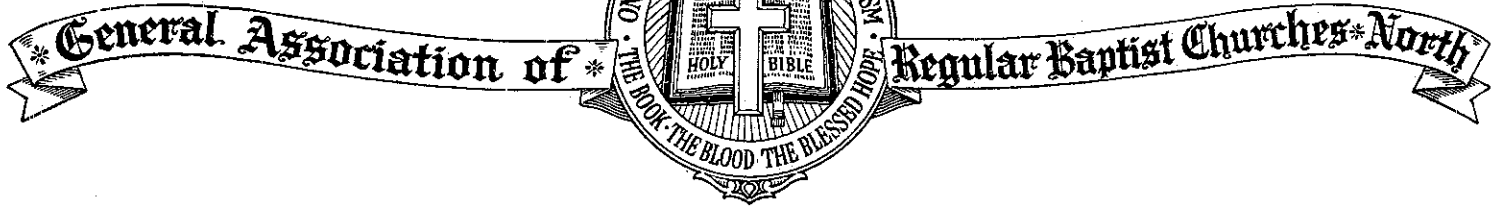


The Baptist Bulletin



DEATH ON THE CAMPUS

By REV. JOSEPH STOWELL

Can a man be at once a Christian and an atheist? Is there any such thing as a soul? Can logic rule out God? Is prayer more than pious musing? Can people with college degrees be converted?—These and many others are the queries that come tumbling persistently through the minds of the majority of our annual output of nearly 150,000 college and university students. These are the ramparts that keep them from coming to God and knowing His Christ.

A case at hand is a striking example of the dilemma that thousands of unsuspecting young people are thrown into every year. The following letter is the reply of a sophomore girl at a great university to a Christian girl friend who has written her telling of her recent conversion and hope of service.

"But what do you mean by 'preparing yourself for service'? Do you want to teach, or do some work in social service or religious training? There certainly is a need for social workers

"I think I am rather upset mentally and emotionally right now, anyway. It hurts to read your reports of your spiritual state because I know—or think I do—what you are going to have to go through when you come into contact with the college atmosphere. It is unbelievable the pressure that is brought against simple beliefs. Now and then you find a brilliant professor who retains belief in God and the Christian religion, but most of them are either agnostics or frank atheists. They don't discuss the matter much, but, of course, it is plainly brought out in their lectures on other topics. For instance, in my psychology course we have been taught that mental life is purely physical—as purely physical as breathing. Sensations like sight and hearing, are reflexes somewhat more complex than pain sensations, but definitely mechanical. The nerve is stimulated, the stimulus in the form of an electric charge accompanied by chemical reactions travels to the brain, and there the sensation enters consciousness, and from there the reflex movements of the muscles are directed. In other words, the human being is a complex living machine of which the highly

developed nervous system is the property that distinguishes him from lower animal forms. Intelligence is another word for it. AS FOR THE SOUL, THERE IS NO SUCH THING. There are only these nervous reflexes that I spoke about.

"In sociology we learn that human beings are made human by contact with other people. Individuals who have grown up in solitude never learn to talk and never rise above the beast level. If people have souls how do you account for this degradation? It must be that what we mean by 'soul' is, as psychologists and sociologists say, a thing developed by stimulus and response. That is, other people stimulate the baby in innumerable ways—food, warmth, cooing noises and so forth—and gradually habits are formed, the mind is developed and a human being results. But this means that the soul is a faculty of the body, not a mysterious spiritual entity which inhabits the body temporarily and leaves it for Paradise on the death of the body. In fact, according to science, the mind and 'soul' die with the body, because they are only a function of the body. So I have had to give up belief in soul and immortality in the sense of life everlasting for my personality. I don't doubt for a minute that there is immortality of a kind, for nothing ever goes out of existence. A plant that dies disintegrates, but its elements go into the formation of other plants.

"In my philosophy course we have again stressed the natural or physical nature of mental and physical life. Besides, we have gone into the matter of God, and I feel sure we are going to end by losing belief in God. Prof. S— does not believe in God, and his reasons are philosophically sound. As we are his 'disciples' as much as Socrates' and Plato's 'disciples' were theirs, we probably shall become convinced that he is right in his thinking.

"Now none of these teachers would deny the need of a Christlike life, but they would say that He was not divine, but simply the most wonderful teacher of a way of life that the world has ever seen. Prayer they would say, has value only as quiet meditation has value. It is a period in which the person con-

(Continued on page 3)

DR. KETCHAM ACCEPTS CALL TO WATERLOO

The two letters quoted herewith will give the Bulletin readers full information on the matter of the resignation of Dr. R. T. Ketcham from the Central Baptist Church, Gary, Indiana, to become the pastor of the Walnut Street Baptist Church, Waterloo, Iowa.

June 22, 1939.

To the Members of the
Walnut Street Baptist Church,
Waterloo, Iowa

Dear friends in Christ:

In response to your call to me to become your pastor, as contained in your letter of June 16, and in accordance with the conditions noted in my letter to you of May 30, and after many days of prayer seeking to be absolutely certain of the will of God for me in this case, I am now led definitely and certainly to accept your invitation. The Lord willing, I will begin my ministry with you on Sunday morning, September 10.

It has not been an easy decision for me to make, but as always, God has ways of revealing His will to those who want to know it in order to do it, and to bring a deep, sweet, settled peace to their hearts, when once the correct decision is made. While the severing of these blessed ties with this great church in Gary will not be an easy thing, nevertheless God has given me peace in the doing of it.

I should like at this time to remind you again of paragraphs seven and eight in my letter to you of May 30, which read as follows:

7. That the whole church shall fully realize that they are calling me not only as a preacher of the Word, but a leader of His people, and that so long as our leadership is in keeping with the Word of God, based upon sound and sane judgment and for the best interests of the Walnut Street Church, and the glory of God, I shall expect the fullest cooperation.

8. In return for these tangible considerations, and all other considerations that cannot be reduced to words, we shall do our best to bring to you a pastor who, if we know our own heart, has no other desire in life than to be used of Him in the winning of souls, in the building up in help and comfort and blessing, the lives of believers, and

in getting the gospel to the ends of the earth. We shall labor day and night to be God's instrument of blessing to you dear ones, that the Lord may be honored, the church built up, and that pastor and people alike may be approved of God in that great day

With every good wish, I am

Yours and His,

R. T. Ketcham.

June 25, 1939.

To the Members of
Central Baptist Church,
Gary, Indiana.

Dearly beloved in the Lord:

For almost seven years now we have walked together as pastor and



people in fellowship, service and worship. In all my twenty-seven years of ministry, these seven years will stand out as the most profitable and happy of all.

During these six and a half years, approximately \$94,334.00 has been raised in this church for local expense and improvement. During the same time, approximately \$35,338.00 has been given to missions for the

spread of the gospel to the ends of the earth

More than a thousand individuals have publicly confessed Christ in the services of the church, and 950 have been added to its rolls. Nearly a dozen of our young men and women have gone into full time service during these years, either in the foreign land or in the home field.

All of this blessed accomplishment could never have been realized apart from the fine, beautiful and wonderful cooperation of you dear ones. We want definitely and sincerely this morning, to acknowledge to you, my beloved people, the debt of gratitude I owe you for making this all possible under our pastoral leadership.

