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The Per-
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of
Missions

By

CHARLES L.
THOMPSON
D.D.

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The Perspective of Missions

*An Address before the General Assembly
in Los Angeles, California*

*May Twenty-sixth
Nineteen hundred and three*

INTERNATIONAL
MISSIONS
BOARD

BY
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THE PERSPECTIVE OF MISSIONS.

Standing on this platform some pictures rise into view. I see a small company of exiles for God's sake hewing New England forests and building log cabins to shelter them from the stormy blast of an inhospitable coast. They are tremblingly on the defensive against savages and starvation. And I think they will die there in the snows of the winter of 1620.

I see a little company at the mouth of the James River, sick and dying of disease and nostalgia, strangers in a strange land. Savages and starvation are doing their work, and, even as I look, they fade away.

I see a little company on the St. John's River in Florida. They have fled from burning homes in France. They are flung half naked, half starved on a flowery strand, but lest they survive Spanish fury falls on them and the Spanish sword does clean work.

Such are the visions that rise there on the eastern coast; and if those visions had compelled a prophecy, it would have been that three shivering little companies of exiled pilgrims will add three more short chapters to the history of fruitless martyrdoms. And as darkness settled over that vision, one might have seen two others.

On southern parallels, a march of conquering Spanish legions from St. Augustine to Santa Fé and San Gabriel, claiming a continent for Queen and Pope, for rapine and romance; and on northern parallels the flash of French lilies upborne by soldiers and priests to the Father of Waters, to the home of the Sioux, claiming a continent for the Louis and

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the Pope, for glory and fanaticism. And if these visions had compelled a prophecy, would it not have been, "Two tidal waves of Romish superstition will envelop a continent from the rocks of Quebec and the sands of St. Augustine to the sunset sea"?

But another vision rises. I am standing by the sunset sea at the dawn of a century. Three centuries trail their garments of light and victory across the land. The trembling pilgrims of the Atlantic coast have risen, shaken off their shadows and marched. I track their march by the footprints of cities and commonwealths that have the eye of the world. Standing here on their final camping ground, where naught of Spain remains but melodious names; naught of France but a history of half a continent yielded up at the call of the Anglo-Saxon march; here, where a great Christian civilization has made the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose, as I recover from the dizzying splendor of a vision turned into history, I know God reigns and is marching on.

And He is marching beyond our country by marching through it. For this vision of America for Christ refuses to dissolve on these western shores. These shores, with their recent events, project it over the seas and enable us to discover world-wide relations hitherto undreamed. And so my theme emerges,—the place of Home Missions in the evangelization of the world.

No smaller conception would be worthy of us—of our present or our past. For historically we are knit in with all peoples everywhere. If other nations have had a single origin like that of Israel, like that of China, ours is the last and broadest result of time. And our history prophesies our future obligations. Look at it. I have alluded to our connection with Spain and France. Some would hesitate to call it an obligation. But even to these dashing nations we owed our first appreciation of our national

vastness. When the seventeenth century was yet young France opened up the valley of the Mississippi. When the seventeenth century was yet young Spain told us there was a Pacific Ocean with a marvellous coast. Hear it in the ringing of the bells of San Gabriel almost within sound of this place. And just yesterday Spain by her blundering opened our eyes to islands and a continent we scarce had seen.

But we are debtors more seriously to other parts of Europe. Who first planted the standard of Christian truth here but England and Holland? Who gave tone to Presbyterianism here but Scotland and Ireland? Who gave us fresh reformation blood but Germany? And as for the Orient, which we thought we had just discovered, if we may believe the dim records of Indian mounds and pueblos all the way from Alaska to Mexico—Asia discovered us across Bering Sea in times too prehistoric to be distinctly marked.

And these nations which thus touched us east and west, this vigorous new nation is fusing into one. History has no other illustration of a national life so composite and universal. A half dozen different nationalities flung on our eastern coast by storms of European persecution have been blended into the best metal of the Anglo-Saxon race. Those earlier centuries gave mighty illustration of the moulding power of the Protestant faith. The inharmonious elements of foreign immigration had only one solvent. That was one faith. And that was enough. It made that new type of the Anglo-Saxon which history will ever rejoice to name the "American."

