

HOME^{and} FOREIGN FIELDS

February

1929



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HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

THE MISSIONARY JOURNAL OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

FEBRUARY, 1929



"WORKMEN THAT NEED NOT TO BE ASHAMED"

Rev. John Vidrine and young son—both students in Acadia Academy. Brother Vidrine is one of our best French preachers in this great French-speaking section of Louisiana.

"It is a lost world, this Great French Triangle. It is a world lost to the thought-life, religious, political and social ideals of the rest of America. It is a world lost to the advancing educational ideals of America. It is a world lost to any reality of the Christian faith. Not even the Catholics have done much teaching of this people. It is a world waiting for the coming of the Lord."

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THE MISSIONARY PILOT

SENIOR B.Y.P.U.

February 3—Topic, "The Only Gospel." Include among the talks on this program one or more showing the indispensable need of the gospel at home and abroad. See especially "the Need of the Gospel among the Foreigners in South Louisiana," page 11, and "China Dying for the Word of God," page 25.

February 10—Topic, "The Blood that Cleanseth." Close the meeting with the reading of the challenging message of Missionary Bouldin's, "Who Comes First—Christ or Self?"

February 17—Topic, "Baptists and Denominational Loyalty." The editorial on page 24, "Enduring Investments," was written to set out in bold relief our duty at this juncture to our distressed denominational causes, laying aside all excuses because of any mistakes which may have been made.

February 24—Topic, "Adoniram Judson." In connection with the study of this master missionary, let some one who reads well read the story written by the late Dr. Love, for many years secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, "Reverend Christopher Love, Martyr." Do we not need more of this martyr spirit, which was the spirit of Judson, in our Christianity today?

SUNBEAM BAND, G.A., R.A., JUNIOR AND INTERMEDIATE B.Y.P.U., AND OTHER CHILDREN'S MEETINGS

No more fascinating story could be told in the meetings of the children during February than those related of the

foreigner peoples in our midst. An intensely interesting project would be the making of a series of posters, or scrap book, illustrating the need of missions in the homeland, using the stories and pictures contained in this number.

W.M.S. AND Y.W.A.

"Where Races Meet," is the missionary topic for February, and this number abounds in special material for the program-maker and leader. References to the Negroes are omitted, since this will be a special topic in the near future, for which a special number is being prepared. See Miss Mallory's outline program on page 28.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

In many sections of our Southland Sunday schools should take a keen interest and delight in reaching the foreigners who have moved into their neighborhoods. A movement of this kind might well be given impetus through the use during the opening and closing worship of some of the stories given on pages 3-22.

PRAYER MEETING

A series of prayer meetings on "The New Challenge of Home Missions" would prove a most attractive feature. Use Dr. Alldredge's book of this title, and supplement it with the fresh stories contained in this number.

"Maranatha—The Coming of the Lord"

The Story of a Remarkable Visit to French-Speaking Louisiana

By Una Roberts Lawrence



IN THE ACADIAN COUNTRY

Notice the type of homes and thrifty gardens along the bayou banks, which stretch almost without intermission for a distance of 130 miles.

On Monday morning December 17, I sat on the front porch of a fur trading post that looked out upon the slow-moving waters of Bayou Barataria, which is on the Gulf coast some sixty miles from where it widens into Barataria Bay.

WHERE THE GOSPEL WAS FIRST PREACHED

It was right here, at the corner of this porch the gospel was first preached in this region. Here one Sunday morning some eight years ago came Dr. Coty, head of the French Department in Baptist Bible Institute, and one of his students, a big Frenchman, Lucian Christian Smith, the first evangelical preachers to read the Word of God to the trappers and hunters whose life centered at the trading post.

Today, just a little ways back from the water's edge, with a boat landing all its own, stands a little chapel, with an attractive entrance, well-built seats and a good organ, silent witness to the fact that the preaching from the corner of the porch bore fruit. Listening inside of his store, Tom Ruttle gave his heart to the Lord. Listening outside as they came and went with their furs, men's hearts were reached, until all up and down the Bayou, down to Grande Isle, and Grande Terre, on the Gulf, went the word that these preachers knew about God. Today the little church of forty members at Barataria is the only place in all the Gulf region south of New Orleans where the gospel is

preached to a people that number above ten thousand souls.

Nor was that all I could see from the porch of the trading post. Moored to a little wharf that ran out from the shell beach at the trading post is a large house boat. Across the front is painted the name, MARANATHA II. On other parts of the boat are painted the announcements that here might be had Bibles and good literature. Strange craft this—and strange the story it tells.

An English sailor, who found the Lord in a chapel on the water front of Edinburgh, Scotland, was led through many adventures to this land of a thousand waterways with a persistent call in his heart to take the gospel to this people who will never be reached save by a boat. The story of these two devoted missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. R. Cross, launching their craft upon faith and prayer, is a romance of missions. Barataria is their headquarters. From there they are accessible to five thousand miles of waterways along which there is rarely a time when they are out of sight of human habitations.

Last month this gospel boat carried to the isolated people of these Bayous thousands of good magazines and papers. The Crosses are dependent upon thoughtful people of the Baptist churches for the literature for their work. They sing, pray, and preach, minister to the sick, carry cheer to the isolated camps and are the blessing of

the Lord to the people of this part of the coast.

The name of this Gospel Boat becomes a thrilling theme—"Maranatha—The Lord Comes!" It was the cry of the Apostle out of a heart that longed for the coming of his Lord. It is the theme of missions today and nowhere more truly than in this field of the French-speaking people of the Gulf Coast.

A FIELD OF 700,000 FRENCH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

This field of French-speaking people lies in three states. Take a map of the South, draw a straight line from Alexandria, Louisiana to Houston, Texas, another one from the same starting point to Mobile, Alabama. You will find you have drawn an irregular triangle with Alexandria for the apex and the ragged Gulf Coast for the base. Within these boundaries live most of the French-speaking people. For about twenty-five years Baptists have been doing mission work among them, but not on any scale large enough to reach the great mass of the people. It was in an endeavor to make an adequate survey of the field, gather in one book the history of what has been done and lay before our people what is to be done, that Mrs. M. L. Jenkins proposed to finance trips into the territory to get first-hand information of the field and its problems from a missionary viewpoint. This trip was the second one we had made.

One of the most difficult tasks was to find out just how many there were of these French-speaking people. We have generally spoken of them as numbering 400,000, in Louisiana. Yet when the State Library Association of Louisiana began to try to supply French books for the Parish libraries in the seventeen Parishes largely occupied by French-speaking people, they found they had to plan on a basic estimation of at least 600,000 French-speaking population. The French Consul in New Orleans told us that they accepted the figure of 100,000 French people in the city of New Orleans, which would be about one-fourth of its total population. For several years the Home Mission Board had a missionary to the French located at Beaumont, Texas. His estimate of the French population between Beaumont and the Louisiana line is 20,000.

The owner of five shrimp factories along the shores of Barataria told me that he employs 750 men in the season. This means, conservatively estimating the families that always accompany these men, no less than 2,000 people on the shores of this one bayou, engaged in one industry. In addition there are the trappers and hunters living all along the bayou and in the salt marshes that stretch for miles from waterway to waterway. This was one thing that amazed me most. From the map, this Coastal region looks uninhabited. There are few towns but there are people everywhere all along the bayou banks, on the high places of the marshes, and in boats in every sheltered cove. On Bayou Laroupe there is an oil field with derricks rising out of the water. Around these wells 500 people live on boats. There are many such boat communities.

We know that there are large numbers of them along the Gulf Coast of Missis-



ON A MISSIONARY TOUR OF EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY

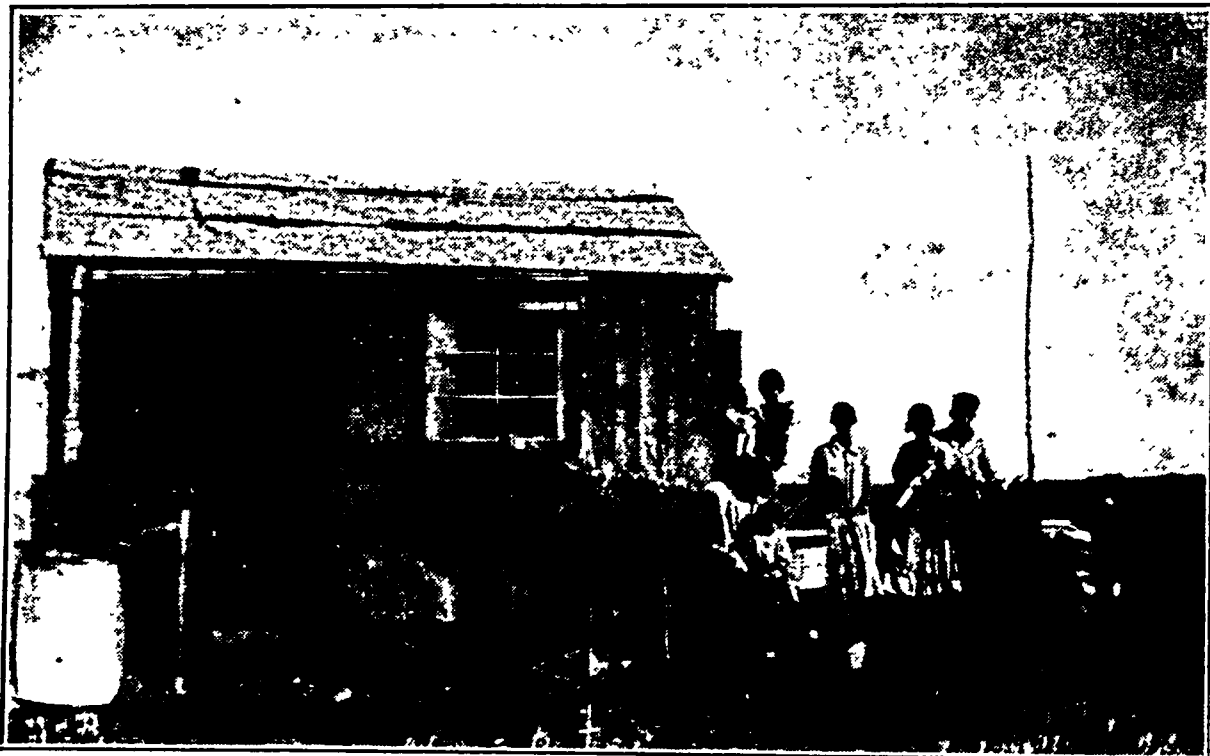
Mrs. Lawrence, the party which she accompanied, and the faithful car which carried them safely on their thrilling visit.

sippi and Alabama, fishermen, clam diggers, and trappers. Everything indicates that in the field of the three states there are no less than 700,000 of this population, which by reason of its characteristics as Catholic French-speaking people constitutes a challenging mission field for evangelical missions.

They are not a foreign people. That is why statistics are so difficult to get. They are native-born, thousands of them with ancestry dating far back of the American generations of many of those who will read this article. Lucian Smith's ancestors came from France at least a generation before mine came from Scotland. But they have persisted as a separate people, preserving their language, and thereby preserving their distinctness as a people, their customs, their essential characteristics, and their

religious ideas. Until a brief twenty-five years ago there were very few public schools among them, and those, even today, are more or less in the hands of Catholic teachers and under Catholic influence. They have had so little contact with what we would call essentially American ideas, and ideals, that when a French Baptist preacher in a battle with the Catholic authorities of one community, announced that he was going to read the Constitution of the United States and explain what the American Government stood for in religious liberty, they came by the thousands, crowding the lot on which his little tent was pitched and blocking the roadway to hear this strange new political doctrine that gave a Baptist preacher the right to read the Bible in their midst. Today, while there are many public schools in these sections, a majority of the children go to the parochial schools where they are taught little save the catechism. The education of the average French-speaking man reaches the fourth grade. Girls rarely learn much more than to read and write.

Yet it is not fair to write of them without giving the other side of the picture. The visitor to towns like New Iberia sees the beautiful homes of the wealthy French people, and gets impressions of their culture, their achievements, their very real power and influence. They have produced great lawyers, statesmen and writers. There are flourishing business enterprises, entirely owned by French people. It was the son of a prominent French judge of St. Martinsville who, while a student in Harvard University, told to his teacher of literature the story of Emmeline Labiche, a romantic figure of his boyhood memory in that quaint Acadian French



A TRAPPER'S HOME IN THE SALT MARSHES

There are few towns but there are people everywhere all along the bayou banks, on the high places of the marshes, and in boats in every sheltered cove.



EVANGELISTIC TENT AT FAQUETAIGUE

The story of French Baptist missions is just one story after another of the falling of the seed of the Word into the fallow soil of the hearts of a people hungry for spiritual teaching and the upspringing of a harvest of deeply devout followers of the Lord.

village. That teacher turned the story into poetry and gave the world "Evangeline." Yet in that very same village, with its old world air of culture, tradition and gentle manners, a little more than two years ago an angry mob led on by the mayor raged for twenty-four hours around the home of our Baptist preacher seeking to lynch him for the heinous crime of having prayer meeting for the few Baptist families who had moved into the community. The Baptists have all moved out as the result of that day and night of terror.

It is always dangerous to generalize, yet we can safely divide the French population into four classes.

FOUR TYPES OF FRENCH-SPEAKING AMERICANS

There are the French-speaking people of the Coastal region. These are the descendants of the European peoples, Spanish, Moorish, Slavic, Germanic as well as French who drifted here in the backwash of the Napoleonic Wars. There is some mixture of Negro blood, much Indian, and evidence of the languages of these two races out of all proportion to their presence as racial factors. School facilities are meager in this Coastal region. We learned of one school on Bayou Chene to which the children are taken in boats paid for out of school funds. But that seems to be the only one. Yet the fish and fur industries, entirely dependent upon these people, run into tens of millions a year income to the state of Louisiana. The result has been the language has deteriorated, being today a patois that is French as the dialects of the mountain sections or of the Negroes is English.

A second type of French people are the descendants of the aristocrats of the

early days, the rich planters, noblemen and business men of the days of French and Spanish occupation. Here we find better French spoken, for these have had the advantages of private tutors. Catholic and state schools. Today they are sugar and rice planters, lumbermen, and owners of factories and fish canneries. Their children go to schools where they study in English, but French is taught in all the high schools, and they speak French as soon as they are outside the school door. Court business is carried on in French, most of the business and all the home and social life. English is spoken when necessary, usually with a decided French accent.

A third type is known as the Parisian French, direct from France, or only one generation removed. They speak French as it is spoken in Paris and the Provinces from which they come. There are 2,500 of these in New Orleans alone.

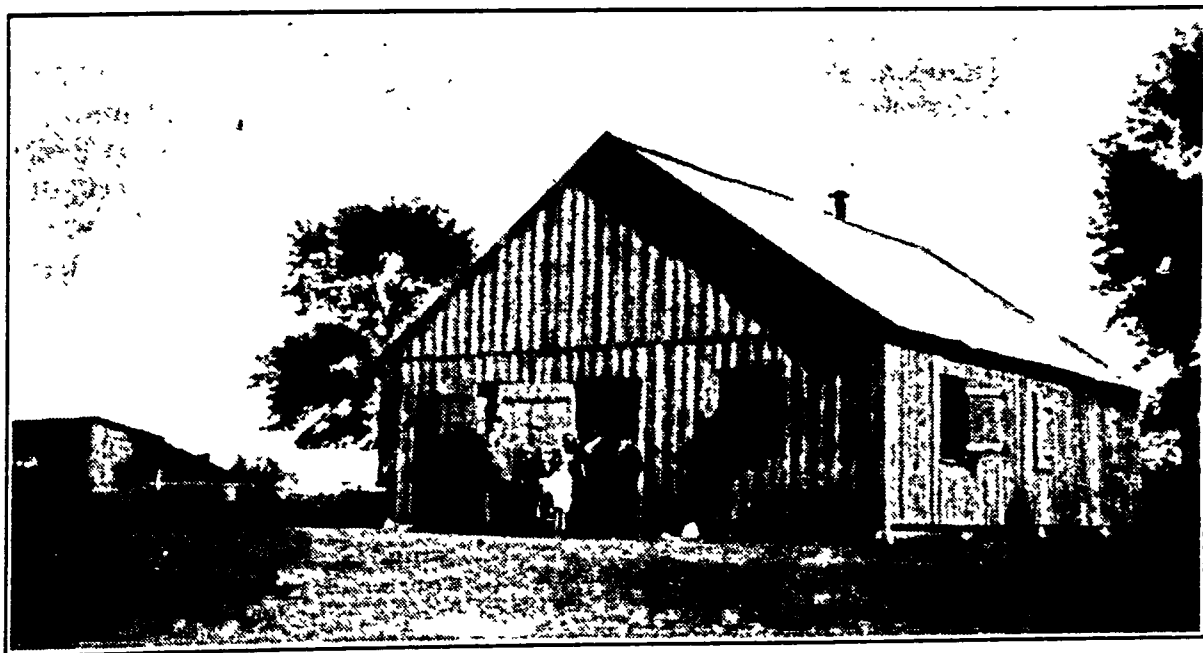
The fourth type are the Acadians, descendants of those exiles who sought refuge with their kindred in Louisiana when deported from Nova Scotia. They are a vigorous, thrifty people, keen traders, intelligent, devout and ambitious. Living along the bayous in the houses of the inevitable French Canadian architecture, they have had few educational advantages, so their culture has declined or remained of the type of the Exile. Today the public school system is growing in this region centering in Bayou Fourche and Bayou Teche, and all the high schools are teaching French. To reach them successfully we must have a well-educated French-speaking ministry.

This is the people we went to see. Leaving Alexandria Thursday afternoon we drove through the Manou, Ville Platte region toward Acadia Academy, 160 miles away.

Our party consisted of Rev. and Mrs. L. C. Smith, our guides and interpreters, Mrs. M. L. Jenkins, chauffeur for the tour, and myself as scribe and photographer, and last but by no means least in importance the valiant Dodge sedan that took us without one moment's hesitation the 1,290 miles that we drove during those eight days. Our first stop was in the little community where L. C. Smith and his wife found the Lord. Pausing before a little country store he said quietly, "This is the very spot, Mrs. Lawrence. Here I found the Lord."

A little later he pointed across the fields to a group of houses.

"See that little house, that very little one. That is the school house where Brother Derouen was preaching when I made my confession of my Lord." The tone of his voice betrayed what it had meant to him, a grown man, to hear for the first time the Word of God. So we began to glimpse what the coming of the Lord meant to this French people.



A DIRT FLOOR FRENCH BAPTIST CHURCH

This church grew out of the reading of the Bible, which came almost by accident into his hands, by an old man to his grandchildren.

