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The Old, Ever New, Call of Christ

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE GEN-
ERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBY-
TERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA, SAN FRAN-
CISCO, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 1, 1927

BY
DR. ROBERT E. SPEER, *Moderator*



Issued from the Office of the General Assembly of the
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., Withers-
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TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

Dear Brethren:

The address to which this letter is a brief introduction, was delivered at the General Assembly in San Francisco, by the Moderator of the General Assembly, Robert E. Speer, D.D., LL.D., in his capacity as Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. This address accompanied the presentation of the report of the Standing Committee on Foreign Missions, and made so deep an impression on the Assembly, that its distribution, as widely as possible, was ordered by the Assembly.

It is to be earnestly hoped that these printed pages will bring to every reader something of the devotion to, and the enthusiasm for the bringing of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour to the whole World, which have been for more than a generation the inspiration of Dr. Speer. Few men in any generation have been permitted to exercise as wide and as beneficent an influence in the affairs of the Church Universal, as the beloved Moderator of the General Assembly.

May this address serve mightily the cause in the interests of which it was delivered, and may it also bring to many the lesson that the only sure way to make a life greatly useful is to devote it to the promotion of a great cause and the carrying out of a great purpose.

May God's richest blessings rest upon him who delivered this address and likewise upon all who heard its presentation or who may read it as it is now printed.

Yours sincerely,

(signed) LEWIS S. MUDGE
Stated Clerk

YESTERDAY MORNING Dr. Walker recalled the meeting of the General Assembly in Philadelphia in 1901, when it fell to me to present to the Assembly the report of the Board for the preceding year with its tragic account of the storm that had swept over northern China in the Boxer uprising. That storm destroyed three of our best mission stations in China, leaving not one brick upon another in the mission buildings, and bathed the soil of northern China with the blood of many martyrs—missionaries and Chinese Christians and little children. Now, twenty-six years later, it falls to me to report to the General Assembly again, and this time with regard to a still greater storm, broader in its extent and deeper in its significance and more far reaching in its consequences. If it has not yet cost, as we pray it may not cost, any such sacrifice of life as a quarter of a century ago it, nevertheless, forebodes far more both for China and for the Christian movement in China than the Boxer rebellion. These are in truth such days for the Church in China as are recorded for the early Church in the Book of Acts of the Apostles. The same grave issues within the Christian Church and as between the Christian Church and the world, which are disclosed in the Book of the Acts for Western Asia 1900 years ago are alive in the Church of Eastern Asia today.

We are facing these great issues at the beginning of the last decade of the Century of our foreign missionary work. Of the great history of the ninety years that are past I can remember nearly one-half. Indeed my own life and the life of Dr. John C. Lowrie span the whole of these ninety years. Dr. Lowrie was one of the first missionaries of the old West-

ern Foreign Missionary Society, out of which our present Board of Foreign Missions sprang in 1837. Compelled by ill health to lay down his work in India, he joined his father, the Hon. Walter Lowrie, in the secretaryship of the Board and it was to succeed him, in 1891, that I came into the Board's service. Dr. Lowrie survived for several years and sought to pass over the resources of his experience and memory, and I look back with gratitude to that contact with the very beginnings of our foreign missionary work and to all the wonderful progress of the decades. In my lifetime the number of our foreign missionaries has grown from 155 to 1606; the number of our communicants on the foreign field from 1616 to 224,370, not counting some independent churches which have been set off for their own life and work; and our foreign missionary receipts from living sources alone, excluding legacies and other such income, have increased from \$241,788 to between four and five million dollars. One thanks God for what his own eyes have seen, and his own ears have heard and his own hands have handled of the Word of Life.

THE CALL OF ACHIEVEMENT AND OF THE WITNESS TO IT

Looking back over the years and out over the wide fields abroad, one hears in this Assembly today the clear call and summons of God. We hear it in the sure evidence of His blessing on the work done and in the witness borne to it by those who know. There are many criticisms of the missionary enterprise today from Lord Inchcape down, and from Lord Inchcape up. We are not specially distressed by them. We have not taken our commission from such as these and we are not depending upon their credentials. But as against the witness that they bear out of their ignorance I should

how best to impart the teachings of Jesus to the young African, for the methods and life of civilization which accompany education remove the old sanctions and, without Christianity, do nothing to replace them. I regard the next decade or so as being the most critical period in the evolution of a fine race."

