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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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APRIL, 1915



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF



Wider and wider yet

The gates of the nation swing;

Clearer and clearer still

The wonderful prophecies ring;

Go forth, ye hosts of the living God,

And conquer the earth for your King!

— MEN AND MISSIONS.



FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.
AT HOME AND ABROAD

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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

W. C. SMITH, Managing Editor.

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Vol. IV.

April, 1915

Number 4.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AND MINISTERIAL RELIEF:

Good Stories.	243
The Bravest Battle.	243
Peace. Thomas F. Gordon.	244
The April Offering.	244
Fanny Crosby.	245
Love's Recompense. Fanny J. Crosby.	246
Receipts for Christian Education and Ministerial Relief.	246

HOME MISSIONS:

Mountain Missions—Home Missions—A Flying Goal.	247
The Environment and Spiritual Needs of the Southern Mountaineer. Rev. J. W. Tyler, D. D.	248
Our Victor King. Sophie Bronson Titterington.	250
Puncheon Camp—1885. Edward O. Guerrant, D. D.	250
The Claims of Kinship. Dr. I. S. McElroy.	252
A Domain Worth the Winning. Rev. Cary R. Blain.	254
Making Up Lost Years in the Mountains of Tennessee. Rev. J. F. Menius.	256
Some Questions Answered. Rev. W. L. Latham.	257
In the Mountains of Tygart's Valley. Miss Annie Shadden.	259
Mountain Missions. Thos. B. Talbot.	259
The Proposed Synod of Appalachia. Rev. R. F. Campbell, D. D.	262
Can You Tell?	263
The Soul Winner.	263
Senior Home Mission Program for April. Rose Trumbull.	264
Report of the Treasurer of Assembly's Home Missions.	264
Kiowa.	264

THE JUNIORS:

A Message from the Highlanders' Friend. Edward O. Guerrant.	265
Working for Jesus. Mary Starck.	266
How a Mountain Boy Kept His Word. Miss Annie E. Wilson.	266
An African Daniel. Rev. W. H. Sheppard, F. R. G. S.	267
Jack Climber—Tourist.	269
Eighteen Hidden missionaries.	270
A Story Entitled "What a Time!"	271
Junior Home Mission Program for April.	272
Junior Foreign Mission Program for April. Miss Margaret McNeilly.	272

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY:

The "Woman's Auxiliary" of the Local Church.	273
Federation of Women's Societies.	273
A Missionary Center Piece. Emma Roberts.	276
Little Miss Silver Quarter Changes Her Name. Mrs. E. D. Brown.	276
"Just Among Ourselves."	278

PUBLICATION AND SABBATH SCHOOL EXTENSION:

An Awakening.	281
The Passing of a Leader.	282

FOREIGN MISSIONS:

Monthly Topic—Africa.	284
A Tourist's Guide for South America.	285
The Charlotte Convention. Rev. Charles E. Diehl, D. D.	285
The Dallas Convention.	288
A Message from Motte Martin.	289
Notes from East Brazil. Mrs. Kate B. Cowan.	289
Letter from Rev. L. A. DeYampert.	290
Our Mission Work at Chinkiang. Rev. J. W. Paxton.	290
Missionary Headquarters in New York. Wm. T. Ellis.	294
Gracious Revival at the Elizabeth Blake Hospital. Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson.	295
The Merciful and Pitiful Hospital at Tsing Kiang Pu. Mrs. James B. Woods.	296
Our Hangchow Field. Rev. A. D. Rice.	298
Jottings from Haichow. Mrs. A. D. Rice.	300
The Ellen Lavine Graham Hospital, Haichow. Dr. L. S. Morgan.	301
The Evolution. Mrs. H. W. White.	304
The Hangchow Jubilee. J. Mercer Blain.	306
Something About Hwai-an-tu. Josephine U. Woods.	308
They That Sat In Darkness. Rev. B. C. Patterson.	311
Foreign Missions in the Sunday Schools, 1915-1916. Jno. I. Armstrong.	312
The Life Story of Yoichi Ichimura.	313
Personalia.	316
Senior Program for April. Miss Margaret McNeilly.	318
Comparative Statement—Foreign Missions.	319
Do You Know?	319
"Facing the Situation."	319



upward and fired, in blissful ignorance that any one in Asheville had the right or inclination to forbid it. A lady beside him gave a little hysterical scream. Sam laughed at that as a good joke. But, the next instant, he was pinioned from behind by a stalwart policeman, his gun taken from him, and he was marched off, unresisting, to prison. Had ever a boy of sixteen a more crushing downfall from the heights of bliss?