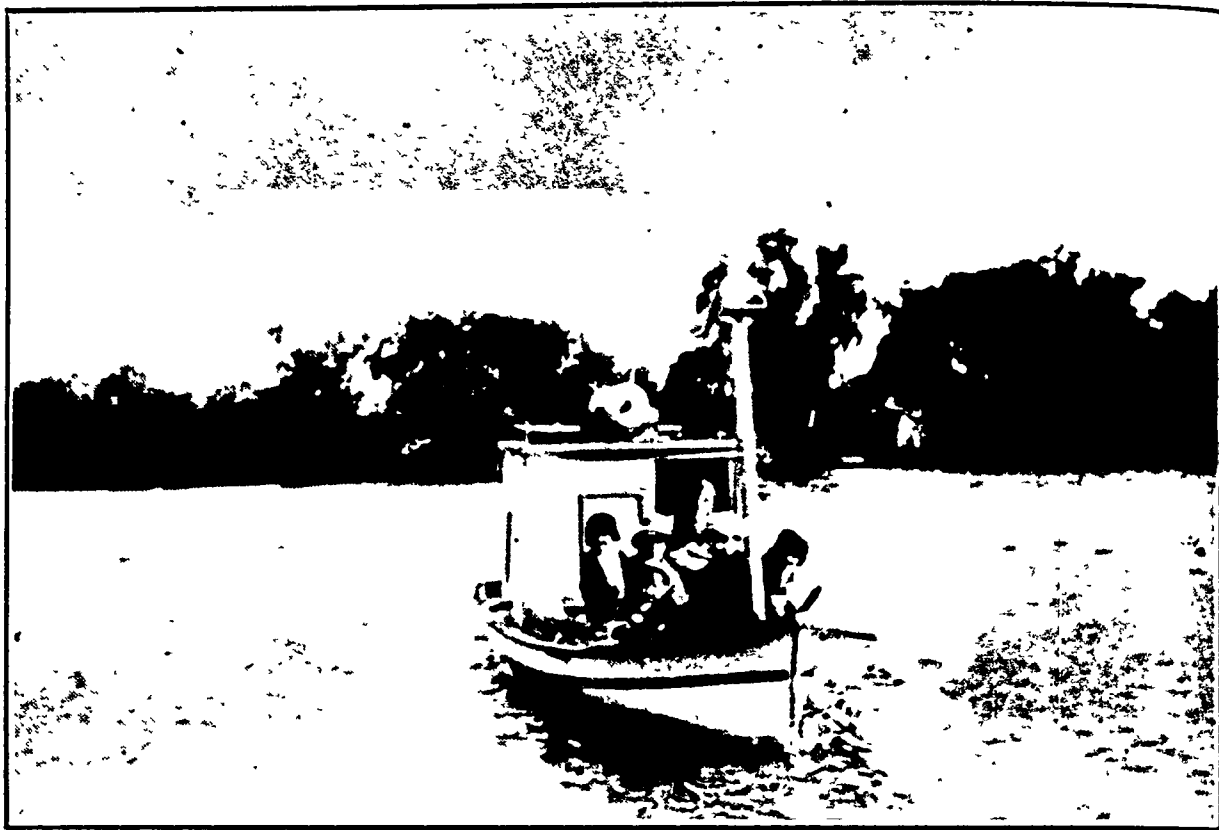
We saw more as we went on. I was amazed to find the country so thickly populated. Twice we stopped on the road that day and counted the homes that we could see from points chosen at random. These were not villages, just the countryside. Once we counted 130 houses, the second time more than 300.

In Acadia Academy, that school of training for French missionaries, we met that night with the boys of the school in their fellowship meeting. I saw their earnest faces, some of them grown men who had started to school in the same classes with their children. Here we see most tragically the results of the low educational ideals of this region. They are fine, clear-eyed, earnest-faced young people, these French missionaries in the making. Five years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Mixon came to the school there were only four volunteers. Today there are more than sixty young men and women in training for various types of missionary training, all hoping to go on to college, seminaries or other schools of specialization. Besides these there are about that many more young people taking advantage of this Christian school. They are actively at work. One preacher goes 160 miles to one appointment, 85 miles to a second, and 30 miles and 10 miles each for the other two mission points each month.

Visiting several little mission points, stopping to take the picture of a well-kept tabernacle with dirt floor, but very efficient looking pulpit, and substantial home-made seats with log pillar ends, we traveled swiftly through the region between Eunice and Lake Charles, passing through miles of thickly settled territory where no evangelical preacher has ever stopped and read the Bible. On the way we talked with one of our fine young women missionaries, Miss Agnes Miller, who on the first of January went to her new field of work at New Iberia, in the center of Catholic fanaticism and with Bro. O. Derouen, the pioneer of French Baptist missions.

FROM LAKE CHARLES TO NEW ORLEANS

Leaving Lake Charles we took the coastal highway east toward New Orleans, tracing the base of our triangle. From Lake Charles to New Iberia, about 140 miles, there are four mission points, only two having houses of worship. From New Iberia to New Orleans, another 140 miles, there is not one Baptist mission and only one of any evangelical denomination, the Methodist mission at Houma, which is doing splendid work. They have only one other French mission station, the one at St. Martinville. So far as we were able to discover these two points and the



ON THE WAY TO MEET THE MISSIONARY

Nearly all transportation in this line of bayous and water-ways is by boat. This trapper and his wife were led to Christ by Missionary L. C. Smith.

little Baptist missions are the *only evangelical centers for work among 700,000 French people*. During the two days of driving eastward on the coast we were never out of sight of a human habitation.

The spiritual destitution of the region was brought forcefully to me when I realized we were blazing a path for the gospel on this very trip. All along the way, when we passed a wagon, a man on horseback or walking, or a house where there was anyone to be seen, Bro. and Mrs. Smith tossed out of the car windows tracts and leaflets telling the story of Christ and his gospel. On a ferry boat he handed the ferryman a package of them. The man thanked him gratefully and eagerly began to read. At filling stations, restaurants, stores and along the streets of the town these leaflets were given away. Never once did I see them dropped by those into whose hands they came. Always we passed on with the picture of eager readers stamped indelibly on our memories. It is a new story, a deeply interesting story, this gospel of the coming of the Lord. So new and so strange that not until the priest interferes is there any consciousness of this being a dangerous doctrine. Of course the priest soon gets busy when he finds this forbidden literature in the homes of his parishioners and then the battle is on. The story of French Baptist missions is just one story after another of the falling of the seed of the Word into the fallow soil of the hearts of a people hungry for spiritual teaching and the upspringing of a harvest of deeply devout followers of the Lord.

And now I am at Barataria. The boat is coming. Get aboard *the Chicago* with me, meet the captain, a blue-eyed Frenchman, Captain Didier Danton, whose crew are his two fine young sons, and go with me the six hours' ride down through Barataria Bay to Grande Isle, the rendezvous of Lafitte's Pirates, today a center of fishing and truck gardening. Sitting in an open diningroom that evening we dined on the choicest delicacies the sea affords—terrapien soup, shrimp caught an hour ago, and oysters brought in from the sea that afternoon. Our host, John Ludwig, has a monopoly on the diamond-back terrapien business, shipping from this little island, lying between the green waters of Barataria and the blue whitecaps of the Gulf, 95 per cent of the terrapien used in the United States. We went out to the pens, and saw 35,000 of these sea turtles awaiting shipment to New York hotels, where they are served to the tune of \$20.00 apiece when turned into soup. But no New York chef could have matched the soup we had that night as just an ordinary feature of our evening meal. Our missionary had a long talk with our host that night. The result was an urgent invitation for Bro. Smith to return to Grande Isle for at least three weeks of service for these forgotten people. Mr. Ludwig put at his disposal his dance hall and hotel, the missionary to be his honored guest. I need not add that the missionary is going!

Back to Barataria the next day we joined forces again with our trusty Dodge and headed for New Orleans.

This is a mission field distinct and separate from all the rest of the French



ERNEST ELMER, PHILIPINO, FAITHFUL MEMBER OF THE BARATARIA CHURCH

For about twenty-five years Baptists have been doing mission work among these people, but not on any scale large enough to reach the great mass of them.

field. It has French-speaking people, but it also has thousands of people speaking other languages, and apart from the foreign language aspects it is a mission field of spiritual destitution, sin and sorrow like perhaps no other in our South. One cannot look indifferently upon the sight of a hundred and more broken, wretched, drunken wrecks of men who crowd our Rescue Mission Hall every night for the meager beneficence of a cup of hot coffee, a roll of bread, and a bed. The night I was there, there were forty of the men who were grateful to Mr. Newbrough for the comfort of sleeping on a warm floor, for the beds did not nearly meet the need. How they listened to the gospel! And how those young B.B.I. workers sang and preached! It is an experience that would wipe out all doubts from any young theologian tangled in the web of modernism to face these lost men and have a message for their dire need. I watched Dr. Newbrough's face as he stood looking down at a man in the convulsive throes of a drunken stupor. I think I saw the compassion of Christ himself in our missionary's face as he bent to minister to that human wreck. I stood by Old Lowery of the sweet face and gentle, kindly manner as he checked the men for the beds that night. Lowery knows what this mission means. It saved him.

New Orleans holds a dominant place in the French field, but it is more than a French field, and must be considered as a mission field apart from its relations to the French work. Eternity alone can tell what the Bible Institute has meant in that city. Through the gracious co-operation of Dr. Hamilton and Dr. DeMent, contacts were made that will result, we hope, in the first

complete and thorough survey of the city as a mission field. In our visits, from the French Consul to the professors of Tulane University, we found sympathetic understanding of our purpose, and cordial and instant co-operation, by-products of the influence of the Institute. We hope to have the results of this work in hand for an early issue of HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS.

Then, on a rainy morning we started north again. Touching almost to the eastern angle of our triangle, at Pass Christian, we sped northwest out of the storm through the strawberry fields around Independence, a center of Italian population, across the mighty Mississippi at Baton Rouge and into the beautiful plantation region of False River, Newroads and Marksville. From Port Allen on the west side of the river at Baton Rouge all the way to Alexandria, 180 miles, it is one continuous French settlement. Not towns, but *a town* all along the banks of the river and the bayous. We came through the flood regions where beautiful old plantation mansions had been completely under water, where still the people live in such poverty that life is the barest existence, eked out by fishing and hunting, aftermath of the flood two years ago. From Port Allen to Marksville, more than 150 miles, there has never been an evangelical preacher, save the faithful Negro Baptist churches sitting staunchly amid this intensely Catholic white race. This region along the west side of the Mississippi still waits for the coming of the Lord, in his messengers bearing his word to a lost world.

THE "LOST WORLD" OF THE GREAT FRENCH TRIANGLE

It is a lost world, this Great French Triangle. It is a world lost to the thought-life, religious, political and social ideals of the rest of America. It is a world lost to the advancing educational ideals of America. It is a world lost to any living reality of the Christian faith. Not even the Catholics have done much teaching of this people. It is a world waiting for the coming of the Lord.

What are we doing for this lost world? For about twenty years Louisiana Baptists have had missionaries among them, sometimes only one, sometimes a larger force. This year, despite the fact that the Co-operative Mission appropriation received heretofore from the Home Mission Board is cut off, the State Board is trying to carry on the work without cutting the force. At present there are four full-time missionaries, eleven student missionaries at Acadia Academy, with supplementary appropriations to four other workers where the churches are strong enough for some self-support, operating on \$13,500. Acadia Academy was established in 1917 by the Home Mission Board and State Mission Board of Louisiana, jointly. In October the State Mission Board assumed the balance of the 1928 appropriation due to the school from the Home Mission Board. This is a heavy load for a state where there are mission fields on every side presenting well-nigh every phase of need. There is little hope for much progress to be made unless aid comes to these brave Louisiana Baptists. It will not take much to occupy the field. There is great need for two additional missionaries in centers where Baptists have never gone, at least one colporter and two boat missionaries would fill the need now, leaving to the Crosses their independent field along Bayou Barataria. Surely this is a task that Southern Baptists can do. Surely Southern Baptists want to share the labor and the joy in this field which is beyond the strength of the state to occupy.

In the Castile community, north of Eunice, many years ago Valetine Meche used to gather his children around his knees and read to them from a book like no other book that anyone in that community had ever seen. Where this old Bible came from no one knows. There is much evidence that many Bibles found in these French homes are survivals of the Huguenot faith in France. Little did the old man know of what the book taught, but he loved it and longed for someone to come and open to him its meaning more fully. Over and over, as he read, he said to his two sons:

"Remember, some day this teaching will come to our home. When that happens, you listen and heed it, for it is the true teaching about God. Some day it will come, maybe not in my lifetime, but surely it will in yours, my sons."

The old man died. The boys grew up to fine, stalwart men, and in the home of one of them the Bible found a place of reverence and tender care. Then, when they were past middle age, they had cause to remember the words of their father in the long ago. For into the community came a man reading the same words their father had read to them in the long ago. "This teaching" had come, even as the old man had prophesied.

Today Will Meche is the Sunday school superintendent of the Castile Baptist Church, while his brother is the leading deacon. In a class in the Normal Manual reported from this little dirt-floor French Baptist Church last week, I saw the names of three Meches, the third generation who have listened to "this teaching."

"*The Lord Comes!*" What are you doing to hasten that coming to the French-speaking people of Louisiana?

* * *

"Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled"

By V. A. C.

"Let not your heart be troubled," Jesus bade
Eleven men whose hearts were well-nigh broken—

He understood just why these friends were sad,

'Twas his desire they should be even glad,
And so it was these gracious words were spoken.

"Let not your heart be troubled," Jesus said
To men who gathered round him broken-hearted,

Because so soon must bow a sacred head
Upon that cross they viewed with fear and dread—

And from a matchless Friend they must be parted!

His "sheep,"—they long had known his shepherd-care,

They'd learned to trust his leading, heed his calling;

Now as they climbed life's "mountains wild and bare"

And "wolves" of hatred faced they everywhere,

To lose their Shepherd was a thought appalling!

"Let not your heart be troubled," spoke their Friend;

"You trust in God,—keep on in me believing;

The Comforter the Father soon will send;
My Spirit shall be with you to the end!

So put aside your doubting and your grieving."

"Let not your heart be troubled," speaks today
Christ's Spirit-voice to all in pain or sorrow—

"Have faith in me along a darkened way,
I'll lead you out of trouble and dismay,
Your cross today shall be a crown tomorrow!"



MISSIONARY GIRLS, ACADIA BAPTIST ACADEMY

These bright girls are preparing themselves for Christian service in whatever fields the Lord may direct. They are not going to be missionaries—they are missionarise already!

Christ in the Evangeline Country

By Rev. Cecil P. Sansom, Acadia Baptist Academy, Church Point, La.

A young lady, twenty-two years of age, living in south Louisiana, accepted Christ as her Saviour. Like many of her neighbors she spoke the French language and had been a member of the Roman Catholic Church. For generations back, her family knew no other religion than this. When she told her father that she had taken Christ as her Saviour and was to be baptized, he said, "Surely you do not mean that you are going against your father's and mother's religion, and join some other?" "I am only going to do what Jesus wants me to do," she said. "Then you cannot stay here any longer, we shall not have any of our children acting that way." The young lady had never studied beyond the fourth grade in school. She wanted to get an education in order that she might read the Bible to her own people and tell them of Jesus. She did not know there was any place in the world that such a person as she could go to school, so she began praying that the Lord would let her get an education.

Her prayer was answered and this young lady is now a student in the Acadia Baptist Academy. Along with seventy-five others, many of whom have had similar experiences of conversion, she feels quite at home now. For indeed, this school is just one large family for such as she. It is located out on a wide prairie, in the midst of the Evangeline country in south Louisiana. On

all sides are to be found the little homes of these French people. They have lived here since before America became a nation, and they still speak the same language that used to be spoken back in old France, still have the same customs in their home life, and are one of the most interesting types of people to be found anywhere. But alas! they do not know anything of Jesus and his love. These people spend their time horse racing, drinking, gambling and dancing. Practically all of these 500,000 French-speaking people are living in darkness. The Bible is an unknown book to them. There is not a greater missionary opportunity in America today than among these neglected French people.

Statistics show that the greatest per cent of illiteracy in the United States is in southern Louisiana. With the exception of a small colony in Maine, there is no other place in the United States where these French-Canadians have not become Americanized. Acadia Baptist Academy was founded for the special purpose of training these French converts so that they can go out and evangelize their own people. Even students of forty years of age have entered the first grade here. All ages attend, and there are also English-speaking ministerial students in the student body. In fact, there were more ministerial students in Acadia Academy during the past year than in any of the forty other academies of Southern Baptists.

With only a small appropriation and very meager equipment the school has progressed in a mighty way during the past five years under the leadership of Rev. T. E. Mixon as principal. Five years ago there were two preachers in



MINISTERIAL STUDENTS, ACADIA BAPTIST ACADEMY

"This school was founded for the special purpose of training these French converts so that they can go out and evangelize their own people."

training, today there are twenty-five; five years ago there were four mission students, today there are forty-two; ten years ago there were fifteen churches and 1,024 members in the Acadia Baptist Association; today there are twenty-six churches and 2,782 members; ten years ago there were eight French churches, today there are fifteen, and the last session of the Acadia Association was entertained by a French church.

"God is sending now the peoples
By the million to our shores;
They are coming from all nations,
They are knocking at our doors.
Shall we send the gospel message
To the souls across the seas,
And neglect the ones among-us
Who have need as great as these?"

"It is God who in past ages
Hath controlled the tides of men,
And our God in his high heaven
Doth control today as then.
It is God who calls his children
With command both loud and clear;
Haste, O haste, my faithful workers;
I have sent the nations here."

If we fail to give Christ to the 500,000 French people in the land of Evangeline, their blood will be required at our hand.

* * *

"For one to whom the harbor's bright
Should guide his neighbor in the night."

* * *

"You cannot build up a nation excepting on the foundation of integrity, of character and conscience."

* * *

Where one man reads the Bible a hundred read you and me. I would not give much for all that can be done by sermons if we do not preach Christ by our lives.—D. L. Moody.

Our Mission Work in New Orleans

By Rev. J. W. Newbrough

An effort was made two and a half years ago to get into the heart of the needs of this great field when the present writer was requested to come to New Orleans as a missionary of the Home Mission Board. All of us have known all along of the general needs of this city, but it requires a residence here to make it strike home.

The city is even now of very great commercial importance and destined to be far more so in the very near future. Located on our finest river, close to the Gulf, the natural port of one of the vastest and most fertile valleys of the world, it is not only the South's metropolis and greatest city, but is due to enter upon a stage of development fully equal to that to be enjoyed by any city in all the South. Its old character is to undergo definite and decided changes. Already large in many ways, it is to be larger still in all desirable ways.

Herbert Hoover says, "Within twenty-five years the population of New Orleans will be doubled." Its forty miles of river frontage, its seven miles of wharves and its ninety steamship lines make it a port of international importance. Every hour in the day and every day in the year its docks are filled with vessels from every maritime nation. Here these seamen of many nationalities and tongues come ashore, multiplied thousands of them, often to return to their ships with money all gone and

wounds from which they will never recover, the wounds that Satan and his agents know well how to inflict. These men, these seafaring men, present one of our most appealing missionary problems in this city. This writer could give all his time to them alone and then not at all be able to meet their needs.

Of what may be considered the fixed population of the city, not less than forty thousand are Italians, with many of the definite characteristics of their race in their own land. They speak the Italian tongue and remain unassimilated, or at a rate that leaves much to be desired. Fully double their number are the thousands of those speaking the French language and presenting almost unchanged the character of the New Orleans of a hundred years ago. While the English tongue is gradually becoming to them the one most used, yet their European character and religion remain as in the long years of this city's remarkably unique history. They aid in holding the city dominantly Catholic. Then smaller numbers of many other nationalities swell the aggregate and help to make this one of the most European of all our American cities.

New Orleans contains a large floating population of the unemployed. We are never without them, though the fall and winter seasons bring them in larger numbers. They come from every state and from across the seas, men of every type and of every character, those striving hard to find work, and those to whom work is disagreeable. Old men, young men, and mere boys, those hoping to find something to enable them to keep their heads above water and those down so long their main concern is to get something to eat. Add to the picture the many who prefer something to drink to even a good meal, and can find it more readily. The mills that turn out the grist of Satan are far from being closed up. The New Orleans of today presents in many of its downtown sections the character of the New Orleans of fifty years ago. Liquor, gambling, women, what tragedies these words imply, not tragedies of the yesterdays only but of these days! The wounded man, fallen among thieves on the road to Jericho, is duplicated a thousand times here before our eyes. And now right into this section, this downtown, this old, little-changed part of the city, we have pitched our tent. We opened a hall for gospel services twenty-two months ago and have never lost a night since. Every night we meet them, and they meet us, for they keep coming in increasing numbers, so that our records show a total attendance of more than forty thousand, with bread and coffee served to more than thirty thousand, and meals served to about four thousand, and beds given to about eighteen thousand. Best of all we have seen about one thousand two

hundred make public profession of their faith in Christ. And practically every one of these have not only been non-church-goers but beyond the ordinary methods of being reached with the gospel message. What has been done has been done with the minimum of resources in a financial way. The Home Board has paid my salary, but could supply no funds for the work. The Baptist churches of the city are all struggling under very heavy burdens, hence to assume the financing of this work was exceedingly difficult for them. We have just gone from month to month as the Lord gave us the means, and have been cheered at finding that for every ten dollars put into this work there has been a public profession of faith. Can this record be beaten?