THE WITNESS OF REDEEMED LIVES

Let me say again that we are not dependent upon testimony even so just and competent as this. We take our orders from our Divine Lord and we speak of the things that we know ourselves and we set the competence of our own personal knowledge over against all ignorance and unbelief. Our witnesses are the redeemed and transformed men and women that we know: that Guatemalan Christian leader who ten years ago was a ragged, barefooted, illiterate idolater and witch doctor, who at the last meeting of the combined presbyteries and conferences in Guatemala superintended the entertainment, both lodging and board, for 500 Christian brethren, mostly of his own Indian race, and not a few of them converted to the gospel by his own personal efforts and generalship, reading and expounding the Bible with knowledge and power, living with his little old Indian wife a radiant and courteous Christian life and devoting all his income to the advancement of the cause of Christ; that Nanking Bible woman who after the tragedy in Nanking, knowing that the country flocks would be scattered without a shepherd, went out alone over all the disturbed and war ravaged villages south of Nanking to gather and comfort the village Christians and then made her way alone to Shanghai to report to the missionaries whom she loved; that Indian village lad who brought his old father on a cart to Dr. Wanless at the Miraj Hospital and then

took him home healed in body and soul and came back later to report his old father's death and to bring his offering of grateful love. "Sahib," said he, "when my father died we did not know the way of Christian burial. You had taught us the way of Christian life but not the way of burying our dead. We didn't know, so we simply made his grave and spoke over him the name of Jesus Christ and, then, Sahib, perhaps we did wrong, we used your name." So they buried the old man in the Name of Jesus Christ and Dr. Wanless. What more could there have been in the way of sincerity, and for Dr. Wanless what more in the way of glory than to be thus bracketed with his Lord?

And I think of that Chinese farmer whom we met one day in a railway train, far down in the bandit ridden country of southwestern Shantung, reading his Bible and distributing his card, bearing his name and the Ten Commandments and his personal title, "One of Christ's Disciples". What he may be meeting today we cannot guess, but how he is meeting it we know. He is bearing his testimony whether by life or by death to the Saviour to whom he will be true. Out of the thousands and ten of thousands such as these we draw our witness and from their redeemed and purified lives we hear today a new call and summons from God, of God.

THE CALL OF NEW OPPORTUNITY

But another voice is calling to us in this Assembly today, not out of work done but out of work that still waits to be done, out of new and living opportunity. And we find that opportunity today just where many say it is not to be found, who see, instead of opportunity, only hindrance and discouragement. We find it in the religious openness and accessibility of our American neighbors. Señor Perez, who

brought us the other day the greetings of the Evangelical Church of Mexico, spoke a true word to us of the religious hospitality of his land. Those people wholly misapprehend the facts who see in Mexico's revolt against alien domination any expression of antagonism to the Christianity of the New Testament. The words spoken recently in the Chamber of Deputies by Congressman Díaz Soto y Gama are representative and not exceptional:

"I shall close my discourse and I wish to open it by honoring that holy Name which the Church has forgotten—namely, Jesus the Christ. (Applause.) And in naming His Name I am certain that I have the sympathy and hearty endorsement of each member of this august body * * *. The thinking men of the Assembly and the thinking men of Mexico believe in and love the Christ! * * *. We know of nothing more beautiful, more revolutionary, more moving, more holy, or more progressive than the Gospel of Christ * * *. We who constitute the revolutionary party would rise above our past failures—for along with the great things we have done we have sinned—and there is but one Person who can save us, namely, Jesus our Lord! * * * Gentlemen, I do not agree with Mr. Treviño that the future of Mexico and the future of humanity depends upon the solution of the economic problem. The problem of Mexico, as of the world, is the problem of raising our moral standards * * *. Yet morality alone is not sufficient. Christ and only Christ is the solution to this problem! * * *

"Here then I take my stand as a sincere Christian. And if some shall say: 'My skeptic friend, why have you turned Christian so suddenly?' I can only answer—the sorrow and suffering of my people have brought me back to the feet of my Saviour!"

We see these new opportunities in the new purpose on the part of our colored churches and of our Board to work through in patience and courage and devotion the problem of the American Negro's duty to the people of Africa. Both the report of the Standing Committee and the Report of the Board refer to the conference held in New York last February between the Board and representatives of the col-

ored churches, both men and women. In all my experience with the Board I have known no conference more inspiring, more filled with confidence and understanding and common purpose and affection than this conference in which we planned together for this new work in Africa, which is yet only an old work taken up again under brighter auguries. Under these new plans we shall hope and pray that many devoted and heroic missionaries will go forth to Africa throughout the coming years from the colored churches of our Assembly in America.

