

BIBLICAL RECORDER

Journal of the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina

Demas Decided to Quit

By R. L. Bolton

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My Father as I Knew Him

By William Harvey Vann

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Christian Education in Our Day

By R. P. Hamby

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Our Dwindling Church Congregations

An Editorial

BIBLICAL RECORDER

*Journal of the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina
Founded 1833, by Thomas Meredith*

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Announcing



- September 11: Little River W. M. U. Association, Angier.
- September 12-14: Alleghany Association, New Hope, Stratford, 10 miles west of Sparta.
- September 16-17: Mecklenburg Association, Charlotte, Southside.
- September 16-17: Stony Fork Association, Sandy Flat, 2 miles west of Blowing Rock, on Highway 221.
- September 23-24: Brushy Mountain Association, Pleasant Home, 8 miles west of North Wilkesboro.
- September 23-24: Chowan Association, Edenton, First Church.
- September 24: Pamlico Association, Belhaven Church, Belhaven.
- September 25-26: Caldwell Association, Yadkin Church, Patterson, 8 miles north of Lenoir.
- September 25-26: Central Association, Pearce, near Wendell.
- September 26-28: Stone Mountain Association, Traphill Church, 14 miles northwest of Elkin on Traphill Road.
- September 30-October 1: Beulah Association, Ephesus, near Cunningham.
- October 1-2: Surry Association, Piney Grove, 6 miles from Mount Airy, near road to Dobson.
- October 2-3: Brier Creek Association, New Hope, 10 miles south of Wilkesboro.
- October 2-3: Green River Association, Hickory Grove, near Mills Springs, first day; Calvary, near Rutherfordton, second day.
- October 3-5: West Liberty Association, Macedonia, about 20 miles west of Murphy.
- October 7-8: Blue Ridge Association, Clinchfield at Marion.
- October 7-8: Eastern Association, Bear Marsh, east of Calypso.
- October 7-8: Flat River Association, Providence, 6 miles southwest of Oxford.
- October 8-9: Alexander Association, Pilgrim, 8 miles north of Hiddenite.
- October 8-9: Sandy Run Association, Henrietta, 12 miles south of Rutherfordton.
- October 8-9: Tar River Association, Castalia, near Nashville.
- October 9-10: Sandy Creek Association, Love's Creek, near Siler City.
- October 9-10: South Fork Association, Mt. Ruhama, 7 miles southeast of Newton.
- October 14-15: Roanoke Association, Farmville.

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AFTER repeated and insistent requests for a page or two of brief devotional articles, we began the publication of the department entitled "The Quiet Hour." It has been definitely amazing how our pastors, by and large, have failed to support this department. We have sent out hundreds of letters requesting a contribution of 340 to 350 words, with the net result that for two or three weeks at least we have had to leave the department out for lack of enough material to fill the pages. Several of our pastors, however, have supported the department with loyal hearts and hands. They have responded at times on very short notices, and have rendered thereby invaluable service both to the editorial staff and to the readers of this paper. Pastors, we want you to take this invitation seriously. Send us a devotion this week, and keep on sending until you receive a notice from us stating that we do not need any more! News from your church, too, is always acceptable.

IS LEGALIZED liquor here to stay? Is hope for the return of national prohibition only a vain delusion? Not according to a statement issued recently by Edward E. Blake, chairman of the Prohibition National Committee. Mr. Blake called attention to a recent survey made by *Fortune* magazine, which, he declared, showed that 39.7 per cent of the persons polled are willing to support a national prohibition law. This survey, said Mr. Blake, shows an increase of prohibition sentiment of 7.7 per cent over the 32 per cent in favor of a national prohibition law as revealed by a Gallup poll in November, 1940. Mr. Blake accounts for this appreciable increase in prohibition sentiment on the ground that local evils growing out of the liquor traffic are increasing—drunkenness, particularly among young people and women; violations of liquor laws unchecked by local administrators; and increased vice. Continues Mr. Blake:

Taking the Gallup and *Fortune* polls as a basis, there are from 16,000,000 to 19,000,000 American citizens who are ready for national prohibition. This is a significant revelation of prohibition sentiment in the United States. However, to be frank about it, it is also a revelation of the fact that this prohibition sentiment lacks expression and united action on behalf of a definite objective. The general public does not know that there are 16,000,000 or more prohibitionists in the United States, because the prohibitionists do not vote their sentiments. This large number of believers in national prohibition constitutes the largest single body of people in the United States agreed upon a national issue, and if they were united in one political party battling for prohibition they could in a short time win enough additional support to establish national prohibition and destroy the legalized liquor traffic. There is, however a growing and encouraging trend among the dry forces throughout the nation in the direction of unified action.

WHEN your church makes up its budget this fall, why not give a large place in it to the BIBLICAL RECORDER? Because it is owned and published by the State Convention, because it seeks to promote our entire Baptist program, and because every family in your church ought to read it regularly, the paper ought by all means to be in your church budget. You would not think of failing to make provision for our mission, orphanage, hospital, and educational work, would you? Then why omit your state paper, which gives publicity to all these departments of our religious fellowship? Decide now to put the RECORDER in your budget, so that every family in your church may receive it every week. It can be done! It is now being done in many Southern states. Dr. Louie D. Newton, once editor of *The Christian Index*, now pastor of the Druid Hills Church, Atlanta, Georgia, writes that for twenty-one years *The Index* has been in the budget of the Druid Hills Church. The pastor, the finance committee, and the deacons simply got together, decided on a plan, and that is all there was to it. Now, into nine hundred homes of the Druid Hills Church goes *The*

Christian Index every week. So can it be with the BIBLICAL RECORDER in your church. Why not do it now? Make arrangements now to have the matter presented at once.

Our Dwindling Church Congregations

HOW MANY who read these lines have not, sometime in their lives, attended half-filled churches and heard preachers, driven hard by diminutive congregations, denounce absence from the services of the church as one of the major sins of humankind? Doubtless most of us have had that experience.

Unfortunately, dwindling church congregations are a reality, and for the most part it would seem that they are taken as a matter of course. While the beaches and the ball parks and the movies are crowded to capacity, it is always too hot or too cold or too rainy for people to go to church. Moreover, if we may judge from the size of the congregations, church-going is neither as fashionable nor as necessary as it once was. Once the social center of the community, where people met their friends and exchanged small talk about the weather, the crops, the fashions, politics, and world affairs, the church is, in these respects at least, now second or third in importance to the civic club, the automobile, or the radio. And so it is that people who have plenty of time and money for long hours at the bridge table, on the golf links, or at the social club, have little or no time or money for the services of the church. They find it pleasurable to stay up till past midnight on Saturday night and to sleep till noon on Sunday, and that is what they do.

Go to almost any preacher after the morning service next Sunday, or after the evening service if there is one, and see if these are not the facts. Half-apologetically, half in despair, he will more than likely relay to you some of the excuses for a small congregation that doubtless he has heard from members of his own congregation. "You know," he will begin, "this is vacation time, and many of our people are not at home." Or he will tell you that the rain or the sleet or the snow or a cyclone on the other side of the equator kept the people away. He does not say, of course, that, strangely enough, none of these reasons kept the motion picture theater down the street from having a full house, and naturally you do not suggest it. Now, the preacher does not intend to be dishonest, or even to tell a white lie, but he knows and you know that he has evaded the real explanation, namely, that people fail to attend the services of the

church simply because they are preoccupied with other interests.

Undoubtedly, there is where the trouble lies. We have dealt in imaginary and fanciful generalities too long. We have not been honest with ourselves—none of us, neither preachers nor laymen. We have given and received a great many flimsy excuses for doing this and that and the other thing when we ought to have attended the services of the church, while the real reason of preoccupation with other interests has been neatly tucked out of sight. With this all-important element of seriousness lacking, there is little wonder that almost nothing specific has been done to keep the churches alive and flourishing and to restore their lost dignity in the community. Dwindling congregations have generally come to be taken as a matter of course, and churchmen by and large have all but despaired of doing anything about them.

We Americans are a strange kind of people. Apparently, the things we value most we use the least. Take the principle of religious liberty. We profess belief in it, talk lustily about it, write books about it, pity the other person if he is denied it or does not have it, but for the most part exercise it very little ourselves. It is something that the people in Spain and Rumania ought by all means to have, but it is not to be taken seriously by twentieth-century Americans whose forbears gave their lives to get it written into our national Constitution. Less than 50 per cent of the population of the United States are reported as church members, and probably not more than 25 per cent of that number attend with any degree of regularity the services of the church. Like our eyesight and our power of speech, we have come to take the principle of religious liberty quite for granted, and have not taken time to consider how we should feel if suddenly it were wrested from us.

Now, there is little use trying to fix the blame for this situation in the American churches. We may as well say that everybody is to blame, and let it go at that. Our principal interest ought to be in doing something about the conditions as we find them. So, what can we do?

First of all, our churches must come alive again. Too many of them are dead, or near dead. Others, managing somehow to keep going, have lost touch with life. They speak a language and proclaim a message that this generation does not understand, and so they fail to change it materially. Moreover, houses of worship are frequently unattractive, poorly lighted, and generally uninviting. Little wonder that young people especially do not attend the services. Besides, the services are often tedious and the sermons are not infrequently dull. Half-heartedly the people engage in the singing, put something on the collection plate, and sit through the sermon. When the benediction has been said, there is a general feeling

of relief, and that is all until another Sunday rolls around.

Yes, the churches must come alive again. Their message must throb with life—life that this generation is struggling for and trying desperately to attain. Somehow we must give this generation a sense of inner peace and hope and victory to take the place of the sense of frustration and despair that now is everywhere apparent. Laymen and preachers alike must recapture the lost realization of the importance of the church in community and national life, and

they must let that rediscovery ring out in the church's message to all men. If the church is vital to the life of persons individually and to the life of the nation collectively, then let us say so in unmistakable terms.

Above all, the churches must come alive with the gospel of Christ as it comes across the centuries as fresh and as challenging to us as it was when first it was spoken. "I came," Jesus said, "that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." Let us first learn the meaning of that sentence, and then our houses of worship will not want for congregations.

My Father as I Knew Him

By William Harvey Vann

AFTER the many gracious tributes that have been paid my father, it seems fitting that I write of him in a more intimate and personal vein. This is therefore no attempt at an interpretation of his life. These recollections are set down that he may be remembered, as I believe he would wish, just as he really was.

William Wordsworth explained his outlook on life in terms of early environment: "The child is father of the man." My father as I knew him never tired of telling of his early days; and as Wordsworth's life was determined by the hills and valleys of the English Lake country, so was that of R. T. Vann largely shaped by his childhood in a Hertford County home.

It was a typical plantation of about five hundred acres, employing some thirty Negroes. His father was jovial and easy-going, fond of fox-hunting and accustomed to his daily toddy. But when the boy asked for "just a little bit with a whole lot of water," the father replied, "The whiskey would still be all there, son, and it's not good for you." Another manly habit young Richard envied was smoking. One afternoon he had manufactured a corncob pipe, concocted a substitute for tobacco, and retired behind the barn to enjoy this dubious pleasure. Presently his father happened along, paused a moment, then said, "Son, if you want to smoke, come in with me." In they went, and the boy, fascinated, watched the father fill the corncob pipe with some of his own strong tobacco. Then he took a few puffs. A very few, however, were sufficient to make him "turn white around the gills," as he expressed it; and presently he was once more out back of the barn—but this time for a different purpose, and forever cured of smoking.

Memories of his mother, who died when he was five, were less distinct. The one incident that made an indelible impression he recorded seventy-five years later in the dedication of his volume of sermons: "A woman sat on the back porch of her country home

making the first jacket for a four-year-old boy, who stood leaning on her knee. As she sewed, she told him when he got that jacket on he would be her little man. Then she paused, and laying her head on the child's head she added, 'And when you get grown Mother hopes you will be her preacher.' "

As a boy he spent much time among the Negroes, played with their children; heard their songs and their stories. Later he had three older brothers in the Confederate Army, and saw groups of Yankee soldiers pass along the road. There followed his conversion, the loss of his arms, and the conviction that this was divinely ordered. Thus into the making of the man went a zest for living tempered by common sense, a first-hand acquaintance with history in the making, a tolerant attitude toward those of another race, and a deep-seated faith in an all-wise Providence.

SINGER AND STORYTELLER

My earliest recollections are of his singing me to sleep. Usually it was "Flow gently, sweet Afton," or "Come, sister, come, kiss me goodnight," which never failed to produce tears before slumber. There were happier ones, however, such as "Ten Little Indians" and "Chicka-de-dee," his favorite and mine. Later on came the stories: "The Musicians of Bremen" and others from Grimm; "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"; the famous Tar Baby, of course; and two others in the characteristic Uncle Remus vein, which he remembered hearing the Negroes tell but which are not in any volume of Joel Chandler Harris. Forty years afterward, he was singing the same songs and telling the same stories to his grandchildren.

When I was a little older, every evening my mother would read aloud, and the three of us shared the delights of *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Gulliver's Travels*, *Ivanhoe* and *David Copperfield*, *Huckleberry*

Finn and *The Last of the Mohicans*. We rode happily on that flood-tide of historical romances such as *Richard Carvel*, *To Have and to Hold*, and *Hugh Wynne*—the latter made more appealing because Father had been a patient of Weir Mitchell. In later years he was interested more in biography, and in anything about the Civil War; Freeman's monumental life of Lee he read himself, despite failing eyesight. And there was never a time when he did not enjoy a good detective story.