Our work so far has been largely for men, yet this city is the scene of conditions that cry to heaven. Women by the thousand add, as only the wrong kind of woman can, to the tragedies being enacted here. What a problem! How shall it be met? Shall we let them alone to destroy others and themselves also, or shall we endeavor to reach them as well as the men? There can be but one right answer. But we need an asylum for them, a home, or we shall fail. Shall we have it? Foolish girls are landing here month by month to swell the list of those going down to rise no more. We must pluck them as brands from the burning.

The whole city is an opportunity and a challenge to us. Many stations should be opened where later churches could be organized, but our hands are tied for lack of funds. We are creeping where we need to rush. We hold services week by week in English, Italian and Spanish, but we are just on the edge of this city's real need. Our churches here believe in the work being done. They are for it, but like the flood waters of our big river, the task is too big for our few struggling churches. New Orleans belongs to all the South. The South has put much into this city and it is beginning to realize on the investments. All of our churches are moving upward, but we must never forget that vast sections of this city can only be reached by going down to them as we now are trying to do. And the final measure of our success will be determined by the measure of assistance from those living outside of New Orleans.

* * *

"There is waiting a work where only your hands can avail;
And so if you falter, a chord in the music will fail."

* * *

Everyone who unites himself in complete trust with Christ finds it true that Christ is the great Burden-bearer.—*Ozora S. Davis.*



A GROUP OF BAPTIST INDIAN CAJANS

We have one missionary among these fifteen or twenty-thousand people, whose religious destitution is almost as great as if they lived in a foreign land.

The Challenge of the Indian Cajans to Southern Baptists

By Rev. L. A. Weathers, Missionary to the Indian Cajans, Calvert, Ala.

In this section of Alabama, with a population of between fifteen and twenty thousand, the religious destitution is great. As a whole the Indian Cajans are very illiterate, about 20 per cent of the adults being able to read. So far as I know there is only one third grade teacher among the race. Religiously I am trying to reach two or three thousand of them. We have four little Baptist churches, with 137 members, consisting principally of mothers and children. The men are very wicked and hard to reach, partly on account of ignorance and partly on account of the wicked influences from the outside.

A little work is being done in the field by Methodists, who have two small churches. The Catholics also have two churches and are doing their best to proselyte all they can.

This is my fifth year among these people, and I can see radical changes. When I came I took the place of three trained missionary ladies and one supply pastor, and there was one little organized church with 18 members. Despite the fact that three other churches have been organized, complaint is heard that our morals are growing more wicked. Recently a man said to me, "Our people are growing more wicked every day." To this I had to agree, for it is too plain to ignore. The wicked

element have a great influence over the unsaved, who, through social contact, are lured further and further away from God and the right. If any doubt what I am saying, let them send one of their unconverted children here for a few years.

What are Southern Baptists doing to reach these people? Speaking as one in a little corner to himself, I would say that the big part of us have gone to sleep on the job, especially our large contributors to our missionary enterprise. The smaller number of us are playing with the job in such a way that our heavenly Father is not pleased with us. I have heard some of our Christian friends of other denominations saying that Baptists are falling down on their work here. I cannot believe that our Lord's great church will continue to sleep while the millions in our great homeland are starving to death for the Bread of Life.

Imagine me, one little missionary, among fifteen to twenty thousand people, working these four and one-half years—commencing at first on a salary too small to live on, and that has been cut until I cannot begin to answer half the calls made because of lack of means to pay my actual expenses.

What is the great need? First, wife and I need a reasonable support so that we may do our best while the opportunity is so great. Then at least three more workers are needed to reach all the people in this great field. We have a donation of a five-acre tract given for a lot on which to build another church, but funds are lacking for the house, and the outside world is laughing us to scorn and saying that we are a failure.

What will be the result if we neglect these people? They will continue in il-



THE ONLY HUNGARIAN CHURCH AMONG SOUTHERN BAPTISTS

"The Home Mission Board has had a very large part in this work, and without its help it could not have been carried on."

literacy and heathenism—a lamentable condition in this section of our U. S. A.—and not only will they be left in their sins, but their influence is reaching out in every direction through contact with others.

Catholics are being successful in winning them to their faith and getting them under their control.

If our people do not rally to the home work, which is the base of all our mission work the world around, more disaster will follow in the future.

The Need of the Gospel Among the Foreigners in South Louisiana

By Miss Oline Gregory, Seminary Hill, Texas

The French people are looking upon Christendom as never before for the gospel of Christ. These people are so near, yet to many they seem so far away. A great majority of the southern population of Louisiana are French people, and a very small per cent have ever read the Bible.

In the Acadia Baptist Association, which covers seven parishes, there are only twenty-six Baptist churches. Of these twenty-six churches only three have buildings adequate enough for the Sunday school and B.Y.P.U. needs.

In 1895 the Baptist church at Abbeville was constituted with only seven members, but in six years they had built a church. This town of 5,000 inhabitants is located in the most beautiful section of the country. It is twenty-five miles from the Gulf and located on

the Vermilion Bayou. This is a wealthy town. One man made \$25,000.00 trapping musk-rats, but he could not sign his own name to a check. There are about ninety members in this church and sixty-four of these are tithers. Their need of a building is great.

Lafayette, another town of about 12,000 inhabitants, established a church in 1902 with five members, who were all living to celebrate their silver anniversary. They first met in the Jewish Synagogue, and because of this the Baptists and Jews have always had a tender feeling for each other. This old building is still standing. In this town is located one of the state schools, which gives a great opportunity of reaching many of the students who have never heard the gospel. Some of the best workers of the state have been converted in this school. There are 8,000 Catholics, 700 Methodists, 300 Baptists, 100 Presbyterians, and about 40 other church members in Lafayette. The Catholics have six schools for boys and girls and for teachers and nuns. There are two negro schools. The Baptists are in immediate need of building and equipment.

Twenty miles from this town is New Iberia with a population of 6,000. Here they did not have a Baptist organization until 1926. Today they have 32 church members but no building. Several state leaders have come from this town, and two United States Senators. Many have never heard an evangelistic sermon except at a funeral. Out from this town there are six towns with from 3,500 to 7,500 people, some of them Baptists but they have no churches. This 127 miles is one of the most densely settled sections in south Louisiana.

The Acadia Baptist Academy is located in the center of this association,

with the aim of carrying the gospel to the French-speaking people. The work is growing more every year. It is wonderful to know how many people have heard the Bible read and have accepted Christ through the work of the mission students of the Academy. The Bible has to be read and taught to them in French.

These people are hungry for the Word Bible until our missionaries take it to of God, but many never know about the them. The gospel is being received as never before. These weak churches and the Academy are the only means of reaching the lost of south Louisiana, and all are in great need. Let Christians not be selfish in supplying their own needs, but let them support these workers with their prayers and means so that all of these foreigners may know Christ as their Saviour. The work is growing, they have had more baptisms in the last two years than in any three in past history, but if it continues they must have your help.

The Only Hungarian Work Among Southern Baptists

By Rev. M. Fabian, Granite City, Ill.

This mission work was begun by Southern Baptists some years ago. Something had been done at an earlier time, but the worker left the field for better preparation and for over three years previous to our coming practically nothing had been accomplished, except for a few seed that needed reawakening. There was no Sunday school and no regular services of any kind.

Coming on the field with my wife and family we began Sunday school and Sunday and mid-week services immediately.

As in other cities, though divided into different smaller sections of our town, the foreign-speaking people are more or less grouped together. Much more conspicuous therefore is the life among them. Nearly all have been reared as Catholics. Many, especially the men, are indifferent to that faith, being inclined to Bolshevistic ideals. Thus it is needless to say that they need Christ. It is painful for those of us who know the Light to see the spiritual darkness which surrounds their souls.

This is noted not only by speaking with them and in the sort of lives they lead—gambling, drinking, desecration of the Lord's Day, etc.—but especially is this brought to light when one of their number, particularly one of the

immediate family, accepts Christ. They are ridiculed, persecuted, and every effort made to turn them back. One of our converts was threatened with the knife, barred from her home, but when her husband found that nothing availed he called her home again. In another instance a daughter did not speak to her mother, a convert, for more than a year. Others are threatened with divorce, children are beaten, yes, and women also for going to the Baptist Mission. But despite these things souls are saved.

Needless to say the work is exceedingly hard, yet practically every Hungarian home is open to the missionary. Also it requires much patience to lead and train these young Christians in the Lord's services.

Our Mission is the only one among these people in this city and vicinity. How much more necessary that its light should continue to shine forth in the darkness!

Socially these people very rarely mix with the better classes of our American people, hence life on a higher plane must be put before them by those who are willing to be one of them and yet apart and with Christ, leading them to him. And certainly this is true with the young people.

The young people as well as the women are being reached through the missionary and his wife with the W.M.S., which, though not large in members, is quite alive. The meetings are held in the homes of the members. Each one as hostess invites the neighbors and friends, and thus practically every meeting is attended by some who are not Christians. Many will attend these daytime meetings when husband is not at home to interfere. The program is made evangelistic as well as missionary. Prayer also is an important part. The sick of the community are visited. Many hours of labor are given in homes where even in sickness hired help is not to be thought of. Clothing is supplied where needed, and other necessities given, but always with one aim, and that to make Jesus Christ known to them.

We are much in need of better equipment. It would be very helpful to have a basement and a baptistry, as the ordinance of baptism itself when witnessed by these people makes a great impression. The other Baptist churches are far away and strangers will rarely go to these to witness baptism.

The Home Mission Board has had a very large part in this work and without its help it could not have been carried on. This is the only work of Southern Baptists among the Hungarian people, yet there are many thousands grouped here and there in Southern



INTERMEDIATE B.Y.P.U., BAPTIST CUBAN MISSION

In the city of Tampa practically one-fourth of the population is foreign. In Ybor City, where our mission is located, there are approximately twenty-one thousand foreigners.

cities. Most of the Hungarian people were farmers in Europe and more and more they are moving southward now. Thus the work is only just begun while the need is growing and the opportunities slipping.

May the great work of the Home Mission Board continue that many yet in darkness may see the Light!

* * *

Can This Be True?

*Can this be true?
Is there such wondrous work to do?
Such foes to fight, such gains to win,
Such victories over want and sin?
Near where we sell and where we buy
Do all these saddened regions lie?
Such blessed work which we may do?
Can this be true, can this be true?*

*Why, what's to do? Why, what's to do?
If all this woeful tale is true,
If people lie in sleep like death
And we can send the vital breath;
If people now are torn and tossed
And need some pilot or are lost;
If all this woeful tale is true,
What shall we do?*

*Why, what's to do? Why, what's to do?
If all these words are just, are true,
If we have store that others need,
And that not ours, but lent indeed,
His wish who gave it we should heed;
If all these words are just, are true,
That's what to do!*

*Farewell to greed and selfishness!
Farewell to tasks that never bless!
O'er Christ's dear earth, in Christ's dear way,
We'll at his work with no delay;
We'll bear his joys the wide world through;
That's what we'll do! That's what we'll do!*

—Selected.

"The Stranger Within Thy Gates"

By Maude McCalip, Baptist Cuban Mission, Tampa, Fla.

"Assemble the people, the men and the women and the little ones, and thy sojourner that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear Jehovah your God, and observe to do all the words of this law." (Deut. 31: 12.)

This is the command God gave to the children of Israel through Moses, and it comes down to his people today a commandment as it did in these early days. When Jesus gave the command, "Go ye into all the world," he meant that every nation and race should have the good tidings, and that they should "hear and learn and fear our God." We have been so slow in carrying the gospel of Christ to the nations that God in his great providence has brought these benighted people to our very doors for the "Bread of Life."

Are Southern Baptists going to close their eyes and ears to this God-given opportunity to help carry out the Great Commission? We have been carrying out, in part, this command given us in Deuteronomy 31: 12. We as a denomination and as individual churches have "gathered our men and women and children" together in our splendidly equipped churches, Sunday schools, colleges, etc., but what about "thy stranger that is within thy gates"? In a way we have been trying to give the gospel to these strangers who have come to our beautiful Southland. But have we done our best? Have we really given serious thought to the responsibility resting upon us?



WAITING FOR THE "MISSIONARY LADY"

"The clubs and classes are arranged to meet the needs of the whole family. Even the dog smiles when the missionary lady comes to visit."

In the cities of our Southern Baptist Convention there are thousands of these "strangers" who have come from the four corners of the earth to "Christian America." They are seeking opportunities that their native countries do not afford. Their young people are in our public schools and factories becoming a part of our national and civic life. They are Americans in the making and are proud of the fact. But without the gospel of Jesus Christ in their hearts are they making safe citizens?

In the city of Tampa practically one-fourth of the population is foreign. In Ybor City, the Spanish section of the city where your Cuban Mission is located, there are approximately 21,000 foreigners. In a recent census it was found that the greater part of these people profess no religion at all, a large number profess Catholicism, and a small percentage the evangelical faith. Many have lost faith in the Catholic church and are indifferent toward religion. We also found a small number of Spiritualists and other religions. In a few homes Bibles were found but there was an overwhelming number who didn't even know what the Bible was.

Ybor City, like all other foreign settlements, is looked upon as the center of vice and wickedness with its coffee shops (a modern name for the saloon and gambling den). And the fact that distresses the hearts of your missionaries most is that most of the patrons of these places are American citizens. The young people are being taught Americanism in the schools and they call themselves Americans in the making. Their great ambition is to become American citizens, and they have these examples of Ameri-

can citizenship practiced before them daily.

What shall Southern Baptists do about it? Shall we let the great calamity that has befallen our denomination cause us to turn our backs upon the opportunities and obligations that are ours? Have we not been too selfish and looked too much to human strength and power, and forgotten our dependence upon the Lord? Have we not been holding from the Lord that which is his? Let us remember "ye are not your own, ye were bought with a price," and let us be willing to lay ourselves and our all upon the altar.

Your missionaries on the fields are doing their best, giving their very lives in answer to the challenge that comes from "the stranger within thy gates." They have willingly and cheerfully taken the cuts in salaries and working forces that the work may continue. They are gladly taking on double work that these people may have the gospel. But the work is not theirs alone, they are your representatives. Shall they, like the children of Israel in bondage in Egypt, be "forced to make brick without straw" while Southern Baptists go their way in comfort and ease, indifferent to the call that comes from all over our Southland to give the gospel to "the stranger within thy gates"? Shall the missions close and the missionaries seek other forms of service while God's people sleep on indifferent to the challenge that comes to them?

In conclusion, does it pay to give time and money to giving the gospel to the foreigners in our midst? Yes; we are not only safeguarding the future of our American citizenship, but we are indirectly supporting foreign missions. These people often go back to their na-

tive country to live and if they are Christians they become missionaries themselves. One of our best families moved back to Cuba for several months. Before they left their precious little boy, a Junior, who had been won in our day school went to his teacher and said: "When I go to school in Cuba if my teacher isn't a Christian I will take my pretty Bible you gave me and read to her about Jesus." Will Southern Baptists heed the challenge?

Missionary Opportunity in Our Own Land

By Mildred Bollinger, East St. Louis, Ill.

The challenge that comes to American Baptists today is the challenge of opportunity, especially missionary opportunity in our own land. There is no need to sit idly by and sigh: "If I were only younger I would prepare myself for the foreign fields," or "How I wish I were able to give large sums of money like Mrs. So-and-so," or a thousand other things that one could wish for. Our opportunity is at our doors. We have the foreign mission fields come to our own back yard, even playing in the street with our own boys and girls.

Would you like to be a great historian? You are *making* history now, by the attitude you assume toward the foreigners among us. Shall America be the "land of the free and the home of the brave" fifty years, even twenty years hence? Not unless we make it so by meeting the challenge that comes to us daily.

Your Home Board missionaries are doing their utmost to meet this challenge. Our Missions are open day and night, the good-will centers are always ready to give welcome to any who needs help or consolation. The clubs and classes are arranged to meet the needs of the whole family, from mother and father down to the tiniest tot. The work ranges from day nurseries, kindergartens, sewing and manual training classes, W.M.U. organizations, Daily Vacation Bible schools, to English classes for adults, meeting both in the afternoons and at nights, so that any who care to may attend, to prayer services and preaching services both in English and in their own language. Every opportunity for service to these "his brethren" is eagerly seized by your missionaries, regardless of the added work involved.

Your missionaries are striving desperately to check the advance of Romanism in our land. There is only one way to do this, and that is through the gospel

of Jesus Christ. There is the written Word, but many cannot and dare not read the Bible; there is the preached word, but many fear to stop to listen because of the threats of the priests (yes, even in the center of our own U. S. A., where we have religious liberty); there are the blessed promises as given out by our gospel songs; and then, there is the lived word, given out by your missionaries as they live and work among these people. This last argument cannot be met by the priests. But if your missionaries are to be cut off, then who is there to stand in the breach?

The Missionary Challenge of the Foreigner

By Rev. Joseph Frank Piani Plainfield, Tampa, Fla.

Often we need a re-interpretation of facts and issues by some one who by experience, tradition and training is qualified to speak to us with the voice of authority, who can present to us in a condensed form the essence of a multitude of conflicting opinions and reports.

THE FOREIGNER A FACTOR IN OUR COMMUNITY

The foreigner must be reckoned with, not only because of the numerical strength of all the groups under that classification, but especially because of the cultural, social and spiritual influence of these races upon the life of America as a nation.

The foreigners are a mixture of all the nationalities of the globe. It was hoped that they would come here to be melted into one race, a new race of men, whose labors and posterity would one day cause great changes in the whole world. They came from every principal country, driven by poverty and tyranny in their native country, drawn by the call of the New World, urged on by the spirit of adventure. At first only the most daring, liberty-loving and God-fearing peoples from northern Europe sought our shores. President Tyler in his message to Congress, June 1, 1841, said: "We hold out to the people of other countries an invitation to come and settle among us as members of our rapidly growing family, and for the blessings which we offer them, we require of them to look upon our country as their country, and to unite with us in the great task of preserving our institutions and thereby perpetuating our liberties." This land became the asylum of the oppressed of every nation, and was called the "melting pot" of all nationalities. But is there not yet be-



A DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL AMONG THE FOREIGNER CHILDREN

"Shall America be the 'land of the free and the home of the brave' fifty years, even twenty years hence? Not unless we make it so by meeting the challenge that comes to us daily."

fore us the most momentous task that any nation can face, to harmonize these different groups among themselves and with the American group so as to make them a homogeneous whole with like ideals and spirit?

After 1880 large streams of foreigners began to come from southeastern Europe, every steamer unloading upon our shores a motley crowd, the immediate effect of which was to re-enforce the ranks of those who sought revolution, and to lower the social order. Since 1914 one fact has been revealed to us, that we had within our borders men without God, flag or honor, who through propaganda, active participation in plots, and by a secret hatred of our institutions had poisoned much of our alien group and looked for an opportunity to inject venom into the whole body politic. How did they get into this country?

Among the millions of aliens from other lands admitted almost without discrimination, came many who had no fitness into our body politic. Most of these came with different ideals and customs, many were indolent, weaklings, and even criminals, all of them uneducated from the American standpoint. These alien elements remain yet largely unassimilated, and that constitutes the political and social "challenge of the foreigner." But there is a far greater challenge in the religious field.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS AS TO THE RELIGIOUS DESTITUTION OF THE FOREIGNERS?