We find this opportunity today, clearer and fuller than ever, where, in the past, the Church has always supposed the walls were impregnable, namely, in the Mohammedan world. Meer Javad is following in the footsteps of Mirza Ibrahim, the Martyr, in Tabriz, and converted Mullahs, Sayeds and Moslem women have been bold to confess Christ and to plan a common Christian Church for the whole of Persia. Our friend, Dr. S. M. Zwemer was talking on a train in the Near East with a Moslem sheikh. Discovering that he had a son, he inquired where he was. "He is in the American College", was the reply. "And where is your daughter?" "In the American Girls' School", was the further reply. "You are friendly to Christianity?" inquired Dr. Zwemer. "See here, my brother", was the reply, "I am a Mohammedan; I will live a Mohammedan; I will die a Mohammedan; you will never get me. My son is a Mohammedan; he will live a Mohammedan; he too will die a Mohammedan; you will never get him. But the third generation, you will win them all."

Many forces in many lands are seeking to abridge religious freedom, and especially to expel religion from the schools but still in the field of education Christian Missions find in all lands as well as among the youth of Islam, a great door

and effectual as Paul found at Ephesus, even though there be many adversaries. "As you are aware", writes the chief British educational authority in the Punjab, "perhaps the most interesting and the most valuable contribution to educational progress in India during the last few years has been the work of the American Presbyterian Mission at Moga." What limit can be set to the influence of Fred Hope's Industrial School at Elat with its carpenter, tailor, chair, shoe and blacksmith classes and its 1965 apprentice teachers and workers? All over northern and central China we met the boys who had gone out from the Academy at Weihsien. In twenty years it had 294 graduates, of whom 187 were teachers and nearly 100 pastors, evangelists or doctors. And Dr. Williams made out for me last December in China a list of the men of Christian education or Christian ancestry, products of our Christian schools, and the result was a list of the very type of men on whose character and courage and capacity the future of China depends.

And we find only opportunity and not danger or disaster in the tides of new life that are coming pouring in with the youth of the world. More than once this General Assembly has already spoken its mind on this question and it desires that no uncertain sound should go out from it. It believes that Jesus Christ is the Lord and Master of the young as well as of the old, and it sees a new day in the consecration of the oncoming generations to the mind of Christ and to the will of God for the world. What may not this new generation do if it will but hear the voices that we hear whispering through this place today and calling, fresh and clear, across the world:

"I hear a voice through the silver night
And across the golden day,
'Rise up and work for the fields are white'
And I dare not disobey."

hope before you leave the Assembly you will get the leaflet at the Foreign Missions table with its account of the 600 Protestant students who were gathered in the first General Convention of Protestant youth in the Philippines only a few weeks ago. Let me quote part of the declarations of the "Decalogue of Filipino Protestant Youth" which were adopted:

1. We accept Jesus Christ as the Son of the Living God, and as our personal Saviour.

2. We believe in the Christian interpretation of nationalism.

3. We believe that Christ is calling to youth to lead in the building of His Kingdom in these Islands. We therefore consecrate all our powers to this mission and shall joyfully accept any task to which he calls us.

4. We believe the Holy Bible to be the inspired Word of God and the supreme authority for all Christians in matters of faith and life.

5. We believe the Christian Church to be God's chosen instrument for the founding of His Kingdom on earth. We shall therefore endeavor to establish a self-supporting, self-propagating, Filipino-led, evangelical church characterized by brotherly co-operation between its various bodies; we look forward prayerfully and thoughtfully to the establishment of a United Evangelical Church for the Philippines; the purpose of this church being to carry the spirit of Jesus and His religion to every portion of the Orient where He is unknown.

6. We believe in the Christian ideal of the family.

7. We hold that every individual has a God-given right to complete freedom of mind and spirit to seek God and His truth. We believe that there is a fundamental harmony between the best teachings of modern science and the teachings of Jesus.

8. We believe in the Christian interpretation of internationalism. All men of all races and nations are equal in the sight of God, who is the common Father of mankind.

9. We shall enter into an aggressive struggle against all vice, ignorance and social wrong, including political corruption, usury, the exploitation of the poor, intolerance, superstition, cockfighting, gambling, cabarets, the social evil, the double standard of morality and the use of intoxicating beverages.

We will not support any man who directly or indirectly countenances these sins. We will not rest until these evils are forever banished from our Islands.

10. We believe that youth can best be reached through youth. Therefore under the leadership of Christ we shall now undertake to win the youth of the Philippines to Him.

Is there one of us here today who is so deaf as not to hear the call of opportunities such as these?

