

THE WORLD IS DARK BUT FOR THE LIGHT OF CHRIST

HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

MARCH 1934

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HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

THE MISSION JOURNAL OF SOUTHERN BAPTISTS

JOHN L. HILL, *Editor*

Nashville, Tenn.

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Dr. T. B. Ray—An Appreciation

Solon B. Cousins, Pastor, Second Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia

BUT few issues of any of our Southern Baptist Missionary periodicals have appeared in the past quarter of a century without some word from Dr. T. B. Ray. He wrote with effortless ease about missions and missionaries. Always there was the sense of urgency in his appeals to our people to rally to the support of our greatest and most Christ-like cause. All too frequently he had regretfully to record the death of some loved missionary who had fallen at his far-distant post of service. His tributes were intimate, for the men and women serving us in foreign fields he thought of as members of his own household. For most of them he had arranged transportation, bade them Godspeed as they left, and during their difficult days of adjustment in their new home had encouraged them with his letters and comforted them with his counsel. It seems strange today that we should be doing for him what for so long he has done for others—writing a memorial word. Friends near and far will deeply regret to know of his death which came after a brief illness at Richmond on Monday, January 15, 1934.

Dr. Ray was first and last a servant of Southern Baptists. It was through the established agencies of our Convention that he expressed his devotion to the kingdom of God. With the exception of eight years as minister to the Immanuel Baptist Church, Nashville, Tennessee, his work was with the Foreign Mission Board. And his major emphases in his first and only pastorate were pro-



phetic of the distinctive field in which his life-work would be done. As a young pastor he was a member of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, of the Board of Missions of the Tennessee Convention, of the Tennessee Baptist Orphans' Home, and of the City Mission Board. It is significant as indicating the trend of his interest that he introduced the study class feature in the Baptist Encampment. Later, and for twenty-seven years, he appealed to churches and their organizations to form study classes, believing that to be the best method for developing a missionary consciousness. Indeed every forward movement of our denomination found in him a

friend and a champion. For several years he was president of the Tennessee Baptist Young People's Union. He was actively connected with the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, and while a pastor in Nashville wrote for its periodicals and served in an editorial capacity.

It is not surprising in the light of Dr. Ray's background as a pastor that the Foreign Mission Board should have called him. Unconsciously he had been preparing for this larger field. The year 1906 was a "year of beginnings" for the Foreign Board. It was then that we began seriously the promotion of Mission Study among all our people. Missionary-minded pastors were preaching the world-mission of the church and were being re-enforced by devoted Christian women. But no specific literature

had been created and no definite plan had been formulated for acquainting our entire constituency with the needs of Christless lands. Under the inspiring leadership of the great-hearted Willingham the Educational Department was started, and on the first of November, 1906, Dr. Ray was elected secretary. To his new task he brought conviction and enthusiasm. It was something he loved. A fresh impetus was given our foreign mission work through the creation of distinctly missionary literature. And at the end of his eight years of association with the Educational Department he had the satisfaction of seeing thousands of Southern Baptists studying the map of the world. Many as were his contributions to the cause, not one was more far-reaching and productive than his work as educational secretary.

Another significant date for Dr. Ray and for Foreign Missions was 1912. The celebration of the Centennial of Adoniram Judson brought a revival of missionary zeal. The imaginations of country churches, town churches, and city churches were fired as they visualized the possibility of doing in some distant and needy place just the work they were undertaking to do in their own localities. It was something definite, concrete, and when our churches were asked to honor Judson by giving \$1,250,000 there was the heartiest response. Dr. Ray led the Judson Centennial movement and led it to a successful conclusion.

There was no department of the Board with which he was not familiar. From 1914 to 1933 he served at different periods as associate secretary, foreign secretary, and executive secretary. On his retirement in October, 1933, he was made secretary emeritus.

Long years of study, first-hand knowledge of the fields where our missionaries labor, and intimate associations with the missionaries themselves, gave Dr. Ray a wealth of information and an insight into missionary problems possessed by few men among us. And now that we shall see no more his face one memory will linger with all who knew him well—and it is the thing by which he would wish to be remembered. It is this: At the center of his life was a love for Foreign Missions, a long love, deep and undying. It was reflected in every production of his pen, in every address to the people, and in every appeal to the Board. A few days before his death he completed the manuscript of a book which he was sending out in the hope that it might stir Southern Baptists to renew their loyalty to Missions. And his last words were expressions of solicitude about our work in the new year.

His achievements were never spectacular but they were solid. His was not a passion of words but of soul. He believed that the gospel of Christ is the only hope of the world, and he never doubted the ultimate triumph of that gospel. Nor was his faith ever shaken in the willingness of his brethren to respond to the world-call of the Master. His term of service with the Board covered eventful years—years of expansion, when a new spirit laid hold upon our people; trying years, when enthusiasm cooled and offerings declined; crucial, critical years, when readjustments and curtailments were inevitable. But in season and out, always and everywhere, his zeal was unflagging, his hope undiscourageable.

At the simple funeral service, Dr. Charles Daniel, his pastor and long-time friend, spoke beautifully and tenderly of Dr. Ray's Christian life, his devotion to the church of

the Living God, and his longing to see Christ enthroned in all the earth. A quartet sang "Jesus Shall Reign," and his body was laid to rest in Hollywood—the resting place of so many beloved Baptist leaders.

Denominational leadership brings an inescapable loneliness, but there must be abiding compensations. The lamplighters pass over the hill, out of sight, but the lights burn on.

School Girls Pledge Allegiance

Mrs. C. K. Dozier, Missionary, Fukuoka, Japan

IT was November 12, 1933, the last day of the Rowe Memorial evangelistic meetings. The glory of God filled our chapel just as the sun was beginning to lower behind the beautiful mountains surrounding our Baptist Girls' School in Kokura.

All of the girls who were earnestly considering making a decision for Christ, and any of the Christian girls who wished to stay, were asked to remain after school to hear the last appeal of President Tanaka, of Lambeth Training School. The other students were requested to return quietly to their homes.

There was a question in the hearts of many of the teachers as to how many girls would stay for the service. But great was their joy when they saw about two hundred girls enter the chapel. God's Holy Spirit drove the message home to each heart. Mr. Tanaka concluded his message and asked Mr. Mujoshi, the pastor and religious director, to lead in the closing prayer. Mr. Mujoshi had never prayed as he prayed at that hour. As he was saying "Amen," Dean Hara began pouring out his heart to God for his girls. Other prayers from contrite, broken hearts followed.

Mr. Tanaka announced, "O Jesus I Have Promised," as the closing hymn. He asked all who could solemnly vow before God to follow Jesus unto the end to hold up their right hand as the last verse was being sung. Ninety-three girls at the first word of the last verse raised their right hands, to these were added the right hands of more than a hundred girls and teachers re-dedicating their lives to Christ. There they stood with uplifted hands singing:

"O Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me, my Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle if Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway, if Thou wilt be my Guide."

I was sitting in the back of the room and as I saw those two hundred hands outstretched to their Lord and Saviour, I thought, "How great the joy must be in heaven at this hour, not over one repenting sinner, but over ninety-three girls who are dedicating their lives to Christ, the Guardian of their souls. (Seven others have come later.)"

By the end of this school year we pray that every one of these girls may put on Christ in baptism.

Southern Baptist Friends, no investment in houses, lands, banks, or bonds has ever brought you the interest this school is bringing you. Remember that it is yours when you pray and give.

Throughout eternity your gifts will bear interest!



Curable lepers at entrance road to Ago Ireti (Camp of Hope) Leper Colony, where Dr. Lockett gave his compassionate care and services free

Leper receiving treatment of the Chaulmoogra oil



The Death of a Modern Job

Missionary J. Clarence Anders, M. D., Ogbomoso, Nigeria, Africa

IN the summer of 1910 Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Lockett and little daughter, Esther, landed in Lagos. They were just in time for the annual Mission meeting in Abeokuta, where they were stationed.

Three months later he went sixty-five miles to Lagos, the capital, on the coast to register his license. There he was told he could not register his American license, as Nigeria recognizes only British licenses. In 1907 or 1908 the Foreign Board at home had told Dr. Lockett that a British license was not necessary. He had offered to go to England and get a British license, if necessary, at his own expense. Later the Board had to send their other doctor, at the expense of a friend of the Board, to Edinburgh for eight months' study to get a British license, because a British license was necessary to open the new hospital in Ogbomoso.

After a year the Locketts were expecting another child and Mrs. Lockett became very ill. An operation was necessary and the Board's other doctor was a week's journey away. Two other doctors promised to help out but did not appear. The young doctor had to give his wife the anesthesia and operate too. Three weeks later she was dead. Then he took his little daughter home to her grandmother and returned to Abeokuta.

While completing his first term of service Dr. Lockett helped Mrs. Lumbley found our Baptist Girls' High School. Then he went home on leave and was married. On his return to Africa he was sent to Oyo, a provincial capital one hundred forty miles inland. He founded our Baptist churches at Awe and Fiditi, and was very busy with medicine and field work. Mrs. Lockett and the children were unwell and remained in America. He came out alone and worked hard trying to build a hospital. Oyo was a town of 50,000, but had no bank. Therefore he went to Lagos to cash his checks, and brought home bags full of brass money. He kept them in his room and slept with his loaded rifle, shotgun and pistol at hand. This sounds like a Texas gunman, but he never shot any one. The Nurses' Residence was started, the lumber and cement

were bought and he was ready to begin building when a cable called him home.

Dr. Lockett's father had left him some money and his wife and children were living on that. It was all lost and he had to go home and support his family. He was a clever surgeon and made instruments he did not have. He even invented instruments. Soon he was making nine hundred dollars a month at home. Yet, he quit it to return to Africa for eight hundred dollars a year.

Just after he went home a native made the Mission give back some money the native had paid Dr. Lockett, because Dr. Lockett still had no British license. When he returned he was given a license.

Dr. Lockett, his wife and three children and a girl friend of Esther, the oldest, were caught in a Texas cloudburst. Their Ford stalled in a swollen ford. He waded ashore to get help from a farmer living near by. When the two men returned, the Ford and its occupants had been washed down stream. The four children perished. Dr. Lockett ran down stream, passed Mrs. Lockett, crawled out on a limb and pulled her out. After a long stay in the hospital and several operations, including skin grafting, Mrs. Lockett was able to be up and around. They immediately applied to the Foreign Mission Board for reappointment, and went on a motor trip to our National Parks for Mrs. Lockett's health.

In April, 1926, the Locketts were returned to Africa and sent to our hospital in Ogbomoso to help Dr. George Green. There was only one vacant house—it was fifty years old, a tree grew in one wall and there was no money to repair it. They lived with Dr. and Mrs. Sadler for three months until he could make that old house fit to live in. I understand that some of his nine hundred dollars per month earned at home went into this house. It is very comfortable now and I am living in it until Mrs. Lockett returns.

Dr. Green, in addition to the hospital, was in charge of the Ogbomoso churches and out-stations, Mission treasurer

(Continued on page 6)

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EDITORIALS

BRONSON RAY

THAT'S what we called him in college. This writer was a resident in a freshman dormitory in Georgetown College of which Ray was steward. In this relationship began an acquaintance which developed into confidence that ripened into friendship that lasted unbroken through the years. It is to Bronson Ray, the college student, that we would pay our tribute. He was faithful to his class-room obligations and privileges; never a brilliant student, he was respected for the thoroughness with which he performed every task and for the considerable measure of independence of thinking which he maintained. He was actively interested in what we would call today the campus life of the college. The literary societies absorbed much of the surplus energy and time of the student of that day, and he gave himself enthusiastically to the life and work of the Tau Theta Kappa society which he served as official and counsellor and loyal member. He was not naturally athletic, but he donned the self-provided football togs and did his bit toward developing the college team. In the Y.M.C.A. and in the religious life of the local church, of which Dr. Z. T. Cody was pastor, he was conspicuously useful. The social life of the campus was rather limited, or restricted, but he found pleasure in the refining influences of the dignified and somewhat formal receptions and levees that came three or four times a year. He was easily the best student preacher of his college generation and his services were much in demand by the churches in central Kentucky. His pulpit ministry was decidedly evangelistic, and was accompanied by remarkable spiritual power. We remember that he supplied the pulpit of our home church occasionally and as he spoke our people

were reminded of the spirit of our great and good college president, Dr. A. C. Davidson, who still lives to bless all who come within even the fringe of his influence.

The youth is father to the man. In Bronson Ray, the student—honored and trusted by president and faculty, respected by all of his fellow students, faithful to every task, and compassionately devoted to the salvation of lost men, it is not difficult to see Dr. T. B. Ray, the foreign mission secretary. Blessings on his memory.

MISSIONS DOCTRINAL

IT is always more or less foolish to think of a particular Bible doctrine as fundamental, for every doctrine in the Book is fundamental; there is no padding, no superfluous statement, no unimportant teaching,—it is all fundamental. However, it is not irreverent to seek out the doctrine that seems to overshadow and in a sense account for the others. In other words, the reader ought to be able to discover what we would call the obvious doctrine. If possible, it would be interesting to know the impression of the man who reads the Bible for the first time without having heard of it before. What would be his impression? Regardless of the motive that he brought to its reading, we believe he would put it aside with the conviction that the Bible is the story of God's love for man and of God's plan for the redemption of man. Essentially, that is missions; and without appreciation of this doctrine, much of the Bible becomes non-understandable. For this reason, we are persuaded that missions is the fundamental Baptist doctrine. Would it not be proper, therefore, to make one's attitude toward missions a test of orthodoxy? It is high time we were developing a real conscience on this matter of giving the gospel to the lost world. Too long have we trifled with the responsibility and ignored the privilege. Baptists will be called back to this primary duty when they persuade themselves that missions is the outstanding doctrine of the Scriptures. To this end we would urge a revival of the reading and study of the Bible throughout the territory of the Convention, as the sure basis upon which to expect a quickening of missionary interest and enthusiasm.

MISSIONS DENOMINATIONAL

EVEN slight acquaintance with modern Baptist history will convince the student of our organized life that missions drew us together and missions holds us as a people right now. Examine the constitutions of organizations from the Triennial Convention down to the present and discover the fact that the giving of the gospel to the lost is both the inspiration and the objective of the organized efforts of Baptists. Of course, other things are included, but these other things are secondary to the cause of missions in that they are either necessary to the successful missionary program

or the natural outgrowth of missions. In short, missions was the occasion of co-operative efforts among modern Baptists and missions is the one cause without which it would be very difficult to justify their continued general corporate existence. Grateful for the rich heritage of worthy forbears, we can best register our deep appreciation of their heroic efforts and perpetuate the fruits of their sacrificial labors by supporting a vigorous missionary program. Our denominational spirit is a marvelous thing and eminently worthy of preservation and perpetuation; it can best be maintained by an aggressive missionary ministry.

MISSIONS STATE

SOUTHERN BAPTISTS for at least one hundred years and more have thought of the states as units of co-operative endeavor. Politically, traditionally, and socially the life of our Southern people has been linked with their respective states,—state loyalty is not a fiction in the South. Consequently state programs have always, and properly so, made a very strong appeal to Southern Baptists. Magnificent missionary work has been done in every one of the states of the Convention and vigorous activity in most of the forms of missionary endeavor continues to characterize many of the states. There can never be any thought of abandoning or even of reducing to a minimum state mission work. We deplore anything suggestive ever so slightly of contention among us as to the relative authority of the states and Convention; such ought really never to arise. The stronger and more robust the work of the individual states, the more fruitful their united efforts. There should be in every state a consuming ambition to excel all of the others in carrying out the express commands of our Lord, and each state should be not only willing but glad to lose itself for the good of all. There is such a thing as a spirit of co-operation which brings only joy to the participants and glory to the Master in whose name and for whose sake all of the work is done. In the light of blessings received, Southern Baptists ought to be the happiest people on earth and ought to find more satisfaction in following the plain commands of Jesus than any other group. We rejoice in the spirit of unity that prevails among us; we trust that it may continue to manifest itself in a service that knows no strife except that born of a holy zeal and consecrated determination to surpass all records in sacrificial, loyal service to our King.

MISSIONS LOCAL

WHEN all has been said about organization and co-operation, the fact remains that Baptists can go no further than the local churches are willing to go. Among Baptists the local church is autonomous, and voluntariness is the guiding principle. Conventions may outline policies and Boards may launch programs, but the local churches determine the success or failure of them all. There is no wisdom in ignoring this very

important fact in Baptist polity, which is drawn directly from the example of New Testament churches. In fact, the recognition of such a principle dignifies the weakest church in the Convention and challenges the strongest. Our more than twenty-five thousand churches are links in our great denominational chain; too long we have overlooked the importance of every link, of even the weakest link in the chain. Herein is our strength and our weakness. Every possible effort, individual and collective, must be made to enlist the last church that bears the name of Baptist in the tremendously serious effort to make effective on the earth the Great Commission of our Lord. There are many distinctions of which a local church may be proud, such as beautiful and adequate equipment, wealth and culture of membership, soulful music, and a record of faithful service to the community, etc. But in our judgment the greatest distinction that can come to a church is to deserve to be known as genuinely missionary, that is, sensitive to the appeal (mute, though it may be) of a lost world, conscious of the privilege of sharing the only remedy that can meet that appeal, and responsive to the call of the Master for co-operation in his work. Any Baptist church can win this distinction.

