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32 ELIZABETH STREET EAST
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Business Mgr. and Associate Editor

TWO MODERN PREACHERS OF OLD-FASHIONED RIGHTEOUSNESS

THE HOT BREATH OF THE BEAST

THE men and women of the evangelical experience have seen life with open eyes. They have taken refuge in no subterfuge and no evasion. They have bent their gaze upon the harsh and intolerable reality of the worst that is to be found in the human heart and in human action. And they have not cried, "Make me blind again." Perhaps it is not too much to say that the evangelicals are the only people who have ever faced the worst there is of life without either finching away into evasion or becoming sad and disillusioned pessimists.

The hot breath of the beast is upon much current literature. And the trail of the serpent winds with a sort of tragic purple splendour through writing of many ages in which men, more than half fascinated by the strange light in the serpent's eyes and the coiling grace of his movements, have coined sentences of rare and haunting grace to tell the tale of the allurements of evil.

There has been much brilliant writing in which men have found caustic epigrams with which to pour scorn upon the hypocrisies of the seemingly good and the vices of the self-consciously noble. But it is curious how often there is a kind of hesitating fear at the heart of all this achievement. The writer does not quite dare to face the final evil he finds in his own heart and in the heart of the world. He lets the light fall in a way that gives him some comfort. He finds complacency in some subtle evasion, some skillful bit of casuistry. He does not quite face the last bitter fact.

Such writers in America as that shrewd and clever master of darting and corrosive blasphemy, of the distortion of words and the rape of noble ideas, Mr. H. L. Mencken, go down at last on this rock of dishonesty. On certain surfaces they say things with disconcerting skill and sometimes with amazing insight. But when they would turn their bright vessels of the surface to submarine craft the pressure of truth becomes too great as the fragile bark descends, and it collapses completely before it reaches the depths of understanding and knowledge.

Truth is a very deadly thing at last when it confronts the clever liar at a place where he cannot escape. If he tries the air instead of the sea, the bizarre and fascinating little structure which was meant to defy the universe bursts into flame and perishes at the first contact with a flash of truth.

Now, the great evangelicals have had the astounding sort of courage which dares to tell the truth. And so when those tiny flames of winged fire which give a magic fascination to a summer night have all passed away, the men of moral candour come to their own with all the flaming glory of the rising sun.

But we are compelled to come again to the cross which always stands where the roads meet, challenging the attention and mastering the conscience of men. Whatever has happened theologically, the cross is enshrined in the heart of mankind.—Lynn Harold Hough in his new book, "Evangelical Humanism."

THE ADVANTAGE OF A HANDICAP

"The lame take the prey." Isa. 33:23.

THAT strange clause caught my attention as religiously significant, because so very humanly unusual. I have frequently found God at work where human logic seemed to be avoided. The lame is not qualified to take the prey in ordinary. We train our proud and strong bodies for the struggle. We place confidence in strength. We feel sure of the value of the swift foot rather than the hobbling step. If we are to win, we fortify ourselves with what we call readiness.

There is no finer chapter yet written in the human story than the one on confidence in God written around the experiences of handicapped lives. God will balance our lives. Doubtless one of the most widely known and fiercest sentences ever pronounced in this world was the word of Anne of Austria to Richelieu. "My Lord Cardinal," said she, "God does not pay at the end of every week; but at the end he pays." All that is as true for mercy and reward as it is for justice, and must be heard in its whole meaning.

There are many souls among us who by unusual privileges and endowed with rare ability seem surely equipped for highest service, and yet they are not weighing an ounce in the great spiritual work that waits to be done.

There are others who, crippled and hindered by serious restrictions, are still genuine factors of service.

The greatest thing that can happen to a human life is not to be set free from handicap. I am lame! My God, hear my cry and heal this hurt of mine! How easily such cries leap to our lips in prayer! Yet I cannot see the fact of God to me as other than at times in preservation of my distress, so called, and even in redirection of it for truer service. Lame man, your lameness may be your strength!

Sometime ago a very wonderful word was flung at the world by a daring and determined man, who was setting himself to a task so hard, he knew it would try the courage of those he left behind him, to keep faith with his endeavor long enough to let him have the extreme chance of victory. Stefansson set sail into the North. When the very last place from which any word could be sent back to the world had been reached, and the only word that would ever again be heard from them would be a returning shout, or the delayed discovery of their fate in failure, that rugged explorer chose this great final sentence, "Do not rescue us prematurely." How that fine appeal in daring fairly flaunts heroism at us! We know the bite of frost! We know the peril of hunger! We know the burden of the persistent darkness! We know the dull weight of the monotonous endurance! We know! We know! But don't rescue us prematurely! We have come out here to endure and conquer. "The lame take the prey."

—Merton S. Rice in his latest book, "The Advantage of a Handicap."

What the People Say

One Put Ingersoll to Rout

I heard Ingersoll lecture in the city of Auburn, N. Y., in 1894. There were 300 to hear him. The next evening in the same Burtis Opera House, I answered Mr. Ingersoll on what he should do to be saved, and everyone like him. I had over 2,000 who came out to hear me.—Levi Bird.

From a Former Teacher

I admire the level-headed, but courageous way the Advocate handles the ticklish questions. You understand you can lead a horse to Lake Michigan, but you do not submerge his head and make him drink.—Marcus D. Buell, Boston.

From A. D. S.

The Advocate's "To Think Without Confusion" is to my notion, an exceptionally good putting. You touched it off pretty well and are steering our people out into safe view points.—H. A. Leeson.

This Week Only?

Great stuff in the Advocate this week: "Confusion," "Ingersoll," etc. Shall make special mention of it Sunday.—D. Stanley Coors, Grand Rapids.

From Vandalia

Your article on "Clear Thinking" is an insult to the intelligence of the laymen. * * * I know many Methodists who put your paper in the waste basket after reading it while other papers are bound and saved. Most people do their own thinking today.—"Your Sister in Christ."

Answered On Page Five

You say some very sarcastic things about the lay members that do not take the Advocate. Those who do take it have a right to know the editor's belief. The patrons of the Advocate have a right to an explanation.—W. R. Matthews.

Right, Brother

I notice in the Advocate that the Methodist who is afraid of science needs "both the courage and the wisdom of Wesley." I believe we need the wisdom of Him who gave Wesley wisdom and courage.—David Hutton, Highland Park.

A Sarcastic Evangelist

I wish to enter my protest against your article "To Think Without Confusion Clearly." Some time ago your paper had an article that expressed about the same question and let it pass by with the usual thought, "Well, they will leave it at that," but I am compelled to set my hand and pen to set down my thoughts, and faith in the Word of God.

Should you know as you say you do, I wish you would prove it by writing a new book in the Bible; should both be wrong I would rather be with the host that take the word of God as it is, the other crowd have so many that cannot believe in my God, that they do not look good to me.—Geo. N. Baker.

One Preacher Sentenced for Life

I have taken, read and assimilated much of the digestible contents of the M. C. A. continuously since the autumn of 1880. Count me a subscriber for the full remaining term of my natural life. It is good and growing better and is indispensable to Michigan Methodism. Long live the Advocate! The loving Saviour saves me and I am without complaint.—Geo. A. Odum, Boulder, Colo.

Bouquet's

Allow me to compliment the Advocate

on "Clear Thinking" and also on the one referring to the unnecessary tragedy of Ingersollism. Both were fine. Since Mr. Bryan has forced the issue, the Christian press and the Christian pulpit must speak out clearly and plainly. The question is now before the common people; and they are entitled to all the light we can give them.

Evolution does for Biblical interpretation what the new astronomy has done for our understanding of the universe—it takes away the narrow limitations within which we have done our thinking, and opens out to us a view of God and of man and of human redemption far more wonderful than ever entered into the mind of man before.—G. D. Chase, Mendon.

Ditto

I want to express my personal appreciation of the Advocate last week on evolution and Ingersoll. I showed them to a man who said he hadn't read the Advocate much for years although it comes to his house, for he thought there wasn't much to it, but after reading those articles he said he must change his mind and hereafter he is going to put it on his reading list. I also saw a letter from a high school boy who was grateful for your interpretation of the evolution controversy.—F. M. Field.

Memory Turns Backward

Some days ago I asked a young theologian in the university to state to me the present hour scientific and philosophic attitude as related to supernaturalism in religion—to miracles, and what we call Christian evidences. He did so with discrimination. At the close, I said: "I do not see that the real questions involved are any different than when I entered the ministry forty-six years ago." The approach is different; the progress in science and psychology has given a more comprehensive understanding of processes; there is a keener insight; interpretation is larger and better, but the real questions are about the same. When I entered the ministry, just from college, Hobbs and Hume and Locke, and Gibbon and Darwin and Tyndal and later Spencer were in the arena. During this stretch of half a century Christianity has spread amazingly; the church has grown to a world power; and now the vital force of Christianity constructively and for all worthwhile matters is everywhere in evidence. We welcome the light and have nothing to fear. The Advocate's "If we had done it 50 years ago," is one of the best on this whole contention which I have seen. Just as science has given to us a larger universe than we had 50 years ago, so have we now a vastly larger conception of the divine purpose and method. As Browning says "Christ stands."

Twenty-one years ago I came to the old Division Street Church, now the First Church, Grand Rapids, from the Pacific coast, and at that time Darwinism was having its day in the coast universities. Out of that came my book, written to help students, "How a Man Grows." To my thinking the wonder is while the approach to truth changes the truth remains. Our Bible, New Testament Christianity, the Holy Spirit's Workings in the Soul—these are as fresh as the light which pours across the mountain tops making the day new.—J. R. T. Lath-

rop, Ithaca, Mich.

From Tecumseh

Here is a bit of sweetness and light for a poor man who is an editor. My latest subscriber said yesterday: "I would not be without the Advocate for double the cost."—H. J. B. Marsh.

Why Not Read Once More?

After reading the front page of July 30, I read it some more. Most of the contents of our church paper are worth reading twice. I take issue with the article.

The redeeming feature about the article is the caption, "Back to the Main Task." We say Amen! to that, and let us stay there until overtaken with a better gospel that the present day man-made "hypotheses" at least. I have found that all who are not committed to the new theories of the present day, are always at the main task. Personally, the only time I really got away from that task was when I followed some self-appointed authorities on new theories, until the sacred fire about died on the altar of my heart. But when I did get back, the fires were again rekindled. But I had to get far enough away from such smothering and uncertain theories as some that are popular today, before the fire began to burn again. But it was a long and hard struggle, and because it was, we don't propose to be so allured away again, until we are reasonably sure we have found something more substantial for our faith than we found in that direction. "We are from Missouri". Meanwhile, we are keeping our eyes ears, and minds open, and are reading more, and thinking harder than ever. And we are conceited enough to think we know the truth when we see it, that is why we are fighting so hard to retain the truth that seems to satisfy.—W. Firth, Brown City.

THREE RELIGIONS FIGHT CHOLERA

During a recent outbreak of cholera on the Birbhum District of Bengal, India, a Mohammedan, a Hindu and the Rev. and Mrs. Halsey E. Dewey of Ruthven, Iowa, were assigned to fight the plague in a group of villages. Mr. Dewey is the Methodist Episcopal missionary serving as superintendent of this district. For two weeks the representatives of these three religions struggled together, doing all that they could for those who were ill and applying modern methods of warding off the disease among those who had not been attacked.

"A hundred times since then, as we have travelled through the district," says Mr. Dewey in reporting the incident to the Board of Foreign Missions, "we have been met by a judgment of the work we have done. Hindu and Moslem alike say taught men to do."

"That was the sort of work Jesus 'Educated Hindus have told me many times that they can accept Christ but they doubt very much if they can accept Christianity. Christianity to them, like Hinduism to us, includes all the customs of a race or people, and many times those customs of the white men are no better than the customs of the brown or yellow that we so severely and uncompromisingly condemn."

The German reichstag has ratified the commercial treaty with the United States, based on the "most favored nation" principle.

It Is Time to Slow Down!

An Examination of Some Profound Changes in Ideals and Manner of Life Taking Place in America Today

M. V. O'SHEA

Professor of Education, University of Wisconsin

PROFOUND changes in ideals and manner of life are taking place with extraordinary rapidity in our country. We are changing from a rural to an urban people, not only in respect to our habits, but also in respect to the ways in which we spend our leisure time, our modes of relaxation, our attitude toward the conventions that have heretofore played an important role in our daily lives, and so on. In most of our commonwealths, one-room rural schools are being abandoned because there are no pupils to attend them, while it is impossible to provide adequate accommodations rapidly enough for the increasing pupil population in towns and cities. We are just now entering upon a program which has been quite generally followed in older countries—we are crowding into congested centers so that we may live close to one another and so that we may be near to sources of emotional excitement and indulgence. A few years ago most of our people were content with what would today be regarded by these same persons as an isolated and barren kind of life; that is to say, previous generations did not require constant and intense social intercourse and emotional stimulation in order to be satisfied with their lot. They did not expect or desire to attend social functions of all sorts, and especially balls and cabarets, and all kinds of performances, except infrequently.

The Home Losing Out as a Social Center

Compared with the situation which is developing among us at the present time, our forefathers were much more closely attached to home and dependent upon it for comfort, good cheer, and physical well-being than is true today in most communities in our country. The typical home twenty-five years ago furnished the opportunity for adequate emotional satisfaction much more fully than it does now, because we are demanding so much more than our predecessors did and of a far more stimulating character. We are developing specialized institutions outside of the home that minister to all the emotional and many of the physical needs of life so that there is growing negligence of and indifference to the home. **It is not a social center as it was formerly; and especially it is not a training school for youth.** Its members are not bound together as a result of service of various kinds for one another, which was true in an earlier day. Friendships are formed outside of the home much more extensively and intimately than was the case when the fathers and mothers of the youth of to-day were young.

Profound economic and industrial changes affecting all phases of present-day society are taking place parallel with the social changes. A few years ago the home was an industrial plant engaged to some extent in providing facilities necessary for the physical comfort and well-being of all the members of the family,

This article by Professor O'Shea, interpreting many of the sinister tendencies of present-day social and moral life, is of outstanding importance. Professor O'Shea is one of the most distinguished educators of this country. Since 1897 he has been Professor of Education at the University of Wisconsin. He is a world famous specialist in child study and training. A second article on the same theme by Professor O'Shea will appear next week.

every one of whom, except the babies, were expected, and usually required, to perform some service essential to the comfort and welfare of the family as a whole. But this is not the situation any longer in the typical American home. Most of what is consumed in the home is produced and prepared outside of it, and even such work as is performed in the home is done principally by machines of one sort or another; electricity, gasoline, and other sources of power are taking the place of muscle and faithfulness and thoughtfulness and service in the performance of most of the duties in a majority of our households. The children in the typical home are relieved from the performance of any duties whatsoever. The telephone, the delivery system, and the development of institutions outside of the home for furnishing food, clothing, etc., are making it unnecessary for young persons to do errands or chores of any kind. As a consequence, they have much more leisure time at their disposal than young people had twenty-five years ago; and this is the case with older people, too.

What are we doing with the leisure time which has been made possible by the development of machines, the telephone, the automobile, and a variety of institutions outside of the home which provide all the necessities of life? The answer to this question is found in the unheard-of rapidity of multiplication of motion picture establishments, vaudeville theaters, dance halls and ballrooms, road-houses, and similar institutions which are providing emotional excitement and indulgence for people of all ages, all classes, all social strata, and all economic levels. There has probably never been in the world's history such rapid and widespread increase of institutions for diversions and emotional stimulation and gratification as has occurred in our country during the last twenty years, and especially since the war, though the movement had got well under way before the war. It is true that libraries, art museums, and schools have also increased markedly during this period, but they have not kept pace by any means with the other type of institution, the one that is designed to excite elemental impulses and then pro-

vide ways for their indulgence. During this period our country went officially on to a program of prohibition of intoxicating liquors, but unfortunately we have not yet gone on to this program in practice.

The Breakdown of Restraint

The types of amusement which have recently become so widespread in our country have encouraged relaxation of the restraints and self-control which our people have heretofore generally insisted upon and practiced. This is especially true in regard to amorous relations. Preceding generations developed and observed conventions which were designed to hold sex indulgence in check; but the amusements which have become so general during the past two decades have tended to break down all conventions and inhibitions. The motion picture has played the leading role in leading our people to think that self-indulgence is more to be desired from every point of view than a life of self-restraint and inhibition. The effect of a majority of the motion pictures that have been displayed in our country has been to condone and endorse amorous license. The older ideals of restraint and chivalry in the relations of the sexes have been held up for ridicule, although most of the pictures have ended up with weak, ineffective legends claiming that the individual who lives virtuously gets the most out of life in the end.

There has never been among any people, so far as we know, a more potent influence for the spread of the idea of freedom in amorous indulgence as the motion picture has been in our country. Its effect is apparent in the attitude of boys and girls toward one another today. The conventions of preceding generations that made girls, men, and women reticent in their talk with one another concerning amative relations and reserved in their participation in amorous activities are being generally abandoned in most communities. The dance hall has reinforced the motion picture theater in giving a death blow to the conventions which helped to preserve chivalric relations between the sexes in earlier times. The kind of music which flourishes in the ballroom is precisely in line with the suggestions for amative indulgence presented in the motion picture theater and the breaking down of inhibition in the dance hall. Everyone ought to know that certain types of rhythm have been used by races at different times to excite the passions, but probably no people have ever been more successful in this respect than we have been during the last few years in the development of jazz.