And I bring you up against the home mission problem by asking—how is it now? Once when the nation was small it had mighty power of fusion. The die was fresh, and it cut deep into the metal. How is it now? Is our Christianity enfeebled? In its expansion has it lost in-

tensity? Has it the vigor of the old days, when John Eliot attacked encampments of Indians with the gospel, and won them? When Make-mie and his comrades attacked a wilderness of pioneers and subdued them by the majesty of the gospel.

We are summoned these days to a world campaign. Nothing grander could be conceived. But are we quite ready for the march? A stream rises not above its fountain. Till we are triumphant at home dare we move on the world? I know the answer, "Send out the message—let it vindicate itself even if the nation that sends the messenger contradicts his message." Beware of such an attitude. It is bad theology and worse philosophy. Take a warning look at history. Remember how Francis Xavier went to India with the zeal of St. Paul himself; how he rang his call to repentance up and down the Malabar coast; and how almost ere the sound of his voice had died to an echo, India sank deeper than ever into idolatry. There was no sustaining Christian force behind the messenger. Look at the Jesuits in the woods of Canada and around the Great Lakes! How they made the wilderness flame with the gospel! I have followed the tracks of Marquette in Wisconsin. Empty footprints and falling crucifixes testified to the impotence of a voice crying in the wilderness. The pickets fell on the firing line, and there was no army! These illustrations might be indefinitely multiplied. And this is their testimony: Hesitate to send a message till it is backed by Christian lives and institutions at home. Bring up the army to the flag. To fail is to do more than sacrifice the flag bearer. It is to jeopardize the cause.

As therefrom I try to get a perspective of missions, and in that perspective to read their philosophy, this seems to me to be the logical and essential order of events.

First—Build your own church. An institution is the crystal of individual life. In it that life becomes visible and permanent.

Second—Evangelize your own community,—this for self-protection and for expansion.

Third—Evangelize your nation. This also for self-protection. Moral conditions are fluid. You can no more raise permanently the moral level of a people than you can raise the level of the ocean in spots. The wind can do it with the ocean for an instant; but only for an instant. Winds of religious excitement can lift communities here and there, but spiritual gravitation is as inevitable as national. There is a greater peril here than the Church has dreamed of.

We have been trying to save America in spots. On the avenue where we live, or in the village where our interests are; or in conspicuous places here and there we call strategic. And having done that we bless God—and take a rest. We forget the law of religious progress—aye, of religious safety—when we are content with bright spots in our front yard and tolerant of dark patches because they are not quite next door to us.

And in New York and San Francisco good men rub their eyes as they hear an ominous rumble up the streets and ask, "Have we been fooled by a heresy?"

And in the South a cloud is rising which some call a "problem," but which is simply a neglected condition; and the cloud shadows our doorsteps.

And in the West a python writhes in and out among the mountains, and we ride past it, in a Pullman train, happy that it cannot get on board, and forgetting that it can blow its poison across a continent.

And up in the mountains and out on the plains there are red spots we call "reservations," which means "legally protected for barbarism"; and we are peaceful in the sight because a patch on a map touches not our property, and but

feebly our sympathies, forgetting that such red spots are red flags on the road of the judgment train.

Here then is the fact: We must save our country—the whole of it and to the bottom of it—if we would save ourselves.

What then is the present task of the home mission enterprise? Work to be well done must first be clearly seen and closely followed. The Lewis and Clark expedition to the Columbia River at the beginning of the last century is about to be celebrated in St. Louis, because of what followed. For while their trail was warm the line of settlers filed in and made an empire on the Pacific.

So missionary pioneers have explored our country. In some parts the Church, with all that it implies, has followed. In other parts the pioneers, like Caleb and Joshua, have reported, but there has been no breaking camp to take possession of the land. It has been staked out by the heroes who have had faith in God and opportunity.

And now comes the duty to occupy and transform. To explore is picturesque—perhaps dramatic. But to conquer, to transform, this requires the heroism of persistence. And here is now the real home mission battle.

What now are the fields where this battle is to be waged, that we may somewhat measure the urgency and gravity of its call? There are five, to a swift glance to each of which I now ask your attention.

First—Our cities. The steady and increasing movement toward them is menacing enough in itself, but vastly intensified when we analyze its character. Congestion is bad enough. But the congestion of unassimilated elements is worse. Thus:

A walk of half an hour from my office will take me into a Hebrew city bigger than Jerusalem. Another to a German city bigger than

Dresden or Cologne. Another to an Italian city as big as Venice. Another to a Scandinavian city as big as the combined armies of Norway and Sweden. The largest increase of population in 1902 in the city of New York was not from Germany nor Great Britain, but from Italy. The next largest was from Austria and Hungary.

