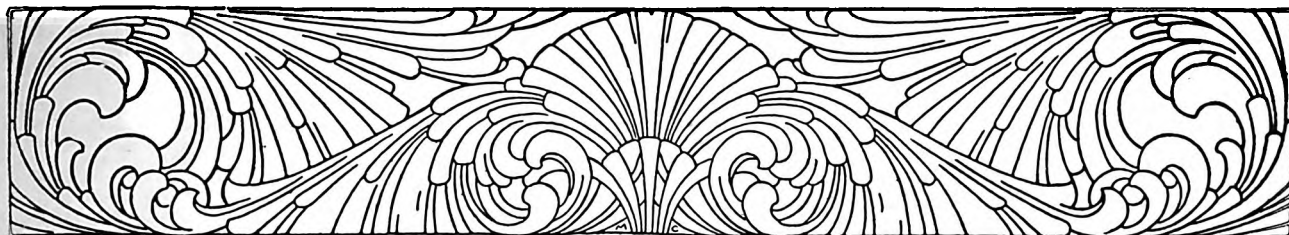


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The CONTINENT



JANUARY 15, 1925

The Tau Cross

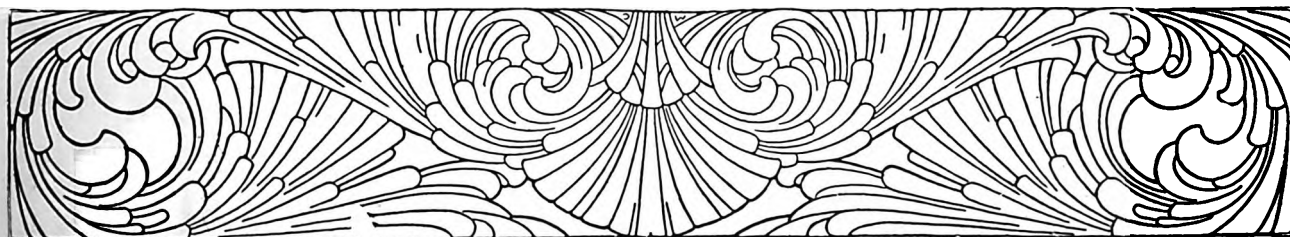
By ARTHUR B. RHINOW

"The Tau Cross," an unusually strong piece of fiction, begins this week. It touches the depths of the human soul; it exalts the church; it will make readers think. Its flavor is that of human kindness and of love for God and man. There are twelve chapters.

Griswold of India

By CLELAND B. McAFEE

NEXT WEEK—"The Sickness of Self-Pity," by *Alexander MacColl*



THE CONTINENT

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The Everlasting Hills

The day has been a busy and a wearing one. Its routine demands were hard enough. But they were more merciful than the exasperating eruptions of unexpected duties. Clamorous callers at unseasonable times; unforeseen complications wrecking cherished plans; strain of jarring temperaments; the distractions of conflicting claims on time and energy; the "briers that sting and fret"; all these have stretched the cords of resistance to the snapping point. What's the use of going on? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."



Happy he who may pause and in one swift moment catch this vision:

A steep mountainside a mile and a half above the sea level. Along its rugged expanse are giant boulders interspersed with firs and mountain oaks. High up, nestling like a bird's nest, is a tiny cottage. On its rustic porch one sits in the moonlight—sits and gazes and dreams. On the right a spur of mountain covered with green. To the left and rear a semicircle of peaks clad in eternal snows, gleaming white and awful in the mystic light. In front, far to the sky line, stretches a noble valley winding in the dim distance to the green canyon that drops to the unseen plains below. Twinkling lights in this valley match the brilliance of the stars overhead. Miles away a massed group of these lights reveals the village whose strutting, bustling little round of activities seems as far removed as though it were on some other planet. That one outstanding cluster is the fashionable hotel where even now young men in tuxedos are dancing with fashionably gowned young women to jazz tunes which insult the solemn night. Up here the thing appears incredible, for it is very still. Here there is only the murmur of the mountain stream hurrying down the canyon—and it seems to blend with and accentuate the very silence. Once and again comes the faint scuffle of deer in the underbrush. Now one imagines the far-off wail of a coyote, but cannot be sure. The tinkle of a bell in the camp below sounds the signal for evening prayer. Is not all nature praying now? How very quiet and big and solid and soothing everything is! How the keen mountain air drives away the fog from tired brains! How the worries seem far off as the worship wells up unbidden! How distant is everything petty; how near is God!

Who dares to say that God is silent? Here he is trying to speak to us, and we have not thoroughly learned the language. But we catch enough of it to steady and save our souls by the very memories which steal in upon us in those later busy days when we need them most. And so the "cares that infest the day," if they do not "silently steal away," do at least lose their fatal tang and grip. So comes grace to go on unto the end.