Acute "Jazzmania"

There is one term, "jazzmania," which applies to the situation which exists today in every section of the country, and which is apparently becoming more acute. Our people are keyed up to a high pitch as a consequence of the tremendous pace

at which we have been moving and the exciting character of even our forms of relaxation. The typical person comes in contact with ten times as many people in ten times as complex relations as was the case in our country twenty-five years ago. Everywhere there is intensity of action because people are trying to do so many things, most of them having as their objective simply emotional stimulation and indulgence. Movement, noise, excitement in most communities have been multiplied many fold during the past twenty-five years. Nervous tension has greatly increased, and our people are trying to relax through indulgences that tend rather to augment than to release tension. Four or five hours in a dance hall with jazz music is almost certain to leave one in a more high-strung, nervous condition after the experience than he was before it. Certainly the typical motion picture does not encourage relaxation of tension; it rather presents situations and awakens desires which give an added prick to an already overwrought nervous system.

The vaudeville theater operates on the plan of producing, by means of noise, suggestion, and display, emotional excitement in auditors. It is rare now to find an opportunity to follow a quiet play through a couple of hours; there is always unceasing movement, noise, vivid colors, and appeal to elemental emotion. One searches in vain today to find institutions that have for their purpose to release nervous and emotional tension developed by our highly complex and intense mode of life. The majority of our people never gain genuine relaxation, though presumably they seek to secure it through joy riding, motion pictures, the dance, the vaudeville, the cabaret, gin and whisky, and amorous activities.

We cannot keep up the present pace and continue to indulge in the dissipations that are playing such a large part in our life now without going on the rocks sooner or later. There are already evidences that a considerable proportion of our young people are becoming nervously unstable and ethically and morally weakened so that they are not adapting themselves successfully to present-day complex social conditions. The increase in juvenile crime is a menace to the peace and prosperity of our country. Older peoples have fallen upon disaster because they have not been able to protect the rising generation from the allurements and seductions of the world. One can find in the old world plenty of illustrations of the fact that when the youth of any people abandon the conventions that encourage self-restraint and give themselves up to the pursuit of emotional excitement and gratification, the nation loses the capacity to meet the crises that are certain to occur as a people grow older. In Europe, once strong, competent, and well-controlled peoples are now declining or have passed out of the picture altogether. It seems to be universally true that when a people cannot keep youth simple, docile, and teachable long enough to gain self-control and to master knowledge that is necessary for the maintenance of physical and social stability and welfare, the people speedily degenerate. We are facing this very problem in our country today. It would not take long for us to come to a halt in our development, and even to begin to return in our course, if we, especially our young people, should continue the pace at which we are now going.

Is It Wrong to Laugh?

Written for The Alabama Christian Advocate by Rev. J. M. Rowland,
Editor of The Richmond Christian Advocate

MANY people think so. They seem to think the devil has a monopoly on all the laughter of the world and the Christians are left with the tears. It seems strange how sad and distressing their religion makes some folks. As a preacher for over 20 years, I have been impressed with this point as I have faced the congregation from time to time. I have seen many of my best people look up at me with that look of pain they have when they sit in the dentist chair as I arose to announce my text. I have seen them full of happiness and cheer at home and in the walks of life but when they come to church, they left their cheer behind and brought along their gloom. I have seen preachers who had a human streak outside the pulpit and knew how to laugh and play and frolic but when they landed in the pulpit, they assumed an unnatural "Bear me away on your snow-white wings" expression and "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble" tone that rolled like a funeral dirge from deep down in their stomachs.

Dodges the Doctor

I went into the ministry with this standard. I tried hard to crucify the humor in my make-up. I used to have spells of blues and despondency lasting for days in which all was dark and I was sick. I doubted and was distressed. I preached on sad and solemn subjects. I must have had a little success in spite of it—not because of it. Looking back, I am sorry those early days found my message doleful and sad. I am so glad something changed my destiny. That change drove the blues away and for 10 years I haven't had a thing like that. My job has been a delight and as I have been happier, I have made others happier. And I have been healthier and dodged the doctors because I have seen the funny side of life and not tried to turn on it a blind eye.

The Jackass Saved the Day

A jackass changed all this. It was at a district conference. We had one of the saddest D. D. Elders I ever saw. It was in a sad church and a church that was nearly dead. I was sitting by the elder in the pulpit and another solemn and sad D. D. with a distressing voice was preaching on "Total Depravity of the Race." A jackass was at that district conference. There were, perhaps, several of them there. I have never seen a conference free from them. This one walked right up to the door, stuck his head and long ears in the door, glanced up at the elder and the doctor and myself and sent out over the heads of that congregation the loudest and most awful bellow I ever heard. That presiding elder, who had not had a good laugh in 20 years, spluttered out and got out of his chair on the floor. The entire congregation laughed and laughed. At first they tried to hold in with a few sniggers here and there mingled with a slight explosion, but in a few seconds, the whole thing blew up and for ten minutes the people laughed. That church began to grow from that day. It needed a good laugh even as it needed a revival. When it had the good laugh, it got in a good humor for the revival. The jackass saved the day.

Another Room Opened

I went back to my church and a few Sundays after an impulse struck me to spill a little humor in the pulpit. I had never done so before. I had conscientiously choked it down. It came out. The people—a few laughed—some looked shocked. I felt condemned. I had desecrated the church of God and done wrong. For ten years I had tried to make people cry. I had many fine, sad stories. I was like a rain crow, croaking for rain and not sunshine. This change didn't kill the church. It gave new life and spice. It opened up in my heart a room God put there—a room I had kept locked.

Trained for Laughter

I am not recommending it as a course in the seminaries. I would like to know why seminary training has a tendency to make preaching so sad and unnatural. I do know we need more sunshine, more good humor everywhere. Many churches need a good laugh—many stewards need it. We can settle many troubles after we have laughed ourselves into a good humor. It is a sad day for us, as parents, when we stop laughing and playing with our children. Sad for us and sad for them. I have a little tot three years old who always begins to laugh when he sees his daddy coming. I'd rather for him to do that, than look scared. He thinks his daddy is a funny man. I may lose confidence in his estimation but I want him to remember when his daddy laughed with him. It is sad for our religion when we can't play and laugh.

Might Settle Unification

I believe we would settle unification if we would stop quarreling and go to laughing and playing. We never will settle it by getting all "het up." We ought to meet together on a big picnic and have a foot race between a certain M. E. bishop and a certain Southern bishop whose names I will not give. We ought to have a game of mumble peg between Dr. Sam Steele and Dr. Claudius Spencer. We ought to go swimming and fishing and wind up with a "wiener roast" and ice cream cones.

Wore His Collar Backwards

I am glad I can laugh. I don't laugh much on the outside but I am in a constant state of internal laughter. I am like the little boy who laughed out loud in school. "Jimmy," said his teacher, "you shouldn't laugh out loud. You should just smile." Jimmy said, "That's just what I was doing and the smile busted." I am glad that jackass saved me from making a solemn ass of myself. When I started in the ministry, I bought two of the longest tailed black coats I could find. I put my collar on backwards and wore a bulletin board over my chest. I had a sad tone—a sad look. I don't think little children liked me. I don't know who did. I am glad I am now an optimist. If you are a pessimist, you had better crawl in a hole and if you have a friend, which is doubtful, you had better have him stop up the hole. It is said a pessimist is a man who swallowed an egg and was afraid to move for fear it would break

(Continued on Page 16.)



EDITORIAL

LIFE FROM THE LIVING WORD

"Sin Is Lying in Wait for You." Gen. 4:7.

GENESIS began the diagnosis of the human heart, and the modern psychologist is still at it. We have really begun now to take seriously the scientific explanations of the human mind. The astronomer and the geologist have made us change many of the beliefs current in the ancient world, but the psychologist declares that the oldest recorded findings of the human heart are still valid.

Of course, it should be that way, for God knew that in due time men would read the records of the rocks and stars, but his purpose being to show men the need of their own hearts, his spirit gave them an early insight into the mind. The stars could wait their turn, but man must know how to live.

Take this early warning in the story of Cain: "If you are sullen, sin is lying in wait for you, eager to be at you—but you ought to master it." It has a distinctly modern sound, and the deeper the explorer goes into the mind, the more certain we are of the inspiration of the Bible. It did not undertake to give us a final text on science, but it did undertake to describe accurately our own hearts. It certainly did that to perfection. Perhaps the modern psychologist lays more stress on the sin on the inside of the mind, but stripped of horns and tail, it is even more dangerous, more to be dreaded and watched, needing a far mightier Christ than some possible outside enemy. But in practice, modern science still thunders Gen. 4:7 from the housetops.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

High-Grade

THREE times does this phrase appear in one of today's want ads.

Wanted: High-grade salesmen to sell a high-grade proposition; should have a good education and ability to meet high-grade people.

The ad before this wants one **handy** and one real **husky man**, and the one below it calls for a **high pressure** salesman. These are interesting ads but this three-fold call for high grade stuff beats them all. What sort of character is this that is rated so high in commercial life?

There is a place in the world for character, and it seems that it takes character to make an impression upon character. His competitors will risk high pressure and high life and venture on the high spots, but this man is out looking for high character.

Fortunately we know how high grade men are made. Character is not a chemico-mental accident, but we have the formula in Phil. 4:8: "Whatever is true, whatever wins respect, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovable, whatever is of good repute . . . cherish the thought of these things."

THE SUPER-SCOUTS

A CONFERENCE always feels its heart strangely warmed when the young men are being received into membership. These men are good scouts to put their hands to this plow and this long furrow.

The conference is moved when a good man closes his work from some high place and steps like an un-

defeated general into the ranks of the retired men. Good scouts, all!

But the real deep, though generally unexpressed admiration is for the old men who are going down the ladder of appointments as cheerfully and successfully as they went up in their youth. These are the super-scouts.

Advancement furnishes its own peculiar thrill, and the ascending brother has meat to eat that the rest know not of. But the descent has no thrill save what the minister puts into it himself. He has to turn a chill into a thrill! But, thank God, it is being done right along.

After all, this is a real test of our ministry, that we go down gracefully and cheerfully, with joy outside and inside. Every man thinks he can, but the fact is that many are not able to make the down-grade in triumph. They come down, but some come with heavy step and heavier heart and it makes a sorry closing chapter, and not a Hallelujah Chorus.

Hats off to the old men who do not live on their past; who tackle the hard places with all the faith if not with all the enthusiasm of youth; who feel honored that God has entrusted a whole township to their care; who are jubilant for another chance to preach and serve.

Hats off, these are the heroes of the conference!

IN SELF-DEFENSE, IF WE NEED IT

SEVERAL friendly and semi-friendly requests for the editor to declare his views and his beliefs are responsible for this editorial.

We seem to have various classes of readers. Some minds are studying as they go and seem to go along with the van. Some are indifferent to the whole matter of a working faith. Some are scared at the very thought of having to change their minds and pass it all up as not worthwhile. But most of our readers are really interested in finding a mental foothold, and we must ask the rest to bear with us while we give what help we can to the honest but perplexed man. That is why we publish Dr. Hough's sermon this week. The issue has now been forced upon us, and we hope that every reader will read and study that sermon.

In answer to one brother's query we wrote these few words, with no attempt at any comprehensive credo.

I stand for the deity of Christ. I accept the Virgin Birth as the most credible and believable doctrine. The risen Christ is the basis for all our hopes. The Cross grows greater every year. These things are **assumed** on every page of the Advocate and do not need to be restated all the time.

We are at a loss to understand why our friend wrote us that it "would be interesting and possibly exciting, to watch the reaction." Everybody ought to know where the Advocate stands.

Fact is, we have always lived largely in the New Testament. At the Boston School of Theology we minored on the major prophets and majored on the Prophet of the Prophets, Christ, and on his greatest preacher, Paul. We have no criticism of the preacher who spends most of his energy on texts from Kings and Judges. Perhaps we will be driven in there when we

have exhausted the Gospels and Epistles, but it does not seem probable now.

A man should take time enough to find himself, whether he be layman or minister. If he can not see how evolution and religion can live together let him read George Adam Smith's "Life of Henry Drummond," or Bishop George R. Grose's "Life of Bishop Bashford." If he is perplexed, read Jefferson's "Five Present-Day Controversies" or Keen's "I Believe in God and Evolution."

Most men need to begin at the beginning and should buy Moffatt's new translation of the Old Testament and begin to read it.

If your faith in the Book needs bracing get Best's "Inspiration" or Hough's "The Inevitable Book."

Our Book Concern exists for just such an hour as this. For your own sake buy more books and less gasoline!

Then when you have your bearing, get Dr. Rice's newest book, "The Advantage of a Handicap," and pray for his habit of striking out boldly, straight at sin and straight for Christ.

The man who really wants to know what this writer and the average Methodist preacher believes, theologically, let him buy and read Dr. Hough's "Theology of a Preacher." Lock yourself in with that book, until you know where you are at.

We decline to exploit the few things we do not believe, for there is so much that we do believe that what little eloquence we have we must save for our convictions and our proved experiences. Since Dr. Hough is in England and can not object, we simply say, "See our beliefs in his book."

Perhaps we should note one exception in Dr. Hough's book. We can almost but not quite accept his chapter on "Peering Into the Future." Yet even here, there is not a single sentence that we would cross out. We would simply paste in at the close of the chapter the words that Henry Drummond said at the funeral of an Australian minister of Christ:

"Providence cares less for winning causes than that men, whether winning or losing, should be great and true; cares nothing that reforms should drag their way from year to year, bewilderingly, but that men and nations in carrying them out should find their education, discipline, unselfishness and growth in grace."

We have never been greatly inspired by the prospective glamour of that final post-millennial day when Righteousness shall rule. What will that do for the thousands or millions of generations that have come and gone ere that day comes? We are at sea here, and do humbly confess it. Eschewing all the vagaries that cling to the hope of our Lord's return, we still find it an undying fire in our soul.

After such a confession, think of the humor of calling a quiet-souled editor a Modernist, who still clings to a qualified pre-millennialism, still uses an old-fashioned razor and still drives a Chevrolet!

With the radiant splendor of Christ and the miraculous power of his saving grace all about us, we even begrudge the time for argument over the literalism of the creation story. The daily press has forced it on us.

Christ is today agonizing to get possession of the mind and heart of the world. Would he be pleased to find us quibbling over the method of creation? By whatever process we came, here we are, and our destiny depends on loyalty to Jesus Christ, not to some scientific position.

Methodists must be big enough, as Dr. Hannan said at Bay View, to be "fundamental without being Fund-

amentalists, and to be modern without being Modernists."

At Bay View this summer Bishop Nicholson opened up the Scriptures like a modern prophet, and helped a goodly company of folks to see the wonder and the glory of a new and better understanding of the Old Testament as a progressive revelation.

One preacher remarked, "If the bishops had done this years ago, it would have saved the church from having to have the long process of having its teeth straightened now."

Along with Bishop Nicholson's wise words at Bay View, we repeat Bishop McConnell's words in last week's Advocate:

There are in all the churches today laymen who have been misled—who have not been honestly dealt with. Preachers trained to see the significance of newer ways of looking at the Bible, and at religious experience, have indeed given their hearers the substance of the better puttings of the truth, but they have too often done this while disguising the nature of what they were saying. It often ends in the layman's thinking the newer putting is the old putting after all. The light is not on a stand, not out in the open, and often the light turns to darkness. If you have the light of a helpfully new view of anything to do with religion, put the light on the stand, brother!

Our memory is poor, but when Bishop McConnell gently reproves the ministry for its backwardness in teaching the new truth, we are trying in vain to recall the public teaching of our bishops that would make a model for our preachers to follow. Bishop Locke is speaking plainly enough, his critics think. Bishop McConnell can point cheerfully to last week's Advocate as his own alibi. But where will some of the others point?

The bishops have mostly been friendly to the changing view of the Bible. They have wisely insisted, though not without some debates, that the new books go into the ministers' course of study. They have frowned upon the heresy hunters and have resisted promiscuous attacks upon the pastors. Those who have been college presidents have probably done the most to teach the church to walk in the new light. Especially was this true of the sainted Bishop Bashford, but their public utterances show no more light for the crowd than do the records of the pulpit, if indeed they show as much.

It might be in bad taste to refer to the unfortunate zeal of Bishop Mallalieu, whose ill-timed attack on Boston University School of Theology cost us one of our best teachers and left a stain on our administration that has never been removed. We refuse so interesting a lead and suggest humbly that Bishop McConnell's colleagues need his words as much as do the delinquent and erring ministers.

The simple fact is that all of Methodism has been so busy with the task at hand that there has been scant time for what seemed to be secondary matters. That is why some of our best people have not arrived with the moving procession of Protestantism.

Attacks are not pleasant but they are understandable as a few people are always looking for a chance to stir up a muss. What hurts is the misunderstanding of good people who can get mixed up in the rush of events and cannot tell their friends from their enemies. This mail brings a pathetic letter from E'sie: "We are getting old and have always believed the Bible and cannot believe in evolution." Well, thank God, she does not have to believe in evolution, and let us be equally thankful that we can believe in evolution and the Bible.

The last thing we are trying to do is to try to convince a single man of the probable truth of the evolution theory. Personally, we accept it, with our own

qualifications. It seems to exalt the creatorship of God, it lifts the destiny of man, it furnishes a new background for the wonder of the miracle of the divine Christ, it helps to solve a score of other problems that are puzzling without it, it explains the Bible, adds new warnings against sin, furnishes new motives for dependence on a living Christ! It is the best working theory we have. When we find a better one, we will move on into it, we are not committed to this, much less are we trying to commit any other man to it.