Roughly stated, one-fourth of the people on Manhattan Island are Hebrews, for whom practically nothing is done. More than one-third are Roman Catholics. There are, it is estimated, 636,000 Protestants outside of church influence. And this vast mass—not in the wholesome condition of scattered communities—but in those awful contacts and attritions precluding alike good health and good morals.

Or, coming to smaller cities, are the conditions much better? Take the commercial capital of this coast. There are approximately 300,000 people in San Francisco. There are about 3,000 Presbyterian church members—one to every hundred of the population; one per cent. The aggregate of all Protestant denominations would probably not exceed 20,000. That is to say, there are perhaps 280,000, or 85 per cent. of the entire population unreached by evangelical Christianity. And we call New York and San Francisco Christian cities!

The religious conditions in them do not differ essentially from those in other great centres of population. Consider now the whirls of passion and of Mammon, of temptation and crime incident to life thus massed; expand its demoralizing areas over a hundred cities from coast to coast where the young life of the nation centres and where the national pace is being set, and you have before you a home mission problem the size of which should force the entire Church of Christ to her knees in prayer for deliverance.

When civic dangers are sighted we usually take poverty and its attendant evils as the sig-

nals of danger. But I would lay quite as much stress on the follies of wealth. When horses are massed in a fashionable restaurant that an equestrian club may dine and wine in the saddle, one may be excused for saying the rampant riot of the senses is a menace as serious and far more disgusting than riots that spring from poverty.

Second—Foreigners. About half a million annually come to our shores—not, as formerly from northern Europe and Great Britain, not from the stock that made the country, but from eastern and southern Europe. Thus last year there were 178,000 from Italy, a large city in itself; from Austria-Hungary 172,000, while from the Russian Empire there were 107,000; 457,000 came from eastern and southern Europe out of the total of 648,000, more than two-thirds. These figures preach their own loud sermon.

“Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild, motley throng,
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites;
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!
O, Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded!”

These people gather for the most part in the cities and the mines. Are we rapidly and strongly assimilating these elements? What was the matter last summer and fall that our eastern cities shivered with apprehension? A coal strike! And what did it mean? Scarcity of coal? More than that. It meant a hundred thousand foreigners in Pennsylvania mines could almost paralyze the business of the country, and would have done so but for the timely leadership of Theodore Roosevelt.

Is it not time we waked up to a growing peril and an exigent opportunity? What is our own Church doing to solve the problem of for-

eign influence on our national affairs? Here is the short list of the work of this Board among foreigners: We have thirty German churches, twelve Bohemian, four French, three Holland, one each of Danish and Armenian, one Jewish and one Italian mission. This is next to nothing. Of course I do not include city missions in eastern cities. They would add how little to the sum total! With such results, can we be said to be grappling the problem at all?

And on this coast, what? Well, here we put up barriers lest we should have a larger chance to convert Asiatics. And our original Americans? We have been swifter in pushing them over the precipice than in digging them out of the pit.

Third—And now a word as to the importance of home missions in its more accepted sense—the nurture of churches in new communities. Many are drawn to the exceptional. It is picturesque and dramatic. To rescue people drowning in the maelstroms of a great city, to interpret to foreigners in a strange land, to reverse the course of our history by saving instead of destroying the Indian—these are phases of home mission work attracting a romantic interest.

And without detracting one bit from that interest and the efforts it inspires, I want to say again, as I have said before, the philosophy of history points no more exigent duty than that of safeguarding new communities with gospel agencies and institutions. This commonplace missionary duty touches the very springs of national well being. For the prosperity and safety of the State depend on the moral character of her citizens. And this depends on her having the gospel. The West has been built up because the missionary has kept pace with the pioneer. Hear the words of President Roosevelt, spoken at the last Assembly:

"It is because of the spirit that underlies the missionary work that the pioneers are prevented from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. Without it the pioneers' fierce and rude virtues and sombre faults would have been left unlit by the flames of pure and loving aspiration."

It is this fact which has drawn population and capital. The fever for adventure or gold may gather the first camp. But when the camp yields to the business block and to institutions of civilization it is because the missionary has planted the Church. That which has made the West attractive to business men and homeseekers is the moral and religious progress.