THE CALL OF NEW NEEDS

We face today across the world new needs, colossal needs which speak to us with the sanction of both a human and a divine demand. The old order is shaken and must pass away. How shall we conserve from it the good that is to endure? How sift out of it the old that is destined to perish and pass; how distinguish amid all the new elements of human life the good and the bad, the seeds of life and the seeds of death? What the Governor of the Gold Coast described in the terrific racial and cultural transformation of Africa, it is easy to discern everywhere. The old economic organizations are shattered; the tides of new intellectual inquiry are breaking on every shore; old religions have crumbled. No doubt those prophets speak prematurely who think that they are gone. But there can be no doubt that Confucianism and Buddhism and Taoism have been worse shaken in China than Christianity. In many skies the ancient lights have paled and died and the ancient oracles are dumb. Who can speak peace through all this storm but the one Master of men? Who can guide through the black night of this perplexity but the one Light of the world, the Way, the Truth, and the Life? A world that does not have to wait to be lost but that has utterly lost itself already needs its Saviour, the only Saviour, the One Name given under heaven among men.

And it is no presumption on the part of those who know this Saviour to offer Him to the world. They have no knowledge or power in themselves. All that they can do is simply to point the world to Him of whom we all stand equally in need and without whom there is no hope for any of us, but in whom life is provided for all mankind and through whom the world can pass into its freedom and peace. And who have the heaviest obligation to share but we who are so rich; for from him to whom much hath been committed from him shall be required the more. And the more has not been given. It has been given least to those who are nearest.

I would remind this Assembly of the solemn and stinging words spoken recently by the President of the American Chamber of Commerce in Cuba before the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. Said he: "American investments in Cuba amount to one billion five hundred million dollars. You sell to Cuba each year merchandise valued in round figures at two hundred million dollars. Working with Canada you control the banking facilities of the Island. All of the profits produced by this immense investment come to you; all the bond interest, all of the dividends, all of the gain from sales, and all of the unearned increment. The question is, what are you doing in turn for Cuba? You complained because Spain took all the profits and put nothing back, you complained because Spain left no monuments behind. But what monuments have you erected? What universities have you founded? What hospitals have you built? What asylums have you established? What libraries have you provided? Think well of these things. Opportunity and responsibility as well as the flag and potential profits, go with capital." And what the President of the Chamber of Commerce in Cuba said with such plain and condemning judgment with regard to our relations with Cuba could be said also of our relations with all of Latin America. Where

are the monuments that we have erected of good will and unselfish service? What single university have we founded? What library have we provided? What have we done anywhere in Latin America to express even with a fragmentary adequacy our neighborly obligation and our sense of spiritual kinship and duty?

CHINA'S NEED AND CALL

Most of all today we face the new and impressive magnitudes of China's need. There are some who tell us that whatever we may think of China's need, China has no sense of need of us, that what is happening in China today is the vast expression of a whole great nation's revolt against our offer of help or service, and that China is nothing but one great seething mass of anti-foreign and anti-Christian repugnance; I do not believe it. There is anti-foreign and anti-Christian feeling in China; there is also anti-foreign and anti-Christian feeling in the United States. It may be more widespread in China. It has undoubtedly been used as a battle cry, a party shibboleth in China. The poison of falsehood and misrepresentation have eaten deep into China. Undoubtedly, also, China feels, and in some measure we must feel with her, that there is ground both for intense discontent with herself and for grave discontent with regard to many of her relationships. But fundamentally the heart of China is just as sound and true as the heart of any other people, and with fair and kindly treatment and with subsidence of malign influences from without and from within, poisoning the mind and spirit of China, anti-foreign and anti-Christian feeling will die down, sooner or later, into their true contractions.

Dr. Kerr and I traveled north and south and east and west in China, from Mukden to Peking, to Nanking and to Canton, and in far interior counties, and met with not one angry word or unfriendly look or unkindly deed. The true heart of China will answer to a true heart in us. With a Chinese sceptre and incense burner a company of Chinese men and women in the City of Tsinanfu gave us a Chinese paper bearing this inscription:

“Good will, good will,
Good will to all men.
To follow his will
Might not be my will.
To follow my will
Might not be his will.
His will and my will
Might not be Heaven’s will.
When you seek to know Heaven’s will
Then you will find true good will.”

There is ill-will and hatred, and China will suffer for a long time from the falsehoods and evil passions of these days, but there are also love and truth and good-will in China.