Into this blessed and happy relationship, has come what we believe to be the call of God to accept the pastorate of the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Waterloo, Iowa. Through the waking hours of the days since the call came, and for that matter, through the sleepless hours of many nights, we have been earnestly and honestly endeavoring to find God's will for us in this matter. It has been no easy thing to do.

We have constantly found our opinions being colored by personal desire. I am personally reluctant to sever the sweet and blessed ties which bind us together here, but I have preached to you dear ones too long and too often that personal interests must never enter into consideration of whether or not we shall do the will of God. We have therefore, sought to put into practice that which we have preached to you, and have honestly endeavored to disassociate our personal interests from this whole matter, and seek to determine our answer on the basis of God's will for our life.

Following that procedure, we have arrived at a definite conviction that it is God's will for us to minister henceforth in the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Waterloo, Iowa.

We are, therefore, presenting to you this morning, our resignation as the pastor of Central Baptist Church of Gary, Indiana, to take effect August 31, next.

With every good wish, I am

Yours and His,

R. T. Ketcham.

JOHNSON CITY SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT

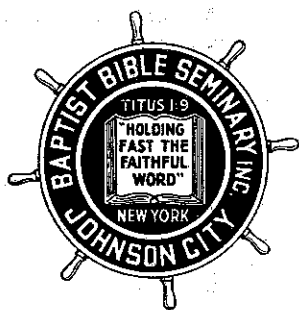
Sunday and Monday, June 4 and 5, marked the seventh annual commencement services of the Baptist Bible Seminary of Johnson City, New York. The most successful year in the school's history was completed, eleven young men and women receiving diplomas and two others certificates. The student body this year numbers 104.

A partial account of the student activities for the year shows:

- 21,699 pieces of gospel literature distributed
- 1,354 pastoral calls
- 1,628 souls dealt with
 - 313 confessions of Christ
 - 417 gospel team services held
- 1,674 Bible classes taught
 - 23 jail services
 - 529 hospital calls
 - 659 street meetings conducted
 - 265 children's Bible clubs conducted

Besides these activities, many of the students have conducted regular church services, prayer meetings and young people's services.

The accompanying cut is the insignia of the seminary, and was designed by one of the students, Mr. David Stowell.



"THE ANNAPOLIS OF BAPTIST ORTHODOXY"

ORDINATION

At the invitation of the Baptist Church of Brownsdale, Minnesota, a council met, May 31, at 3 o'clock, to examine Brother Cornelius Klaassen as to his fitness for the gospel ministry. After a very satisfactory examination, it was unanimously recommended to the church that they proceed with the ordination.

The ordination service was held in the evening, the sermon being delivered by Rev. D. J. Davis of Faribault.

SUMMER EDITION

The July and August issues of the Bulletin will be reduced from 24 pages to 12. It has been the custom during previous years to eliminate the publishing of the Bulletin entirely during these months. We have decided, however, to bring out twelve issues during the year, but ease the burden of editing a bit during the summer, by reduction in the number of pages.

TWO EDITORIAL AIDS NOW WITH THE LORD

Many of our readers have written in and otherwise expressed their delight with the articles which have been appearing in the Bulletin from time to time from the pens of Mr. W. Leon Brown and Mr. H. V. Andrews.

Since the publication of the last issue of the Bulletin, both of these dear brethren have gone home to be with the Lord.

Mr. Brown was a resident of Indianapolis, with a long and efficient ministry for the Lord, lived out in his useful career.

Mr. Andrews was the father of Mrs. David E. Gillespie, of Elkhart, Indiana, and was for more than thirty years a missionary in India.

We shall not only miss the editorial aid of these two brethren, but we shall miss their personal fellowship. What a thrill it is to know that both of them have already had the joy of actually beholding the face of the Saviour.

ANOTHER SOLDIER MUSTERED IN

Sunday, May 27, Rev. J. Wallace Jacobus, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Vassar, Michigan, went home to be with Christ. It has been the editor's joy and privilege to know Brother Jacobus for many years. He was one of God's choice servants, greatly loved and greatly missed.

RENEW
NOW!

DEATH ON THE CAMPUS

(Continued from page 1)

siders his life and decided on how to better it.

"So they are not un-Christian nor irreligious, although they are atheists. They are good men, scientists and philosophers. Under their influence I shall probably find my philosophy of life and regain my mental and spiritual equilibrium.

"But do you see why I have delayed writing you? I CAN'T BE CONVERTED AS YOU HAVE BEEN. I can't think of Jesus as my personal Saviour—or his death being a bloody ransom for my soul. You may be able to cling to this belief even through college, but I am sure you would have trouble here at the University of M—. I am not sure but what your way is happier—certainly it is best for you.

"Don't think me deprived, dear, I am only bewildered."

In this letter there is delineated in a most exact manner the process by which much higher education captivates the hearts of young people and thus barricades them against being saved. This unbiased testimony gives us a clear insight into the problems that confront the students in educational institutions today.

Surely there is here a timely application of Colossians 2:8 where Paul says, "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, and not after Christ." How devastating is the spoil of the influences to which this girl has been subjected! She left her home and church environment with an open, pliable mind to enter classrooms where Christ-rejecting men were to mold that mind into such a bewildered and distorted state that it would be well nigh impregnable to the gospel of God's grace.

This leaven, cloaked in the guise of higher education, finding root in unsaved hearts produces inevitably, shameless unbelief, often dragging in its ignoble train, licentious living, heartache, broken homes, shattered hopes and all manner of ungodliness. It makes men, "heady, high minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." (II Tim 3:4)

In the sphere of psychology this girl has been inoculated with the teachings of the behaviorist school, which teaches that man is a soulless machine—a mere chemical reaction. According to this doctrine

every man is a product of his environment, he is the sum total of his nerve stimuli, which all become non-existent in death. Thus all personal responsibility is outlawed and any thought of future judgment made laughing-stock.

Sociology, too, has proved a medium through which unbiblical teachings are borne into her system of thought. By such a course, she has come to consider the soul as merely a function or faculty of the body. Hence, as she says, she has had to give up belief in the soul and immortality in the sense of eternal life.

Philosophy, as well, has become a pitfall where materialism has ruled out God. Humanism and materialism have defied man and matter. Thus, the creature bows to the creature and dismisses the creator. This is virtually the essence of heathenism.

If these three realms have wrought such desolation what will the end be when this young person has been led through the fields of geology, zoology and related sciences?

The pernicious teaching which this girl has encountered strikes at the very heart of our Christian faith. It has produced wrong views on almost every vital point. How ridiculous it must appear to God when it is said of a professor and his class that they "have gone into the matter of God." It is of such as these no doubt that the Psalmist has said, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." Is it not grossly immature for a professor to ignore the arguments of theism for the existence of God which have proved their acceptability through years of attacks from the atheists and agnostics. It is of these arguments that Prof James Orr in his book, "The Christian View of God and the World," says: "At the very least these considerations show—even if the force of demonstration is denied them—that the Christian view of God is not unreasonable; that it is in accordance with the highest suggestions of reason applied to the facts of existence; that there is no bar in rational thought or in science to its full acceptance." No doubt most men who try to reason away God are more interested in rationalizing their own sin than arriving at the truth.

