Watch Night" service on New Year's eve. Mr. Fred Presher was in charge of a very inspiring program of musical numbers and the discussion topics.

Later the Rev. A. Bredy, our pastor, delivered a very inspiring message on "Resolutions." Bible verses were passed out and each one read the verse chosen and gave a testimony.

RUTH MOCK, Reporter.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE

A Christmas Cantata is Rendered by the Fine Choir of Our Winnipeg Church

The choir of the McDermot Ave. Baptist Church of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, rendered the lovely cantata, "The City of David" by Chas. H. Gabriel, on Sunday evening, Dec. 28. The church was crowded, as it generally is on such

occasions. The rendering of a spiritual cantata by a well trained choir is not an entertainment, but rather a festival of worship.

Mr. H. Schirmacher, the conductor, took great pains to bring out the fine points in the work. The solos were rendered by Leo Schultz, baritone; Tillie Miller, contralto; Edith Streichert, soprano; and H. Schirmacher, tenor. Our minister, the Rev. H. Patzia, assisted the tenors and also gave the scriptural readings. A great part of the success of the cantata was also due to the pianist, Dorothy Ross, who handled the different accompaniments very artistically.

We regret that the choir is losing some of its young men who have obeyed the call of their country to enter the service. These are Leo Schultz, Gus Black and Rodney Steffan. A few others, not in the choir, have also joined the Canadian forces.

This was the second time that this lovely cantata was given in Winnipeg, and a great improvement was noticed by those who listened. "Peace on earth, good will to men" is still a wonderful word of scripture, but how much more so when sung by a well trained choir! Our prayer is that this message will continue to gladden the hearts of men and the entire world, especially at such a time as this, and that some day it will become a joyous reality!

P. PENNER, Reporter.

OBITUARY

DAVID WALTER WALLINGER of Milwaukee, Wisconsin

David Walter Wallinger of Milwaukee, Wis., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallinger, was summoned to the home of "the Friend of little children" on December 22, 1941, at the age of six and one half months. David was born on June 7, 1941. For more than a month little David received all the skill and resources that medical science could provide to help him in his struggle against double pneumonia. In resignation to God's benignant will the young parents found comfort in the grace of Christ and the sympathy of their fellow-believers of the Immanuel Church, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Immanuel Baptist Church.
T. W. Bender, pastor.

MR. ALVIN ENGLER of Randolph, Minnesota

Alvin Engler was born on February 20, 1887, at Randolph, Minn., and died on December 7, 1941, at the age of 54 years, 9 months and 15 days. At the age of 21 he accepted Christ as his personal Savior and was baptized into the membership of the church by the Rev. A. Guenther. In the year 1920 he joined hands in holy matrimony with Margaret Becker. Five sons and 4 daughters came to bless this happy union. The deceased found great pleasure in the service of his Lord, for which he is now receiving his reward. He served the church as deacon for many years and often took charge of the meeting in the absence of the pastor.

He leaves to mourn his death his beloved wife, 4 sons and 4 daughters, 5 sisters, and many relatives and friends. I. Sam 20:3 served as text at the memorial service. May we all, on a moment's notice, be ready to meet our Lord!

Randolph, Minn.

J. R. Matz, pastor.

Lincoln and His Mother

(Continued from Page 4)

colns were squatters during the first comfortless months in Indiana, but later Tom found a fair quarter-section along Pigeon Creek. He built a more secure home, but it was Tom's second wife and not Nancy who encouraged him to place windows in the Pigeon Creek cabin and to lay a floor.

Through all those uncertain years Nancy went often to her Bible. Its people were as real to her as any neighbors. From her lips Abe came to know the Bible people and their words and works, even before he could read. Probably Nancy taught the boy his letters. Daily she was teaching him devotion to duty and compassion. An epidemic took her quickly, almost without suffering, so that she did not rise from sleep.