What he could accomplish without arms did not impress me greatly. That he should handle a fork and a glass, wash his face and comb his hair, shoot marbles with his toes, drive a buggy or fire a gun, seemed only natural. And that left arm had not only skill but power. Years before, among the boys whom he taught was Claude Kitchin. One day, having ignored some command, young Claude was threatened with a whipping; but this, coming from a man with no hands, he thought he could safely disregard. To his great sorrow, however, he discovered that Mr. Vann could not only whip but hurt—a fact more than once impressed upon me. Once when he was spending the night in the home of a cousin she was horrified to see him coming down the steps carrying a lighted lamp. But it did not drop; nor did he ever have a serious mishap. One morning at breakfast when a glass slipped to the floor, he remarked that this was the first time he had broken anything in twenty years.

I was myself the occasion of probably his most remarkable exploit. We were living in Edenton, and I was stricken in the night with croup so severe that he was sent for the doctor. Dr. Dillard's house was back from the street, with the yard enclosed by a brick wall some five feet high and surmounted by closely set iron spikes. He fumbled in the darkness but could not find the gate. The only possibility was to climb that wall. How he managed it, he himself could never tell; but—he got the doctor!

HUNTSMAN EXTRAORDINARY

There have been many stories of his feats with a gun. He estimated that he averaged a little better than two quails out of five shots; but I have often seen him break nine out of ten clay pigeons. Occasionally he went fox-hunting, riding horseback with great ease. One bitter cold morning on a duck hunt the boat turned over and he and his companion were plunged into icy water up to their waists. This, however, dampened their enthusiasm not at all, and they sloshed around for several hours in water-logged boots.

Finally he was persuaded to try turkey-hunting, which because of the forced inactivity from sitting for hours in a blind he felt he would not enjoy. But with beginner's luck he bagged a turkey the first day.

To the local paper this was an item of news, which was picked up by the state press. Some three weeks later, he received a copy of *The Saturday Blade*, one of the lurid sporting sheets of that era. On the same page with pictures of a prize fight was an artist's conception of how a man with no hands killed a wild turkey. There he was, sitting against a fence, with no suggestion of concealment; the turkey had innocently wandered up to within five feet of the gun, which was somehow balanced on his knees; and the smoke would have done credit to a volcano. From then on turkeys were his favorite game, and after we moved to Raleigh a hunting trip to Scotland Neck was an annual event. When he spent his eightieth birthday in the woods the story was carried by the Associated Press all over the country.

Once in a crowd where tall tales of hunting exploits were going the rounds, a Scotland Neck friend said, "Well, fellows, I have one that will beat all of yours. I know a man with no arms who with a rifle killed a hummingbird flying." There was a chorus of incredulity, but the story was true. Father was sitting on the front porch; seeing a hummingbird, he got a rifle, balanced it carefully on the railing, and when the little bird hovered at a flower, he fired and happened to kill it.

A relative once remarked of him and another cousin, "But for the grace of God, Dick Vann and Guy Picot would both have been gamblers." I never knew any kind of contest that he did not enjoy. While at Wake Forest as pastor he and Dr. Taylor played chess one evening each week, and at the end of a year he was just two games ahead. Once at Scotland Neck he and two visiting young ladies crawled under the house to watch the finish of a chicken fight. Each summer he spent several days on his brother's farm. When the morning work was done, they would sit down for a round of checkers. In the afternoon there was always a trip to the little settlement at Como, and a game of croquet, usually stopped only by darkness. Father had his own mallet with an extra long handle, and, while not the best shot on the grounds, could very well hold his own. Back home or to a cousin's house for supper, and then three or four hours of dominoes.

Baseball he followed closely, and every day when there was a game in Raleigh he was at the park. He explained smilingly that he did not want to seem unappreciative of his pass! Once when I had returned and asked about the new city auditorium, he told me how sorry he was to miss the dedication sermon, preached by Ben Lacy, of whom he was very fond. "But you know I don't go out much now at nights." A few minutes afterward he proposed that we see a ball game that night!

On his first trip to Texas, then in his eightieth year, he decided to return by boat from Galveston.

Our fears as to whether at his age and with no companion he could get around very well on an ocean steamer proved to be without warrant. He wrote that the first day out he tried deck golf, and though he had never seen it before, played eight games, winning six and tying one—and then remembered that it was Sunday!

FRIEND OF THE NEGRO

No true picture of R. T. Vann could fail to include his Negro friends. The earliest of his colored attendants, at Wake Forest, was immortalized by his name—Almighty Thou Who Art in Heaven Davis. At Scotland Neck I remember especially Tom, who had served a term in the pen for stealing, but who never practiced on us; he was devoted to Father and was often his hunting companion. Mary Albright, who nursed the younger children in Raleigh, was almost like a member of the family. He was fond also of Richard Simson the cook, like him a great baseball fan, and Donis Stroud the janitor, who helped him dress every morning. The last time Father ever spoke in public was at the funeral of Donis.

One evening in the home of a friend the conversation turned to the Negro of the Old South and the revival of Negro spirituals. Presently the hostess said, "Dr. Vann, I have a real honest-to-goodness Negro mammy in the kitchen, who can sing." He insisted that she be brought in. Aunt Chaney came willingly, for she had caught the strains of "I ain't got long to stay here." They talked and sang for nearly an hour, until finally in a low, tender voice, he began to sing "Steal away to Jesus." Aunt Chaney, with her head on her stick and a faraway look in her eyes, said, "Dat's jus' lak my fust husband uster sing it." Father seemed much moved, and stated that it was a compliment he treasured highly.

One boyhood experience I remember less for its immediate importance than for its future significance. Most of the boys were playing marbles "for keeps," and it irked me that I was not allowed to do likewise. One day Father stopped to watch a game, noted that it was a contest of skill and not of chance, and decided that since it thus was not gambling, I might risk my marbles if I were so minded—with the caution, however, that there would be no others if these were lost.

Many times in later years I had occasion to note that clear, unprejudiced analysis, which led him to decide every question on its own merits. In 1898, when the amendment to disfranchise illiterate Negroes was to be voted on, Halifax County had four thousand colored voters and only two thousand whites. Drastic measures were necessary, and honesty seemed for once not the best policy. All the leading men of the community, including several deacons of our church, helped form the plans. Not only was the

voting carefully managed (so that the amendment miraculously carried by a big majority!), but the disappointed Negroes must not make trouble. One group of white men were stationed in the second story of the hotel, with rifles trained on the main street, and other bands were organized to escort the Negroes home.

All of this Father knew about. Here was a problem in practical ethics such as his seminary courses had never contemplated: was cheating ever justifiable? He decided that he ought to preach a sermon on honesty. To be fair, however, he first considered what might be said for deception, if undertaken in a just cause. The more he thought, the more he found, until he had an argument too strong to be answered. The sermon was never preached, and election night found him with the others down town until the danger was over.

The only time he ever disagreed with the Meredith trustees, most of them his warm personal friends, was when a protest had been made on the Sunday afternoon service at the college, because the choir entered singing and it was called vespers, like Catholic services. He asked whether these things were wrong in themselves; and, if the Catholics had a good custom, should we not adopt it, too? If it was objected to only because of being like the Catholics, then it would be logical to do away with colleges altogether, since the Catholics were the first to establish them. But a majority did not agree with him, and the services were discontinued. In explanation whereof he commented, "What was not reasoned into a person cannot be reasoned out."

AN INDEPENDENT THINKER

Often on important public questions he felt obliged to stand against the majority. When it was proposed that reading of the Bible be made mandatory in the public schools, he and W. L. Poteat almost alone among Baptists opposed it, as a violation of religious liberty. At the height of the controversy between Fundamentalists and Modernists, he was asked to prepare a paper on the subject for the Southern Baptist Educational Conference, which they unanimously ordered printed in pamphlet form; and anyone who would find the best single expression of the mind and heart of R. T. Vann must read that pamphlet.

Once again, in the bitter campaign of 1928, he was one of the few to see the issues clearly. He could not support Smith; but he realized that opposition to Smith was as much because he was a Catholic as because he was a wet—and intolerance he regarded as a greater evil than intemperance. Furthermore, he knew the dubious nature of the endorsement Hoover had given prohibition. Referring to it as "a noble experiment" was at best faint praise; but Hoover had actually called it "an experiment with a

noble motive," which, as Father pointed out, even the most rabid anti might admit. He finally voted for the Prohibition candidate, the only time he ever scratched a Democratic ticket; for, while he might object to some candidate, he believed firmly in what the party stood for.

Politics, in fact, always appealed to him greatly. He took a keen interest in every campaign, local as well as state and national. Many of the great political leaders of the state he had known personally, from the days of Ransome, who, he said, "always made you think he was the greatest man in the world, and you were the next greatest." Aycock, Glenn, Kitchin, Craig, Bickett, and other governors were warm friends; he was much pleased when Melville Broughton stood in their line; and he rejoiced in the national prominence achieved by Claude Kitchin, Josephus Daniels, and Will Bailey.

A MAN OF FAITH

Few people, I think, had a more simple and deep-rooted faith in the Christian religion; but it must be something more than words, and if any sermon was not obviously sincere and clearly reasonable he would none of it. Much evangelistic preaching, especially that of certain professional revivalists, disgusted him. Nor could he tolerate what he called

"soap bubbles." Once after he had listened to a certain minister, new to that section, pour forth a flood of fine phrases with a minimum of ideas, a lady who had been greatly impressed said enthusiastically, "Dr. Vann, did you ever hear such a sermon in your life?" His reply was, "No, sister, I never did. It was remarkable." On another occasion, when he had heard a sentimental appeal on Mother's Day, he wrote, "I fully expected the preacher to invite everybody to come up and shake hands who ever had a mother." In contrast, he greatly enjoyed the freshness and originality of McNeill Poteat. Referring to one of these other brethren he said, "If one of Poteat's sermons ever got in his head, it would crack his skull."

These things and many more I remember about my father. But his inner life he kept secret. He seldom discussed a personal problem, never indulged in self-analysis. Once I asked him, for the guidance of his grandson and namesake, to set down something of his philosophy of life; but he never replied. Many things that he did might for some have been difficult, inconsistent, almost impossible; with him they always seemed merely natural. To me he was all that a parent could be; but to me, as to others, he was also what only R. T. Vann could be. And I humbly thank God that he was my father.

Demas Decided to Quit

By R. L. Bolton

THERE are only three brief reference to Demas in the New Testament. And all of these we find in Paul's letters. In Colossians 4:14: "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas, greet you"; Philemon 24: "Marcus, Aristarchus, Demas, Lucas, my fellowlabourers"; 2 Timothy 4:10: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica." Paul sends Demas' greeting to the Colossian Christians, mentions his fellowship in service to Philemon, and tells of his sad ending in the second letter to Timothy.

Demas' career lasted about four years. He began with enthusiasm, gradually declined, finally quit. His retirement was not due to old age nor to ill health. He deliberately decided that the present world had more in it for him than Paul had to offer. "What's in this for me?" was constantly in the mind of Demas. Simon Peter had raised this question with Jesus: "Then answered Peter and said unto him, behold we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?"

Demas liked Paul. He had heard him preach often. He believed in his sincerity. He was challenged by

his sacrificial, heroic spirit. He had been his fellow-labourer." "But, after all," thought Demas, "where are we getting with Paul's program? What he is proclaiming seems so nebulous, so far away, so dreamy, so otherworldly! He is not in touch with his contemporary world at all. There is too much persecution, too much stone-throwing, too much poverty in it. Paul has been in prison most of the time since I knew him. This Christianity we are seeking to plant in the life of the world, the people do not seem to want it." All this was running through the mind of Demas.

"This present world" was ever before Demas. He could see it, hear it, touch it. It had glamour, profit, recognition. It was practical. It got you somewhere. You could get hold of it *now*. What Paul talked about was yet to come.

"This present world"—Demas deliberately decided to take it. It was very *near*. Its nearness overwhelmed him. Through all the avenues of his senses "this present world" came into the area of his consciousness. This was a tremendous fact. Paul saw and felt this, too. "Set your minds on the things that

are above, not on the things that are upon the earth." And Jesus recognized the reality and challenge of "this present world." "For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?" Demas had some facts; but Paul had more. Paul saw and felt all that Demas experienced, and more. Demas got lost in the immediate. Paul did not. "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

THE LURE OF THE TANGIBLE

"This present world" was so practical and profitable that Demas decided to follow it. It paid dividends in tangible things. But Demas did not have all the facts. Everything about it was transient. Take, for example, our own city of New York. This great city is our financial Mecca, a maelstrom of material madness. There is no other area in America where the spirit of depression gets so low or the spirit of prosperity gets so high as in this great city. One financial wizard said his philosophy could be described in two statements: "Yesterday never was; tomorrow never comes." Neville Chamberlain, the businessman from Birmingham, believed in "business as usual," and in his appeasement policy practiced his philosophy. But he saw it all fade away. Demas did not see enough. "This present world" which charmed him with its practicality and glaring presence rested on shifting sands. Jesus penetrated it all. He saw relative values. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

"This present world"—the multitudes accepted it. In Rome and elsewhere Demas saw the majority, the overwhelming majority, taking the world as it was. A mere handful turned to listen to Paul and only a very few accepted his way of life. Demas was crowd-minded. "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Demas deliberately accepted the material standards of his "present world." The spiritual perspective and spiritual objectives of Paul could not hold him. Letting them go, and leaving Paul in his Roman prison, he went to Thessalonica. That was a cheap choice. That was putting life on an animal plane. Man needs bread, but "man cannot live by bread alone." Such a choice has a downgrade momentum. When the younger son, in the parable, decided to leave home, he asked his father: "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." It was "goods" that he magnified. His old father could have given him good counsel, his benedictions, his prayers. But they were not sought. If they had

been given, the younger son would have ignored them. It was "substance" that he wanted. It was "substance" that he magnified, the way growing more hurtful as the substance was wasted in riotous living.