If man is not an immortal soul, then humanity is just an higher order of beast with no hope of life after death, nor deliverance from the

sorrow and injustice of this world. Such philosophy puts life on a bestial plain that destroys every higher motive and says, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." It opens the door to the relaxing of every moral restraint and the yielding to every impulse of the flesh. If there is no soul, then the Bible loses its import and consists only of foolish foibles.

Every vital thrust of the enemy attempts to destroy belief in the deity of Christ. We read in I John 4:3 that, "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God." We are not surprised, then, when we find this university girl being taught that Christ was merely the most wonderful teacher of a way of life the world has ever seen. If Christ was not God as he claimed to be, then he is the worst fraud and imposter that ever foisted himself on the human race, and surely can not be acclaimed a wonderful man. Our Christian faith has its roots in the virgin birth of Christ and His wonderful God-man person. Without this the whole system falls. To make of Christ a mere man is to deify man and shame God.

Naturally, this landslide of unbelief sweeps away all thought of blood redemption. Thus the blood line—the life stream of the Bible—is brushed aside. How sobering to know that the Bible will some day rise in judgment on all unbelievers to remind them to their everlasting shame that, "without shedding of blood there is no remission." Of course, people who hold such views cannot be converted. They have no God, no soul, no sin, no eternity. They know no need of a Saviour, repentance or faith—no need of a Bible—they are a law unto themselves with no judgment beyond this life. These diabolical doctrines make prayer simply inner musing and all service becomes social with no spiritual service to God.

In what a sorry plight we find the student world! Great numbers of them, like this poor girl, have had to break every tender tie to childhood's teachings and accept these dogmas of the devil which leave them completely bewildered, but certain of one thing that **THEY CANNOT BE CONVERTED**. After all, the supreme work of the evil one is to keep men from being saved. He cares not how moral, refined or religious a person is just so he does not accept Christ as his Saviour. On the other hand, God wants to see man saved for he "is not willing that

any should perish but that all should come to repentance." (II Peter 3:9) Satan's procedure, then, whatever form it takes, bends every effort to turn men from Christ. He strikes a master blow at the youth of the world, knowing that they will rule on the morrow. Oh, that young and old alike would come with simple faith and repentant, open hearts to receive Christ as Saviour. For Christ alone is able to deliver men from the maze of doubts that crowd upon them to darken the intellect, blight the heart and thrust the soul to an eternal hell. Let them come with the words of the poet upon their heart:

Just as I am, tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, with-
out,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Every great revival has been followed by a rise of great educational institutions and almost universally we find them turning on the life that gave them birth to consume it with their infidel breath. Thank God for the few centers of learning that still keep their academic poise and gracefully stand true to Christ. May their tribe increase and their clientele be multiplied.

Surely the foundations of Christianity are being severely attacked by the enemies of the Cross. The Psalmist asks, "If the foundations be destroyed what can the righteous do?" (Psalms 11:3) "**WHAT CAN THE RIGHTEOUS DO?**"—Let all people heed the admonition of Paul to a young man when he said, "Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so-called." (I Tim 6:20)

**Be Sure
To Read**

**"FACTS FOR
BAPTISTS
TO FACE"**

**In This
Issue**

FACTS FOR BAPTISTS TO FACE

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Otsego, Michigan

April 17, 1939

Dear Dr. Ketcham:

I am enclosing a record I have written up of an ordination council I attended last Friday. You may be able to use it in "The Baptist Bulletin" some time. The proceedings at that ordination clearly revealed the drift of the Michigan Baptist Convention.

Praying for God's blessing upon you, yours, your work and The Baptist Bulletin, I am

Yours in Christ,
William H. Pardee.
MARANATHA!

On Friday afternoon, April 14, 1939 at 2:00 P. M., a council was called to order in the Summit Park Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., to consider the propriety of setting apart the Pastor of the Church, North E. West, to the gospel ministry.

It was stated to the council that the candidate bore the credentials of the State Committee on the Ministry. These credentials were received by vote of the council. The candidate was then examined in regard to his Christian experience and call to the ministry, after which he read a paper on his views of Christian doctrine. This paper was divided into seven parts: 1. The Devotional Life of a Baptist Minister, 2. Standards of Conduct for a Baptist Minister, 3. Major Convictions of the Baptist Minister, 4. Educational Program of the Baptist Minister, 5. Pastoral Responsibility of a Baptist Minister, 6. Preaching Habits of the Minister, 7. Administrative Practices of the Baptist Minister.

Many of the statements were fine, but it was the section entitled, "Major Convictions of the Baptist Minister," that contained the sting. This section was an exposition of fifteen familiar theological words such as God, man, Holy Spirit, sin, et. al. A few of the statements the candidate made were as follows.

"I do not believe in the Verbal Plenary Inspiration of the Bible. I believe in the Concept Theory of Inspiration. It does not follow that it (the Bible) is infallible."

"The school I attended believed Christ to be God, but I think higher of Him than to consider Him a God."

"There is no need for the miraculous birth."

"As to the physical resurrection of Christ—I doubt it."

"He was no more God in substance than other men."

"His death is a beautiful inspiration." Questioned as to whether he believed in the vicarious substitutionary death of Christ, he flatly denied it.

There followed a period of questioning and discussion. Needless to say, the author and several other brethren objected to these statements of Christian doctrine. However, Ralph Taylor Andem, Executive Secretary of the Michigan Baptist Convention warmly defended the candidate revealing his own belief in the inherent divinity of man. By a vote of thirteen to eight he was recommended for ordination.

Summing it all up we come to the following conclusions: (1) The State Committee on the Ministry and the State Secretary in this case have officially endorsed Modernism. (2) There was present among the liberals the same old hackneyed misconceptions that the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible excludes the individuality of the various human authors, that believing the Deity of Christ the orthodox have not believed in His humanity, that truth is a changing thing, and that the Fundamentalists are impractical. (3) Unitarianism has never been confused with historic Christianity. As to the candidate's view of Christ he was plainly Arian-Unitarian. Yet, when we attempted to suggest in the council that it was not Christian we were severely rebuked by the Moderator. (4) This in turn leads us to the conclusion that according to the State Convention it makes a great deal of difference what a preacher believes about the Unified Budget, but it makes little difference what he believes about Christ. The liberals on the Council said that these things were matters of individual interpretation. (5) There is no possibility of cooperation between Fundamentalism and Modernism. Fundamentalism with its faults is at least a form of Christianity. Liberalism has neither a Biblical nor historical claim to consider itself Christianity in any form whatsoever. Machen has abundantly proven this in his excellent book, "Christianity and Liberalism." We must say we left the council sick at heart with two passages of Scripture ringing in our minds—II Cor. 6:14-18 and Matt. 7:6.

—William H. Pardee,
Otsego, Michigan,
April 16, 1939.

THE BAPTIST BULLETIN

—for—

BIBLE-BELIEVING BAPTISTS

Published monthly at
110-118 E Oak St., Butler, Indiana

by
GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF REGULAR
BAPTIST CHURCHES
(NORTH)
(Independent and Fundamental)

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Anywhere in U. S. . . . \$1.00 per year
Canada and Foreign . . . \$1.25 per year

Editor . . . ROBERT T. KETCHAM, D.D.
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Entered as second-class matter July 26, 1938, at the post office at Butler, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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FLASHES FROM FOREIGN FIELDS

DANGERS AND DELIGHTS WITH THE WARFIELDS AT IUCABY

Iucaby, Amazonas,
Brazil, S. A.,
May 4, 1939.