Religion and religious feelings are far more subtle things to deal with than politics or even diplomacy, and when you try to seize and sift them, in order to measure their weight and quality, the whole matter seems to elude your grasp

or defy your efforts at real estimation. It is particularly difficult to do so in relation to the religious question among the foreigners, so many angles and seemingly antagonistic considerations face the impartial student of religious emotions and facts.

But judging of the religious state of the foreigners by the imperfect knowledge of group psychology and possible prejudice, and speaking of it under the restraints of a certain loyalty to old ties, I should be inclined to mention these facts as to the religious destitution of the foreigner:

1. There is the most absolute stagnation of religious thought among the foreigner, due partially to the fact that he is bent on achieving economic independence and has not the time for any other interest in life. However, the real reason is to be found in that peculiar psychology of the foreigner, especially the Roman Catholic, that causes him to leave to the priest all matters of religious instruction with the exception of the most elementary notions concerning God and the future life. Among Catholics no need is felt of studies that would bring them in touch with spiritual realities.

2. There is among the foreigners a general incapacity to understand what religion really is. This follows lack of study. Their inheritance from parental and priestly instruction has been limited to mystical devotion and superstition, expressing their religious nature in exotic art, clamorous processions, and that mixture of the theatrical and ceremonial which Christianity appropriated from paganism. Religion to the foreigner is not a matter of life to be lived in accordance with the teachings of Christ, but a series of acts to be performed

in accordance with a certain ritual for the acquisition of indulgences or means unto salvation.

3. Decadence of life and of religious life especially is the immediate result, disintegration of the moral stamina that causes man to stand up in the great moral crises of life, moral incapacity for acting steadily in conformity with the highest moral code.

4. A feeling of mistrust toward religion in general among those of revolutionary tendencies; for, having lost confidence in the church they have been brought up to know, they naturally think that any other form of Christianity is nothing but deception. Such position makes them almost unreachable by evangelical Christianity, and swells the number of those who are either indifferent or antagonistic to it, the men more than the women.

WHAT INFLUENCE ARE THEY YIELDING IN OUR SOUTHERN LIFE?

These elements from other countries have been with us a long time and could have appropriated many of the virtues and good habits of the best among the native Americans. Instead they have introduced many undesirable and harmful customs opposed to the standards of life and ideals that dominated the founders of our Republic. They found a Christian Sabbath and are endeavoring to substitute a European holiday; they found strict laws guarding the sanctity of marriage and home and are endeavoring to make matrimony a lie and the home a hotel; they found Christian ideals in education, with respect for the Bible and its teachings, and now they are endeavoring to discard the Bible and make education a means only for getting wealth without any reference to character; they found the Christian religion established, though not as a State institution, and they are now endeavoring to substitute atheism, agnosticism, materialism, or communism. Our Southern States have been singularly free for a long time from these influences, but with the growth of population and trade an increasingly larger influx is coming South and they are bound to be either a menace or a blessing to each community in which they happen to settle. The several groups that are coming here are still unrelated, to each other and therefore they are far from being a real threat to the moral and religious life of the South. The moment they become conscious of their strength and especially the instant they unite to correct supposed wrongs, their influence will be felt by the South only too late to combat its evils.

And it is not only that clothes and manners shall conform, that voting for one of the two parties shall prevail. It

is not merely that some ideal of life shall be realized whereby women shall have equality with men, that childhood shall be safeguarded, and that the respect for law shall be recognized to a degree higher than in other countries. The deeper need is that the ideal of America, "one and indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," safeguarded by the light of the Word of God, and sustained by the highest standard of any nation, because of God and Bible, shall prevail here, so that the South and this nation shall be the torch-bearer of truth and love to the world outside.



WON BY THE LIVED AND LIVING WORD

"Although the village priest is a personal friend of the family, they smile at his threats, for they 'know whom they have believed'."

WHAT OUGHT WE TO DO TO REACH AND WIN THEM?

1. *A little more kindness.* Let us try a little harder to win the foreigners. Regard these strangers, unresponsive, unlovely, often uncouth, as in reality just God's creatures as ourselves. The utmost friendliness must come to the foreigners as a gift, offered in the spirit of American love of fair play and with such genuine sincerity that the happy effect shall be the complete winning over of these more unfortunate brothers.

2. *Let us enlist and utilize the foreigner.* So far we have kept aloof from him. We have given him churches of his own and told him to go ahead and do for himself and almost as he pleases.

What he did was little of our concern. We have not given them the gospel, because, while we send them the message of Christ through their minis-

ters, we failed to offer them our love and fellowship. We called them foreigners, low in mentality, morality and education, esteemed ourselves so superior to them in all things, so that we condescend in coming down from our high position to teach them the mere rudiments of American ideals and life. All of that must now be changed. American Christians and American churches must now go to the foreigner and seek to win him to Christ. The day has come when we must speak our message directly and not mediately, when we must win them to our American churches as American brethren and not as foreigners to a foreign-speaking church of their own in secluded and unsightly neighborhood. America has spoken no message to the heart of the foreigner. It has failed to enlist the fidelity of the immigrant for this land and its institutions, and, therefore, the foreigner still looks to his own group for all that makes his soul life and treats the American nation and notions with suspicion and contempt. Let us utilize and enlist him in all our social, educational and religious activities and we will be surprised at his responsiveness and helpfulness.

3. *Let us correct the evil done.* We say that America has been sinned against. It is true. But has she not sinned against the immigrant? If we want to be fair, we will find that there are many reasons militating in favor of the immigrants against America, and when we ask the aliens to love this land and its institutions, let us ask ourselves in all humility before God and man if we have done all we could to make their life in America what it ought to have been. Wrongs of attitude are still existing; let us correct them as soon as possible.

WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT IF WE NEGLECT OUR DUTY TO THESE PEOPLES?

In other words, what will the immigrants and those born of foreign parentage do to America and the South in particular if we do not bring them into sympathy with enlightened ideas and standards of character and conduct? The immigrant stock is multiplying faster than the native-born stock. They are eager for power and are preparing both by education and trade for the end in view, that is, to make their own laws and enjoy license rather than submit to those that have made America great and free.

We must realize that in any community, particularly a democratic one, unity is one of the essentials of stability, order and progress. If the immigrants, by their blood strain and training and conduct, threaten the unity of the

the United States and the righteousness of our country, it is a matter of great concern, and we should look earnestly for a solution at the earliest possible opportunity. If not, our future generation, our children and our children's children, our churches and our beloved country, shall suffer such a cataclysm in social, political and religious life as to make us a by-word of reproach among the nations of the world. God spare the humiliation!

CONCLUSION

We call ourselves Christians and pride ourselves that we give so much to missions. But does giving to missions bespeak the real interest in the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ into the hearts of the peoples, or have we not rather by our gifts sought to free our minds of the burden of thinking of these foreigners who have come to us? Let us read anew Matthew 9: 36-10: 5: "When he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered as sheep not having a shepherd"; and Matthew 28: 19, 20: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to OBSERVE all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The task seems to fall upon the Christian churches. The effectiveness of our churches and of religion in general is not measured by the message alone, lofty though it be, but by the ability to present that message to the people in terms of human sympathy and in the power of example.

A Hundred Years of Missions to Indians

By Rev. Robert Hamilton, Okmulgee, Okla.

Baptist Missions to Indians have had an honorable history. The first to espouse the cause of justice and right for the Indians was Roger Williams. Because of this he was driven out of Salem, Massachusetts, in the dead of winter, and found an asylum among the red people of Rhode Island. Here this great Baptist preacher lived and labored for the salvation of the Indians. Many of the tribes of that early period became extinct.

John Brady, an English dissenter, coming to Virginia to find freedom from the arrogant Established Church, became a Baptist. Not being able to preach to the white people unmolested, he went to live among the Powhattan Indians, was adopted into the tribe and



KICKAPOO INDIAN CHURCH

This meeting house was built by the Osage Missionary Baptist Church for their less fortunate Kickapoo neighbors. Rev. D. D. Cooper, a Choctaw Indian, is pastor.

married the chief's daughter. Many of his descendants still live in Virginia. All of the Powhatan Indians who are old enough to accept Christ are Baptists and members of one of the three Baptist churches.

The nine thousand Indians living in Robeson County, North Carolina, have a large association of Baptist churches, twenty-one churches and nineteen ordained pastors. Who first preached to them the Baptist faith is unknown, so far as can be learned. Perhaps by some obscure, though zealous man of God, whose name is not written upon the pages of history, but in the Lamb's book of life and who will be numbered among the heroes when the "books are opened, and every one is rewarded."

The fires kindled by these God-called men have burned continuously for perhaps two hundred years.

The first missionaries appointed and supported by any Baptist Mission Board was in 1817, when Rev. Isaac McCoy and Rev. Humphrey Posey were sent out by the Baptist Triennial Convention, one to the tribes along the Wabash River in Indiana, the other to the Cherokees in North Carolina and Georgia. This organized effort has had an unbroken history spanning the century.

While other denominations have given themselves to the task of education, Baptists have ever stressed evangelism, believing that if the Indians were to be saved it must be by the preaching of the "everlasting gospel." Schools were only maintained for the purpose of preparing native workers. Indian men who gave evidence of having been called of God to preach were encouraged by the missionaries to exercise their gifts. Even Jones, H. F. Buckner, Ramsey Potts and others, had certain days each week set apart to meet and instruct the

native preachers in Bible doctrine. This was about all the learning many of them had, but zeal and piety made up for this lack, and they went forth flaming evangelists of salvation through faith in Christ. In the streams of the Southland, thousands were buried with Christ by baptism, and churches multiplied.

The removal of the Indians, followed closely by the cruel war between the states, disrupted this work and delayed the evangelization of them fifty years. But the fruit of the labors of these early missionaries and native preachers is evidenced at this present time by more than one hundred Baptist churches, with thousands of members, and the large percent of the pupils in the government schools who are from Baptist homes.

The five civilized tribes have almost ceased to be a Home Board problem. With a little supervision and help, their work can be cared for, for most part, by the states in which they live. But the tribes known as the "blanket tribes" are yet unevangelized. They live in the midst of a great Christian population, practicing their pagan rites, and are as distinctly heathen as though they lived thousands of miles from Christian America.

The Home Board has been able to undertake work among but ten of the twenty-two blanket tribes within the bounds of the Southern Baptist Convention. These tribes number 50,000. We have but twelve churches, or preaching stations, five white men and two white women employed, besides four Indian brethren. The sum expended for salaries and equipment by Southern Baptists for the evangelization of this great host is pitifully small.

These Indians are passing through a critical period of their adjustment. Citizenship has been conferred upon them.



THOMAS SAM, CHOCTAW INDIAN
107 YEARS OLD

While some of these people have been won to Christ, there are yet great numbers who have not been reached.

more and more their property holdings are being released from government control. Old people are passing; young ones returning, after eight or ten years in government schools, are indifferent to tribal customs. Shall Southern Baptists meet them at the crossroads and direct them into the path that leads to life and usefulness, or leave them to the devices of designing men who lay wait to debauch them. A wise and consecrated white missionary is greatly needed just now among one of the tribes in Oklahoma which presents a very promising field.

The Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians, Cherokee, N. C.

By Rev. J. N. Lee, Home Board Missionary

This field covers portions of four counties, an area of about sixty thousand acres, with a population of over two thousand six hundred Indians, increasing yearly, with about five hundred of school age. Our government educates these children, but the religious teaching and training are left largely to the missionary and native workers.

These people were here before the whites, and we owe them a debt. They

sorely need help to guide them in the Christian way. I often think of the Great Commission, and its application to these neglected people.

While some of these people have been won to the Saviour on profession of faith and baptism, yet there are great numbers out of Christ, having never been born of God's Spirit, and those who have been won need constant teaching and enlisting in the service of Christ. The demands are great. We need more workers. We know the financial condition of our Home Mission Board, but let us hold what we have and enlarge the work on this field as rapidly as we can. Indeed, "the harvest is great but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his harvest."

Economic and Educational Conditions in the Mountains

By Rev. J. W. O'Hara, Superintendent

Economic conditions in the mountains are slowly improving. Educational conditions are gradually changing for the better. However, neither approach an adequate ideal. Much remains to be done everywhere.

Lands along the rivers and creeks are fertile but the valleys are narrow. Traversing the mountain sides, reaching even the apex of mountains, are large numbers of small, rocky, steep, mountain-side farms. Families are large, income is small, living is simple. Only the barest necessities of life can be supplied. While there is perhaps more money in circulation now it is still very scarce in the mountain territory, and parents with large families find it well-nigh impossible to provide educational advantages. Many are yet too far back in the mountains to be in reach of a high school.

The development of mining industries, the erection of hydro-electric plants, the timber industry, improvements in agriculture, the introduction of poultry and cattle-raising, development of orchards and other features, together with the building of highways, have brought a decided economic improvement. However, this benefit has not gone in a very large measure to the mountain people. The profits have been reaped by those who better understood the value of these mountain resources. The mountain people need to be taught the value of these things. The large capital of brain and brawn which they possess should be educated and trained that they themselves may become the developers of mountain assets.

Many have an insatiable thirst for an education. Our denominational schools and state education departments have been reasonably successful in creating educational ideals. Literally hundreds throughout the mountains seek these advantages. Economic conditions stand as an almost insuperable barrier to the most of them. They have as their only available resources brain and brawn. They possess unwasted mental powers and strong bodies, with a willingness to work. They ask only to be given a chance.

The writer has in mind several sections of the mountains. We have two of our schools located in adjoining counties in north Georgia. There are no state high schools whatsoever in either county. The assessed valuation of property in each is about \$950,000. Educational funds received from the school tax amounts to around \$4,000 per year. The state has to supply almost twice this amount for grammar grade purposes alone. In one of the counties half of the schools have no desks or other school-room equipment. The writer observed as a blackboard the head board of an old time bedstead painted black. Other counties in the northern part of the state are in largely the same condition. The state must supply from fifty to seventy-five per cent of the educational funds to provide even a six months' grammar school education.

A questionnaire sent to superintendents of education in other states with



TWO FINE BAPTIST INDIAN GIRLS

Our government educates these children, but the religious teaching is left largely to the missionary and native workers.

mountain territory brings the following information as an average for the mountains: About ninety-five per cent of the mountain rural schools use the one and two-room school house. In many of the states they are still using some teachers with less than complete high school education, and only about fifteen per cent grammar grade teachers have one or more years' college training. Most of the school houses are poorly equipped with desks, blackboards and other equipment. The school term will average less than six months with many poorly prepared teachers. The states are supplying fifty to seventy-five per cent of educational funds. Transportation systems are greatly handicapped with either no roads or poor roads. Mr. Howland A. Dawson, Director of Educational Research, State Board of Education, Arkansas, wrote as follows in reference to the economic, educational and social conditions of the Arkansas mountain counties:

"Very backward, school terms under six months, poorly trained and poorly paid teachers, miserable school property and churches equally bad. Good roads and automobiles are doing much to bring more advanced ideas to these people. We are greatly in need of additional state school funds for the benefit of rural schools. In my opinion *no single thing would help more than an enlightened and trained religious leadership for these people. If they get it, it will have to be sent to them. They are not going after it.*" (Emphasis superintendent's). This summary speaks forcefully for the continuation and adequate support of our denominational mountain schools. No other can supply a trained religious leadership except these. This description will in the largest measure apply to the most of the mountain territory in which our Baptist schools are located.

The growth of educational ideal and the present economic conditions are largely responsible for the army of young people who are applying to our schools for admittance. They have an ambition for an education. We have supplied work to around nine hundred each year, but have turned away at least fifteen hundred annually for the past two years. With the increasing educational ideal this number will for a number of years increase rather than decrease. Our dormitories are practically full this year, except the large dormitories at one or two schools, and could we supply industrial features, which would provide work for boys and girls, we could keep all of our dormitories filled for years to come. Southern Baptists have reaped immeasurable benefits from the products of the mountain schools in the past. Adequate support

of these institutions will not only furnish the same large returns in leadership for the future, but will be tremendous factors in the evangelization, enlistment and enlightenment of the remaining undeveloped portions of the mountain territory. The work is far from completed.

The mountain people have repeatedly expressed themselves as preferring alignment with the Home Mission Board. Whatever adjustments may be made in the future they do not want this department to disintegrate or be parcelled out. The Kentucky Baptist State Mission Board co-operates in financial support which is proving satisfactory. The Arkansas State Mission Board had to discontinue co-operative financial support because of their financial condition. However, in both cases the supervision of the schools remains with the Home Mission Board. The expressed wishes of trustees, and associations which elect them, should be given consideration.

The schools this year are handicapped for funds. However, there is an encouraging response in greater local support. The schools will make progress in financial support and debt elimination. Friends who are providing scholarships are greatly aiding us in solving the finances of the schools for the

session. The schools are functioning in the same large way in training and preparing leaders for the churches and kingdom. The sacrifices of teachers, the struggles of trustees, and the splendid service of student bodies, are securing large results. We are hoping that these shall be rewarded with sufficient means for the session and a more adequate support for the next year.

Economic conditions argue forcefully for the missionary aspect of the schools. However, a forthcoming article will set forth this phase more in detail. Sane evangelism, sound doctrine and consecration are potent factors in kindling missionary fires.

Building

By H. O. Spelman

God plans to build a dwelling;
The contract's let to you;
You lay foundations every day
In everything you do.

The Bible is your blue-print;
Then study it with care;
The Golden Rule your plumb-line;
Build on the truth four-square.

Each story, as you build it,
Grows out of all the rest;
And God expects the latest built
Will always be the best.



HOME ECONOMICS CLASS, MAGOFFIN INSTITUTE

"In our schools last year 900 pupils paid part or all their expenses in work, but at least 1,500 were turned away because of lack of funds. We greatly need scholarships, endowment funds and industrial features which will provide work for these aspiring boys and girls."



MEMBERS OF MEXICAN BAPTIST MISSION, CAMERON, TEXAS

"There are three-quarters of a million of native Mexicans in Texas. What are we doing for their education?"

Four Million Mexicans— Assets or Liabilities?

*By Rev. Matias C. Garcia, Missionary
to Mexicans, San Antonio, Texas*

The Mexican, whether we admit it or not, has come to be an asset or a liability in this country, according to the way he is utilized, treated, and educated. By inheritance in our veins is mingled the Aztec and Spanish blood, and from the influx of the first is due the resistance of the Mexican to all physical hardship, even though he does not look very strong. In the great labors of mines, fields, railroads, etc., truly he competes advantageously with the best laborers of the world. On the other hand, accustomed to be very frugal in food, and little careful of his clothing, he does not demand a high salary and is happy with what he earns, in the majority of cases. Due to the small amount he earns or that he is not very well developed in the habit of saving, the truth is he does not have many possessions. The Mexican is very fond of home and always willing to make the greatest sacrifices to bring to his wife and children their daily bread.

The poor class of Mexican is always, with very few exceptions, very strong, active, impressionable, and of normal intelligence and rich imagination, very much given to hospitality, and easily gratified. He is not economical, is easily provoked by anger, and has little instruction. He likes to celebrate noisily religious and patriotic festivities. The religious influence of Rome has been felt in the Mexican race for long cen-

turies, and to this add the illiteracy and the vices that dominate a great part of our people, and you will have an approximate idea of what the Mexican has in his favor and what he has against him; what he has of service, and what of danger, to the United States and especially to the southern part.