But some one will say, is not your easy optimism belied by the fact that all of our missionaries have been driven out of China? No, they have not all been driven out. Eight or ten of our thirty-five mission stations in China are still occupied, some of them with their full staff. We have 537 missionaries in China and of these 170 are in America or on their way home. But a fifth of our staff would normally be home on furlough at any time. Seventy-one more of our China missionaries are in Japan and Korea and the Philippines and Siam. The rest are still in China and already some of them are beginning to go back to the stations from

which, not of their own accord but under precautionary pressure and only in one or two cases by Chinese violence, they came away.

But some one will say again that there was violence and one of the noblest of all our missionaries was killed and others were shot or wounded in Nanking and they were looted of all that they possessed and their homes were destroyed, and they were driven out penniless and desolate. Yes, all this is true and, as the events show, no greater disaster could have befallen China, and the China that does that sort of thing is savage and barbarian and has committed far more wrong than it has suffered. These missionaries of Nanking were the best friends the Nationalist Movement had. They had believed in China and all of China's best ideals; they had pled for patience and generosity in all dealings with China, and they looked forward to the coming of the Southern troops with eagerness, and when they first came pouring into the compounds they greeted them with a joyous welcome and a feeling that now at last all was safe and sure. Never was there anything more tragic than the shock which came to them when these same Southern soldiers, whom they were waiting to welcome, shot them in their tracks, clubbed and brutally maltreated them and wiped out their homes. But this is only one side of the story. The Chinese who did this were not true representatives of China. The people of Nanking looked on the outrage with shame and horror. And never was there a greater outburst of love than from the Nanking Chinese of all classes, when once the disorders had been repressed and moderate counsels had prevailed over the plans of murder and violence. Poor Chinese brought their watches or their money, thousands of dollars were paid in the way of ransom, and Chinese merchants stood ready to provide still larger sums if they might be necessary for preserving the lives of their friends. Let me read from a letter of one of the mis-

sionaries telling of the experience when they were all huddled together for protection in one of the buildings of the University of Nanking, and the people in the city were allowed to come and take farewell of them before they were marched down to the river:

"The next morning our Chinese friends began to arrive, and I never saw such an outpouring of sorrow and of love. From the lowest servants to the highest university professors they came with tears pouring down their cheeks, so ashamed of what their own countrymen had done to their beloved foreign friends. They came bringing food, money, everything they could think of that we might need. Our little coolie who had run over to warn us the day before came in in tears asking: 'Are you all right? How are the children? Where is Shipley?' and wasn't satisfied until he had seen and put his hands on each of the children in turn. Our other coolies brought two tins of milk for fear the children weren't having enough to eat; our devoted old amah came and refused to go away, but trotted around after the children all day. Our cook came in his turn, telling how he himself was sick because of it all; our tableboy brought Chinese bread and real American apples for the children.

"That day no one was ashamed of showing their emotion and anyone who ever has thought the Chinese are stolid and unfeeling should have seen them that day. Tradesmen came up and grasped our hands and gazed deep into our eyes; over and over they said: 'We never could have imagined that this would happen', or 'We are so ashamed of our country'. It was a bitter day for them for they honestly loved us, and they couldn't understand any more than we the sudden attack on us, their friends. The students from the schools and the teachers thronged in through the day to see those they knew especially and tell us all how sorry they were, and through it all there was the most wonderful atmosphere of love and trust."

And let me read a letter written to Mrs. Williams in Shanghai by one of the leading Chinese women of the City, whose husband is one of the leading Chinese lawyers. I will read the letter in her own beautiful English:

"Dear Mrs. Williams:

"My husband and I saw you come off the tender last Sunday on the Bund, and I was tempted to say to you how sorry we felt over the tragic events at Nanking, but was restrained by the thought that your sorrow was too much for me to intrude at that time. We both

feel the suffering with you very deeply, for we knew Dr. Williams slightly and esteemed him as one of the best friends of China.

"I have just heard from some friends with what sublime courage you have risen to this crisis in life and how sweetly you are facing the crushing tragedy of your husband's foul murder. I wish you could feel or know how deeply indignant the best people of China are over the incident and how aghast they were in the learning of the details. All those that I know have expressed themselves as sympathetic and wish they could join in some message of sincere condolence, if it could somehow appear not to be impertinent.

"I trust that you will receive this message of sympathy in the spirit in which it is tendered, and if it could express even a little the great sorrow and contrition that so many Chinese have, it might console you and your family.

"We pray that God will support you and bless you all and somehow some way make up a little for your untold sufferings."