Dear Don and Lois:

We do praise the Lord today that we have His precious promises to carry along the road with us as we journey on. The Lord has been very close and precious as we labor here alone with these kiddies at Iucaby. We do thank Him that we have been called of Him alone, and have the privilege of working for the Lord Jesus Christ.

First of all, we would like to know how everything is coming along in the homeland. We have been thinking and praying for you kids back home and we know that the Lord answers prayer. So far, we have not had a letter from you since February. Of course, we know that it takes a little longer to get them to Iucaby, so we are trying to be patient, but my, how we love to get letters from the folks back home. Well, you ought to know, yes? I suppose we will get a letter this month when the boat arrives.

Well, how is "baby"? We sure would love to see him. Maybe you can send us a picture of him soon, and of yourselves, too. We know that the folks here at Iucaby would just love to see a picture. We have shown them pictures that we have taken here and elsewhere, and how they love them, so please, if you can, send one.

Here it is May already, and my how the days are flying by. Doesn't seem over a year that we came to Brazil. Still, many things have happened and we do have lots to praise the Lord for. It is our third month alone, and how the Lord has given grace and strength to go forward for Him.

Our school is coming on fine, for which we do praise Him. We have 18 kiddies, and we expect two more this month. Twenty will be our limit, until some others come to help. These kiddies need individual attention for they are not very bright, but we praise the Lord for every one of them.

Among them is the little Indian boy that the Rosses spoke about. He came to us last month. He was so

scared of everything at first. Within the first half hour after he arrived here, he had climbed about half a dozen fruit trees and just gorged himself. The other boys sure thought him funny. One of them said, "Oof, that boy knows nothing but how to eat." He was afraid of the cat, the pig, and well, about everything. Now he is quite settled and playing with the others. He is very small and needs a lot of attention. The other day, I was teaching him the A B C's and he saw the cat walking the rafters. Instead of answering me, he hollered, "Olha, O gato." He is very cute and we see a possibility in the future of using him for the Lord.

Our boys do love to sing, and we had a real good time the other night. Wally (Mr. Warfield) and I like to sit out on the walk at night, when all is done, and sing and talk things over. The kiddies wanted to sing too, so we said, "All right, bring chairs, and we will sing." They wanted us to sing some of the songs in English for them, so we started. Will you believe me when I say that we had forgotten lots of the songs in English and had to finish in Portuguese. Did the kiddies laugh! They thought it was the best joke that we had forgotten our own songs in English. The night before last, Wally and I were typing and getting our letters off. The kiddies came in to watch, and afterward Wally had them around learning verses. We have given them an offer of a Bible to the boy that learns 25 verses. It is a real joy to see them studying. Pray with us for these kiddies.

We praise God for one boy that came to us about two months ago. He had been in school under the teachings of Catholicism for three years, and after being here about a month, he gave his heart to the Lord. We have been watching him, and how he is growing. Pray that the Word will sink deep into his heart and that he will become a real witness. The other day he wrote on his paper, "Julio is going to be a missionary to preach the Gospel of Christ Jesus." How we are praying that God will give him this desire and use him for Himself. Pray for the others, too, for they have hearts just filled with sin. You remember Antonio and Victorino, Don, well, they need much prayer. Our hearts

just ache to see them, and the hold Satan has upon their lives. Too, the other boys are young and yet, oh, the sin! Pray that the Lord will convict their hearts of the need of the Saviour.

You asked about Jack, Don, the fellow here that has been cooking for us. Won't say so much about him, for the Rosses will be telling all about things here. One thing though, he is leaving this month for Manaus. Guess he is getting lonesome for the city. This leaves the cooking to me. Pray that God will give me the needed strength for the task. Until we get someone to cook for us, we are changing the program. Wally will be teaching in the morning while I prepare the meal. I'm teaching in the afternoon. It will be quite a busy time here alone, but we praise the Lord that "His strength is made perfect in weakness." So just you pray.

Just want to say how the Lord protects us continually along with the kiddies. They can find more dangers than we think about. Yesterday the kiddies were taking a bath in the river. They came back saying that there was some big thing in the fish-trap. Wally went down and there was an electric eel. Alive! We never gave them a thought! They pulled it out with a long pole that had a large hook on the end. All the kiddies were afraid to touch it, as we all were. Wally went to chop its head off, and though careful, for we knew what it was, it gave him a little shock. He then took off his glasses, and with a couple of quick strokes of the terçoda, took his head off. The kiddies threw him back in the water. It was a pretty long one too. My, how we need the protection of the Lord! As for ourselves, we would be stumbling into all sorts of dangers, but praise Him, He guides our every step!

Well, time is running along and we have more letters to write, so must close. Say hello to the folks at Central and Brunswick for us, and tell them we thank them for all they have done. We are praying for you continually as we know you are for us. In all things we want only His will and all for His glory. Till we hear from you again, we are

Happy in Him,

Walter & Mildred Warfield

Rom 8:28

MONEYSMITHS TRUST- ING A LIVING GOD

Have you ever been in the place where you had absolutely no one to turn to, and you found yourself alone with God? Many of you have had this very experience, and unless you have, you will not be able to fully understand the following story. I think missionaries are thrown upon God more than anyone else, for so many times we are absolutely without earthly help. These times, I believe most missionaries will testify, are the times that give us the greatest joy and make us realize more than anything else could, that we are serving and trusting a Living God.

Last August 25th, we sailed from New York City to go to Paris, France, where we spent the following seven months. I cannot begin to tell you how wonderfully the Lord cared for us during those months. During the war scare days of September, when all earthly help was of no avail, our God proved Himself sufficient for all things. Then, on those many days when our physical strength seemed gone from heavy study and work, He came with those "Everlasting Arms" and seemed to literally carry us through. When it seemed we could not bear another meal at the boarding house where we were staying, when the fish that could have been so delicious was served with eyes, fins, insides and all, God gave grace to cut away the part that was uneatable and eat the rest.

Finally, then, the long-looked-forward-to date came—March 24th. We had started to count the days at 80—one by one they went down and on March 22nd we took the train for Antwerp, Belgium, where we embarked that same day. The boat sailed a day earlier than scheduled and hence the 23rd of March we set sail for the land we loved. It was 9 o'clock p. m. when the boat finally pulled up anchor and we felt ourselves moving just the least bit—then we saw the water divide us from the dock and our hearts thrilled within us to know we were really sailing—sailing—this time for Africa.

We felt our Father's presence all along the way. He calmed the ocean, the winds and the waves. We heard much talk of war and were warned by some that in case war broke out while we were on the boat, we could be taken prisoners. At one of the German mandates, which is now in

French possession, we were "welcomed" by a huge submarine, anchored too close to our boat. Wars and rumors of war, and yet we had a God who had called us and had promised to lead us all the way. We knew not whether it would be through peace or war, but He had promised to go with us, so that was all that was necessary.

