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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

A clear call comes to the people of the United States to pray with all earnestness and importunity at the present time that God will give victory to the right and will bring speedily upon the earth a righteous peace. As soon as word was received that the great battle now raging on the western front was on in France, a call of prayer was sounded in the town of Clayton, Alabama. Merchants, mechanics and professional men without exception agreed to close their places of business at six p. m., at which time the city bell is rung and the entire population gathers in the large assembly hall of the town for a special prayer meeting from 6:15 to 6:30 p. m. This kind of united prayer to God in all the cities, towns and communities of our country will undoubtedly be acceptable to God and will result in a great blessing to all our people.

Christian men and women to whom God has given an abundance of material wealth should not neglect to make provision in their wills for the work of the Kingdom of God. In these days of magnificent opportunities that are continually presented to the church of God, it is wise for God's people to make provision that some of their wealth may, after their departure from this world, continue to aid in the advancement of the Kingdom. If you have neglected to make some such provision in your will, why not add it now and have the comfortable assurance that, when you are called away, you will leave behind a substantial evidence of your interest in the progress of the Kingdom of God?

A generous bequest to the Southern Presbyterian Church is contained in the will of Mr. John C. Burroughs, formerly a member of the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte, North Carolina. By the terms of the will, probated recently, the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions will receive \$30,000; the trustees of the Home Mission Committee of the Synod of North Carolina, \$30,000; the Orphans' Home at Barium Springs, North Carolina, \$40,000 for an endowment fund; and the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte \$10,000 in addition to a former bequest of \$20,000 to be used in erecting a suitable Sunday school building upon the church lot. The will also contained an item devising \$3,000 to Rev. David H. Rolston, D. D., deceased, the friend and pastor of Mr. Burroughs.

The Independent Presbyterian church of Savannah, Georgia, founded in 1775, has always maintained the most intimate relationship with the Southern Presbyterian Church. While the church is independent in its organization, it was never schismatic, but always loyal to the historic faith. All gifts to benevolences from this splendid church go through the agencies of the Southern Presbyterian Church. The present pastor, Rev. Neal L. Anderson, D. D., is a member of Savannah Presbytery of our Church, as have been former pastors. A splendid view of both the exterior and interior of the beautiful building of this church, together with a sketch of its history, will be found on page 5 of this issue. The church is planning to celebrate in 1919 the centennial anniversary of the dedication of

the first building on the present lot, where stands today a replica of the original building which was destroyed by fire. The original building was dedicated May 9, 1819. James Monroe, President of the United States, and other national and state dignitaries attended the dedicatory services.

Cheering news comes from Rev. S. L. Morris, D. D., Executive Secretary of Home Missions of our Southern Presbyterian Church. Dr. Morris writes: "The past year breaks all records, showing an increase in contributions from every source—Churches, Sabbath schools, societies, individuals and legacies. The total amount received for the year was \$233,990.73, an advance of \$40,627.25 over last year. This is by far the largest increase we have ever had in any one year, being twenty-one per cent. It entirely wipes out the indebtedness incurred the first year of the European War. By close economy and scaling applications for aid, this debt has been gradually reduced each year; and the Committee now faces the new year without financial embarrassment, in the spirit of hopefulness, profoundly grateful for the cordial support and confidence of the Church."

Dr. Morris adds: "No less encouraging are the spiritual results attending the labors of our missionaries. We regret the failure to secure reports from all the fields, but those received show more than 5,300 additions on profession of faith, and 2,500 by letter. We earnestly invite the continued co-operation of pastors and sessions in the effort to evangelize and Christianize our nation. It can be accomplished only by the combined strength and unceasing activity of the whole Church in reliance upon the gracious favor of God."

The famous message of the German Kaiser to his troops to make themselves more terrible than the Huns has aroused the nations that love peace and righteousness to a determination to destroy forever the braggart boastfulness of a man who craves such power. In order to understand the Kaiser's purpose we must recall the story of the Huns. The question, "Who were the Huns?" is answered in a brief but illuminating sketch published on page 20 of this issue. Every American should read this story.

