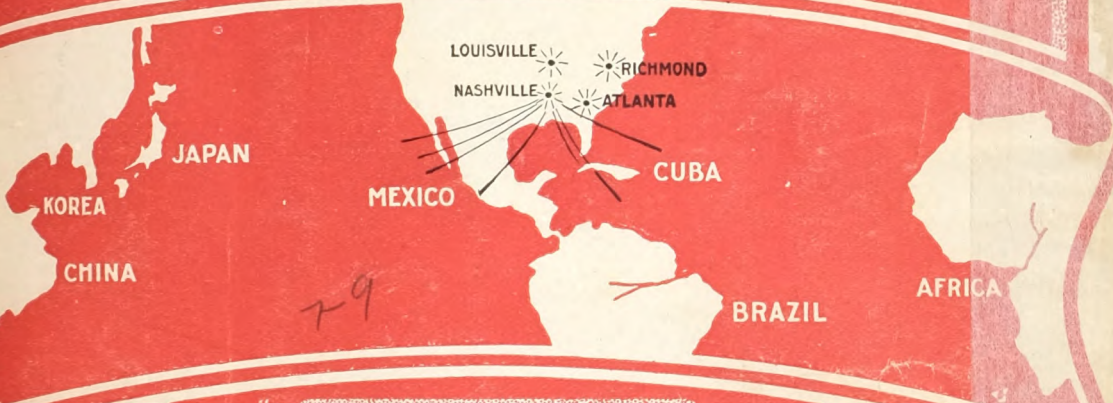


THE MISSIONARY SURVEY



SEPTEMBER, 1917



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY
Bringing the food which quickens new desires and
nourishes a brighter hope.



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF



FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

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

PUBLISHED BY
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

“GO WORK TODAY IN MY VINEYARD.”

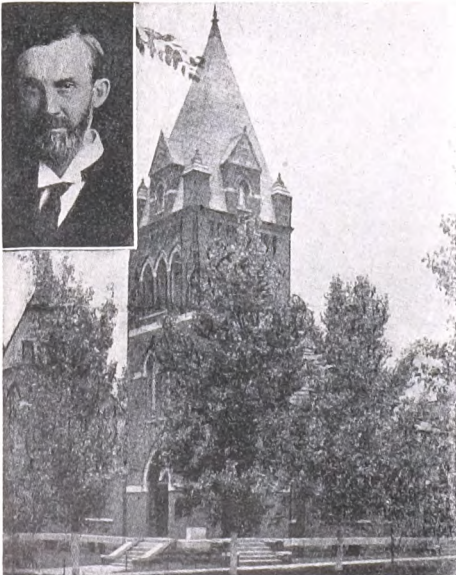
REV. J. A. BRYAN.

DURING the last quarter of a century some cities in America, including many in the South, doubled and some even quadrupled, their population. These cities are filled with men, women and children for whose souls Christ died, who are unchurched, unreached, unsaved. When we think of this our hearts yearn for them. Christ himself is moved with compassion, because they are like sheep without a shepherd.

How can we reach and help them? We must pray for them, love them, sympathize with them, be faithful to their souls. Give invitations to them on the streets, in tenement houses, at factories, in hospitals, in mills, in schools.

In the Birmingham District we conduct daily meetings at factories in which many work, at shops, at transfer barns, at 6 A. M. For this work to be blessed, it must be done with the greatest faith in Christ, with patience and perseverance. Cottage prayer meetings in different sections of a vastly populated district is one way, or in tenement buildings, lovingly inviting the people to attend; and they will come. Paul said to the Ephesian Christians: “I preached the Gospel from house to house.”

Among Firemen: We ought to have Bible classes at each station. If held on the Sabbath, their families will come. The pastor



The Third Presbyterian Church, and Its Pastor, Rev. J. A. Bryan.

can conduct these services on week-day afternoons. On a rainy Sabbath now and then, the Chief will let one man come from each station without weakening the crew. At an all-day reception in the church parlors, once or twice a year, one man from each station can come and remain awhile. He can be welcomed, convinced that we love him, spoken to about his soul, and given a copy of the New Testament or Mr. Moody's "Way to God"—and the seed is sown in his life. He becomes a Christian, perhaps in answer to a mother's prayer. We have received into our church ten of these men during the past six years, and two whole families, among them the assistant chief and a captain. Others have united with other churches on profession of faith. Will we take Christ to them, or let them die out of Christ?

Among Policemen and Detectives: By having a Sunday school before the afternoon company goes on duty, during the year nearly every one of these men will hear about Christ. Not so long ago the writer was crossing the street, when a strong, fearless-looking officer accosted him. He spoke to the policeman, and later received him into the church. He became a Sunday School teacher, was made a ruling elder, and is in Heaven today. He led scores of people to Christ. Two weeks ago a detective, who belonged to one of his classes, was received into the church.