The head of the public schools of Indiana, Floyd McMurray, stood a few years ago at the grave of Nancy Lincoln on a wooded hill above Pigeon Creek, and spoke to a hushed and reverent company. Of what happened in October, 1818, he said:

"Nothing could be more melancholy than a pioneer funeral like hers. With his own hands, Thomas Lincoln made the rude coffin and joined its boards with the wooden pegs Abe had whittled.

"The lad saw his young mother carried here and buried without ceremony as the shadows of an October evening fell upon this hilltop. The deeper shadows of reality touched him so deeply that they were never entirely lifted from his life. Weeks later an itinerant minister came here and held services at the grave."

The love of learning, the sympathies, and the religious faith of Nancy lived on in Abe. The boy's feet had been set on a high road. Nancy had less than ten years in which to do her work, but Abe one day would say of those beginnings: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

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Lee the President

(Continued from Page 5)

spirit of Virginia and train her sons for their tasks.

This school to which he went had been endowed by General Washington with the money this same state of Virginia voted to him in gratitude and which he would not accept as his own.

Few students met the new president when the college term opened. The college buildings were run down, the books gone, the faculty scattered and dispirited. Six months after Appomattox, how many would enter a Virginia classroom to take up the discipline of serious college work? But Lee won this battle for Washington College. The courses of study were shaped by a man whose youth seemed to be renewed as he worked.

Lee was no lump of granite. He was a sincere Christian, known for exceptionally wholesome habits, gentle and comprehending. He suffered constantly after Appomattox, not because he regretted either of his two great decisions, but by reason of the constant reminders that labor as he would in restoring courage and hope to men who had lost both with the defeat of their cause, there was still so much that must be left undone.

But the school master of Lexington still held power and influence in the years of reconstruction. As college president, he showed the way in which the South could meet adversity and prepare its youth for a brighter day.

His college feels even now the impress of the five years of Lee's presence. It has since become Washington and Lee University, and a thousand students and teachers pass daily before the chapel that became the General's tomb. Visitors probably talk more about Lee than do the students. But most of the unwritten laws of friendliness, patience, and personal honor are understood on this campus as being Lee's legacy to the college he loved.

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BAPTIST LIFE ASSOCIATION

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

January 17, 1942

To Our Members and Baptist People at Large!

Last night, as I was preparing to retire for a night's sleep, my wife asked me: Daddy! do you know what happened exactly at this hour thirty-one years ago?—

I looked at the calendar; it was the 16th day of January; deducting 31 years from 1942 brought me back to the year of 1911. I did not need to read my diary to remember what I was doing that day because it is an outstanding date in my life's story. I had spent all that day with the best known insurance actuary, the late George Dyré Eldridge, in his office in New York City to confer with him on the Mutual Benefit Association of German Baptists because its Board of Directors had unanimously elected me, on January 12th, as General Manager to enforce all the plans of re-organization. At the conclusion of that all-day discussion on January 16th I sent a telegram to the president between 10 and 11 o'clock accepting the position. This was a momentous and serious decision because it meant the severance of a pleasant relationship with the old Quaker Company where I, at the home office in Philadelphia, had been learning the insurance business and with which I had effected insurance contracts for 116 of our German Baptist pastors. My love for German Baptist people motivated my acceptance of the position as manager. This motive was strong and had to be strong to face what I saw coming.

What did this mean?—It meant to put in force the adequate rates for all members as of attained age, a tremendous task;—purpose: to place this Association on a scientific, actuarial basis to ensure permanency. The insurance association of the German Methodists had folded up just a few months previously; that of the German United Brethren had ceased to exist; the Evangelical Association Society was discontinued a few months later; and that of the German Reformed Church also. To put a stop to this system of unsound life insurance, the Mobile Bill

had been drafted by a joint commission of state insurance commissioners and of the National Fraternal Congress.

What was the result of this re-organization? That is a long and bitter story as far as it affected many hundreds of German Baptist families, but the re-rating had to come to save the Association going the way thousands of other honestly managed societies that had ended in bankruptcy.