And, added to all of this outpouring, among those who came down, American and Chinese, to see Mrs. Williams and her children off to America, were two of the outstanding leaders of the Japanese community, who came, as their card stated, "to bring the sorrow of the Japanese Nation". This is the real heart of the Far East speaking to us. God forbid that we should answer it back with any shriveled measure of confidence and of love.

But again it is said, has not the Chinese Church itself broken down and is it not glad to see the missionary go? Unequivocally, No. No doubt there will be Chinese Christians who will break amid the storm of persecution and revolution, but there are others who will stand fast and hold all that has been won and wait eagerly for the return of their missionary fellow workers. Here is an extract from a letter of the Principal of the Taoyuen Orphanage in Hunan, in the worst disturbed and most disorganized Province in China, written to the Second Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh, which has supported Mr. Jenkins as its missionary who, with

other foreigners, was obliged to leave the interior stations. I will quote Liu Hsia Seng's quaint English letter:

"There were twenty people baptized while Mr. Jenkin's farewell. We asked them 'don't you afraid the anti-Christian movement?' They answered 'Those who kills our body and not our souls we don't afraid at all.' These new Christians come to church every week.

"There are sixty boys in this orphanage. Now we have Mr. Chou Moh Wha, a graduate of Peking University leather department, is now starting a Tanning trade here. We hope to send you some samples by and by.

"Kindly pray for us and remember our work here. If possible please let have your kind advice that we need your help and your prayer."

Let me quote, too, what some of the school boys in the University of Nanking have written to their missionary teachers in Shanghai:

"It is shocking news to all of us that you have gone through the hard experiences of life in the tragedy at Nanking. I am very much ashamed that my own people did treat you, my unfailing friends, in this inhuman way. How much I wish to have a part in rescuing you from the danger. We are happy to tears that you have got out of it safely. God will rest your heart in His Love.

"Dr. Williams' death is a great shock to all of us—that such an honored, endeared Vice President should meet his end this way! His blood I know will stir up many young people to tread fearlessly for Jesus Christ the way which Dr. Williams unflinchingly went through.

"The way of love is tediously long, but victorious eventually. We all believe that the love of Christ will finally win out. God will preserve every drop of sweat which you shed for His work. Do not feel discouraged, please."

"What can I say that will in the smallest degree express my sorrow and regret! The terrible things of Dr. Williams' death and your departure occurred, and I was so shocked that I could not realize what was happening. But I know that you feel as I feel, that the departure is but for a while, and that in a future more peaceful state you will come back to Nanking again—I do hope so!"

"In last Friday's issue of the 'China Times' there was an account of an interview of the reporters with Miss Faith Williams, daughter of the late Dr. J. E. Williams. In that report Miss Williams said she wishes to return to the Orient to work. That certainly would win the hearts of the Chinese people—the few soldiers that took part in the Nanking affair are excepted!"

It would be a shameful thing for us to fear and falter when these Chinese Christians stand steadfast and are not afraid.

Experiences like these must not intimidate or stampede the Christian Church. It would be a false and silly thing to sing of the faith of the fathers and their dungeons and their chains and their martyrdoms and our happiness to share in their experiences and to walk in their steps, and then in the safety and comfort of our easy and indulgent lives to abandon the missionary enterprise in China, because of such a transient storm as this which has brought no peril to us at home, and to the great body of our missionaries only such inconvenience and discomfort as men and women must be forever prepared for in the way of duty. The whole Christian movement in China will take on new power after these days. Have we not witnessed in the generations past the Indian mutiny, the Taiping rebellion, the Boxer uprising, and hindrance and outbursts in many other lands and lived to see the missionary enterprise come back afterwards with unshaken purpose and deathless faithfulness? China's future is hopeless without Christianity and she will some day see this.

THE CALL OF THE DEAD

The lives of the dead are calling to us today. They do not grieve at what they experienced, but they would grieve at our disloyalty. If we fail them now, how can they rest? We heard a few moments ago the list of those who this past year have finished their work and with the welcoming trumpet

sounding have been received by Him who shall henceforth be their rewarder. I would recall just four of these names:

Dr. W. F. Johnson, who died in the ninetieth year of his age after sixty-six years of service in India. His brother had been killed at Cawnpore, in the Indian Mutiny in 1857, and so far from finding in that tragedy the end of missionary work in India, Dr. Johnson heard in it the call of his brother and his brother's Master. Probably in all the annals of missionary history no life has poured out so rich a fruitage in the field of Christian literature as Dr. Johnson's.