Early on the morning of April 20th, we saw the sunrise over Kribi, Africa, and we realized that our long ocean voyage was at an end. We spent two days there getting the truck and camping equipment ready and then started out for Bangui—1,000 miles inland over rough African roads. We made the trip in record time, spending only 3 nights on the road and arriving at Bangui on the fourth night. We had not one little bit of trouble—not even a flat tire. We were welcomed at Bangui by the Wimers and their helpers, also some other missionaries who had come to Bangui to get supplies and one to visit the dentist. We had to wait several days for the baggage which came inland by a large transport truck. You see, we had seven passengers (ourselves and four new missionaries), and what baggage we could bring, but the most of it came by transport truck. From Bangui we continued our journey north to Fort Sibut to have dinner with the missionaries there and on farther north to Fort Crampel. Then, on to Fort Archambault to get our baggage left there from last term and back again to Crampel. From there we went east. We were due to arrive at Maroubas for dinner and were making fine time when we felt something flopping and stopped to see what the trouble was.

The casing of the tire had simply slipped open and we were running practically on the tube that was still full of air. It did not take long to change the tires and we were on our way again, but not for long. We had not gone a mile when we automatically stopped with a thud in the direction of the back right wheel—the one that had just been changed. We found that the wheel had come completely off, was lying beside the road and as it went off, it tore all the bolts but two completely off, as well as the fender of the truck. It was then ten o'clock on a hot African morning and not a sign of shade anywhere. You can imagine how these words sounded to me as Virgil spoke them, "Well, we are here for days." What could we do? The bolts were stripped completely

as well as being broken off and we had no more. The nearest garage was Bangui about 250 miles away. The nearest telephone or telegraph station was 90 miles away. The nearest missionary station was 40 miles away—a long ways if you have to walk it, or wait for a native to walk it. Yes, friends we were alone with God, really alone with Him. As we stood there in the hot sun, and looked over the wrecked wheel and side of our truck, which had brought us so safely over so many miles, it seemed so hopeless and terrible—unbelievable that we were broken down and could not possibly go another inch. As the hopelessness of our condition dawned upon us, God seemed to leave the Heavens and again throw those loving arms around about us and assure us that He had not left us even though we were far from earthly help.

Virgil began working on the wheel and doing what he could. I wrote a note and sent a man off with it to Maroubas to tell the missionaries there of our distress. Then, I began to pray that a car might come along and take word to them sooner than the man could walk. We were on a back road where cars seldom pass, but I prayed anyway, and Virgil prayed as he worked.

I must stop here and tell you how God had prepared us for this even back at Bangui. We were to eat our meals along the way each day at the different mission stations. At night we expected to sleep at our missionary friends' homes. There seemed no need to take a lot of camp equipment along. At Bangui we sent all the baggage we could spare straight to Bangassou, as we had all we could carry coming back from Archambault. We also sent our "chop box" straight to Bangassou. But as I packed it up at Bangui ready to send by transport to Bangassou, something seemed to tell me I should fix up a little one to take with us in the truck. So I put a pan, few enamel dishes, and a few tins of food in a small suitcase and we took it in the truck with us. We also kept our camp beds and bedding with us. We thought we would have no need for them, but God gave us that instinct that we should have all these things with us. When we left Crampel, Mrs. Camp gave us two days' lunch and as we found ourselves stalled along side of the road, we realized why God had worked all these things out for us ahead of time.

So about noon, when we were forced to give up any hope of repair-

ing the broken wheel, we set out by foot to the next village which according to the native was "ndoulou mingui" very near. With our bed bags, lunch and tiny "chop box" we made quite a procession. We walked and walked and finally the village that was so near came into sight—we had walked over a half hour in the hot African sun at high noon. Even little Esther Joanne turned out to be a real missionary by walking a good share of the distance herself.

The rest house at that village proved to be a new one and a real refuge to us. Our water supply ran short so we got the natives to bring wood and water and we tried to boil some water in the only pan we had—a very small one—and by the time the water had boiled twenty minutes there wasn't much water left. We were too thirsty to wait until it cooled and we had no tea or sugar to maké tea. There "happened" to be some citronelle grass growing along side the road so we put that in and made believe we were having real tea. My! it did taste good. Just as we were trying to drink the tea—it was still very hot—we heard a noise. Yes, it was a truck. Yes, it was coming from Crampel and going in the direction of Maroubas. Virgil rushed out to stop it and the native chauffeur said he would be glad to take Esther Joanne, me, and also Helen Metzler, who was with us on her way back to the missionaries' children's school at Fort Sibut. My heart was thrilled with praise that He had sent a truck and then as we got to the truck, the thought came, what if the Jeannette's are not at home, for we had heard that they might be going to take a trip! I started praying all over again. We hated to leave Virgil behind, but he had to remain to keep an eye on the truck—we had two camp beds but none for Joanne or Helen, so he at least had a bed to sleep on and food and water to last awhile.

Maroubas looked mighty good to me that afternoon about 5 o'clock as we arrive there and better still, Mr. Jeannette was working on his lamp by his porch and I realized God had answered another prayer. The missionaries there told me over and over again, how wonderful it was that a truck came by to bring us in for they said that many times several days passed by without a truck or car passing that way. Then the remarkable thing about it was that the truck not only brought us to Maroubas but it was going on that night to Bambari, where the mis-

sionaries were awaiting our arrival that night. We had expected to eat dinner at Maroubas and go on to Bambari to sleep that night. Wimers from Bangui were to meet us at Bambari and take Helen Metzler down to Sibut with them, and they could not go on until we came bringing her. Also since Wimers were returning to Bangui, it was the opportune time to send word by them for the needed bolts and also a new tire for the one was ruined. But the Lord had planned it all out, and this chauffeur took the note that night yet and delivered it to the door of the mission at Bambari. It would have taken days had this man not come by and taken the message. Is there not a God? How can one live not believing and knowing that there is a Living God who is aching for us to just put our trust in Him!! "Oh, for Grace to trust Him more."

Mr. Jeannette got ready that same night and with the tools he had and bolts also, he went back the 40 miles to try to help get the wheel fixed. By noon the next day, we heard a truck at Maroubas and rushed out to see who it could be and there were the Wimers. They had received the word and had been able to locate some bolts that they hoped would fill the bill and also had even found a tire at Bambari. Mr. Wimer left his wife and family at Maroubas and also rushed to the help of the broken "Chevy." I shall never forget how helpless I felt that morning as I sat and waited—Bangui was so far away. Would Wimers come this way to get the right dimensions for the new tire and bolts before going on to Bangui? If they did, how long would it take to get the bolts and tire back from Bangui? Many doubts and questions Satan put in my mind. All the while God was showing me what it meant to really trust Him. So, as Wimers arrived with not only the tire but some bolts, my heart leaped within me to realize how God had been working as I sat and prayed.