From the little peep-hole of a window he could see the tops of the mountains. How bitterly now he repented hankering after better things! This was the better things! This was Asheville! Where a boy could not even fire his gun off to keep from hurting somebody, without being dumped into prison for it. He had seen enough of the world already. Then he thought of his mother, with no one to split and carry in her wood, for he was all the boy she had. And what would she think had become of him. Great sobs shook his frame, almost man that he was in size.

The Mayor of Asheville at that time was as good a man as could be found anywhere. Someone told him of the arrest of the mountain boy, and he went immediately to have a talk with him. The lad was almost overcome at the sight of a friendly face. When the Mayor sat down beside him and questioned him, he told his story straight, and his visitor saw clearly through it all the thoughtful harmless lad. After explaining the law about fire arms in the city, the Mayor laid his hand kindly on the brown, not over clean head of the lad, and looking him keenly in the eye, said:

"Your hearing is set for Thursday, two weeks. If I should go your security, and obtain permission for you to go home this afternoon and stay until then, would you give me your word of honor to return promptly on the appointed day, and give yourself up for trial?"

"You jes' trust me and see!" said the boy, with artless eagerness.

"I will trust you," the visitor said. He went out and, offering his bond for the return of the prisoner, sent him off joyfully.

"You will never hear of that fellow again!" some said. But the Mayor smiled confidently:

"Wait and see!" He was always more ready to believe in the good than the bad side of a fellow-being.

As for Sam, he had his own story to tell when he reached home somewhat late that afternoon.

"Well, yer dun ben ter Asheville. Yer better steer clear of it hereafter. I can't afford to lose yer!" his father commented vaguely.

"If they clare me I will," Sam replied stoutly.

"You are right, sonny!" his mother said, though tears were in her eyes, which he had never seen moisten before.

The day of the trial found Sam trudging bravely down the road toward Asheville. When he felt his courage failing, he would say to himself, "He trusted me, so I must trust him. I'll bet he'll be my friend all through."

And there stood the Mayor, looking a wee bit anxiously up the road whence the lad had vanished.

When he clasped his hand at last, he turned to the officer ready to start in search of him and said briefly, "Here is the mountain lad, sir."

The Mayor's kindness did not stop there. He had Sam come down and go to school for a while each winter, lent him books which he could read aloud to his father and mother at night, and set him to work to hunt up scholars for a mountain Sabbath school.

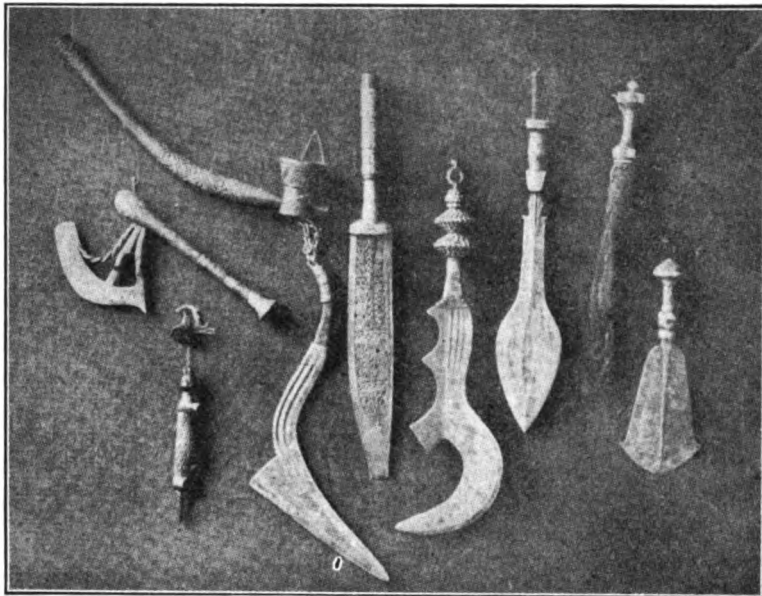
Onward.

AN AFRICAN DANIEL

BY REV. W. H. SHEPPARD, F. R. G. S.

Long before the "Good News" was taken beyond the seas to the land of Dark Africa, the people spent their lives in dread and fear of some terrible thing happening to them. They never believed that any one died a natural death; some one had always

bewitched them, and the person suspected of causing the death was compelled to drink a cup of poison to prove his innocence. If he died, he was guilty; if he lived, he was innocent. If crops and houses were destroyed by thunderstorms, some one had



African Fighting Knives.

called out the "evil spirits" and some one had to die for it. Life was anything but happy, and to add to the sorrows of the people, the country was governed by the Belgian soldiers who were cruel and hard-hearted, and had no care for the poor ignorant natives.