Take any of these prosperous western towns for illustration. None of the business men who give them character would have ventured their money there but for the fact that the preacher had ventured first. Not one of them would have brought his wife and children but for the fact that gospel messages and agencies had gone there. So, when you see a great transformation such as has turned many a western town from a camp of gamblers to a well ordered community, the explanation is so evident as to challenge the attention of statesman and moralist alike.

And this is a work that needs continuous doing. It cannot be started and stopped. In this a community is like an individual. You can establish manhood only by persistence in the agencies that made it. Southern mountains tell us how degeneration follows abandonment. It does it for the man and the community.

Suppose you silenced the church bells of Los Angeles for five years. Imagine what would happen if for such few years the restraining pressure of good influences were lifted. No churches, no Sabbath schools, no Sabbaths, no circles of prayer. Let the world, the flesh and

the devil have swing for five years—nay four, three, one year—how many of you good citizens of this good town would stay? You would flee to the mountains as Lot fled from Sodom. Like the fire that rained from Pelee on St. Pierre would be the destroying blasts that would wither our civilization if all the restraints of God and his laws were taken away.

We accept this as the lesson of history. And yet how feebly it impresses us. We can still be comfortable when we see our national growth outstripping the agencies of national redemption; when we see cities springing to eminence in which the gospel touches far less than half the people, and rural districts where for a year or years not a sermon is preached.

Thus take a picture from this Synod. One of our missionaries in Nevada has a parish one-half the size of Pennsylvania. The length of it north and south is two hundred and twenty-five miles. Follow him on a pastoral tour among the ranches. The second day out he found people who had never heard a sermon or seen a minister. In one ranch he found an old Bible left by the great-great-grandmother of the family. Half the leaves were gone. That fragment was all they had. That Sunday he was to have baptized seven children and received three into the church. But it couldn't be done, for they were all at a baseball game—mother, children, prospective church members, all.

The missionary went on. Another camp—a family of five children, all grown up. They had lived there twenty-one years and never before had a minister of any denomination been in that house. A young man nineteen years old never had seen a church nor attended a service; and yet desired to follow Christ. The next day the whole family was baptized and received into the church. Said the missionary: "It was worth travelling a thousand miles by

team to receive that family into the church."

The missionary went on. He reached a settlement and asked a woman how long since they had had preaching there. "Well," she said, "I have lived here twenty-nine years and there has been none in that time." And there he preached to men and women twenty and thirty years old who never had attended a service.

The missionary went on. On two hours' notice at the next settlement the schoolhouse was crowded. The saloon-keeper took up the collection. If any hesitated to give he publicly called on them to "shell out," saying the preacher must live as well as they.

The missionary pushed on and came to the next settlement. There he preached to the most complete audience he had ever had. It numbered only twelve, but that number included everybody in the locality.

And the missionary pushed on. Sunday morning found him in a hall owned by a saloon-keeper. A choir was extemporized; three of the quartette were saloon-keepers. They had danced all the night before, and during service were arranging for another dance the next night. The choir was sober, and the saloon-keeper closed up during the service. There was no disturbance except, when one of the members of the choir got up to sing, a pack of cards rattled out on the floor.

The missionary pushed on. He had sixty miles to make the next day to reach his appointment, and so was fifteen minutes late. The congregation was assembled, whiling away those fifteen minutes by arranging for a dance after the service. And the dance was not held. In that little outing through his parish that missionary travelled thirteen hundred miles. "Now, remember," he says, "I have not seen a foreign country. I have been but once outside the county in which I live."

No, it was not a foreign country. It was in a sovereign State of the American Union.

Have I made my point? American communities—city or country—must be rescued from commercialism, ignorance, sensuality, if the country is to be saved. They cannot be so rescued by the enthusiasm of a day, by the heroism of a picket line. It must be done by sufficient, efficient, persistent preaching, teaching and living of the gospel of Jesus Christ. And this must be done in every logging camp, in every prairie ranch, in every mining camp, as well as amid the passionate splendors of towns and cities.

And even such occasional services bear fruit eternity alone can measure. Thus, fifteen years ago there was a revival service in a Colorado town. A prodigal drifted into the meeting. He was the son of godly parents in New England, himself a graduate of a New England college. It had been the hope of his parents that he would be led into the ministry. He became a cowboy instead, and for seven godless years he rode the range and sank from depth to lower depth. But at that transient service God found him. Stricken to the heart he walked to the platform, and, with tears pouring down his face, confessed his evil course and begged the help of prayer. God's people closed about him a wall of prayer and salvation.