All we are contending for is the right of a man to his opinion, either for or against, without affecting his relationship to the church. If any man have the Spirit of Christ, he is one of His, and the possession of that Spirit must remain the great test. Neither Fundamentalism, nor Modernism, nor Middle-of-the-Roadism will save our soul. Have we his Spirit? If so we have a right to live and die in the Methodist church. A man still has a right among us to believe that the earth is flat, but thank God, he has the same right to believe that it is round. Hundreds of years ago we fought hard for that right and we must not surrender it now.

To borrow a phrase from camp meeting, there is no future for any of us, individuals or societies, without the "presence and the presidency of the Holy Spirit."

This explains why we must decline to publish the contributed articles that are coming in from able writers on the truth or falsity of evolution. That is not the issue for the Advocate. That is being ably discussed in scientific papers. We are fighting for the right of the common man to keep his opinions and his faith without being the subject of attack by his fellows. It seems pathetic to be making such a declaration in 1925, but it seems to be necessary. The right to think and the right to love was the very same combination for which Paul fought long ago.

The only way we know is to follow as kindly as we can, the advice of Dean Inge: "In the long run the only true policy is to give the people the best and the highest that we know, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

ELMER HOUSER

All Set for a Coal Tie-Up. The stage appears to be fully set for a coal strike that will tie up production completely.

There does not seem to have been any sincere effort on the part of either the operators or the union officials to get together in the anthracite end of the industry. The miners' demand for increased wages and other changes being refused, President Lewis of the United Mine Workers says the walk-out will take place September 1st. And it means a nation-wide strike, embracing both the anthracite and bituminous fields, so far as they are operated by union labor.

The truth appears to be, from a union standpoint, the bituminous part of the coal industry is more anxious for a strike than the hard coal fields. The union-operated mines of the soft coal industry face bankruptcy, we are told. The so-called "Jacksonville agreement" continues the present bituminous wage scale until March 21st, 1927, which is some distance away. But the competition of non-union mines has been so serious that hundreds of union soft coal mines have been shut down, unable to compete. Scores of big operators have gone into bankruptcy and hundreds of thousands of union miners are said to be on the brink of starvation. Hence both operators and miners in the union bituminous fields would welcome a strike, hoping it would help them out of their dilemma by creating a coal scarcity and raising prices. The non-union mines could not supply all of the country's needs, hence a shortage might send prices soaring. Yet there are large stocks on hand, and

some dealers say there will be no serious shortage.

In this crisis the government has decided not to interfere. This seems strange, when we recall how President Roosevelt in 1902 took heroic action which broke the strike. President Coolidge's famous utterance during the Boston police strike, that "there is no right, by anybody, at any time or in any place, to strike against the public safety," would surely seem to apply to avert a famine in such a vital necessity as coal. Congress was inexcusably derelict in duty when, after the strike of 1922, and the coal commission had recommended legislation giving the government authority to take drastic action in case of a coal strike, it supinely did nothing. President Coolidge, in the minds of many, would be fully justified in calling a special session of congress to take action, if the country is threatened with a serious coal shortage by a strike on the edge of winter.

Postal Deficit Still Remains. When, last winter, congress felt impelled, in response to insistent demand, to authorize increase of pay for the country's postal employees, it also sought, at the suggestion of the Post Office Department, to provide for the extra cost by increasing certain rates of postage. One of these increases was in what is known as "second class" matter—newspapers mailed by publishers to subscribers. The Advocate is compelled to pay an increase of several hundred dollars per year on its postage account. Private postcards cost twice as much to send as before. There was an added parcel post charge, and other increases.

Now we are informed that in spite of these increases, the deficit of the Post Office Department for the fiscal year closing June 30th was larger than before. The deficit for the previous year was about \$24,000,000. This has been increased to \$37,149,000.

The fact is, the increase made in postage rates, instead of augmenting the revenues, has reduced them. Many newspapers and periodicals have been driven to use the express or other method of distribution. People have not been sending so many private postcards. So with the parcel post. There is such a thing as increasing rates to the extent of driving away business.

Will the new congress try to wipe out the deficit of the Post Office Department by again increasing rates at some points? And if it does, will it produce the desired results? The truth is, it is open to serious question whether the effort of Post Office Department heads to make the Department self-sustaining is good policy. No other department of the government is expected to pay its cost. If all the government departments were self-sustaining it would vastly decrease the need for federal taxation, of course. But it is not expected in case of the others; why of the Post Office Department? It is the one that, more than any other, does a beneficent work in serving all the people. The public is more concerned to have prompt, reliable postal service, than that the Department be self-supporting. Rates that hinder free communication and the circulation of publications that increase intelligence, are unwise and unwarrantable.

The Deplorable Troubles in China. Last week this paper published quite a lengthy statement by the "Christian General," Feng, regarding the present troubles in China, and the blame for them. Gen. Feng evidently wrote under a feeling of intense indignation against the nation whose representatives he holds chiefly responsible for the deplorable shooting down of Chinese students at Canton and Shanghai. While Japanese nationals were responsible for the initial incidents which precipitated the slaughter of unarmed Chinese, and both Japan and France appear to stand by Great Britain and to be involved in the widespread resentment throughout China, the feeling is chiefly directed against Great Britain.

As further evidence concerning the incidents themselves, an American member of the teaching staff of the Canton Christian College sends to this country a vivid account of the shooting at Canton. The original trouble was at Shanghai. At Canton, in sympathy with their fellow-countrymen at Shanghai, students and native members of the faculty of this fine Christian institution (manned and supported by Americans) on June 23 joined with workmen in a street parade, marching to the Shameen quarter, where the British and French concessions are. Here, practically without warning they were fired on by British police-troops (Sikhs from India) and scores killed, including a student and "one of the finest Chinese professors." Many were wounded, and a gruesome account is given of their appearance as they returned to the college.

The American members, of the faculty, nineteen in number, unanimously adopted resolutions expressing "our horror and

regret that such an outrage should have occurred" and calling on the American government and people "to assist China in securing just treatment and in realizing her aims to free herself from foreign imperialism."

There seems no longer any doubt that the Chinese people have had abundant reason for intense indignation over recent incidents. Just what the United States can do about it, at present, may be a question. Offense to Great Britain is not desirable. But this country should make it clear that she has no sympathy with any aggressive or unjust attitude toward China.

Britain's Responsibility and Duty in the Chinese Case.

It would be very unjust to blame the British people as a whole for the wrongs of which

we complain, in the recent incidents at Shanghai and Canton. Surely the Christian portion of the British public, and all fairminded Englishmen everywhere, must unite with Americans, and with the Chinese themselves, in indignant protest against what has occurred under British authority in China.

It is very evident that in handling matters at Shanghai and Canton, "some one had blundered," as at Balaklava when the Light Brigade was sent to its death. More recently at Amitsar, India, when Gen. Dyer ordered firing which resulted in the slaughter of hundreds of native Indians, British officers fearfully blundered. Granted readily that these are exceptions to the usual poise and prudence of British military commanders, all the more they should be repudiated by the British government, the officers disciplined, and as ample amends made as possible, with assurances of good will.

Instead, there seems to be a disposition by the British government to uphold the wrong done, and to maintain the haughty and arrogant policy toward China out of which these troubles grew. That attitude is fostered by British commercial interests, for selfish purposes. The British government will do well to heed the voice of the nation's Christian sentiment, rather than that of sordid commercialism which seeks to exploit China so ruthlessly. Even as a matter of policy alone, this would be wis. Great Britain's vast trade interests in China depend, in the last analysis, on maintaining the good will of the Chinese people. A general boycott of British goods throughout China would not be very desirable.

OUR CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

HALFORD E. LUCCOCK

BEGINNING WITH A B C

THE mightiest forces in the world are rarely the noisiest. Gravitation is no match for Sousa's Band in its assault on the eardrum. Many events in the last few weeks have received much more attention in the press of the United States than did the meeting of the World Federation of Educational Associations at Edinburgh. Yet it is to be doubted whether anything has happened in the last year of greater promise to the world's welfare than the proposals for international education for world friendship which were made by that body. That organization of educators from all parts of the world has launched an endeavor to put into the text books studied by the children of all countries the materials which will tend to create a truly international mind. They hold the high faith that the youth of the world can by proper training be disposed toward a condition of international affairs wherein armed hostilities will be rendered decidedly less tolerable by international understanding, world literacy and human fellowship.

The proper place to begin to create such a common mind and spirit in the world is with the text books for the world's school children. The proposals include the "banishment of war heroes by the international teaching of history, civics and geography; establishment of standard courses in the normal schools of all countries, on internationalism; establishment of a world university and a universal library service; agreement upon a reciprocal arrangement concerning university degrees and credits, whereby students could migrate from one university to those of other countries without interrupting their studies."

"It will be the Federation's mission," said Dr. A. W. Thomas, of Maine, the president, "to comb out of the world civilization those virtues which lend themselves to happiness and progress, and foster and cultivate them, and to make determined war upon those elements which retard or misdirect and which are hangovers of primitive days."

The great educator, Pestalozzi, once waited a whole day in Napoleon's anti-chamber for an opportunity to discuss the elementary schools of France with the Emperor. That glorified war lord refused to see him, making the curt refusal that he had no time to "bother with little matters of A B C."

It is with "little matters of A B C" that the world's future is bound up, and the educators at Edinburgh are at the very heart of the problem.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY IN CHINA

THE prospect that the Commission for revising Chinese tariff regulations may meet in China within three months is gratifying. This meeting was provided for in the Washington treaty relating to China. The failure of France to ratify has held up the compact from becoming effective. France has now ratified and there is an open way to rectifying one of the chief sources of the present upheaval in China.

Chinese tariffs have been fixed by treaty, not for the benefit of the Chinese but for the advantages of foreign nations trading with China. These customs have unquestionably prevented any considerable development of Chinese industry, and have been highly beneficial both to the nations carrying on trade with China and to individuals and concerns of foreign nations operating industries in China. Such an arrangement is so egregiously unfair that even the powers most benefited could not decline to accept the Washington treaty stipulation for a revision.

But the matter of the revision of tariffs is not the only or even the basic injustice against which China is protesting. The whole matter of "unequal treaties," foreign concessions and extra-territoriality must be brought up for consideration. That means that pressure must be brought to bear upon the powers which at present enjoy extra-territoriality. The United States must forcefully and courageously use its influence to bring about this result if it hopes to retain the high role of honor which it has had as the friend of China.

Already there are news reports that Great Britain is adopting the time-honored bullying method of insisting that no discussion of vital matters, such as the relinquishing of unequal treaty rights, can be taken up until all disturbance in China has been quieted. This imperialistic attitude is not at all adequate to the present tense situation.

VERBAL INSPIRATION FROM THE SCRIPTURES

WE HEAR much of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. Much discussion of so-called "heresy" centers on the subject. But there is a matter of much more importance, namely, verbal inspiration from the Scriptures. For the Scriptures should inspire great verbs in a person's life, such verbs as to be, to do, to give, to love, to serve. When we do not get from the Scriptures the energy for such great and noble activity, then is our faith vain.

OUR WASHINGTON EDITOR

H. E. WOOLEVER

INVISIBLE EMPIRE BECOMES VISIBLE AS KU KLUX KLAN MARCHES DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

THE City of Washington, the Nation's Capital, never witnessed such a parade of Americans as on August 8 when the Ku Klux Klan marched through its historic streets. In numbers far beyond the expectations of the public, the members of this organization marched on and through the federal capital. The newspapers had been belittling the Klan and forecasting the failure of the parade. They stated that 5,000 might parade and declared all Negroes had been warned to keep from the streets. In fact, some of the enemies of the Klan opposed until the last hour the use of the public streets of the federal capital by the Klansmen. On the evening before the parade two Roman Catholics who had been handing out inflammatory and falsifying literature against this group of American citizens were arrested. Even after their arrest, they tried to get an injunction stopping the parade, on the ground that the Klansmen were dangerous citizens who were likely to provoke riots. Many of the citizens of Washington, owing to the stories in the daily press, were deceived as to the number and the type of those who would appear in the Klan parade.

Many States Represented

The parade was originally planned as a local affair but soon took on a wider significance, despite the opposition of the national officers to any general demonstration. On Thursday

(Continued on Page 23.)

Editing the Editors

GLIMPSES OF METHODISM'S SCRIBES

CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER

Editor Central Christian Advocate

Elmer Houser

MICHIGAN has been a great training ground for producing Methodist editors. In proof let us call the roll. James V. Watson, first editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, was a leader in Detroit Conference. He was editor of that paper from 1852 to 1856, dying in the latter year at the early age of 42. John M. Reid, the third editor (1868-72), went from the Michigan Conference to that position. Arthur Edwards, who succeeded Dr. Reid in 1872, and filled the editorship so ably for 31 years, until he died in 1901, was a member of Detroit Conference to the last. Charles M. Stuart, who served his journalistic apprenticeship as associate editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate one year (1885-6), was assistant editor of the Northwestern from 1886 to 1896, and in 1898 became editor for four years.

So much for the Northwestern editors. Then there was the great editor of the "Great Official," at New York, James M. Buckley. He was pastor of the Central church, Detroit, when the present site was secured and the present stately structure erected. He edited the Christian Advocate from 1880 to 1912, and ranks as the greatest of Methodist editors. Bishop Joseph F. Berry, who made a reputation as a great editor before episcopal honors came to him, was Michigan bred, and came from his last pastorate at Mt. Clemens to the Michigan Christian Advocate in 1886 as associate editor. Here he established his fame as a brilliant journalist, going in 1890 to Chicago to become the first editor of the Epworth Herald, filling the place with distinction until elected bishop in 1904. Jeremiah H. Bayliss, after filling the Central pastorate at Detroit, was the gifted editor of the Western Christian Advocate from 1884 to 1889. Detroit Conference still claims as its very own George Elliott, who, after a record of many ministerial years in this Conference as one of our greatest preachers, is now rounding out his distinguished career as editor of the Methodist Review.

All these were called to Methodist editorships outside of Michigan. The stalwart John M. Arno'd, first editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate, and his successor, James H. Potts, who for more than forty years rendered such distinguished service as editor of this paper, were both Michigan pastors before they took up editorial duties.

Here I have gone on gossiping about other editors, and have not even named the one whose record and work have been assigned to me. This is Claudius B. Spencer, editor of the Central Christian Advocate since 1900. Dr. Spencer is today the veteran among our Methodist editors. He has occupied the tripod longer than any other now living. Since this scribe has been longer in the relation of assistant or associate editor on our church papers than any one else, it is perhaps fitting that he should tell the story of the Nestor of the American Methodist press. Anyway, it is a peculiarly pleasant duty, made doubly so by the highly prized acquaintance and friendship of forty years and more.

Claudius Buchanan Spencer first saw the light of day at Fowlerville, Michigan. His parents were Henry Norman and Electa J. (Brown) Spencer. His father and uncle were physicians, men of culture, and while practicing medicine in a little Michigan village (my impression is the family had removed to Howell), kept in touch with the best thought of their day. Of the influences which gave trend to his life, Dr. Spencer has himself given so graphic a description in editorial correspondence which appeared in the Central of June 25th, accompanying an editorial on the Tennessee evolution trial, that I propose to let him tell his own story largely. These extracts, which refer not only to the family influence, but to that of one of the most highly esteemed



CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER

preachers of the Detroit Conference, will be read with keen interest here in Michigan. We quote:

First—Conversion

"It was during a revival when I was eight years old when the great experience of Christ came to me. . . . I had a saint in my mother, and God blessed me with at least one pastor who was profoundly interested in my little studies. He was everything a pastor should be. Jesse Kilpatrick was an integral part of our family life for twenty years.

"At that time my uncle was a student in the University of Michigan and was swept along by the furore the works of Darwin and Tyndall and Huxley and Herbert Spencer were at the moment causing in that university. He not only read their books, he devoured them; he could repeat their exact language. . . . When I was in my teens that uncle poured into me the stores of all he had read from Darwin. And when I became a delivery boy in a grocery store, between houses Huxley's lectures were whipped out from under the cushion of the seat, and on larger errands the books of Tyndall on his searches in the Alps left the road to the horse while I was with him on the Mer de Glace studying the character of g'aciers. When I worked on my father's farm, four miles in the country, it was so fine to walk instead of saddle one of the horses, and hold Darwin (or David Copperfield) so I could read as well as walk. It is a literal fact that my uncle poured these subjects into me, answering

my questions, all night long, on the church steps in the village, or as his horse picked his way at liberty outside the village under the stars. He was an agnostic, but he knew what he was talking about.

"On the other side was Jesse Kilpatrick, again in the county seat our pastor. He was about six feet ten, as I look back at him, across a half century or more, equally well read, for he held that no blindfold should be over the mind of a Methodist preacher. He knew Christ. That fixed agnosticism for me. Jesse Kilpatrick walked with Christ every day he lived. I recall how the big scholar and the lad went rowing on the lake not far from our house. We drew the boat up on a little island in the lake, sat in shade, and I listened and tried to follow him in the depths. He dove into his pocket and brought out a lens and showed me the flower garden on a head of clover. Then he suggested that we talk with the Father, and the big man knelt with the lad under the trees and like Francis of Assisi poured out his soul in praise to God.

