

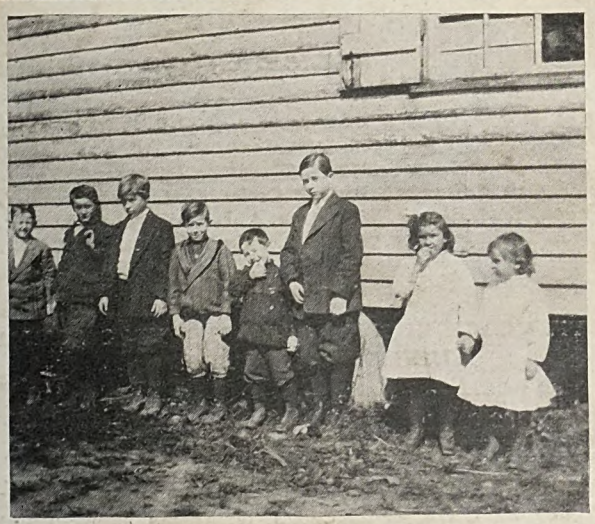
Presbyterian

THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



MARCH, 1914



SHALL THEY BE TAUGHT GOD'S WORD?



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF



FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

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

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ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF "AFRICA'S CRYING NEED."

REV. R. D. BEDINGER.

TWO weeks ago this message came from Mutoto: "Mrs. Rochester is down with another attack; she has fever with it and is suffering very much." Mrs. Rochester's husband and Mr. Smith were off on an itinerary; Mr. and Mrs. McKee were here in Lusambo, having come to bring Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon to their new home and to conduct Mr. Hillhouse back to Mutoto. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Allen were alone with the sick. Mr. and Mrs. McKee and Mr. Hillhouse departed at once.

Two days later came a second message, "Mrs. Rochester is worse; the pain is more acute and we think she has appendicitis. Can you not secure the State physician and come with him at once? Remember that by the time the doctor gets here, if he starts promptly, Mrs. Rochester will have been sick ten days. Urge him to come prepared to operate in case of an emergency." The commissaire of the district was immediately informed of the situation and the services of the physician requested. Both were exceedingly kind and sympathetic. The doctor was willing to go, but declared emphatically that an operation at Mutoto was impossible. Let the reader pause for a moment and try to solve the problem of converting a low pitched mud house, poorly lighted, with grass roof, and mats for ceiling, into an operating room. He urged that she be brought to the hospital here, but he had never been over that route and could not fully appreciate the impossibility of conveying by hammock the sick over the 125 miles of rugged hills and deep gorges, to say nothing of the danger of exposure to heat and rain. I urged that he start immediately prepared as best he could be to operate as a last and heroic effort to save life. So, it

was decided. The commissaire thoughtfully sent a swift messenger to Lulabour with orders for the doctor there to proceed at once to Mutoto to assist Dr. Russo.

There was no time to call a caravan from the villages and I was forced to choose my men from the work line, leaving Mr. McKinnon, who had been on the station barely a week, a greatly depleted force with which to carry forward the work of building, made more urgent by reason of the fact that the rains had commenced.

At 10:30 o'clock the next morning we were ferried across the river and the four days' journey begun in earnest. Then our troubles began. On the river bank we found one of the doctor's bundles. The porter had deserted. The load was given to a hammock man. In less than a mile we found another bundle in the path and one of the men lying beside it as if dying. He succeeded in fooling us completely for he quickly recovered as soon as we were out of sight, so the natives of the village informed us upon our return. We called the chief of the village and asked him to furnish us a man. After a long time he returned and said that he could not find one willing to go. I put one of my hammock men under the box and off we started again.

The doctor is a very heavy man, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He should have had twelve hammock men. He had only six. He made the mistake of riding up and down the hills as well as on the levels with the result that very soon another man fell out. I saw that we should never arrive at Mutoto at that rate and I suggested my going ahead rapidly to a village where we have a church and an evangelist feeling confident that enough men could be secured there. Alas! the news that a State officer was on the road arrived

ahead of me and the best that could be done was to secure three men. One of these refused point blank when he saw the doctor's size. The others would agree to go only to the stopping place for the night. I gave the doctor two more of my hammockmen. Picking up four men along the way we finally reached the village where we were to sleep.

The chief with the assistance of the soldiers succeeded in finding six men whom we pressed into service the next morning. Happily before noon we met a messenger with the word that Mrs. Rochester was much better and not to come unless already started. Remembering that the other doctor would reach Mutoto in a few days, we decided to turn back after having made about 35 miles or nearly one-third of the distance. Ten days after the commissaire's order left Lusambo the doctor from Luluabourg arrived. He was not sure that her trouble was appendicitis, but he advised that she go at once to the Pool or to Boma for an operation. Think of the expense to the Mission which that will entail. Think of how it will cripple the work at Mutoto for two of its most efficient workers to be absent for several months. Think of what going home for medical treatment has cost the Mission during the past year—Dr. and Mrs. Coppedge, Mr. and Mrs. McQueen, Mrs. Martin and baby. Why, the cost would more than pay the traveling expenses and first year's salary of one doctor. Think, too, of the anxiety, wear and strain upon those that remain which unfits them for effective service and lays them open to the ravages of malarial and other diseases.