Within this last year there passed on also one of the most modest and yet most creative of our missionaries of the last generation. It was he who conceived the idea of the revolutionary work at Moga of which I spoke a few moments ago. The British Government and educational authorities throughout the length and breadth of India have borne witness to what that work has meant. But no one has borne richer witness to its founder than Samuel Jiwa, the Indian Christian teacher, in the letter which he wrote to Ray Carter's father on his son's death:

"First of all I am introducing myself to you through a letter from your beloved son, Ray. I am a friend of your son for twenty years whom Ray thought like a brother. For about fifteen years I was his co-worker and we were pleased with each other. We are very sorry that he left us without expectation but this is God's will. He worked very hard in his Master's vineyard the reward of which God will give him. You gave your beloved son Ray for Punjab and he gave his life for Moga. Moga was a project of his life for the last twenty years which he left unfinished. There is still lots of work remaining. We have several plans which he prepared but I do not know who will finish them, and which father will give his son in place of Ray. God knows better.

"Moga school is not an ordinary school but Ray founded this school for the strength of Village Church. Day and night he did hard work in this school and today the whole world is looking toward Moga with surprise. How I wish you were here with me today so that I could show you all the work which Ray did with me

in this field. I believe you would be very glad and your heart would get great comfort. He fought a good fight. He finished his race. He got his crown in Heaven from his Master.

"We all with great love and respect as Ray told before several years buried him. We never left him alone for a single minute. I was sitting close to him at the time of his death. My one hand was in his hand and my other on his head. I was looking at him through tears in my eyes. In one minute he departed from us. I hope you will know all about him from Mr. Harper's letter because Mr. and Mrs. Harper were his great friends and helpers. I pray that God may grant you great comfort and patience. I sympathize with you most heartily."

So they buried him, as he had enjoined they should, among his village people, without coffin but laid in the clean earth with his Indian brethren awaiting the resurrection.

But our thoughts are turning especially today to the lives that have been laid down in China, Maxwell Chaplin and John Williams. I went the last Sunday before coming to the Assembly, to Max Chaplin's old school, the Hill School of Pottstown, Pa., one of the best of our great schools, and stamped with the memory of one of the greatest of all school teachers this country has produced, John Meigs, and I read on the wall of the school chapel the tablet just unveiled to Max's memory:

"Gentle strength and noble heart,
A lover of all mankind,
The children of the Hill
Have passed this way."

And have gladly passed. And how gladly and smilingly, as we knew he would, our friend, who had been as my brother, John Williams, laid down his life for Christ and for China in Nanking. Never was there a sacrifice whose meaning and influence were more instantly felt throughout the land in which and for which he died, and across the world, no not

since the day when David Livingstone died on his knees under the mvula tree at Ilala in Central Africa. In his last letter to his children in America he had written: "Our sympathies have been always more with the Southern Government, with the Kuomintang and so we expect to weather the grand storm when it comes. My best Chinese friends are with the South. They have been terribly hard on foreigners everywhere because of the wild ideas of the Left Wing, the Communist group, but we hope the greater stability and sobriety of Nanking City will temper their madness. Anyway we are not a bit afraid." And in Mrs. Williams' last letters before the tragedy she had written:

"We all keep quiet, but there is a great anxiety in our hearts—not for our own lives so much as for the innocent, helpless people whom we love so dearly.

Blindfolded and alone we stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand,
The darkness deepens as we grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing we learn to know—
Each day more surely as we go,
That doors are open, ways are made,
Burdens lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil.

Spring has come, and the sky is blue. The violets are blooming, sweet and fragrant under the South Wall, and my bulbs tucked away last November are full of buds. We trust God, and go on with our work. China is worth all we can do for her."

And we may be sure that John Williams was ready and glad to give whatever he had for China, that China might live. And we are not Christian men if we cannot hear the call of his pure spirit today, and if we do not fix our purpose in new and iron resolve to carry forward what these began. Just four weeks ago I stood again on the spot where at Gettysburg Abraham Lincoln spoke his simple but undying words. We stand under memories as great and holy as those.

It is for us here today to dedicate our lives to the work to which these who have fallen had dedicated theirs and to pledge to them and to Jesus Christ, who first died for us all, a new and complete devotion.

THE JOYOUS CALL OF NEW DIFFICULTIES

I have spoken of the summons coming to us today out of work done, and the witness borne to it, out of new opportunities and appalling needs, and out of the lives of the dead. Surely we can hear lastly the glorious summons of new difficulties, the challenge of new doubts and questionings, of the new problems and objections lying across the pathway of missionary advance. "The day of missions is over", we are told. "Even here at home the good Lord Jesus has had His day. Abroad we are not wanted with our Christian gospel. We need ourselves to learn rather than to teach. What right has pagan America to foist its religion upon other lands? The force of the missionary undertaking is spent." Well, there is no time here in these closing moments to set forth the adequate missionary apologetic, and there is no need to do so to men and women who believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. Christianity ran full into the barriers of doubt and denial at the beginning, and it knew its own mind. "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye: we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." And we will speak them today to all that is pagan in America and to all that is pagan and un-Christian throughout the world.