Rev. W. M. Morrison, D. D., one of our missionaries to Africa, died at Luebo, Congo Belge, Africa, on March 14. A cablegram containing the simple announcement of his death was received at the office of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions, Nashville, Tennessee, on March 30. The message gave no particulars. Dr. Morrison was born near Lexington, Virginia, November 10, 1867, and was baptized in infancy as a member of the New Monmouth church. He was a graduate of Washington and Lee University and of the Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary. After completing his course at the latter institution in 1895, he volunteered as a missionary to Africa. He was led to take this step in answer to the prayers, as he believed, of a Sunday school class of young girls, of which Miss Annie Wilson was teacher, in the Second Presbyterian church, Louisville, Kentucky. Only in later years did he learn of the prayers of this class in his behalf and of the special

Job's family and house and cattle were to be touched, but not his skin; then his skin, but not his life. All things we are called upon to suffer, and all the oppositions we meet with, are gauged and measured, and no reckoning is made for our unaided strength. Thus the arm of God encircles us.—Arnot.

For the Christian Observer.

## Death of Dr. W. M. Morrison, in Africa.

Sketch of Useful Life.

A cablegram received at the office of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions, Nashville, Tenn., on March 30 conveyed the sad intelligence of the death of our missionary, Rev. W. M. Morrison, D. D., at Luebo, Congo Belge, Africa, on March 14. The message contained the simple announcement without any particulars.

We believe there would be universal agreement in the statement that Dr. Morrison was the greatest of modern missionaries in Africa, ranking with Livingstone and Moffatt and McKay, of Uganda, in ability and consecration and in the scope and influence of his work.

He was born in the country near Lexington, Va., on November 10, 1867, and was baptized in infancy as a member of New Monmouth church. He made public profession of his faith at the age of eighteen, and at the age of nineteen decided to study for the ministry. On the completion of his course at Washington and Lee University he taught for six years in Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas before entering the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Louisville.

In 1895 he volunteered as a missionary to Africa in answer to the prayers, as he believed, of a Sunday school class of young girls, of which Miss Annie Wilson was the teacher in the Second Presbyterian church at Louisville, Ky. It was only in later years that he learned of the prayers of this class in his behalf and of the special call published in "The Missionary" for some one to go to Africa at that time, on which they were based. He went out in the fall of 1896 and reached Luebo in May, 1897.

Dr. Morrison's missionary labors were abundant in every branch of the service. In the twenty-one years that he was on the field he traveled thousands of miles on foot and by hammock in missionary itineration. For a number of years he was the business representative of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions in all its dealings with the Congo Government and in the administration of the work on the field. His greatest and most abiding work, however, was in two special directions.

In the first place, he reduced to writing and prepared a grammar and dictionary of the Baluba-Lulua language, which was the trade language of the greater part of the Upper Kasai and Congo Basin, enabling one who understood it to go almost everywhere over that vast region and be understood. Into this language he translated considerable portions of the New Testament and prepared a paraphrase of the Old Testament, both of which were published by the American Tract Society, and have been widely circulated among the native Christians. He also translated and had printed on the native press at Luebo numerous tracts, and especially the Shorter Catechism, which has been memorized and recited by many thousands of our native Christians. It was the production of this Christian literature which makes possible the establishment of a Church in Central Africa which will prove permanent and which will ultimately become able to maintain and propagate itself.

Not second in importance to this work of providing a native literature was the campaign which he conducted, against overwhelming odds, but issuing in ultimate success, for delivering the people of the Congo State from the cruel oppression of the Foreign Trading Companies, working under the protection of King Leopold, of Belgium, and in co-partnership with him. This was in the days of the personal rule of King Leopold and before the Congo State became a Belgian Colony. The history of that campaign would be too long a story to publish in connection with this notice. Many of our readers are familiar with the main facts of it, which were given to the public at the time. Dr. Morrison was the leader throughout the whole of this campaign, without whose ability and courage and indomitable determination it could never have been successfully carried on.