"Thus I was started out. I never did know fear as regards truth, nor doubts as to a personal God revealed to my own life by his Son. Years afterward I became superficially associated with the Institutes of Sacred Literature founded by President Harper of Chicago University. I organized and directed one of them. I rode with Dr. Harper and read his wonderful words, and I fancy I went about as far as any Modernist can. My library can be taken in evidence. But I took a summer course under William Henry Green, the great Hebrew scholar of Princeton. His subjects were 'The Composite Structure of the Pentateuch' and 'The Double Authorship of Isaiah.' What that course of study did for me was to quietly advise me not to go too fast, not to go faster than the evidence, and cultivate the habit of sifting evidence before capitulating to a theory. That has long since become a fixed habit. The habit of an open mind but of rather slow steps to a conclusion.

Second—"The Testimony of the Rocks"

"My early years in the itineracy were on Lake Superior. One day as I was about my pastoral work in the fifteen scattered mining 'locations' which included my circuit, I was in a deep cut made by the engineers to construct a better road. They were down to the virgin rock. My eyes bulged from my head as I saw the trail of the glacier which in the Ice Age had scooped out Hudson's Bay, the Great Lakes, the ten thousand lakes of Minnesota and the emerald pools of the Upper Peninsula and to the south of Mackinaw and Traverse Bay. The scoriations were as distinct as if ground into the rock only the day before. I wish everyone could have seen those autographs of that Ice Age who thinks the world was made in six calendar days of twenty-four hours each, instead of six vast creative days of which Genesis 1 is the sublime hymn. Since then I have tried to comprehend the relations of the Ice Age to the Gorge of Niagara and in turn its relation to the antiquity of man on this planet. I went with that great authority on the Ice Age, Prof. G. Frederick Wright, to study in situ the meaning of that skull found in 1902 beneath the loess, in a tunnel about 70 feet long, driven by the Concannonns to make a vegetable cellar. Afterward I visited Prof. Wright at his home in Oberlin,

Ohio, and heard him on the glacial epoch in Greenland and Alaska, which he had studied on the ground. I printed a full account of this find (now in the Smithsonian Museum) and made it the basis of a study in the origin and age of man on this planet. That study afforded no evidence whatever that man was a descendant of a monkey or that man had been on this planet more than twelve or fifteen thousand years. I am satisfied that there is a vast lot of pretense about man being on this planet 100,000,000 or 200,000,000 years (according to the figures on your typewriter you happen to touch). When matters settle down it may turn out that the Septuagint version, of about 11,000 years, is not far astray. Of all the prehistoric skulls we have in any abundance, from any quarter of the globe, we find the cubic contents are as great or greater than the skulls of the people ages on ages later, now inhabiting the same region.

Not Evolved from Protoplasm

"In a gorgeous sunset one afternoon in September I was walking along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. I felt the glory, the silence, of the Presence. I saw in the water something like the white of an egg, about as large as a plate, contracting and moving through the water. I was able to land it on a long board. On the bank I studied that jelly fish a long time; but as I studied it, it dissolved and became a blotch on the sand. I looked up at the majesty of the sun shooting its fires on those banks of cloud. I asked myself if that jelly contained in it the potency of the brain, the thought, of Plato or Kant? What would you say, reader? And yet Professor Huxley derived all the life there is on this planet—plant, animal, man—from a substance, the ooze on the floor of the ocean, much more simple than this jelly fish I saw dissolve in the sand of the Gulf of Mexico. And the idea is, give that jelly time, all the time there is, 1,000,000 years, 100,000,000 years, 200,000,000 years, and unaided, no directing force, nothing added from without, it will produce Sir Isaac Newton or Raphael or even the Nazarene. I do not believe it.

"Evolution is what comes from prior involution. Such talk of evolution would seem to originate in a madhouse.

"In my teens I had devoured the works of Tyndall, where he records his efforts to produce the spontaneous generation of life by experiments in the higher Alps, and how he found there isn't any such thing as the spontaneous generation of life. Where, then, did life itself come from, if this planet was once so hot that iron was a vapor? It would seem that God is needed about then—that God must be the very first thing postulated.

"Personally, I do not think there is anything to fear from the assured results of evolution. There seems to be an Immanence, a Mind, a Law, a Law Giver, a Providence at work. That Providence we call God. He is greater than all his works. Of course we cannot comprehend him. In that Mr. Darrow is right. His ways may be past finding out. But his heart is not past finding out. He is not so stripped of resources that he is impotent to let us, even us, know that he is near. And to show his essential character, to inform us so we could take it in, who he is and what he is, he, even he, humbled himself and 'in his Son came and dwelt among us,' a Saviour and a friend."

These copious excerpts—none too copi-

ous, they are so interesting—from Dr. Spencer's own pen, tell his inner life story and reveal his thinking as nothing else could do. They are truly autobiographical. They illustrate his style of writing. Their bearing on a current topic of thought would justify quoting them, apart from the personality concerned.

His Life in Outline

The outlines of Dr. Spencer's career before he went to his present position must be briefly sketched. He has not told us when the call to the ministry was first heard, but it must have been distinct, and he diligently prepared for it, going to Northwestern University, from which he received his A.B. in 1881, and his A.M. in 1887. Other degrees came in time—D.D. from Lawrence in 1897, Litt. D. from the University of Denver in 1902, LL. D. from Nebraska Wesleyan in 1905.

Young Spencer joined the Detroit Conference on trial in 1881 and in full connection in 1883. His first pastorate was as junior preacher with John Sweet at Calumet. After three years in the Lake Superior country he came to Haven church in Detroit (now Fourteenth Avenue), then to Lincoln Avenue (now Martha Holmes), then Owosso three years, then back to Detroit as pastor of Preston three years. In 1892 he transferred to the Colorado Conference, where he served as pastor of one of the leading churches for four years.

When pastor at Haven church, Detroit, Claudius Spencer revealed his journalistic bent by issuing a weekly church paper, which was something more than a mere chronicle of local church happenings—its editorial utterances, as some of us know, were a prophecy of his future career. He couldn't avoid contact with printer's ink. Hardly settled in his Denver pastorate, he must needs launch the Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate, a high-grade independent weekly paper devoted to Methodist interests in the mountain states. For eight years he edited that paper, part of the time in connection with his pastorate, for the paper did not furnish adequate support. But here he won his editorial spurs, and proved to the Church that he had the true editorial instinct and genius. So, when the General Conference in 1900 was looking for an editor to succeed Jesse Bowman Young on the Central Christian Advocate, Claudius B. Spencer was chosen, and has continued now for twenty-five years as the head of that paper, which was meanwhile removed from St. Louis to Kansas City.

Dr. Spencer was married in 1886 to Mary L. Mitchell, of Brockport, N. Y., and their family life has been beautiful. Of recent years, afflicted in some degree with the same infirmity as our beloved Dr. Potts, his daughter has been his faithful and invaluable amanuensis.

Dr. Spencer was secretary of the group which organized the Epworth League in 1889. He was a member of the General Conferences of 1908 and 1912; of the Ecumenical Conferences of 1908 and 1921; was associate secretary of the Federal Council of Churches in 1908; a delegate to the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910, and has held numerous other positions of distinction. He is the author of at least four books.

Dr. Spencer as an Editor

All who are familiar with our church press for the last quarter century know how abundantly Dr. Spencer has made good. He has not merely marked time,

but has proven one of the very ablest, most erudite, and most efficient of all our editors. Sturdily loyal to the Church which he loves, keenly alive to the current thought of the day, wielding an incisive pen, and prodigiously industrious, he has not only made the "Central" a power in the trans-Mississippi West, but has made it an oracle of influence all through our far-flung Methodism.

Dr. Spencer never evades an issue—he squarely faces it, and one knows where he stands on all the problems with which our Methodism, and the Christian Church have to deal. If you don't always quite agree with him, you know what he thinks, and are bound to admit and admire his sincerity, as he gives reasons for the faith that is in him. He writes with a grace, and in a finished, classical style, that is the gift of few men. Long may he live to help direct the thought and guide the faith of our beloved Methodism!

LET ME LIVE SIMPLY

Let me live simply,
Casting out care,
Anchored to duty,
Friendship, and prayer.

Let me live freely,
Bursting self's bars,
Comrade of gardens,
Music and stars.

Let me live faithfully,
Loyal to all—
God—and the children—
Brutes, great and small.

Let me live hopefully,
Child of the morn,
Foe of the doubter,
Hater of scorn.

Let me live bravely—
Tenderly, too—
Till at the twilight
Life's dream comes true!
—Thomas Curtis Clark.

HOW TO TAKE A VACATION TRIP AT HOME

Go over next door. Sit there wishing you were at home. Remarkably like being on vacation.

Rub poison ivy on hands and think you have been to the country.

Hire some reliable robber to chase you home every night. Results same as if you visited Chicago.

Examine ruts in roads around your home through magnifying glass. Look exactly like Grand Canyon.

Poke eyes full of cinders and sleep on pantry shelf. Wonderful substitute for an upper berth.

Fill your grip with lead and run for the car every morning. Same thing as touring Europe.

Fill bathtub with water and broken glass. Ah, just like the old swimming hole!

Let faucet run in kitchen sink. Sounds as if you were summering at Niagara.—Tom Sims, in Life.

In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness, let us not underestimate the value of a simply good life. Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—Edward Howard Griggs.

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WHY ALBION MIGHT HAVE A DEFICIT

IT is not strange that many people should think Albion College very prosperous. Does it not receive about three-fourths of the M. E. A. funds? Has it not had three large gifts within a brief period; \$175,000 for the gymnasium, the Turner Bequest of about \$300,000 and the \$200,000 for the dormitory? Why should it need more money?

The dormitory when in operation will pay its own way. The other two buildings

will be heavy liabilities. The Turner Hall will add at least \$15,000 to \$18,000, that is 6 per cent or more of its own cost to the operating costs of the college. The gymnasium when complete with swimming pool, will require for maintenance and instructional costs not less than 10 per cent of the money invested in it. That will mean about \$20,000 a year. Assume that by rigid economy the two buildings could be operated while new for \$30,000. That would be the interest on \$600,000 of endowment.

It was expected that the M. E. A. would yield the endowment. Up to the present only about \$100,000 has come to Albion College for that purpose. Now that the debt is paid about \$40,000 can be obtained from the General Education Board. The interest on this \$140,000 will not pay more than half the added expenses due next year to the gymnasium. If the citizens of Albion who are behind on their subscriptions to the M. E. A. would pay up to date that would at once increase the endowment not only by the amount of their gifts but also by the additional funds in the ratio of 3 to 7 thus obtainable from the General Education Board. Prompt payment means double service on the money.

It should be noted that the salaries of teachers have doubled in the last ten years. All other expenses of the college have gone up in like proportion. But the productive endowment has not doubled nor have other sources of income. The expenses of the college have rapidly increased. The dependable income of the college has increased less rapidly. That means a widening gap year by year, unless extraordinary measures are taken.

We propose to take them. Why not cut down expenses? Well, the proportion of overhead and operating costs already is much lower in Albion College than in most colleges. In the second place the standardizing agencies would take us off the approved list, or at least would demote us, if we should spend less on the students than we now spend. The plain fact is that we ought to be spending more. The rate is about \$300 a student. In many colleges it runs from \$500 to \$1000. Only the lively personal interest that the professors take in their students makes amends for the present low rate of expenditure.

There is only one way open if Albion

is to remain a college of the first rank and that is to increase the income. Though each student pays only about half what he costs the college it is not desirable to increase the fees very much if at all. Education would be made too difficult, or impossible, for many promising students.

The people, especially the Methodists, must give more to the college for endowment and for running expenses. Until the M. E. A. fund is collected and invested a large number of people should make regular annual gifts to the college budget. The alumni in particular should help to support their Alma Mater, not only in the style to which she has been accustomed, but in the better style the times demand.

Albion College is in Class A.
Albion College must stay there.
More money is necessary each year.

DETROIT CONFERENCE, ATTENTION!

Conference report blanks have been mailed to all pastors. If not received when this announcement is read, notify the statistician, J. H. James, Kinde, R. R. 2, Michigan, who will forward an additional set of blanks by return mail.

THE MISSIONARIES SPEAK

It would be well for our missionary work if the gunboats were less in evidence in port," says the Rev. William A. McCurdy, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Chungking, West China, in a report to the Board of Foreign Missions.

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Charles Darwin, Evolution, and the Christian Religion

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, Th.D., D.D., Litt.D.

Preached in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit, Michigan

"That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural."—1 Corinthians 15:46.

THE year 1809 was perhaps the greatest year of distinguished births which the nineteenth century produced. It was the year when that tragic and baffled genius, Edgar Allen Poe, first saw the light. It was the year when Alfred Tennyson, who so loved Virgil and, like the great Latin poet, deeply pondered his own age and set many of its meanings singing in immortal music, began his adventure in this curious world. Proudhon, the founder of philosophical anarchy, was born in this year. Gladstone, whose wizardry in giving to the figures of a budget a kind of purple romance, and whose capacity to capture the moral imagination of a great nation made him one of the outstanding leaders of the century, was born in 1809. And in this year Abraham Lincoln opened his eyes in that Kentucky cabin from which he was to go out to become the noblest product of his nation's democracy. Such were some of the children who were first sensing the sights and sounds of a strange environment in the year when Charles Darwin was born.

A Singular Life

The story of his life is the tale of one supreme and mastering devotion. It was at Cambridge University that he found himself, and it was the five-year voyage of the ship "Beagle" which gave him his great opportunity as a naturalist. The ship went quite around the world, spending much time in and near South America. It was while reading Malthus's discussion of the increase of population that the idea of the struggle for existence dawned upon him in a new light. The idea of natural selection took on new meaning, and the conception for which another scientist found the phrase "the survival of the fittest" began to open up its possibilities. Darwin worked with a patience in gathering the facts upon which generalizations must be made which is quite beyond praise. The five-year voyage of the "Beagle" gave him unequalled opportunities. Then for twenty years he went on studying, collecting material, and patiently gathering together and classifying all his materials, verifying and correcting at every step. It is an almost unparalleled story of the patient and painstaking work of the greatest sort of scientist.

At last, in 1858, a curious and startling thing happened. From his friend, Alfred Wallace, Darwin received a communication announcing his reaching exactly the conclusions regarding evolution which had engrossed the mind of Darwin for twenty years. So modest and so eager to be fair to his friend was Darwin that he was willing to retire and let all the credit go to Wallace. This, however, was not to be. The work of the two men was presented simultaneously before the Linnaean Society, and it was at once clear, nobody acknowledging it more heartily than Wallace, that the flash of a great idea had indeed come to the younger man independently of the work of the elder,

but it was Darwin who, by world-wide gathering of material and patient work through twenty years, had made the position in a singular way his own.

Back of Darwin

To be sure, Darwin was not the originator of the idea of evolution. Most distinguished among his immediate predecessors was Lamarck, whose work still has great significance. And the story does not even begin with him or with Goethe or St. Hilaire or with Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles. There is a fine sentence in Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey's fascinating volume "The River of Life," in which he describes the fashion in which the patient and painstaking mountain-climbing of some modern scientist brings him to the top of the range only to make the discovery that some keen-minded Greek has shot an arrow to the very summit a couple of thousand years ago. It was so with evolution. Aristotle taught the general doctrine. And when we pass from the Greeks to the Romans Lucretius paints a remarkable picture, unfolding like a cinema, of the development of animal life from simple origins. Darwin did, however, subject the idea of evolution to such scientific tests as had been unknown before. Nobody understood better than he that he could not say the last word even in the relatively small fields of the life of animals and the life of man to which he restricted his attention. The mutation theory of De Vries, the theories of orthogenesis, of isolation, of hybridization, and the revival of the position of Lamarck in new relationships, all suggest that there is a vast difference between the truth of evolution and the adequacy of any particular formulation of its methods.

Evolution in Modern Thinking

So germinal a principle was sure to be applied to various fields, and it was Herbert Spencer who, independently of Darwin, set the whole structure of the cosmos in the perspective of evolutionary thought. Every science and every art has felt the stimulus of this approach, and it is not too much to say that evolution has become not so much an explanation as a method which makes a place for itself in every sort of investigation and a spirit which suffuses all our thinking.

Humiliation or Miracle

Darwin's books, "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," precipitated the most acrimonious sort of controversy. A good many people felt that everything which they held dear was not only endangered but quite destroyed if it became necessary to admit that man was descended from lower forms of life. People who had accepted with complacency the idea that man was made from dust drew back from the idea of an ancestry in the lower kingdoms. Someone has suggested that, after all, man is not much more dignified than monkeys, and, of course, no scientist suggests that man is descended from monkeys, but only that men and monkeys are twigs from a common bough. The truth is that the curious distaste with the thought of owing anything to lower forms

is a strangely inconsistent thing. All the while we keep eating lower forms of animals, and the subtle miracles of digestion and our own organic life change what a little while ago was a cow grazing in a field into a poet writing lovely verses or an orator speaking eloquent words. What a little while ago were sheep grazing on the hillside appear upon dinner tables in appetizing form, and a little later have become the strength of working men and the insight of patient scholars. Even pigs are not disdained by many people as the source of energy which they like to believe they apply to great moral and spiritual tasks. Of course, you can regard it either as a miracle or as a humiliation. To some of us it seems a good deal of a miracle that from the lower animal forms there can be appropriated energies which express themselves in the beauty of architecture, the grace of poetry and the stability of civilization. At all events, if a man could see in one collection all the turkeys and chickens and geese and other fowl, all the cows and sheep and swine which have contributed to his physical organism, he might come to think of simian ancestry as a rather incidental matter.