During the rest of the day, as I visited with the missionaries, I continued to pray—for what if the bolts wouldn't fit—what if they couldn't fix it. It would mean days of waiting when we were so anxious to get to Bangassou and get settled and into the work again. At dusk that night, we heard the trucks coming back. The bolts were not the right size, but they took some bolts off the bumper of Mr. Wimer's car and made them fit. What missionaries won't think of? What God won't

make possible when we trust Him? The next day they robbed the front wheels of bolts and put them in the broken back wheel. Even yet today there are two bolts missing from each front wheel and one missing from the right back wheel. Then the fender was put back on, the brakes fixed and the truck reloaded. Then the Moneysmiths were ready to start out on their journey. We went very slowly at first getting out every few miles to see if the bolts were holding. They took us safely to Bambari that night and the words that greeted us when we arrived at Bambari were these, "There is a bridge out between here and Bangassou and it will take five days to fix it." Our hearts sank again. We found out that the bridge was not as bad as the first report seemed, so we started out the next morning, this day trusting Him not only to hold the bolts on the wheels but to make bridges before us. We slowed up at each bridge to see if it was there, and when we finally came to the place where the bridge was supposed to be out, we could not even tell which bridge it was that had been broken down the day before. Many of them were very dangerous, but they are that way all the time. He had said He would go before and we felt that He was.

There were not only many bridges but three rafts to cross that day. As we were almost across the last one and rejoicing that we were so near the end of our journey, we noticed that the two tires that we had tied on the back of the truck were gone. One was the brand new one purchased the day before and the other a good one too. Surely Satan wanted to "get us down" before we got to our destination, but God gave grace to say, "Thy will be done." The next day we sent a man back to look for the lost tires and he came back a week later with them, having found them many miles from Bangassou. A native had found them and was rewarded for keeping them for us by a gift of money. So God had answered another prayer.

At dusk as we came to the road that leads up to the mission, our hearts thrilled again that God had really brought us to the place to which He had appointed us. Over a long journey he had led us and brought us safely. We were welcomed here by the missionaries and also by the native Christians. On the following Sunday we were rewarded further by seeing the large chapel on the banks of the Oubangui River, crowded to overflowing with over

100 on the outside and children packed on the platform with us, probably about 1,000 in all. It is near this chapel that the founder of our mission lies—not his soul but his body. It was to bring the Gospel to the people of this vast land that he gave his life. May we be willing to give our lives also, that the Word might go forth and may we learn to trust more fully in the Living God who so lovingly cares for His own

Mrs. Virgil Moneysmith,
Bangassou, Oubangui-Chari,
French Equatorial Africa.

CROZIERS WITNESSING GREAT BLESSING IN ASSAM

May 6, 1939,
Assam, India.

Dear Aaron and Hur:

The driving winds with downpours of rain—we have had more rain this year than any other place in Assam, not excepting Cherrapunji till about three days ago—remind me that I tried too hard to save money in building our cottage. I MUST add verandas on the other three sides to keep out the driving rain. Local men had warned me that hard winds would come; so I put in plenty of good braces and we stand with hardly a quiver thus far. I am telling the missionaries that are planning to come out at the close of this rainy season they must have more money for their bungalows than we put into this cottage, designed for us and a nurses' home later. And we are praying that God will put it into the hearts of some of His stewards to give the required amounts—not less than \$4,400 for a suitable bungalow for a family including the associated buildings, and a two-suite bungalow for the ladies and its associated buildings \$5,000. Miss Rose has been trying to get along with a shack for this term built on an incomplete foundation. The storms have three times blown off parts of her roof, one night recently driving her out of bed, fleeing with her bed-wrappings to a servant's house to escape the rain coming down onto her bed, and another night lots of water drove into her office. It is hardly fitting for missionaries to try to live in that way—unless it is absolutely necessary, and I hardly believe that it is. We took up some 10 large washbowl fulls of water from OUR floor day before yesterday.

The last two days of April were

given mainly to the conference with our workers, spending most of the time in prayer especially for many Manipuris that SEEM to want to be Christians but are afraid, some of them terribly afraid. One such has left his family and disappeared; his family was really taken away from him first, and then restored, and then amidst the threats of neighboring Manipuris he has disappeared; seems to have gone off into hiding leaving his Government work. Two others that were baptized by a missionary that lived near here have lapsed into the world; one other not then baptized has expressed a great desire to come out for Christ. Another who took care of his brother under us for tuberculosis treatment while we were living in Silchar is now a Junior in High School has been thinking of entering the Police Service. He was led at that time to think MUCH of becoming a Christian by Miss Rose's helper who is now in college. Thangsum and Paupu recently had a long talk with him and Mrs Crozier a short talk. He is a keen and fine looking young man and much drawn to Christ, but is afraid. Another I mentioned in a former letter is now Senior in High School. Whether he comes out and dedicates his life to Bible translation work remains to be seen,—next month is the time he said he would begin. We GREATLY need such men for leadership and office help. Quite a number of others also have expressed great interest in Salvation and have also manifested great fear of their village leaders. I suggested in the last meeting of our conference that for this month we specialize in prayer and personal work for these special men. Do please hold these and us and our workers up in prayer this month and next, that a goodly company of them may come boldly out for Christ, for liberty, for peace.

A week ago this morning we were in a village in a valley near the west side of our District with three of our workers with us, coming home Monday evening near the close of market. Aside from dealing with a number of sick, we preached the Gospel and distributed tracts and sold Gospels in three markets, held open-air services for an hour or more in three places—the doorway of a Brahman Manipuri, by the roadside in the shade of a tree because of the happiness of an old woman living near there whose eyes we had helped, and in an open store owned and managed by Manipuris, and a little shorter time in another

store and under a tree near; and two of our men for more than an hour also preached in that same store, and one of them to a large group in the shade of a tree near while WE were preaching in the store. I also spoke for an hour in the 6th grade school there, and our men and we spoke to many individuals and small groups during those three days. Then we returned home and two of our men visited several other villages before coming home. We commend this ministry to Him who said that His word would not return unto Him void. It is NOW largely a matter of prayer to bring them to conviction and action; and considerable follow-up work is required of us.

Very sincerely yours in His love,
G. G Crozier

MILLERS ARRIVE IN LIBERIA

Liberia, April 8, 1939.

Dear Friends:

Here we are in Liberia after traveling a month. Our boat, the "Andania," went by way of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Belfast, Ireland. That is why it took so long. Dick was seasick one day and I was sick four days, the babies not at all. We arrived in Liverpool the 17th, at night, but stayed on the boat until morning. After going through customs house, we went to a hotel. It certainly was good to get on land again where there was no rocking and jerking. We spent Tuesday shopping for helmets, garden seed and other things we still needed for Africa. Having only one day in Liverpool, we didn't see much, but a few things amused us. The automobiles have right-hand drives and drive on the opposite side of the road from what we do at home. We would dash out to cross the street and nearly get knocked down. Horses and wagons were a common sight in the city.

To get back to our travels—we left England Wednesday, the 19th, on the "Adda." Our room was larger and other things were more convenient, but we were disgusted more than once with the drinking and shouting, especially when the babies were asleep at night. The weather was good all the way and the ocean calm. After we left Maderia, it began to get hot and at Freetown it was hot.

The Portugese at Maderia are almost beggars. They come on board and pester a person to buy stamps,

coins, bags and various other things until you are glad when the boat pulls away. Divers wanted us to throw coins in the water and they would dive for them. Catholic sisters were asking to help their orphan home. There was a large German boat in this port which was taking some 1300 Nazi workers on a holiday. They worked aboard the boat to pay part of their way.