And as for wanting us, why the world is today just as it was in Christ's day. Some men wanted Him and some did not. His sheep know His voice and they follow Him today. And all His disciples who follow faithfully in His footsteps

repeat His experience. We could produce today volumes of evidence of the love and welcome that await men and women who truly make Christ known in their lives, in their words and in their deeds wherever they go. Witness the marble tablet set in the wall of the main building of Silliman Institute at Dumaguete the last year: "In Sincere Appreciation of 25 Years of Unselfish Service and Loyal Friendship, and Because of His Unfailing Sympathy in the Hopes and Aspirations of the Filipino People, the Provincial Board of Oriental Negros has Declared DAVID SUTHERLAND HIBBARD to be an Adopted Son of the Province. In Testimony Thereto this Tablet has been Here Placed."

Witness the long lines of Chinese who stood on either side of the road between the Ming Deh School and Bailie Hall at Nanking last March with the tears running down their cheeks, calling out messages of love and sorrow as Miss Moffet, who had been shot twice by one of the Southern soldiers, was carried on her litter, followed by others who had been concealed during the day by Chinese who loved them and risked their lives for them. Witness the offer of the merchants in Nanking to make possible the return of the missionaries whom for a generation and more they had counted the best citizens of their city. Witness the Chamber of Commerce at Hwai Yuen in its appeal to the American Consul to trust it to protect the missionaries whose lives and work had influenced the city, the same Chamber of Commerce which some years ago when Dr. Cochran was lying at the point of death went down to the City Temple and offered a year from the life of each merchant to be added to the life of Dr. Cochran that he might be spared to heal their sick and serve their city. I, too, can remember the hand clasps of those little Chinese Temple babies, foundlings picked up from the rocks where they had been thrown out to die and where the dogs were waiting to devour them. I can feel the pressure of those little bodies as the children climbed into our

laps and put their arms around our necks and kneeled at our knees in their evening prayer of love and gratitude for those three angels, the Murdoch sisters, who were their saviours. I can feel the touch of those baby fingers now and shall feel them again on that day when a Voice speaks to that little group from Hwai Yuen, saying: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these ye did it unto Me." There is much that the world does not want, and there will be men and women always, doubtless, who will not want what they most deeply need. Even the Saviour Himself was despised and rejected of men. But, just the same also, the sheep today as of old will recognize the Voice of the good Shepherd and His flock will follow Him.

And will not His Church follow Him, too, to bring in to the one fold the sheep who are scattered abroad in every land and of every race? The mass of our wealth will putrify upon us and the weight of it crush out our souls if we do not lend it to the cleanness of His consecration. One scorns to speak of our immeasurable wastage on senseless luxury and one takes shame at the thought even of those useful investments in human industry and development that we have made, ten billions, not counting Government loans, in foreign lands. The whole Christian Church in America does not begin to give each year for the extension of Christianity throughout the world even a tithe of the interest which comes back on the investments which we have made in other lands, nor a tithe of a tithe of what we save out of our national income year by year. I do not know whether missionary contributions are to wane or to increase, but I do know that there are those who mean to follow Christ and to obey His will and to share His gospel with the whole world, and I know that there are many homes in this land whose children intend to go and whose parents mean that they shall go, if they have to live on bread and water in order to send them.

The missionary enterprise never has been built on human applause or the world's wealth, or on any foundations whatsoever save the one Foundation of Jesus Christ. He began the missionary enterprise with no great organization, with no human supports, with no financial resources. Foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests, but He had not where to lay His head. "Though He was on an equality with God", I quote the great words from the Epistle to the Philippians, as Dr. Warfield taught us to translate them, "He counted not equality with God a prize to be jealously retained, but He emptied Himself and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men and being found in fashion as a man He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." It was the way the Master went. John Williams trod it. Shall not the servant tread it still? Who is the disciple that he should be above his Master or the servant that he should be above his Lord? Beyond all these other calls of which I have been speaking this morning let us be still and hear again the old, ever new call of Christ. "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." And today, may it be with us, as of old it was with those men who first heard that call by the waters of Galilee, and who straightway, straightway rose up and left all and followed Him.

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