MISSIONS PERSONAL

IN the last analysis the outcome of any undertaking among Baptists rests upon the individual Baptist; Baptists are individualists. Believing that salvation is a personal matter, that Bible reading and interpretation are personal, that stewardship and responsibility are personal, Baptists hold that response to the call of the Spirit for active participation in kingdom enterprises must be made by the individual. As the Convention has no authority to command the local church, so the church has no power to compel its members to be missionary. The individual, however, no matter how indifferent the church as a whole may be to missions, has not only the right but the duty to assert and practice his loyalty to the missionary program of the Master. Such testimony on the part of even one member will transform the thinking and practice of a whole church. Not long since, a fine young fellow, pastor of a poor rural church, came into our office and said that the debts on our Boards had gotten on his heart and he was going to do something about it. He said he was already tithing his little income, but he was going to take another tithe out to apply on these debts. Foolish, some will say; because a mere pittance can make no impression on such enormous debts. Wrong! Such action is not only not foolish, it is thoroughly wise and in complete accord with Baptist belief. When individual Baptists rise up all over our territory and announce to their churches that something must be done about our mission causes and that they propose to start that something, the end of the solution of our financial and other problems will not be far away. Is this your opportunity?

THE DEATH OF A MODERN JOB

(Continued from page 3)

and acting as general secretary part of the time. One man should not be asked to do so much. Dr. Lockett had to take over the Ogbomoso out-stations in addition to the hospital when Dr. Green went home in 1927. When I landed here in 1928 Dr. Lockett was tired out from over-work, as he had been carrying on alone for eight months.

The fame of Dr. Lockett's surgical skill spread far and near. Dr. Green is one of the best eye specialists in Nigeria. The lame, the halt and the blind came in increasing numbers. Dr. Lockett raised fees and the income went up from £110 in 1926 to £975 in 1929. A patient would have to pay his money in advance for an operation and then wait a month until his turn came. Emergencies only were done promptly. Yet attendance doubled, going from 8,000 to 16,000 a year, in spite of higher fees.

Dr. Lockett was a builder. He built a ward, a workshop and a building for the motherless babies. The Virginia W.M.U. gave the money for the Baby Building. The materials left in Oyo had been brought to Ogbomoso and used by Dr. Green in the hospital here.

The residents of the Province gave Dr. Lockett £400 and land to build a Leper Colony. He started four houses; the lease was contested and the site had to be abandoned. With part of the remaining money he built a house for lepers who had been driven out of town and were hopelessly beyond treatment. A new site was provided and four two-room houses built. Money has been provided locally for other houses and a treatment center—Ago Ireti (Camp of Hope). There are already twenty-four patients and the first cured patient was discharged at Christmas, 1933. Dr. Lockett went home in July, 1933, to raise money to build a church for the lepers.

On November 14, 1933, we received a cable that Dr. Lockett died the day before.

The letter written by the lepers of the Camp of Hope expresses their grief. He cared for them when their families would not and could not. He not only treated them, but held church services for them every Sunday with the help of one of our native workers whom he had already cured of leprosy. There have been seven professions of faith among them and others are thinking. You should hear the lepers pray for Mrs. Lockett! Their letter follows:

Dear Sirs:

Ho! sorry very very sorry indeed of Dr. Lockett's death. We were sorry indeed when we were told that he was dead. May the dust lie softly over him. May God be with him. Since we were told of his death, even each of us do not know where he or she is for his love to every one of us is greater than those of brothers and sisters. We do pray for Dr. Anders who is in place of him, that God in his own mercy may assist him to carry the work at Ago Ireti—(Camp of Hope).

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) AGO IRETI
Nov. 15, 1933.

While stationed in Oyo Dr. Lockett gained the friendship of the native Emperor, or Alafin (C. M. G.). When the Alafin heard of Dr. Lockett's death he hired a car and sent four of his messengers a distance of thirty-five miles, along with our native dispenser, to deliver the following letter:

Missionaries,
Southern Baptist Mission,

The Afin, Oyo, 16, 11, 33.

Nigeria
My good Friends:

Mr. S. I. Taiwo, dispenser, let me know of the death of Dr. Lockett when he got home in America.

I am very sorry to hear of it, I sympathize with you all about this. He was my good friend. Will you please give my message to all people concerned about this mourning both at home in America and all white men in Ogbomoso.

Salutations,

Your good Friend,

(Signed) SHIYANBOLA LADUBOLU
x (his mark)
Alafin, Oyo

Some of Dr. Lockett's friends may want to send out a much needed doctor to take his place. Only a very well trained man can do what was his work. He was well trained: A.B., Baylor; Th.M., Louisville; and M.D., Tulane. Also his ability as a mechanic, builder, business man and organizer was invaluable. A new doctor, a church for the lepers, or both, would be a fitting memorial. Also the hospital needs a maternity ward that he longed to build.

Job lost his children and possessions, but kept his wife and lived to be happy on this earth.

Dr. Lockett lost his children, possessions and first wife, and nearly lost his second wife. Job recovered from his boils, but Dr. Lockett's overworked heart became still after a short illness.

REVIVAL IN KWEITEH

Missionary Sadie M. Lawton, Kweitech, China

I WISH you could have been with us as the people came in to the *Ta Chu Hui* (Big Meeting) early in November. Groups of anywhere from two or three to ten or twelve came in together. (See picture, page 17.)

One woman said, "I had 200 cash (about four cents) and my neighbor had 500, so we steamed some bread to take along and started out to walk to Kweitech." The city was thirty miles from their home and the women had bound feet. (Only three women attending the meeting had large feet, and they were the three foreigners.) The evangelist from thirty miles away brought his whole family. He pushed the wheelbarrow, his wife pulled, and the two children rode. One old lady eighty-two years old walked fifteen miles. Altogether about one hundred fifty people came in from the country. Only a very few rode, and those who did had the uncertain comfort of a springless wheelbarrow.

Instead of the visitors putting up at hotels when they arrived, they were all accommodated in the Mission Compound. The women had two large rooms with millet stalks and matting spread on the floor to sleep on, and the men had the same in another courtyard. It is surprising how many people can sleep in one room in that way! Some of the folk had brought a quilt along, but others simply lay down in their wadded clothes and slept.

Eating was quite a simple matter. Each person brought his own supply of bread, and gruel was furnished twice a day. This was paid for by a collection from the delegates, with a bit to help out from other sources.

Missionary A. S. Gillespie preached twice a day to an audience of about three hundred. He gave us splendid messages in good Chinese, which is no easy task for one who has been in China only two years. Another missionary, Mr. Sydney J. Townsend, led us in singing and the people made the place ring on some of the favorite hymns.

(Continued on page 21)

Florida's First Missionary

Inabelle G. Coleman, Richmond, Virginia

ON November 14, 1933, when a cable flashed across the Caribbean announcing the sudden death of Rev. Frank J. Fowler of Mendoza, Argentina, Southern Baptists bowed their heads in sorrow and in sympathy for the grief-stricken and lonely wife on her bed of suffering and pain in Argentina. For six months she had not walked, but patiently endured the drawing pains of rheumatism. Brother Fowler was with her at the Anglo-American Private Hospital, Buenos Aires, where she was seeking relief from her own illness, when he was stricken. And there in beautiful Chacarita, the British cemetery of Buenos Aires, they laid him to rest.

Frank Fowler was Florida's first foreign missionary. Born near Melrose, Florida, on November 13, 1870, he spent his early years in the country in his father's Christian home. At sixteen he was converted and joined the Eliam Baptist Church of which his father was a deacon. He was baptized by the pastor, Rev. H. M. King. Just at this time an uncle, T. W. Thompson, exerted quite an influence over this young Christian, and encouraged him to invest his life in Christian service. At eighteen Frank Fowler surrendered to the call to give all of his life in full-time service, and at twenty years of age he began preaching.

In order better to prepare himself for the Lord's work, Frank Fowler entered Mercer University after finishing high school at Melrose. Of him Dr. C. M. Brittain, executive-secretary-treasurer of the Florida Baptist Convention writes:

"When I came to know Frank Fowler we were students together in Mercer University. In those days there was a large ministerial band on the Mercer campus, which received splendid sympathy and encouragement from the fine Christian faculty. There was a daily prayer meeting held on the campus at Mercer, and out of these prayer services there came many of our missionaries and preachers, who are now occupying prominent places in the life of our denomination, as well as serving great pastorates. Frank Fowler was one of these Mercer prayer meeting fellows.

"He was studious and thoughtful as a young man. He was a quiet, modest Christian. He was deeply spiritual and pious, and applied himself consistently to his classroom work, and he must have been a joy and satisfaction to his teachers. During these years he was laying deep spiritual and mental foundations that would prepare him for his arduous duties as a missionary in a foreign land. The years in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary put on the finishing touches which resulted in the polishing of the gem for its setting in the service of the Master."

It was while he was at Mercer that Brother Fowler heard a missionary message at chapel hour one morning. The missionary was Dr. J. G. Chastain, of Mexico, and the message stirred the soul of the young college student with a yearning to be a missionary also.

Dr. Brittain continues:

"He 'lifted up his eyes unto the fields white unto the harvest.' He was impelled to go by the urge of the Holy Spirit, just as the early disciples were, as it is recorded in Acts 13.

"The missionary passion is a fruit of the Spirit. At the root of this passion is self-effacement. Then there comes a new vision of the Lord, even as Isaiah saw him high and lifted up in all of his glory and power and majesty. Then there follows a vision of a lost world that Christ came to save, together with a sense of duty and responsibility as his servants to reclaim this world for him."

"Frank Fowler saw that there were great numbers of preachers and churches in the homeland, and that every one had the oppor-



F. J. FOWLER
Missionary to Argentina, 1904-1933

tunity of coming in contact with the gospel message, while on the other hand he saw the ignorance and superstition that prevailed in pagan and papal lands. There were millions who would never learn the story of the Saviour except some one be sent to preach the gospel to these benighted nations of the world.

"His work would be difficult. The people had their own religion, and the country was filled with Catholic sanctuaries and institutions. We heard him once say that during his early days on his mission field, the natives of the country had been taught to believe that all Protestants were devils. Even the children had expected to see preachers and teachers of the gospel wearing horns and having cloven hoofs, such as pictures represented Satan.

"Brother Fowler chose the evangelistic field because it meant preaching the gospel, which is God's power, to the lost. It meant lifting up him, who said—'I, if I be lifted up . . . , will draw all men unto me.'"

Following this choice, Frank Fowler was appointed to evangelistic work in Mendoza, Argentina, on July 18, 1904.

He was well prepared for these responsibilities. Two years at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and four successful pastorates had continued training with experience. While he was pastor of Baptist churches at Waldo, Lake Butler and LaCrosse, Florida, the offerings to missions more than doubled, and the list of converts passed the hundred mark.

It was while he was pastor of Trenton Street Church, Harriman, Tennessee, that he married Daisy Cate, who has loyally and faithfully worked with her husband during all of these twenty-nine years of missionary service in the Argentine Republic.

When Brother Fowler entered Argentina as a missionary nearly thirty years ago, Baptist work there was only one year old. Through all of these years of growth and development, Frank Fowler has had a large part in the work and progress. Today in Argentina Southern Baptists have 67 churches (18 self-supporting) 56 outstations, 4,703 church members, 85 Sunday schools, 50 Women's Missionary Societies, and 37 young people's societies. Last year there were 401 baptisms, and the native Christians gave \$24,471.00 to the Lord's work.

Truly Frank Fowler "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep" while at his post.

WHAT OF THE REAPERS?

Missionary L. C. Quarles, Buenos Aires, Argentina

RIGHT faithfully have the sowers toiled in South America. Pioneer evangelism in these parts seems to be drawing near its end. For about a decade the Argentine Mission has received no recruits, whereas in that period it has lost one-third of its force.

The passing within recent months of several evangelical "patriarchs" seems prophetic of the passing of a missionary era: Besson the Baptist, Ugon the venerable Waldensian, Thompson the Methodist Elijah, and Morris the George Müller of Argentina, while the beloved Penzotti, pioneer colporter to all Spanish America, went home several years ago. Those who carry on now are still sowers rather than reapers, though they have rejoiced over many golden sheaves garnered. But the fields are so large and so ripe that we ask: *What about the reapers?*

The world crisis punctuates this epoch of missionary work: diminished funds, fewer missionaries, fewer active pastors, fewer ministerial students, more churches without pastoral care, while still large towns and country districts have not been evangelized. Similar conditions prevail in other missions also. The crisis makes it more patent than ever that the evangelization of these countries must be perfected by the national churches, which must also foster ministerial preparation.

In 1925 our Seminary building was finished, and seventeen students were registered in the classes. A dozen or more of these planned to give their lives to the work. Last year we had only one graduate. Another was to finish this year but has dropped out because of ill health. We have only one new student. While about a dozen young people attend the night classes, we have to confess that we shall have passed a period of seven or eight years barely producing an average of one whole-time, prepared worker each year. To whom is the Lord saying today, "Others have labored, and ye are entered into their labor"?

We invite our readers to continue to pray for more laborers, especially that the Lord may call many of the

fine young people of our churches into his ministry. This writer and his wife have been living with the students for four years and consider it the happiest and most useful period of our missionary life. We are concerned because our future workers seem to be so few. We should be happy, were the Lord to come soon, that he found us preparing a large group for his service.

We must pray also that the churches and the pastors may have a vision of the need and faith in the plan and purpose of the Master. He called men away from their fishing nets and customs offices to prepare to become fishers of men. Paul also prepared his helpers, even supporting them at times, and would teach us by word and example that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that the pastors and churches might well encourage and help those who answer the call to give their all to and for the cause. Those who answer the call in these trying days merit confidence, since the Mission cannot provide a "career" and a good salary for young "theologs."

When the Mission called in an assessorial committee of nationals to study our first great cut in the budget, they did not hesitate to apply the entire Seminary allotment to the support of the churches. Reluctantly the sum of fifty dollars per month was designated to be used in 1933 for the preparation of future Baptist workers in three countries. There were doubtless many factors to be considered in this matter. From a material standpoint it might seem that in the near future pastors must be self-supporting: there was some logic in our pastors advising our students to seek employment, and in the policy to limit ministerial preparation to night classes. But what of the reapers? Are we not lacking in vision and faith?

I rejoiced to give up the Seminary appropriation for 1932, for I said, "Now we can go to the churches and ask them for support." But to this our school committee firmly objected. So we went to the Lord of the Harvest about it, and the necessary funds came in, practically unsolicited. We had a happy year together, with six boarding students doing good class work and closing the year with a favorable balance. Let us pray therefore that he thrust forth *more* laborers into his harvest.



PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS, BAPTIST SEMINARY, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

"For almost a decade the Argentina Mission has received no recruits, and in that time has lost one-third of its force. In 1925 seventeen students were registered in classes. Last year we had only one graduate. Fields are so large and so ripe and the workers so few! What about the reapers?"

CHINESE PRODIGAL RETURNS

Missionary John W. Lowe, Tsingtao, China

DR. CHAO DEI-SAN, son of Christian parents in Pingtu, student in Dr. C. W. Pruitt's Boys' School in Hwanghsien, builder of railways and highways, but now an itinerant evangelist of great power, is a product of the recent revival in China. Having heard Mr. Chao relate his religious experience in our Tsingtao church, I will let him tell his own story. Here it is as I recall it:

"I became familiar with the gospel in my own home and as a student in the Mission Schools in Hwanghsien,

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*Evangelist Chao Dei-San, left,
and Missionary John W. Lowe*

the people whom I have wronged, exhort all to repent of their sins and believe the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is my plan to find a co-worker and walk along the railway from Tsinan to Peking, preaching as we go to all the workmen along the line. Many of these workmen were led astray by me when I was building the road, and now I feel that I must try to lead them into the right road."

Mr. Chao started on his evangelistic tour from Tsinan to Peking. His first meetings were held in Yucheng City where there were many conversions. Later he joined Missionary John Abernathy in special meetings in our churches on the Tsinan field with good success. At the end of the first month the evangelist was called by telegram to Peking.

A vast army of railway men all know Mr. Chao and hold him in the highest esteem. Whenever I have invited them to come to our church to hear his testimony the response has been most cordial. The superintendent of the car shops in Tsingtao has extended to Mr. Chao a standing invitation to speak to thousands of workmen in the shops.

The outstanding characteristics of Mr. Chao's life are his simplicity, humility and zeal for the kingdom of God. I heard him say at the close of one of his earnest talks in our church:

"When the Holy Spirit led me to realize what a great sinner I had been, and was then, my case seemed almost hopeless. However, one verse of Scripture learned while in school comforted me, and greatly encouraged me. Let me read to you the precious promise from the Bible, 'A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench.' *That promise has been fulfilled in my case. Praise the Lord!*"

A SIGNIFICANT WEDDING

Missionary J. Hundley Wiley, Shanghai, China

RECENTLY I attended a wedding, that of the oldest son of Mr. S. U. Zau, a member of our board and one of the most influential members of the North Gate Baptist Church. The wedding ceremony and the audience gathered in the church was a remarkable testimony to the influence of the gospel in China. As I looked around me I saw scores of cultured people who were second and third generation Christians. Some of them were prominent leaders in present-day China. On the seat with me was the head of the Central Bank of China; one seat to the rear, the president of the Central College of Medicine; two seats in front, the head of a big real estate company and two other prominent bankers. All Christians! Perhaps as many as fifty members of the audience were former students at the University of Shanghai. At least ten of these students were leaders in the various departments of North Gate. The bride graduated from the University in June, with a major in Education and a minor in Religious Education. The groom is a Christian and is now secretary of the local office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The pastor was a Shanghai man, who many think is the most influential Baptist pastor in Central China. He combines the fine courtesy of the Chinese gentleman with a vibrant Christian faith. Before coming to North Gate he was for eight years the pastor of country churches in Chekiang. It is striking to see thus brought together on such an occasion the evidence of the power of Christ in China.

and joined the church, but have doubts as to my conversion at that time. I think my conversion took place last September during revival meetings in Peking, conducted by Mr. Kelly and Dr. John Sung.