How excited we were to see the first glimpse of Africa at Freetown. There is an old historic tree in the center of this town where they used to chain slaves before shipping them. Many European buildings have been erected — college buildings and churches and others.

We arrived outside Monrovia, Sunday night at about 9:30 and had to wait until 10:45 to get off. A small boat took us to land by moonlight. We arrived at 12 midnight, and nobody was there to meet us. Fortunately we had become acquainted with Mr. McGee, a colored fellow going to the American legation; he and Mr. Brown also of the legation helped us get situated at the Lutheran home. You can imagine how frightened we were when we landed in a strange country without a friend or white person to meet us. Our letter to Messishes, telling of our coming, arrived about the same time we did. We mailed it March 15th; that's why they did not meet us. Two days later Mr. Mellish came down from Harrisburg and took us back there to the main Lutheran station. We rode on a truck which was badly in need of repairs, because it broke down three or four times in the 30 mile trip.

Monrovia is a comical place in many respects. You see white dressed officials and nearly naked natives; comfortable European homes and grass huts. The natives wear bright colors and carry heavy loads on their heads. You can imagine how easy it is to keep white shoes clean when the streets are nothing but red dirt.

We are now staying at the American Lutheran Mission awaiting the coming of our carriers to take us to Tappi Town. We go about 75 miles by truck then about 135 miles by carrier. It will be necessary to hire about 60 men to carry us and baggage, it will take 7 or 8 days. This will no doubt be the hardest part of our journey but God has been with us in a wonderful way thus far and we can certainly trust Him for strength to finish the trip. We are anxious to get through with this traveling and get settled, however,

we must be patient as things move very slowly in Africa.

We shall not try to tell you much about Africa until we get inland and know more about it. We are looking forward to our work with great expectations, praying that the Lord may use us in winning many of these lost dark souls.

We miss you all, but somehow we feel your presence with us. It must be your prayers bringing us together. May the God of peace be with you all.

Your fellow-workers in Africa,
Mary and Dick Miller

PAULSONS DISCOVER NEW METHOD OF SERVING FRESH MICE

April 22, 1939.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Ketcham
and Members of Central Church:

Ever since we landed in Africa and even on the boat I was living in that grand anticipation of winning the first African for Christ. After bringing a Gospel message to a group of children in Children's hour, three dear girls came to me and said that they wanted to be saved—the way the native says it is: "I want to believe in Jesus and to walk on the Jesus' road." You can imagine the joy that flooded my soul as I looked into the happy faces of these precious black diamonds. Continue to pray for us that many of these darkened lives might be won into His glorious Light. I was ashamed of my little faith afterwards for I was looking for only one soul and He sent three. Our numbers are not His numbers; our plans are not His plans. We must take Him as He is and not limit the Holy One by our lack of faith.

I saw my first tarantula spider Sunday. My, he was a big, black, hairy looking 'feller.' Dick took a close-up picture of him with the retina, we hope that he will turn out all right—I mean the picture of him. ha! ha! The natives (heathen) pray to this spider. And even the Christian boys that are working for us wouldn't kill him for some reason or another but threw him in the woods. This spider is also a very important judge in the heathen villages. If someone dies, the natives always think that someone worked medicine on him and caused his death. Well, they find a hole of this spider and place a lot of sticks representing individuals, near the hole, and the stick that the spider takes

is the guilty one. My, such ignorance, superstition and darkness!!

The other day Dick came home with a story that was quite amusing to me so I'll pass it on to you. Two little boys were playing near the carpenter shop—these were little black boys, of course. Dick happened to find a mouse in something—I've forgotten in what, but anyway he gave it to these two little boys, for the natives eat them. Well, Dick went about his work and about ten or fifteen minutes later he looked up and there the little boys had that mouse in ten or twelve pieces. They segregated it completely—taking heart, liver, kidney, etc., each separately and placing each part on a separate piece of bark of a tree. They had it all lined up neatly—skin on one; tail on another piece of bark, etc. Dick said he never thought that a small creature would have so many parts. Then he asked them what they were doing that for? The little boys answered: "Well, isn't this the way the white-man eats?" The native always answers a question with a question. They really meant that the white-man has a lot of dishes on his table. ha! ha!

We certainly praise God that He called us to serve Him here and that He opened the way for us to come. We thank you all for your prayers and gifts which makes it possible for us to win victories for Christ and cause the Work of Christ to go forward in this dark continent. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to each one of you who might be laid up with sickness. May God bless you all.

Yours in the Blessed Hope,
Dick and Irene Paulson.

ENVIRONMENT

By Miss Hulda Stumpf

Miss Stumpf, the author of this article, was a martyr to the faith at Kijabe, Kenya Colony, in East Africa, January 3, 1930. She was a graduate of the Moody Bible Institute and sailed for Africa in December, 1907. She served under the Africa Inland Mission, and at the time she was murdered by the natives was 63 years of age.

God puts His own with the people and in the place which will tend most to develop the spiritual graces.

He puts one who is quick with one who is slow, and one who is quiet with one who is talkative; that the one who is quick or quiet may be

patient with the one who is slow or talkative.

He puts one who is orderly with one who is untidy, that both may learn lessons. Often our environment is but an answer to our prayers.

We pray for patience, and God sends those who tax us to the utmost; for "tribulation worketh patience." (Rom 5:3)

We pray for submission, and God sends suffering, for we learn obedience by the things we suffer. (Heb 5:8)

We pray for unselfishness, and God gives opportunities to sacrifice ourselves by thinking on the "things of others" (Phil 2:4)

We pray for victory, and the things of the world sweep down upon us in a storm of temptation; for, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (I John 5:4; 4:4)

We pray for humility and strength, and some messenger of Satan torments us until we lie in the dust, crying to God for its removal (II Cor. 12:7, 8)

We pray for union with Jesus, and God severs natural ties and lets our best friends misunderstand or become indifferent to us. (John 15:2)

We pray for more love and God sends peculiar suffering, and puts us with apparently unlovely persons and lets them say things to rasp nerves, lacerate the heart, and sting the conscience; for "love suffers long and is kind; love is not impolite, love is not provoked, love bears, love believes, hopes, and endures; love never faileth." (I Cor. 13:4-8; John 15:9, 10)

We ask to follow Jesus, and He separates us from home and kindred, for He Himself said: "Whosoever he be of you that forsake not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14:33)

We pray for the Lamb life, and are given a portion of lowly service, or we are injured and must seek no redress; for He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and opened not His mouth. (Isa. 53:7)

We pray for gentleness and there comes a perfect storm of temptation to yield to harshness and irritability.

We pray for quietness, and everything within and around is confusion, that we may learn when He giveth quietness no one can make trouble

MISS MANUEL MEETS WITH BLESSING

March 18, 1939

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

"Call upon Me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Jer. 33:3.

And that is just what the Lord has been doing in the work of our evangelists who are stationed out in the villages. They are in here for this month of March for rest and instruction in the Word of God; we had an all day prayer meeting the first Saturday of this month, and in the morning session some of them gave their testimonies of what wonderful things the Lord has been doing for them in their work and they give Him all the glory.