Of all of the tribes, the Baluba is the most superstitious. Katembua, a young Baluba native, was a bugler for the Belgian army and went with the soldiers when they went to fight. Katembua was also a chief of one of the Baluba villages, a man of power among his own people. During one of his raids with the army, Katembua visited the Presbyterian Mission at Luebo, and followed the people to the church, and heard the wonderful story of a loving God who had sent His Son to seek and to save the poor lost sorrowing souls of the Africans. This was almost beyond Katembua's belief, and when he had returned to his own village, he sent messengers back to Luebo and to the missionaries there, to send them a man to teach and preach to his people about the Christian's God who loved them so that He gave His Son for them. An evangelist was sent and a school opened, and young and old, men and women, boys and girls all went daily to church and listened to the Gospel story told by the Evangelist and his wife. Just think how tired big people and little people in America get when they have to go to church for an hour or two on Sundays. They do not appreciate the wonderful

gift of God's Son, do they? Well, Katembua and his people joined the training class and the more he learned about the Christian religion, the more anxious he was to become a Christian; and when the missionary thought that he was ready, they took him into the church and a happy man was he.

Katembua had learned a number of Gospel Hymns and in the evening, as he sat out on his little veranda, he would play them on his bugle so that his people might hear. And when they heard, the people would say, "Listen! Listen! Katembua is blowing his trumpet for his new God."

Then Katembua wearied of the Belgian army. He was a Christian soldier and he longed to give up pillage and killing, and to teach his people the arts of peace. But the Belgians were angry. They told him that he had a sunstroke, which meant that he was crazy. They made complaint against him, and then disgraced him by sending him to Lusambo, the Government's headquarters, a ten days' journey, to be tried and persecuted by the state officers. This was hard for a proud chief to bear—to be sent off as a prisoner. He was kept for a long time and the officers threatened him with terrible punishment if he did not give up his religion. But Katembua, with proud spirit and strong heart, answered all their threats with this: "You can kill my body, but you can't hurt my soul." And for all

their persecutions, he never recanted, nor wavered in his new faith.

At length his missionary friends heard of his trouble, and sent letters to him from far away Luebo, telling him to stand steadfast for Christ, and encouraged him and told him not to despair. Then they sent letters to the state officials, written in French, letting them know that if anything happened to Katembua, that the world should hear of their cruelty and their injustice. After a long time the Belgians allowed Katembua to return to his home and to his own people. What a great time of rejoicing it was and his people gave him a royal welcome, and Katembua felt repaid for all of the trials that he had passed through for Christ's sake.

So he built a new place of worship and many members were added to it. Then Katembua longed to learn more about the Bible and be able to teach the people more; so he made the long journey to Luebo, 150 miles on foot, braving all the dangers of forest and plain, to study with the missionaries there. They gave him much instruction and advice and soon he was a well prepared evangelist and returned to his people to devote his life to work for the Master. And what a blessing has been poured out upon Katembua's work. His community is the best evangelized in all of the great Kasai Valley, and Katembua continues to blow his bugle; but he no longer blows for a savage army, but he blows for recruits for God's army. —*Courtesy of Onward.*

JACK CLIMBER—TOURIST.

WELL, Juniors, I will have to tell you about Jack's trip to the Charlotte and Dallas Conventions. Oh, but he did have the time of his life! I wish you could have been along to see it.

You know Jack has been sticking very close to one spot on the pole at



Jack wonders how it would look fluttering at the top of the pole.

Richmond for the past year. Why, he has gotten (let me whisper it) quite bowlegged, and the lad has really suffered for a change. So when he was called down to go to the Laymen's Convention at Charlotte, he slid down like a fireman coming from the loft when the alarm sounds.

Jack had not been long on the road before he decided that a Pullman car rides better than a flag pole. He said it "was much easier to stick on." I also wish you could have seen him eating big thick apple pie in the dining car. It was a sight! I said "Jack, be careful, or you'll never climb again." He postponed a big bite long enough to reply: "I think I can go to 50,000 on *this* pie. (Confidentially, Juniors—there was ice cream on top of it—and the waiter was irreverent enough to call it "Billy Sundae.")

At Charlotte, Jack saw more people gathered together than he ever saw at one time before. There must have been 4,000 to 5,000 folks in the Convention hall—mostly men—from all parts of the country, gathered to hear and think about foreign missions. Jack was wonderfully impressed at this, and the great addresses interested him intensely. He was surprised to find everybody seemed to recognize him. They just walked up to him and called him "Jack" and slapped him on the back like they had known him all their lives. This was more especially so at Dallas. He had never in his life been west of the Mississippi River, but these Texas and Arkansas and Missouri and Oklahoma and Louisiana people took hold of him and inquired about his flag pole