A MATERIAL CIVILIZATION

A material civilization is as cruel as the grave. It is like a whited sepulcher, beautiful without, but within, full of dead men's bones. It is a Frankenstein that finally devours its builders. A material civilization is a perversion of man's need. Human life becomes cheap, man takes a number instead of a name, and all the beauty and dignity of life are taken away. Seeking to build a world on spiritual foundations, Paul lifted up Christ as the builder and chief cornerstone. Demas just could not see through it. He rejected it, and accepted his "present world" as his goal.

Was Paul justified in his choice? Was Demas foolish in his decision? All of life's finest values at the present time sanction the choice that Paul made. All that hurts and hinders at the present time reveals the folly of Demas' choice. That which Demas thought was stable and permanent has "gone with the wind" centuries and centuries ago. Today, over the buried ruins of that which Demas so highly exalted, a decadent civilization is seeking to revitalize itself. And the reason it is decadent is that the values presented by Paul were not accepted. And the only abiding foundations found anywhere are those laid by Paul. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Man is constantly laying his own foundations of "stones, wood, hay, stubble." But "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. The foundation of God standeth sure."

Tremendous forces are at work today in the life of the world. They are revolutionary forces. Discontent is everywhere. The old patterns of life are being torn into tatters. What shall the new be? Shall we gather up the fragments and seek to build again around the property concept, placing man at the center? If so, whatever name we may give the new pattern, it will ultimately end as all other patterns have ended—in confusion and chaos. Neither the captains of industry nor the communists can give the best pattern of life. Christ has the scale of values. Without him, we are on the same old road again. The Demas way is to reject it all and drift with the tide of man's making. The way of Paul is to live for Christ, suffer for him, and die for him, knowing surely that victory shall come. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Christian Education in Our Day

By R. P. Hamby

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION is the cornerstone of our Western civilization. In America it is older than our great republic. A part of Christ's great world program, Christian education is education with Christ in the center of the teaching and learning process. It is the Christ-centered, Christ-trained, and Christ-mastered life. Christian education does not hamper the spirit of evangelism and worldwide missions; rather it fosters them. It gives them words with wings and fleetness of foot to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is the mighty arm of the gospel that gives illumination and light. Christian education does not build selfish men; by its very genius it produces self-sacrificing men—men like Moore to Mars Hill, Waite to Wake Forest, Furman to Furman University, Campbell to Campbell College, Broadus and Boyce to the Southern Seminary, Carroll to Baylor and Southwestern, and Boatwright to Richmond College. Christian education leads us into the glorious light of the truth as it is revealed in Christ.

Our Christian schools are the lighthouses of our civilization. Jesus taught his disciples for three consecutive years and more. The intensity of this three-year period has been pronounced by some as equaling in time and value and surpassing in content the whole scholastic life of a modern youth who has completed grammar school, high school, college, and seminary or university courses. In the order of our American institutions the home was first, the Christian school second, the church third, and the state fourth. Education is still dependent upon one or all of these institutions.

"The soul of education is the education of the soul." This is the true function of Christian education in all our Baptist institutions. Another has described a Christian college as Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and his student on the other end, learning the way of life. The significant thing about any institution is not its material equipment, important as this is, but its spiritual atmosphere.

Well has it been said that great institutions are only the lengthening shadows of great men. Christ reared no earthly temples, but his followers fill the world. The world has become one great whispering gallery. Why not fill it with the life, light, and spirit of Jesus Christ? Christ wrote no books but the world is filled with books about him. Personality consecrated to God and dedicated to the highest human welfare and service is Christian education in action.

A mural tablet in one of the islands of the South

Seas characterizes the noble life of a great missionary thus: "When he came to this island there were no Christians; when he left there were no heathen." We would not decry any good system of state education. We would heartily commend it; but the Christian must go beyond it. Roger W. Babson says: "We grow, not by starting where others start, but by starting where others stop." Again he asserts, "The greatest difficulty confronting our young people is that they have the spending power of giants and the earning power of babies. Christian education seeks, finds, and applies an adjustment for this unbalanced economic order of life."

Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, said: "If a people expect to be ignorant and free, they expect what can never be." Jefferson considered the founding of the University of Virginia the paramount accomplishment and the crowning victory of his whole life. Out of the halls of this institution came one of the most brilliant pioneers of Southern Baptist life and Christian education, John Albert Broadus.

Dr. A. T. Robertson once said, "Our educational system is not opposed to the knowledge of God, but it actually ignores God." Again he said: "We are not in danger of too much education, but education without God is defective education and is the surest possible way to make criminals, men and women without a sense of responsibility, who, like the unjust judge of old, fear not God nor regard man." "Without God there is no recognition of any authority outside of self. There is no obedience to parents or to the state. If parents are not willing to teach their children about Christ and righteousness, about sin and punishment, about law and obedience to law, we may have more intelligent citizens so far as the intellect is concerned, but they will be dangerous citizens. . . . 'In God we trust' is inscribed on our money. Without God our country and our credit will be worthless. Education without God is anarchy."

The late President Few, of Duke University, said: "We ought to be trying to build a few leaders instead of a great horde of second-raters." Figures compiled by the Works Progress Administration show conclusively the need of trained workers. A study of occupations of the 6,385,740 persons on relief rolls indicate that most of them are there because they are not trained to do any particular kind of work.

Southern Baptists, according to a recent report of the Education Commission, have now five types of schools: theological seminaries, three in number, for

the education of Christian ministers; one training school for women who are being educated for definite Christian service in the homeland and for the foreign fields; twenty-six colleges and universities; twenty-four junior colleges; and eleven academies, making a total of sixty-five schools. Each school has accepted a responsibility in proportion to its resources.

The indebtedness of our Baptist schools is now only \$2,741,590.11, whereas the property values are \$41,754,677.98. The endowment of these schools is \$26,938,723.83, making a combined property and endowment value of \$68,693,401.81. Within a few years it seems entirely possible that all Baptist colleges can be free of debt. With the endowments increasing from year to year the way of the Christian college should be somewhat smoother than in the past.

Jesus is designated by Dr. H. H. Horne, as "The Master Teacher." Forty-five times the title of "Teacher" is applied to Jesus in the Four Gospels. Christianity is both a preaching and a teaching religion. It is also a healing religion. It ministers to soul and body. Forty-five times in the New Testament the verb "teach" is used by the evangelists to describe Jesus' conversations and discourses to individuals, his disciples, and the masses.

Our education must be made Christian. Our religion is primarily "caught" not "taught." One of our local colleges under Christian auspices has for a period of years found and taught more than 50 per cent of its student body among Baptist girls. Our Baptist students outnumber any other group in our state colleges. What a perilous journey for us all if they fail to learn Christ's way of life! Dr. J. B. Gambrell had a quaint way of saying, "One good example is worth a thousand theories." Woodrow Wilson declared: "The Christian college is a lighthouse of civilization." We must teach the way of Christ faithfully to our share of the more than forty-five millions of youth now in our schools in America.

Sectarianism is a curse in any age, in any phase of life, whether it be sectarianism of politics or sectarianism in philosophy or, most abominable of all, sectarianism in religion. The apostle Paul, after planting a remarkable church at Corinth, found that its very life was seriously imperiled by party spirit. Personality is of tremendous importance. We cannot know God or history, God's world or God's purposes, we cannot come to ourselves, we cannot do our work in the world, without giving due value to personality. But personality is also a peril and may become a snare and a stumbling block. Whenever men think more of a man than of principles, whenever men vote for a man instead of a principle, whenever religionists follow a man instead of a principle, there is danger and there is lurking death. . . .—CARTER HELM JONES, *Prophetic Patriotism*, Broadman Press.

Life Can Be Beautiful

By Arthur R. Gallimore

RECENTLY I crossed the ocean for a fourth period of service as a missionary. For some reason the ship on which we came did not stop in Honolulu, as is its custom. I was expressing regret to a table steward, who replied that he did not care for the place, that he seldom bothered even to get a glass of beer there. He failed to see the place in terms of its towering peaks in the background, its tropical foliage spread out over the plain, the blue sea as its white caps broke along the shore, the garlands of flowers with which visitors are welcomed. And yet we heard a passenger say that it was one of the places which had not been overrated by the travelers' agencies!

The sea is always beautiful, even when it is turbulent. Someone has said that it is the cleanest thing that God has made. The confines of Mount Fujiyama in Japan were hidden by clouds, but even they played in different designs which amount to beauty. And so it is a beautiful world after all. How we all like to sing of our native land:

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain.

But greater than mountains and oceans and flowers are human lives, and many of them are beautiful. "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things," wrote Paul to the Roman Christians. Yes, how beautiful at this time when the world is so torn with war. David, in a prayer for prosperity (Psalm 144:12) envisioned a time

When our sons shall be as plants
grown up in their youth,
And our daughters as corner-stones
hewn after the fashion of a palace.

But the ugliness of war thinks of sons only as so much flesh for the wielding of guns, and of daughters as little less than animals for the bearing of more sons for further wars. That conception is revolting, abnormal. Men must rise above their selfishness before they can hope for the peace and the beauty that are in God and Christ. For real peace must recognize the sanctity of human personality.

I need not add that some of the most beautiful lives I have seen are here on the borders where I see such vivid contrasts of the opposite. Redeemed lives are the beautiful lives. I have seen beauty in youth and beauty in age—white faces and yellow faces and brown and black. Race and color matter little when Christ rules in the heart.

And then life can be beautiful in death; for "at eventide there shall be light."

The HOME CIRCLE

Memory's Halls

When the shades of evening
Brood above the sea,
Then the halls of memory
Open wide for me.

Broad and high and arching,
Brilliant and sublime,
Are the studded ceilings
Just at evening time.

Through the mullioned windows
The departing light
Shows me many treasures
Hid from human sight.

Mystic halls of memory
Open wide for me,
When the shades of evening
Brood above the sea.

—BELLE WILLEY GUE
Upward

Looking Backward Along the Child's Pathway

It was the custom of the young mothers of Friendship Circle not only to draw upon each other's experiences for help in solving problems with regard to the development of their little ones, but to learn all they could from visitors, also. They were already realizing how helpful it is to listen to anyone who is really able to say, "This is what I did and these are the results."

Mrs. May brought Mrs. Boice to visit the Circle. This lady had known most of the mothers in their girlhood. She had brought up a family in the neighborhood, and then, being a widow, had taken up civic work for children in another city. Her youngest son had recently entered college. Most of the mothers had known him as a little curly-haired boy. They had heard he had grown into a very fine young man.

To bring out the helpful ideas they wanted, they asked Mrs. Boice this question: "What did you do for John the effect of which you can see to the present day?"

Mrs. Boice said, "I am glad you asked that. There was a sequence of events that the rest of us brought about which, simple as it was, benefited him greatly.

"When John started collecting treasures, and this he did very early, his father gave him a box with a lock and key into which he could put the small things he loved.

"He first gathered brightly colored pebbles. Later he had a variety of

things—a twine ball to which he added from time to time, some small wooden blocks, some discarded keys, some nails and bolts and buckles. He liked to take them out and play with them and often did this.

"One day a playmate gave him a card with a life-sized blue jay on it in natural colors. He had seen blue jays, and the colorful card delighted him. That day marked the beginning of his interest in bird pictures. He began to collect them, and soon, one at a time, he discarded the other treasures from his box, utilizing the space for picture cards.

"On his fourth birthday his father and I gave him a little table all his own, and his brothers and sisters put their pennies, nickels and dimes together and bought him a chair. Then we selected a comfortable place in a good light and placed them there.

"After that, John's evening habit was to sit at his table, spread out his picture cards and arrange and rearrange them until he was sleepy. For a brief time only he would ask, regarding a new bird, 'What is its name?' holding up the card for one of us to tell him. Testing him one day, I found he knew them—every one.

"Identification of the birds in the orchard, fields and woods followed naturally. It was not long afterwards—I think he was six and a half—when he began to be interested in the trees, and a little later his attention was extended to plants of all kinds.

"From that small start at home, he developed so great an interest in gaining a knowledge of the trees, the plants and all living creatures, that throughout his grade school years he was asked, from time to time, to take the younger children on bird walks and botanical excursions. Such service to others helped him to advance in Scout work and to develop leadership.

"Long before this he had outgrown his table and chair, though not his treasure box. And in his seventh grade wood-working class, directed by his teacher, he planned and built his own desk and chair. He used them through high school, and he is using them this year when he studies his college assignments.

"Can you imagine how happy I was when he told me one day that he was sure that it was largely due to his treasure box experiences that he is able to concentrate so quickly on any given task and to make routine matters largely subconscious? This ability is of great help to him now.

"Perhaps a word of explanation is needed. Long before John came to us, his father and I had learned that for satisfactory results a child must choose

his own activities with a minimum of direction and no unnecessary interference at all. The older children understood, and, because they loved their baby brother, they co-operated with us wholeheartedly from the beginning. This was a great help."—EDITH BRANDIS, *National Kindergarten Association.*

Spice Box

Said the scientist to the druggist: "Please give me some prepared mon-aceticacidester of salicylic acid."

"Do you mean aspirin?" asked the druggist.

"That's right! I never can think of that name."

* * *

"How many students are there in the university?"

"About one in every five."

* * *

HOSTESS: "Now, Tommy, why don't you go and play with your little friends?"

TOMMY: "I've only got one little friend, and I hate him."

* * *

A local defense volunteer in a lonely spot cried "Halt!" to a man in a car, who promptly halted.

"Halt!" said the L. D. V. again.

"I have halted," said the motorist.

"What do you want me to do next?"

"I don't know," said the L. D. V. "My orders are to say 'Halt' three times and then shoot."

* * *

"The process of thinking draws the blood from the feet to the head," an educator informs us. This explains, perhaps, why, in so many cases, if you think twice about a proposition you get cold feet.

* * *

TRAVELER: "Porter, why is the engineer blowing those long-drawn-out blasts of the whistle?"

PORTER GEORGE: "Guess dat's the startin' whistle fo' de race to de crossin', suh."