It is well with the soul that has learned to love the mountains. Of course the gospel of nature cannot save him, but the "way to the highest is through the high." He who can appreciate these grander moods of nature is well along on the highway toward the Infinite. They have their moods and phases, these giant hills. Now sharp-cut and clear against a fleckless summer sky, now drowsing and indolent, cradled in motionless haze, now swathed in gloomy cloud bands that shut out the sky, now lowering and wrathful with the wild fury of the mountain storm—the kaleidoscopic shiftings of beauty and grandeur are varied as the sea.

Yet the supreme motif in this symphony of the eye is permanence. Many moods, but under it all is rugged, rock-ribbed security. Eternal variety is but the manifestation of an eternal steadfastness. These mighty walls of granite have withstood the shocks of long millenniums. They stand today as they stood when Caesar led his conquering legions into Gaul, when Alexander's Macedonian phalanxes swept over India, when blind Homer sang in the streets of Thebes, when Abraham went up out of Ur of the Chaldees.

Eugene Field, in an exquisite sketch, tells the tale of a foolish man who said in his heart that there is no God. All about him were voices which proclaimed that God was King; yet, stupidly asserting that there was no King, the man went up on the mountain top that in the silence he might escape these voices. But there the very majestic silence was the clearest voice of all, and it said, "There is a King; the King lives; and this is his abiding place." We can understand why the Infinite was revealed to Moses upon a mountain, why Jesus loved the uplands as his trysting place in prayer, why he revealed the dazzling and ineffable glory to that wondering trio of friends upon a mountain. We can understand why mountaineers the world over, in the rugged passes of Switzerland and the highlands of Scotland, have been men who held the fear of God before their eyes.

"Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God."



Through the greater part of a day you will travel upon a railroad train in sight of Mount Shasta. Over paths that wind and wind you take your way. Now you see the mountain on this side the car, and now on the other; now in front, now in the rear. But always, amid the shifting scenes, the appearances and disappearances, the pathway that is never straight, there stands old Shasta, pure in her mantle of eternal snow, ever the same. So the righteousness of God! Through the constant flux of things it abides. The life guided by him is squared for the eternities.

"For the mountains may depart, and the hills be removed; but my loving kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed, saith Jehovah that hath mercy on thee."

Not only the strength and steadfastness and intolerable purity of his righteousness stand eternally, like the mountain; but his infinite love is round about his people forevermore. Unchanging as the everlasting hills is the might of his redeeming grace. Our souls need to be girded afresh by the far view. The church should lift her eyes unto the hills. Fightings without and fears within will vanish as we steady ourselves by a fresh vision of the steadfast righteousness and unalterable saving love of God. Above the clash of factions and the pitiful bickerings of an age run mad with the psychology of war, God gives us one little "flash of silence" for such contemplation, while far before us gleams the splendor of that Eternal Mountain Goal.

"Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,

Though our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale of its gardens are fanned

When we faint in the desert of this;

And we oftentimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn by temptations and woes,
And we've drunk from the tide of the river that flows
Through the evergreen mountains of God."

GRISWOLD OF INDIA

By CLELAND B. McAFEE

ON A STEAMER nearing Bombay a conversation was in progress with a Hindu gentleman about men and movements in India. I spoke of a number of men of missionary note, finding some of them recognized and some unknown to him. Presently I spoke of Dr. Griswold of Lahore. Instantly his face cleared of all perplexity and he said, "Oh, Dr. Griswold, of course everybody knows him; he is one of the greatest scholars in India."

"You mean among the missionaries," I suggested.

"No," he answered, "I mean in India among all its people." I found that he had been himself a pupil of Dr. Griswold in Forman Christian College at Lahore and heard him gladly acknowledge that it had been largely under his inspiration that his own mind had been awakened.

Later I was speaking to a large audience of non-Christian people in Ludhiana. The chairman of the meeting, always an important factor in an Indian meeting, was the chief official of the city and a Mohammedan. The address was on the contribution which the Christian faith had made to the thought of the world. The chairman spoke kindly of it, saying that he was prepared to indorse its main positions because he was a graduate of Forman Christian College and had there received an impression of Christianity which forbade any contempt for it or low estimate of its claims upon earnest men. He added that, as a Moslem, he held the belief that for salvation it was necessary to embrace the Moslem creed. "And yet," he added, "my experience in the college has given me some difficulties which I have not cleared. I believe there will be a great day of judgment when all men will be judged for eternity, and I have spent some sleepless hours wondering what will be done in that day with such a man as one of my professors there, Dr. Griswold. The honesty of his purposes, the purity of his character, the beauty of his life, the unselfishness of his service—are all beyond discussion. But he is not a Moslem. Instead, no one can be with him for any time without learning that he traces all his power to the Christian creed and especially to Jesus Christ. He is one of my baffling experiences and commends the Christian faith to me whenever I think of him."