It was while this controversy was at its height that he and Dr. Sheppard were indicted on a charge of libeling the Congo Government, the charge being based on an article published in the "Kasai Herald," written by Dr. Sheppard, but for which Dr. Morrison as the business head of the Mission was also held responsible.

The State Government was proceeding with this trial in a manner which revealed its evident intention to secure a conviction without regard to truth or justice, with the view of eliminating these troublesome missionaries from the situation. This purpose would undoubtedly have been ruthlessly carried out but for the timely interposition of our Government, made on request of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions at Nashville, demanding that the date of the trial be postponed and other proposed arrangements so changed as to give the missionaries a fair opportunity to be heard.

as the State authorities were to get rid of them, they did not deem it important enough to justify them in making an issue with our Government on the subject, and for this reason alone, as we are convinced, when the trial came off at Leopoldville in the summer of 1909, they were acquitted.

On June 14, 1906, Dr. Morrison was married to Miss Bertha M. Stebbins, of Natchez, Miss. After four years of happy married life he was left desolate by the death of Mrs. Morrison at Luebo on November 21, 1910. He came home on his second furlough in 1912 and returned in October, 1913.

During both his furloughs he spent almost his entire time at home speaking in our churches, and was perhaps the most powerful missionary advocate who ever represented our foreign field in the home Church. The intense interest which our Church has always taken in the African work is largely due to the influence of his addresses while at home.

From our human standpoint his death would seem to be an irreparable loss to the missionary cause. We know, however, that it only occurred because the Master had some greater work for him to do, for which his life of consecrated self-denial and faithfulness to the end was the necessary preparation.

S. H. Chester, Secretary.  
Nashville, Tenn.

### WORK OF A Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY IN FRANCE.

"What will you do for the soldier?"

Every man who goes out under the Young Men's Christian Association to France gets a rapid fire of that question from his friends. If he is a minister they are apt to hint their doubt of his value. Formal preaching doesn't seem to "belong."

What he does really do after he gets there, whether he is a preacher or a business man, is told in this letter, written by a minister, who is a Young Men's Christian Association secretary "Somewhere in France," to his friends at home. It was not intended for publication. But it was discovered. The information it contains belongs to the public!

#### The Letter.

"I wonder sometimes if I ever did preach in a pulpit, have plenty of time to read and have a warm corner in a heated house all mine own.

"The problem we are facing here is not what to preach to these boys! In fact, preaching almost seems a waste of time. They want some sort of a roof over their heads, a place where once, at least, during the day they can be warm, a light about which they can gather at night and a bit of something to eat. That is the task to which every Y. M. C. A. man must devote himself with all his powers.

#### His Busy Work Was Chores.

"Most of my time since I have been here I have been busy cleaning debris out of old houses, digging out drains, chopping wood and kindling, setting up stoves and trying to make them burn with green wood and imperfect flues, picking up papers after the boys to keep my hut ship-shape, unloading cars, unpacking goods, selling them over the counter, handing out reams of writing paper, keeping pens fresh and ink bottles filled, changing American money, cashing checks, answering ten thousand questions daily, taking in books and giving out others, and every night without any time for preparation, trying to pull off something in an assembly hall to keep the bunch interested.

"I have lectured on every subject imaginable, expatiated on current events, led chorus singing, and on Sundays tried to preach. But always at the end of a day full of duties I feel that they are vastly more important than anything I could have said.

"It is a great game. None of us is doing what he expected to do, and each is convinced that the thing he is doing is a thousand times more important than the job he had in mind.

"Just to show you how the game goes, I met a man the other day whom I had known in Union Theological Seminary and who is now pastor of one of the big churches in Detroit. He came over expecting to address large audiences of soldiers every night. Instead of that he is traveling with a quartette as a reader. Another minister I know who came over with the same intention is driving a truck. The thing which must be done is to hand out simple comforts to our boys and we are all happy and convinced that the task is tremendously worth while, and most of us feel, as a secretary said only today, 'I wouldn't have missed this for a million dollars.'