"I have been a prodigal for some forty years. During these years I have sinned against my beloved parents whose prayers and tears I have disregarded; I have sinned against my good Christian wife, and my children by taking a concubine; I have sinned against my church in my failure to attend the services for many years; I have sinned against God in denying him before men; and I have sinned against my fellow countrymen by leading many of them into sin of unbelief by my bad example. I have voluntarily and freely confessed my sins to God and to my wife and the other members of my family, and have been forgiven. I have placed my concubine in a training school and am paying her expenses. I am now endeavoring to lead a cleansed life, and ask you all to pray for me daily. I am just now going from city to city, where I have lived, confessing my sins and trying to get right with

"If Our Sunday Schools Were Truly Missionary"

G. S. Dobbins, Secretary, Committee on Missionary Instruction

WHEN is a Sunday school genuinely missionary? Five simple tests are proposed:

1. A missionary pastor and general superintendent, upon whose hearts is the cause of world-wide evangelization.
2. A body of teachers who know the essential facts about Southern Baptist missions, at home and abroad, and are fully committed to the Great Commission of Jesus.
3. A definite plan of missionary study, prayer, and promotion, so that the major phases of missions are regularly presented to the whole school.
4. Missionary reading emphasized—HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS, Royal Service, World Comrades, missionary tracts and leaflets circulated and read.
5. Missionary giving practiced—a worthy proportion of the church budget being designated for missionary purposes, with regular occasions for special offerings following the educational presentation of specific missionary objects.

Measure your Sunday school by these minimum tests. Is it twenty-five per cent missionary? fifty per cent? seventy-five per cent? one hundred per cent?

It is a pity for a Sunday school, belonging to a missionary church, the teaching agency of a missionary religion, and claiming the Bible, a missionary book, as its all-sufficient text, to be only one-fourth, or one-half, or even only three-fourths missionary. Of every Baptist Sunday school it ought to be said, as a matter of course, that it is thoroughly and perennially missionary.

Sadly it must be admitted, however, that such a presumption does violence to the facts. There are Sunday schools in which Sunday succeeds Sunday and year follows year with scarcely a hint of missions. No prayer is offered for the missionaries; no mission study courses are held; no missionary programs are presented; nothing is put in the church budget for missions; and the Sunday school's members are given no opportunity to share in this greatest of all Christian enterprises through a special offering.

What must the missionary Christ, whom these missionary officers call Lord, think of their negligence and disobedience? Can we not hear him say, "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" For the charge must be laid at the door of officers and teachers.

The writer has never known an instance where the boys and girls, and the men and women of the school have refused to respond if pastor, superintendent, and teachers have heartily and intelligently taken the lead.

March has been set apart as "Missionary Month" in all our Baptist Sunday schools. During this month the plan is to put on a brief, attractive missionary program in each department, or in the closing assembly of the non-department schools. These programs, which will be found in *The Teacher* and in *The Sunday School Builder* are full of inspiration and information, and are quite worth all the time and effort required to put them on for their stimulating and educational value. The last program, for the fourth Sunday, provides the occasion for a missionary love-offering from the Sunday school. Large amounts are not sought, but if every Sunday school of the twenty thousand makes an offering, and every class gives even a small sum, the total will be highly gratifying. If two million Sunday school members gave an average of ten cents

each—surely a reasonable expectation—the total would be \$200,000. More than once the Sunday schools have done this well. Such a sum, coming just at this time of great need, would go far toward bringing our two great Mission Boards to the close of the Convention year with a triumphant note.

The following procedure is suggested:

1. Let pastor and superintendent confer together and make worthy and satisfactory plans.
2. At the teachers' meeting or workers' conference, held the latter part of February, the matter should be carefully explained, and details decided.
3. A program committee should be appointed, charged with responsibility for preparing and presenting the special programs.
4. An offering goal should be set, and the amount divided among the departments and classes.
5. Throughout the month there should be constant prayer for missions, references to missions in the classes, missionary prayer meetings, and missionary preaching.

Offering objectives have been suggested as follows:

1. Enrolment of 100 or less, at least	\$ 5.00
2. Enrolment of 100 to 150, at least	7.50
3. Enrolment of 150 to 200, at least	10.00
4. Enrolment of 200 to 250, at least	15.00
5. Enrolment of 250 to 300, at least	20.00
6. Enrolment of 300 to 400, at least	25.00
7. Enrolment of 400 to 500, at least	30.00
8. Enrolment of 500 to 600, at least	40.00
9. Enrolment of 600 to 750, at least	50.00
10. Enrolment of 750 to 1,000 at least	75.00
11. Enrolment of 1,000 to 1,500, at least	100.00
12. Enrolment of 1,500 and above, at least	150.00

These are *minimum* goals, to be exceeded wherever possible. If all the Sunday schools of the Southern Baptist Convention measure up to these reasonable and practical goals more than \$200,000 will be raised. This is the total for which we are praying, and toward which every energy should be bent.

For the Sunday schools to succeed in raising this significant sum of money would be an inestimable blessing; but even more important is it that our Sunday schools be made genuinely, intelligently, enthusiastically missionary. Let us join hands and hearts in passionate determination that this ideal may be realized!

* * *

DR. and Mrs. W. B. Bagby went out to Brazil as pioneer missionaries in 1880—fifty-three years of heroic and devoted service! He has seen Brazilian Baptists grow from the first convert to a mighty, conquering host. Dr. Bagby still carries on; he organized a new church in November, on his seventy-eighth birthday.

* * *

All sin is a form of selfishness; all virtue is a form of unselfishness: Change the idea of "get" into the idea of "giving" and you have the essence of Christianity.—*William Lyon Phelps.*

* * *

We are highly gifted if we have some bent for making engines or pianos, or for sewing or cooking, or, best of all, some bent for loving and helping people.—*Mary Colum.*

Shall Foreigners in Our Midst Have the Gospel?

J. B. Lawrence, Executive Secretary-Treasurer, Home Mission Board

VERY few of our people fully understand the magnitude and importance of the foreign problem in Home Mission fields. The population of the homeland is divided into two groups: (1) native whites of native white parentage, approximately 27,000,000; (2) foreign peoples in six groups, aggregating approximately 15,000,000. Add to this number the 2,500,000 in the four Western Provinces of Cuba and the 50,000 in the Canal Zone where the Home Mission Board is working, and we have a total population of foreigners and aliens in Home Mission fields of approximately 17,500,000.

THESE foreigners are distributed all through the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention. For instance, St. Louis has 288,284 foreigners, representing practically every nationality in large groups. Two cities in the South are more than half foreign, El Paso and San Antonio, while New Orleans, Tampa, Houston and Baltimore have one-fourth or more of their population foreign born or of foreign parentage. Kansas City and Washington have each more than 85,000 foreigners, while Houston and Louisville have more than 40,000 foreigners. There are ten cities, outside of those mentioned above, that have 10,000 or more foreigners each. These are Atlanta, Birmingham, Fort Worth, Jacksonville, Memphis, Miami, Norfolk, Oklahoma City, Richmond and Tulsa.

WE have heard a good deal about the larger groups of foreigners in our midst, the Mexicans, the French-Americans in South Louisiana, the Italians and others, but the smaller groups have slipped our attention. There are some interesting facts concerning these smaller groups brought out by Mrs. Una Roberts Lawrence in the new Home Mission book, *The Keys of the Kingdom*.

She says, "There are enough Chinese in the cities of Charlotte, Louisville, Birmingham, Miami, Austin, Houston, Shreveport, Fort Worth, St. Louis and San Antonio to have a prosperous mission in each of these cities. St. Louis has the largest number with 484, Baltimore follows with 438, and San Antonio comes next with 316." There is scarcely a town of any size in the South that does not have one or more Chinamen in it. These Chinamen are all planning to go back to China. A vigorous, well-planned mission program, designed to reach and evangelize the Chinamen in the South, would pay untold dividends to the Kingdom, in the evangelization of China, through the Christian Chinamen returning to China.

Speaking of the Russians, Mrs. Lawrence says: "The same thing is true with the Russians. We cannot enter Russia today with the gospel, but we have in the South tens of thousands of Russians that we might win to Christ. In St. Louis and its two suburban cities there are 43,374 Russian people. In Baltimore there are 42,504. Norfolk has 2,518; New Orleans, 2,499; Houston, 2,346; San Antonio, 1,549; Birmingham, 1,334; Richmond, Virginia, 1,730; and eleven other cities from one thousand down to one hundred." Surely these people are a challenge to us, while the doors of Russia are closed, to reach that great nation through the Russian people who live in our midst.

THESE two groups of foreigners are taken more or less at random out of the twenty-six nationalities which we have here in the South. We might have taken the Japanese or the Greeks or the Lithuanians or the Rumanians or the Germans or any number of European or Asiatic races. The facts would have been practically the same. The meaning of these facts is apparent.

The foreigners, Indians, Negroes, Cubans, Panamanians, and others in Home Mission fields are the direct responsibility of Southern Baptists. We cannot shift this responsibility, for, in the providence of God, these peoples have been thrown in our way and we must answer to our Master for their evangelization.

That they need the gospel is evident. They differ from us in their traditions, in their mental make-up, their racial and social outlook, but their heart-hungers and their soul-longings are the same as ours. The problem of sin and vice and ignorance is the same in these alien races as it is in all the races of the earth, and the need of salvation is the same. Shall we not include them in our mission program?

ONE unacquainted with the foreign problem in Home Mission fields can hardly appreciate the difficulties of mission work among the foreigners and aliens in our midst. These foreigners are separated from us by barriers of race, custom, tradition, and language. These barriers are not easily overcome.

THE task of preaching the gospel to the foreigners is a very large, a very important, and a very difficult task, calling for specially trained workers and demanding a well planned Southwide program that has behind it the impact of the whole denomination.

Stories of the Gospel on Home Mission Fields

U. R. L.

GOD'S HAND ON A KINDERGARTEN

Missionary Fannie Taylor, West Tampa, Florida

FREQUENTLY a need on a mission field is felt by the missionary but not by the people themselves. We have an exception in the case of our kindergarten in Tampa. After our regular missionary kindergarten teacher had to be taken from the field because of the financial condition of the Home Mission Board, our Italian parents clamored for its continuance. They wanted it so much that they offered to give fifty cents instead of five cents a week, as previously for incidentals. This was a great preliminary achievement. We were most fortunate in securing the services of a consecrated local teacher, Miss Bertha Abbott, very efficient and imbued with a great mission spirit.

She took the work for the money that would be paid by the Italian parents, varying according to attendance and circumstances. Our beautiful Italian children in the community were saved from lapsing into crude playing on the streets or attending the Catholic kindergarten, launched purposely two blocks from our Baptist Italian Mission, after our Home Board kindergarten teacher had to go!

But alas! as the time went on and conditions grew worse, so many parents became jobless that the fifty cents was needed to help toward food and clothing. The kindergarten suffered, especially the teacher, but she held on faithfully, some weeks with little more than enough money coming in to pay for expense of car necessary in bringing children. An S.O.S. call went out to our Tampa Bay W.M.U. to come to our rescue to supplement the already meager salary, as we could only ask twenty-five cents a week for each pupil. The noble women responded in a moderate degree because of burdened budgets. The attendance increased, and thus another achievement was accomplished.

And then, in September, 1933, the kindergarten was opened again, largely on faith. The children came pouring in to make the attendance larger than ever. The capacity of Miss Abbott's well-worn car has been taxed beyond the utmost by children, from North Boulevard community, with children on the waiting list. As she drives up to the Mission we think of "the old woman in the shoe," but change the words to the rhyme:

"There comes our kindergarten teacher in her car,
Who dumps out nineteen children from afar,"

to say nothing of the bright faces from the immediate neighborhood to greet her. And oh, the great good she is doing for these children cannot be estimated! They are a joy in Sunday school as they come with Bible stories to tell and songs to sing. Who would not want to have a share in this wonderful work?

"THE DESERT SHALL BLOOM"

THE story of Julio Bellini, one of the men recently ordained as deacon at Placetas, Cuba, is interesting. He told his experience as follows: I was a taxi driver, a man of the world, fond of all the things the world offers, its

dissipations as well as its diversions. My conception of religion was that it was not intended for me.

In the course of time there came a Baptist missionary to the town and to my surprise and dissatisfaction my wife began to go to some of the services or meetings. One night I came home late and found that she was out and was prepared to receive her with a rough house when she returned. "Where have you been?" I demanded when she entered. "To the church," she replied. "Don't you ever go there again," I told her, and snatching the Bible from her hand I determined to read it and see what she was so interested in.

As it happened I began with the genealogies, and became so impatient that I hurled the book across the room and said to my wife, "Have nothing further to do with this." But some days later I came in again at eleven P.M. and found that she was out. In a rage I started for the mission with a stick, determined to beat up the preacher. But when the door was opened to me I found a quiet company sitting around in Bible study, and the pastor spoke to me so kindly that my offensive was disarmed.

I listened in a little while and went home in a serious frame of mind. To make a long story short, it was not long before I realized that my heart was like a barren desert, and my life was poor and unclean. But thanks to the kindly persistence of the godly missionary, Filomeno Hernandez, the waters of God's grace came in and the flowers began to bloom in the desert. Since then I have tried to show others the way.—*From a letter.*

HOW I FOUND THE LORD

As told by Mrs. Esther Popp, Dowell, Illinois

I AM a Rumanian but was born in Hungary in 1879. I was brought up in Greek Catholic church and faithfully practiced its teachings. I came to America in 1911 and lived in several mining towns in Southern Illinois. In 1920 we moved to Dowell, Illinois, where a new mine was being sunk. All these nine years I had attended no church of any kind and had never been asked to go. The town of Dowell was new and as yet had no church, but soon after moving there a Baptist church was organized and the church building only a block from my home.

One day some one came and asked me to help to buy the bell for the new church. I contributed because I was free-hearted, but did not think the bell would ever be calling me to church. After the church was completed I would often stand in my garden and listen to the message of the preacher, though I could not understand anything he said. It did me good to hear the singing. Then two women from the church came and invited me to go to church with them. I made all kinds of excuses, one being that I could not understand English very well, but finally I went. For several nights I went, and each time I would go home determined not to go again, but I could not stay away. Then one night I went down to the front and asked them to pray for me; then it was that I was saved. Happiness I had never known before came into my life. Brother R. H. Thorp was the evangelist who held the meeting.

The greatest struggle came in deciding whether or not to join a Baptist church, but when I prayed for guidance there was no doubt left in my mind about what to do. Since forsaking the Catholic church and joining the Baptist church the trials have been many and I'm afraid I'd have lost out long ago if it had not been for reading in my Bible (I have one printed in Hungarian) of the persecutions of Paul, Peter, and Stephen and others. One member of my family has been saved and I'm praying for the others soon to follow.

LOST AND FOUND

Missionary Mildred Bollinger, East St. Louis, Illinois

I WANT to tell you a sad-happy experience I had the other day. I do not suppose you remember the story of years and years ago, about the doll Margaret Bucknell gave for the Gonzales children—Pacita and Anita? Well, I want to tell you about Pacita and her family. Some time after the story happened, the Gonzales family moved to St. Louis, the mother died of tuberculosis, and the girls were sent to some home or fresh-air school as they were so delicate.

When I first began my visiting in St. Louis, some three years ago, I began making inquiry concerning these girls. No one knew where I could find them. I did succeed one day in talking with a woman who was keeping Maudie, the oldest girl, for what work she was able to do before and after school, but she could not tell me where the two younger girls were living or staying.

Recently one afternoon, just as I was about through with my visiting and giving out tracts in St. Louis, I happened to stop at a house where I had never been before, and who do you suppose opened the door? Why, Pacita

Gonzales herself! I knew her at once, and she remembered me. She was very friendly to me, but her brother was ill and she did not ask me in—her cousin died of sleeping sickness some three weeks before, and while they did not think he had it, I did not insist upon seeing him. I am not afraid for myself, but I go into too many homes where there are children to take any unnecessary risk. But I noticed that she wore a lead or aluminum holy metal on a string around her neck. Next time I am going to ask her to take it off.

I am praying that the seed we sowed so many years ago have not been entirely snatched away by the evil one. I cannot help but reproach myself that we have allowed the Catholics to take our own away from us in that manner. Day by day I realize more and more the magnitude of our responsibility. It makes me feel so helpless until I remember whom I serve. Pray for us!

* * *

The Pima Indians have little patches for farms and have very little money, yet, the pastor has never made a request for any mission cause that has not been liberally responded to—Home and Foreign Missions get their portion. In the building of the Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, several bricks were paid for by the Pima Indians, and liberal aid is given to the needy among their own tribe.

One Sunday when an old woman about eighty years old was to be baptized, the pastor went to the deacons and asked that one of them help this old woman up and down the steps of the baptistry. They then told him that the wife of a deacon had come prepared to assist, and she went right down into the water with the old woman and helped her in and out.

Modern Apostles on the Mexican Border

A Story in Three Parts--Part Three, At the Gateway of Two Nations

Una Roberts Lawrence, Kansas City, Missouri

THE sunshine lay like a golden glory across the bare playground where children romped and played. A riotous game of "crack-the-whip" was provoking gales of laughter from some youngsters, while a game of ball drew the older boys into brisk activity in another section of the yard. The school yard of the Anglo-Mexican Institute, in El Paso, was full of active, vital youth that morning when we had our first sight of it. Founded by Dr. C. D. Daniel in 1907, this school has been the base of Baptist development in this very Mexican city that dominates the upper Border country. Here not only have the young people of our Mexican Baptist homes been educated under Christian teachers, but many homes, untouched otherwise by our work, have been reached with the gospel. This has been at once a training camp for workers and a center of evangelism.