Among Street Car Men: Go after them. These men are lonely without Christ. We have a service on Sabbath afternoons, singing, prayer and a short address, in the Roll Call room. It has numbered thirty-five. Sometimes we have a special service at night for street car men, their families and friends. A trustee of our church is a motor-man, devoted to Christ. The secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of a street railway company, was led to Christ and united with our church in one of these meetings. We have also Friday noon meetings, with 100 present. Sometimes a dozen of these men attend our church service in the morning; others go to other churches.

The railroad men are looking to the church these years as never before. We must know them, have special services at night now and then for them, give them an opportunity to confess Christ; visit their homes, send them personal invitations, visit them in the hospitals when hurt, and lead them to Christ.

Among Hotel Workers: We must know them to find how deeply interested they are, and what a hard time they have. Their hours are irregular, but we can have cot-

tage prayer meetings in the houses in which they live. We can look after their children, get them to Sunday school, to the Neighborhood House, and to catechism drills. A neighborhood canvass, patiently and prayerfully done, is a good way to reach the unsaved in our large cities; and with patience and persevering visiting we can win them to Christ.

A Federation of Churches: There is great need of this in most cities. In a careful survey of one Southern community, with a population of 8,000, 1,400 people over ten years of age were found not members of any church; 800 had been members in other places, while only 4,000 were then mem-

bers. By cooperation among the churches, there was a considerable ingathering of souls at various revival services.

In view of these unreached masses, the Church must advance on her knees. The Church in the South has the opportunity of the ages. She must hear the command of her Master, "Go work today in my vineyard. Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in that my house may be filled." She must reach the lowest, one by one. She must go everywhere scattering the Word, preaching the Word, holding up her Savior.

Birmingham, Ala.

FROM FAR-OFF SYRIA.

MRS. A. R. WOODSON.

FEET that have trod the same Judean hills which the Master walked during His earthly ministry, have, like the feet of Abraham, left their fathers' house and their native land, and journeyed into a far country. And like Abraham, their pilgrimage has led them into a closer touch with God.

It has been thirty years since the feet of some of these Syrian pilgrims first trod the streets of Atlanta, Ga., and be it said to our shame that for many long years they remained to us as strangers and foreigners in whose temporal and spiritual welfare we had no real concern.

But there was a man sent of God to minister in His name to the poor and needy, to the outcast, the friendless, and the stranger in our midst; and in Atlanta the name of Gaston R. Buford has become synonymous for helpfulness. He who died last February, killed by a madman's bullet, in "getting other people out of trouble," spent his life like the Master in going about doing good.

As assistant pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Mr. Buford began visiting among the Syrian families, won their esteem and friendship, and succeeded in bringing some of them in touch with the Christian people through the Daily Vacation Bible School, and later the Sunday School of the Central Church. While this church was originally foster mother to this Syrian Mission work, it is now jointly supported by the Women's Missionary Societies of the city through the Atlanta Presbyterian Auxiliary, and by the Assembly's Home Mission Committee.

The Mission occupies a rented building, having a large hall, two class rooms, and a bath. Though simple in their furnishings, these clean, bright, inviting rooms are dear to the Syrian women and children, who have

only this one meeting place. And the rooms serve many purposes. Here the little child is mothered by the kindergarten teacher, the older girls taught to sew and do fancy work, and the mother given instruction in English and domestic science.

In these rooms last summer the Daily Vacation Bible School gathered practically every child in the Syrian colony, and permanently established the work in the hearts of the Syrian population.

Though the 300 Syrians in the colony are about equally divided between the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic Churches, they have not only been aliens from their native commonwealth but also aliens from their mother church. This has made them all the more appreciative of the friendly Christian solicitude which is finding expression in the Presbyterian Mission.

There have been devoted workers from the beginning, the present Superintendent being Miss Helen Burbank, assisted by a splendid volunteer corps of teachers in the week-day activities and in the Sunday school, which has now developed into a modern graded school.

The greatest work is with the children. Large families are crowded into two and three small rooms above cheap markets, groceries, dry goods stores, pawn shops and Negro pool rooms. Their only playground has been the street. Is there a diviner work on earth than rescuing children from the pernicious environment of the city street, and in a sense creating for them a new heaven and a new earth, by bringing them into harmony with the real Heaven and into touch with the perennial freshness and sweetness, and the fragrance and music of Nature? A child without a playground is indeed robbed of its heritage. The Mission, in its endeavor to provide a playground for the Syrian children and in teaching them