The Question of Genesis

It is probably true, however, that a good many people have become hostile to the idea of evolution not so much from distaste in respect of the thought of descent from lower forms of life as because the account of creation as given in the book of Genesis seems to them clearly to contradict the account which the scientific evolutionist gives of these matters. The whole subject requires clear and close thinking. It may be granted without hesitation that the all-knowing God held in the area of His thought every fact which has become the possession of modern scientists at the very time when the materials which make up the book of Genesis had their origin. Why then is not the book of Genesis a frankly and clearly evolutionary document? When we begin to think about the matter we see that it is not at all as simple as may at first sight appear. Suppose the great Master of Life had inspired the writings to be found in the book of Genesis in such a form that they would clearly and perfectly represent the state of scientific knowledge in this year of our Lord 1925. It is clear at once that such writings would have been perfectly incomprehensible to every man alive when they were written. They would have looked upon them with dumb and amazed astonishment. You have to speak to men in the language of their own day, and the scientific thought and speech of the twentieth century would have puzzled and baffled and bewildered the men and women of that ancient time. More than that, it would have been completely without power to give a gripping and intelligible message to the men and women of every century since until the coming of our own time. But more than this, Science is all the while advancing. Soon the particular forms in which we clothe our knowledge will be antiquated, and if the book of Genesis were written in these forms, in all the untold generations and centuries which are yet to come it would speak in the language of an outgrown and more or less discredited state of knowledge. Suppose, then, that the great Master of Life had inspired the writing of the materials to be found in the book of Genesis in language which would express the ultimate truth which is yet cen-

turies and centuries beyond our ken. It is at once clear that in the age when it was written and in every succeeding age, including our own, until that very distant time when the final forms of knowledge begin to appear, such writing would be incomprehensible. It would be completely baffling and completely bewildering. Is there any other way in which the problem could be met? There is, indeed, the method which in the wisdom of God was actually used. This method would give great and compelling moral and spiritual truth in the very language and the very thought-forms of the people to whom the moral and spiritual message was to be given. Then they could understand it, and men of later day could see just how it was given to them, and just how it was brought within the range of their mind and conscience. This moral and spiritual message would be quite independent of the mental thought-forms of the period when it was given, and would be commanding and authentic long after those thought-forms had ceased to be compelling. From the first prophet until Jesus every messenger of God had to speak in the thought-forms of his own day, and in doing so there was no blind commitment of mankind to the passing utensils through which the eternal truth was conveyed. The Genesis stories give an interpretation of the character of God, of the nature of man, of the tragedy of sin, which probe to the very depths of human experience. And these are seen all the more clearly when they emerge from primitive forms of thought and command the conscience of men of every sort of civilization and mental life. Seen in this light, there is nothing in the moral and spiritual message of the book of Genesis which comes into conflict with any assured results of modern science.

Evolution Neither Christian Nor Un-Christian

As a matter of fact, taken by themselves, the postulates of evolution are neither Christian nor un-Christian. You can so interpret evolution as to make it anti-Christian. You can so interpret evolution as to make it express the very genius of Christianity. The evolutionary doctrine is a good deal like a Pullman car. It carries saints and it carries rogues. It carries bootleggers and it carries Christian missionaries. Because a traveller found a good many bad men on a Pullman car he would not thenceforth refuse to ride on a Pullman. The passengers are responsible for what they bring to the car. The car is not responsible for the sort of passengers it carries. If we were to allow anti-Christian forces to control the means of intellectual locomotion known under the name of evolution, it would simply mean that we are allowing the enemy to gain for themselves the most effective means of transportation. That would be an extremely strange thing to do in a war.

Both Saints and Sinners

The question then is not one which has to do with whether we are going to be evolutionists. It has to do with the sort of evolutionists we are going to be. Now, the man who interprets evolution as a perfectly mechanical and material process with no causal or controlling power outside the mechanical and impersonal relationships which the process reveals, has, of course, given away the whole political position. But there is nothing political and facts of evolution which make dragged position necessary. The man the public

this sort of thing is simply using the letters of the evolutionary alphabet to spell atheism. The evolutionary alphabet furnishes just the letters needed to spell God. After all there is no particular use blaming the alphabet if men insist on using its letters to spell the wrong words. Men have been godless who have never heard of evolution. And men have been saints who have believed in evolution. The house of evolution—to change our figure—is a good deal like the material world in this respect, that it support both saints and sinners.

The man who holds a personal and ethical and spiritual view of the world is sometimes almost startled at the fashion in which his positions enable him to be an evolutionist in a deeper and more understanding and fruitful fashion. Let us inspect the matter in the light of some of its possibilities in this regard. When our organist plays the "Pilgrims' Chorus" on the great organ, which has brought so much happiness to us all, we instinctively feel a great evolutionary movement in the noble composition. On it goes, and we feel that each movement is an advance toward a great consummation, which comes at last. But nobody would think of calling one note the father or the grandfather of the notes which follow. The unseen organist is the really effective power which gives us the gracious and inspiring music. You can think of the composition very completely as the evolution of a musical idea. But if you want to explain it you must remember the musician unseen by so many of you. And that great "Pilgrims' Chorus," which we call life, moves with a series of characteristics which the scientist can note and catalogue. He can tell us the tale of its unfolding evolution. But if you want to explain it you must go to the great unseen musician. You must go to Almighty God.

Which?

Here you come to the great divide. When you have asked one question you have reached the ultimate matters. And this is the question: Is evolution a self-sufficient and self-running process, without any place for moral and spiritual values and without any place for Almighty God, or is it the perpetual activity of the perfectly good and loving Father whose face we see in the face of Jesus Christ? Here the issue is sharp and clear enough. The man who answers the question in the first way is not a Christian, and the man who answers it in the second way does not cease to be a Christian, though he is a firm and eager believer in evolution as the chosen method by which God works. The man who refuses to believe in the unseen musician because the notes can be fitted together in a mathematical plan will, after all, not prevent our loving the musician, who has poured his very heart out in melody and harmony, which have given us a new sense of the meaning of life.

"God at Work"

The Copernican theory of the universe ran the same gauntlet which other scientific views must face. Doubtless it seemed very clear to some pious men that it was impossible to believe in God if the earth moved around the sun. The literal interpretation of the Bible was, of course, all against the Copernican view. And so good men set themselves against advancement of knowledge. But there remains no one who is not mentally as to do them reverence. And the last strange brilliant de-

ference of the old position was by an astonishingly gifted negro preacher, who was a genius in his way, who held great audiences enthralled by his adroit and telling logic as he delivered his lecture, "The Sun Do Move." There is, I suppose, not a single advocate of the position which has gotten for itself the name of Fundamentalism who would not gladly admit that the Copernican theory holds all the field. In that concession he really concedes his whole case. A man who can believe in the Copernican theory has admitted in principle every position which the Christian believer needs as he relates the new knowledge to the Biblical statements. And the man who sees in the Copernican view of the universe only a sublime view of God at work has already in principle accepted just the position from which to interpret evolution from the Christian view.

Our Big Chance

The really searching question, of course, has to do not with the solid saints who will hold to the religious verities whatever comes and whatever goes. It is the new generation, to whom evolution is the very framework of all knowledge, of whom we must think. Believers in evolution they must be if their whole intellectual integrity is not to be shattered. Believers in the Christian religion many of them—most of them, we trust—would like to be. Are we able to help them? Have we a vital word in an hour which, for them, is a time of intellectual crisis? There are many of us who believe that at this very point Christianity meets one of its greatest and one of its happiest opportunities.

Youth Awaits the Word

The young men and women who are coming in such amazing numbers from our institutions of learning have a knowledge and an understanding of the whole biological process which would have been a little disconcerting to their fathers and entirely astounding to their grandfathers. They have watched the emergence of vegetable and animal life from the water in the great adventure of living on the land. They have watched the vast and varied struggle of life up to man and through all the stages of civilization; and they are ready to ask, "What is back of it all, and whither does it lead?" They are ready to hear the great reply: "God is back of it all, and its goal is revealed in the stainless and glowing and radiantly self-forgetful personality of Jesus Christ." When once they have followed the long and dramatic story, the great epic of life upon this planet, seeing in every stage the presence and the activity of the invisible God, a new sacredness and a new glory come to all of life. And when they have seen emerging at the very heart of this tale of struggle and survival the mighty and glorious personality of Jesus Christ, when they have seen that everything else was on the way to Him, and that everything is still on the way to the achievement of His kingdom, religion ceases to be an incidental part of life; it becomes the defining meaning of the biological process itself.

There is an understanding of the significance of Jesus so profound and so deeply related to the new knowledge which has come into our possession, that "that One Face" looks out of every page of a text-book on chemistry, gazes forth from the most intricate analysis of physics, gives a genius and a soul to

biology, becomes the inspiring genius of the new psychology, so that in a new and most glorious fashion the old word is fulfilled, "that in all things He may have pre-eminence." All these realms belong to Him. It would be a poor, foolish mind which would retain for Him the realms of phrases which have lost their vitality and prevent His entering in triumph the vast and far-reaching realms where He has the right to rule.

Christianising the Intellectual Adventure

It is a wonderful characteristic of the vital writers of the Old Testament and the New that they make their own every potent word in the contemporary vernacular. Ezekiel makes the prophetic message a thing with new and vital seizure because he uses the very form of Babylonian thought and experience to make it commanding. Paul bends the stately Roman Empire itself to the purpose of being a vehicle for the making vivid of the conception of the Empire of Jesus Christ. Why cannot we be as wise in our own time? One can imagine with what zest and zeal Paul and Ezekiel would have used the very pass-words of evolutionary thought to make more potent and more effective the message of Religion to the men of this tremendous day. The whole intellectual adventure of scientist and philosopher and artist belong to Jesus Christ. We claim them all for Him. We come with a right of eminent domain to make them a part of the vast Empire of Jesus Christ.

Backed by God

It is not strange that Paul, whose mind played over such vast areas, used a phrase which it was more than fitting to select as a sort of watchword at the beginning of this sermon. We are not claiming that Paul was an evolutionist before the days of evolutionists. We are claiming that there is a suggestiveness and a significance not soon exhausted in his seminal phrase: that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural. The phrase is capacious enough to hold the whole Christian interpretation of evolution. Life indeed begins on low levels. But it does not remain there. It aspires; it climbs. It seeks great goals. And the spiritual is the consummation toward which it moves. Why the movement, we ask, and why the goal? There is only one answer to such questions. God Himself sets in motion the movement. God Himself presides over it. God Himself provides the goal. The evolutionary process cannot account for Jesus Christ; but Jesus Christ can account for the evolutionary process. It is in His face that the new knowledge is seen in all its human meaning and in all its human relationships. It is He who gives a soul to the age-long struggle. It is He who changes a process into a moral and spiritual progress. It is He who brings to light the divine fellowship which has been implicit in the whole evolutionary process. It is in Him that the new knowledge becomes redemptive, and science itself the joyous handmaid of religion.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN HOLI- NESS CAMP MEETING

Gaines, Aug. 28 to Sept. 6

REV. H. C. MORRISON, D. D., until recently president of Asbury College, comes to our camp this year as a new "Voice Crying in the Wilderness." This

hero of many battles can be with us only the first five days so will preach Friday evening, August 28th, and morning and evening the following Sunday.

Rev. Joseph H. Smith of Redland, California, is a familiar name to all Gaines worshippers. He will preach the opening sermon of the camp Friday afternoon and will stay to the close.

While Mrs. Esther Williamson, song leader, is new to our camp yet she comes highly recommended as a soloist and lears.

Rev. C. W. Butler, D. D., president of the camp, will be one of the main workers the last part of the meeting.

A new 24-room dormitory has been built on the ground since last camp. We now have two dormitories. These, with the homes in town which have always been open to our guests, will enable the Association to provide convenient lodging for all who come. Lodging in the dormitory, 25c each night, in the homes 50c. Meals for entire ten days, \$10. By the day, for less than ten days, single meals—breakfast 35c, dinner 40c, supper 35c.

The camp is located 63 miles northwest of Detroit on the Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee branch of the Grand Trunk Railroad. It is 6 miles east of Durand.

For leaflets and posters write R. C. Millard, Secretary, Frontier, Mich.

CRYSTAL SPRINGS CAMP MEETING

July 30 to Aug. 9

THE Young People's department of the Crystal Springs Camp Meeting opened with a banquet of more than 200 with overflow tables for those who could not be seated at the hotel. More than 400 heard a most enjoyable and informing address by Dr. Howard A. Musser at the Tabernacle auditorium, as no other place could accommodate the host of young people present. Dr. Musser so completely captivated young and old that it was greatly feared that Dr. Guy Wilson, a member of the Maine Conference, who spoke on Wednesday, would have a hard time to hold up the interest. But all fears subsided when this master platform man came on the scene of action. Methodist altars were again bedewed with penitential tears and cries of peace were heard from those whose sins were forgiven.

The interest that our young people took in the distinctly religious part of the program was most gratifying indeed. Many young people found their life work as well as a deepened sense of God in their lives. It was proven beyond a doubt that the old fashioned gospel can save and draw when preached in the power of the Holy Spirit and faith. The crowds at the closing Sunday services were so great that they could not be seated. After the seats in the great auditorium were filled, fully 1,000 folks were out on the grounds, not able to gain admission.

Special mention should be made with reference to our study classes. Miss Fanny Springsteen, of Cassopolis, taught a Bible study class on Acts to the great delight of all. None of her pupils can ever forget her masterful presentations of the subject. Miss Bertha Creek, of the W. F. M. S., thrilled us all with her most realistic presentation of the doctrine on the mission fields. The district meeting met from time to time to forms

Epworth League methods.

The young life was greatly delighted with the presence of President Seaton, of Albion College, on the grounds for a day. He spoke several times and lunched with the young people and helped many of them to think in terms of Albion.

The musical part of the program was greatly lifted under the leadership of Harry W. Storrs. He always seemed to know just what to sing.

Last, but not least, was the great work done by Miss Grace Bonine, of Vandalia, among our children. Miss Bonine has given her life to the church to engage in evangelistic work and would be a splendid helper for any pastor who wishes to do his own preaching and wants some one to assist in music and personal work.

The success was no accident, for Dr. Willits and his preachers and people have been under this movement for months. The wonderful offering of nearly \$2,000 speaks of the purpose of Niles district in making Crystal Springs Camp Meeting a still greater success for 1926. Just to show the devotion of the charges, Edwardsburg sent 79 on the last Sunday; and Colon, 59 miles away, sent 47. Dr. Willits is building up such a tremendous program with the best talent available that the whole district is becoming enthused over it.—F. M. Thurston.

A DREAMER'S DREAM COMES TRUE IN DETROIT

The Advocate extends its congratulations to Richard H. Webber and the J. L. Hudson Co. on the completion of their new building in Detroit. We are glad to count among our subscribers such a dreamer and builder as Mr. Richard H. Webber, an official member of our Central church.



R. H. WEBBER

In April, 1923, was conceived the idea of replacing the old Hudson building, built in 1891, with a new, modern, greatly enlarged, fireproof building which would permit a splendid expansion in the business and a marked improvement in merchandise assortments and service. The Webbers have faith in Detroit.

A WIRE FROM MICHIGAMME

Vast audiences at Michigamme Institute. Subscriptions totaling \$6,500, including the gift of \$600 for new dining hall by I. N. Bushong, of Gladstone. Registrations, 840.—Geo. B. Marsh, Dean.

Bishop Laress J. Birney of Shanghai, China, has undergone a serious illness in mission hospital at Wuhu for several months. He was a pneumonia patient in the hospital, but was able to return to the mission in time to attend the National Genesis Council early in May.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

ISAIAH S. MORRIS, M. D.

LESSON IX

August 30, 1925

THE GOSPEL IN PHILIPPI

Acts 16:16-40

Philippi

THE city of Philippi was of historic interest, being the gateway to Macedonia. It was built and fortified by Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, who named it after himself. This city was noted for its picturesque location on the side of Mount Hermus of the Thracian range which at this point was about nine miles from the sea. The mountains in this vicinity yielded gold and silver, which accounts for the size of the city though the plain that lays before them is of extraordinary fertility.

The Roman Military Highway passed through Philippi, upon which was fought the decisive battle between Augustus Caesar, and Brutus and Cassius, 94 years before.

The Philippians were a more highly cultivated class of people than those of Corinth. They were called "the soundest part of the ancient world. Women were held in higher respect and were more independent than in other parts of the world" (Farrar).

Scattering Precious Seed

The revival so quietly started by Paul and his company by the river side soon became the talk of the town. As usual in those centers of idolatry everything of a religious nature was subjected at once to keen attention and criticism.

The story reads as though the evangelists had been doing some personal work in the market places and among the business and professional people of the city. At any rate, a girl who had "a spirit of divination" and who was owned by a syndicate of powerful capitalists became so impressed with their teaching that she recognized the genuineness of their religion. She ran after the evangelists day after day as they passed her booth on their way to and from the house of Lydia to their meeting place, crying out, "These men are servants of the Most High God, who proclaim unto you the way of Salvation." The syndicate permitted her to do this, that it might attract attention to their business.

Paul was grieved at her actions; because, 1. He was sorry for her pitiable mental condition. 2. He was indignant at the cruelty, greed and selfishness of her masters. 3. He was pained lest her following them might compromise the Gospel by confusing its blessing with the idea of soothsaying and commercialized superstition.