El Paso is a strategic center for the evangelizing of the Mexican people. The city lies in a rich valley where crops of both semi-tropical and temperate zones flourish. The

mining region of New Mexico and Arizona lies to the north and west. Once a part of Mexico, political division from the mother country did not make it any less Mexican in character of population and type of life. The city itself is very Mexican, despite the very modern downtown business center and beautiful American style residential sections.

In the heart of the older part of the city, a little more than a block from the Cathedral, is located our church and



A student group, Anglo-Mexican Institute, El Paso, Texas



Playground at Anglo-Mexican Institute, El Paso, that needs an adobe wall, and the school and church building that must have a roof. Despite material handicaps these boys are getting what they need most—Christian teaching daily

school building. The story of the beginning of our work in this city reads like a romance. There have been struggle and persecution. There is still, but not so open as in 1921 when Dr. Daniel, Miss Weatherford and two Mexican brethren were arrested for distributing a Baptist paper on the streets after a bitter controversy with Catholic authorities who had publicly burned our literature and vowed to exterminate the growing influence of these Baptists. It was not easy to found Baptist work down in the heart of this old Mexican city. Nor is the work there easy today.

Yet as we went from room to room of the school, and saw the bright, interested groups of young people from the primaries through the fifth grade, we were convinced that here is one of the most productive institutions of Southern Baptists in tangible results on a home mission field. Here three workers have literally poured out their lives in service.

Prof. Augustin Velez came to this school in 1912 as teacher under Miss Mary C. Tupper who was then principal. Dr. Daniel was then pastor of the church. In 1913 Professor Velez became the principal of the school, and in 1925, pastor of the church. He is a man of unusual educational equipment. The son of a poor farm home in Coahuila, Mexico, he was brought up in the home of a rich uncle who gave him the best education possible under capable private tutors until ready for college. Returning to his father's home, he came into contact with Protestant teaching, and at the age of seventeen was converted under the preaching of an aged Mexican missionary.

This missionary encouraged the boy to use his natural gifts in witnessing to his faith, and finally under his guidance the boy entered the Baptist College and Seminary at Torreon, graduating from both departments of that school. He is a teacher at heart, a versatile man, with great capacity for patient building and sacrificial service. Associated with him for twenty-two years has been Miss Lillie Mae Weatherford and for fourteen years, Miss Gladys McLanahan, both graduates of Buckner Orphans Home and School. They speak Spanish and have literally "lost their lives" here in the work among this Mexican people. It has been a joyful service, for no one can be with these two women an hour without feeling the pulsing vitality of their interest, and catch a little of their enthusiasm.

The property consists of one large well-built church and school combined, furnished meagerly, but sufficiently for good teaching to be done. In the basement is one large schoolroom and two apartments, one for the pastor and his family and one for Miss Weatherford and her small nephew. On the first floor is the church auditorium, and other classrooms.

The antagonism of the Catholic people is still active. Noticing the broken panes of a large ornamental colored glass window in the auditorium I was told that they could not keep the glass in that window. It seemed to be the favorite target for rocks thrown by the rowdies of the neighborhood who were encouraged by the attitude of their parents and religious teachers to annoy the "dogs of protestants." Just a week or so before Mrs. Leigh and I were in El Paso in October, a large stone had come sailing into the midst of the prayer meeting through this window. Fortunately it struck no one, but not always are the worshipers so lucky as to escape. On the back of the school lot is a small two-room adobe house where Miss McLanahan lives alone. It needs repairing very much, one wall being badly cracked from a recent earthquake.

We dropped into the life of this Baptist center for parts of two days. We came to know something of the victories here. One little story will illustrate the quiet, permeating power of this school.

Seeking a suitable school for their little son, a father and mother were directed by a friend to the Anglo-Mexican Institute. They knew nothing of Baptist teaching, but were interested in what they were told of the superior work done in the school and brought Carlos to enter as a student. He was such a little fellow that his older sister, Josefina, came with him to school and met Miss Weatherford, his new teacher. She was attracted by the sweet smile of this teacher, and entreated her parents to let her also go to school.

The teachers visited the home of their new students and soon all the family were attending church. One by one they accepted Jesus, and joined the church. The story is not an unusual one, for it has happened hundreds of times in the years that the school has been drawing boys and girls and their parents into contact with the gospel, but the testimony of this lovely Mexican girl concerning the school is unusually interesting.

"There," she writes, "the seed was sown for the first time with success in our hearts, the blessed gospel seed. That was the beginning of our Christian life, which has filled our hearts with joy and our minds with light. Blessed be God who guided my parents to a place where his name is glorified and his Holy Word is taught."

The church and the school here are inseparable units of one enterprise. The church is the best organized of any we visited on the Border. With a prayer meeting that often numbers more than a hundred, a thriving B.Y.P.U. of 150 members, a W.M.S. of some forty members, and a well graded and manned Sunday school of 130 average attendance, this Mexican Baptist church of 249 members is functioning unusually well. In addition, the members of the church carry on mission work in four or five other sections of the city.

Perhaps the most unusual feature of all this work is a training class which Pastor Velez conducts for his workers. All the Sunday school teachers have taken this course, as

(Continued on page 18)

Hearts Up

MRS. C. C. COLEMAN

EIGHTH INSTALMENT

COLONEL BURT slapped John Gordon on the back. "Cheer up, my boy, you're doing fine, think of Sally."

John Gordon squared his shoulders and turned to the window. For a moment his eyes were blurred. What he saw was not the big crowds surging below, but a brave little girl of ten trudging through the snow to Sunday school.

Her reddish hair was hanging down in two little pig-tails tied with red strings (not a happy choice). Her thin cotton dress was very clean but faded. The hat she wore was a nondescript. She had no coat. Everybody knew she was an "orphan of orphans" and, sad to say, she had been diligently appraised of the fact.

"Thanks, John Henry," she was saying, "for the red mittens. They are lovely and keep me so warm and nice."

"Shucks! That's nothin'," he had said. "I wish you had a coat."

"Oh, I don't need a coat," she had answered, her teeth still chattering, "I run so fast I keep warm. But I'm so proud of my mittens. It was the only Christmas present I got. You see I ain't got no folks."

"Shucks, Sally, you ain't got no sense. Course you got folks. You're kin to me. Didn't you know that?"

The wide eyes had grown wider and the jolly little Sally was crying like her heart would break.

"Am I sho 'nough?" she had asked.

"Cose you are, but cut out that cryin'! It makes me sick. Beat you to the top of the world."

And so their game up the big hill had started—and, incidentally, their betrothal.

The scene shifted. Again he saw Sally, now a young woman, with lights of welcome in her eyes, waiting for him when he came from France. How well he remembered her first words of greeting.

"John Henry, you've never disappointed me. I knew you'd come through."

On one hand, his great desire for the open spaces, the mountains, the far view of things; on the other, the office, the tedious hours of study, the steady grind.

He set his face like a flint and turned to the desk and opened his book.

What he saw there was not the Latin grammar but these words,

"Can I do it? You bet I can. What for to do it? Sally."

Meantime, the Colonel was quickly wending his way to the police station.

As he passed along the street, his old slouch hat pulled over his eyes, folks instinctively made way for him. No one expected him to speak. It was well recognized in Atlanta that Colonel Burt never saw any one—unless that one was in trouble. If so, the Colonel was instantly alert.

When he reached the station, he was shown directly to the room where Major Mount was detained. As the Colonel entered, Major Mount quickly turned.

"So you came to witness my chagrin, to gloat over me," sneered Major Mount.

"I came to help you."

"Thanks, I need no help. I've already arranged my bail."

"So I judged. Of course, you'll be able to clear yourself. You're clever enough for that."

"So you admit I'm clever?"

"If you had not been as clever as the Arch-Fiend himself, you would never have fooled me, nor have fooled that devoted wife. She believed in you to the end, and said repeatedly you had made her very happy. Anyway, I'm glad she didn't find you out, though I'm sorry she left you half her estate. You fooled her as you did me with your excessive patriotism during the war period and your recognized efficiency as an executive. That was what led me to make you the offer I did."

"Such an offer! I wonder if you thought that salary was an inducement! To be frank, I never needed that bagatelle you gave me as secretary. It was only the entrée your connection afforded that tempted me to work for you."

Colonel Burt, who had remained standing during this interview now moved to the door.

"One final word. It is not often I miss my mark. I am convinced now that you really found certain clues in the Brooks' Will Case that you never divulged. I have been hoping you would soon make a frank statement, but I see now it is impossible to expect frankness from a man who is habitually fraudulent."

At this moment, the door was thrown violently open and as Major Blount in his frenzy of anger, lunged forward at Colonel Burt, the Major found himself caught in a vise of steel.

It was John Gordon. Knowing the desperate nature of the man, he had decided to come on despite the Colonel's protest. It was fortunate he did so, for, as he figured out, this arrest for fraud in a land deal had greatly augmented the Major's already irate disposition.

"Not one word," said the Colonel, as they left the station, "I never wish to speak of that man again. Now about the will case."

Without waiting to reach the office or any convenient spot for conference, Colonel Burt turned his back to the wall (probably at the most congested point in Atlanta—Five-Points), and, holding John Gordon by both arms, created a sense of privacy, by his low yet crisp voice, and by his utter disregard of the crowd.

"John Gordon, you should go West, young man."

Then seeing a strange gleam in John's eye, the Colonel added, "I mean exactly what I say, you should go West—to Texas—and solve that mystery. You have a fighting chance. Last night, while rummaging through my desk I found a letter relative to that man's connection with this will case. It was one he had sent me from San Antonio, some six months ago. In it he mentions two clues that he calls 'most valuable,' also a Mrs. Pope on Main Street. Then, too, the night I dismissed him, he spoke with exultant glee that he had never told me of his two major clues. What they are, I cannot imagine—but it must mean something. Anyway, there is only one thing for you to do. Go West,—when can you start?"

"At once," replied John Gordon.

"All right. Southern Pacific leaves in one hour's time. Could you make it?"

John Gordon repressed a laugh.



Carpenters, electricians, laundrymen, orderlies, and laborers in front of the Baptist Hospital Workshop, Ogbomoso, Africa, built by the late Dr. B. L. Lockett



Orphan girl helped and trained by Southern Baptist missionaries to Mexico

Educated, consecrated Christian, accomplished musician, teacher in a former Baptist school, now the wife of a Baptist pastor in Mexico

If They Were Our Own

MARIAN PHELPS

If your boy or my girl were in darkness,
Were groping alone in the night,
Soul-weary, and helplessly seeking
In vain for a glimmer of light,
Through the dangerous depths of a forest,
Bewildered and frightened and lost,—
Would we be at home by the fireside,
Demurring, and counting the cost
Of an organized search for the lost one,
Or grumbling because we must pay
For the service of guides, and for torches
To drive the dark shadows away?

If your girl or my boy were in danger,
In imminent peril of death,
Were standing, unwarned, in its pathway,—
Do you think we would waste any breath
In complaining about the "depression,"
Bewailing our loss and our lack,
When a clarion call should be ringing
To summon the wanderer back?
Ah! what if our own were in peril,
Would the sacrifice then be too great,
Even though we must strain to the utmost
To save them before 'twere too late?

Then away with delays and excuses!
There are souls lost in sin-darkened ways,
And the voice of the great Guide is calling
For searchers, with torches ablaze,
To carry the Light to the hopeless
In the homeland, and over the sea,
For the Father who seeks the unsaved ones
Is depending on you, and on me.
Send the clarion call of Salvation
Ringing out in its wonderful might,
Send the guides with their gospel-lit torches,
For wand'ers are lost in the night!

"Ye Shall Be My Witnesses"

Christ is counting on every Christian to share his love until it
shall encircle the world



Sunday school teachers, El Paso, Texas, Mexican Baptist Church, Pastor A. Velez third from left. All have taken the Teacher Training Course under the pastor



Mrs. H. R. Moseley, Havana, Cuba, Missionary of Home Mission Board



U.R.L.

Baptist Church, Temuco, Chile

Left: Annual meeting of Japanese Baptists, March, 1933. First row fifth from left, Missionary Norman F. Williamson, (sixth) J. Franklin Ray, (seventh) the late C. K. Dozier, (tenth) E. N. Walne; immediately behind his father is Edwin Dozier. "Southern Baptist ranks are growing thinner because the burden has been too heavy. May God send us men!"

Evangelists of the Kweitch field and other Christians. The two Chinese women are active church workers, one being a paid Bible woman. The missionaries are (reading from left to right) Miss Sadie M. Lawton, Miss Olive Riddell, Mrs. and Rev. Sydney J. Townshend



"One hour? why, in one hour, we boys thought we could break the Hindenburg line. Sure I can make it. Sally, too. So long, Colonel."

"San Antonio, first. See Mrs. Pope, Main Street," the Colonel called, as John Gordon dashed into the nearest drug store.

Soon John was talking to Sally over the phone.

"Is Margie there? Magnet in order? Can you meet me at Terminal in fifty minutes with two light grips packed for Texas trip? Sure, that's my girl. No, can't take Margie. Will Case in Texas. Tell Aunt Mary goodbye and thank Mammy for that fine dinner."

Already the steady Latin diet had cleared John Gordon's speech and even his manner of much that was "keerless-like." As he emerged from the drug store, many necks were craned in his direction for Sergeant Gordon, the Tiger-Terror, was quite a figure already in Atlanta.

The Colonel was waiting for him outside.

"All right, Colonel. Let's go by the office and find that bunch of letters. Sally will meet me at the station."

"Sally never seems at a loss," remarked the Colonel, as they hurried along. "She has one quality beyond compare—fortitude under any stress or shock."

"Fortitude, nonsense," replied John Gordon. "It's her religion."

"Religion? I thought you had no use for religion."

John Gordon flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Oh, shucks, Colonel." Then he laughed, not so uproariously as of old—the city depression was making itself felt—but with the same spontaneity and contagious gayety. "You got me there. You sure did."

In forty minutes, John Gordon was at the station. In fifty, Sally and Margie came "breezing in" and in sixty, Sally and John were on board the train, waving goodbye to the Colonel and Margie. Just as the train was beginning to leave, a fine-looking young fellow, in gray business suit with soft gray hat came plunging through the crowd. For some reason, the thoroughfare was unusually blocked with luggage, and in his effort to reach the train he began to use some football tactics, ducking and diving here and there. In his last scrimmage, his foot caught Margie's scarf that was dangling from her arm. It seemed impossible to extricate himself. The train was moving. Sally saw his predicament from the train, though Margie was totally oblivious of the situation. So, above the tumult, Sally called,

"Margie, Margie, look! look! you've caught the man."

Margie did look, her deep dancing eyes meeting the embarrassed blue ones under the gray Fedora. Sensing the impossibility of undoing the scarf, she threw the other end around his neck. Still his foot was caught.

"You have one good foot. Jump," she called.

The young man obeyed. Throwing his light grip to the waiting arms of a porter on the back platform, he gave a leap, surprising every one but John Gordon, who had recognized his old friend, Dudley Palmer.

The instant he was on the step, he turned for a last view of the merry, beguiling face. Just then the engineer was merciful, and the train came almost to a stop. Margie ran alongside the train.

The scarf was free. The young man was wearing it.

"My guerdon?" he called. "May I keep it?"

(Continued on page 30)

MODERN APOSTLES

(Continued from page 13)

well as the men and women who work in the missions. Beginning with the making of a Harmony of the Gospels, he teaches them New Testament history and doctrines, soul-winning and much psychology and methods of teaching. Four pastors of Mexican Baptist churches in southern California have come from this training class, having no other preparation for their work save this given by our versatile missionary at El Paso. This year there are thirty-five enrolled in the class, meeting every Monday night from 7:30 to 9 o'clock.

There are needs here in El Paso, many that should be met quickly for the sake of the work. The roof of the building needs re-covering. The interior of the building, well built and adequate for the varied work carried on there, is deteriorating because of the leaks that no longer can be patched. The school yard is open to the depredations of the rowdies of the neighborhood because there is no fence. An adobe wall costing no great sum would add much to the usefulness of this necessary part of the school life. Playground equipment, flowers and shrubs are at the mercy of malicious prowlers, and nothing can be done about it until a wall is built. The apartments of the missionaries in the basement have no conveniences for comfortable living. There is no bathroom, a water faucet and gas jet being the only facilities for carrying on the work of a home. A few walls providing separate rooms for the members of these families, and at least one bathroom, would add greatly to the efficiency of these devoted workers. In an apartment consisting of one large room which is living-room for the whole family and two other small rooms, Prof. and Mrs. Velez have brought up a lovely family of three fine sons and one beautiful daughter, now seventeen years old and in her Junior year in high school. The two older boys have graduated from El Paso High School. Their father, unable to send them to college on a salary of sixty dollars a month, has had to see them go away from home seeking work at a time when there is no work to be had for untrained young men. One wishes to be a mechanical engineer while the other one shows marked talent for architectural drawing. Both are ambitious and capable. This is the greatest cross of our home missionaries' lives today. Under the severely reduced salaries that have prevailed for the past few years, they cannot send their children to school, and there is no fund available to help them as there is for the children of foreign missionaries.