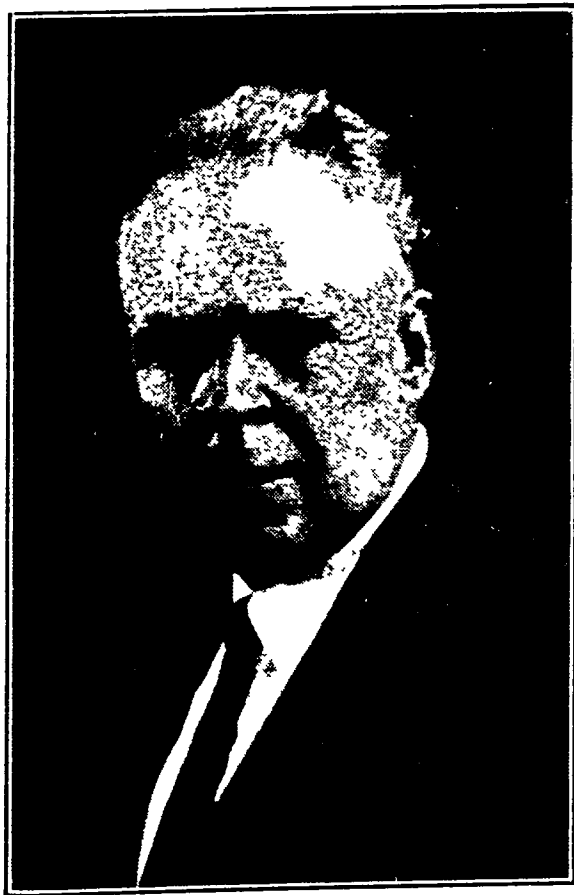
Rome has here in the southern part of this country at least four thousand priests, and from fifty to sixty thousand nuns. In each community there is a school and near the school a chapel. For each Christian preacher, including the other denominations, they have ten

or twelve priests, and in no few cases the unlimited support of the authorities.

Christ teaches clearly the importance of home missionaries (Luke 24: 47; Acts 1: 8), but do we fulfill his commandments? Throughout this land we find luxury, modern conveniences, fine seats, spacious halls, great choruses, very costly organizations, eloquent orators, in most cases splendidly remunerated; fitted teachers and specialists in all the classes, prepared in great educational institutions; but here in the same American cities, here in our Jerusalem, are four million Mexicans, and about three millions of Central and South Americans and Italians, Poles, Austrians, etc., that live almost wholly ignorant of the rich blessings of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It must be said that the spiritual and religious destitution in which we find millions of Mexicans, Central Americans and Latins in general, undoubtedly is due to the fact that the Christians of the South, and the churches, do not give full co-operation that they should to the Home Mission Board. In evangelizing these people here in the South, indirectly you evangelize many nations, taking in consideration that Mexicans, Central and South Americans, and even Italians, Spanish, French, Polish, etc., after some years of struggle go back to their respective countries, and if they carry in their hearts the seed of the blessed gospel of Jesus, they will carry not only savings earned from their work, from the richness of this country, but spiritual happiness that will be a blessing that God will give the world.

The material influence that the Latin immigrants, Mexicans especially, are



REV. MATIAS C. GARCIA

Vigorous and aggressive Home Missionary
at work among his own people in
San Antonio.

wielding in the South is good, for I have already shown how arduously and constantly they lend their services, with little remuneration, giving their energies and strength to the progress of the place where they reside.

The spiritual or moral influence, unfortunately, is an embarrassment not only to the interest of this country but to the Christian world.

To Americanize is not to evangelize, and may become a danger. First, evangelize, then Americanize, for by doing this you are doing a double service to your country, profitable and patriotic. Very little is being done to win the Latins for Christ. And more than that, I believe that the Catholic colleges are winning and reaching no few American homes, by having some attractions that other schools do not offer, esthetic preparation, high culture, etc. Only the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ, through the mercy of God and by means of the Home Board, has made it possible to win a small part of this people of Latin origin, but more could be done if we had better co-operation. We are very badly organized. In San Antonio, for example, there are 80,000 or more Mexicans. The Christian work, including all denominations, that is, Methodists, Presbyterians, Pentecostals, Lutherans, Baptists, etc., is represented by about eighteen or twenty ministers, including some students and licensed preachers; many of whom have received but little preparation. How little we can do to fight against four hundred to five hundred priests, well-prepared, and active in their work among the Mexicans, helped also by a real army of nuns that go on the streets and plazas doing a great missionary work! Contrast with this our American brethren, who for centuries have had the blessed inheri-



WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR THEM?

Led to Christ, and trained for his service, they will become good citizens and home-makers. If not—what then?

tance of the gospel; sixteen or eighteen Baptist churches, twenty-six to thirty ministers, not including other denominations, here in San Antonio alone, and this number of workers to evangelize a number much less than ours, for out of the 80,000 Mexicans 500 are Baptists, and in all are about 3,000 Christians, leaving yet to evangelize 77,000; while the American people are about 150,000, and it can be said that 110,000 are Christians and only 40,000 are not.

May God grant to every one interested in this work a true and real vision of the importance of Home Missions. Pray more. Give your money with happiness to the Board. Do not reduce the

number of missionaries among the Spanish-speaking people, but multiply them if possible. Get the churches really interested in the blessed task of redemption and love. This is what has to be done, and we can leave the answer or the results to our God, who is always abundant in giving us blessings. If this is not done, Victor Hugo's aphorism will be realized, "This will kill the other."

* * *

Somewhere There's a Way

By Florence Jones Hadley



ARE THESE CHILDREN WORTH SAVING?

Neglected Mexican boys and girls gathered together for Bible study by a young lady of the Calvary Mexican Baptist Church.

Walking one day by the side of the road,
I saw an ant with its tiny load,
Hurrying along as if he knew
The hour was late and so much to do.
Turning and twisting and circling about
The little worn trail wound in and out
Till it led at last to where there lay
A wind-blown branch right across the way.

Puzzled a moment, he stopped to see
Just where an upward path might be,
But finding none, he started to climb
Through the leafy maze, but to fail each time.
Still bearing his burden, he turned about
To find a trail that led down and out,
Then, under the bough, across the road,
He hurried on with his tiny load.

And I said to myself, as I watched him go,
"O, here is a truth all men should know,
That, wherever the road, this thing is true.
We shall find a way under or over or through!"



THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE FIRST TEXAS-MEXICAN BAPTIST CHURCH

"The Church of the New Testament must speed up her efforts to atone for her gross neglect in the past. It is one of the tragic mysteries of modern missions that our near neighbors have been the last to receive attention."

"If I Were a Mexican"

By Rev. F. A. Hernandez, Cameron, Texas

If I were a Mexican, I should feel that I had a right to be proud of the part played by my people in the history of Texas. If I were asked: "To what nation or race is Texas most indebted?" my answer would be, "All eyes must turn toward the Mexican."

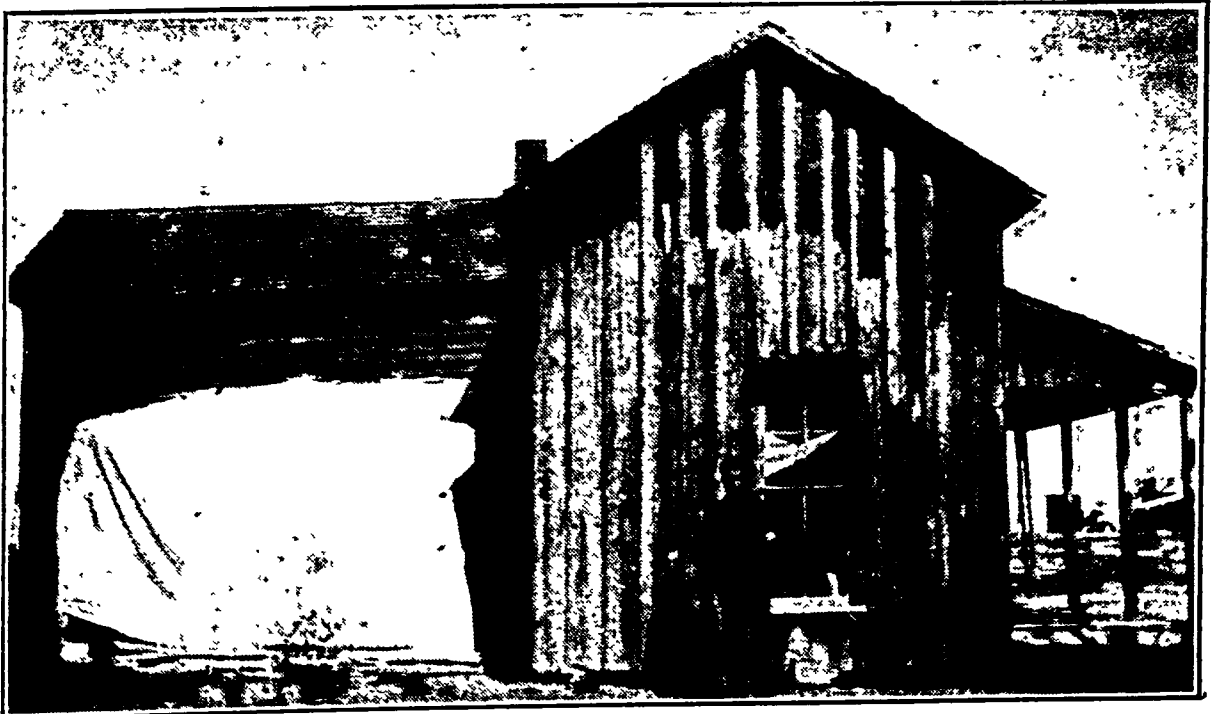
"That Mexican," men are sometimes guilty of saying with a note of scorn. They forget that behind "that Mexican" there stand such names as have not been found among any other people. Who defied injustice when all the world was injustice, but Gonzales, Saenz, Benavides—the story of whose struggle for liberty steeled the hearts of the founders before others came to America? We thank God for those that came to help us when we were oppressed everywhere. Now is the time to pay our indebtedness to those who never have complained, and have got not even the crumbs from the master's table.

I can understand how Paul, in his magnificent defence in his epistle to the Romans, cried out: "I say, hath God cast away his people? God forbid, for I am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin." And if I were a Mexican, I should feel that I had right to be proud of the indestructible history of my people.

The figure of the Wandering Mexican seems a type of this deathless race. Any imaginative soul, if it listens, can hear the tramping of the weary feet

of the Mexican people as they wander through the centuries, leaving a trail of blood and tears behind them.

And this has been their lament. In nature all forms die when they have served their purpose. In history a like law prevails. When a people's work is done, they retire forever behind the curtain. What, then, of the Mexican people? Here they are still, exhibiting no infirmity of age, no slowing down of their energies, no dulling of their alert and aggressive minds. Are they an exception to the rule, the solitary exception? Or must we not conclude that the Mexican has a mission in history to come as truly as she had a mission in history past?



THE HOME OF MISSIONARY HERNANDEZ

Here, in this barn-like structure, our faithful Home Board worker, a brilliant preacher and able scholar, has made his residence since 1919.

Then if I were a Mexican I would wish my American friends to recognize their debt to the Mexicans, their debt as Christians. What would have happened if this people had not been here when your ancestors came? You have only to ask yourself that question to realize the immeasurable debt that we owe to this people. In every Texas court house you will find their names, and writing in Spanish, giving facts upon facts. My Christian brethren, I ask one more question, "Who were living here when Christopher Columbus came to the New World of America?" It is said that a Christian missionary invited an Indian to become a Christian. He answered, "I cannot accept your Christ that killed my ancestors and took our land, the land God has given to us, before you brought your Christ to America."

There are three-quarters of a million of native Mexicans in Texas. What are we doing for their education? Where is a true Christian school for the Mexican-American citizen? How many native Mexican-American preachers is the Home Mission Board right now supporting?

Why have the Indians and Mexicans special claims on American Christians?

(1) The history of the great Indian empire in Mexico indicates that when they had power they were comparatively beneficent and kindly to the white man.

(2) Their arts, crafts, their laws and manners, show the possibilities of this noble people. They were skilled in astronomy, advanced in architecture, and highly civilized in deportment when found by the first invaders. This splendid human material has been wasted and destroyed by so-called Christian conquerors.

(3) The brutal treatment of the Indians and Mexicans at the hands of the so-called Christian conquerors has put a libel upon the name of Christ that ought to be removed. They have only known Jesus as connected with robbery, treachery, and brutal enslavement. The Indians have seen the cross in hands that were dripping with the blood of their fellows. It is time that they learned of Christ as Saviour, Friend, and Lord.

(4) Finally, the Church of the New Testament must speed up her efforts to atone for her gross neglect in the past. It is one of the tragic mysteries of modern missions that our near neighbors have been the last to receive attention. Perhaps the exaggerated stories of the Red Man's cruelty have hardened our hearts against the need of this noble race. Secular history proves conclusively that the white man has ever been the aggressor in evil. Let sacred history redeem our record as we now seek to give the gospel where hitherto the sword has been brandished.

Peace! Peace! Give Me Peace!

By Rev. J. Wash Watts, Tel Aviv, Palestine

Last night a man I did not know approached our door. He asked for me with a pronunciation that made my name sound like Votes. With that matter straightened, he said he would like to talk to me "as between four eyes"; so I led the way to my study for a private conversation. And then, for nearly three hours, I was given to look into the soul of a man. Would that I could picture it in his words! Let me reproduce the impression of them as nearly as I can.

"Mr. Watts, you are a Baptist?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Watts, let me explain how I happened to come to you. Two weeks ago I was in Jerusalem talking with a group of young Jews, young doctors, and others. We spoke of religion and admitted that we have no foundation so far as religion is concerned. We are not Jews (in religion), not Christians, not anything. Then some one spoke of a young man—an Englishman, he thought—who called himself a Baptist and was teaching views of the New Testament and Christ which seemed to him fit to appeal to free-minded yet earnest Jews. He said that this young man was sympathetic with Jews and even living among them, having recently moved to Tel Aviv where I live.

The comment upon him was favorable and so aroused my interest that I decided to search him out. But I forgot the name and knew not how to seek him. Then two days ago I was talking to a man who helped build my clinic. In parting I asked where he was going. He replied, 'I must see a Mr. Watts in Pinsker street.' 'Who is Mr. Watts?' I asked. 'He is a missionary.' 'What business have you with a missionary?' 'Oh, I recently did some work for him at Jerusalem.' 'So we have a missionary in Tel Aviv! That is interesting. And where is he living?' Such and such a house was described. Thus I knew that you were the man I had heard of in Jerusalem. Yesterday I came but missed you. I asked a man working on the upper story who lived here, and he said, 'An English Jew, I think.' Anyway, I realized that I had found the right place. This morning I missed you again; so I have come this evening."

"But of course there is something back of this."

The following is my outline of the story he told:

Long contact with Christianity. He was born in the Ukraine forty-two years ago. His mother being unable to nurse him, a Russian nurse was secured; and later he was sent to school in a nearby Russian convent. Thus from childhood through the university there was opportunity to observe Russian Christianity in an intimate way.

Wide knowledge of Christianity. He was religiously inclined; specialized and worked as a veterinary surgeon, but constantly studied and thought about spiritual things. He studied other religions also, but chiefly Christianity; he saw the Russian Church and the Roman Catholic at first hand; he studied the work of Luther, Calvin and the Puritans, the philosophies of men like Kant, Spinoza and Descartes, and he knew the New Testament well.

Deep interest in Christianity. Twenty-six years ago he knew some Puritan preachers in Warsaw who left a permanent impression on him. As a young man he joined a group of twenty who studied under Tolstoi. The Biblical interpretations that Tolstoi gave during his latter years won his heart. Following Tolstoi's death this group of young men were arrested and sent to Siberia. Working there as a veterinary among the simple people of the tundras, he often taught them of God. Later, as an officer in the Russian Ministry of the Interior, he worked much among members of a Russian sect that greatly interested him. These people lived simple, unusually pure and helpful lives. He always tried to help them, and they honored him. Of uniforms they were

suspicious; but he would go without his, they would receive him gladly, and call him, "Our good man." And he often felt a call within him to be a preacher, to try to lead other people in ways of justice and truth and love.

Neglect of Christianity. Two months before the World War he came to Palestine. Here he passed the period of the war; has since made money, a comfortable fortune; and has made himself a prominent man in Tel Aviv and the Jewish life of the country. But he has been swamped with affairs, war, business, efforts to develop the country, the building of enterprises which he thought would help others as well as himself. He has found himself opposed to most of the religion professed by those around him, whether Moslem, Jewish or Christian; he has called himself irreligious; and he has tried to satisfy himself with being humanitarian.

Another struggle over the question of Christianity. The financial crisis of the past two years has broken down certain hopes of doing things he thought would satisfy his longing to do something worth while. People he thought were friends have proved not to be. His mind has been driven back to the old questions. Moreover, he realizes that his four children need a father who can guide their feet in the ways of truth. Above everything he must find something that can satisfy the heart. And he believes that God is leading him back to the vision he first caught from those Puritan preachers in Warsaw.

His cry is, "Peace! Peace! Give me peace!"

"My life is like a bridge," he said, "a bridge that looks like it will break up and let me fall into the waters beneath. I am not afraid of the waters. But I keep wondering how much of the bridge I can save. And again I know how foolish it is to think of saving the broken parts of the bridge, that I must swim out with the board I find."

"Yes," I answered, "with the board that God gives you."

* * *

The Faith of Jesus

And the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.—Gal. 2: 20.

I live by the faith of the Son of God;
No lesser faith satisfies:
By the faith that in love was sealed with his blood;
No lesser faith sanctifies.

O Christ, not mine to choose or leave
Of the truth concerning thee;
All thou believest I believe,
For thy faith lives in me!

—By Emmett Russell, in *Sunday School Times*.

HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

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Why Home Missions?

A mistake frequently made is that of identifying a given agency with the cause it represents. The agency may have made mistakes, and given just cause for dissatisfaction; but that the enterprise for which it stands should, therefore, be abandoned does not at all follow.

Undoubtedly some grave administrative mistakes were made by our Home Mission Board, for which it has sorely suffered; but do these mistakes warrant the conclusion that the Home Mission Board should be discontinued, and its work surrendered to other agencies? We do not think so.

Practically all boards, commissions, denominational agencies, require occasional reorganization. Times change, conditions become altered, demands differ, methods grow obsolete. Not to keep step with the rapidly changing world of need and opportunity means to be left behind, and it is easy for this to happen in a conservative body. But the way out surely is not the abandonment of the enterprise just because some of its machinery has become antiquated! No one seriously disputes the need of revision of our Home Mission machinery; but this is far from saying that we ought to scrap the whole Home Mission Board!

There are at least two supremely important reasons why Southern Baptists ought to maintain a great Home Mission program: (1) *Because of imperative, challenging, inescapable needs in our Southland which cannot be successfully met except through co-operative effort; and (2) because of the indispensable need of a Southwide agency through which all the Baptist churches of all the Southern states can work together in making the homeland Christian.*

The first of these reasons demands our thoughtful attention. What are the religious needs in the South which cannot be adequately met by the several State Mission Boards, but should be the concern of all?

1. *The religious destitution of the cities* is a Southwide challenge. Rapidly the South is becoming urbanized. In the nation as a whole more people live in cities than in the country; and though the South is still predominantly rural the city population is steadily growing. Into these city centers the best and the worst have gathered. Here is the battleground of modern Christianity. "As go the cities, so goes the nation." So complex and acute are the problems of the churches in the cities that it becomes increasingly more difficult for them to be dealt with by state and city forces. Here we have a Southwide need that demands all our wisdom,

all our consecration and devotion, all our resources. Surveys must be made, places for united attack developed, campaigns of soul-winning waged, mission centers established and maintained. Who for a moment believes that the Baptists of Baltimore, of St. Louis, of Kansas City, of Tampa, of New Orleans, of Louisville, of Memphis, of Dallas, or of even lesser cities, are able to cope single-handed with the terrific onslaught of worldliness, materialism, vice and crime, which threatens the religious life of these great centers? The new Home Missions will lead the way in taking our cities for Christ by uniting and unifying our Baptist forces, and giving help where help is most needed.