That night the wires flashed the message back to the New England home, "Your long lost boy is found and saved." And throbbing down the telegraph line came the response, "Thank God our boy still lives. Come home. Father-Mother."

For more than a dozen years that young man has been preaching the gospel, and has led hundreds to Christ. Oh! little rill among the Colorado mountains, now a river of salvation sweeping on in ever widening power!

Take an illustration from another home mission State. The missionary is in the centre of several stations, twenty, thirty miles apart across the plains. But his parish is wider yet,

for once a year he gathers cowboys and miners in a camp meeting, where in a week of services the congregation gathered from a radius of a hundred miles will have all the religious privileges that will be theirs for a year. Cowboys will hear the gospel for a week and then go back to their roving and tempted life. Children will be in Sabbath school for a couple of Sundays, and have it not again until the next summer.

The work tells not in churches established nor in any visible sign of permanent results. Like the congregation of John the Baptist on the banks of the Jordan, this congregation of the plains dissolves and is seen no more. But in far-away camps or mines the planted seed is growing, and not alone eternity, but time, will here and there reveal the harvest.

And the man who holds that fort is so persuaded that it is worth holding as to be proof against calls to more conspicuous service. May I tell you a secret of the manse of the cowboy plains? For last fall that missionary wrote me in perplexity. He had had a call to a strong self-supporting church in a large town. He had a half dozen children needing an education, and in that town was a good academy. What a chance! Can you imagine how those father and mother hearts longed to go and give the children an education?

He wrote and asked my advice. I replied: "I cannot, do not dare advise you. I realize what this chance would mean for you, for your wife for twenty-three years on the outposts of civilization, and for the children; but what would become of your cowboys? But I dare not advise. Get your counsel from on high."

And I waited for the answer, expecting it would show the father heart too strong for the missionary; and the mother heart, too. I remembered the story of the country minister who was called to the city, and a farmer in the country asked the pastor's little girl what would the decision be. "Well," said the child,

"papa is praying for light, but mamma is ing up." So I waited. But prompt and prising came the reply. "I can't leave my boys. I have declined the call."

Above the silence of the lonely prairie ~~th~~th ~~en~~^{en} you not angels struck their silver wings ~~w~~^w ~~hen~~^{hen} that decision was made? There are heroes in home missions.

And heroes are needed. I have presented a few pictures of ordinary conditions. But there are some extraordinary ones. I have spoken of the plains. At their end we come to the mountains—gigantic, obdurate, menacing. Knit and compacted by elemental fires, they long resisted the attack of civilization. They stand for some moral conditions that are among them in some of the States of the mountains—gigantic, obdurate, menacing.

Have you read Victor Hugo's "Tollers of the Sea"? Then you remember that awful portrayal of the man in the sea who encountered an octopus. Listen to it again:

"Its folds strangle. Its contact paralyzes. It is disease embodied in monstrosity. It is not to be torn away. It adheres closely to its prey. How? By a vacuum. The octopus on the chase hides. It contracts, condenses itself, reduces itself to the simplest possible expression. It confounds itself with the shadow. It looks like a ripple of the waves. It resembles everything except something living. The octopus is a hypocrite. When one pays no heed to it suddenly it opens—a glutinous mass possessed of a will. What more frightful! Glue filled with hatred! The octopus is vulnerable only in the head. There is a certain moment in which to seize it. It is the instant when it thrusts forward its head. He who misses at that juncture is lost."

Awful description, but it describes Mormonism. It, too, strangles whatever it enfolds. It, too, is a vacuum—promises that have no substance back of them. It, too, resembles beauti-

ful things—a shadow, a ripple on the wave. It, too, when you touch it is clammy with death. It, too, clings to what it fastens on—relentless, inexorable, glue filled with hatred of what is good! And it, too, has one vulnerable point—only one—its head is an organism of vitality and power. Its ultimate aim is hierarchical domination of the State, and that is not to be educated, civilized, reformed—but crushed! If we miss at that juncture we, too, are lost!

Its doctrines are full of evil. Its machinery for propagating them is well nigh perfect. Professor Ely has recently said: "Its organization is the most nearly perfect piece of social mechanism with which I have ever in any way come into contact, excepting alone the German army."

It moves with the impact of trained regulars, and with the zeal of fiery fanatics. It moves to western coasts, to eastern capitals. Its hypocrisies blindfold a nation while it chases, paralyzes and strangles. With what easy indifference we regard its advance.