Missionaries Seek His Counsel

Later I observed groups of missionaries whose attitude toward this same Dr. Griswold was one of affectionate confidence. He never infringed on their decisions and yet his judgment was sought on all sorts of questions. For the communion service they wanted him in evidence. For devotional hours they liked to have him at the front. He was considered apparently ex-officio a member of any committee that could get him. And just before I saw him his masterly book on "The Religion of the Rig-Veda" appeared from the press, bewildering in its references to the great Hindu book of religion and painstakingly careful in its conclusions. A Hindu scholar told me that it was needed by the Hindus because few of them had gone as carefully into the subject as Dr. Griswold.

Who is this "Griswold of India"? Only foreigners need to inquire. In India thoughtful people know that he is Dr. Hervey D. Griswold, a Presbyterian missionary who came to India in 1890, thirty-four years ago, fresh from the completion of his fellowship years after graduation from Union Seminary in 1888. He began as a local missionary, at Jhansi, but soon afterwards was taken to Lahore for work in Forman Christian College which was coming to its power under the leadership of Dr. J. C. R. Ewing, now Sir James Ewing by grace of a sensible Indian government. He became a master of the spoken and written languages with which he had to do and proved a natural and inspiring teacher. In the absence of the principal he was acting principal and showed administrative ability alongside his scholarly powers, and when Dr. Ewing was compelled to lay down the secretaryship of the India Council of the Presbyterian missions, Dr. Griswold was quite naturally elected to succeed him. He is in that office now and as such he carries the highest advisory powers of those missions and is the liaison officer with all other missions in this immense land. Sometimes it quite amuses him that this is so, for he has two or three defects, in his own judgment, which ought to prove fatal. For one thing, he is not in any sense a "man of affairs," but likes his study and his books and his typewriter. For another thing, he has a curious inability to remember names. His students

tell, though he says it is not so, that he went to the bank once to get some money and could not think what his own name was until he was helped out by the official in charge. But he himself says that ordinary names have a mean way of slipping utterly out of his mind, even though he recalls quite clearly the events with which the names are connected. Then, further, he does not like travel; it bores him and tires him, and he sometimes wishes that railroad trains were abolished so that peaceful men could stay at home.

Of course, this is what he says himself, and he ought to know. But his case reminds me of what Dr. C. E. Vail told me of a patient in the hospital at Miraj. The man had at least three fatal troubles, each of which would theoretically have killed him some time ago, but he was doing nicely and would soon be well. Dr. Griswold may have all these defects, fatal limitations which entirely unfit him to be in so demanding a place, but it seems quite certain that if he leaves the place before his retiring time comes it will be by his own doing, for everywhere I heard men say that he is just the man for his present work, even though they regret his temporary withdrawal from active scholarly pursuits. They want his patience, his spirit, his influence just now in this demanding task of unifying the work. Later on he can resume his scholarship!

His Type Needed on the Field

There is no particular moral to adorn this tale. It merely brings to mind one of many strong men who are carrying on the missionary enterprise. It is a vastly larger enterprise than most of us suppose, involving far more complications, far more ramifications, much more supervision and adjustment than we know. But when one sees it on the field itself one understands why men of the Griswold type must be found both for its scholarly and its administrative phases. Such men must be human, with Dr. Griswold's sense of humor and his amused refusal of personal importance, but they must have a buried strength which gives tone to their judgments.

Young men who are thinking of large chances to strike the world's need at its sorest point may well consider this older brother of theirs who faced the same problem and solved it by the gift of his life and its powers to India. I wish they could have seen this scholarly administrator one Sunday afternoon in a village rest house in the low caste quarter of an Indian village, where a group of 200 new Christians had gathered to greet and hear the visitors whom their missionary had brought. They would have seen him sitting on a native bed which had been brought from a nearby house, his coat off in the heat, his face red. He was the object of most reverent attention from an Indian Christian who stood before him solemnly waving a large hand fan just beyond the end of his nose, honored in the effort to cool off the great sahib. Dr. Griswold stood it as long as he could and then to the surprise of the man quietly dispensed with the kindly service by taking the fan and using it himself. Learned sahibs were not given to overmuch exertion in his experience, but when the doctor turned the fan on the man himself, there was wide amusement. It was one more small hint of the way whereby a missionary makes himself partner with those to whom he is giving his life. It is all very natural because it is all very Christian.

The Business-Man-Preacher

By ARTHUR V. BOAND

IT WAS his senior year in college, and he was faced with a real problem. He had always intended going into the ministry, and now he had to choose between a flattering and tempting offer to go into business or to follow out his original intention. The business offer had come unsolicited. Might it not be of God? Somehow he wanted to accept it. There was the girl waiting for him, and he could give her a home sooner than he could if he spent an additional three years in preparation. Then, too, what the world needs today, he argued to himself, is more strong Christian laymen who will help put the business world upon a Christian basis.

So he decided to accept the business offer, much to the hurt of the old home pastor who had taken such an interest in him and who had looked forward to seeing his protegee take up the