El Paso is more than a home mission center. The city sits right on the Border, a center of both North American and Mexican business and enterprise. Through its gates flow the tides of life affecting directly two nations, that here blend and flow together in a way that can hardly be realized without seeing it with your own eyes. During 1933 nearly four thousand Mexicans returned to Mexico through this gateway, part of the million that have returned to their homeland from the southern United States in the past two years. Most of them, so the official report from Mexico City states, were driven back from California, Arizona and Texas because of poverty and lack of work. Miss McLanahan writes of this official statement,

"More than a million came from a Catholic land to the leading Christian Protestant country of the world and have gone back with what? If we were doing our duty as a Christian people in our own land they would have gone back to their country with Christ in their hearts. But have they?"

This is the question every one who reads this should ask of himself—what responsibility rests on *me* for losing this matchless opportunity to evangelize our nearest neighbor nation with its own people?

Down in the heart of this city is a business house that is the nerve center of all Baptist work for Spanish-speaking peoples in the United States and Latin America. It is *Casa Bautista de Publicaciones*, the Baptist Publishing House maintained by the Foreign Mission Board on this side of the Rio Grande, since the laws forbid such enterprises in Mexico. Here as perhaps in no other place we realize that home and foreign missions is one enterprise. Here is produced the Sunday school literature for all our home mission work in Cuba and on the Border. Here J. E. Davis directs all the work, but ably helping him as writers through the years have been missionaries of the Home Mission Board, notably, A. S. Rodriguez, the gifted writer of Cuba. From this place goes the printed word into home and foreign fields alike.

The evening sun was painting the west with dazzling brilliance as the lovely young daughter of our missionary, Reina Velez, drove us up the winding road on the

Rim overlooking El Paso and the valley of the Rio Grande. Presently after a dizzy turn or two we drove straight out to a parapet at the top of the Rim. Below us lay the city, the thin thread of the River, and beyond was Juarez where we had spent the previous evening, seeing the Old Mexico that lives side by side with the modern city on the United States side. Far in the blue distance were the hills of Chihuahua encircling the valley. I have never seen a more beautiful sight, nor one more challenging to my missionary impulses. The business center of El Paso with tall buildings and the moving traffic like busy ants. Beyond, the low flat pastel houses of old Juarez. The ancient ways in modern days! Home and Foreign Missions! And there, in the midst of it all, not far from modern American business, not far from Old Mexico, like a mediator between two lands, two peoples, two conceptions of Christianity, sat our school and church.

From the setting sun came a blaze of golden glory over the whole scene and with a prayer in my heart that God would bless and keep these missionaries, we turned our faces toward the East, homeward. One more border scene we must visit before our journey is complete. Down at Bastrop a dream is coming true—a dream of the future when the people of the Border country shall be reached with the gospel by their own consecrated, trained youth. So later to Bastrop for our farewell to the Border Country.

PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES

BLANCHE SYDNOR WHITE, Corresponding Secretary, Virginia W. M. U.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

JUST before Christmas I was invited to attend a meeting of the Board of Founders of the University of Shanghai. The meeting was held in the Lee House, Washington, D. C., and inasmuch as the University is supported jointly by Northern and Southern Baptists, the Northern members of the Board wondered how it happened that *their* foreign secretary had selected a hotel bearing the name of our illustrious Southern General. "We" Southerners reminded them that Dr. James H. Franklin, foreign secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, was born near the camping ground on which General Lee surrendered the sword of the Confederacy.

After an intensely interesting business session, the Board members and their guests adjourned for lunch. There were a number of guests and it would be a pleasant task to mention them one by one, but there was one whose gracious personality held my attention for the longest period during the serious business of actually eating the *American* food provided. She was the wife of the Chinese Minister to the United States. Madam Sze, lovely in her adopted and adapted Chinese dress, is a distinguished example of a culture which reaches back through centuries of civilization.

At last, I looked away from her to the one seated at the head of the table, beside Dr. W. A. Harris, of Richmond, president of the Board of Founders of the University of Shanghai. His Excellency, Dr. Alfred Sze, Chinese Ambassador, had honored the group with his presence. For twenty years he has served China in diplomatic service in foreign capitals. When asked if some celebration should be made of such a long record, he smiled and replied, "Not yet. The longer the service the greater the celebration. I wait for twenty-five years."

Around the table were seated members of the Chinese Legation, alumni of the University of Shanghai who live in and near Washington, and guests from Northern and Southern Baptist Conventions.

President W. A. Harris presented Dr. Sze, who expressed his appreciation of Christian missions, Christian missionaries, Christian mission schools, and his extreme admiration for and confidence in the University of Shanghai. We expected this response, for we had been told that, while His Excellency is not an avowed Christian, he is a loyal friend to Christian education in China. But the Ambassador continued to speak. With evident feeling, he came so close to the edge of open confession of Christ as the only hope of his nation, that some in that audience found themselves almost breathless as they listened. "Near to the kingdom," if not within he must be.

After this heartfelt message, Dr. Harris called upon one of the alumni of the University of Shanghai to say a word. Without hesitation, without embarrassment, a young Chinese stood. He is a member of the Faculty of Johns Hopkins University, and, hearing of the meeting, he had come at his own expense from Baltimore to Washington, that he might be present. I have heard our great preachers and evangelists, but I have never heard a more moving witness to the power of Jesus Christ than that of the young man who was telling us what the University of Shanghai had meant to him. Again and again I thought of the sentence, "And he preached unto them Jesus." Standing before that company, among whom were some of the most distinguished Chinese in the world, many of whom were not Christians, a young Chinese preached the gospel and then said, "This I owe to the University of Shanghai."

There was no desire on the part of any of us to hear other toasts. Dr. Harris recognized a young man sitting at Dr. Sze's right hand, whom every speaker had saluted and praised and in whose honor the occasion had been planned. He was about thirty-five years of age, a Chinese, proud of his race, choosing to wear the robes of his own country, a graduate of American universities. He had been chosen as the first Chinese President of the University of Shanghai. Dr. Herman C. E. Liu rose and, with feelings too deep to be hidden under his usual Chinese calm, expressed appreciation of the friendship of those present.

As we left the dining-room and were on our way to the afternoon business meeting, I had a few words with Dr. Liu. "I believe this will mean much," he said. "I am glad Dr. Sze was present today. I have never heard him go so far toward Christianity as he did today. It will help."

Help? Help whom? Help what?

Yes, it *would* help the University of Shanghai if the Minister from China were to openly embrace Christianity. That, however, was not in Dr. Liu's mind at that moment. It *would* help the president of the University if this powerful man's influence were openly given to Christianity. That was certainly not in Dr. Liu's thoughts just then. The Christian cause in China would be advanced if this great diplomat and wealthy friend came out before the world as a Christian disciple. Even that was not the primary concern just then in the heart of the young Chinese president. He was thinking of the *soul* of that countryman of his. Dr. Liu was hoping, praying, trusting that this man, whom Jesus loved for his honesty, liberality, fair-mindedness, through his association that day with those who loved China for Jesus' sake, would be moved to accept Christ as his Saviour, openly confess him as Lord. He was trusting that the simple gospel message in the testimony of the young alumnus of the University of Shanghai would bear rich fruit.

I believe I have given you a spiritual photograph of Dr. Herman C. E. Liu, president of the University of Shanghai, China. I believe in him; I believe in his sincerity; I believe that, if sympathetic support is given him in his efforts to reach the youth of China, we shall go far toward solving China's problems, the problems of the missionaries, and the problems of Jesus Christ in the Far East.

How can we help? I pass on to you two sections of the Minutes of that day's proceedings. I believe, as we read these, we can find a way to help.

"Dr. Franklin outlined the proposed organization in

America of committees of 'Friends of the University of Shanghai,' not only to promote an interest in the University, but to make contacts for University Alumni who are graduate students in American institutions.

"It was voted: That the Board of Founders gives its approval to the proposal to organize local American committees to be known as 'Friends of the University of Shanghai,' and agrees to do what may lie within its power to promote the plan.

"The Chairman called upon Dr. Liu to present his report of the University. The President took occasion to express the deep appreciation of the University for the services and support of the Board of Founders. The University, he said, is entirely worthy of such support. The question whether it can be administered as a Christian institution has been answered in the affirmative. The University has taken high rank academically among the institutions of China. The voluntary basis of religious instruction has been proven the right basis, the only really fruitful basis. The University has the highest proportion of alumni of any Christian institution in China who have gone into positions of Christian leadership. It is striving to maintain standards. It is going out of its way to link up with the churches. It is attempting to make its life more decisively Christian. It is confronted by the necessity of making a closer adaptation of its educational program to the needs of China. It is seeking to develop more local support. It is resolved not to go into debt, but to maintain a balanced budget. It has achieved very substantial results in its down-town School of Commerce. It now has over two hundred young women in its student body. Such were some of the high points in Dr. Liu's presentation. In closing, he asked significantly, 'What are your dreams for the University?'

They *will* help,—our friendship, our prayers, our gifts in men and money that the University of Shanghai may realize its dreams.

"THE NEW DEAL"

MORNING and evening we are reading about the "New Deal." Hope has revived, and there is a new spirit in the land. I am wondering just how far the "New Deal" will reach. Is it just a "New Deal" in the economical and social world, or will it reach religion as well? How about missions? Shall we have a "New Deal" for foreign missions? Our foreign mission cause is certainly in as dire need of a "New Deal" as is our nation.

Our appeal for foreign missions has been largely emotional. We shall always want to stress that, but it should be wedded to an intellectual grasp of what God's Word teaches on the subject. I am aware that Dr. Carver, Dr. Lawrence, and many others, too numerous to mention, have written much on the subject, and yet, when Dr. Maddry poured out his soul at Ridgecrest in one of the greatest appeals for foreign missions I ever heard, a cultured Baptist lady said to me in the lobby of the hotel immediately after hearing Dr. Maddry, "I can't believe that people who never heard the gospel will be lost." "Do you believe in the Bible?" said I. "Yes," she replied. "Well, have you ever studied what it says about missions?" "Not much," she said. The masses of Baptist people just do not know what the Bible teaches about missions. Our people all over the land are saying, "We don't believe in missions." Now why? They have read what Mrs.

Buck has written, and what a Chinaman in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* wrote, and they are listening to what many American tourist and business men are saying, and have no real mental grasp of what the Bible says. They say they no longer believe in foreign missions. What a time for our pastors to preach a series of sermons on what the Bible teaches about missions, and what a time to conduct a Bible study on the same subject. It would mean a "New Deal" for foreign missions.

In the second place, we need to know the people to whom we are trying to take Jesus. With the flood of books that is coming from the press, and the numerous magazine and newspaper articles, together with the radio, there is no excuse for any intelligent person being ignorant of the outstanding facts in the life and history of the people whom we are trying to reach with the gospel. Yet, with the exception of a comparatively small number of our people, who have taken mission study courses, or who have studied missions in our seminaries and training schools, our people just do not know anything about the history and religious conditions of the people to whom we are sending missionaries. Many of the bad business deals that have been made abroad are due to ignorance of the people with whom the deals were made. I have just read a splendid book on commercial relations with Latin America. In that book the author says he who thinks one can do business in Latin America as he could in New Jersey or Iowa is a fool. If we need to know people to do business with them, how much more do we need to know them if we would win them to Christ? I have asked twenty-two good Baptists who majored in history while at college, not a one could tell me who was the first President of Chile, nor the names of the battles by which she won her independence from Spain. There is not a high school boy or girl in Chile who does not know a good deal about Washington, and all know something about Bunker Hill and Yorktown. We cannot give intelligently to send the gospel to those of whom we know nothing. A real effort to know at least some of the outstanding historical facts and religious beliefs of the people we are trying to evangelize would mean a "New Deal" for foreign missions.

Then we need a "New Deal" in our treatment of our missionaries. Every new missionary is an experiment. Never mind how much they think or pray, they may find that they were just not called to do foreign mission work, and cannot adjust themselves to the task. But after working for six years, both the missionary and the people with whom he or she worked should know. If they wish to return, after coming home on the first furlough, and are asked by the nationals to do so, there should be no more question about their life's work, nor thought about working in the homeland, should their health permit them to return to their chosen fields of labor. Much has been said about that book, *Re-thinking Missions*, and there is much in it that is un-Christian. But there is in the book the best statement of a missionary's furlough I have ever seen. It is folly to keep a missionary on the field until compelled to return home all broken in health. A furlough is not so much a rest period as an opportunity to get away from the work for a while and to give fresh missionary information at home. All missionaries should be used as much as possible while on furlough. All are not orators, but all know and can tell what our people should know. Many of our churches have never heard a missionary, and

we shall never enlist them in mission work until they do. A wise use of all missionaries on furlough, especially making it possible that they get before the non-co-operative churches, would mean a "New Deal" for foreign missions.

Last, but not least, we need an intelligent grasp of the financial needs. It will never do just to say we ought to give to missions. Our people must know just how much money is needed for a missionary in a given field to do efficient work. True, a missionary can go and make his or her daily bread working in the land to which they go to do mission work. I have known a good many to do so. But is that our idea? If so, why a Foreign Mission Board? If we wish the missionary to give all of his or her time to purely mission work, he must have sufficient means to do so, and that means more than a salary and house rent. Of course, the need will vary according to the kind of mission work done and field of labor, but all that can and should be worked out. Many a missionary has been compelled to practically mark time or return home for lack of funds to work with. It is not always possible to preach in the streets and parks, and we do not find some Jews, as Paul did, who, after accepting Jesus as the Messiah, furnished a place for preaching. Paul did not do much at Athens, nor do modern foreign missionaries, who do not have something beside their salaries to work with. A sympathetic understanding of this matter, and an adequate support given by our people would certainly mean a "New Deal" for foreign missions.—*Missionary J. L. Hart, Concepcion, Chile.*

REVIVAL IN KWEITEH

(Continued from page 6)

He also led the morning prayer meeting and the night service for men. Mrs. Townsend spoke to the women each evening and gave simple, heart-searching messages. On the last evening Miss Riddell said she had never seen an audience of Chinese women break down and weep as that one did before the Cross of Christ lifted up by one of his faithful followers.

Miss Riddell and I helped the women in the study of Bible verses. One old lady was asked if she could recite the first verse on the leaflet. She said: "I've been coming to these meetings for eight years and I haven't had sense enough to learn anything else, but I know that one."

Many people came forward to accept Christ. We pray that they may realize the significance of this step and may prove faithful.

The meeting was the first that Miss Riddell and I had attended in Kweiteh, and was the last that the Townsends attended before leaving for furlough. Many of the women came to Mrs. Townsend saying, "When you go away who will come out to the country to help us?" She told them that at least one of us planned to do so, and that in a little over a year she and Mr. Townsend hoped to get back from furlough. Some of the Chinese are already praying for their return, and Miss Riddell and I join them in the prayer. Miss Riddell has left her beloved Pochow country women, to take charge of the work here during their absence, and I am just getting my bearings in other than educational fields.

Come join us in the work! If you haven't the money to cross the Pacific, come in that all important role of intercessor, for we need your prayers.



CHARLES E. MADDY

Stranger Than Fiction

CHARLES E. MADDY

Executive Secretary, Foreign Mission Board

DR. R. T. BRYAN went out to China in 1885 as the intimate associate and helper to great Matthew T. Yates. In answer to our letter telling of the Pension Plan for our missionaries, he writes as follows:

"I cheerfully accept the Board's decision, and will also accept its application to me. We have a *just, wise, and kind* Board. Will the Board please take up the matter with the Mission of my remaining as a regular missionary with the regular salary until our next furlough, 1937, that is, if we live until that time and are able to do full time work? Mrs. Bryan will be sixty-four, February 24, 1937, and I eighty-two, October 14, 1937. The Board can then decide what they wish to do with us, and we promise to be good."

ABOUT 1902, W. Carey Newton, born in Africa, son of C. C. Newton, pioneer missionary to Nigeria, whose body rests with many other martyrs of the Cross of Christ in tragic Africa, went out with his consecrated and cultured wife to China as missionaries of our Board. He was pastor of the First Church, Greensboro, North Carolina. The church from the very beginning assumed the support of these two devoted missionaries. They have always raised the amount at Christmas as an extra Christmas gift to the Saviour. For many years now the church has led all the churches of North Carolina in their gifts to the Co-operative Program. Pastor J. Clyde Turner writes us to say that the offering at Christmas, 1933, for the support of the Newtons was \$2,000.

SOME nineteen years ago, Miss Foy Johnson, daughter of Livingston Johnson, long state secretary for North Carolina, went out to Japan as the bride of Calder Willingham. God called him away in the midst of a great work and because of the great need for recruits, Mrs. Willingham bravely turned her face toward the unfinished task in Japan. Broken health forced her to come home in a few years. She afterward married Rev. J. S. Farmer, now editor of the *Biblical Recorder* and staunch friend of foreign missions. Now Foy Johnson Farmer has consented to write our new mission study book on Japan. And it will be worthily done!

FROM Missionary J. Walton Moore of Cheefoo, China, comes another story that echoes the miraculous:

"Forty miles from the city of Chefoo a wealthy Chinaman has a piece of land ten miles long and six miles wide. This land has ten villages on it and in the center a big temple with eighty rooms. He has undertaken to give this all to the Lord for evangelization of China. The idols have been moved from the temple and it is converted into a place where Bible classes are taught and Christian workers live. Those who live here and preach or teach have all things in common. No one is paid anything, and no one pays anything. It is interdenominational and has many problems, but it shows that the Spirit is working in this land and the hour has struck for an advance."