If we were told there were two thousand men going through the country, every one of them infected with smallpox, the nation would rise in a panic, would flee or would grapple the danger. But to be told there are two thousand men abroad, trying with deftest art to infect a nation with a religious system that is blasphemous and with practices that are subversive of social morality and destructive of the national conscience, is to awaken a mild protest here and there—and again here and there to call forth an apology. "Are not Mormons industrious? Look at their towns, their schools, their irrigating ditches, their commercial prosperity!"

With such superficial views we go to sleep while the system spreads and its apostles hasten toward their avowed goal—the control of western States and Territories—the ultimate holding of the national balance of power!

And are the churches alive to the situation— they who presumably stand on high ground and are able to see and measure the dangers to which men on merely commercial planes may be blind? Confess the fact. Our churches in Utah are a brave protest and little more. Our schools are a gracious invitation—and little more. While Mormons send missionaries to us far faster than we send missionaries to them! Beware of the Octopus.

There is one moment in which to seize it, says Victor Hugo. It is when it thrusts forth its head. It has done it. Its high priest claims a Senator's chair in Washington. Now is the time to strike. Perhaps to miss it now is to be lost!

There are still other special and peculiar national conditions which are to-day within the horizon of home missions, and demanding the attention of all Christians and patriots. I refer to the opportunity to give to the Latin race that type of thought and life which has made the vigor of modern history. It belongs alike to home and foreign missions. But as in Apostolic days so now the best way to reach the uttermost parts of the earth is by beginning at Jerusalem.

Home missions to the Latin race will be the stepping stone to foreign missions—to the same race on three continents. At the last Assembly I spoke of the Panama Canal as likely to come. It is no longer problematic. And already on account of it the Caribbean Sea is rising into prominence. Peculiar interest attaches to missions to Cuba and Porto Rico. Our work in Porto Rico has been almost dramatic in its interest. I will not anticipate the story. You will hear to-night. But there are two things I must say now.

The first is this: The Presbyterian Church has such an opportunity on that island to-day as comes not once in a century. Think of it— a million people loosed from their old religious

moorings, ready to be anchored to the dominant faith of the country which has given them freedom, and hungry for spiritual things with the hunger that comes from long feeding on husks. Now is the hour for the Christian Church to yield to the missionary impulse, inspired by her founder and directed by the providential opportunity.

Three years of missionary labor, with a feeble beginning and a hesitating advance. To-day we have six organized churches, more than a dozen congregations, four mission day schools, nine missionaries, as many teachers and a medical work just about to be housed in a new and modern hospital building under the direction of two Christian physicians prescribing for a hundred patients a day. And this is but a tithe of what might be done if we had ten times as much money and ten times as many men.

The second thing I must say now is this: At the beginning of Christian missions in Porto Rico the secretaries of the four chief denominations contemplating work there met in New York and decided and declared to Porto Rico and the Christian world that we would carry on work there as regiments of one army, in mutual co-operation and without denominational rivalry. A few weeks ago a leading editor asked, "How has that compact been kept?" And in reply at another meeting of the same secretaries the answer was sent out.

We have kept our faith and so far our works attest it. We are touching elbows—not in rivalry, but in federation in Porto Rico. God hasten the day when it can be said of the entire advance of the Church of Christ; when small jealousies shall cease; when the glory of the Kingdom shall blind us to party ends and inspire us with Christian union in Christian service for the conversion of the world.

Thus I have sketched the advance of home missions to the dramatic point where it inter-

locks with foreign missions. And now another vision rises to view. For you who believe in the triumph of the Kingdom cannot stop with a continent. I alluded to three centuries that had trailed their path of light across our country. This last century touched this coast of the Pacific with its glory. But like sunrise it must go on till the old world catches the fire of Christian liberty and progress.

There is one condition on which America can under God command the conversion of the world. It is that she herself be Christian through and through. The pagan world can long resist as long it has resisted the sporadic advance of missionary effort in here and there a missionary hero. A Judson can bury himself in Burmah and India stagger on in darkness. A Livingstone can die on his knees and Africa reel on to judgment. A Morrison can die for China and China go on its cycles of immobile paganism.

But the pagan world would not for a generation stand against the Anglo-Saxon race compact—consecrated—on fire for Christ. That race expressing itself through a thoroughly Christian nation, preaching not by its isolated missionaries but by its commerce, its literature, its art and its politics, by every force of its nationality, would march to conquer. And would do it.