2. *The decadent religious life of the country* presents no less serious challenge. City and country have been linked together so effectually by means of the automobile, the telephone, the newspaper, the radio, that they can never again be sharply separated. Our country churches have hitherto been our religious bulwarks, but one has but to open his eyes and ears to observe that the country church is in dire peril. New standards of living are causing its once-a-month program and one-room building to be looked upon as wholly inadequate. Country young people can no longer be held by a church life that is a half-century behind the progress they see in other directions. Vast changes are in process on every hand, and thousands of struggling country churches are in dire peril of death—or what is still more tragic, a gradual decline to eventual dissolution.

Surely this is a Southwide problem calling for our highest wisdom and the concentration of our utmost energies in its solution. The facts must be gathered, analyzed, studied. Better methods must be devised and these slow-moving country churches induced to adopt them. Help must be given in strategic places, that demonstration plans may be carried out which will result in churches putting on similar programs with confidence and enthusiasm. The country church problem is too complex and far-reaching to hope for isolated solution. We must work together—or ultimately fail.

3. *Unmet religious needs in the South* constitute an imperative challenge. The Christianizing of the Negroes, the foreigners, the Jews, the Indians, the underprivileged of our own race, is too vast an undertaking to be left entirely to local or state initiative. Some agency, charged with the responsibility, and led by men with a passion for Christ and these unreached masses, must keep these needs ever before us, and stir us to united interest and giving on their behalf. It would be tragic beyond all words for us to grow cold and indifferent toward the call of the destitute and lost in our own midst, while professing to be missionary churches.

Much more could be said regarding this great field of need for which a Home Mission Board is necessary. Turn for a moment to another aspect—the need of Southern Baptists for a unifying force in their sacred obligation of working together to make our land Christian.

If it is argued that each state can care adequately for the needs within that state—a very doubtful proposition—the argument should be carried to its logical conclusion. With equal logic the association might demand the dissolution of the State Boards, on the ground that each association could do its own work. Carried a step further, the churches might as well abolish the district association to which they belong, since each church could care for its own community. And pressed to its ultimate length each individual Christian might call for the disbanding of the church to which he belongs, on the ground that he and his neighbors could take care of the needs of their own homes!

In the proposal that each state become a self-sufficient unit, receiving and giving no aid outside its borders, the whole principle of Southwide co-operation is imperilled. The very essence of a democracy lies in the fact of shared interests. "The South" is not a political but a geographical

and social entity, and nothing will hold it together in withstanding common foes and projecting great spiritual undertakings like the sense of oneness which comes from co-operation in far-reaching efforts to make and keep our beloved land truly Christian. After all unnecessary overlapping has been eliminated, there still remains a vast field for co-operative mission work among Baptists of the South through an efficient, well-organized, powerful Home Mission Board.

We will not abolish all banks because one occasionally fails, nor quit riding in automobiles because one now and then is wrecked, nor trusting our fellowmen because one here and there deceives and robs us. Neither should we hastily discredit a great and honored agency like the Home Mission Board because its treasurer defaulted. Rather let us think in terms of a mighty constructive Home Mission program that will unite nearly four million Southern Baptists in sympathy and helpfulness, so that beginning at Jerusalem we may witness for Christ in our Judea and Samaria, and thence unto the uttermost part of the earth.

"Enduring Investments"

The business of making investments has become an exact science. Millions of dollars are wasted annually in America because unsuspecting and untrained people put their money into what proves an unsound investment. Honest, trustworthy bankers and brokers are constantly warning people not to invest their money carelessly, but to subject each proposed investment to the most thorough scrutiny.

What, according to these trusted experts, are the tests of a good investment?

First, *the character of the men behind the enterprise.* Are they sober, honest, reliable, capable? If their integrity is questionable the attractiveness of promised returns, however great, should be no inducement to entrust funds to their keeping, or put it in the business of which they have charge. This is fundamental.

Next, *does the business supply a real and permanent need?* Many enterprises enjoy phenomenal prosperity for a short period, but are founded on a fad or a passing fancy, and when this passes they pass also. The wise investor will put his money only in tried and tested concerns.

Again, *does it show a consistent margin of profit?* A business is a "going concern" only if it can show a reasonable balance to its credit year by year. Spurts of inflation and deflation in profits are marks of unsoundness, and should cause the investor to beware.

Is the business wisely managed? Personnel may be above reproach, assets stable, market permanent, profit ample, but if the management is not safe and conservative, the cautious investor will hesitate. A good business may be easily ruined by bad management, and a poor business saved by good management.

Does it minister to human need? A business may show enormous money profits, and yet be a sorry business, tearing down instead of building up, destroying human character and happiness instead of contributing to human welfare, in which case the wise investor will withhold his funds. On the other hand the money-returns may be meager, or nil, and yet wisdom will dictate having a share in an enterprise whose fruits, while intangible from a monetary standpoint, are real and worthy in the material or spiritual realm.

Let us consider now the enterprises represented in our Southern Baptist Co-operative Program, and the soundness and safety of investments made in this seven-fold business—Home Missions, Foreign Missions, State Missions, Christian Education, Orphanages, Hospitals, Ministerial Relief.

These institutions are in the hands of the highest type of Christian men and women among us—pastors, secretaries, consecrated laymen and devoted women, who for small pay or no pay give of their time and energy that these great causes may succeed. Now and then a dishonest employee worms his way into the confidence of these trustees and managers, and on one or two occasions the Boards have suffered loss; but out of these disasters have come never-to-be-forgotten lessons which guarantee future safety. Read a list of the Board members of the several Boards and you will be impressed with the high character of the personnel and the trustworthiness of those to whom we entrust the management of our denominational affairs.

Read again this seven-fold list, and you will be impressed with the permanence and reality of the needs which the several agencies are set to supply. This world has no deeper need than the religion of Jesus Christ; and the religion of Jesus provides a whole gospel for the whole man and the whole world. Until he comes again we shall need to continue the business of winning the lost, training and developing the saved, building and strengthening churches, caring for the sick and helpless, and ministering to the needy. We are in a permanent business, investments in which continue throughout time and eternity.

The enterprises included in the Co-operative Program represent a "going concern." They yield high and consistent dividends. Occasionally some department may show a temporary loss, or suffer embarrassment in its operation, but few enterprises among men can point to so creditable a record of high and holy achievements as these agencies, nor give a more satisfactory account of their stewardship. In this number of HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS statements are given from each agency showing the fine returns on the investment which have come, and challenging wise and thoughtful men to make further investments.

The test of sound, economical, wise management is abundantly met by these great Boards and institutions. "But what of the debts?" you ask. They were contracted during a period of sudden deflation that carried hundreds of other businesses into bankruptcy; through judicious, patient, careful management our boards, practicing economies that cut to the bone, have weathered the storm, and are on the road to liquidation of their debts with credit and honor unimpaired. Never were institutions harder hit by a severer series of unprecedented calamities, and the fact that they have survived and are rapidly adjusting their financial difficulties is a remarkable tribute to sacrificial service and sound judgment. You can afford to put your money into enterprises thus well managed.

It is at the point of ministry to human need that we discover the chief glory of this seven-fold enterprise called the Co-operative Program. Frankly, we do not propose to show a financial profit. Our investment is in human souls, in human character, in a better social order, in the alleviation of suffering and sorrow. The test of our success is not how much property we have acquired, nor how economically we have carried on the business, but how many souls have been saved, how many saved souls have been built up in Christian faith and character, how much good has been done in Christ's name? These are our dividends, and in them we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. These are our crown and joy, and these we would lay before Southern Baptists in humble accountancy of our stewardship.

Read the stories of these investments and their dividends. Study the "exhibits" which show what our faithful stewards have done with what we have entrusted them. Then ask yourself how much stock you have in these heavenly profits, and how much you propose to have in that great day when all you have will be the dividends you have stored up on the other side.

China Dying for the Word of God

By Rev. J. M. Rogers, Shanghai, China

In going out to the little chapel at Fah Hwo, a small village just outside Shanghai's extreme western district, Deacon Zung and I met two little girls, their faces very bright and shiny, both from soap and from a brightness that came from within. They were all dressed up and ready for the service.

The chapel; allow me to describe it. Just an ordinary Chinese room by the side of the street, a dirt floor, and the pews—just plain, hard boards, stretched across carpenter's horses. Nothing attractive, no decorations of any kind, nothing in the building to draw a crowd, yet when we reached the place a crowd was there, the two little girls with the rest, waiting.

We began the service of songs, Scripture reading and prayer, then a short sermon, first by the deacon, and then another by me. After the service was over, we gave Sunday school picture cards to the children, and tracts to the grown-ups, then we had copies of the Gospel of Mark for sale. The little girls wanted a Gospel, but they had no money with them, so they ran home to get some money so that they might have their treasure. To our great surprise the Gospels sold very rapidly, and soon we discovered that neither of us had one left. When we reached the home where the little girls lived, one of them came out with her money to buy the coveted Gospel. When she found that we had none, the child burst out crying. Crying for the Word of God!

I have heard of people trying to destroy the Word of God, burning it, throwing it away, neglecting it, refusing to believe it, ridiculing it, scorning its teachings, perishing without it, but never before had I witnessed a person crying for it. That voice is typical of the voice of China in her deep need, in her poverty causing actual physical suffering, in her tragic helplessness, her deep-stained sinfulness, her vast illiteracy, her unbelievable superstition, crying to us—souls warped and dwarfed by ages of the darkest of superstition, crying to us whose souls are lighted—crying for light, for life, and for eternal life.

On the first Sunday of each month I go out on the Shanghai Nanking Railway to one of our oldest out-stations, Quinsan. Quinsan is an old, old place just about half way between here and Soochow. On my last trip up there I had a very pleasant, comfortable trip, no unpleasantness of any kind. The soldiers who ride on the trains now pay their fare and cause no trouble. I sat down with a young army officer stationed in Canton. His English was perfect, and as he enjoyed using it, we had quite a pleasant conversation. I learned that he was on his wedding trip, his wife was with him, a lovely little lady. I asked him if he were a Christian, and he said that he was. Then I asked him if his wife were a Christian, and he answered, "Well, don't you know, I forgot to ask her." Either he had not known her before marriage or he was not so vitally interested in his Christianity, but he is a very much higher type of army officer than has existed heretofore in China.

While sitting in the church, listening to the pastor, I must confess my mind wandered somewhat, and I began to think of the history of this old church, built by our beloved and revered Dr. Yates. Here it is today, roof leaking, plaster falling, window glass broken, walls cracking, one door nailed shut to prevent its falling to pieces, and I thought, if a Florida storm should strike this house the particles could be found all over the province of Kiansu. If Dr. Yates could come back, or speak from the battlements of glory, what would be his word to us?

"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high."

Dr. Yates passed on the torch to you and to me. Are we bearing it aloft as did he? Through lack of sufficient funds to repair it, this church is almost unsafe to hold service in. It would long ago have been condemned as unfit for use in America, yet at the close of this service two men came forward and were received for baptism. Thus you see discouragement and encouragement mingling together in our lives as missionaries.

In all my years in China, I have never seen anything like the way the masses are turning to the Bible and to the church. On every hand one hears of people turning to the church. I just heard the other day of a successful doctor coming back to reconsecration, turning again to the church. A short time ago four of my Sunday school class were baptized and received into the North Gate Church. Last Sunday eleven were received into Sallee Memorial Church by letter, and five for baptism. As I stated above, two were received for baptism at Quinsan, and tomorrow I go to another country place, DaZang, where three are awaiting baptism. All this within one year of the greatest wave of anti-Christian, anti-religious, anti-missionary, anti-everything that stood for law, order, and the higher things in life, that I have ever known. Isn't the morning light breaking?

The fact that China is just emerging from a revolution, the vast physical and psychological changes make these wonderfully great opportunities quite significant for the future. These opportunities also throw a tremendous responsibility on us at this time. China is ready. Are we ready? God help us to enter the doors of opportunity!

Who Comes First—Christ or Self?

By Rev. G. W. Bouldin, Fukuoka, Japan

It was on Sunday morning, November 11, just ten years after the great armistice. And it was the day on which Southern Baptists had decided to think seriously on their honor as stewards. Moreover, it was the next day after the one hundred and twenty-fourth Emperor of Japan was formally enthroned, after giving a million and a half yen to the aged of his people, bestowing many honors and granting mercy to many in prison.

Our pastor had just returned from Tokyo, where he attended a meeting of the National Christian Council, and preached in his own pulpit for the first time in three weeks. He closed his sermon with a story he heard in Tokyo last Sunday.

The meeting was held in the building of the Ginza Methodist Church, and concerns one of the members of that church. This church is now in its third building, a splendid edifice for this land, situated in the heart of Tokyo, on a corner. The second building was of stone, built at great sacrifice, but destroyed on September 1, 1923, by the great earthquake.

When it was necessary to rebuild after the earthquake, of course the membership of the church were called upon to make pledges. A poor young doctor was asked what he would pledge. He had just started out as a doctor and had no money. He had not even an office nor dispensary that every Japanese doctor must have. He said he had no money as yet, but as the pledges were to be paid in two or three years he would pledge and pay 5,000 yen. When he went home he talked the matter over with his wife to see if she agreed, for he would surely need her co-operation in paying this pledge.

The wife said, "Wait a moment. How much do you plan to spend in building and fitting up your office, and for taking care of your in-patients?" He said 7,000 yen was the figure he had set for that (and that was a small figure as

things go in Tokyo). Then the wife said, "Do you mean to spend more for your own office than you do for God's house? I think we ought to make the pledge to the church 10,000 yen." And to this the husband agreed.

It is now five years since the earthquake and the noble edifice is built. The pastor of that church, who told the story last Sunday, said that the 10,000 yen pledged to the church had been paid, but that the 7,000 yen for the doctor's own equipment was yet to be raised.

The Reverend Christopher Love, Martyr

By Rev. J. F. Love, Corresponding Secretary, Foreign Mission Board

[This message was written by Secretary Love just before he was stricken, and is indicative of his great mind and heart, and of his deep appreciation of the heroic and Christlike. Little did he know then that he too would soon be numbered among those whom his brethren count "martyrs" to the cause of Christ and missions.—EDITOR.]

A short while ago at the conclusion of an address in Louisville, Kentucky, by the writer, Miss Florence Y. Love of that city came forward and handed me a little book which bore the following title:

"Sixteen Sermons: Wherein is Plainly Shown True Grace, with its Different Degrees;—and Several Important Cases of Conscience Answered in the Course of the Work."

"By the worthy and eminently pious Christopher Love, Minister of the Gospel, in Laurence—Jury London—who was beheaded on Tower Hill in the time of Cromwell's usurpation, being the last beheaded."

"Preface signed by Edmund Calomy, Simeon Ashe, Jer Whitaker, William Taylor, London, February 13, 1651."

The writer's purpose in calling attention to this interesting book is not to parade family history, for he does not remember the Rev. Christopher Love. He has two reasons for calling attention to it.

1. The first and minor reason is the contents of the book itself. We found it edifying and suggestive. Take the following passage:

"When men's notions are clear and strong but men's experiences and affections but low and weak; to have more expression than impression; to be like the moon, that though from the vain it grows big, and increases to the full; yet it increases only in light not in heat. So men when they mere increase in light of notions and speculations, and not in heat of affection towards God, and the practical part of Christianity. And it is to be feared that much of the religion of these times is of that stamp; it is more in notion than in motion, more in talking than in walking, more in parts than grace."

"This is a notable discovery whether thou hast strong grace or strong gifts only, which thou mayest know by their willingness and readiness to communicate with others, what God hath imparted unto thee."

One of the cyclopedias of biography contains the information that Christopher Love wrote more than a score of books and pamphlets on religious themes before his untimely martyrdom.

On the inside of the back flyleaf is written in beautiful handwriting the following to the memory of Rev. George W. Love, descendant of Christopher Love:

"Epitaph

"On the Reverend Mr. Love in the Cathedral at Bristol

"When worthless grandeur fills the embellished urn,

No poignant grief attends the sable bier;

But when, distinguished excellence we mourn,

Deep is the sorrow, genuine the tear.

"Stranger should it thou approach this awful shrine,

The merits of the honored dead to seek.

The friend, the son, the Christian, the divine,

Let those who knew him, those who loved him speak.

"Oh, let them in some pause of anguish say,
What zeal inflamed, what faith enlarged his breast,
How glad the unfettered spirit winged its way,
From earth, to heaven, from blessing to be blessed."

2. My second and major reason for this notice of the book by Christopher Love, published in the year 1651, is to quote a letter written by his wife the night before his execution the next day. We think of the present as being the day of educated and cultured women, but, if there is anything in literature which marks a superior refinement of soul and higher reach of Christian faith and fortitude than this letter, we do not know where to find it. The letter is as follows:

"My heavenly dear:

"I call thee so, because God hath put heaven into thee before he hath taken thee to heaven. Thou now beholdest God, Christ and Glory as in a glass, but tomorrow Heaven's gate will be opened, and thou shalt be in the full enjoyment of all those glories which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither can the heart of man understand. God hath now swallowed up thy heart in the thoughts of heaven, but ere long thou shalt be swallowed up in the enjoyment of heaven! And no marvel there should be such quietness and calmness in thy spirit, whilst art sailing in this tempestuous sea, because thou perceivest by the eye of faith, a haven of rest where thou shalt be richly laden with all the glories of heaven!

"Oh! lift up thy heart with joy when thou layest thy dear head on the block, in the thought of this, that thou art laying thy head to rest in thy Father's bosom; which, when thou dost awake, shall be crowned, not with an earthly fading crown, but with a heavenly eternal crown of glory.

"Be not troubled when thou shalt see a guard of soldiers triumphing with their trumpets about thee; but lift up thy head and thou shalt behold God with a guard of holy angels triumphing to receive thee to glory. Be not dismayed at the scoffs and reproaches thou mayest meet with in thy short way to heaven; for, be assured God will not only glorify thy body and soul in heaven, but he will also make the memory of thee to be glorious on earth! Oh! let not one troubled thought for thy wife and babes rise within thee; thy God will be our God and portion. He will be a husband to thy widow and a father to thy children; the grace of thy God will be sufficient for us.

"Now, my dear, I desire willingly and cheerfully to resign my right in thee to thy Father and my Father, who hath the greater interest in thee, and confident I am, though men have separated us for a time, yet God will ere long bring us together again, where we shall eternally enjoy one another, never to part more.

"Oh! let me hear how God bears up thy heart and let me taste of these comforts which support thee, that they may be as pillars of marble to bear up my sinking spirit.

"Farewell, farewell, my dear, till we meet where we shall never bid farewell more; till which time I leave thee in the bosom of a loving, tender-hearted Father and so I rest; till I shall forever rest in heaven.

"Mary Love."

Does such a spirit as breathes in this letter exist in men and women in these loud modern days?

* * *

The gospel proclaims that property must promote personality. Stewardship does with property what the gospel asks. Stewardship is the practice of property for the purposes of God. If you prefer sociological language to this theological phrase, stewardship is the functional, rather than the acquisitive, use of property. But perhaps it is better still to put it into words that admit of no doubt. Stewardship is the Christian use of things. Superior definitions may suggest themselves. What is important to remember about it is that stewardship is the act of a Christian attitude; that it is the conduct of Christian character concerning possessions. It is not merely a question of how much of our money we give to the church. To be sure, it involves this question. But far more is involved. Stewardship is the ethic of the gospel as regards property.—*Versteeg, The Deeper Meaning of Stewardship.*

From the Woman's Missionary Union

KATHLEEN MALLORY

Forward With God

Five hundred years ago this February, Joan of Arc gained a hearing by King Charles VII of France, whereupon a white banner was made for her to carry into the front of every battle. Among the countless reminders of her impassioned life is a statue on a Virginia college campus, with the following inscription: "Forward with God—who in the moment of victory remains inaccessible to vanity and hate, who in the midst of popular enthusiasm lives in humility and prayer, who in the universal crush of ambition covets neither profit nor honors."