IN Waichow, a great heathen city in South China, Misses Ruth Pettigrew and Nellie Putney have carried on all alone while the Gallimores were detained in the homeland. Their dwelling was poor and inadequate, was wrecked by a cyclone. The Board had no money with

which to build a new home. Now the W.M.U. of North Carolina comes forward with \$2,000.00 Honk Kong currency, and we have notified the missionaries to rebuild at once.

THE first leading of the Spirit to fill the vacancy caused in Ogbomoso by the recent death of Dr. B. L. Lockett has come. Miss Blanche Sydnor White phoned to say that she was sending us a check for \$912.00, a White Cross gift of the W.M.U. of Virginia, to be used for salary or expenses for a medical missionary to take up the work Dr. Lockett had laid down. We turned to the files and found the application of a young doctor in Oklahoma. He had heard nothing from the Board in two years and had no hope of going out until he was notified a few weeks ago of this possible new opening. The Board is now working on the matter in hopes that this young doctor may be appointed to take up medical work in Africa before many months.

FOR more than a year now every mail from Japan brings the urgent appeal for recruits. The minimum need is for a young man and wife. Now young Maxfield Garrott, of Conway, Arkansas, son of our dear friend and seminary classmate, O. P. J. Garrott, comes forward and volunteers to go to Japan next summer. He gets his doctorate from Louisville in May. For some years now he has been assistant to Dr. Sampey. He is brilliant in scholarship, modest, consecrated,—fine and wholesome in every way. Surely God has answered the prayers of many and raised up this young servant for a splendid missionary career.

FROM the Girls' School at Seinan Jo Gakuin, Japan, Missionary Cecile Lancaster, the treasurer, writes:

"You will be glad to know that the parents and friends of the school are contributing to a new chapel building. It is surprising how well the gifts are coming in. If we can get enough chairs into the present chapel to accommodate the increase next year, I believe that we can have a new chapel by the following year. The trustees have voted to build the chapel as soon as *all* of the money is in hand, but not before. We will certainly remember the warnings of our Board at home—we won't go in debt!"

AS this page goes to press our hearts are encouraged by our treasurer's report that more than \$90,000.00 of the Lottie Moon Offering has come into the treasury. The goal was \$135,000.00. More than two-thirds of that amount has been received by the middle of January. Our hearts rejoice with gratitude! Our souls "sing unto the Lord a new song!"

FOR the year 1933 the churches of the South gave \$600,000 for the current work of the Foreign Mission Board and \$52,000 for the debt, making a total of \$652,000. We reduced the principal of the debt \$52,000 last year and paid out \$66,750 for interest, making a total of \$118,750 paid out on debt account for 1933.

MAKING MISSIONS REAL

Conducted by UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE, 4111 Kenwood Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri

(All books may be ordered from the Baptist Book Store serving your state)

A HOME MISSION COURSE FOR SUNBEAMS

There is very little available for Sunbeam leaders on Home Mission work of our own Convention. Therefore in reply to repeated requests we are giving this month the fine study on Indians worked out by Mrs. William McMurry, of Tennessee.—U. R. L.

OUR INDIAN FRIENDS

(A Course in five lessons for Sunbeams based on *The People of the Jesus Way*)

By Mrs. William McMurry, Memphis, Tennessee

SOURCES:

1. *The American Indian, his Life and Customs*, a booklet published by the John Hancock Life Insurance Company, Boston, Mass. Any account of how Indians lived in the time of Columbus will suffice.

2. *Indian Removal*, by Grant Foreman, \$4.00. The teacher will find this book valuable in teaching the full-graded family.

3. *Indian Legends*, Government bulletin.

4. *The People of the Jesus Way*, by Beagle, 25 cents. The basis for information concerning Baptist work among the Indians.

5. *Stories*

(a) C. W. Burnett. See file copies of HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS, January and October, 1933; *Southern Baptist Home Missions*, January, 1933; (b) Katie of the Lost Canyon, in *World Comrades*, March and April, 1933; (c) Jesse James, in *The Candy Kid*, by Lawrence; (d) George Pipestem, in *The Word of Their Testimony*, by Lawrence; (e) The Son of Hoholah, in March, 1930, *World Comrades*.

6. *Other Materials*—Picture Sheet and Home Mission Map from Home Mission Board, Red Rock Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.; Large map of United States, from National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.; Penny U. S. Maps, Latta School Supplies, Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.; other Pictures from Rhineharts Indians, price 25c, from Latta School Supplies; *One Hundred Best Poems for Boys and Girls*, published by Whitman Publishing Co., Racine, Wisconsin, purchased at Kress's for 10c, contains the poem "Indian Children," by Annette Wynne.

All these stories were prepared but not used.

First Day: The children, led by the teacher, came into a small empty room. "Why, there are no chairs in here," she said, somewhat in astonishment. "I wonder why?" The children looked about and then back at the teacher. One child thought the janitor had forgotten them. Another suggested that probably there were not enough to go around. Still another said may be the room was too little for chairs and a table.

"No, those aren't the reasons," said the teacher. "What are we going to study about this week?"

"Indians!" they shouted in a chorus and quick as a flash a boy added, "Oh, I know. Indians don't sit in chairs!"

"Exactly so. They surely didn't long, long ago and some still prefer the ground to the white man's chair."

With that preliminary, teacher and pupils sat on the floor in a circle. In a corner was a pile of wood covered by an old brown rug. This was quickly removed and following the example of the teacher each child took a piece. We started building a camp fire, the teacher singing first and then all together,

This is the way we make our fire,
Make our fire, make our fire,

This is the way we make our fire
So early in the morning.

We were now ready to talk about how the Indian used to live: what his life was when Columbus discovered America, how he treated the first settlers and how they in turn treated him. We introduced the story of Powhatan, Pocahontas and Captain John Smith. Almost all the children knew this story which we illustrated with colored pictures procured from Indian chewing gum. Along with the discussion the teacher showed pictures which she drew from a bag as they were needed, of how the Indian used to dress, the kind of house he lived in, how the Indian baby was carried, and what kind of game he hunted. The last display was some fine arrow-heads for both bird and big game mounted on a board. We then thumb-tacked these pictures on the wall low enough for the children to reach, all singing as we worked,

This is the way we used to dress,
Used to dress, used to dress,
This is the way we used to dress.
So early in the morning.

and (picture of tepee)

This is the house we liked so well,
Liked so well, etc.

and (picture of papoose)

This is the way we carried our babies,
Carried our babies, etc.

and (picture of deer and buffalo)

This is the game we used to kill,
Used to kill, etc.

and (board of arrows)

This is the way we killed our game,
Killed our game, etc.

Each child was given a piece of paper on which he was to write, "What I know about the Indian of Long Ago." The pupils suggested the subject matter and the teacher helped in the spelling of words. The children were requested to bring beads, an Indian headdress or a blanket to be worn in class. Announcement was made that an arrow-head would be given to the child having the best notebook. The award was to be made on the basis of neatness, attractiveness, and complete subject matter. All work was to be done in the class.

In conclusion the teacher explained the attendance project which kept interest keen throughout the week. A tepee had been drawn on cardboard and cut into five pieces. Each piece was labeled with the day of the week in order that the fitting would be perfect. The puzzle was put into an envelope. There was one of these tepees for each child. Those who were 100 per cent in attendance would have a complete object at the end of the week. They were not told what this object was. On a piece of cream-colored construction paper each child pasted his piece for Monday. The teacher kept the envelopes and the sheets. Needless to say every child who was there on the first day was back the other four. One of the genuine disappointments to the child who earned the arrow-head was that he was absent the first day and his tepee was topless.

Second Day: The children hurried into the classroom, quickly donned their Indian regalia and seated themselves in a circle on the floor. We made our fire as on the first day, singing the new words to the Mulberry Bush tune. For review the children were asked to point to each group of pictures and sing about them as we did on the first day. We talked about the Indians' removal across the Mississippi, drawing from the children expressions as to the fairness of this plan on the part of our government. We told them that many Indians were in and around Memphis during these years of removal. They were especially interested in the story of old Chief Chisca and the Chickasaws as we have a hotel in the city by the name of the former and professional ball team known by the latter. It was here that the teacher explained the origin and meaning of the name Tennessee.

We discussed reservations, what and where they are, how the Indian lives today; the religious customs and beliefs that are most common; what he thinks about the white man's attitude past and present, and what Christians can do to atone for the mistreatment the Indian has received at the hands of our government and unscrupulous whites who as individuals have exploited them.

Pictures were shown to illustrate the lesson. Paper was distributed and each child wrote on this subject: "What the Indian is Like Today." We concluded by singing "Indians, Indians, we love you, yes we do," etc. After dancing around our "fire" we gave a whoop and marched Indian fashion to the assembly room.

Third Day: The room was equipped with chairs and a table. Every child had a headdress or a blanket or beads. Some had all three. The blankets varied as to color and authenticity but the imagination of a keenly interested child transcended such limitations. After the attendance project was checked the teacher displayed a large map of the United States. We talked about this map and the Indian removal which served as a review of the previous lesson. All were interested in why there were Indians east of the Mississippi. Changing maps the teacher then showed them a large one of the Southern Baptist Convention territory with colored Indian heads and tepees marking the location of tribes among whom Southern Baptists were working either directly or indirectly. A child immediately asked the question, "What are you doing with half of the U. S.?"

The teacher wanted that question. She explained the Southern Baptist Convention on the basis of a club. Every child had belonged to some kind of a club because of kindred interests, congeniality, and residential proximity. The children caught the idea at once that the folks in these nineteen states were in a "club" because they saw things alike in regard to God's work, could get along reasonably well, and lived close together. (No sectional differences in regard to the Civil War were mentioned. Never encourage prejudice!) With that explanation each child was given a penny map of the United States and asked to block off this S.B.C. territory, using the big wall map as a guide. Some help was needed with the northern border line, but within a short time these children had their maps correctly marked with colored crayons.

The class was then asked to draw and color red little tepees in the eight states where "our" Indians are living. Each child was then given a copy of Annette Wynne's charming poem, "Indian Children." This was to be memo-

rized by the last day and put into the notebook. There was just barely time to fasten the written work on the construction paper. As the pot of paste was being attacked by the last child he impulsively swept pot, scissors, crayons, and all into the circle of his arm and started singing to our Mulberry Bush tune,

This is the way we like to work,
Like to work, like to work,
This is the way we like to work
Because we love our teacher.

The others joined him and with faces wreathed in smiles they passed into the assembly room leaving behind a surprised but happy teacher.

Fourth Day: The room was in readiness when pupils entered. On one end of the table was a pasteboard adobe hut, and on the other a crudely constructed hogan. The children were immediately interested and remembered that we had discussed such houses the second day. Briefly some bits of Navajo history were given and a rug shown.

"Would you like to hear about an Indian who went as a missionary to some run-away Navajos?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, do tell us," they cried.

The story of how the missionary went to the Navajos was told and they in turn reproduced it each in his own way. The class was in a worshipful, serious mood. We concluded with sentence prayers for the Navajo work.

Fifth Day: The children could hardly wait to fit in the last piece of the attendance project. Some had guessed what the object was, but others were still in the dark. As soon as they came into the room they asked for their pieces. This phase of activity was always attended to at the beginning of the class with the exception of the first day. And now there lay before them the tepee they had been building on paper the whole week. The sections were colored orange and the lines black. Each wrote plainly underneath, "Attendance Project."

The teacher told a very short legend and asked for the poem, "Indian Children." The group repeated this in unison, then pasted it on the construction paper for the notebook. They were ready for another story and this time we chose the one about Jesse James, Creek Indian lad who later became a leader in the Chilocco Government School in Oklahoma. This brought up questions about Oklahoma Indians, government schools, and our missionary, Miss Gladys Sharp, about whom they heard in the closing assembly the day before. The story was written and along with a picture of Miss Sharp pasted on the construction paper.

In order to save time and to insure accuracy the teacher punched the holes in all the sheets, but each child put together his own book, fastening the pages with long pins provided for that purpose. The covers were uniform in arrangement and printing but different in color. In the upper left hand and lower right hand corners pictures of famous Indian chiefs were pasted. These pictures came out of Indian chewing gum which has taken the children of Memphis by storm. Printed in the center was the title, *Our Indian Friends*. Many of the children cut out the attractive pictures from the wrappers of the chewing gum and used them throughout their books. Each book carried the full seven pages, the attendance project completing the number, showing the beautiful and intelligent responsiveness of the children.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION

KATHLEEN MALLORY

DIRECT EVANGELISM

THE challenge of home missions lies not in the overwhelming numbers of people in our land who are unsaved, though they are fifty-five per cent of the population of our Southern States. But the challenge of the home field lies in the plain, bald facts that with all the churches and Christian people of our Southland there are still *that many* people who do not know the Lord Jesus as Saviour.

The tragedy of home missions does not lie in the fact that we have so few missionaries. The tragedy lies in the fact that of this number of lost people, more than half have *never* heard the gospel as evangelicals teach it, have *never* seen a Bible nor heard a word read from it, and have never been told of Jesus, a Saviour from sin.

How can this be? That is a question even the most sober analysis cannot answer save to confess that we, the ones who know the gospel, have not told it even to our neighbors and those whom the Lord sends to us every day we live. If every Christian told of Jesus, the Saviour, to every one he met every day, if every church faithfully sought out and preached to every person within the radius of its influence, if every preacher set himself to preaching the gospel everywhere he could get a hearing,—whether he had a church or not, whether he preached in an auditorium or on a street corner, under the trees or in the homes—there would be a different story to tell about home missions!

Until that day comes, we must still send the special messenger, the home missionary, who will devote his or her life to the task of winning these millions in the homeland to Jesus, who will cross the barriers of geographical isolation, of alien languages and customs and ideals, of race and national differences and tell the people who have not heard of Jesus the Saviour. To that task your Home Mission Board sets itself unremittingly.

Home missions today is working through a few simple and direct methods among peoples speaking twenty-seven different languages, of every race and most of the nations of the world. During the past year there have been 58 missionaries in the homeland and 44 in Cuba and the Canal Zone engaged in home mission work who themselves speak six different languages. Most of these have been kept on their fields this year by the Home Mission Offering of Southern Missionary Union in March, 1933.

The major method of home missions is direct evangelism. Evangelism is the task of every missionary, whether engaged in teaching, preaching, good-will center activities or medical work. But on some fields the whole task is done by what might be termed direct evangelism. Let us briefly glance at these fields.

The largest group among whom we have evangelists are the Negro people, nine and a half million in the South. Here we supplement the salaries of three evangelists and the secretary of the Home Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention who is himself an evangelist. This is but a gesture toward the task as we ought to be doing it.

But it has been a fruitful work this year, for these evangelists report 386 additions by baptism.

The next largest group numerically is the Spanish-speaking people, more than a million (*mostly Mexicans*) in the United States and two and a half million in Cuba in its western provinces. Among these we have 20 missionaries in the United States and 42 in Cuba. Then come the French with 600,000 or more people among whom Baptists are the only evangelicals making serious attempts to preach the gospel, with a program of intense evangelism centering in a school of missionary training at Acadia Academy, near Church Point, Louisiana. The Jews of the South number 500,000 to whom we have sent one missionary whose task it is to stir up the Christian churches to do the work. Italian people number 450,000 among whom we have six missionaries located in three strategic centers in the South.

To the seven thousand Chinese in the South we have sent one missionary, a woman who is doing outstanding work in San Antonio. Among the many nationalities in crowded, congested cities we have four missionaries—one in East St. Louis who works among some twenty nationalities; two in Christopher, Illinois, who work among twenty-six nationalities; and one missionary in the Catholic City of New Orleans. Itinerating over the South among the 45,000 deaf people are two missionaries, whose work is the direct preaching of the gospel in 65 centers to those who cannot hear the spoken Word.

Last but not least is the direct evangelism of the Indian peoples. It reaches all the way across the South from the Robeson County Indians of eastern North Carolina, the Cherokees of western North Carolina, the southern Alabama Indians around Mobile, to the Indian country of Oklahoma and New Mexico, with eleven missionaries, three of them being Indians.

These missionaries, working through churches, through mission stations and through house-to-house visiting are daily doing direct evangelism, winning people to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That is the major operation of the Home Mission enterprise as carried on by Southern Baptists.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved." *"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest."* *"Pray ye therefore."*
—U. R. L.

PROGRESS THROUGH BRAZILIAN W.M.U.

One Sunday night in October we had an interesting service at our church when the W.M.S., Y.W.A., and Children's Society had a joint meeting, each organization being represented on the program, and the different new groups of officers installed. Minnie Landrum and I had worked out the tentative program for just such a meeting, but it was much more effective than I had imagined it would be. There are thirty women in our W.M.S., fourteen young women and around fifty children, though

many more than that attend irregularly. Our junior-age number was a sword drill but, instead of reading the passages when found, the children sang them. They know eighteen verses now. I have found it a very effective way of making Scripture stick, and they love to sing them. When I think back six years and see how our young people have been growing there is much for which to be thankful.—*Mrs. W. E. Allen, Brazil.*

The work at First Baptist Church in Rio is getting along nicely. The people seem to realize more than ever that they must work hard in order to keep Dr. Soren's work going: the spirit has been fine. Mr. Bratcher, the supply pastor, has been bringing fine messages and every phase of the work seems to be growing. There were eight baptized the last Sunday night in November. Six were young women and that makes fourteen young women baptized since the fourth Sunday in August. We have enlisted most of them in the Y.W.A. and I shall do all that is in my power to help them grow in their spiritual life. So much depends on the young people of today. We have about seventy active Y.W.A. members at this church and their programs are very inspiring. I wonder sometimes how it happened that I am permitted to be their counselor. It humbles me when I think of the joy and inspiration that are mine because of the contacts with this group of young people. We had a Memory Work Drill for the Y.W.A.'s of the district and the representative of this church won first place. The prize offered is a trip to attend the Convention in Santos. Of course we were happy that she won. She is a dear girl and as faithful as I have ever known.—*Minnie Landrum, Brazil.*

FROM ONE MISSIONARY'S DIARY

ONE Saturday Leonor (my native "sister") and I went with a group to visit the Congress building. It is very handsome, like ours in Washington. One interesting thing was a sort of clock, whereby the porter can ring in the "arrivals" so that the presiding officer will know when he has a quorum. One room is called *pasos perdidos* (lost steps).