This is the testimony of Yamingui (pronounced Ya-min-ge). When he first went to the village, about 2 years ago, there was no practice of native medicine in the village. But other chiefs told the chief of this village that if he didn't get some "medicine" in his village that the village would be destroyed, so he sent a woman to get some, and the way they practiced this medicine is too wicked to tell. Yamingui was faithful in preaching the Word of God, and the Chief and Medicine Men became very angry and asked why he was showing up the way of their medicine, and he replied that he was only preaching the Word of God. One day the Chief sent men to beat this evangelist and one of the native women, who is living a life of great testimony in the village; the woman said that she was only living and testifying God's Way and that they could beat her if they wanted to, she would not run from them.

Another day the word came to the evangelist that the medicine men were going to make medicine to kill him, this woman, and another man. The evangelist said they could bring the medicine and put it near his house and he would not touch it to destroy it, but his God would protect him. They said that in two months he would die, but after two months he was still alive; then the chief told the medicine men that if they did not kill the evangelist that he would not pay them any more money. But that has been over one year and the evangelist, the woman and other man are still very much alive and still faithful in giving out the Word, and praising God for His watchful care over them.

This is the testimony of Yanandji (pronounced Ya-na-je): In the village where he went to work about three years ago, there lived a big medicine man; big in the eyes of the people, and they came for miles away to have him make and work medicine for them. But he was taken very sick, and when Yanandji went to the village and heard about him, he went to see him. There the man was lying on the ground in his little hut, with the filth of weeks around him; his former "friends" had forsaken him, even his wife would not touch him to do anything for him. When the evangelist came to the door the medicine man told him not to come in. When he found out who he was, he said, "You are a man of God; don't come in, this house smells and is filthy." But Yanandji told him that did not matter, that he had come to talk to him; he went in and talked to him about the Lord, and prayed with him.

Then when he wanted to touch him to put him on his bed, made out of sticks, the man didn't want him

THE OHIO INDEPENDENT BAPTIST

This is the Official Organ of Ohio Association of Independent Baptist Churches, edited by Dr. H. K. Finley, Elyria, O., Rev. S. Franklin Logsdon, Erie, Pa., and Dr. H. O. Van Gilder, Portsmouth, Ohio

The magazine carries 20 or 24 pages each month, the columns including helpful editorials, current events in light of the Scriptures, sermon material, Bible outlines, book reviews, missionary articles and other printed matter of value to Bible Believers.

The Ohio Independent Baptist is in full harmony with *The Baptist Bulletin* and its editors believe that every home of a true Baptist should receive both of these enlightening publications. Subscription rate 75c per year, advertising rate 50c per column inch.

Address: HARRY SHEPARD, Circulation Manager
3237 Grove Avenue, Lorain, Ohio

RENEW NOW!

to touch him, but Yanandji picked him up, and for days, night and morning went to see him, talked to him about the Word of God, and did what he could for him. This kindness touched the man's heart and he finally gave his heart to Jesus. They prayed and God healed him; but when he could be out and walk around, the people began to tempt him to return to practicing medicine again, and finally he yielded; he built his altar again and was making medicine. But after Yanandji had talked to him for some time and showed him from God's Word where he was doing wrong, he acknowledged his wrong and said that he was through; that even if they cut his throat or tied him and took him to the altar to make him make medicine that he would not do it. He has stood true to that although persecuted for his stand. He has said that if they do not stop he is going to leave the village and come to a village near the Mission where he can learn more of the Word of God.

And this is the testimony of Carmini (Car-ma-ne). The Chief of his village himself made medicine and called all of his people together to drink it; it was supposed to keep them from sickness and the village from being destroyed. He set the believers apart from the rest of the people, and when all the others had drunk, he told the believers to drink. One of them was the spokesman for the rest and he told the Chief that they could not drink it as they were children of God now and they could not follow the things of the devil. This made the Chief angry and he threatened them and said that if they would not do as he said any more but did as the evangelist said, then he was no longer their chief (according to them) but the evangelist was. He then sent for Carmini to come so he could see with his own eyes, when he made the believers drink, but Carmini refused to go, as he knew it would only make matters worse to have to talk to the Chief when he was angry. He went about his work, and as he was walking along, the Chief himself came after him. Carmini told him he didn't want to talk to him when he was angry but he went over where

the people were. He told the Chief that the people were not refusing him because they didn't want him for chief. He said he was not teaching them not to obey him, but that he was teaching them to obey their Chief in all things that were right, but that in things that God's Word showed them were not right to do, they would have to obey God. The Chief was very angry and told him it was the Word of God in their village that was destroying their village.

Pray without ceasing for these evangelists and their wives. Many of them are going through testings and persecutions that we have never had to pass through, and perhaps know nothing about. Souls are being saved and pray for them, too, that they may be victorious over these testings and temptations. Also pray for each of us, as we instruct them and counsel with them, that we may help them in the Lord.

Yours in His Service,
Bertha Manuel.

IT IS GOOD

It is good to attend a fellowship where one knows that every messenger and preacher is of like precious faith, where not a sinister or false note is sounded, where sincerity and absence of politics and the superiority complex are always apparent. Such are the meetings of the G. A. R. B. fellowship that we have had the pleasure of attending. A thousand free Baptists in one audience looked good to us.

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PERNICIOUS ANEMIA

For Baptists to escape from it they must declare again and again their time honored independence of all ecclesiastical overlordship. By their historical independence they have amazed the world with their missionary endeavor, their contribution to Christian thought. But of late years pernicious anemia is setting in. Baptists have allowed themselves to be talked down to by ecclesiastical top rowers. Strong arm lawlessness by church strategists has been employed to swing "delegates" to their way of thinking, and for the sake of peace and harmony, or maybe from sheer mental and spiritual inaction "delegates" supinely submit to the way of the "leaders." It looks like pernicious anemia.

But we are heartened by the fact that there are more and more Baptists who have had enough and more than enough and are bestirring

what is left of their red blood corpuscles to definite action. Thus if our Lord tarries they may again startle the world by supernatural achievements by the gospel.

* * * *

A STRANGE CASE

While we write this the Roman Catholic church is tolling a funeral bell for a lifelong professed Baptist. We have known him and his family for twenty-eight years. He and his wife professed to be Baptists. Until their deaths they still professed to be Baptists. We visited them and married some of their daughters. The daughters grew up in the Baptist fellowship. The parents were seldom seen in a church. They were lodge people and attended lodge dances while the daughters attended church. Finally all the daughters drifted into the Roman Catholic church through marriages to Catholic men or through Catholic associates who were insistent proselytizers. Today the father is being buried by the Catholic church through some last minute legerdemain brought about by the influence of the daughters. The last word we had with this man about his soul and his faith, he firmly expressed himself that he had been converted when young and that he did not approve of his daughters' Catholic affiliations. Rome buries this man and claims they have saved another soul.

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PRAY THROUGH

Whenever gloomy doubts arise
Like clouds that hide the sun,
'Tis time to haste away to prayer,
And stay till victory's won.

Aye, many a battle sore is lost,
When victory was in sight,
Had we but shut ourselves with
Him,
And prayer through to the light

Haste then to prayer, alone with
God,
Know that His will is well;
Lose thou thy self within His will,
And safely thou shalt dwell.

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SUBSCRIPTION

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