So Paul, recognizing the risk, took a long chance and for Jesus' sake said to the spirit, "I charge thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her," and she was immediately restored to a normal physical and mental condition.

The Storm Broke

As soon as her masters saw that their hope of gain was gone, the "political wires" began to sizzle, and Paul and Silas were arrested. They were dragged before the police court held in the public

market place; a criminal charge was laid against them; they were adjudged guilty; their clothing was torn off them and they were sentenced to be beaten with rods and confined in the inner cell of the city jail. And to make doubly sure of the victims their feet were placed in the stocks. There was no light in that filthy dungeon. The sanitation was intolerable.

The Deliverance

About midnight Paul suggested that it might shorten the hours and lighten their suffering if they should pray and sing a hymn with a note of triumph.

The castle-like dungeon in which they were confined reminded them of the Oriental fortresses. So they sang one of the Psalms, surely the old Forty-sixth:

"A mighty fortress is our God
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

* * *

Let goods and kindred go,

This mortal life also;

The body they may kill,

God's truth abideth still,

His kingdom is * * *

The song was never finished. God honored their confidence, and gave them a miraculous faith for instantaneous deliverance. At that moment there was a rumbling as of a distant thunder. It became louder and louder when suddenly there was a great crash, and the foundations of that old prison were shaken, the doors flew off the hinges, the shackles fell off the prisoners, and just as the building was all but tumbling down the keeper of the prison rushed out to see what was happening.

Dazed with the sudden awakening, the trembling rocks, conscious of his responsibility for the safe keeping of the prisoners, and upon seeing the prison doors all open his first impulse was to save himself from a horrible death as a penalty for the escape of his prisoners, by committing suicide.

Paul saw from the inner prison the keeper's frantic movements, and suspecting his purpose as he saw him draw his sword, shouted, "Do thyself no harm, we are all here."

First Aid and a Banquet

The jailer could not believe his ears. It was too good to be true. Rushing to the door of the prison, he stood guard for fear, shouted to his slaves to hurry with lights, and upon receiving them rushed in to verify the words of Paul.

Finding it was true, and trembling for fear, he fell at the feet of Paul and Silas and begged to be taught the way of Salvation.

He brought them out that same hour and bathed their stripes with sterile wine and oil and dressed their wounds.

While the jailer was administering first aid, the family and servants prepared a midnight feast, such a feast as would be fit to set before a king; for no one but a king could have saved the jailer from death if the prisoners had fled.

"And they spake the word of the Lord unto him, with all that were in his house.

And he and all his were baptized immediately, and rejoiced greatly, having believed in God."

APPLICATION

"Songs in the Night"

If ever there were excuse for groans, injustice, for complete discouragement and resentment for such treatment for doing a good deed, gratis, Paul and Silas had that excuse.

The principles of Roman law had been violated by such brutal punishment while they were detained without bail for the formal trial the following day.

There they were, without food, in filth, in darkness, and with their lacerated backs bleeding, swollen and inflamed; not even their own Dr. Luke was permitted to dress their wounds.

No one would select a place like that for a religious service. And yet they sang songs of praise and prayed.

1. **The Night Cometh.** It may be far away, it may be near, but there is in every life the inevitable approach of the night. 1. Of sorrow. Grief will some day drive its cruel dagger through your heart. 2. Of Sickness and Suffering. The awful trail of transgression leaves its marks upon the body sooner or later. 3. Of Lonesomeness. Try our best, yet there are those hours of heart-sickness from the lack of one who completely understands. It may be no one's fault, but it is the hunger of the soul for spiritual fellowship. 4. Of Disappointments and Losses, which often necessitate the sudden and complete reversal of all our plans. We are stunned with a blow of what seems an overwhelming calamity. And yet,

II. **The Song Cheereth.** 1. It drives away the gloom. 2. It gives a vision of God's unalterable loving kindness. 3. It reveals the stars of hope that have been eclipsed by the glare of affliction. 4. It opens the vista of "the distant scenes" so that we may say, "one step enough for me." Even in the night a song will reveal a sea of blessings that will engulf even a sea of troubles, and for which we should thank God.

III. **The Morning Cometh.** 1. Murmuring never dispels darkness; whereas, praises hasten the dawn of day. 2. Songs in the night crystalize our faith into actually grasping the best things of life—God, heaven, calmness; a thought, a word, a deed of kindness for others. Any one can sing in the daytime, it takes real faith to sing in the night. 3. Hope is revived until we ask ourselves—What great blessings is my Heavenly Father about to bestow upon me, that he puts me through such fiery trial to receive it. "So long thy power hath blest me, sure it

Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent
till

The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile,

Which I have loved long since and lost
awhile."

(Note: If there is any literature outside the Bible that is inspired, it is the hymnology of Christianity).

"He that abideth in me, and I in him, bringeth forth much fruit."—John 15:5.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. 12:9.

IS IT WRONG TO LAUGH?

(Continued from Page 4.)

and afraid to sit still for fear it would hatch.

A man who is not an optimist ought not to be a church editor. They put me here not because of business ability or editorial experience, but because I was optimistic. I am even optimistic enough to believe the day will come when fifty per cent of our stewards will take the church paper. Even in the midst of trials and tribulations with kicks and knocks and complaints coming fast, I find things to keep the smiles coming. The other day, after a hard trip, I came in to face a pile of work. There were urgent communications from boards and bureaus dealing with everything from colonizing the north pole to selling oil in Texas. I had unification grist to keep the mill going for years. Everybody wanted first space next week. As I sat about trying to pour ten gallons of molasses in a gallon jug, I found this letter: "Please change my paper from Miss Eva Mead to Mrs. J. H. Collins. Thank God, I've got a husband," and there was my laugh for the day. The other day I made my best plea for The Advocate in the homes of the folks. I had a good congregation and made a good plea. When the cards came in, there was only one with anything written on it and it was, "Please stop my paper." I did not get a subscriber by that speech but lost one. I am glad I could laugh at that. I made a plea in another church and at the close a man followed me laughing and repeating "That's a good little paper you fellers get out at Richmond." A steward whispered, "Don't notice him; he's nutty." But I am glad to receive compliments even from a "nut."

Cut Out the Gloom Stuff

Cut out the gloom stuff and go to laughing. Let's have a training school that will give us a good course in laughing, teaching us when to laugh, what to laugh at, and how to laugh. Many of us are sadly in need of this course. I am sorry for folks who have no sense of humor. I would rather be a poor man with it than an Asterbilt without it. I may have too much. I guess I have. I wish I could give some friends I know a little of mine. But thank God for it. It hushes the croaking of frogs and drives the clouds away. It makes little children love you, old folks honor you, and sick folks glad to see you. It gives you a good appetite and lessens the visits of the doctor. What a treasure it is. I am glad I can see it.

Let's take a course in the laughing school.—Alabama Christian Advocate.

ORIENTAL DISLIKE FOR WEST

Our most pressing need, if we are to further contribute to the awakening of the East, is such a re-examination of our own conception of Christianity as shall enable us to approach the critical spirit of the East, as an actual confession on our part that we have not fully appreciated Christianity ourselves, and that perhaps we have defiled it by allowing it to become too closely associated with something that is not Christian at all, namely, our Western civilization.

We must be prepared to confess that Oriental dislike for our civilization is well founded; that superficially it appears to him as ugly, hurried, without philosophic direction or moral control, and al-

together too much of this world. And to allow the impression to become fixed that civilization and Christianity are not only identical, but that one is the fruit of the other, is forever to block the way for the understanding of Christ and the Gospel.—Dr. Harris E. Kirk.

NO RUTS FOR METHODISTS

IN THAT fascinating and valuable volume entitled "The Romance of Early Methodism in and around West Bromwich and Wednesbury," by Mr. H. H. Prince, which is reviewed elsewhere in our columns, there is a letter from the great Nonconformist, Philip Doddridge, to his saintly friend, Richard Witton, pastor of the Old Meeting, West Bromwich. Doddridge very finely says that should Wesley come to Northampton and sinners be reclaimed "I would endeavour to rejoice that Christ was preached." But he regards the work as likely to "excite" a "faction" and to draw away from his congregation. And he assumes that this will only be "among the weaker part of my hearers."

There were faithful ministers of Christ even in the eighteenth century, who carried on their routine work and trusted that there would be an ultimate harvest though they might not be permitted to see it themselves. But the distinguishing mark of Wesley was that he refused to be content with such an attitude, and insisted upon the discovery of a Gospel and a method that would move the land and "compel them to come in." Catherine Booth was one of the most truly Methodist teachers of her time, when she said, "God has made you responsible, not for delivering the truth, but for getting it in—getting it home—fixing it in the conscience as a red hot iron, as a bolt straight from His throne; and He has placed at your disposal the power to do it, and if you do not do it blood will be on your skirts. Oh, this genteel way of putting the truth! How God hates it!"

The recognition that it is the true business of Methodism to go beyond its regular work is essential to our circuits themselves. The danger of ordinary services is that they are governed too much by the accustomed routine. S. F. Collier used to say that it was necessary to introduce some new movement every year in the Manchester Mission. "Work in ways unthought of" was one of his most frequent pieces of advice. And that same variety and inventiveness is as essential in circuits as in missions. Monotony will not attract the people. In all classes the great majority are kin to Kipling's "Tramp-Royal" who "could not use one bed too long but must get 'ence." We must take that factor into the account.

"It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long.
But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
An' turn another—likely not so good;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all."

Routine makes a subtle appeal to Christian workers because it is at once dignified and involves less expenditure of energy and thought than fresh undertakings. Nevertheless, routine is fatal to a church.—The Methodist Times.

HENDERSON

We have built a new double garage this summer. The Sunday School has beautified the church with a new coat of paint, and the Ladies' Aid have painted the garage which improves the church property very much. Plans are now under way to paint the parsonage, as it is very much in need of it.

Our good pastor, Rev. T. J. Stubbs, has been doing his part, as he has taken fifty-two into the three churches on the charge and it has most all been done by personal work, house to house visitation. The congregations are good over the charge.—Estella Gardner.

JAPAN TO PRAY FOR U. S.

Forty years ago there were forty divorces for every one hundred marriages in Japan. Now there are only ten. That is a victory of Christianity in Japan. So is the decrease of thirty per cent of convicts in prisons during the past ten years. But I understand that divorce cases are growing in the United States. We need your prayers for Japan, but we are going to pray for you, too.—Rev. T. Kagawa, Japan.

MY BABY

Marcella DeCou Hicks

Frowsy, drowsy little lad,
Tired with his play,
Paddies dirty as can be,
On mischief bent all day,
Gone to sleep in his high chair,
Sticky face and tousled hair,
For all the grime, I can't but see
He's just as sweet as he can be—
An angel straight from Heaven to me—
his mother!

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET

Marcella DeCou Hicks

O, a little boy's pocket is a wonderful thing,
With its gay bits of chalk and bright wads of string,
Marbles and matches and most everything!

In a little boy's pocket.

A few "quids" of gum almost like new,
A nice empty spool, some nails and a screw,
A lovely, fat, black piece of "lickrish" to chew,

Some broken stick candy, well covered with grime,
A handful of stones, and maybe a dime,
Everything but a handkerchief mother can find,

In a little boy's pocket.

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Brewster, for forty years a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Hinghwa, China, sailed from Vancouver on July 9, en route to Shanghai, where she will resume her missionary service after a year's furlough spent in America. Mrs. Brewster is the widow of the late Dr. William N. Brewster. Together they opened up the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Hinghwa, where Mrs. Brewster is affectionately known as the "Mother of the Hinghwa Conference." From those pioneering days without church or school the work of the church in Hinghwa has grown until now there are in the same territory a Christian community of 18,000 people, 138 churches, and 10,000 children in the Sunday Schools.

OUR NEWS DEPARTMENTS

PERSONAL

Rev. E. J. Warren made a flying trip to Bay View this week.

Rev. J. B. Wallace is spending his vacation in his cottage near Linden.

Mrs. J. A. Phillips and her family are moving from the Carleton parsonage to their home at Coldwater.

Rev. N. L. Bray is preaching this month at the Soo. "Hard to keep a good man down."

Rev. Howard A. Field and wife have been motoring through the east and report a great trip.

Rev. D. N. Lacy and family have been vacationing at the home of the pastor's father at Austin, Penn.

Please send your changes of address in on a postal card. It insures accuracy and saves our time and yours on the phone.

"Welcome back next year," says Northville to Rev. Wm. Richards, emphasizing it with an increase of salary and a gift toward an Essex car.

Sara A. Runion, writing from Hermosa Beach, California, speaks of her conversion at Brighton in 1858, during a revival under Rev. John Wells.

Rev. H. A. Leeson and family ran away from the "Q. C.'s" for a week's vacation. Miss Lillian Leeson has been called to our big Columbus Hospital as director of academic training.

On Aug. 27, the marriage law in Michigan goes into effect, requiring five days between the issuing of the license and the ceremony. That means good-bye to a lot of hasty matches and fly-by-night weddings.

Rev. F. H. Clapp invited everybody who came to the Pleasant Ridge campmeeting to take the Advocate, so in comes a long list that nearly puts Albion district across. We are looking for some sparks from the other camp meetings.

Rev. N. F. Jenkins, retired member of the Michigan Conference, wishes to thank the Advocate readers who have written cheering letters during his illness. His condition is still serious and he is confined to his bed most of the time at his new address, 2081 Euclid Avenue W., Detroit.

Rev. H. N. Hichens, of Port Hope, was married August 12th at Hemlock, Mich., to Miss Julia F. Winslow, of Hemlock. Miss Winslow is quite prominent in the Methodist church, being the treasurer. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. B. McGee, assisted by Rev. Isaac Wilcox.

Rev. and Mrs. Edward Bickford are spending their vacation with their daughter in Kenosha, Wis.

Rev. H. J. B. Marsh has a unanimous invitation to return to Tecumseh. Others on the "recall" list are Ira Cargo of Cass City, George Hill of North Branch, E. T. McCurry of Jeddo.

Our Swartz Creek charge suffers a great loss in the death of Mrs. William Sherman. She was born in 1883, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bentley. Nearly her whole life was spent in Mundy

Rev. W. S. Heyler of Central church, Detroit, is taking a well-earned vacation in South Dakota.

township and her kindly disposition and cheery smile endeared her to all. She leaves her husband and three children, Eldred, Elwyn and Mildred.

During the year the Bethel church has been completed and dedicated and the foundation has recently been completed for Potter Park church, Lansing, to be erected at the corner of Dakin and Gray streets. A unanimous vote of the conference was taken requesting the reappointment of the pastor, Rev. Albert R. Elliot, for the coming conference.

ONE LAST-HOUR CHANCE FOR YOUR CHURCH

No preacher goes cheerfully to Conference unless he has collected ALL his Advocate subscriptions, replaced his losses and materially increased his list.

As he makes his last round, he has a fine chance to gather in a few new subscribers to the Advocate.

Hence this special offer of the Advocate—

**From Sept. 1, 1925
To Jan. 1, 1926
Fifty Cents Cash**

This will appeal to the careful pastor who loves to do a spiritual ministry in EVERY home.

Otis A. Leonard, prominent citizen of Albion and member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died suddenly last Saturday from heart trouble. His age was 57. He graduated from Albion College in 1891, and in 1893 he married Miss Elizabeth Fiske, daughter of the late Dr. Lewis R. Fiske, president of Albion College for twenty years.

On the site of the old Tabernacle church in Detroit, a new building has been erected that will house the Griswold Press. R. S. Radcliffe, of Royal Oak, is the popular manager of this concern, so there will still be a touch of Methodism on that corner.

The open air meetings in Detroit under Rev. Willett S. Colegrove, with his singer, Harry Dixon Loes, are setting a new record for interest and attendance. Thousands are reached daily by noonday services on Cadillac Square and evening services at Michigan avenue and Washington Boulevard. Also under the auspices of the Council of Church, Rev. Henry Singer is reaching thousands of Hebrews by outdoor services.

Mrs. Josephine Chapin writes from Honolulu an interesting letter about our missionary work there. She joined our church in Flint 60 years ago and was also a member in Pontiac for five years. She recalls an incident at Romeo camp-meeting when Chaplain McCabe met a former prison-mate, Captain A. M. Keeler, whom he had not seen since they were in Libby Prison. A scholarship in our school costs \$15 a month, and Mrs. Chapin is seeking them among her former friends.

John L. Wright was born in Antrim township May 10, 1870 and died July 31, 1925. He was married to Jennie E. Lewis, February 5, 1896, whom he leaves, with four children: Mrs. Clarence Cassady of Conway, Mrs. Cynthia Townsend of Webberville, Walter Lewis and John Vincent at home. Mr. Wright joined the church when a young man and has always taken an active part. His death came very suddenly on the same farm upon which he was born. He had lived here all his life excepting about seven months he spent in North Dakota.

After failing health for some considerable time, terminating with a stroke July 31st, Mrs. Hannah Jane Brown passed quietly away at the old homestead in Burnside, Aug. 3rd, aged 79 years, leaving to mourn her loss three sons and two daughters, one of whom is Mrs. W. E. Weaver of Detroit. She is also survived by twenty-two grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. "She was a faithful member of the Methodist church from girlhood, and the aroma of her beautiful saintly life will linger in the lives of all who knew her," is the beautiful tribute of her pastor, Rev. William Firth.