* * *

TEACHER: "How many fingers have you?"

BOBBIE: "Ten."

TEACHER: "Well, if four were missing, what would you have then?"

BOBBIE: "No music lessons."

* * *

A candidate for the police force was being verbally examined. "If you were by yourself in a police car and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?"

The candidate looked puzzled for a moment. Then he replied: "Fifty."

Christian Education

IN THE CHURCHES

L. L. MORGAN, Sunday School.
NATHAN C. BROOKS, Training Union
JOHN E. LAWRENCE, Student Union

SUNDAY SCHOOL

[Continued from last week]

Vacation Bible Schools

We are listing below the churches that have held Vacation Bible Schools and have sent in reports to this office. If your church has had a school and is not listed, please see that a report is sent in.

RALEIGH: Apex; Cary; Fuquay Springs; Hephzibah; Knightdale; Pullen Memorial; Zebulon.

RANDOLPH: Balfour; Bethel; Caraway; Central Falls; Hughes Grove; Union Grove.

ROANOKE: Bethel; Eagles; Farmville; Fountain; Greenville, Memorial; Mommyer; New Hope; Pinetops; Rocky Mount, Johnson's Tabernacle; Stantonsburg; Stoney Creek; Tarboro, First; Washington; Wilson, Five Points.

ROWAN: Calvary; Rowan Mills; Salisbury, First; Spencer, First; Trading Ford.

SANDY CREEK: Hemp.

SANDY RUN: Caroleen; Mount Pleasant (Rutherford).

SOUTH FORK: Brookford; Catawba; East Hickory; Lincolnton; Penelope; River View.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN: Connelly Springs.

SOUTH YADKIN: Mooresville, First; Statesville; Western Avenue.

STANLY: Norwood.

SURRY: Antioch; Copeland; Dobson; Elkin, First; Flat Rock; Flippin Memorial; Highland Park; Mount Airy, First; Mount Carmel; Mountain Park; Mountain View; Siloam; White Plains.

TAR RIVER: Bunn; Castalia; Centerville; Henderson, First; Louisburg; Middleburg; Mount Zion; Norlina; Peachtree; Pilot; Pine Ridge; Red Bnd; Sandy Creek.

THREE FORKS: Mount Calvary; Oak Grove; White Rock Mission.

TRANSYLVANIA: Boylston; Brevard, First; Enon; Gladys Branch; Little River; Mount Moriah, Calvert; Mount Moriah, Cherryfield; Pisgah Forest; Turkey Creek; Zion.

TUCKASEGEE: Big Ridge; Hamburg; Scotts Creek; Speedwell; Wilson Jarrett Memorial; Love Dale; Moses Creek; Nedy Mountain; Savannah; Scotts Creek; Speedwell; Wilson Creek Community; Sylva; Tuckasegee; Webster; Maize Chapel (Negro).
UNION: Monroe, First.

WEST CHOWAN: Aboskie; Cashie; Christian Harbor; Colerain; Harrells-

ville; Rich Square; Ross; Winton.
WEST LIBERTY: Macedonia; Mount Liberty; Shoal Creek; Snow Hill.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA: Boiling Springs; Hanging Dog; Hayesville; Hewitts; Little Brasstown; Marble Springs; Tomotla; Upper Peachtree.

WILMINGTON: Barlow's Chapel; Bethany; Burgaw; Jacksonville; Leland; Salem; Sea Gate; Willard; Wilmington—Calvary, First, Gibson Avenue, Southside, Temple; Winter Park; Wrightsboro.

YANCEY: Bald Creek; Bolens Creek; Burnsville; Byrd's Chapel; Cane River; Crabtree; Double Island; Elk Shoal; Indian Creek; Laurel Branch; Mount Mitchell; Mount Pleasant; Pleasant Gap; Pleasant Grove; Price's Creek; Riverside; South Estate; Upper Shoal Creek; Windom; Young's Chapel.

BURNT SWAMP: Antioch; Bear Swamp; Berea; Bethel Hill; Burnt Swamp; Cedar Grove; Deep Branch; Harper's Ferry; Mount Airy; Mount Elim; Mount Olive; Oak Grove; Piney Grove; Smyrna; Ten Mile Center.

TRAINING UNION

Eleven

During the first eight months of 1941 all but eleven associations in North Carolina requested Training Union training course awards. Churches in the West Liberty, Pamlico, Neuse, Flat River, Elkin, Dock, Cherokee, Atlantic, Ashe, Anson, and Alleghany associations that have held training courses should send their requests for awards to Raleigh immediately. Other churches in these associations should make plans now for training courses.

Central Training School

Churches of the Mount Zion Association, centered around Durham, are planning for a great central training school March 15-19, 1942. This training school will come immediately before the regional convention, which is to be held at Wendell, March 20-21. Churches of Durham and surrounding territory hope to profit greatly from this united effort. They will be joined by the state force and other visiting faculty members. A number of our associations should plan for similar efforts during 1942.

Penelope, Hickory

Mr. G. S. Robinson, Training Union director of the Penelope Church, Hickory, reports a splendid training course at that church. Enrolment for the week was 144, while the average at-

tendance, in spite of some bad weather, was 90.

One Mark of Identification

Several members of the state convention force visited the studio at Fort Bragg where a nation-wide broadcast, "Fort Bragg Salutes America," was being made. Some in the party noticed one young soldier with a Young People's Training Union quarterly in his pocket. Investigation revealed that he was Mr. Clifton Dunnevant, formerly associational director of the Beulah Association. He explained that he had his quarterly with him to read while the soldiers were assembling for the broadcast.

STUDENT UNION

Echoes of the state student convention, which was held in Hickory last fall, still resound within the minds and hearts of those who attended that great assembly. One remembers with unbounded enthusiasm the heart stirring messages of Dr. J. Clyde Turner, Rev. J. Winston Pearce, and Rev. W. Perry Crouch and the inspiring conferences led by Mr. M. A. Huggins, Rev. Eugene Olive, Mrs. J. Winston Pearce, Rev. Lee C. Sheppard, Rev. W. W. Finlator, and Mr. Howard Rees.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of October 31, Baptist students from all over the state of North Carolina will meet together in the First Church, Durham, of which Rev. J. Winston Pearce is pastor. Registration will then take place and students will be directed to homes in the host community. At 5:30 a banquet will formally open the convention. Following feasting and merry-making, a program "chock full" of inspiration and spirituality will be climaxed by the address of Rev. Charles A. Maddry, pastor of the Leigh Street Church, Richmond, Virginia, who, incidentally, was a former North Carolina state B. S. U. president.

Conferences this year will be led by these able and consecrated leaders: Dr. A. C. Reid, head of the department of psychology and philosophy at Wake Forest; Dr. John T. Wayland, pastor of Temple Church, Durham; Dr. Olin T. Binkley, head of the department of religion at Wake Forest; Rev. E. Norfleet Gardner, pastor of the Henderson Church; Rev. S. L. Morgan, Jr., pastor of the Clinton Church; Rev. W. Perry Crouch, pastor of the First Church, Fayetteville. On Sunday afternoon the main speaker of the closing session will be Hon. J. Melville Broughton, governor of our state.

Sunday School LESSON

By LEE C. SHEPPARD

The Eternal God, the Source of Help

Lesson for September 14

Bible Material: Revelation 7:9-17

Our lesson today marks a brief pause in the graphic description of terrible calamities and tribulations which were even then imminently upon the Christian people. The human mind can take in just so much of sorrow and trouble and then it must rest and catch a glimpse of the long view, arrive at a truer perspective. John would encourage wavering Christians with a vision of glorious rewards ahead for those who should remain faithful even to the end. He is saying, "In the midst of all the trouble you are now enduring, and will have to endure, never lose sight of the fact that there is a greater power than the power which is the source of evil. In the midst of every disaster, disciples of Christ will trust the Eternal God who is the source of our power to endure. Cleave to him, depend upon him, and let the world do its worst."

God's Care of His Own

There are two visions of those who bear the seal of God. The first, John borrows from a Jewish prophecy. Here is a reference to the children of Israel. Twelve thousand from each of twelve tribes bear the mark of God's approval. One hundred and forty-four thousand will come through unscathed by the power of evil to destroy their faith. It must not be thought, however, that John thinks the Jewish people bear a special favor before God, for in the second vision immediately following he says, "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne." All Christian people stood on exactly the same level before God. John would agree with the apostle Paul that in the consciousness of God there are no racial, class, or sexual distinctions. Both visions simply refer to the faithful, the true Israel, those peoples of all races and nations which could not be turned aside in their worship and the service of the one true God.

Salvation Through Death

Although John is eager to assure the disciples of Christ of their ultimate safety, there is no suggestion of any desire on his part to soften or mitigate the terrible trials through which they must pass. Their salvation was to be achieved *through* death, not *from* death. God must not be expected to

perform some great miracle to care for his own. We achieve our victory, if at all, in life and not from life. Death is a part of life. As the poet has said, "Life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one." If we are to understand the meaning of death, we must open our minds to the heart of life. So the cup will not pass. We must take it and drink all of it. God's approval is not upon those who hold themselves aloof from the world in order to escape its difficulties. His rewards are for those who face up to life and live faithfully and fruitfully, remembering always that God is wherever there is life, and that in death he is present to receive the life. John's purpose is to help Christians see the world just as it is in all of its darkness, and then lift their eyes from the world and see God in all his light and power. He wanted that they should not shrink from the trials ahead.

A Description of the Faithful

There were manifestly many defections, many who found the going hard and went that way no longer, but John knew that some would remain faithful. He could wish they all might be faithful. So he shows them a vision of the faithful, safe and secure with the Father after having passed through the ordeal of persecution and death. "And one of the elders said, What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Here John is saying, "If you want power to enable you to endure, look to the sacrifice of Jesus upon the cross." Here is not simply a revelation of God's will but an impartation of power. "The blood of the Lamb is the sacrifice of the cross: it is the death of Christ as the sacrifice for the sins of the world. They had been faithful even unto death, but the strength and inspiration for all this they owed to the constraint of the love of Christ, as that was shown in his death for their sins. It was the power of his passion descending into their hearts which enabled them to do what they did."

The fifteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Revelation begins with the word "Therefore." That which follows is one of the most beautiful passages in all Scripture. It is a weaving together of Old Testament prophecies—Isaiah 49:10; 25:8. How often and with what effect have these words been repeated as a source of comfort and inspiration to the distressed! "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his

temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." John was addressing people who knew from hard and bitter experience hunger, thirst, labor under scorching sun, insecurity, and persecution to death. This is his beautiful and moving way of saying, "I believe in the Eternal God whom we worship. I trust him to care for me and mine. The world may be bad, but it is not as bad as God is good. In the final summing up, no effort in the service of God will go unnoticed. Every thought, every word, every deed will be placed to our credit. If we are faithful, denying him neither by word nor by life a state of blessedness awaits us."

God, the Creator and Sustainer

Throughout Revelation, John is stating clearly the question already in the minds of the people for whom he was writing. It is in our minds today, too. "Can we trust the Eternal God?" After all, does he really exist? Does he exercise any control over the world in which we live? Man believes in God just so long as he can read meaning and significance into life. When the going gets rough, we sometimes lose our perspective. That which makes for life becomes vague and unreal. Today we are perhaps inclined to phrase the question a little differently, "Dare we trust in God?" We know there can be no half-way measure. Either we can or we cannot; either we dare or we dare not. The destiny of our people depends upon the direction we take. In the days immediately ahead of us in America, there will be many who will be strongly tempted to put their trust in the gods of this world, those that they can see and handle and observe in terrific activity.

In the final analysis our decision will rest upon faith—that emotional reaction by which we dare adventure into new realms. Faith does not call us to an acceptance of that which is contrary to best evidence, but it does frequently call us to go beyond that which we can prove. Some group must lead the way out of our economic, social, and political chaos. Will it be those who believe in the living God who is best revealed by the life, teachings, and death of Jesus, or will it be those who deny his very existence?

Today, even as two thousand years ago, we Christians "must stand up and speak out, bravely, and in God's name."

Woman's Missionary UNION

MRS. W. D. BRIGGS, Executive Secretary

MRS. J. CLYDE TURNER, President
MRS. W. N. JONES, President Emeritus
MISS ORA ALFORD, Treasurer
MISS MARY CURRIN, Young People's Secretary

GOD'S WAY FOR OUR WORLD

By MRS. A. J. SMITH

*That thy way may be known upon
the earth, thy salvation among all nations.
Psalm 67:2.*

IT IS appropriate that the Woman's Missionary Union has a watchword for this year that emphasizes "The Way." The world has recently been made painfully conscious of two ways of government—the way of dictatorship and the way of democracy.

We have heard a great deal about the "American way" in the past year. Politicians, statesmen, and just plain citizens have discussed it, journalists and writers have written about, and all have tried to define it. Possibly it can never really be defined, but a picture of normal childhood in any average American family could serve as an illustration of the most valuable product of the American way. Our family life, with its love, happiness, and freedom of expression and opportunity, creates a condition for healthy normal childhood and its development that we Americans take for granted, but which is almost unique in the world today.

The American Way

May I offer you a picture of the American way as I find it in my book of memory? Certain odors bring back distinct memories to all of us. The odor of home-baked bread brings back a flood of childhood memories to me—memories of an average American home in the Middle West. In memory often the odor of freshly scoured pine boards steals in, and I recall almost any Saturday afternoon of a long summer day. I remember how the aroma of freshly baked brown loaves came billowing out of the house on hot waves and filled all the air around. In my picture of memory I can see myself as I scramble out of my playhouse under the apple tree, at the first scent. I go running to the kitchen door, my little sister at my heels.