Our hearts are brimming over with joy at the very thought of soon having a hospital with a trained nurse in charge at Luebo. This will relieve the situation there but *not* at Mutoto, where there are now seven missionaries, three of them ladies. In case of sudden and severe illness it would be

fatal to attempt to take the sick to Luebo and it would require anywhere from ten days to two weeks to secure the services of a physician. By that time perhaps—well, his services might not be needed. Will not some friend provide the means for a hospital at Mutoto?

Last Sunday our native carpenter was taken sick with pneumonia. We wanted to send him to the hospital of the State. His sister-in-law and friends strenuously objected. They frankly admitted that they trusted in their heathen customs and "medicines" and said, "Leave him to us and we will tie our 'fetiches' to him, rub him with our 'medicines' and he will recover." We explained that his life was in the hands of God, but that God had given the doctor wisdom with which to combat disease and to provide a nice bed and house in which to treat the sick; that God expects us to trust in the means which He provides as well as in Himself. At last they consented though with evident reluctance.

It seems to me that there is some similarity between this incident and the attitude of the Church toward her African missionaries. The friends of the unfortunate native are ignorant and superstitious. The Church cannot plead ignorance of the needs here. She is not superstitious. But is she not guilty of withholding from her missionaries the means that God blesses for the preservation of their health, energies and lives? Did she not say, in effect, to the large force of new workers recently sent out, "We are glad that you are willing to go out to the relief of the hard pressed force on the field, the field which has been called the 'Grave yard of missionaries,' but remember there is no doctor there, and there is none in sight, nor is there a single hospital; if you get sick you must simply put your trust in God." France attempted to dig the Panama Canal, but only succeeded in digging a hole large enough to bury the dead, victims of

fever and other diseases. Then the United States took up the task. She began a determined crusade against the mosquito, built costly hospitals and sanitoriums, sent an army of scientists, physicians and trained nurses to take charge of them—then and only then was the accomplishment of the task rendered possible. Can the Church afford to do less for her workers who are not engaged in digging ditches but in digging out the roots of superstition, ig-

norance and sin from the lives of those who have not yet learned to put their trust in God? How long will she refuse to extend the healing hand to the thousands of pitiful sufferers in this benighted land who may be won and saved through its benign touch? Oh, let us solemnly reflect upon these solemn words of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Lusambo, Congo Belge, Africa.

"FATHER" STUART'S MEMORY HONORED AT TWO FUNERALS.

CHINESE CONGREGATIONS FORMED BY MISSIONARY WHO SERVED 45 YEARS IN THIS COUNTRY GATHER FOR LAST RITES.

The following is clipped from *The China Press*:

Hangchow, November 27.—The English funeral service for the remains of Rev. J. L. Stuart, D. D. took place yesterday afternoon in the residence which had been his home for nearly four decades. The service was conducted by Rev. R. J. McMullen of the Southern Presbyterian Mission and Rev. F. W. Bible of the Northern Presbyterian Mission with the assistance of Rev. W. H. Warren of the China Inland Mission, Dr. C. F. Strange of the Church Missionary Society, and Dr. J. W. Davis of Soochow, for many years a colleague of the deceased in the Southern Presbyterian Mission.

Mrs. E. E. Barnett sang "Sleep On Beloved." The entire foreign community and a large number of visiting friends were in attendance.

This morning the Chinese funeral service was held in the presence of a large and grief-stricken congregation composed for the most part of Christians of the many churches in and around Hangchow of which Dr. Stuart had been founder and for many years the spiritual father. The service was conducted by Pastors Sang and Dzen whose association with Dr. Stuart beginning in their boyhood had extended over 35 years.

This afternoon a large concourse of friends notwithstanding wet stormy weather escorted the body to its final resting place in the hills beyond West Lake. The final service at the grave was conducted by Dr. P. F. Price of Nanking. The new made grave was banked high with the many beautiful floral tributes which loving friends provided.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN CHINA.

The death of Dr. Stuart, on Monday afternoon removed from active service one of the pioneers of the Christian Movement in this part of China. Dr. Stuart and two others were the first missionaries sent out by the Southern Presbyterian church to any foreign field. He spent forty-five years as a missionary in China, the whole period practically being spent in Hangchow.

Remarkable changes in every realm have taken place in the period compassed by his residence in Hangchow. His first voyage to China began at New York as there were then no transcontinental railroads connecting the two coasts of America. He lived to see not only the American continent girdled back and forth by great trunk lines but a modern railroad connecting his adopted city of Hangchow with Shanghai and the outside world.

The site upon which he established the work of his mission was only a stone's throw from the Provincial Examination Halls; he lived to see built upon their foundations a modern Normal College with an enrollment of almost a thousand students. When he first reached Hangchow he found a city desolated by the recent ravages of the Taiping Rebels and the country still under the unenlightened rule of the dynasty against which the Taiping Rebellion was a mad protest.

One of his last public services was to extend to the representatives of the new Republic at the American Recognition Dinner the congratulations and good wishes of the American residents of Hangchow.

At the time of his arrival in China the first beginnings of missionary work in this