Oh, that such a tribute could be paid to every American Christian! Perhaps God's Book of Remembrance will so record it—lives serving their own generation according to the will of God without vanity or hatred or covetousness, but in humility and prayer. In accordance therewith Woman's Missionary Union is now preparing for a Southwide observance of the Week of Prayer for Home Missions, March 4-8, inclusive. Each year such an observance has seemed worthwhile but preeminently so this year when conditions are precarious for all Home Mission Board interests. Therefore, every W.M.U. organization is urged to make early and earnest plans for its observance.

Through the state W.M.U. leaders the programs and envelopes have been supplied for each organization. If any society for the women or younger people has failed to receive its materials it should write at once, please, to its state leader. As for the December Week of Prayer there is a booklet which furnishes decidedly effective information in connection with the programs. This booklet, which is designed primarily for W.M.S. and Y.W.A. use, was written by Mrs. Una Roberts Lawrence, of the Home Mission Board, the title of the booklet being, "The Heart of Home Missions." A study of it and of the plan of the programs will show that February is none too early a time to prepare for the March week.

Certainly this is also true with reference to the ordering of the leaflets recommended as supplemental to the programs. Not infrequently orders for them are so delayed that not only is their real purpose thwarted but often their actual receipt made impossible. The far better plan is to order them now and if possible to have them committed to memory rather than merely read. The

list is given on page 28 of this magazine.

Perhaps more important still is an early distribution of the offering envelopes for the week. Each grade has its respective envelope but all have a place for the donor's name. Even in the very largest as well as in the smaller organizations it would seem worth while to have the envelopes personally distributed, thus emphasizing the desire that each one do his or her full part for the offering.

At the Baptist World Alliance meeting in Toronto, Dr. Chas. W. Gilkey, of Chicago, said: "There is no place in the gospel of Christ for either superiority complexes or superior complacency. Paul's was a midnight vision." Whatever may be the decision of the Southern Baptist Convention in May concerning the future work of the Home Mission Board, it is undoubtedly true that this is no time to be complacent but instead in the darkness of the present uncertain situation there should be a definite appeal for loyal, adequate support. Constantly must the Christian remember that it was Jesus who said: "Go ye . . . into Samaria."

Where Races Meet

By Mrs. W. W. Adams, Dairen, Manchuria, China

No doubt those who prepared the subject, "Where Races Meet," did not have in mind any particular place of meeting. This dealing with the subject, however, is in regard to a place. Dairen is a city where the races meet.

Foremost of the races gathered here is the Japanese. They control this little peninsula in which Dairen and Port Arthur are located, the little section known as "The Leased Territory." This bit of territory was leased some years ago by the Chinese to the Russians, for Manchuria belongs to China. After the Russo-Japanese war, the Japanese, the victors took over the territory. There are over 80,000 Japanese living here and they are making this little city hum. Already the port here is the second in size to all the ports on Chinese soil. Dairen is a modern city in every sense of the word. Our wide, beautifully paved, well kept streets, with acacia trees lining each side, are a joy to all who visit the Orient. New houses, western style, are in process of building in all parts of the city all the time. Running water, fine, clean water, that we do not need to boil before we drink, electric lights and gas, add to the conveniences of this thriving little city. Road improvement is bringing in new automobiles all the while. There is also a fine electric street car service to all parts of the city, for a five sen (two and one-half cents gold) fare, these cars running every three or five minutes. Other modes of travel are by drosky, the old Russian horse carriage, the jinrikisha, bicycle, of which there

are more than a thousand, the old-time farm wagon, or by foot. Last, but not least, is the South Manchurian Railway, whose trains, equipped with the very latest in elegance and comfort, go out and come in, to the very minute on schedule time. Dairen is built after the plan laid out by the Russians. The streets radiate from circles, as central points. The main circle is surrounded by public buildings, banks, administrative buildings, and the very up-to-date Yamate Hotel. One of the recent additions to the city is the new stadium, with a seating capacity of at least 50,000. Just this past September an international athletic contest was held here, in honor of the recent Japanese coronation.

There are six Japanese independent Christian churches in the city, one Congregational, one Church of England, one Methodist, one Holiness and two Presbyterian. There are also splendid Y.M.C.A. and Salvation Army buildings. But the temples and shrines for heathen worship far outnumber the Christian churches, and so do the worshipers.

The next races of importance are the Chinese and the Manchus. Their importance lies chiefly in their numbers. There are over 200,000 in and around the city. These two races are so completely merged into one that except for the head dress of the women, their large feet, and long outer garment, there is no way of distinguishing the one from the other. This is not a true distinction, as the Chinese who came from China proper, years ago, absorbed the Manchus, but in some instances adopted their dress. The language is all the same now. During these years of civil strife in China proper, Chinese, rich and poor alike, have been pouring into Manchuria, many of them settling in Dairen. So they are here from the beggars to the bon-tons, the former thriving off the latter. Many, many wealthy Chinese are building their castles here. We are living in a rented house, in one of the choice locations of the city. Our little red-tiled cottage is rapidly being surrounded by large and imposing green-tiled, as well as other red-tiled, dwellings. Some of these Chinese mansions are for those who are retiring from the political stage. There are many Chinese here who are in business for themselves. Others are working for Japanese. The servants in the homes of the various nationalities are usually Chinese. They learn enough of the language of whatever foreign business people they are working for to get along on, and are considered acceptable and trustworthy.

There are three Chinese Christian churches in the city. One is under the auspices of the Danish Lutherans, one under the American Southern Baptists, and one Union church, under Chinese control. There is also a Y.M.C.A. organization. A Mohammedan mosque was built a few years ago. A Roman Catholic church has just been completed this year. Again the temples and shrines for heathen worship outnumber the Christian churches, as do the worshipers, though the Chinese here are not as ardent in their worship as are the Japanese.

The next race in point of numbers, is the Russian. There are over three hundred of them in the city. Many are very, very poor. Two small hotels are under Russian management. Some are in business. One little section of the city is still very Russian in appearance, as the massive brick homes were built by the Russians when they first entered the leased territory. There is still one Greek Orthodox church here and one old Greek Catholic priest.

One earnest Christian Russian brother has been coming regularly to our little Chinese chapel, to the Sunday morning worship, for about a year. He speaks very little of either English or Chinese, but still he comes.

In numbers the Koreans come next and there are also about three hundred of them. They live very quietly and except for their

quaint dress and their shoes "turned up fore and aft," as one writer describes them, they cannot be distinguished from the Chinese. They have no organized church here. Only recently have they made an effort to get the Christians together, and for the present are borrowing the use of one of the rooms at our chapel for their services. They are of the Presbyterian faith.

The British are next, and they are about fifty in number. Golf playing and tennis afford them recreation, card playing and dancing, amusement, out of their business hours. The chaplain comes down from Mukden once a month and holds a High Church service, and that is the only English service held in the city.

The British and Japanese High Church of England members have recently built and dedicated a new house of worship. On the day of the dedication a British and a Japanese bishop were present, the dedicatory services being in both languages.

There are less than twenty Americans here. The Consular family, Standard Oil Co., and missionary, one family each, are the main ones. There are a few other families, where the parents are mixed races. And these, the Americans, have no religious service, unless they attend the Church of England house of worship.

The other nationalities are Danes, Dutch, French, Germans, Czechs, Greeks, Servians and Persians, but there are only one or two families of each. One of the Danish families is a missionary couple.

As the races are meeting in Dairen, they are in like manner meeting in other cities and centers in Manchuria.

The city of Dairen, planned and laid off by the Russians, built by the Japanese, after American and European architecture, on Chinese soil, and with the various races already named occupying it, whose home is it, do you say? The Japanese say that Dairen is a city without a soul. It is only a little more than twenty years old, and, of course, to them, the city has no past. It is indeed a city without a home.

Where Races Meet! In our little chapel provided by Southern Baptists for Chinese, a few of these different races meet on the Sabbath day to worship God. Chinese, Russian, Korean, American, and sometimes a Japanese, they are. The hymn, "Nearer, My God, To Thee," may be sung in different languages, but always to that same beautiful old tune.

Paul says, "For ye are all sons of God, through faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ. There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female; for ye all are one man in Christ Jesus." A city without a home should become a city with a home—a city of the Kingdom of God. Long, long years ago, there was a call that fell upon the ears of Paul. That call was, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Now the call is, "Come over into Manchuria and help us." That first call was heeded, and with what wonderful results. Will this one be?

Is your place a small place?
Tend it with care;
He set you there.

Is your place a large place?
Guard it with care;
He set you there.

What e'er your place,
It is not yours alone, but his
Who set you there.

—Oxenham.

Program for February

TOPIC—WHERE RACES MEET

Patriotic Hymn—"My Country! 'Tis of Thee."

Prayer of Praise for God's manifold goodness to America.

Scripture (in unison)—Psalm 23.

Solo—"God of Our Fathers."

Prayers that American Christians may remember the mercies of God.

Scripture (in unison)—Psalm 1.

Talk—America's First Foreigners. (Let this talk describe the 1607 Jamestown, Va., settlement and the 1620 Plymouth, Mass., settlement. Help will be found in U. S. histories and encyclopedias.)

Prayer that American Christians may preserve and propagate their religious inheritance.

Talk—America's Second Foreigners. (Let this talk describe the bringing of Negro slaves to the American colonies, the religious training given them on Southern plantations, the difficult reconstruction days, present status of Negroes educationally and religiously. Help for this talk will be found in U. S. histories and encyclopedias.)

Piano Solo—"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Prayer that W.M.U. members may realize and accept their responsibility to the Negroes in their midst.

Talk—America's French Foreigners. (Let this talk describe the French settlements in southern Alabama and Louisiana, emphasis being also given to Baptist work among the French-speaking people of Louisiana. Help will be found in U. S. histories and encyclopedias and on pages 3-11 of this issue.)

Piano Solo—"Marseillaise."

Prayer that Southern Baptists may "rightly divide the Word of God" to the French-speaking Americans.

Discussion—Is America a real melting pot? (If several members read in advance of the meeting, they can guide in the discussion. Material for such preparatory reading will be found on pages 3-22 of this magazine.)

Rendering of Leaflet—"The Church's Opportunity Among Foreign-Speaking People"—(Order leaflet for 3c from W.M.U. Literature Dept., 1111 Comer Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.)

Hymn—"Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."

Prayer that Southern Baptists will be very Christian to all foreigners in their midst.

Rendering of Leaflet—"Forget-Me-Nots"—(Order leaflet for 3c from W.M.U. Literature Dept., 1111 Comer Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.)

Talk—Preparation for March Week of Prayer for Home Missions. (Help will be found from experience of other weeks of prayer and from the article on page 27 entitled: "Forward with God.")

Business Session—Report of: (1) Plans to Stress Stewardship; (2) Organization Fostered by Society; (3) Mission Study; (4) Personal Service, Minutes, Offering.

Scripture (in unison)—Psalm 100.

Patriotic Hymn—"America the Beautiful."

Silent Prayer.

Suggested Leaflets—Supplement to Program

FEBRUARY—WHERE RACES MEET

	Cents
Dreams	3
Eeny-Meeny-Miny-Mo	3
Forget-Me-Nots	3
Human Relationships in Industry	3
Peter Pole	3
Theodore of the Alley	3
The Church's Opportunity among Foreign-Speaking People	3
The Stranger Within the Gate (Pageant)	10

NOTE—Your order for these program helps should be sent, please, to W.M.U. Literature Dept., 1111 Comer Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.

Priced Leaflets for Week of Prayer for Home Missions

	Cents
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY	
"They Would Not Let Me In" (Foreigners)	4
Racial Revelations (Negroes)	4
Hepin' Pap (Mountain Schools)	3
"And the Winds Were Contrary" (Cuba)	3
The Measure of the Gift (for Ingathering Day)	3
YOUNG WOMAN'S AUXILIARY	
To the Right of the Wigwam Fire	3
GIRL'S AUXILIARY	
Marthy's Home-Coming	3
ROYAL AMBASSADOR CHAPTER	
Your Way and Theirs	3
SUNBEAM BAND	
A Little True American	3
Order early, please, from W.M.U. Literature Department, 1111 Comer Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.	

From the Baptist Brotherhood of the South

Secretary J. T. HENDERSON

In Memoriam

Since the notes for this department last month were written, two zealous members of the Executive Committee of the Baptist Brotherhood have been translated from their earthly habitation to the home of the just. Their passing occurred within two weeks of each other.

W. S. Farmer, of Frankfort, Ky., was on his way to Louisville to attend an important committee meeting on the King's business when the bus on which

he was traveling was wrecked and he was killed almost instantly.

For more than a decade he had been chairman of the Baptist Brotherhood of Kentucky and never grew weary in this service. He traveled all over the state without salary and oftentimes at his own expense, speaking in churches and at associational gatherings. He had secured a faithful representative in almost every association; he kept in close touch with these laymen, who rendered a valuable service without expense to the denomination. With the sym-

thetic co-operation of Secretary Thompson, he gathered these men annually in a convention in Louisville to confer about ways and means for promoting the work of the kingdom and to hear inspirational addresses by eminent speakers.

He was an ex-officio member of the Executive Committee of the Baptist Brotherhood of the South and served on other important committees in this connection with the Kentucky General Association and the Southern Baptist Convention. He was wise in counsel and vigorous in execution.

The General Secretary misses him greatly; only two days before his untimely death the Secretary had written him an important letter and was expecting a reply when the sad news of the fatal accident came.

Emmett H. Rolston, of Chattanooga, had been a member of the Executive Committee of the Baptist Brotherhood for nearly fifteen years and was Recording Secretary for the two years that the committee had its headquarters in Chattanooga. He frequently journeyed from Chattanooga to Knoxville to attend the monthly meetings of the committee. He was a man of discerning intellect and unusually wise in counsel. He was always loyal to the policies of the Southern Baptist Convention; he was deeply concerned in the success of the Christmas Thank Offering and manifested his interest in a very striking way in the last conversation he and the Secretary had.

He rendered a monumental service in connection with his own association and was thoroughly alive to the educational and missionary activities of Tennessee. The officials of every denominational enterprise found in him a loyal friend and supporter.

The Baptist Brotherhood feels a deep sense of loss in the going of these two useful men.

Bessemer, Alabama

The first service for the month was rendered in the First Baptist Church of Bessemer. This school of missions was promoted by the Baptist churches of the community and four foreign missionaries conducted classes. The General Secretary could attend only three days and his efforts were especially intended as a preparation for the every-member canvass of the First Baptist Church, which was set for the Sunday following, December 9.

On one evening the secretary took note of the attendance and found that seven churches were represented. In addition to the class work there was an hour devoted each evening to an inspirational address. This hour the closing session was made unusually impressive by the exhibition of curios from the mission fields and by brief addresses by the missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Carson and Rev. J. T. Williams.

One of the most stimulating features of this occasion to the secretary was the attendance and interest of two busy lawyers, H. P. Lipscombe, Esq., and Judge J. C. B. Gwin. There were other men equally worthy and faithful, but it is not practical to mention their names.

The First Baptist Church was looking forward with great interest to the arrival, on the day following the close of the school, of their pastor elect, Rev. C. H. Stevens.

Laymen Responsive

This claim was strikingly verified November 30 by a group of Birmingham laymen. W. I. Pittman, president of the Alabama Baptist Brotherhood, and D. C. Cooper, State Secretary, invited a small but representative company of men to meet at a noon luncheon to consider plans to promote the Christmas Thank Offering. The response was almost unanimous and the men who were present take high rank in the business and professional world.

The company was composed entirely of laymen and the interest they manifested in the matter under consideration was most encouraging. They will make liberal gifts to the Christmas Thank Offering and help to enlist others.

Another Illustration

A similar conference was held in a private home on a Sunday afternoon in December in another city. Eight men were invited and seven came; for two hours these laymen in a most serious way considered methods for making the Christmas Thank Offering a success.

Five of these men volunteered to indicate the sum they would put into this offering. One agrees to contribute \$500.00, two \$1,000.00 each, the fourth \$5,000.00, and the fifth \$50,000.00. The other two will contribute liberally but were not ready to announce the amount. Every one of these laymen is loyal to the Co-operative Program.

There was no pastor in this conference; it is good policy for laymen to meet in separate groups occasionally, learn to do some independent thinking and be brought to recognize a deeper sense of responsibility.

Georgia Convention

This great body met in Thomasville, away down South near the Florida border. The Secretary was a visitor for only a day, but was greatly impressed by several striking features, only two of which he mentions.

The first was the large attendance of laymen and the recognition accorded them in the organization and program. In the afternoon, when the audience was much smaller than at the morning session, there were found to be one hundred eighty-six present by actual count. The credit for this fine attendance by unanimous consent is accorded to the effective work of Ely Callaway, of La Grange.

A period of nearly two hours during the morning session was devoted to brief reports from associational representatives of the Jubilee Campaign; most of these workers were laymen and their reports indicated a valuable service rendered without money and without price.

Editor Louie D. Newton, himself a zealous layman, called a conference of an elect company of men at the noon hour, and the response was so liberal that it was necessary to provide an extra table.

There were two preachers by special invitation in this meeting, Dr. John D. Mell, president of the Georgia Convention and Dr. G. W. Truett, president of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Every man present expressed himself favorable to the Christmas Thank Offering and willing to support it both with cash and service.

When Georgia Baptists install a strong and consecrated layman as Brotherhood Secretary, they will find a permanent and growing support from the laymen.

In the second place the Convention was fortunate in its inspirational speakers from the outside. It is impossible to estimate fully the value of the addresses delivered by Ben Johnson, president of the Commercial National Bank of Shreveport; Dr. John R. Sampey, acting president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and Dr. G. W. Truett, president of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Florida Convention

This Convention assembled in the magnificent building of the First Baptist Church, Miami, on December 11. While the financial situation in the state is rather unfavorable, due to storm and real estate deflation, Florida Baptists are heroic and are unwilling to take any backward step. It is cheering to note their optimistic spirit and to hear them continue to boost this land of sunshine, fruits, and flowers. They tell us that business conditions are improving and that they will ere long be on a more substantial basis than ever.

The Convention assigned the Brotherhood a full hour on the second morning. W. G. Upchurch, the Brotherhood Secretary, submitted a first class report, he and D. H. Bickers spoke briefly but forcibly, and following the remarks of the General Secretary, some very stimulating reports came from the floor.

Secretary Upchurch has been on the field only three and a half months, but has already made a fine impression and his services are greatly in demand among the churches.

Secretary Burnett

During the past month Associate Secretary Burnett conducted a very successful every-member canvass for the 1929 budget in his own church, the Bellvue of Memphis. This church is making a liberal advance in the support of the Co-operative Program for next year.

Professor Burnett has also been zealously engaged in promoting the Christmas Thank Offering through the distribution of literature, personal letters, and service on the field.

Suggested Program for the Monthly Meeting of the Baptist Brotherhood

Song—

Have members look up and read the following passages: Deuteronomy 6: 17; 1 Cor. 16: 2; Malachi 3: 10, 11, and 12; Acts 20: 35; Luke 6: 38; 2 Cor. 9: 6 and 7; Proverbs 3: 9 and 10.

Prayer by two members.

Song—

Business Session.

TOPIC—STEWARDSHIP OF MONEY IN BRAZIL

1. Paying their Foreign Mission Debt. (Five minutes.)

2. Story of Francis Gregorio as a Steward (Five minutes.)

Song—

3. Thomas L. Costa's record in Stewardship. (Five minutes.)

4. Personal Testimonies. (Two minutes each.)

5. Remarks by Pastor.

Song and Closing Prayer.

For information read carefully the first and second articles in January issue of HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS.

Newly Appointed Missionaries of the Foreign Mission Board



MRS. NILS J. BENGTSON

Medical and Evangelistic work,
Barcelona, Spain.



NILS J. BENGTSON

Educational and Evangelistic work,
Barcelona, Spain.



MRS. J. A. ABERNATHY

Evangelistic work,
Tsinan, Shantung, China.



MISS EUNICE KING

Educational work,
Pernambuco, Brazil.