There stands Mother on the damp floor, weary and disheveled, her hair wet with perspiration around her face. She has a look of patient satisfaction as she surveys the perfect loaves, while she turns them out of the big black pan, onto the table. Then with a small square of soft white cotton cloth she dips into a cup of bacon fat and applies it to the crackling top crust. The hot crust drinks up the oil quickly, ceases crackling, and takes on a glossy sheen, over the golden brown. This is more than my little sister

and I can endure and we set up an insistent plea: "Mama, can't we have a piece now?" If it is early enough in the afternoon so as not to interfere with supper, Mother will say, "Oh, I reckon so if you'll go get the butter." Away we run across the thick carpet of blue grass to the cellar in the yard. As we open the cellar door we hesitate at the first rush of cool blackness, and then pick our way carefully down the steps until by the scent of the redolent moist air and the feel of cold concrete on our bare feet we know that we are at the bottom. We feel around in the darkness for the butter dish—the one with the round knob—and, having found it, hurry back into the bright hot air again and to the kitchen. We can hardly wait.

Presently the crusty brown heel of one loaf is torn off (for it was never cut when warm). Then Mother takes a knife and carefully cuts and spreads a large slice of the sweetest butter in the world, churned that very morning. We take our treat to the doorstep in the shade of a huge maple tree where we sit down and give ourselves up completely to this gastronomical pleasure.

Soon Mother calls that it is time to get "cleaned up," and if we do so in time we may go to meet Father. How we hurry, hoping that we may get all the way down the long street before the train comes in! This is about the most important event of the day, especially upon a Saturday with so many country people in town and a horse at every hitch rack. But about half-way down the block we see Father coming in great strides right down the middle of the street, spurning the little board sidewalk next to the picket fences. We run to him and each take one of his hands. I have to take two steps to each of his, and my little sister is fairly trotting along. He is hurrying to get home while there is plenty of daylight, to work in his vegetable garden or water his flowers. Perhaps he will have time to sit on the porch with his pipe and read in the cool of the evening. Just how and when such days ended I was never quite sure.

The next morning was always a rush, with everyone getting ready for Sunday school and a late breakfast. Then off we would go in our little starched white dresses, our hair still damp under our hats, worn high upon our heads. We carried our necks stiffly so as not to disturb a sleek braid of a fresh curl just turned over Mother's finger.

Sunday school was a blur of impres-

sions. Red carpet, long seats, against which one did not lean back for fear of crushing a ribbon sash, and many hats. The one worn by my teacher was always worthy of much scrutinizing attention, with its chiffon, flowers, ribbon, and straw, and as like as not a bird poised over all.

Through the drone of hushed voices of the several people all teaching in the same room, through the singing and praying, and teaching of a faithful woman, I learned some very precious truths. I learned that God was my Father and that he loved me and gave his Son to save me. I learned that love was better than hate. I was taught that I must be kind to my playmates. I must be kind to the little girl who was poorer than I and not very clean, and to the little girl who was richer than I and wore her pretty clothes with such an air. These teachings I tried out with varying results in the laboratory of life.

The longer, more boresome service that followed was endured with much squirming and wiggling. The sunlight fell in pools of brown, yellow, and green from the three fan-shaped windows which were our nearest approach to stained glass. When the light reached a certain place on the floor I knew that we would soon sing and pray and go home again. Often in the service I felt a mysterious sensation come stealing into my inner self. I would look up at the preacher and realize that he was responsible for it, for he was very serious. I would look at the people and see that they felt the same way. This early experience of worship somehow became linked up with the prayers that I said each night at Mother's knee.

At home again we sat down to a Sunday dinner of our own fried chicken, vegetables from our garden, and great white slices of the bread baked the day before. Dessert was whatever fruit happened to be in season on our lot. Always Father discussed the sermon amid the obvious delight of his food. After I grew older I used to wonder how I had missed so much of the sermon. It was years before I realized that I had not missed it at all, that it had not been said by the preacher, but my Father was using that opportunity to make up to us what he felt the sermon lacked. It was also years before I realized that back of the baking and scrubbing was Mother's tired body, and back of that was her love and ambition for us.

The smell of homemade bread has never lost its appeal for me, but as childhood passed and adolescence

brought discrimination, the acrid smell of lye soap on wet pine boards became distasteful. Now, I would give a great deal if I could experience again the blending of those two odors with their attendant pleasure of childhood's summer day. Maturity has proved to me that much of the distasteful routine of life is necessary to produce the exceptional moments of happiness.

As you look at this picture of simple happy life in a family where love was the only law and work and worship were the order of the day, do you not see the fulfilment of the dream that our forefathers had of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"? Through rebellion, revolution, bloodshed, and death, this dream has come to reality in our America.

The Bible Way

1. *Life*.—Just as truly as our forefathers outlined in the Constitution the American way, just as truly has God outlined for us his way in his Book. We have a perfect picture of that way in the life of his Son. Maturity has revealed many things to me about the simple life in the American way, but I am still a babe in Christ and I lack the perspective of maturity in Christian experience in his way. Too often I take for granted the life, liberty, and happiness I find there and forget that love and a broken body bought them for me.

We need constantly to remember that eternal life is the gift of God through his Son to all who believe on his name. That life we receive when we are born into the family of God. We grow and develop to the same degree that we accept his guidance and follow the pattern set for us. Jesus, our elder brother, is our perfect example and our motive force. We succeed or fail according to the exactness with which we follow him.

2. *Liberty*.—For this new continents have been peopled. Last summer I stood before the tomb of Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois. And there in the door of the vault is an oblong yellow stone, scarred with antiquity, and on it an inscription in Latin. Beneath is the translation in English: "TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC, CITIZENS OF ROME PRESENT THIS STONE FROM THE WALL OF SERVIUS TULLIUS, BY WHICH THE MEMORY OF BOTH THESE BRAVE ADVOCATES OF LIBERTY MAY BE ASSOCIATED." Beneath that is this explanation: "TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES AFTER BEING FIRST PLACED BY THE HANDS OF MAN IN THE ANCIENT WALLS OF ROME, THIS STONE WAS DEDICATED AS A PART OF THE LINCOLN TOMB." That stone had been in the walls of Rome six centuries already when Jesus said, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." And yet the struggle for freedom goes on, and for everyone who enjoys it, hundreds have died to secure it. Only those who have experienced freedom in God's way

are willing to give freedom to others.

We sometimes think of the way of God as a narrow and uphill way, with confines too close for liberty. But there is room for all the liberty that our little souls can accommodate, and we cannot be bound except by wilful ignorance of his way. Perchance the way widens as it lengthens, and at the top liberty is as great as the space of God's universe.

3. *Happiness*.—As Christ personified life and truth in his thirty-three years among men, so he revealed and personified true happiness. In his Sermon on the Mount he gave us a formula for happiness which we call the Beatitudes. So beautiful are these expressions that they have been likened unto a necklace of jewels, each one perfect in itself but each complimentary to the other, until they hold, as it were, the last one suspended as a pendant, from the strength of their chain. Let us examine this last one. It is a *blood red* ruby. Dare we hold it in our hands or try it against our throats? Does it suggest sacrifice? Here it is: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad."

Who but the author of all life could couple happiness with such unlovely conditions as meekness, hunger, mourning, and persecution? But the author of life is the creator of happiness, and he knows of what elements it is made. The formula for happiness is beautiful in its entirety. Together the separate parts are a picture of the perfect sacrifice; separated they are like a dissected body. As a piece of beautiful Scripture we quote the Beatitudes and by so doing we soothe our superficial souls. But as a formula for happiness we join with the world in scoffing at the idea that the meek shall inherit the earth. The Beatitudes are a picture of nonaggression, submission, sacrifice. If these produce happiness, how barren are our lives of real happiness!

Most of the experience that we call sacrifice is not really sacrifice at all, but merely submission or surrender to conditions or circumstances that are forced upon us. Perhaps this is the first step toward sacrifice, for have we not all felt an inexpressible joy after we have brought a bitterness of heart or a vindictive spirit to the altar and left them there with our tears. We arise with a song in our hearts and strong and unafraid we go to meet a new day with high endeavor and an unconquerable spirit; and yet the condition that drove us to the altar may remain the same. But sacrifice is a voluntary thing that is not forced upon us. It arises from the well-spring of our hearts and is prompted by a love that is greater than the love for the thing we sacrifice.

Abraham lived in an age when human sacrifice was the accepted thing among the heathen men of Ur. But God called

Abraham out of Ur to be his man. Abraham must have doubted the voice of God and thought only that he heard God say: "Take thy son, thine only whom thou lovest, and offer him for burnt offering." In his agony of doubt and despair he must have asked himself: "How can I do this thing? Unless I do, how can I know that I love my God as my people love their gods?" Abraham had learned long before to obey the voice of God even when he could not understand, and so he obeyed now. But God stayed his hand as he was about to slay his son, and proved to Abraham that day and to men for all time that it was not a dead body that he desired but a loving heart in a living man. God provided for Abraham an offering of lesser substance. As long as Isaac lived he was Abraham's living sacrifice unto God as sacred to the altar in Abraham's heart.

What kind of offerings are we making to God?

Recently I heard a minister while speaking on prayer, that many of us treat God as though he were an errand boy, to do our bidding when we ask him. We keep him waiting outside our lives and our hearts until some catastrophe or intense desire drives us to call upon him and then we expect him to answer our prayers post haste. If we carry the figure further, we shall see that many of us give "the errand boy" a tip about once a week and find that a coin in the collection plate discharges our obligation. Have we not all been guilty of trimming our program and maneuvering the collection money so that we can give it in small amounts and not miss it? We who profess to love Christ are giving him the world in much the same way that my Mother used to collect the crumbs and broken pieces of that same delicious bread, after a meal and give it to her chickens. We are asking our missionaries to present "The Christ of the Leftovers" to the millions whom we profess to believe are lost.

The Christian's one great obligation is to give Christ to the world. The church has only one reason for existing—to spread and advance his kingdom on earth. We are all commissioned to go. If we do not go in person we must go in our extended personalities—that is, in our gifts. Every church should have at least one person to represent it on the field. It costs only eight hundred dollars to keep a missionary on the foreign field a year. That is about twelve and one-half cents an hour. A church of 100 members could give fifteen cents each Sunday and keep a missionary on the field. That might be hard for some, but it would be easy for others. Every church or W. M. S. with as many as 75 or more members should be challenged with the opportunity. Should we use the word "challenge" when there are women in the W. M. U. who spend more every

for movies and soft drinks than they give in a week to God's world-wide program? If we cannot speak of challenge, how can we speak of sacrifice? The world will not have life nor liberty, and we shall not know our full measure of happiness until we learn to give sacrificially.

"Freely Give"

As we walk in God's way let us learn to step from small things to larger, until some day, perhaps, the love of God and obedience will be as easy to Abraham: sweeter than any earthly possession. And so let us not withhold a small gift while we wait for larger. For ten cents might be a sacrifice for one woman while ten dollars could be pocket change for another. God has a way of using small means for great ends. Somewhere on earth, or more likely in heaven, there is a man or woman who gave the twelve and one-half cents that paid the salary for one hour of a missionary—one of many such hours of teaching about the love of God to a class of Japanese boys. But this was the hour when it was as if a spark caught fire in the heart of little Ayokiko Kagawa. A boy lonely and beloved, who used to bury his little face deep in the roots of marshy grass and sob his heart out, knowing that there was a love that the earth gave to the grass, and hoping that some of it might seep into his little face. The same love that fed the grass bathed the soul of Kagawa and he in turn has poured it out to all mankind until today he is perhaps the most effective exponent of that love in this age.

Somewhere in this beaten, bloody, heart-broken world there is a child who will interpret Christ to the next generation. By the very nature of God he will come from one of the war-torn countries. In the long lines of refugee children in China today perhaps some child is eating his little bowl of rice now. And he is being fed and housed for three cents a day given by someone in this country. His little heart is fertile ground for the seeds of love. Perhaps your missionary will be the one to tell him of a great and good Father who hates war and hunger and disease and who loves him so much that he withholds nothing—not even his Son—that his way might be known upon the earth and his salvation to all nations. Can we close our hearts to such an opportunity? How can we withhold the substance with which God has provided us for an offering? Shall we continue to sacrifice his Son and rob the world of his influence while our hearts and lives become barren? No! Let us determine in our hearts that we will obey the voice of God. Let us continue in his way. We have his life. We know something of liberty in truth. The next step is happiness by way of sacrifice. Shall we take it in this year 1941? The world waits for such followers!

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. J. T. Byrum

God in his divine wisdom saw fit to call from our midst on July 6, 1941, our beloved sister, Mrs. J. T. Byrum, who feeble and frail in body for the last few weeks still retained a vital interest in all the activities of her church. Truly it may be said of her that she was "fervent in spirit, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

In appreciation of her consecrated life, we the members of Ballards Bridge Woman's Missionary Society, offer the following resolutions:

First, That we bow in humble submission to the will of the Lord;

Second, That the memory of her life in faithful service and patient suffering be cherished by us all and prove an incentive for us to a deeper consecration and a more loyal support of our Lord's kingdom work;

Third, That to the bereaved family we extend our love and prayerful sympathy, trusting that her mantle of righteousness may fall upon each of them, enriching their lives with the most precious legacies.

Fourth, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, one to the BIBLICAL RECORDER, and that one be placed upon our minutes.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
BALLARDS BRIDGE CHURCH

Mrs. W. A. Woody

Mrs. Lucy Ranes Woody passed away Tuesday evening, May 20, 1941. Her death marked the going of one of the most prominent and best beloved members of the Bethel Hill Community, to which she came as a teacher more than fifty years ago. During that time she had been a faithful and active servant of her Master, in the capacity of Sunday school teacher and Woman's Missionary Society president, in the Bethel Church.

Mrs. Woody was the oldest daughter of the late Jasper J. and Mary Frances Shearin Ranes, of Wake Forest, and received her education there and at Oxford and State College.