A "Kress" store has been started in Buenos Aires. Of course the name is not "Kress"—it is called *Vale-Mas* (worth more). It was the one thing lacking in the way of shops here. I bought a West's tooth brush and Colgate's cream and felt much at home.

Leonor and I attended a *Compromiso* (official announcement of an engagement) of two members of Once Church. The announcement is almost as binding as the marriage itself. They usually have a short ceremony and exchange rings: the girl receives two rings at that time—the engagement and the wedding ring.

The conversion of the son and daughter of one of the pastors brought to mind and heart the assurance that God answers prayer. The father, whose church is in the far interior, was converted sixteen years ago, but not until last year did his wife accept Christ. Now the son and daughter—perhaps because of financial needs—have been brought face to face with their need of a personal Saviour and of his willingness to save.

Frank J. Fowler was laid to rest in Chacarita Cemetery, the first Southern Baptist missionary to await the Resurrection morn on Argentine soil. As we followed his re-

mains to this last resting place, we did not sorrow "as those who have no hope." Even Mrs. Fowler, though she had six months been confined to her bed, felt the consoling power of the Great Physician. But how our hearts bled for the lonely sixteen-year-old Franklin beside the open grave—his mother in the hospital, his older brother 6,000 miles away in the United States, his sister at her work in distant Mendoza. There was a crowd of both English and Argentine friends at the church and cemetery. The gospel was thus preached both in Spanish and English, as well as a powerful testimony given of a life surrendered for service (twenty-nine years in Argentina) and entirely ready for the call to "come up higher."—*Minnie D. McIlroy, Buenos Aires, Argentina.*

PROGRAM FOR MARCH

TOPIC—PERIODS OF LOST POWER

Purpose of the Program—To reveal: History of Dark Ages; lost vision of Christ, lost Word, love of luxury, greed for power, perils of today paralleling conditions then—What can I do to retrieve America's lost spiritual power?

Hymn—"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"

One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm (in unison)

Prayer for forgiveness for slackened interest in the progress of God's kingdom

Scripture Lesson—Ezek. 7; 2 John 8; Jas. 4: 1-10

Silent Prayer for deeper devotion to Christ's cause

Hymn—"Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross"

Talk—Have Christians Lost Their Vision of Christ?

Rendering of Leaflet—"Away with Him" (Order leaflet for 2c from W.M.U. Literature Dept., 1111 Comer Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.)

Hymn—"Alas and Did My Saviour Bleed"

Talk—If We Do Not Heed God's Word, What Then?

Rendering of Leaflet—The Plowman's Bible (Order for 2c from W.M.U. Literature Dept., 1111 Comer Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.)

Prayer that Christians may let God's Word be "light unto 'their' path"

Hymn—"Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart"

Talk—Do Christians Crave Luxury Like Non-Christians?

Silent Prayer as hearts are laid bare before the sacrifice of Christ and of New Testament Christians

Hymn—"I Am Thine, O Lord"

Discussion as to March Week of Prayer

Rendering of Article—Direct Evangelism (See article on page 25)

Prayer for God's rich blessing on Week of Prayer Thank-Offering for Home Missions

Business Session—Reports on (1) Participation in Baptist Hundred Thousand Club; (2) Stewardship of Tithes and Offerings; (3) Personal Service; (4) Mission Study; (5) W.M.U. Young People's Organizations—Marking Up Standard of Excellence—Offering—Minutes

Watchwords (in unison)—1 Cor. 3: 9; Josh. 1: 9

Hymn for Year (standing)—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"

Prayer (by President)

* * *

"The noble art of surrendering to God is at once the secret of peace and the source of strength."

NEWSCASTINGS AROUND the WORLD

INABELLE G. COLEMAN, Editorial Secretary, Foreign Mission Board

Sailings

To Africa: On January 12, Miss Naomi Robertson sailed on the *S. S. Padusay*, American-West African Line for Ogbomoso, Africa, where she will continue her missionary work in the Baptist Hospital.

Arrivals

From China: Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Townshend of Kweichow, China, have arrived in England for a year's furlough and rest. They are at present located at Saxon Lodge, Sandy Lane, S. Wellington, Surry, England.

From Brazil: Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Johnson of Maceio, Brazil, have arrived for furlough. They are located at Shawnee, Oklahoma, and will be engaged in deputation work for the Foreign Mission Board while in the states. Their territory is Oklahoma and Missouri. Any churches in these states may call on these two missionaries for missionary messages, to direct schools of missions, and to teach study courses.

Death

In Richmond: Dr. T. Bronson Ray died at 9:00 o'clock, January 15, 1934, at his home in Richmond, Virginia. He suffered a heart attack ten days before his death, and gradually became weaker until the end.

Addresses

In Florida: Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Newton, who returned to the States in December from Tsingtao, China, are now located at Miami, Florida.

New District Leaders

The seven districts into which the South was originally divided for special deputation work by foreign missionaries on furlough have grown to eight. New Mexico and Arizona have been separated from Texas, and Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Taylor, of Brazil, have accepted the responsibility of directing the work in these two states. They will be located at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

The newly appointed special representatives over district six, Oklahoma and Missouri, are Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Johnson, of Brazil.

Churches, associations and other groups desiring a foreign missionary for a special service, for a school of missions or for a week of study together, will find these missionaries eager to come and give of their best.

Red-Letter Notation

With the arrival of springtime, people everywhere begin making plans for the summer that is not far behind. Calendars begin to bear red-letter notation indicative of proposed vacations. The Foreign Mission Board calendar has announced eight days of red-letter significance for

August 5-12. This will be Foreign Mission Week at Ridgecrest, North Carolina, the Southern Baptist Assembly Grounds.

The program committee is promising a conference unexcelled by any other week presented to Southern Baptists. Dr. Maddry plans to have all the missionaries in the States on furlough, all new missionaries, and a large number of volunteers to assemble at Ridgecrest for the 1934 week. All former missionaries returning to their fields in the fall and all newly appointed missionaries will be especially honored in a consecration service on the closing day of the conference. The aim is to have more than five hundred Baptists present for the week. Special rates will be offered at Pritchelle hotel and on the Southern Baptist Summer Assembly Grounds. Supervised playgrounds will be available for the children of parents wishing to attend.

This is a gentle reminder and a hearty welcome to Christians everywhere to come up into the Blue Ridge for their 1934 vacation and share the magnificent blessings that will be offered in abundance through a great host of faithful, consecrated missionaries from around the world.

Catholic Respect and Co-operation—From Missionary Loren M. Reno, of Colégio Americano Baptista, Vitoria, Brazil, comes this stimulating news:

"The latest thing out here is that we have formed an advisory Committee in our school work composed of men who are personal friends and admirers of our work. Here are their names and positions they occupy:

"Carlos Xavier Paes Barreto, member of the State Supreme Court, president and teacher of law school; Prof. Adolfo Oliveira, ex-teacher and ex-president of State College, teacher in law school; Affonso Lyrie, judge of the Federal Court, ex-editor of Party paper, lawyer, ex-secretary of Interior, ex-Military-Governor; Ubaldo Ramalheite Maia, lawyer, ex-secretary of public Instruction, president of the State Journalistic Association, president of the Victoria Social Club; João Manoel de Carvalho, member of the State Supreme Court, ex-secretary of Public Instruction, teacher in law school; Arnulpho Mattos, lawyer, ex-principal of State Normal School, music author; Walter Siqueira, Federal Judge, professor in law school."

"Just glance over the list and try to realize what it means to have such men helping put through a Christian school in a Catholic land. Two of them, Carvalho and Mattos, are strictly Catholic believers. They are men who attend mass regularly, but who line up with our work for they see what we are trying to do. Our greatest hope is that this is a first step and that our more intimate touch with them may bring them to find Christ as a personal Saviour in spite of the Catholic church. Pray for this. I wish you could read our Portuguese and see what these two men adopted and signed as minutes of the first meeting. However, here goes a bit of it.

"Dr. João Manoel de Carvalho, member of the State Supreme Court, said that after thinking over well the question of

co-operation, although a Catholic, he 'felt no constraint' in giving all his support to the American School, as long as its orientation would continue as until the present."

Africa's Newest Asset—From Dr. J. C. Anders, of Ogbomoso, comes this letter written to his mother who lives in Richmond, Virginia:

"Dearest Mother:—I had a nice long letter from Dr. B. L. Lockett along with yours Friday, December 1. It is hard to believe that he is dead.

"Last Friday, December 1, we moved our babies into the new baby building built by Dr. Lockett. He built his own memorial. You remember the Virginia W.M.U. gave us the money. It is "L" shaped. One wing is for babies and the other for motherless babies. We now have twelve babies. At 7:30 p.m. we had an opening in the courtyard. Two sides of the fence are walls. Dr. Green spoke, eulogizing Dr. Lockett; I spoke and presented diplomas to three graduating nurses. (Miss Kersey had worked so hard she was too tired to speak.) We declared the new building open for inspection. Thanks to the Virginia W.M.U., we had electric lights.

"Pray and get others to pray.

Sincerely, your son."

In Retrospect—In the face of the distressing economic conditions throughout our country during the whole of 1933 we feel that the Foreign Mission Board made a remarkable showing for the year in the matter of its col-

lections. As against a Budget set-up of \$605,000 our budget receipts for the year reached a total of \$600,000, plus—or less than \$5,000 short of the estimated requirements.

On January 1, 1933, the total of our notes due to banks was \$1,115,000, while on December 31, 1933, this total was \$1,057,900, showing a reduction within the year in our bank indebtedness of \$57,100. And this, too, in such a year as 1933!

In Prospect—For 1934 the indications are for a material increase in both Co-operative Program receipts and designated gifts to Foreign Missions. The response to the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering for 1933 has been most gratifying, and it now appears likely that the goal of \$135,000 set by the Woman's Missionary Union will be fully realized by April 30, 1934. A revival of interest in mission work among our people in all the states is being evidenced in a substantial way, as a result of which a new impetus will be felt along the whole front of our field of missionary activities, and the work will go forward with renewed zeal and enthusiasm.—E. P. Buxton, treasurer.

BAPTIST BROTHERHOOD

J. T. HENDERSON

UNEMPLOYED PREACHERS

IT is gratifying to note the policy of President Roosevelt and Congress to provide for the needs of the unemployed by offering them work on enterprises that will promote the public welfare rather than hand out the funds of the government as a dole. In constructing needed roads, bridges, and public buildings, in providing for flood control and forest preservation, they are developing the country, serving society, and at the same time teaching the unemployed industry, frugality, and self-reliance. An outright gift tends to create a generation of confirmed paupers, who will continue to be a tax on personal and public charity instead of a growing asset.

How about unemployed ministers of the gospel? A similar policy should be pursued.

Three suggestions are offered, the first two of which apply to the preacher himself.

First, he should have an unquestioned conviction that he has had a divine call; an impression so convincing and imperative that he can say with Paul, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel."

Second, he should recognize that a call to preach implies also a call to prepare. He should heed the admonition, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." The provisions for the education of the young preacher are so ample that he can not offer a satisfactory alibi. If he has purpose and perseverance, he can succeed.

God evidently intends that the preacher that has these two vital requirements shall have a field, and yet there are many of this class that are unemployed. They long for a position in which they can not only earn an adequate

support but can "serve their day and generation by the will of God."

The third suggestion applies to the churches, especially to the deacons. Southern Baptists have in round numbers about 22,000 ordained preachers and 24,000 churches, more than enough to provide a field for every worthy preacher, if they were all either half or full time churches.

Hundreds of churches that now have fourth-time preaching are well able to go to half time, if they will only adopt the scriptural plan of support; indeed, a number of them could go to full time, which is the ideal.

Virtually every half-time church could have a pastor on the field for full time, if the membership would "bring the tithe into the storehouse upon the first day of the week." This would not only afford a field for every worthy preacher, but would prove an untold blessing to the churches.

Here rests a serious obligation for deacons, churches, and promotion committees. If any reader would care to test these suggestions, the Brotherhood will be pleased to send him a tract entitled *Part Time Churches*.

NEWS NOTES

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—A brief visit to Jacksonville, during the holidays, gave the two members of our family the opportunity of attending worship on Sunday, December 24, at the First Baptist Church of that city. The audience was large, the Christmas music inspiring, and the gospel sermon by Dr. F. C. McConnell, the pastor, on "Jesus as Prophet, Priest, and King," was edifying.

It was also a peculiar pleasure to see our former pastor, Dr. J. L. Rosser, and Mrs. Rosser and to learn of the progress of their important work at Riverside. Another interesting feature of the sojourn in Jacksonville was a

brief visit each with Secretary Britain and Editor Solomon. They are key men in denominational activities of this rapidly developing state.

BELMONT HEIGHTS—In connection with attending a significant session of the Administration Committee of the Southern Baptist Convention, in Nashville on January 10, the General Secretary accepted an invitation to speak at the monthly meeting of the Brotherhood of the Belmont Heights Baptist Church.

The business session of the church, held prior to the visitor's remarks, indicated that this church of eleven hundred members is well organized and that a large percentage of the membership is enlisted in its activities. The attendance and reports gave evidence of a high degree of interest and progress. Mr. P. H. Jones, the president of the Brotherhood, is capable and awake to the importance of his task; with his aggressive leadership strongly reinforced by Dr. R. Kelly White, the pastor, and a number of zealous laymen, there is promise of large usefulness for the Brotherhood.

MEN AND THE KINGDOM—There is evidence of a growing sentiment that the man-power of our churches should be enlisted, trained, and utilized.

Recently the General Secretary had a letter from Rev. W. H. Beiers, Greenwood, South Carolina, which carried the following statement: "The Abbeville Baptist Association in session assembled, extended you an invitation to spend a week in the association in the interest of Laymen's Work. I was elected chairman of the Promotion Committee and instructed to communicate with you and arrange the program."

In response to this invitation the Secretary is now on the field for five days, speaking in six leading churches distributed throughout the territory of the Association, discussing the following topics: Men and the Kingdom, The Layman Four Square, A Challenge to Men, A Successful Brotherhood, The Sacrificial Spirit, Stewardship, Missions and The Deacon.

This campaign began with a fine audience on Sunday morning, January 14, in the First Baptist Church, Greenwood, of which Dr. C. F. Sims is the efficient pastor. Greenwood claims a population of 12,000 and has

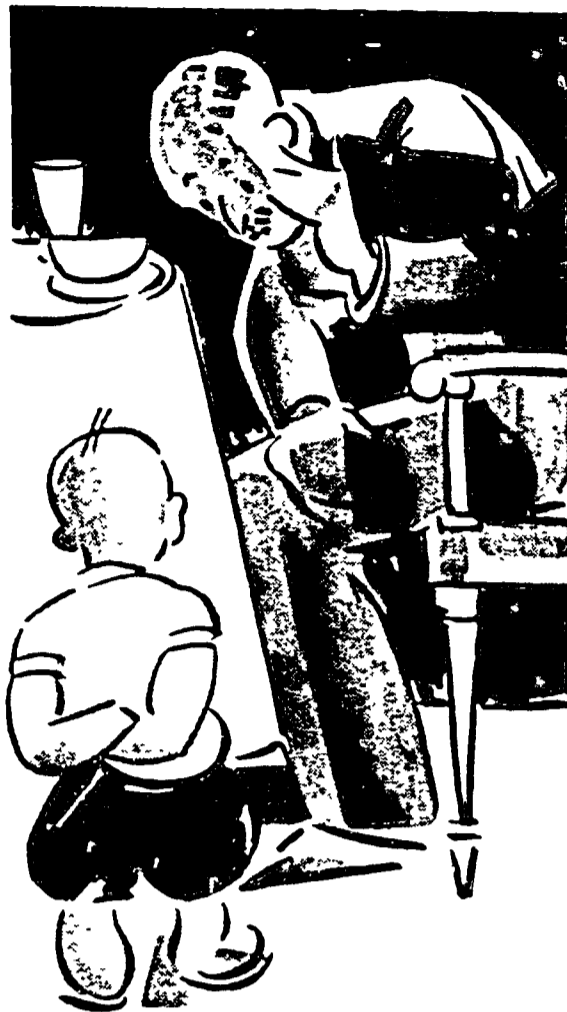
five Baptist churches. This campaign provided for meetings also in the West End and South Main Street Churches of Greenwood in connection with the churches of McCormick, Ware Shoals, and Abbeville.

There is already indication that a number of Brotherhoods will be organized in the churches as a result of this agitation, and that an associational organization will also be launched to meet quarterly on fifth Sunday afternoons to compare notes, promote fellowship, deepen interest, and formulate plans to enlist the man-power of all the churches.

W. S. Brooke, field man and organizer, who is doing an enlistment work of rare value in the churches of South Carolina, writes that it is his purpose to give special attention to promoting greater interest and activity among the men. The wisdom of this policy is strengthened by a report in today's *Greenville News*, of the fine growth of Old Bethel Baptist Church, near Woodruff, South Carolina, under the ministry of Rev. George M. Sexton, the retiring pastor. Here is the statement: "The Brotherhood organization, under the leadership of Paul McCraw, has done admirable work strengthening the church in all lines of endeavor."

BURLINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—The notes for last month gave a report of our service of four days with the First Baptist Church of Burlington, closing on the opening day of their canvass. Their campaign is now over and Pastor Kinnett writes in a jubilant strain regarding their success. We have space for only a few striking features:

(1) The preparation was unusually thorough, consisting of a successful revival a few weeks before the canvass, appropriate and inspiring sermons by the pastor, a church school of Stewardship and Missions, an effective organization, and a most capable and aggressive director in Dr. Andrews; (2) ninety per cent of the local membership made pledges; (3) all of the twenty-one deacons and every officer of the church signed on the dotted line; (4) the announcement that all these leaders had set this worthy example greatly stimulated the rest of the membership and was a large factor in their victory; (5) the deacons agreed to make their offerings every Lord's day, before presenting the plates to the members.



*"I'm not saying a word
against our mother*

**but why doesn't
she get us
PETTIJOHN'S?"**

*Menfolks, young and old, long
for a different cereal. And
Pettijohn's is different. Fla-
vory, golden flakes of real
whole wheat! Cooks, mind
you, in 3 to 5 minutes!*

YES SIR! The women keep on serving the same old breakfast until one fine day the menfolks'll say: "Either we get a different cereal around this house or else!"

Don't let this happen! Fend off revolution with Pettijohn's—the *only hot cereal* that's really *different*. Pettijohn's is *real* whole wheat. To make it, the firm, golden entire wheat kernels are *flaked* instead of *ground*. That's why Pettijohn's is never mushy. Why it has that crisp, luscious "cracked-wheat" texture. Why it cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. In addition, Pettijohn's brings you bran as Nature intended you to eat it. *With* the rest of the whole wheat berry.

If you believe in real whole wheat, if you long for a *change* at breakfast, get Pettijohn's today.

Pettijohn's

**Rolled Wheat with
All the Bran**

Product of The Quaker Oats
Company



The pastor joins the deacons in this forward step; (6) the offering on Sunday, January 14, was the largest in years. All local bills are paid promptly and a larger check sent to Raleigh each month; (7) the pastor writes that this was "the best canvass in the history of the church and that a new spirit has got hold of the people, a spirit of victory, of work, of success."

PINE STREET, RICHMOND—Another church in which the Brotherhood Secretary assisted in a school of Missions and Stewardship is the Pine Street, of Richmond. A detailed report from the director of the canvass that followed, has been received. We can mention only a few features:

(1) The church had not conducted an Every Member Canvass for two years and some of the members had never taken to it wholeheartedly; (2) the pledges already made to the Co-operative Program represent an advance of \$400 over last year; (3) the average amount pledged by the men and boys so far to benevolences is \$10.92 each; by the women and girls \$8.37 each. The W.M.S. is expected to contribute \$500 additional during the year, bringing their average up to \$10.41; (4) the budget for the Co-operative Program calls for an advance of \$1,600 and the spirit of the people is so fine that there is good prospect of reaching it; (5) Pastor Matthews and Director Browning are thoroughly missionary, and in their effort to lay the matter of personal obligation on the conscience of every member, they have a number of zealous men and elect women as canvassers who will give them such co-operation as will guarantee success.

STIRRING REPORT—Reference has already been made to the recent School of Stewardship and Missions, conducted by the Brown Memorial Baptist Church, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, in which the Brotherhood had a large share. This was strictly a church school. The president of the Brotherhood in a letter just received, writes: *Every Department* of the church had a share. As a direct result of the inspiration received from the lectures of Dr. Henderson, the men at the regular November meeting of the Brotherhood, with thirty-six members present, pledged an amount sufficient to support a missionary for a year on the foreign field. This was done quickly

and with a zeal that is very rare. I have never witnessed such a scene, and I am sure that every one present will always treasure the experience.

"We have already been assigned a missionary, whom we hope to hear from once a month. These letters will be mimeographed and copies distributed at the regular monthly meetings of the Brotherhood. The knowledge of the fact that we have a *foreign pastor*, and that he will visit us in our church and homes in the future, is an influence enriching the spiritual life of our church to a degree that it is impossible to estimate."

APRIL 15, 1934—The Southern Baptist Convention at its meeting in Washington City adopted the recommendation of the Baptist Brotherhood to the effect that the above date be observed as "Layman's Day." This means that the pulpits of our churches, so far as practicable, be occupied on that day by zealous laymen, either at the morning or evening hour. It is further provided that these men discuss either Stewardship or Missions, or both; the Executive Committee of the Baptist Brotherhood, Box 585, Knoxville, Tennessee, will furnish free tracts on these topics to any speakers who may apply; these will provide information of value in preparation for this service.

It is hoped that pastors, promotion committees and state secretaries will encourage and help promote this effort. It should prove valuable in several respects: *First*, the necessary preparation will furnish the speakers information that will quicken their interest; *second*, this service will enlist and develop a large company of new workers; *third*, unenlisted laymen will give heed to these discussions by speakers of *their class*. It is suggested that the men sit in a body and that they be requested to furnish some special music.

MANUALS AND QUARTERLIES—The General Secretary is very much encouraged by the growing demand for these publications. The programs deal with vital doctrines of the Bible and give fresh and reliable information concerning our Missionary, Educational and Benevolent enterprises. With one of these booklets in hand, the speakers can prepare an interesting and informing talk in a few minutes. The *Manual* is intended for Brotherhoods that meet monthly and the *Quarterly* for those that hold

their meetings each week. Prices, 15c and 20c per copy respectively.

THE BASIS OF CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP—The United Stewardship Council at its recent meeting in New York City made the following significant deliverance on the above topic:

"God is the Creator of all things and the Father of all men. In him all things consist and to him all belong. In him man lives and moves and has his being. God purposes man's highest welfare in fellowship with himself. God has endowed man with manifold gifts of body and mind. He has entrusted to him the use and control of things and given him dominion over the works of his hands in partnership with himself.

"As steward of all that he is and has, man's use and control of all entrusted to him is for the development of his own character, the betterment of his fellow men, the service of Christ, and the glory of God. The true steward constantly and joyfully recognizes and acknowledges his stewardship. As a partner of his Heavenly Father he shares himself and his possessions with all mankind."

* * *

HEARTS UP

(Continued from page 18)

"It's Aunt Mary's," called Margie. "Who is Aunt Mary?" he demanded of John Gordon.

"She's a merry widow of seventy."

"Tell Aunt Mary I'll bring it back. Never fear."

But Margie was not to be appeased.

"I must have it," she called. "it's her favorite scarf."

But the engineer had put on steam. The train was now moving.

Margie kept running alongside the train.

"Please," she called, "please."

Just then Dudley saw the big box of candy under John Gordon's arm. He made a wild grab, a deft throw and the candy landed at Margie's feet.

"For Aunt Mary," he called.

The train was off. Sally was in high good humor, but John Gordon was plainly angry.

"Dudley, I wanted that candy for Sally. I almost missed the train getting it for her."

"And I wanted it for 'Merry Eyes.' What's her name?"

"Miss Burt."

"Colonel Burt's daughter?"

"The very same."

"Why this morning he wouldn't even speak to me. Met him at his office. All on account of that Mount fellow, my step-father, whom I dislike far more than any one else could."

"Bad luck for you."

"Rotten."

"Own up," said Sally laughingly, "more than your foot was entangled."

Dudley Palmer included them both in that intimate, beguiling smile.

"Now, John Gordon, for the first time, I get your poetic craze. Prose won't do. See you later."

All the time they were talking, a very stout, red-faced personage, with a red friz around a pronouncedly bald head, had been blocking the aisle. Now, as Dudley Palmer turned, the man seized his hand with avidity.

"Hello, Dud, here's your oldtimer right on the beat. Glad to see you, old fellow. Introduce me! Introduce me!"

Then, without waiting for an introduction, he grasped John Gordon's upper arm with one hand while, with the other, he pumped John's hand assiduously.

Dudley Palmer's face became severe. Seen in this light, he was evidently not a man to be trifled with—twice.

"John, this is Boney Blair, the fellow that skinned me out of five-hundred and you out of two hundred, on that oil deal." Then, turning to Blair, who had paled slightly, it is true but perceptibly—"That's all the introduction you need, except to say the next time you start out to fleece folks, I wouldn't choose John Gordon, the Tiger-Terror."

The man began to mop his expansive head and even his friz looked damp.

"John Gordon! The great Sergeant! Glad to meet you, sir! Bound for the West? So'm I. Bound for San Antone? So'm I. So long,

Dud. Gordon and I will hit it off."

Without waiting for further comment, down the man plumped—no other word could describe his descent—into the nearest seat.

"Have a seat, pard. Have a seat. Yes, glad to meet you. Been wanting this chance a long time. Like to 'splain some things."

John Gordon started to walk off in pursuit of Sally, who had already discovered the Observation Car, to her great delight; but, on second thought, he whirled around and sat facing the man, who went on talking with a

gusto deserving a more appreciative audience.

"You remember, pard, how we all were to meet that night in Washington and I was to hand over the deed? You remember, how you were sick and couldn't be there? Listenin', pard?"

"Listening and watching," answered John Gordon without the quiver of an eyelid, so direct was his gaze riveted on the man's face.

"Well, well"—the man began to fidget—"fact is, I couldn't find it, but I told Dud I would mail it. Dud



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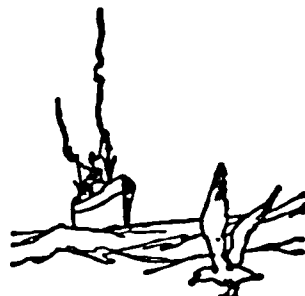
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said to me that night, 'Here's the money, two hundred from John Gordon, the Great Sergeant (his very words) and five hundred of my own. I believe you're a good fellow, Blair. Your word's good as your bond. When you find the deed, you can communicate with Major Mount. He says he'll go in for three hundred.' Well, well," continued the man, mopping his head in regular intervals by now, "would you believe it? I never could find that deed."

"No wonder," said a cool collected voice just behind him. "When you had placed the deed in my vault."

The personage jumped — no, jumped is not the word—he catapulted into the air, but landed on his feet.

"Colonel Pearson! How in thunder! What in thunder!" Then his hands clenched, his brow knit.

"This is a frame-up! You think you've got me, eh? I'll show you, I'll show you."

Dudley Palmer, who had been standing quietly behind Colonel Pearson, waved his hand.

"Blair, believe it or not, this is an accident. I did not know you were on the train, though I was going out to Texas to locate you, having read of the big oil gusher found on your ranch and I believe on the identical spot you sold to us. Neither did I know Colonel Pearson was on board. It was a chance meeting for us all."

"No, Dudley, a distinct providence," said Colonel Pearson. "I always thought Blair acted in a peculiar way about that particular deed. He came to my office about noon when I was getting ready to go home for lunch. He was trembling so, I asked him to have a seat.

"'Bad news, Blair?' I questioned.

"He would only groan. 'Colonel,' he finally said, 'I'm the biggest fool in Texas. Was in Washington two weeks ago—got in a tight hole, and needed some ready money quick, sold off part of my old no-count ranch for oil land. Would you believe it? This morning I received an offer from an oil company for that identical land?' Why, the man went on like he was crazy. 'Now, 'Colonel,' he said, 'hide this deed and hide it quick. When I get the oil deal through, I'll pay the men back. They won't lose a penny and you'll make your money, never fear!'"

The Colonel's cool voice cracked like a whip.

"He had the temerity to clap me on the back, as he said, 'Fix this up, Colonel, that's what lawyers are for? Ain't it?'"

By this time, the man Blair was looking for an escape vent. But with John Gordon facing him, Colonel Pearson blocking one end of the car, and Dudley Palmer the other, there seemed no egress possible.

Colonel Pearson went on. "I felt like thrashing him and throwing him out, but a moment's reflection convinced me it was due those men—Dudley, I did not know at the time you were one of them—that justice should be done, so I kept the deed. Now I am convinced that the oil land is the land in dispute, and that you are the rightful owners."

Before Colonel Pearson finished speaking, the man Blair had risen to his feet.

"Who can say for certain what part of my ranch I sold to these parties? It is a large ranch. I may have sold another section. Who can say?"

"I can, you blithering scoundrel. You told me you did and I have the deed."

"But you have no witness."

"In Texas, an honest man's word is his bond, I need no witness."

"Yes, but the law! I ain't no Texan."

Dudley Palmer spoke up quickly, "No one would ever accuse you of being one."

"No, I ain't no Texan, but law is law. You can't have that land, unless you know it is the land you bought—and how can you know it, unless you have a copy of the deed?"

When the man said "copy," for an instant, it seemed his blood ran cold. He remembered something.

"Let me by, men. I'm sick."

He looked sick. John Gordon jumped aside, and the man reeled down the aisle. Fortunately, during this entire colloquy, the car had been comparatively empty; but now it began filling up, as the occupants from the Observation Car came straggling in at the first call to dinner. Among these were Sally, her whole being aglow with the interest a first big trip awakens; while just behind her was an old lady with a very young face and bright blue eyes twinkling with suppressed merriment.

(To be Continued)

OUR EXCHANGES

WE profess to believe that in the gospel of Jesus Christ there is salvation for all men and the solution of the world's problems. Do we believe it strong enough to lift out battle song and inaugurate a courageous and confident campaign to stop the retreat on our missionary frontiers and advance the lines? We must have less fear and more faith, more courage and less cowardice. Nothing less than a mighty baptism with the Holy Spirit will restore the flaming urgency of our better days. Our shivering weakness must be turned into daring.—*Bishop Arthur J. Moore, in The World Outlook.*

FIFTY years ago if Christian missionaries had seen the signs of change that are clearly manifested in India today they would have been overwhelmed with astonishment. Miracles fail to make an impression when they become common or when they take place gradually and by recognized forces. They may be miracles none the less. The education and freedom of women in India is a miracle, when we realize that woman has always been looked upon there as lower than a beast. To find six million Christians in India is a miracle when we consider the forces in opposition to every conversion. The movements within Hinduism to break down the ancient barriers of caste and to admit untouchables to temples and to government offices indicate a miracle when we consider how the system is entrenched in India. The growing influence of Christ and of Christian ideals in the thought and life of Indians is a miracle when we consider that fifty years ago everything Christian was anathema. The social and religious reform movements in India, looking toward the lessening of immorality and cruelty in temple worship and in family life are miracles when we consider the power of the priesthood and the strength of long established customs. The growth of the Christian church is a miracle, when we consider the material of which it is built.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*



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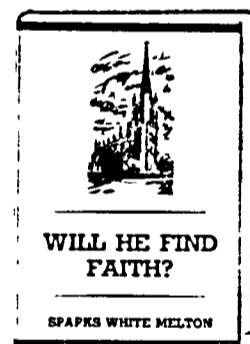
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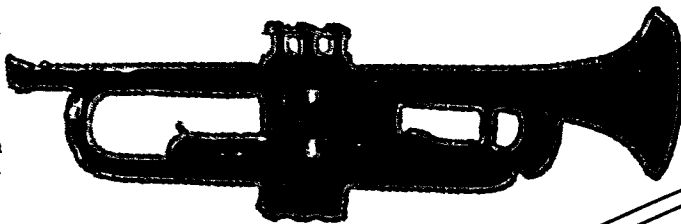
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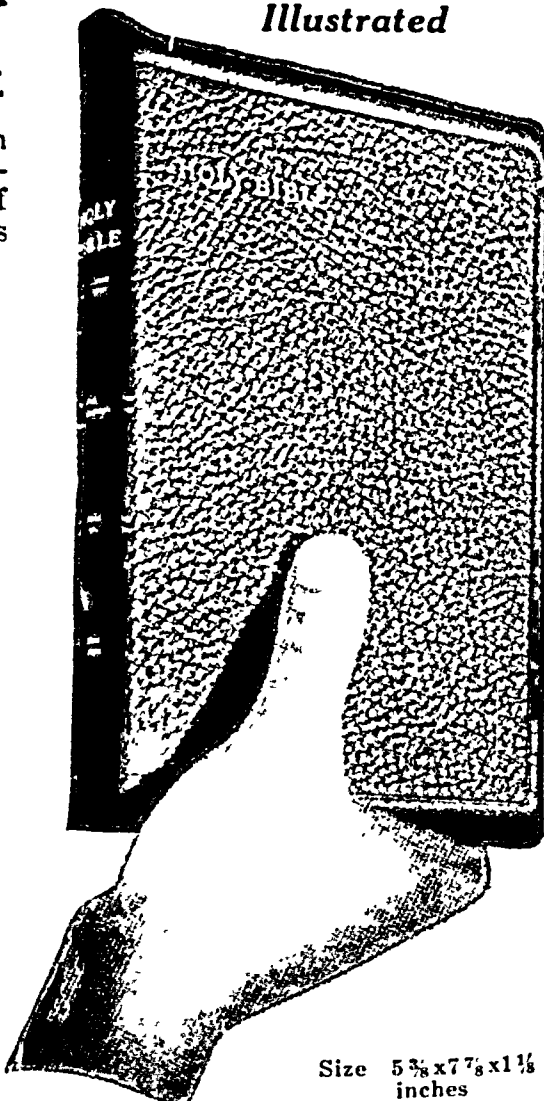
ST. MARK, 16	
CHAP. 15.	36 And 'one ran and filled a sponge
Pro. 29. 25.	full of vinegar, and put it on a reed,
John 19. 1.	and 'gave him to drink, saying, Let
16.	alone; let us see whether E-li'as will

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