Nils J. Bengtson

Nils J. Bengtson was born in Motala, Sweden, May 16, 1882. He received the first spiritual impressions in Sunday school, and through literature in the library of the Sunday school the interest for missions. As to schools he had all the public school offers. At the age of nineteen he was converted and joined the Baptist church of Motala. Soon he began to teach in the Sunday school, and a year after his conversion he began regular preaching. In 1923 he entered the Bible School of Orebro where he had also a second year. In vacation time he worked as evangelist in both the north and the south of his country. In 1895 he entered the Betel Seminary at Stockholm, where he studied for four years. From his conversion he had a desire to become a missionary, and when he found the need so great in Spain, he presented his petition to the mission board to go there, and was accepted. After finishing studies at said Seminary, he went to Harley College, London, where he studied for a time. Returning to Sweden he was ordained and by the Mission Board dedicated for mission work in Bethany Church, March 6, 1910, and left immediately for Spain. The following year he came home and married in November, 1911, Miss Elin Jerngren, who since then has been a good help in the work.

In 1922, a year after the Swedish Baptist Mission work was taken over by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, the Bengtsons moved to Barcelona and started the Seminary and the Publication work.

Brother Bengtson spent the school term of 1927-28 in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky. He was formally appointed missionary to Spain by the Foreign Mission Board, October, 1928.

Mrs. Nils J. Bengtson

Elin M. Bengtson, nee Jerngren, was born May 14, 1885, in Karlstad. At the age of three years and as a child she confessed to believe in Christ. At seventeen she went to Stockholm and there came to a deeper spiritual life. Further on she became an active member in the B.Y.P.U. of the Bethany Church and was baptized in 1908. Now she began to do everything in order to prepare herself for the mission work, by private study and practical work—teaching in the Sunday school and the rest of Sunday visiting the Home for

Forget Them Not

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand,
Thy vanguard in the distant land.
In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.
Exalt them over every fear,
In peril come thyself more near.
Thine is the work they strive to do;
Be with thine own, thy loved, who stand,
Christ's vanguard, in the storm-swept
land;
Their foes so many, they so few.

—Selected.

aged people and the hospital to bring consolation to them. She had worked as dentist till 1910, when she entered the Bible School, Stockholm, and from there she went to England and studied in the London Missionary School of Medicine. She returned to Sweden, and was married November 25, 1911, to Nils J. Bengtson. At the same occasion, arranged by the Board in the Bethany Church, she was dedicated to mission work and left with her husband for Spain.

Eunice King

"I was born at Rosetta, Mississippi, being the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. King. When I was eleven years old my parents moved to the West, finally locating near Lovington, New Mexico. Upon graduation from the Lovington High School I attended a summer term at a Normal School and then taught a country school for one year. At the close of the school year I accepted a position in a bank where I worked for some time. It was during this time that I entered more actively in Christian work, however, I had been converted at the age of thirteen. In the summer of 1921 I spent my vacation in the Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas, taking a special course in Sunday school and B.Y.P.U. work in order to better prepare myself for work in the local church. The few weeks spent in the Seminary were a revelation to me. I felt that I should give all my time to religious work. I re-entered the Seminary in January, 1922, and completed

the course in Religious Education at mid-term of 1923-24, after which I entered Baylor University and received my A.B. degree in June, 1926.

"During the time I was in the Seminary I was not a volunteer for the foreign mission field. However, I was a volunteer for wherever my Master might lead. The needs and opportunities of the mission field were presented often in the Seminary as well as in the Travis Avenue Baptist Church where I worked during my stay in the Seminary. It was during the summer of 1924 while engaged in Sunday school and B.Y.P.U. institute work in west Texas that I heard R. S. Jones, missionary from Pernambuco, Brazil, speak on our work there. The Lord used this message to make clear his will that I should come to Brazil. From that time on I had no other plan but to finish my course in Baylor and come to Brazil as soon as possible.

"On October 10, 1928, I was appointed missionary to Brazil by the Foreign Mission Board. I am already on the field. I am happy to go on with this work which I have been doing since September, 1926."

Mrs. John A. Abernathy

Mrs. John A. Abernathy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Leonard, was born at Huntington, Arkansas, April 2, 1894. She was converted at the age of fourteen and joined a Baptist church. Her education was received in the public schools of Huntington, Greenwood High School, and State Normal of Ada, Oklahoma.

She taught in the public schools of Arkansas for three years. She went out to China in 1920 under the auspices of the Baptist China Direct Mission and has worked since then in Taian, Shantung, doing educational and evangelistic work among the women and girls of that field.

On June 20, 1925, she was married to John A. Abernathy, of Tsinan, a missionary in the Southern Baptist Mission there, who is doing evangelistic work.

Since her marriage to Brother Abernathy, she has been devoting herself most enthusiastically along with her husband to the work of our Board just as if she were a regularly appointed missionary. On October 10, 1928, she was appointed missionary and is now serving with her husband in Tsinan, Shantung Province, China.

Missionary Miscellany

Secretary T. B. RAY

Arrivals on Furlough:

Miss Essie Smith, Canton, China; home address, Battle Creek, Mich.

Miss Neale C. Young, Abeokuta, Africa; home address, Timmons ville, S. C.

Sailings:

December 7, on *S. S. President Wilson*, Miss Alda Grayson, Laichowfu, China.

An Old Missionary Gets Into Touch:

Brother W. J. Hunnex, who was a missionary of our Board in China from 1882 to 1895, recently called in our office and requested that his address be placed in Missionary Miscellany in order that any friends who desire to get in touch with him might know how to reach him. His address is, Rev. W. J. Hunnex, 2132 Grand Ave., Bronx, New York City.

On the West Coast of Mexico.—"Brother Gregory is getting along splendidly with the school at Culiacan. He is well pleased with his faculty this year, and the school has a larger enrollment than it had last year. Good work is being done. Brother Gregory is a good school man, and is active in religious work so far as permitted by the laws of the country. Our church building there, while not as large as some others, is, I think, the prettiest we have anywhere in the country.

There is a great future for the West Coast country if we can only have a period of peace. The same is true of all Mexico."—*W. F. Hatchell, El Paso, Texas.*

A Great Time for Evangelistic Work.—"It is a great time for evangelistic work. The persecutions of the last two years have called attention to Christianity as never before. The people are ready now to hear if we can just get it to them. I believe if our Brethren realized the greatness of the opportunity that is ours now they would let me have a band of good men to go into every town and hamlet and preach the gospel. Foreigners are no longer a curiosity to the Chinese, we are a marvel. People could understand when we went to them before in a day when there was nothing more than the inconveniences that we had to undergo, but to go to them now when there is real danger they give more than a passing interest. I have passed more Scriptures and tracts and literature to the Chinese this last year than in any two of my former years."—*C. C. Marriott, Chinkiang, China.*

Schools Doing Better.—"All the schools are doing much better. They are doing more real work. A better spirit is manifested than I have ever seen in China the whole time I was there. Some of our new students this year have already accepted Christ. So you see we need not be discouraged as long as they are coming to Christ. In fact, there seems to be everything to encourage one.

"You would not recognize Canton for the same city we had there one year ago. Instead of the smouldering Communists fires there are new buildings, wide asphalt roads with automobiles going everywhere. Public health and sanitation has been improved one hundred per cent."—*Miss Essie Smith, Canton China.*

Working in the Country Districts.—"For the past month I have been traveling among our people in the country. Everywhere crowds

came to hear. There seemed to be the same friendly atmosphere of former years.

Our own farmer people are feeling the effects of a poor crop year added to all the losses of war and bandits. Many said they would not be able to come to our meeting which begins day after tomorrow. One feels very helpless in the face of such wholesale poverty. After the meeting I plan to continue my traveling until I make the rounds of all the out-stations. It is comparatively new work to me but I find it very interesting."—*Olive Riddell, Pochow, China.*

Prosperity Everywhere.—"It is very, very peaceful here now and we see real prosperity everywhere we go, business is picking up all the time. There is talk of opening up an automobile road to Fat Shan by next summer and this will make it possible to go to Canton in three hours. There is a systematic plan at work in Kongmoon now and they are going to have wide roads everywhere. If you would go there today you would think they had had a big earthquake or fire, for they are tearing down buildings in every direction. Several wide roads have already been built and with the ones they are building everything will look different. A company is now figuring relative to putting running water and a better electric light plant. In Sun Wui they are tearing down the old city wall and will build a wide road on the foundation. The material will be used for building purposes. The plan that they are carrying out here also calls for wide roads and this too will be gradually carried out, just making a new city. We are glad to see this progress and we hope it will continue. It is our desire to keep pace with the material progress in the winning of souls and building of real character."—*Frank T. Woodward, Kongmoon, China.*

An Active Veteran.—"The Chinese have again asked me to pastor this church and I have accepted until we can find a suitable Chinese. Recently baptized nine and more to follow. Beginning a special meeting next Sunday. Mr. Ling seems to be doing well as principal of the two schools. Just returned from a Soochow preachers' conference and attended a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Yates and Wei Ling Academies of which I by request of McDaniel and Miss Lanneau consented to be a member. Spoke at chapel to a large audience of the boys and girls and they gave me good attention. I am trying to help all I can."—*R. T. Bryan, Shanghai, China.*

Seeing Ourselves through a Missionary's Eyes.—"We are convinced, sad though we are to have to admit it, that the spiritual condition of the average church in the States, judged by the standard of missionary potentiality, is very low. All the clever methods and systems and psychological approaches will avail little. Some method and education there must be, but the need of this is not nearly so great as of a great country-wide coming back to the Bible, a cleansing of the currents of spiritual life, and the setting on fire of the beacons of revival which shall be the signal over all the hills of Zion for a universal leaving of the flesh-pots and the buckling on of armor for a world-wide crusade."—*George A. Bowdler, Buenos Aires, Argentina.*

A Challenging Gift.—Brother C. B. Bobo, the State Member of our Board from South Carolina, writes the following letter:

"You will find enclosed a check for twenty-five dollars. This comes from Brother ——. This brother came into our office and asked if he were to send any money to the Foreign Mission Board would it go right to China and convert people. He said he had been told recently that if he sent it 98 cents would remain at home and only two cents got to the work. When I explained the work to him he gave me the twenty-five dollars and this left him only \$62.00, all that he has in the world. He is working in the mill at \$13.00 per week and pays five of this for board, but he knows in a real way the Lord. He is now getting well on in years and if he were to die today would not have enough to bury him. Will you not write him a short note of appreciation of this gift? It is indeed an unusual one as to real sacrifice."

Cablegram from Argentina.—On November 30 we received the following cablegram, signed by the Argentine Baptist Convention:

"Upon the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the coming to Argentina of Brother S. M. Sowell, the Argentine Baptist Convention wishes to express its hearty thanks to the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention for the esteemed service and blessing he has brought to Argentina."

The record made by the Argentine Baptist Mission, which was inaugurated by Brother Sowell, is a most inspiring one. We have now in Argentina 56 churches, 68 outstations and 3,495 members. It will be noted that the cablegram is from the Argentine Baptist Convention, which not only conducts missionary operations within its own bounds, but supports a foreign mission enterprise in Paraguay.

Hopeful Outlook in Manchuria.—"The attitude of the people everywhere is friendly and every one seems to have more hope than formerly now that civil war has passed. This week twelve C. I. M. missionaries passed through the city from Norway on their way to Shansi. Representatives of the three churches, along with the resident missionaries, gave them a reception and dinner. It was done by the Chinese, who wanted, as they said, in this way to show their appreciation of work done by the missionaries. The officials here are also more friendly toward Christianity."—*Chas. A. Leonard, Manchuria, China.*

Miscellaneous

The church is the leading industry of the day.—*Roger W. Babson.*

Almighty God must come before the almighty dollar. In the gospel lies the only solution Industrialism will ever have.—*J. N. Britton.*

The roar of the world has shut out the still small voice of God.—*Helen Barrett Montgomery.*

We keep our gospel by giving it away . . . Jesus speaks the mother tongue of all races.—*John MacBeath.*

The early church was noted for its poverty and power; the church of today is noted for its wealth and weakness.—*Henry Alford Porter.*

Chicago and New York need the message of the gospel as much as Calcutta and Bombay. While we keep our missionary propaganda going and growing, we should be strengthening the equipment at home.—*Dr. Gilkey.*

"Go ye into all the world"—the geographical world, the business world, the sorrowful world, the social world, the intellectual world, etc.—*W. Y. Fullerton.*

LOST

A Story of Africa

BY ANNE WOODLEY

CHAPTER IX

The six months of grace before Lucio was to become the wife of Mbugwa were nearly finished. Lucio had determined that night in the dark and silent hut that she would paint her body and hair no more and that she would wear a covering, but this old Kalengu would not permit. When the brown dye wore off and her body became pale again, Kalengu said to her, "Lucio, go get some more dye, you are getting quite white."

"But I don't wish to paint myself any more," returned Lucio.

"Of course you do child. Look at you, everybody will be staring and laughing at you again if you parade around like that, so go to, dye yourself and take off those palm leaves around your waist."

"But I don't want to," cried Lucio.

"Well," stormily exclaimed the old woman, and looking significantly toward the fireplace, "would you rather be tattooed? Take your choice. Don't think your threat about not being able to work will avail you anything now. What do I care whether you can work or not so long as you are sold?"

Lucio knew she was speaking the truth, so she bided her time. The king soon sent her innumerable ornaments, necklets, armlets, earrings, even a head-dress, and a real hat made of native grasses. Had the head-dress not been such a wonder to the people, Lucio with it bound around her head under the hat, the long chains dangling down her back nearly to her feet, would have caused them much merriment. As it was, was not the king fascinated? Did he not love her very much to find such wonderful things to send to her? Never had there been a bride of their village so bedecked and Lucio was proud of her ornaments. Never having had anything the other girls had, how could she be censured for feeling a bit exalted because of the evident devotion of the king?

Of course she could see the admiration and envy in the faces of the other girls and quite naturally she began to feel more reconciled to her fate. But in the silent night watches, as her thoughts turned to the future, she drew back with something almost akin to horror. How could she marry that brutal, sensual, cruel man! She couldn't, couldn't—and she wouldn't! But how to get away? She pondered and pondered over it night after night. A rumor had come to the village that there were other white people in the world just like her, that some of them were living quite near, but was she one of that tribe? How was she to know? No one had ever told her how she came to be here, as Kalengu had given strict orders that she was not to be told, with vigorous threats of the curses she would bring upon anyone who heeded not her commands.

She had a dim recollection of a boy whom she called "Kippy" who was not here now, and a glorious big bon-fire, but it was all so hazy in her mind that she wondered if it wasn't all a dream. One day she had tried to find out from Kalengu if these impressions of hers were true or only a myth, and Kalengu, with wily cunning, slyly deepened the impression that they were a dream.

"Dreams! Dreams!" she mumbled. "That's the way with all lazy girls. Nothing but

dreaming all day long. Get along and bring the water from the stream."

Old Kalengu was lying on the mat on the floor of the hut close to the fire-stones. Her body seemed, if it were possible, more withered and shrunken than when we first saw her; indeed, the flesh almost cracked as it stretched across her bones. Her hair, greasy and stiff with dirt and dust, was so thoroughly matted that only shaving the head could have given her a semblance of a human creature. The frill of bark cloth around her middle reeked with filth, as did also the filthy blanket—or pieces of blanket—with which she tried to cover her emaciated body.

Kalengu was ill—indeed, she was very ill, had been for the past ten days, and there was no man in her family to offer the sacrifices to the devil-god, so of course she would die. She groaned as she thought of Orlufo, her big, stalwart son, who had gone away a year ago, and never returned. If he were here he would sacrifice the fowl. But he was dead, at least she supposed he was dead. Surely he would have returned before this to his old mother if he were alive.

Lucio had done what a woman could do—she offered the rice libation to the devil-god, but grandmother seemed only to get worse and more weak as the days went by. She would bathe her, but grandmother beat her off with her scrawny, bony hands, so Lucio gave her what food she would eat and kept the fire blazing beside her day and night. To her joy the old woman did not notice that her body had grown quite white during these last ten days, and always upon emerging from the hut she would throw about her the leopard skin which Kalengu's son had given her months before.

But something must be done or Kalengu would die. She saw that clearly. She sat by the fire pondering the matter—where could she find Orlufo, or who could sacrifice in his stead? No one—there was absolutely no one of Kalengu's family left.

"No one," Kalengu said. "She was too old, too full of years. All had died but herself. It was God's affair. She, too, would die soon."

Peculiar sounds floated into the smoky hut through the half-closed door mat. Singing, yes, but what peculiar words! Lucio listened intently and the old Kalengu stopped her mumbling and became very quiet, as if she, too, had heard.

"What is it, Lucio?"

"I don't know," said the girl.

"Well, go and see and hurry back and tell me," snapped the old woman, still with enough strength left to speak surlily and crossly.

Lucio caught up her leopard skin, slipping it over her head. Tying the skin on one shoulder, it fell in graceful folds about her, covering up every ornament and every bit of her gleaming white body. And while Kalengu fumed and fretted, mumbled and scolded at her delay, Lucio saw the most astonishing sight which had ever met her gaze and one which made her forget everything else.

In the middle of the kraal were gathered together the whole village. She edged her way in the crowd to get at the great attraction. A wonderful box reposed on the ground and it was talking to the people while a white

man, sitting on a low stool in front of the box, was beating it unmercifully with his hands. He was singing; the words were in her own tongue, but the "affair" was so absolutely foreign to her, as to all of the rest gathered there, that no conception of their meaning came to her or to them.

Soon the man became tired of beating the box, the voice stopped and he bowed his head and talked to the ground. Still, although every word could be heard distinctly and every word was in her own tongue, yet she could make nothing out of it. What was he doing? What had he come here for? Then the man talked to the people, something about God. Why, yes, they knew about God, but what was he saying? Oh, that was nonsense. *God had a son!* Pooh! She didn't believe that, and she turned to go back to the hut; she had remembered about Kalengu. She would be angry because she had stayed away so long.

"Orlufo, Orlufo!" she cried, forgetting everything, and rushing to him, as he was trying to make more plain to the people the words just spoken by his teacher, the white man, she grasped his hand and fairly dragged him through the crowd and pushed him into the door of his mother's hut.

Kalengu had heard that cry, her son's name. When he entered a minute later she was using all her feeble strength to raise herself from her mat.

"Mother, you are ill. Do lie down. It is Orlufo."

"Yes, I see, my son. Now I will have some one to sacrifice for me. Yes, I am very ill and I thought you were dead or you would have come before."

"But, mother," said Orlufo in distress, "you don't understand. I can't sacrifice for you to the devil-god because I believe in God and his son, Jesus Christ, and that is what I came home for. Do listen, our gods are not gods—they have no power. God is the true God and Jesus, his son, came to earth to save all who would believe on him—'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.' Here is my teacher; we will pray to our God, the true God, that through his son, Jesus Christ, you may be led to believe."

"But, son, I am dying. Do you not know that unless one sacrifices to the gods, he will be cursed in the next world? Sacrifice! Sacrifice, before it is too late!"

Her eyes fastened upon Walter, as he entered the low door, the glaze seemed to disappear entirely and they almost started from the sockets.

"Heh!" she ejaculated. Her strength returned in superhuman power, and she sat upright. "Heh!" she repeated, pointing a bony finger at him. "You have come for the pale child. Where is she? Lucio, Lucio!"

Lucio arose from her crouching position by the door, where she had been listening and marvelling at their words, and came near. The old woman forgot about the white man and her prophesy to him, her strength deserted her as suddenly as it had come, and she fell back on the floor. But her iron will again asserted itself.

Pointing with her bony forefinger in the direction of Lucio, she almost shrieked, "Kippy, Kippy, what is her name?" Then, as if waiting for the answer, she paused, then came the words, every syllable distinctly spoken: "Mangareka, Mangareka; I will remember."

With the last words, the old woman breathed her last.

(To be continued)

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