#### Work of Six Weeks Gone in a Night.

"We had our organization going in good shape when suddenly the army division we were with was ordered out and we had to hustle feverishly to tear

everything down, pack it up and move off to a new place.

"It was some blow when you had been going it night and day for six weeks getting your plant set up and had just about finished ironing all the kinks out, to have to undo all you had done and move on. But the change has proved to be a delightful one.

"We are now located in a perfectly charming French city, set high on a hill and surrounded with walls, part of which go back to the time of the Romans. The whole place is indescribably quaint with its narrow streets and queer old houses. The country round about is altogether the most interesting I have seen since coming to France and I can hardly wait until spring.

"Just at present I am in charge of an officers' club which we have established in a magnificent suite of rooms owned by a French countess. My bedroom must have been the Countess' at one time, for it is a bower of mirrors and is hung with paintings. I sleep in a bed which Napoleon might well have used. All of which sounds very good, but—the temperature!

#### Dips Shaving Brush in Ice Water.

"It has been below zero Fahrenheit and I haven't even an excuse for a stove. My linoleum is instantly transformed into a skating rink when I take my morning sponge, and to dip one's shaving brush through a hole in the ice before starting to lather up is not altogether luxury.

"Before spring, we are to have two thousand five hundred officers here, we are told, for it is the place where large army schools are held.

"I held my first service last Sunday morning and I never spoke to a more attentive group of men in my life. In addition to my duties in this building I am in charge of a large cafe which we rented for the enlisted men and in which we run a large canteen with two young ladies to look after the details. I also take care of all the entertainers sent down from Paris and book them through our section.

"For weeks before coming to this place, from seven in the morning until nine at night I had not a single moment to myself. All day long I was at the beck and call of the boys, who came with a thousand questions and a thousand appeals for aid and advice.

"I doctored boys with aching teeth, prescribed for colds and coughs and stomach-aches, and every variety of human ailment. I have sent money home for them in endless quantities. I have helped them to shop in the French stores. I have assisted in the framing of letters so as to pass the censor, and listened in some quiet corner while they read me the last letter from their sweet-hearts. I have stood behind the counter and sold chocolates and chewing gum by the hour. . . . We are now building on the edge of the city one of the largest double huts, which will accommodate more than a thousand men at a time.

#### The Boys Are in Fine Shape for a Fight.

"Our boys here are in magnificent condition and with a little specialized training will be ready to do America proud when they 'go over the top.' It will be no brief ordeal into which they go, however, and we must all steel ourselves for a long, grilling contest. Kaiserdom is a long way from defeat, and the nearer we get to the front, the more we realize the price we shall have to pay that we may bring this matter to a triumphant conclusion."

### DESCRIPTION OF AIR RAID OVER PARIS,

By an American Who Witnessed It.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Richard Dunlap, of Danville, Ky., who is with the American Army in France, to the "Danville Messenger":

American Y. M. C. A., Feb. 4, 1918.

12 Rue D'Agnesseau, Paris, France.

I suppose you have read in the papers about our recent air raid in Paris. It was a real one all right and furnished lots of thrills. Randolph Coleman and I were sitting in our room, writing, about eleven o'clock that night, Wednesday, January 30, when the sirens went through the streets giving their weird wail of warning. For several weeks the papers had been warning us that the Boches were coming on a real raid and as soon as I heard the sirens, I had a presentiment that this was the "real thing" and not one of the fake raids that we have so often. We turned out the lights and went to the window.

In ten minutes the anti-air-craft guns were booming all over the city. The sky was full of moving red dots which signified the French patrol planes, but there were no ground searchlights playing. Now and then, though, a plane would flash on its light and circle about the sky for a few minutes. Five minutes later bombs began to fall and they continued for nearly an hour. At first they were rather far away in the suburbs, only dull ominous roars. Soon, however, they came closer and the noise was deafening when two or three would fall within a few blocks of us. All the time the "antis" were keeping up a terrible fusillade.