In the early years of her career as a teacher she was married to William Alexander Woody, one of the oldest and most successful of Person County's merchants and son of the late Ruffin Woody, so prominent in the Flat River Association. Together the young couple served untiringly in the educational and religious interests of the community, opening the doors of their home to young ministers and young women who came seeking advantages in the Bethel Hill Institute, at that time conducted by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Beam.

After the death of her husband, who in his passing preceded her by fifteen years, Mrs. Woody continued to carry on his business, retiring from public life only six years before her death.

In the demise of Mrs. Woody the

Bethel Baptist Church has lost a devout and respected member and society an honorable and valued citizen.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
BETHEL CHURCH

James P. Walters

On Wednesday, August 6, 1941, Brother James Walters passed away at his home near Tally Ho. He had been a member of Tally Ho Baptist Church for over fifty years and his going has cast a shadow over the church and community.

His love for the church and its pastors, as expressed in his regular attendance and encouraging words, was a most beautiful attribute of his life. The life which he lived will continue to be an inspiring standard of Christian devotion.

For many years he was a leader in church work, having served as Sunday school superintendent, and at his death was chairman of the board of deacons.

To his loved ones we express our deepest sympathy. May his devoted faith and consecrated life inspire us to better service for the cause he loved.

MRS. G. W. WHITFIELD
MISS FLORENE BULLOCK
O. G. CLAYTON
F. J. OSBORNE

Committee

ORDINATION

J. C. Hill

Rev. E. S. Summers, chairman of a standing advisory committee named by the Cabarrus Association for the purpose of co-operating with the churches in the ordination of young ministers, recently called together a presbytery at the North Kannapolis Church for the purpose of examining J. C. Hill for ordination to the ministry. Besides Mr. Summers, Rev. J. S. Tyson, Rev. T. W. Fogleman, and Rev. Clyde E. Baucom are members of the committee. Others present at the examination were Rev. J. Clyde Yates, pastor of the North Kannapolis Church and moderator of the association, W. V. Childers, a layman with whom Mr. Hill works at the Blackwelder Park Mission, an arm of the North Kannapolis Church, and J. A. Seymour.

After Mr. Hill had related satisfactorily his Christian experience and conviction as to his call to the ministry and had stated his beliefs concerning certain Christian doctrines, the committee recommended to the church that the candidate be ordained and set aside for the full gospel ministry.

Having received the recommendation of the committee, the church proceeded in due time with the ordination. Those taking part in the service were Rev. H. H. Barrett, Rev. J. W. P. Hill, brother of the candidate, Rev. J. Clyde Yates, and Rev. H. H. Barnett.

● News: PERSONALITIES and EVENTS

The Swepsonville Church, of which Rev. W. Isaac Terrell, of Burlington, is pastor, recently closed a revival meeting in which there were forty additions to the church membership—twenty-one for baptism, sixteen by letter, and three by statement. Rev. G. G. Lanter, evangelist, of Asheland, Kentucky, assisted in the preaching; while Rev. J. H. Waugh, Jr., who will return to the Southern Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, this fall, played the piano and helped with the children's chorus. This church is also prospering greatly in a newly launched building and remodeling program, which, it was estimated, would cost between three and four thousand dollars. A certain Sunday in the early spring was set aside as the date on which to raise \$1,500. But the congregation was so well prepared for the event that the goal was passed by several hundred dollars. The amount actually raised exceeded \$2,300. At the end of a three-month period of concentrated effort to raise funds, the work was begun, and contributions are still being received.

* * *

Published recently in the *Seminary News*, publicity organ of the Southern Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, was an announcement to the effect that Dr. William Lyon Phelps, renowned lecturer, writer, and professor, who for many years held the Chair of English Literature at Yale University, will be a featured speaker at the seminary's 1942 pastors' conference, which is scheduled for March 16-20. Dr. Phelps will bring a series of addresses on "Preaching." Other features of the pastors' conference will be announced later by seminary authorities.

* * *

A unique program was carried out this summer by students of the Duke University Divinity School. A company of sixty-eight young preachers and religious education workers recently returned to the campus and to their homes, following ten weeks in rural communities throughout North Carolina. Summer work for the student ministers included delivering more than 1,200 sermons, making nearly 8,000 pastoral visits, directing vacation church schools with a combined enrolment of nearly 20,000, and conducting short-term training courses in which more than 2,000 church workers were enrolled. Several hundred additions to church memberships are credited to the work of the Duke assistants. This clinical-service enterprise was begun sixteen years ago as an educational experiment, and it has gone on with increasing momentum, directly affecting a large percentage of North Carolina's rural communities. "The entire pro-

gram is in line with the university's philosophy of education by experience as well as by precept," reads a dispatch from the Duke news service, "and is analogous to the internship served by candidates for degrees in medicine, work in the Legal Aid Clinic ('the poor man's law office') done by candidates for degrees in law, and similar practical applications of knowledge by students in the school of forestry and other graduate and professional divisions."

* * *

The First Church, Burlington, Rev. A. D. Kinnett, pastor, was instrumental in organizing and conducting during the summer the first Daily Vacation Bible School ever held at the Morning Star Church, Burlington, of which Rev. J. B. Ellis is pastor. The Morning Star Church was organized less than four years ago, according to our correspondent, and has only twenty-eight members. "However," she continues, "the Vacation Bible School had an enrolment of ninety-six and was a class C school. There were ten conversions." The Sunday school of the First Church assisted in the enterprise by lending textbooks and other supplies and by sending workers to serve on the faculty. White members of the faculty were Miss Tennala Abner, principal; Miss Marie Rector, superintendent of the Beginner department; Miss Nell Holt, superintendent of the Primary department; Miss Mary Louise Little, superintendent of the Junior department; Mrs. R. S. Thornton, superintendent of the Intermediate department; Misses Cornelia Rector, Retha McGee, and Maude Webster, and W. B. Webster. Colored members of the faculty were Mrs. Carmilla Alston, Mrs. Ethel Pickard, Miss Marie Mitchell, and Miss Jemina Warren.

* * *

The First Church, Troy, Rev. C. B. Trammell, pastor, had as guest minister in a recent revival meeting Rev. Eugene Olive, pastor of the Wake Forest Church and chaplain of Wake Forest College. Mr. Olive, a director of Biblical Recorder, Incorporated, has held several other meetings this summer, among which was a ten-day series at the First Church, Goldsboro, of which Rev. A. J. Smith, also a director of the RECORDER, is pastor. A series of meetings to begin October 5 is planned for the Wake Forest Church; and later in October Mr. Olive is to be engaged in a five-day revival with Rev. Charles B. McConnell, pastor of the Nashville Church.

* * *

The August 28 issue of *The Watchman-Examiner* carried a tribute to the late Dr. John C. Carlile, for many

years editor of *The Baptist Times*, who passed away in London on August 1. "In the passing of Dr. John C. Carlile not only Baptists have suffered the loss of an honored leader, but the religious world also," comments the article. "While he was a loyal and reasonable denominationalist," the writer continues, "his interests knew no boundaries. He was at home wherever Christ was honored, whether in a cathedral or in a humble Baptist chapel. Those who were jealous of their particular Sanhedrin soon lost countenance in the presence of his sincere but searching veracity." In this same issue was also published a "last message to Baptists of the United States from the beloved and revered editor of *The Baptist Times* of London"—an article entitled "Waiting for That Invasion." Dr. Carlile was for a number of years engaged in an editorial exchange with the editor of *The Watchman-Examiner* "by which life and faith conditions in Great Britain and the United States have been interpreted to readers of both sides of the Atlantic."

* * *

Under the caption, "Be of Service Church Attendance," a bulletin of the First Church, Leaksville, Rev. Robert C. Foster, pastor, contained the following correction of "a mistaken idea": "You may think you can be of no service to the church, but this is a mistaken idea. Just speak to the pastor. He can show you a great many ways in which you can help. Better still, go to church for a few Sundays, and you will see for yourself many ways to assist the church in its great task of presenting the gospel of Jesus Christ to the children of men."

* * *

And that reminds us of a cleverly expressed piece of advice contained in a recent issue of a well known Baptist paper: "*The Religious Telescope* says that the alert story-teller generally begins his story by saying, 'Now stop me if you have heard this story before.' We commend this practice to the man who is trying to explain why he does not go to church regularly."

* * *

Discussing the efforts of the state mission board to supplement the work of the government in providing religious opportunities for crowded military camp areas, Secretary M. A. Higgins recently told an interviewer at Ridgecrest that in connection with the \$300,000 campaign of our Home Mission Board for camp work North Carolina Baptists have bought lots at both Fort Bragg and Camp Davis and are already actively engaged in religious work among the soldiers. A large tent has been purchased as central headquarters.

quarters for the Fort Bragg work, and representative of the convention is doing research work among the soldiers and formulating plans for more extensive activities.

Reminding an audience of 2,000 gathered recently at the Southern Assembly at Ridgecrest that success of post-war reconstruction depends largely on the younger generation, Dr. George W. Truett, pastor of the First Church, Dallas, Texas, urged emphasis on education of youth. He declared that "a fresh realization of the high meaning of marriage to our young men and women in the United States" is imperative. "The Christian church," Dr. Truett said, "must accept the growing and marvelous responsibility of teaching as it ought to teach the Christian ideals of the modern marriage problem to the rising generation of Americans." In a later sermon Dr. Truett made the point that the highest Christian conception of life is that of a trusteeship, "in which all of the individual is working for God. 'Suffering in this trusteeship,' he said, 'is often for the good of the sufferer himself, sometimes for the good of one looking on, but always for the glory of God.'"

The Marshville Church, Rev. W. B. Carr, pastor, recently closed a successful revival meeting, in which the pastor did the preaching and Singer Q. L. Fry, of Atlanta, Georgia, directed the music. As a result of the meeting there were thirty-nine additions to the church membership—thirty-one for baptism and eight by letter—thus bringing the total number of additions since the beginning of the present pastorate to sixty-two. "We have a good spirit in the church here," writes the pastor, "and from the first to the last of the revival services there was excellent cooperation and interest." Mr. Carr began his work with the Marshville Church the first of February.

The Southern Baptist Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana, according to a recent communication from Louis J. Bristow, superintendent of the hospital, has as guest patients Rev. and Mrs. Hugh P. McCormick, missionaries of the Foreign Mission Board in two, Nigeria, Africa; Miss Auris Penner, of Sun Hing, China; and Miss Mary Butler, a missionary of the Northern Board in Managua, Nicaragua.

Late in August the Wilkesboro Church, Rev. T. Sloan Guy, Jr., pastor, was the scene of some rather intensive repair work, which was completed within only a few days after its initiation. The interior of the church was renovated and redecorated; the ceiling of the church was painted in light colors and the windows were newly decorated. Beautiful fluorescent lighting was installed, and other improve-

ments made, all of which were subjects of much favorable comment on the part of members of the congregation the Sunday following completion of the work. The improvements, which cost several hundred dollars, were paid for by the church, and a dedication service is planned for the latter part of September.

Many friends throughout the state will wish to extend their sympathy to Miss Mary Currin, Young People's secretary of the state Woman's Missionary Union, in the recent death of her father, William W. Currin, 71, of near Henderson, who died of a heart attack while attending a picnic at Hester. Funeral services were held at Carey's Church, two miles east of Henderson. Mr. Currin is survived by his wife, Mrs. Minnie Hoyle Currin; six daughters—Miss Mary Currin, of Raleigh; Mrs. William Fort, of Wake Forest; Mrs. Walter B. Robertson, of Birmingham, Alabama; Mrs. Raymond Stainback, of Rocky Mount; Mrs. J. K. Read and Miss Jessie Currin, of Henderson; two sons—Maynard L. Currin and William Howard Currin, of Henderson; and one brother, Stephen H. Currin, also of Henderson.

The Bethlehem Church, one of the older rural churches of Wake County, observed homecoming day recently, the services beginning at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, with the regular Sunday school service. Following Sunday school, the pastor, Rev. D. M. Branch, preached the concluding sermon of a revival meeting which had been in progress for several days prior to the homecoming celebration. After a fellowship hour with a picnic lunch served on the grounds, Dr. Forrest C. Feezor, pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Raleigh, preached at the dedication of the recently constructed Sunday school building. The closing feature of the all-day meeting was a memorial service held in the cemetery, at which service Rev. R. E. Atkins preached. The new Sunday school addition is a two-story structure, containing eight rooms and answers a pressing need for expansion of this rapidly growing church and Sunday school.

Dr. Paul Geren, an outstanding Christian youth leader who attended Baylor University, Louisiana State University, and Harvard University, taking degrees from each, will sail September 9 for Rangoon, Burma. He will be a lecturer in economics in the Judson College of the University of Rangoon, and will work in the rural reconstruction of Burma. He expects to devote his spare time and week-ends to preaching. The Judson college dates back to Ann and Adoniram Judson, first American missionaries to Burma. Geren was president of the Baptist Student Union and a speech champion at Baylor.

By the Way . . .

By R. H. SATTERFIELD
Circulation Manager

FOR the past four weeks I have been attending meetings of Baptist associations in the western section of the state. After such an experience one finds it difficult to choose the most interesting features about which to write. Over and over again, I found myself breathing a spontaneous prayer of gratitude to God for the beauty of the mountains. Last Friday afternoon I drove from Spruce Pine through Blowing Rock and on over to Boone. During that drive, part of which was above the soft white clouds, I kept saying, "These are God's temples. All of this is God's handiwork. One cannot help worshiping in the midst of all this!" The French Alps or the Swiss mountains are not so beautiful as one's own mountains of Western North Carolina.

The people, like the mountains, are strong and genuine and real. I would suppose that purer democracy cannot be found than that which is practiced in the Baptist associations of the mountains. Those rugged Christians pay little attention to "cut and dried programs." In all vital matters they speak their minds in no uncertain terms—and discussion is never shut off so long as any messenger desires to speak to the subject in hand. With the exception of one or two associations, the people stayed until the final benediction.