Oxford has set Sept. 6 as its great opening day.

Ruth Jane Cole, daughter of Rev. W. Z. Cole of the Michigan Conference, was born near Dodge City, Kansas, Sept. 28, 1905, and died July 30, 1925. She came into church membership from the cradle roll at Fairfield, Neb. The early part of 1915 the family moved to Moscow, Idaho, where she completed her high school work, graduating with high honors at 16 years of age. She planned her life work with care and looked forward to the deaconess work. She had nearly completed her second year in college when in April, 1925, she was compelled to leave her college work, gradually failing until her death. Her last request was for her brother Paul and wife to sing, "Ready to Go or Ready to Stay, Ready to Do His Will." Brother and Sister Cole have the sympathy of the brotherhood. Moscow, Idaho, is made near by prayer.

The Associate Editor called on Bishop Berry at Mt. Clemens on Friday afternoon last. He found the Bishop greatly improved, but still weak from his serious illness. He was to leave with Mrs. Berry that same evening for their summer home, "The Berry Patch," at Chadwell, on Lake Chautauqua (P. O. Bemis Point, N. Y.), going by boat to Buffalo. Here he will take a prolonged rest. The bishop and his medical advisers are confident that his restoration to accustomed strength and vigor is only a question of time. Bishop Berry expresses much gratification that he came to Mt. Clemens, where he could secure the best of medical care under his brother's sympathetic supervision. The bishop will not undertake to hold the heavy fall conferences of his area, but expects to take two small conferences in the south next winter.

More Religious Books in the Home

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Arnold H. Goss, President

GENERAL PERSONAL

In the death of the Rev. Francis G. Penzotti, who passed away at his home in Buenos Aires on July 24, the American Bible Society and the Evangelical Church of Latin America have lost a devoted, pioneer worker.

Sir Josiah Stamp, who has just performed notable service as one of the three commissioners appointed by the British government to inquire into the grievances of the parties in the coal strike, is a Wesleyan Methodist. He served on the Dawes Commission also.

GENERAL METHODISM

Rev. Wilson Ezra Vandermark of Cambridge, Mass., representative of the Board of Foreign Missions and the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, reports that he has received enough replies to the offer of houses in Green Cove Springs that were to be given rent free for a year, that will probably fill all vacancies.

Dr. John H. Ritson, who is the president of the British Wesleyan Conference this year, is in his fifty-seventh year. He took honors in mathematics and natural sciences at Balliol College, Oxford, in Jowett's time. Twenty-five years ago he became one of the general secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society,

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GENERAL RELIGIOUS

The United Brethren church, which held its quadrennial general conference in Buffalo, N. Y., this year, showed a net increase in membership of almost exactly 10 per cent for the last four years. The membership is now 389,294.

"There is abundant evidence," says the Churchman, "that religious journals are coming into their own once more. The influence of the religious press in molding opinion has always been much more powerful than the public has commonly thought. That influence is once more growing apace. It is certain to be augmented by the organization of the Editors' council under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches."

OUS BISHOPS

Warren Shepard, a son of Bishop W. O. Shepard of Portland, Ore., has been elected professor of English literature in Syracuse University.

Bishop E. L. Waldorf officiated at the wedding of Miss Louise McCay of West-ern Springs Ill., and Lynn O. Waldorf, of Kansas City, Mo., just a few days ago. Miss McCay is a graduate of Syracuse University. Mr. Waldorf is the son of Bishop and Mrs. Waldorf, a graduate of Syracuse, captain of the football team and named on the All-American Football Team of 1925. They will live in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, where Mr. Waldorf has been appointed teacher in sociology and coach of the football team.

THOSE WOMEN

Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton, former United States Senator from Georgia, celebrated her ninetieth birthday in Decatur, her birthplace, on June 10. Mrs. Felton is in excellent health and delivered an address at a luncheon in her honor by the Decatur Woman's Club.

Madame Kaji Yajima is dead in Tokyo in her ninety-second year. Madame Yajima was born in Kumamoto in 1834, entered a teacher's training institute when 38 years old, and has since devoted her life to the education of girls and to the cause of temperance in Japan. She has been called "The Frances Willard of Japan."

Mrs. Moses Smith, 90 years of age, widow of a former Detroit pastor—and now resident in Chicago—and prominent herself in the religious and missionary work of Congregational churches for many years, has received the degree of master of arts from Mount Holyoke college, Holyoke, Mass., from which she was graduated in 1858. Mrs. Smith went in person to receive her degree.

EDUCATIONAL

Five leading American universities—Chicago, Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Leland Stanford—had a total endowment of \$219,790,762 at the beginning of this year.

Dr. Clarence Cook Little, the new president of the University of Michigan, will make his first Ann Arbor address at the annual convention in Hill Auditorium on Sept. 21.

Work has been begun on the Jewish educational center in New York City, on Amsterdam avenue, between 186th and 188th streets. It will cost \$5,000,000, and will comprise high school, college and theological seminary.

Dr. Edmund D. Soper, professor of the history of religions in Northwestern university, has accepted his election as vice-president of Duke university, Durham, N. C. Dr. Soper will act as dean of the schools of religious training. He has had a distinguished career as an educator in the north, having been a member of the faculties of Ohio Wesleyan and Drew Theological seminary before coming to the Evanston schools.

Thirty-three of our largest cities are more foreign than American. There are more than 20,000,000 men and women within our borders who are foreign, and their children number 25,000,000 more.

BAY VIEW NOTES

Emma Lamb Baker

MOST auspiciously began Bay View's Golden Jubilee week, with a beautiful Sunday, and that prince of preachers, Dr. Merton S. Rice, in an eloquent address to an expectant throng. He drew vital truths and lesson from the life of the great modern apostle, the friend who more than any other had influenced his life, Bishop Quayle.

Those who say lecturers, in these days

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Happy Is the Child With Books

of craze for movies and light entertainments, can't draw a big crowd, should see the immense one that heard Dr. Rice on "Junk." That title sounds light, but though the lecture abounds in wit and humor it left a profound impression. One who heard, "The Salvaging of Things, the Salvaging of Time, the Salvaging of Life," can never get away from a sense of responsibility.

"I told Dr. Rice he would be a dead one first thing he knew if he kept up this tremendous strain of preaching and lecturing all over the country," said an anxious friend at the close of the long address that held eager attention to the last moment.

"Well, if he dies in his prime he will have lived," was answered. "He is living more, and doing more good than most would, if they lived to be a hundred. It would have meant everything to me if I

had heard 'Junk' fifty years ago."

A concert in the fashion of fifty years ago delighted a large audience with such old favorites as "The Last Rose of Summer," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," and most lovely of all, "Sweet and Low." The assembly quartette in costume entered fully into the spirit of the occasion as did the accompanists.

"The assembly is a strictly American institution. Europe has nothing like it," said Prof. W. D. MacClintock in his interesting lecture on "The Chautauqua Idea of Adult Education Fifty Years Ago." "Its setting in the forest, by the lake or river, make it an ideal place for rest and recreation while enjoying a high spiritual and intellectual atmosphere.

Bishop John H. Vincent started a great thing with his 'Chautauqua Idea' Assemblies sprang up all over the land. Many have died. The stronger ones like Chautauqua and Bay View remain. Their influence for good is incalculable."

The great event of golden jubilee week and year, and, as all acclaim it, the greatest and most beautiful, and most perfectly rendered in Bay View's fifty years—and Bay View has known many beautiful, well rendered events—was the historical pageant, written especially for our golden jubilee by Mrs. Ruth Mougey Worrell, nationally known as a writer and producer of pageants. It was not only beautiful but contained a vital message. It attracted a capacity house August 7th, at John M. Hall auditorium.

Mrs. Worrell came without observation and worked so quietly and efficiently that she had all her committees appointed and moving smoothly before people generally knew she was on the grounds, so the perfect staging of the two hour pageant was the greater surprise and delight. Scene followed scene without pause and without haste. Part first was symbolical. A stately chanter stood aloft, and in clear, musical tones chanted psalm or poem as each part began. A herald announced and trumpeters called Victory attended by a throng of young girls waving palm branches; the Spirits of the Northland, the Forest, the Great Lakes, all represented by girls in lovely tinted, diaphanous robes. The colored lights, the orchestra music in perfect accord with each scene held the audience spellbound.

The historical part began with an Indian village scene. Mrs. Worrell was en-

thusiastic to find over thirty real Indians of all ages from their neighborhood, who "caught on" easily. A great hit. The coming of La Salle and Pere Marquette, the beginning of Methodism in America, the founding of Bay View, the first camp meeting, were all realistic and impressive scenes. The old timers were there in the costume of fifty years ago in the persons of those who are trying to maintain the ideals of Bay View's founders. The "Spirit of the Jubilee" then summoned the forces that have made for Bay View, growth and strength—Evangelism, Faith, Hope, Love, Service, Sacrifice, Mercy and Education. The costumes and emblems used were magnificent.

Welcomed by Evangelism, Love and Service the Spirit of Missions was represented by large groups in costumes of foreign lands.

The educational influences of Bay View were shown by the Bay View Reading Circle and the colleges of the present. The influences of music was portrayed by white robed young women in graceful poses, as a harp and violin selection was played, closing with a pretty tableau.

Recreation was depicted by lively youngsters in athletic stunts and by girls winding May poles, and by a charming balloon dance by the tiny tots.

The program's close was most impressive. Down the aisles came the flags of all nations, led by the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, followed by all the participants in the pageant—over 500 who took their places in a tableau on the platform.

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Its modest steeple pierces through the air,
And sends its message to the countryside;
Its doors on every day are opened wide
That weary folk may find a solace there.
The busy housewife, all worn-out with care,
Would seek no other rest than to confide
Her troubles with the church and naught
would hide;
The child its ecstasies with it would share;
The senator his boyhood Sundays bent
To learning virtue which this church
commands,
He left this church—the world had called
his name,
But, when his earthly power and work
were spent,
Though he had traveled far in many
lands,
Back to this village church his body came.

Nothing which is morally wrong can ever be politically right.—William E. Gladstone.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

ALL AROUND MICHIGAN

Michigan crops this year are reported by the Department of Agriculture as 84.2 per cent of the last 10-year average.

Bishop Gallagher, returning from his visit to Rome, was given a public reception last Sunday, under auspices of the Detroit Knights of Columbus.

A conference of mayors, chiefs of police and sheriffs, for the entire state, will be held at Detroit Sept. 8, under direction of the Detroit Automobile Club, to formulate a uniform traffic ordinance for all Michigan municipalities.

John McKernan, suspended Detroit policeman, has been convicted in Judge Bartlett's court of first degree murder for killing Gavro Radulovich, a blind pig operator, and sentenced to Marquette prison for life.

Detroit voters will on October 6, at the primaries, pass on a proposal submitted by the Council to condemn twelve square blocks at the foot of Woodward avenue as a site for a \$30,000,000 civic center and memorial hall.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

Sir Adam Beck, prominent Canadian financier and head of the hydro-electric power commission for years, died on Sunday last, aged 88.

It is announced that Secretary of War Weeks will resign Oct. 1st.

Savings bank deposits in the United States increased \$533,368,000 during the last twelve months.

At New Orleans \$1,000,000 worth of liquor has been seized by federal officers, and exposure of liquor rings in Chicago, St. Louis and other large cities in connection is expected.

This year's wheat crop is estimated at 678,000,000 bushels, as compared with 873,000,000 last year. The corn crop is placed at 2,950,000,000 bushels, as against 2,437,000,000 last year.

ACROSS THE SEAS

At Tien Tsin, China, August 12, a conflict occurred between 800 Chinese troops and a mob of 10,000. Eight persons were killed and 40 wounded. In the riot American-managed cotton mills were damaged \$1,000,000 worth.

Norway has taken formal possession of the Spitzbergen Islands, awarded her by the treaty of 1920.

The four judges to inquire into the shooting incidents at Shanghai and Canton, China, will be American, British, Japanese and Italian.

A NEW COLLEGE IDEA IN MISSOURI

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church with the full endorsement and backing of the Chamber of Commerce of Kansas City, proposes to establish at Kansas City, Missouri, a university of "A" grade. The site will be a 147 acre tract of land donated for this purpose by Mrs. Kate W. Hewitt. The only obligation incurred in

the transaction is the payment of \$61,000 in bequests made in Dr. Calvin B. Hewitt's will which becomes due on Mrs. Hewitt's death, and a life annuity to Mrs. Hewitt. The 147 acre tract will not be available until the lease of the present tenant, the Meadow Lake Country Club, expires. In the meantime, the university will build on an adjoining ninety-seven acre tract.

What is proposed further is a distinctly religious institution. But while the university is being sponsored by the Methodist denomination, its teaching is not to be sectarian. The instruction offered will not be designed simply for adherents of a single church. Various church bodies will be represented in the institution's charter, together with secular or business organizations and interests. There is a move, also, to obtain the co-operation of educational institutions already established in Greater Kansas City and the Southwest. The work of many of these schools may be co-ordinated with that of the proposed university, while the latter may become a senior college and graduate school for students from the numerous junior colleges in this region.

The first development will be the establishment of a college of liberal arts to articulate with the local junior colleges. Later there will be added a conservatory of music, school of fine arts, school of commerce and finance, and a school of medicine with affiliations with any and all standard professional schools desiring such affiliation.

GREENSKY INDIAN CAMP MEETING, AUGUST 20-30

OUR most ideal, wooded Camp Ground, is located about a mile south of Northport, near Grand Traverse Bay. Spacious grounds for tenting. Good water. Large tabernacle. M. & N. E. railroad trains stop at the grounds.

This year we charge NO GATE FEE. Believing that the blessing that comes with free-will giving for the support of the preaching of the Gospel will be appreciated by all, we are trusting to free-will

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offerings for support of this camp.

Store and lunch stand on the ground. Store will be closed on Sundays, but lunches and dinners served.

Brother Jacobs will preach every evening, while every afternoon, at the 2:30 hour, Rev. Amos L. Wagley, now pastor at Central Lake, for four years evangelist to the Indians, will preach in the Indian tongue. Brother Wagley needs no introduction to the Indians of the North, he has been their "Big Brother" for too many years to be unacquainted with any one of them. He comes full of the Spirit, and will bring Soul Stirring messages in the Indian tongue.

We have been able to secure as the evangelist of this season, Rev. Chas. A. Jacobs, a man experienced by years of labors both in the pastorate and evangelistic field, and said by all who have heard him, to be one of the ablest evangelistic preachers, and one of the cleverest, most understandable teachers of Bible Holiness in the field today. He was born and raised in this north country, is acquainted with the life of the "North woods," raised among the Indians and is pleased to get back to try to help them know and understand God. He is also a preacher whom we have no hesitancy in recommending to the white people of the district, making this your camp for spiritual renewal, and possibly making this year the start of a general District Camp Meeting.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHERS THAT I HAVE HAD —A TALKING DOLL TALKS

Anne Charlotte Darlington

I am a perpetual infant because I have long clothes (hand made). I open and shut my eyes and say "Mama" when I am punched. But I am nearly four years old and experienced. In all, I have had nine mothers—three real and six adopted.

I looked down upon my first mother from the branches of a gorgeous Christmas tree. It had a hundred colored lights and mechanical birds that sang. I danced with joy on my high branch especially when I saw my little mother. She was like an exquisite doll herself with her yellow curls and lace dress.

How happy I shall be with her," I thought, "and how happy she will be when she sees me."

"Look, Gwen, darling," said my mother's mother, as she took me down from the tree.

"Mama," I squeaked ecstatically as soon as Gwen touched me. She laid me down and I shut my eyes. When I opened them again I looked into hers. They were big and gray, but cold. So was her voice when she spoke.

"A baby doll!" she said scornfully. Lucile is getting a Hawaiian dancer. You press a button and she dances the hula. That's something funny!

I stayed in that house a year and I should have died of loneliness if it had not been for the other dolls. Gwen had twenty-five. The governess had to arrange us in neat rows on the nursery shelf. One December day, Gwen came in with her mother.

"I don't see why I should give my toys away," pouted Gwen. "Why should we send a box to Oakville?"

"They are your cousins, dear, and they are not rich. Your father insists that we give them really nice presents. Those books for the older boys were very expensive. We can economize by sending to the others some of your toys, nothing you want of course. There's that doll you got Christmas. You never play with it and it looks quite new. Peggy would be delighted."

Gwen shrugged her shoulders.

"You may take it if you will promise to get me one of those French dolls that grown up women play with. I think I'll select it myself."

So I was packed up in the Oakville box, and my second Christmas was a happy one. Peggy and her brothers were a jolly lot. She ran and boxed and played ball with them and they were nice to her, nice even to her dolls. They used to let her take us to ride when they pulled her about on their sled. Peggy always wanted to take us with her. She treated us as if we were alive. Dolls like that. There were only three besides me at Peggy's. Susie, a dilapidated rag doll she had had as a baby. Little Joan, who was all china and could be bathed and have her clothes made out of scraps, and the Lady Imogen who was bisque, prim and very grand. Imogen wore hoop skirts and she had belonged to Peggy's mother and also her grandmother.

I, too, was given a name—Isabella, after the queen who helped Columbus discover the new world. Peggy loved history. She told us stories and read her lessons aloud to us when she had to study. So I became educated. Geography was my favorite. I loved to think about the great earth and all the different peoples that live on it. I used to wish I could travel. I little dreamed then—but I must not anticipate.

Peggy used to wheel us about in an old doll carriage which was very shabby and crowded for four of us.