This re-organization kept us busy for fully ten months. At the end of 1911 the membership was 1146; today it is about 4500. The assets were \$58,000; today they are nearly \$900,000. The legal reserve in 1911 should have been \$746,000 but there was only \$46,000 in the hands of the treasurer,—a deficiency of \$700,000. Today the legal reserve is not quite \$750,000 and the Association has besides a contingency reserve and surplus of about \$140,000, out of which the members receive a yearly dividend, thus reducing the yearly stipulated rates.

In 1911 it had no license in a single state; today it is permitted to operate in seventeen states and that means that it complies with the strict laws of these states. In 1911 it offered the Baptist people one plan of life insurance; today one can choose from twelve different plans. In 1911 the Association re-started with just one full time official; today there are three able executives at the home office with three clerks and officers and directors who have a good reputation and excellent business judgment.

Shall I continue to make comparisons between 1911 and 1942? If space would permit interesting facts and figures could be given. But one fact should be mentioned: Ten times since 1911 this, our Baptist Life Association, has been examined by the state government auditors and never in these 31 years was there a complaint or criticism of its management. Of course, recommendations were made to improve certain systems of bookkeeping and record filing, and that is natural.

We want our Baptist people to know that we are going right ahead from year to year. Does this Association deserve your confidence and support? Our local agents are anxious to tell you more. When they visit you receive them cordially and listen to their answers to the questions you may have.

Fraternally yours,

F. W. Godtfriing, Secretary

BAPTIST LIFE ASSOCIATION,
Buffalo, N. Y.



WANTED

REPRESENTATIVES
IN YOUR COMMUNITY

THE BAPTIST LIFE ASSOCIATION is licensed and operates in 16 states. All standard forms of monthly income, old age benefit, and Life Insurance Contracts, adult and juvenile; also Health and Accident. An exclusive field of prospects — Baptist Men, Women and Children.

(Representatives must be Baptists.)

Complete details will be sent on receipt of your letter.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Another New Assortment

Friendship Greeting Folders

No. 20

This succeeds the assortment No. 10, put on the market just about a year ago and which created quite a sensation.

This assortment to be known as No. 20 consists of twelve beautiful folders expressive of high art and in beautiful design. It is made up of

5 Birthday 4 Get Well 1 Sympathy
1 Thank You 1 Congratulations

This gives sufficient range for various occasions and is therefore a popular grouping. Despite the universal increase in costs this set is offered to our constituency at the same modest price of

50 cts. postpaid

Roger Williams Press, 3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

P. S. Sample boxes are being sent to our agents on approval to assist them in visualizing the beauty of the Friendship Greeting Folders and to help them in taking orders. They are subject to return with postage guaranteed.

From the Gold Coast

(Continued from Page 7)

His name is Captain Kwinjii.

There we were—five missionaries on board — representing four mission boards — of four different faiths — but we had a happy time of fellowship!

Our voyage was uneventful. The weather was glorious. I had never seen the Atlantic so smooth. We saw very few ships and it was a happy hour the skyline of New York came in view—then seeing "Lady Liberty," as we passed her—and, finally, into port where I was met by a group of our Baptist people—led by the Rev. John Grygo. I was glad to be home. It had taken me over four months to reach home.

Freetown, Liberia

As said before, my last Sunday was spent in that historic place of Freetown, made famous by an act of Great Britain, which in the 19th Century had declared that all men should be made free, and then had set about carrying out that declaration.

All ships carrying negro slaves to foreign countries, the United States included, were intercepted, the slaves brought to this port and were set free. Thus the name of Freetown came into being. There are now many churches in this place besides hospitals, schools, training centers and a native population of about 60,000, composed of educated, semi-educated and the raw pagan. Most of the population are descendants of the freed slaves brought there generations before.

On the last Sunday morning in Freetown another tired mission doctor, who was also waiting for her boat, and I attended a church service of the Church Missionary Society. The pastor, leaders and members for the most part, are descendants of freed slaves.

It was reverent service and the choir sang a beautiful rendition of the verse, "For God so loved the world," (John 3:16.) It was a large choir, composed of men and boys, and as they sang the theme over and over again the depth of that verse gripped our hearts.