With the construction of great power dams all through the region, it will not be long until electric power and light will be flowing down from the mountains in ever increasing volume. But spiritual power and light will also flow from the mountains in ever increasing volume. Until recently those fine Anglo-Saxon people have been segregated and shut off from the rest of the world. But now with excellent highways, lovely consolidated school buildings, rural electrification, radios, and—in a good many instances—beautiful new rural church buildings, the folk of the hills with energy and vision and an untarnished democratic spirit will furnish more than their share of leaders in the realm of statecraft and religion.

I was loath to leave the beauty and the glory and the majesty of the mountains. I shall look forward with intense joy to the time when I shall go back.

Among the several Raleigh musicians who participated in the Mozart festival held recently in Asheville were Professor and Mrs. Edgar H. Alden. Mr. Alden is a member of the music faculty at Meredith College; while Mrs. Alden is an instructor in music at Peace Institute, Raleigh.

Associational Meetings in Full Swing

High Lights of Assemblies Reveal Activity and Progress in Western Section

By E. F. BAKER

Andrews, Sept. 4.—Many associational meetings have been held in Western North Carolina during the past month. It has been the writer's privilege to attend four of them.

The Macon Association met at Newman's Chapel August 7-8. Moderator J. E. Hickman presided and was re-elected for the next term of office. Rev. C. C. Welch was elected vice-moderator. R. M. Ledford was elected clerk-treasurer, and J. H. Stockton, historian. Rev. R. W. Williams preached the introductory sermon; Dr. Smith Hagan represented both the hospital and the orphanage. Rev. J. C. Pipes presented the Co-operative Program and received subscriptions for the BIBLICAL RECORDER. The two-day session was well attended, and was considered by all as one of the best in years.

Tuckaseigee

The Tuckaseigee Association met with the Ochre Hill Church August 14-15. Rev. T. F. Deitz, the "permanent" moderator, presided in his usual effective manner. The Tuckaseigee brethren are going after their support for the orphanage in a determined fashion. They elected an orphanage representative for each district of the association. Editor John Arch McMillan brought a very impressive report of the work and needs of the orphanage. Secretary Huggins was present to discuss the Co-operative Program; and Rev. R. H. Satterfield spoke to the Christian literature report.

Western North Carolina

The Western North Carolina Association met with the Marble Springs Church, August 19-20. This two-day session was filled with factual reports concerning the various aspects of our church life. Rev. W. W. Marr preached the sermon, which was considered by all present as a profound statement concerning the church as it faces its present task. This association was fortunate in having present Dr. Greer to represent the hospital and orphanage; Rev. R. H. Satterfield to represent the

BIBLICAL RECORDER; and Secretary M. A. Huggins to represent the Co-operative Program. Mr. Huggins was given full time on the morning of the second day to present missions in general and state missions in particular, which he did in a very clear and instructive manner. There was marked progress in the churches generally. Practically all associational goals were reached. And new ones, requiring continued progress, were adopted. Possibly the most significant step taken was the adoption of a resolution that no church call a pastor for less than half time. The association went on record last year as favoring the "indefinite call."

Tennessee River

The Tennessee River Association met with the Stecoah Church August 21-22. Rev. Burder Shoap presided as moderator. The Sunday schools received major emphasis in that association. A very interesting and informing report of Sunday school work was brought by Mr. Smiley, clerk of the association. Several persons took part in the discussions that followed. In the absence of the preacher who was to bring the annual sermon, Dr. I. G. Greer was asked to use the time in presenting the orphanage and preaching the sermon. This he did most effectively. In fact, he was a little better than usual, as good as that is. Secretary Huggins was given full time during the afternoon session to present the Co-operative Program; and Mr. Satterfield presented the BIBLICAL RECORDER.

Rev. M. L. Lewis, pastor of the Dana Church, in the Carolina Association, was present at all these associations to present the Lord's Acre Plan. This plan is meeting with increasing favor among the rural churches. The only church in the Western North Carolina Association that has instituted the plan has, this year, gone from half to full time preaching. It is the Hanging Dog Church, and Rev. W. P. Elliott is pastor. We are hoping that more of our rural churches will see the possibilities of this movement and incorporate it into their program of work. Mr. Lewis had with him his "little friend," one of his members, who has a raspberry project that has netted over one hundred dollars in the past five years; and this "little friend" is only about thirteen years old.

Marble Springs Revival

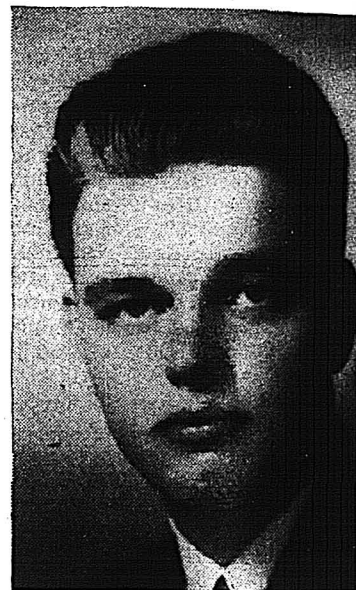
An unusual evangelistic meeting is in progress at the Marble Springs Church, Marble. Rev. W. W. Marr, the pastor, and Rev. Algia West, a former pastor, are working together in the meeting. They started out for a two weeks' meeting; but, when they had gone for two weeks, interest reached such a state that they were unable to close. The meeting is in its fourth week now, and still going strong. There have been sixty additions, fifty-seven of whom came for baptism.

Raleigh Church Has Successful Revival

Meeting Lasts for Ten Days; Pastor Is Assisted by Rev. E. Evans Ulrich and Manly Britt

By CLARENCE E. MITCHELL

The Calvary Church, Raleigh, Rev. Stewart B. Simms, pastor, has just completed the most successful ten-day revival meeting ever held since its organization. The pastor preached each



STEWART B. SIMMS

evening and his sermons were heard by the largest attendance in the history of the church.

From the beginning of this series of evangelistic meetings the congregation listened with keen interest to the plain gospel in the inspirational sermons preached each evening by the young minister. Twenty-five persons joined the church—seventeen by profession of faith and baptism, and eight by letter. In addition there were several rededications. The Spirit of God was truly at work in the hearts and lives of the people of the church, and found his way into many hearts that had not previously known him.

Rev. E. Evans Ulrich conducted the morning services each week-day, and the devotional messages of enlistment and consecration added much to the success of the meeting.

Manly Britt, of Raleigh, assisted the pastor by leading the congregation in gospel hymns. His contribution in song was most helpful and inspiring to all who heard him.

The Calvary Church under the leadership of Mr. Simms has grown in membership and Christian fellowship and his ministry has been blessed in the most gratifying way.

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S. Enlargement Campaign Scheduled

Cleveland County Revivals Bring Many Additions; Cliffside Dedicates New Building

By LEE B. WEATHERS

Shelby, Sept. 4.—Sunday school enlargement campaigns in the forty-eight churches of the Kings Mountain Association will be held October 4-12, according to N. I. Whisnant, Sunday school supervisor for the association. The campaign will be one of the largest of its kind ever put on in a rural association in the South, and will have some sixty or more leading teachers and Sunday school workers from the southern states to be in charge of enlargement and teaching at the various churches. A similar campaign on a smaller scale was held here twelve years ago.

Mr. Whisnant said he and a number of special workers have just completed a canvass of the churches and that pastors and Sunday school superintendents indicate that from 4,000 to 5,000 teachers and officers and special workers will attend the study classes.

Assisting him in the canvass were Mr. and Mrs. John B. Lane, of Lexington, members of the state Sunday school department; Mrs. Roy Propst, of Zion; and Mrs. S. C. Wilson and Miss Dessie Roberts, of Elizabeth.

Field workers and departmental specialists from Tennessee, South Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, and this state have been engaged to conduct the enlargement campaign. They include Dr. L. Holcomb and J. N. Barnette, of the Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tennessee, and L. L. Morgan, of Raleigh, head of Sunday school work in North Carolina.

In addition to the classes to be held in the forty-eight churches in the evenings, a series of afternoon meetings are being arranged at the First Church, Shelby.

Shelby School to Have Bible Course
When Shelby High School opens in September a course in Bible will be included in the curriculum for the first time in the school's history.

W. E. Abernethy, superintendent of city schools, said that Miss Rachel McElroy, of Newman, Georgia, had been employed to teach the course. Miss McElroy has had eight or ten years' experience teaching Bible in the public schools and comes to Shelby highly recommended.

Although sufficient numbers of high-school students were expected to take the course, which will be offered as an elective, Mr. Abernethy said the course would be offered junior-high-school students if the high-school students did not form a complete class.

The course in Bible in the local school system is the outgrowth of agitation that developed during the early part of the summer for such a course. School officials agreed to insert Bible in the high-school curriculum if parents gave consent. After a canvass of the parents, school authorities expressed themselves as ready to proceed with plans for the course since sentiment overwhelmingly favored such action.

Under terms of an agreement reached between school officials and churchmen in the city, the school will furnish the classroom and facilities for teaching the course and the various churches will pay the salary of the teacher.

Revival Meetings Increase Church Memberships

Revival meetings, which have been in progress throughout the months of July and August in Cleveland County churches, have resulted in an unusually large number of additions to church membership.

Practically all of the churches in the Kings Mountain Association hold their revivals during these two summer months.

Dr. Wall Preaches Dedicatory Sermon

Returning to the church from which he was licensed to preach thirty-five years ago, Dr. Zeno Wall, pastor of the First Church, Shelby, preached the dedicatory sermon at the \$100,000 Cliffside Church recently.

A dedication crowd of nearly 1,000 Cliffside and Rutherford County people heard the Shelby minister give the cures for "war, communism, atheism, and the other evils that face us today."

"The best national defense and the best way to fight the 'isms' of the day is to keep before our boys and girls a picture of mother reading from the Bible or father on his knees in prayer," Dr. Wall said.

Rev. W. V. Tarleton, pastor of the church, announced that the final notes on the church and Sunday school plant had been paid. He, with Rev. J. A. Hunnicutt, former pastor of the church, led the dedicatory prayers.

Since the church was organized in 1903 with about a score of members, it has grown to a membership of over 800, and has licensed ten ministers, of whom Dr. Wall was the first. He soon will enter his seventeenth year as minister here and was for four years president of the State Convention.

Three charter members of the Sunday school survive: Mrs. Odie Lancaster, Mrs. Charity Keeter, and Miss Katie Keeter.

The Cliffside Church has its unusually large plant through the financial aid of the Haynes Mills, of Cliffside, and the personal contribution of \$11,000 by Charles H. Haynes.

Former pastors of the church include Rev. R. A. Hedgepeth, B. M. Bridges, M. R. Stone, C. W. Payseur, F. B. Ray-

mond, A. T. Stoudenmire, D. J. Hunt, W. K. Collins, Charles H. Stevens, C. D. Barton, Roscoe C. Smith, and J. A. Hunnicutt.

Pastoral Changes

Rev. Carl Mauney, of Shelby, recently accepted a call to the Clover Church. A native of Shelby, Mr. Mauney is a graduate of Furman University and of the Baptist Bible Institute, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Rev. W. P. Biggerstaff, of Avondale, was recently called to the pastorate of the Eastside Church, Shelby.

Mr. Biggerstaff was chosen by members of the church to succeed Rev. R. P. Hamby, who resigned to become pastor of a church at Swannanoa. Mr. Hamby served at Eastside for the past seven years.

The new Eastside pastor received his education at Boiling Springs College, Furman University, and the Southern Seminary, Louisville Kentucky.

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New Church Formed in Beech Creek Area

Has Thirty-four Members; Calls Rev.
D. M. Edmisten as Pastor; Begins
with 'Recorder' Club

By J. C. CANIPE

Boone, Sept. 5.—A new church, named the Beech Valley Missionary Church, was recently formed at Beech Creek. Rev. J. C. Canipe, who did the preaching in this neglected community, and Leonard Wilson, who directed the singing, led to its formation. Rev. D. M. Edmisten was called as the first pastor. The church has thirty-four members and started off with a Recorder club. W. S. Harman and George Harman are two of the fine laymen who are leading in the work of the new church. Mr. Canipe baptized seven into the new fellowship upon the first Sunday after its organization.

Timbered Ridge Church Enlarges Plant

Rev. N. M. Green, missionary of the Three Forks Association, is rejoicing in a great revival at Timbered Ridge Church. He baptized a large number in Watauga River as a result of the meeting. The church is building new Sunday school rooms and painting up inside and out.

The Avery Association met at Yellow Mountain Church recently. The program was on a high plain and the denominational causes were well represented. Rev. V. W. Green was re-elected as moderator, and Dee Buchanan as clerk. The Avery Association is catching visions of larger things in the kingdom work.

News from Lenoir Section

Rev. H. S. Benfield, of South Lenoir, is starting the building of his new church auditorium. The educational plant was finished some years ago. Mr. Benfield has enjoyed a long and fruitful ministry at this good church. We rejoice that he will see the new auditorium completed in the near future.

The First Church, Lenoir. Dr. O. R. Mangum, pastor, is planning to install a new Pilcher Organ in the near future. Plans are under way to have the instrument in by late fall.

The Lower Creek Church, Lenoir,

Rev. Zeb Caudle, pastor, has just finished a fine meeting. The preaching was done by Dr. Mangum. Mr. Caudle baptized fifteen as a result of the meeting.

What Tourists Say

Many tourists are good church goers. At Boone and Blowing Rock visitors from many states attend the churches each Sunday. Some thirty states have been represented at Boone this summer. The wonder of many friends from the northern states is how we get so many young people to attend our services. They say that we have more young people in the church here in Boone than many large city churches in the North can boast. In this we rejoice and take courage.