I do not know when the millenium will come, but I think the world will be converted when the nominally Christian nations become Christian in fact.

In the hope of this far off divine event the Board of Home Missions submits to this General Assembly its record of another year's work. We call on you to rejoice with us in such steady support by the Church as has enabled the Board to advance \$25,000 in new work and still come to the Assembly for the fifth consecutive year free from debt.

We call on you to rejoice with us that two more synods have this year assumed full responsibility for their own work—Iowa and Wisconsin—and that all the self-supporting synods are pushing on not only to the strengthening of the work within their own bounds, but to more generous things for the general cause. So will more money be released for the newer States whose calls for help far outran our ability to respond, and to the new possessions so full of need and of promise.

We call on you to rejoice in the magnificent work of the Woman's Board, which during the past year raised the unparalleled sum of \$444,000 for its work. Superbly organized, they are advancing to ever increasing success. You remember Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, "God Bless Our Yankee Girls." I say—God bless the women of the Presbyterian Church—each of them a volunteer and every one a major general.

And now as we face the future of the vast missionary movement whose dynamic centre is America and whose ultimate is the whole world, two mighty needs arise.

First—There must be more consecration of money. We must have the mite of the widow and the might of the millionaire. We are bound to advance. We dare to do it only at the rate of \$25,000 a year. And yet we are told the silver and the gold are largely in the hands of the Church. Call the roll of the multi-millionaires and with rare exceptions they are affiliated with the Church of Christ. Last year seventy million dollars were given to education. Not a dollar too much if education heads men right.

But when I see how few men for the ministry come out of the institutions that absorb nearly all of those seventy millions I wonder whether the salvation of our country and

the world has loomed in true importance before the stewards of the Lord. I wonder when the cause of Christ will challenge attention commensurate with the protection it gives to our business interests and our civic institutions.

But perhaps it is hopeless to look for great endowments—perhaps unwise. But it surely should not be hopeless to expect of the children of the King those little personal systematic gifts which, like the steady flow of a multitude of rivulets, would give saving volume to the river of God.

Second—But of what value were money unless coined into manhood? We must have consecrated sons and daughters. I am speaking to the representatives of seven thousand churches. I am pleading for the goodliest of young men and maidens to be preachers and teachers. If I have truly sketched the opportunity of the Church I have made a claim for the best. We have many such now on our mission fields, but the ranks must be filled. Hard service to be sure, but glorious. For example:

See that young missionary on the banks of the Yukon, hearing of the wild rush of a thousand men down the Tanana River to a new Eldorado. They must be helped, comforted, strengthened. He loads a sled with provisions and starts out over the trackless snowfield, pulling his sled two hundred and fifty miles at a temperature sometimes sixty below zero. Reaching the camp he rolls up the logs and builds a Presbyterian church—sleeping meanwhile in a tent with the thermometer still sixty below. Then, the building erected and property secured and miners assured of further ministrations, he again takes the trail of two hundred and fifty miles of snow, and seems to think he has had a vacation! Is such a man buried in Alaska? Nay, verily—he and others are laying foundations that will be strong when the cornerstones of the pyramids have been blown with other sand across the desert.

In an age when materialism has the swing let the Church call her young men to put their lives into the service of God. That abides. God works slowly; but to what glorious ends he can fashion the commonest things and the commonest lives!

I stood the other day at the edge of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. All around were the signs of elemental wars—the crashes of Titan forces, now tossing mountains on the volcano's fiery hands, now plowing them a mile deep with the plowshare of glaciers, or carving them out with the blade of the river. But as the evening light played over soundless chasm, granite wall and splintered pinnacle, it revealed a glory like that which John beheld in the city of God.

With their wild prismatic light aglow
They hint the walls of eternal days,
Where onyx and jasper and gold will blaze
And the river of life will flow.

Then in presence of that architecture of geologic ages one must exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" And still He works—not on rocks which will be pulverized by the crash of worlds—but on souls, scarred by fires of passion, torn by Titans of evil. Still He works on a kingdom rent and chaotic but sublime even in its wreckage. The ages and his people are his ministers. And when time's evening glow plays over the scene of human toil and sacrifice, that which was scarred and torn shall catch the lustre of pearl and jasper, of opal and amethyst, and to men and angels, in glory beyond utterance it shall appear "The Kingdom of God is with men" and "The beauty of the Lord is upon us."

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