"Never mind," she would say, "I am saving my money for a new one. Meantime you ought to be glad you can go out and see the sights."

Oakville was a small place, but there were always the pictures to look at. In front of the movies posters showed you scenes of Russia one day, and of ancient Rome the next. In the grocery window were colored views of China and India where the tea and coffee came from. One day in December we stopped before another card in that window. It was a picture of a sad-looking child in rags. "He does not ask for toys, only for bread," read Peggy. And she stood still looking at the child for a long time.

"Well, dears," she said to us at last, "you won't get your new carriage this year. We'll have to help."

Later she told us that her Sunday School class was going to adopt an orphan for Christmas. We wondered if the orphan was coming to live with us, but she explained that they sent the money and he was taken care of for a year in a home over there in the Bible lands.

The next Christmas they raised enough money to take him another year, and they decided to send a box for the other children. They went all about asking their friends and families for warm clothes. All the little woolen sweaters and mittens and caps that Peggy and her brothers had outgrown went into the box. It was packed in our nursery.

"Such a lot of nice, warm things," said Peggy's teacher. Won't the children have a happy Christmas!"

"But I can't imagine a happy Christmas without toys," Peggy said when she was alone. And she looked at us as we sat in our old carriage.

Suddenly she caught me up and hugged me tight.

"You will have to go, Isabella," she whispered. "I just can't bear to have you leave me, but I must send one of you to cheer up an orphan. Joan's too little, and Imogen is a family doll that has to be kept for my grandchildren. No one would love Susie except me. So it has to be you."

"Mama," I wailed protestingly.

"Oh, cheer up and do your bit," said Peggy bravely. "It's for your own good anyway, Isabella. In a few years I'll be too big for dolls and you are the kind that needs good care all the time. You'll get it in that home while there's a shred of you left. And perhaps you'll have adventures! So good bye, but don't forget me."

She kissed me, wrapped me up in a middy suit that her mother had said she might send and I was put into the box. I felt miserable, but as she laid me down my eyes shut and I went to sleep.

I suppose I slept a long time, for when I awoke Christmas had come again. The first thing I saw was a big tree. It was

lighted but there were no singing birds or expensive ornaments. It was hung with chains of colored paper, such as children can make. There were little bags of candy and some cheap toys.

"Another doll," said the lady who held me. "I'm so glad. We have only 350 dolls and twelve hundred girls. You know everyone of the little ones wants a doll. Can't we possibly buy a few more?"

A man writing cards at a desk shook his head.

"You know our orphanage money cannot be spent for toys. All these came in the American boxes, or from some Greek ladies of this town. And I think we are doing well to get a cake, an orange, candy and some sort of gift for every child."

"They will be happy," said another lady who was tying cards on the presents. "They get so much pleasure from little things even the pictures they cut out of magazines. I found little Araxie jubilant over a colored paper soap wrapper yesterday."

Just then my lady happened to touch my talking spot, and I said, "Mama."

"Who gets the trick doll?" asked the man who was writing cards.

"Give her to Demetra Pelopides, doctor," said the lady.

"Good idea," the doctor answered. "She's a game kid and I like the way she helps with the others."

"Yes, she's brave. But her eyes are so sad sometimes. You know she saw her house burned in Smyrna and she lost her whole family. Perhaps it would help her to have something of her very own, even a doll."

So Demetra's name was tied on to me and I was put in a big basket with the others. There was a party that afternoon. Thousands of children. I had never seen such happy excitement.

They sang carols and some of them gave a little Christmas play. Angels, shepherds, the wise kings and the sick and the poor, all came to bring their praises and find their happiness before the manger of Bethlehem.

At last, one of them said:

"Ye may not on this Christmas day
Perceive with mortal eyes
The little Babe of Bethlehem
Who in the manger lies,
But in His place you see the gifts
That earthly love provide
In memory of that Greatest Gift
Of the first Christmas tide."

And then the angels gave out the presents to the children. My new mother was so surprised and delighted when she saw me. "O you darling!" she cried, and ran to show me to her friends. But then came the first cloud of the marvelous Christmas. Her six special friends who had been happy a moment before, with their candy and hair ribbons, became suddenly sad. One of them began to cry. Not one of the six had gotten a doll. Demetra herself looked sad for a moment—then she smiled. "We can all play with my doll and you can be her adopted mothers. There are seven of us and seven nights in the week. We can take turns in taking her to bed."

Well, I have lived now nearly a year in this big home in Greece and I sleep every night with a different mother. They all love me and I love them all, but Demetra, my real mother, I love best. Like Peggy she tells me stories, when she takes me to bed—old stories that her



New Books—2nd List

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METHODISM

The Methodist Year Book, 1926

Edited by **OLIVER S. BAKETEL**

The Methodist Year Book for 1926 will be ready about December 15, 1925. It will contain over 300 pages of matter summarizing the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the world for the year. It gives valuable information that no Methodist pastor or layman can afford to be without.

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mother used to tell her and her little brothers and sisters in the rose garden of their beautiful house in Smyrna. And she sings to me very softly the Greek lullaby her mother sang to her when she was a baby.

Then she goes to sleep to dream of her mother in the rose garden, and I shut my eyes to dream that Peggy and Demetra are friends and that they are playing together with me. Last night I had a funny dream, but a very nice one. I dreamed that a whole army of American dolls were coming to us this Christmas.

COMMENCEMENT AT MONTE MARIO, ROME

COLLEGIO MONTE MARIO has just finished one of the best years of its eventful history. The regular school work closed with the end of June, but summer courses will be open through the months of August and September.

A brief account of the exercises of one of the closing days appeared in one of the Rome dailies, the *Popolo d'Italia*. Photographs of the events were taken by a representative of the paper. The following is an extract from the story as carried in the daily:

"Exercises marking the close of the school term were held recently in the beautiful villa on the summit of the hill at Collegio Monte Mario in the presence of the families of the students and a large company of other guests.

"The gymnastic exhibition under Sig. Ferrauto was carried out with perfect execution and discipline. The discourse of Professor Talialatela, followed by a lively interest, discussed the utility of sportive exercises in connection with mental efforts, and showed further that the development of character was truly the great game of life.

"President Samuel W. Irwin extended cordial greetings to the assembly and spoke of the natural and necessary alliance between parent and school in the making of a successful student career. His address was heartily applauded. The prizes for excellence in different departments of the work were distributed by Professor Terzano, the director of the class work.

"The pleasing ceremony was made more enjoyable by the recitation of poems in dialect by Sig. Gentile Miotti, a prominent dramatist of Rome and a friend of the Collegio. After refreshments the guests reluctantly took leave of the beautiful campus, extending first hearty congratulations to the president and the director of the institution."

For the new school year one class will be added to the present course of study. A more detailed and extended circuit of visits will be made to the historic sites of Roman history. An addition further will be made to one of the Collegio buildings to accommodate the growing enrollment.

THE RADIANCE OF YOUTH

"In our discussions of the religious needs of young people we are tempted to regard Christianity as a religion of the old, which has by some means or other to be adapted to the minds of the young. I think we should be nearer the truth if we were to regard it as originally a religion of the young which has lost some of its savour by being adapted to the minds of the old."—L. P. Jacks, in "The Lost Radiance of the Christian Religion."

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OUR WASHINGTON EDITOR

(Continued from Page 8.)

and Friday the vanguard commenced to arrive from the states, coming mostly by automobiles. By Friday night 900 Klan automobiles had registered at the tourists' camp grounds. A special field provided in the northeast part of the city had 2,000 parked cars. Before midnight of the day preceding the parade the roads leading from the north, especially the Baltimore turnpike, were jammed and Klansmen's cars were parked along one highway for twelve miles back from the city. One special from Buffalo brought 1,100 Klansmen. By nine o'clock Saturday morning Washington awoke to the fact that it had on its hands one of the largest gatherings in its history. Everywhere on the streets you saw the white robed hosts. The hotels were unable to care for thousands who applied and many had to sleep in automobiles or out in the open, because no rooms were available.

Washingtonians Disappointed and Klansmen Victorious

Instead of Washington being a scene of riots and lawlessness, the city never had a more peaceful crowd. Those who came realized they were being watched by those seeking to discredit them. The only noise out of the ordinary was the cheers of the crowds along the line of march and the music of over fifty bands in the parade whose favorite selection seemed to be "Onward Christian Soldiers." In fact, one going in and out among the thousands of spectators witnessed a strange scene. As we passed down the treasury steps a Scottish band, with kilts and bagpipes, came marching up Pennsylvania Avenue playing this selection while two little tots about five sitting in the laps of their mothers who were watching the paraders go by sang the words. On grounds close by, marching guards of marines in spic uniforms stopped every now and then to present arms as the colors passed by, but the note in the air was not war, but that of this crusaders' song, written by an Englishman.

A Parade Unique in Washington

This parade was unique in the fact that, although a civilian affair, there was not an individual among its white robed tens of thousands who was not a Protestant, nor one who had not declared his faith in Christ. Each parader was either American born or a naturalized citizen who had proven his Americanism.

Promptly at three o'clock there marched by the Peace Monument the first of the line which had formed along the streets around the capitol and like a great white ribbon extended for miles back along the avenue. On either side of the line of march were crowds banked deep and balconies and windows filled with cheering thousands. At the head, mounted on a charger robed in white rode a Klansman bearing the National Emblem. Two paces behind came two more Klan members, one a woman and the other a man, acting as color guard. The usual police detail followed these three, marking the first time the police have failed to ride at the very head of a parade in Washington. Perhaps the fact that an acting superintendent of police had charge, made this possible. The head of the police of the District of Columbia, Superintendent Sullivan, who was at his home sick, is a fourth degree Knight of Columbus. The imagination reels to think of him so gracing a parade of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

Behind the police came the ranking national officials of the Klan arrayed in robes red, green, yellow and purple. Next came a great red cross mounted on an automobile. Then followed a company of men dressed in white uniform of army officer style, but with black puttees, who marched in the form of a great cross. These were followed by a company of nearly five hundred District of Columbia Klansmen each bearing a 3 by 5 American flag mounted with a gold eagle.

The women in the parade formed one of the attractive features. There were many groups of them with the various state delegations. A considerable proportion of the women marchers were school teachers, gold star mothers, and professional women. They impressed the crowds with their serious and determined purpose. One group from Lynchburg, Va., carried a great American flag 75 by 40 feet, which the women had made. At the end of the parade three thousand dollars which had been

thrown from windows were found in its folds. Asbury Park had an especially fine delegation of young women. There were large groups of fine looking youth.

Every face was uncovered. They were typical American faces and you could see no reason why they should be covered. Each marcher appeared proud to be a part of this significant march of Klansmen. The great company representing many states seemed to be a fine cross-section of America.

Many of the marchers were professional men. Ministers were in considerable numbers. One of the banners from a western state which aroused loud cheering was borne by a prominent Methodist pastor of that state. One large company of Pennsylvania marchers was composed of ex-service men who wore the steel battle helmets. A number of those marching at the head of divisions were ex-army officers whose tactics reminded one of parades of seven years ago, except for the difference in uniform. One conspicuous banner had engraved upon it, "Do you want to know what God thinks of us? Read Revelations 7:9-17."

Surprisingly Large Delegations

Pennsylvania, whose representation formed a large section of the parade, claimed there were 45,000 Klan members present from that state. The railroad authorities stated that trains alone brought 40,000 from Pennsylvania. New Jersey had a surprisingly large number present. New York's large delegation received considerable applause. The city of Akron, Ohio, had 1300 present and it was said there were 39,000 back home ready to come if needed. Ohio's band rivaled the Scottish band in popularity.

There have been various estimates as to the number in the parade. The police, hoping to make the parade of as short duration as possible, started them marching 44 abreast. In the special formations, there were fewer. They filled the great avenue and from the time the leaders left the Capitol grounds until the Massachusetts delegates reached the Washington Monument it was four hours and ten minutes. It is believed a conservative estimate of the marchers is 83,000 and it was estimated that there were as many more Klansmen and Klanswomen in Washington who did not march.

The preacher was Dr. A. H. Gullede of Columbus, Ohio, for thirty years a minister of the Church of Christ. His text was II Timothy 3:16-17.

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

He preached with evangelistic fervor and a number of the elderly men who had not forgotten an earlier practice, quite often uttered audible "Amen's." The theme of the preacher was "Christ the Criterion of Every Klansman's Character." He established the validity of the gospel by its authorship, God's approval and its spiritual results. He declared no man or woman could be a member of the Klan if he or she did not believe in Jesus Christ.

A great cross blazed at nightfall when a naturalization meeting was held.

The Klansmen Depart

Tens of thousands of Klansmen departed after the parade. They went as quietly as they arrived. As their trains moved out, words of "Onward Christian Soldiers" floated through the Union Station. They came to Washington with uncovered faces and like true Americans courageously and openly declared their stand. Whether this stand is right or wrong is for each American to decide. However, Washington was awakened from out of the spell of much false propaganda and now is giving the Ku Klux Klan more serious thought than it ever has done before. Hereafter, no matter what obstacles the Romanists may put in the way to keep the Klan off the streets of Washington, they will fail. The fine dignified impression which these crowds made upon this city has given the organization a new standing among Washington officials and business leaders.

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS IN KOREAN FLOOD

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church has just received from Bishop Herbert Welch, of Seoul, Korea, cable advices as to the seriousness of the recent floods in Korea, and the need for emergency funds for relief and reconstruction. He says:

"Serious and unprecedented floods have occurred. They have caused serious damage over wide areas. Four hundred believed to be drowned; 30,000 native houses flooded, 6,000 totally destroyed. Thousands are homeless, many needing clothes and food. Considerable losses to local churches and primary schools. Emergency funds needed here at once for relief and reconstruction."

"While mooning optimists may write a literature that will give us the spirit of hope, only responsible scientists, philosophers, administrators, and authentic spiritual seers, can write a literature that will give us the anatomy of hope."—Glenn Frank, editor of the Century, President-elect of the University of Wisconsin.



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EATON RAPIDS CAMP MEETING

THE fortieth annual session of the Michigan State Holiness Camp Meeting Association closed Sunday, August 2, after ten days of the best meetings ever held on those grounds. The throngs came from every direction, filling every available spot. On the last Sunday afternoon, six hundred sixty-eight automobiles were counted on the grounds. The president, Dr. W. G. Nixon, of Detroit, was in charge, being reelected for another year as were all the officers.

Bishop Thomas Nicholson, D. D., presiding bishop of the Detroit area, was with us for the first Sunday and brought a splendid message in the morning service. His presence and messages were greatly appreciated, and he is invited to return next year.

Other preachers, as advertised, were: Dr. John L. Brasher, president of John Fletcher College, University Park, Ia.; Rev. C. W. Ruth, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. Thomas C. Henderson, of Oberlin, Ohio; and Rev. John Paul, D. D., president of Taylor University, Upland, Ind. All of these preachers were at their best; and at nearly every service, the altars were filled with souls finding pardon or purity.

The work among the young people this year was in charge of Mrs. Iva D. Vennard, principal of Chicago Evangelistic Institute. Mrs. Vennard spent several very fruitful seasons in this camp several years ago, and the appreciation of the people at her return was manifested by the numbers who crowded into the young people's tabernacle.

The music was inspiring at each service, in charge of Rev. Lloyd Nixon, of Lowell, Mich., with Mr. H. Morse Skinner and Miss Esther Mary Atkinson, two of Taylor University's splendid musicians, at the pianos. A real message in song was brought at each service, to the blessing of the multitudes.

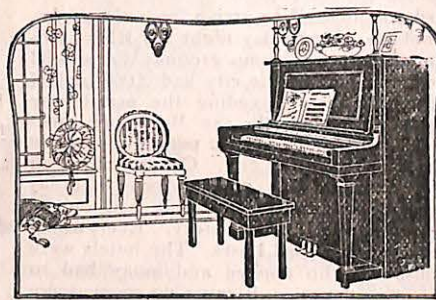
But great preachers, large crowds, and splendid music cannot make a camp meeting the kind which is to be found at Eaton Rapids each summer. It is the presence of the Holy Spirit—as Rev. Thomas Henderson would say, "The presence and presidency of the Holy

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Spirit." He truly is given right of way in preaching, singing, etc., as well as in every detail of the camp. Surely He has put His seal upon this great camp and the definite message of entire sanctification as a second work of grace which is clearly and fearlessly proclaimed here. The results of this great work are seen not simply in the seeking and rejoicing on the grounds. Eaton Rapids Camp Meeting is felt around the world today, in every mission field, as well as greatly throughout Michigan and other states. One year ago, \$600 was pledged to Dr. E. Stanley Jones, who was with us then. Announcement was made this year that that money is to support Dr. Jones' personal native co-laborer in India. Announcement was also made that assurance had already gone to Dr. Jones, that the \$4,000 necessary annually to reopen and conduct a school at a strategic point in

India, and which had been closed for lack of funds, was forthcoming out of Eaton Rapids Camp. Work is being supported in China and other fields, and young people are catching a vision which leads them to give themselves in consecrated service to any field to which the Lord shall lead.

More than \$3,800 was raised with very little effort for the carrying on of the camp and making of some splendid modern improvements. Increasingly, pastors and church organizations are purchasing or renting cottages for use of their young people during camp. Great is the work of the Lord in our midst, and "the end is not yet, praise the Lord."—Fern C. Wheeler, Secretary.

From \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 will probably be raised for the first building and for endowment.