After the first few minutes we had

around the section near the Madeleine, whence we could watch the fighting in the air and "see things" generally. The night was wonderfully clear. The bombs were falling then in all parts of the city, some not far from us. The noise, though at times really deafening, was not as great as they say the bombardment accompanying a London air raid is. The bombs dropped here were not as large as the ones usually used on London, and the aerial defense here is not as extensive. At one time we saw a plane fall in flames. We later learned that it was a Boche, brought down in the suburbs.

Soon red glares appeared around in different parts of the city, showing fires started. Most of them soon died down. And still the bombs continued to fall, bringing death and destruction we knew to somebody, somewhere.

The people of Paris took the raid remarkably well. Most of them stayed within doors, but a few venturesome people were on the streets. We had been advised beforehand to use the subway stations as shelters in case of a raid, and a good many people sought refuge in these. I must confess that as the explosions came pretty thick and pretty close to us, I was tempted to hunt myself a "better 'ole" as the English Tommy says. But the temptation to see things was too strong and I stayed aloof ground.

Toward the latter part of the raid, about one o'clock, Randolph and I were in the Place de la Concorde, a great open place, as you know, which provided a wonderful opportunity to see far in every direction. We noticed a plane, with red and green lights on the wings and searchlight forward flying pretty low, circling about over us. We had no way of knowing whether he were French or Boche so we watched him with a great deal of interest. He went away, soon came back, flying much lower, and played his searchlight all over our region. Once or twice when he caught us in the glare we instinctively wondered where the nearest subway was. As he got lower it was plain that if he were a Boche, we could expect the place to be raked with his machine gun in a few minutes and if he were French, that there was something wrong with his machine. He apparently had his machine under control until the last and finally began circling slowly and carefully just over the place. Once he barely missed the obelisk.

Finally it became evident that he was going to attempt a landing. Just as he came down he shot a rocket which bounded up the Champs Elysees and spread consternation among the people gathered along this avenue. Down he came, the glare of his searchlight full on as we stood rooted to the spot. He tried for one of the broad open avenues at the edge of the place, missed by twenty feet and crashed into a lamp post not more than a hundred yards from us. The noise of his fall was terrific, almost like a bomb. There was that sudden deafening crash of a falling plane, intensified ten times by the complete wrecking of his machine here and the destruction of the post. I was afraid of the gas tank exploding, as they so often do in a fall, and hung back a moment. Hundreds of people came on a run from all sides. We did not yet know whether it were French or Boche. Cries of "l'aviateur est-il?" arose, for the observer had been pitched out and the pilot, escaping uninjured had crawled out and was swallowed up in the crowd surging around the machine.

We found the observer lying unconscious on the ground fifty feet away. His skull was fractured and I believe he is yet alive and will recover. When it was seen to be a French plane, walls of "le pauvre petit," "pauvre petit," arose everywhere. As usual the crowd made a rush for parts of the plane as souvenirs. Soon, however, the aviators were taken into the Crillon Hotel nearby and the gendarmes surrounded the wreckage. The plane was reduced to splinters and twisted metal. The lamp post was shattered.

Truly it was a thrilling experience, the like of which I have never had. And I never want to have just this kind of an experience again. By this time the raid was nearly over and we soon went back to bed. The next day the reports came in. I suppose you had full accounts of it in the home papers, 45 killed, nearly 200 wounded, etc. I visited some of the places where the bombs fell and when I saw them I thanked my stars that I had happened to be out of the range of fire. Each place reminded me of Sam Jones' explanation of why lightning could not strike twice in the same place, "when it struck once the same place wasn't there any more." The same place certainly was not there any more after one of Fritz's "hate messages" had landed on it. Several bombs dropped near the Opera, and one near the Arc de Triomphe. All parts of the city were touched.

### THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,

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