As we listened to these descendants of freed slaves sing again and again, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," the flood gates of my heart opened up. All questions and all discouragement about work and results disappeared and the tears came unheeded. I looked at my tired doctor next to me and I saw that she was experiencing the same joy as she wiped away the tears from her eyes.

God Loves Africa!

Here was our answer—here we saw results, if we would but carry on! Our questions were answered—our hearts quieted—and a new vision was ours!

God *still* loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that *who-so-ever* believed on him should not perish but have everlasting life.

And he also meant Africa!!

Prize Winning Entries in the Recent "Baptist Herald Contests"

Contest Number One \$2.50

The best cartoon was submitted by
Mr. Arthur R. Macoskey
of Brooklyn, New York
(See the cartoon on page 2 of this issue.)

Contest Number Two \$2.00 Each

The best letters on "What I Should Do If I Were Editor of 'The Baptist Herald'" were submitted by

Miss Irma Lehman
of Bethlehem, Pa.
Mrs. Helen N. Neithardt
of Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.
Miss Martha Quartier
of Wishek, North Dakota

Contest Number Three \$1.00 Each

Among the many snapshots submitted, the following persons, listed in alphabetical order, submitted prize winning entries:

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bleeker
of Alexandria, South Dakota
Mrs. John Buseman
of Canistota, South Dakota
Mrs. Harry Geis
of Okeene, Oklahoma
Miss Ida Hoffman
of Morris, Manitoba, Canada
Rev. John J. Johnston
of Jeffers, Minnesota
Mr. Karl Mehnert
of New York, N. Y.
Miss Mary Miller
of Pulcifer, Wisconsin
Mrs. Freda Klein Reddig
of Cathay, North Dakota
Rev. Hans Steiger
of St. Joseph, Michigan
Mr. Clarence Susek
of New Kensington, Pa.
Miss Eva Tahrán
of Lodi, California
Mrs. Charles Wagner
of Linton, North Dakota
Mr. Earl Young
of Detroit, Michigan

Thank You, Readers of
"The Baptist Herald,"
for Your Keen Interest
in These Contests!

Do You Know That...?

Column Edited by the
REV. A. R. BERNADT
of Burlington, Iowa

- "The Baptist Herald" can be mailed to any young man in the American or Canadian military services for the nominal sum of fifty cents a year.
- Six brothers took part in a recent wedding at our Burlington Church of Iowa. One was the groom, another the best man, and the other four served as ushers.
- Most of the shadows that cross our path in life are caused by our standing in our own light.
- Our national war budget is now more than a billion dollar expenditure each week. If this amount were translated into single dollar bills, it would make a pile 63 miles high, and if laid on the ground would reach from Detroit, Mich., down past Toledo, Ohio. Compare our denominational missionary expenditure of last year which amounted to \$3,196.00 each week which would make a pile a foot high or about the length of a sheet of writing paper.
- When your knees tremble, it is a good idea to kneel on them.
- The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters; 31,102 verses; 1,189 chapters; and 66 books.
- Our first denominational conference held at Wilmot, Ontario, in 1865 was attended by 54 delegates who came from 58 churches. Our most recent General Conference found 1125 delegates and visitors in attendance.
- A questionnaire survey of 18,000 Virginia High School students a few years ago revealed that 16,000 could not name three prophets of the Old Testament; 12,000 could not name the four gospels; and 10,000 could not give the names of three of the disciples!
- Our denomination supports 65 home missionaries in 18 states and 5 Canadian provinces with \$30,000 annually.
- Dr. William B. Lippard, editor of that great international Baptist publication "Missions," is the son of one of our own denominational pastors who served faithfully in many of our best churches, and who also served as denominational evangelist for several years.
- When you dig another out of his troubles, you find a place to bury your own.
- Some of our denominational churches spent more than 1500 dollars for each baptism last year whereas others had a baptism for each 100 dollars spent in the local budget.