Union Church, in the Three Forks Association, celebrated the completion of a new church building which was clear of debt the third Sunday in August. Marion Thomas was in charge of the ceremony. John W. Hodges, a layman, brought a good talk on "The Things That Have Been."

Notes on an Associational Meeting

The Three Forks Association met August 26-27 at Pleasant Grove Church. S. C. Eggers, the moderator, presided and was re-elected. Clyde R. Greene, the efficient clerk, was re-elected also. The program was featured by the following speakers: J. C. Canipe, who preached the sermon, I. G. Greer, Smith Hagaman, Vilas Minton, and Dr. R. C. Gresham, in addition to the many local speakers who took part.

Rev. J. C. Canipe, of Boone, preached the sermon on "Paul's Vision" and also the closing inspirational address on the subject "Three Great Privileges of the Christian." M. A. Huggins and J. C. Pipes spoke on our state mission work. Wade E. Brown brought a fine message on associational progress. Missionary N. M. Greene was re-elected.

Beech Valley Church was admitted to the association. Rev. D. M. Edmisten is the pastor of the new church.

The Pleasant Grove Church entertained the association in a royal way. Rev. H. K. Middleton will preach the sermon next year.

While we sing "God Bless America" our devout prayer should be that God make this great country of ours worthy to be blessed.—J. CALLAWAY ROBERTSON, *The Virginia Methodist Advocate*.

THE FUTURE—WHAT DOES IT HOLD?

None of us knows the complete answer to this question. We do know whether or not we have been negligent in properly providing for the needs of our declining years. The Convention Ministers' Retirement Plan is the logical way for Southern Baptist ministers to prepare for the future. Have you and your church joined yet? Write me for information. Then decide this important question without delay.

M. A. HUGGINS, General Secretary and Treasurer
Raleigh, North Carolina

Oklahoma Renders Pioneer Service

State Convention Seeks to Correct
False Impressions About "Church
of the Air"

By S. F. LOWE

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 5.—Oklahoma Baptists are pioneering among Southern Baptists in statewide radio broadcasts, as will be seen from the article below furnished by Dr. Andrew Potter, executive secretary of the Oklahoma General Convention, upon request by the Radio Committee of the Southern Convention. You will note the definite objectives of the broadcasts, how financed et cetera. It was a project of the General Convention. Here it is:

"Oklahoma Baptists launched a series of sixteen weekly radio programs last January 1 for a definite purpose of interpreting the local Baptist Church to the listening audience.

"There has been in Oklahoma and in some other states a great deal of 'loose' religious talking on the air. Many of these programs were dated features and had as their theme the 'church of the air' should have first place in this modern world, and that the old time local church made little impression on the community, and need not be supported.

"The purpose of the sixteen broadcasts on successive Sunday afternoon was that of changing this impression about the local church. Another objective was to acquaint Baptists and others with the beliefs and practice of the local Baptist Church. All of the subjects were built around the local church with such themes as 'The Message of the Church,' 'The Layman's Obligation to His Church,' 'Today's Opportunity for the Rural Church,' 'The Bible—the Textbook of the Church' and 'Doctrines in the Church.'

"A different speaker was used for each broadcast. Copies of the addresses were made available, and a number of requests were received."

Rev. Claude W. White, of the Southwestern Seminary, Seminary Hill, Texas, and Rev. J. H. Waugh, Jr., of the Southern Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, recently assisted in a meeting at the Sandy Branch Church, the Sandy Creek Association. Rev. Isaac Terrell, pastor. Mr. White played the singing, while Mr. Waugh played the piano. "The church was blessed with their inspirational leadership in the song service," writes the pastor. Mr. Terrell did the preaching, and we are told that the church was filled each night service and that large crowds attended the afternoon gatherings. The church membership was increased by twenty persons, all of whom came as candidates for baptism.

Missionaries Face Serious Problems

Nigerian Prince Manifests Interest in Gospel; Mission Church Raises Worthy Offering for China

By CHARLES E. MADDRY

Richmond, Va., Sept. 5.—In a recent letter from Miss Flora Dodson, of Hongkong, China, filled with gratitude for many blessings which she enumerates, one paragraph alone deals with the problems incident to a missionary's life in these crucial days. We have chosen to share with you, our readers, this one paragraph, rather than the rest of the letter, hoping it will cause you more often to remember the perplexing situations often faced by these out-hearted men and women who, with such complete abandon, are "losing their lives for Christ's sake and the gospel's."

"Except for the promises of God's strength and wisdom to those who come to him as the source of all wisdom, we could have been baffled indeed as problems and difficulties have presented themselves. Whether or not to try to make plans to move interior in case of sudden trouble here, and if so, where, when, and how; how to take care of forty young ladies if ruthless invaders should arrive in our midst; in a climate that saps one's strength and with the necessity of waging constant warfare with malaria, how to maintain the necessary physical, mental, and spiritual strength; how to keep comparatively healthy bodies when proper food is both expensive and scarce, and when typhoid, cholera, and smallpox are ever near by, ready to take toll of those whose resistance is too low; what to do when, because of exceptional rise in prices of food and rents, finances are insufficient, and we are facing a possible sudden drop in exchange if America should enter the war; how to carry on the work with an insufficient staff and yet hold to a high standard, both as to learning and living for the Lord—these are but a few of the problems we must meet."

All Things to All Men

Being "all things to all men," even the apostle Paul, our missionaries often find themselves in strange settings and are constantly adjusting themselves to even stranger customs. Ramon Brothers, of the Baptist College, Iwo, Nigeria, writes of giving two Sunday afternoons a month to visiting and preaching in the compounds of some of the chiefs of Iwo. The first he visited was that of the prince, the son of the king of Iwo, who has thirty wives and twenty-four children. He had previously inquired of the missionary whether he, a man of about forty years, who had been a Mohammedan so long, could really be saved and

become a Christian; he then asked if he was too old to learn to read the Bible. On being told that both of these attainments were possible, his face lighted up like a child's and he continues to be an earnest inquirer.

Proving the Sincerity of Their Love

While attending the Southern Convention at Birmingham, at a called prayer meeting Dr. John Lowe laid on the hearts of a group of workers the great need for China relief. One young lady present made a personal gift of \$25.00 and pledged a contribution of at least \$100.00 from her church. When the appeal was made to the church by the earnest young pastor, the \$100.00 was immediately raised. However, when the returns were all in, it was found that the offering, including the young lady's gift, amounted to \$346.00. This happened in the Balboa Heights Church, a mission church in the Canal Zone, of which Rev. Pat Taylor is pastor, and proves what can be done by a few interested persons who get the needs of suffering, hungry people on their hearts.

An Anchor Sure and Steadfast

Miss Margie Shumate, of Sun Hing, Kwong Tung, China, takes time during a busy day to write in detail of some of the doings of her mission. She says she finds solace and strength in getting out a hymn book and having a song service all by herself. She always sings "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "How Firm a Foundation," and a few other old favorites learned in her childhood. She gives this beautiful testimony of God's keeping power "at such a time as this":

"Although the work is slow and discouraging these days, although my heart is troubled about many things, although I often feel lonely and restless, still there is a peace that passeth understanding deep down in my heart, and I thank God we have a hope as an anchor of the soul, *both sure and steadfast*. . . . The world is rocking on its foundations, and we know not what a day may bring forth, but those of us who have a living faith in a living God can take our stand upon the Rock of Ages, and never fear."

Adventuring for Christ

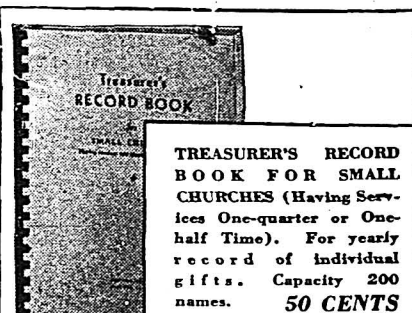
Patrick D. Sullivan, of Curitiba, Brazil, who has been on the field for just a little more than a year, writes of an adventurous missionary journey far into the interior. One of the boys who was rowing accidentally hit Mr. Sullivan on the mouth with an oar when he was trying to docket the boat, cutting his upper lip almost through and shaking him up considerably. Nevertheless, the missionary observes: "I should think I came out much better than Paul did while on his way to Rome. . . . Some would call it 'hardship' or 'sacrifice,' but I thoroughly enjoyed the entire trip."

Mrs. W. N. Jones Is Speaker at Morehead

"An Urgent Gospel Demand for Trained Heralds" Is Topic of Discussion

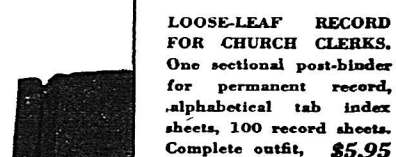
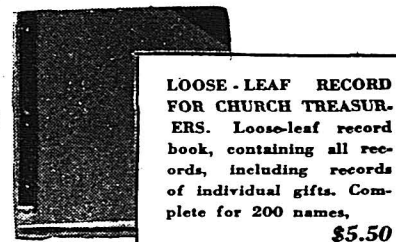
Morehead City, Sept. 5.—Mrs. W. N. Jones, of Raleigh, who spent the month of August in Morehead City, was the guest speaker at the inspirational meeting of the W. M. S. of the First Church recently. The topic for the afternoon was "An Urgent Gospel Demand for Trained Heralds."

Mrs. Jones discussed the Training School at Louisville, Kentucky. She told in a very graphic way the story



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of the beginnings of the Training School, and how it had blessed the whole world with the lives of those who were trained in "House Beautiful." More than a thousand young women have gone out from its sacred walls to carry the message of Christ to the lost. She told of the close relationship between the Southern Seminary and the Training School, and how it became necessary to sell "House Beautiful," and build anew out at the "Beeches," where the seminary is now located.

From the Training School, Mrs. Jones turned her thoughts to the story of the missionary work in China. She told how the women of North Carolina had sent \$5,000 to China for the rebuilding of the Old North Gate Church, and how the money was saved, and how, through the values in the exchange of money, the five thousand became twenty times as much as they had given. She told of the work of Dr. Matthew T. Yates in that church and of how, when Mrs. Ling was here in America, she went to Dr. Yates' old home church that she might the more honor him and her Lord when she returned to China. Mrs. Jones gave to those who heard her a very optimistic picture of the missionary work in China, saying that there was a new day for the spread of the gospel in all China and especially in Southwest China.

After discussing the Training School and the work in China, she told of the work in Japan. Japan, the speaker declared, was a field white unto harvest, but with closed doors. One lone missionary remains there, mainly to look after the Baptist property and to keep an eye open for any opportunity to do something toward the witnessing of Christ. She gave a very dark picture of the prospect there for missionary work, all drawbacks growing out of misunderstandings of international relationships, war, and greed.

All who heard this great veteran of the missionary enterprise came away with their faith strengthened, their hopes renewed, and their vision enlarged.

Traveling Together

According to Dr. B. J. Caughen, the time is ripe for the preaching of the gospel in West China. Having discussed the need and opportunity with many who have long thought along this line, he has been impressed with the unanimity of opinion which has grown up in individual thinking. The presence of great numbers of educated, middle-class Chinese in the areas of Free China presents a unique opportunity. Among those people are many Christians who, after moving from their homes near the coast, have no spiritual leadership in their new location. They are looking for someone to help them in their spiritual lives. The

door is open for missionaries to go from city to city organizing these Christians into groups, nurturing them so that they may develop into churches, and encouraging them toward independent, self-supporting activity. He concludes: "We hope we may be able to

help the Chinese in this movement which has grown up out of their own missionary convictions. It seems most appropriate that we should be traveling together—the missionaries and the Chinese—toward a task of such promise."

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BIBLICAL RECORDER

YOUNG MINISTERS ARE NOT SELFISH

The young ministers in this state, I am convinced, are not selfish. Surely none of them are saying, when the Ministers' Retirement Plan of The Relief and Annuity Board is brought to their attention, "It won't do me any good to join now. I'll join later when I won't have to pay for so long. Let the fellows who will enjoy the benefits now support the Plan." Our young ministers are not saying this because they realize that here they are dealing with a Southwide Co-operative Plan, which ought to have enthusiastic support from young and old alike. Our young men rejoice to see the denomination step in and help lighten the burden for their older brethren who have given their lives in devoted service. Every young minister who has not already done so should join the Plan, with his church, during September. Send your application to me that I may certify it and forward it to The Relief and Annuity Board, Dallas.

M. A. HUGGINS, General Secretary and Treasurer
Raleigh, North Carolina

WHY CHRISTIAN HOSPITALS?

By LOUIS J. BRISTOW, Superintendent

Why do we have Christian hospitals? I believe we should have them. One reason is that the sick should be offered a place to be treated in a Christian atmosphere, both those who can pay and those who cannot. Another reason is that the churches may have a place where they can care for their indigent members at the cost of such care, without anyone's making a profit. I regard this as a fundamental reason—that the churches may have a hospital for their indigent members.

Churches, however, rarely can be persuaded to care for their indigent sick. An experience of more than a quarter of a century has shown me it is extremely rare that a church will assume responsibility for the hospital expense of one of its own members—though they are not at all backward in asking someone else to bear such expense. A few days ago we had an application for admitting a poor man who certainly needed hospitalization, and in answer to my letter addressed to the pastor, he wrote: "I do not know just what to tell you in regard to Mr. Blank, except that our church has no money that it can use for his hospital expenses. I have inquired of several of my members and none of them is willing for our church to become responsible for any expense at this time."

I quote this letter only because it is typical. It represents the reply usually received when we ask a church to care for one of its own indigent members. I am publishing it simply to lay before our Baptist people a condition which I feel should be corrected. I believe the ministry of healing is a Christian obligation and privilege; and I would lay it upon the hearts of the churches.

Southern Baptist Hospital
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