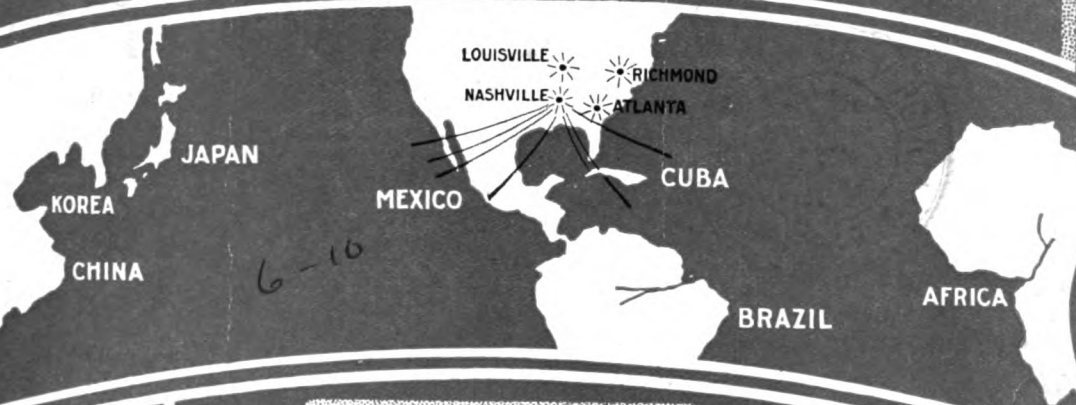


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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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OCTOBER, 1916



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS NANKING THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF



FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

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

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PRESBYTERIAN WORK IN SMALL TOWNS IN THE WEST.

By REV. B. E. WALLACE,

Chairman of Home Missions, Brownwood Presbytery.

BROWNWOOD Presbytery embraces 22 counties in Central West Texas. In this territory we have 19 organized churches, only 5 of which are self-supporting. These 19 churches are confined to 9 counties, leaving 13 still without a Presbyterian church.

A striking thing about this section is that there are but few country communities, and only two country churches. This is due to the fact that it is to a great extent, a section of large ranches. People live in the towns where they can have religious, educational and social advantages. The automobile has wrought wonderful changes in this ranch section. It has built up the towns, but has depleted the country communities.

The problem of the country church is not ours, but the crystallization, evangelization and conversion of the small town. These small towns are developing rapidly, and our task is to meet the people there with the Gospel and the Presbyterian organization, and help them build upon a solid foundation, not only in view of the world to come, but with reference to this present world.

Liberally aided by Assembly's Home Missions, our Presbytery is pursuing an aggressive campaign in this difficult and important field of Endeavor. Two evangelists are at work, giving all their

time in the exploitation of new territory, and supplying the weak churches.

The work is largely pioneer. We often go where no Presbyterian minister has been before, and frequently meet people who have never seen a Presbyterian preacher. In one instance our evangelists held the first revival service ever held in a town. It was a delightful experience to get there first, and see the interest manifested by the people. They heard the Gospel gladly, and "searched the Scriptures, to see whether these things were of men or of God; and to our comfort, they said, "We are satisfied, and this is what we need in our town. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the church of our ideals."

We have reason to believe that there is a future for our Church in this Presbytery. The climatic conditions are favorable, really an asset, bringing in many who are seeking for health. Many regain their health and become permanent citizens. They are a class of people very helpful to our community, for they come from the better element of many Eastern, Southern and Northern states.

For our encouragement in the work, we found that there were more conversions and additions to our church from Home Mission endeavor this past year than during any previous year.

Brownwood, Tex.

THE BUGLE CALL OF THE WEST.

By REV. SAMUEL MCPHEETERS GLASGOW.

The Call.

As the war clouds rolled up thick and menacing on the Mexican border, the troop trains also began to roll into the Lower Rio Grande Valley. Within less than three weeks, scores of army trains passed through Mercedes, and our little valley, an agricultural gem on the far-away Rio Grande, speedily became an armed camp, bristling with busy activity and frowning across our southern boundary.

How our hearts leaped with true pride at the splendid response of young America to the calling out of the National Guards. Thousands of homes yielded up their choice sons to go to the Mexican border at the call of our peace-loving, God-fearing, clear-thinking, far-seeing President, Woodrow Wilson.

Individually and publicly I have taken occasion to express my sense of personal gratitude to these young men who have literally stood between my home and danger.

I know the heart that beats beneath the khaki, and I thank God that such young life still evidences our Nation's courage and strength.

But to the ear attuned, there is another call in the West that sounds, though silent, above the clangor and noise of military movements. There is another enemy that more seriously menaces those broad and fertile plains and their happy peoples than the Mexican bandits that come over in the night to loot and kill. Commercialism stalks abroad, upon a path unchallenged by a Christian public sentiment, and unrebuked by entrenched, inherited Godliness. It crushes in its iron grip the things that are fine and pure and gentle in character. It leaves in its wake a gilded veneer that but poorly hides the hearts that ache, and the lives that are blighted, and the homes barren of happiness and peace, and a Sabbath's blessing. Will the young life of God's Kingdom, God's Knights, hear this call and lend themselves to this warfare?

THE COWARD.

One hundred and sixteen men in Texas turned the nation's scorning eye upon that great State when her National Guard was being mustered into regular service. Consulting other motives than those which should determine men under oath to respond to their Nation's call to arms, they reflected ignominy upon the proud State that had nurtured and trusted them. They paused and drew back in the critical crisis. We do not condemn, we only regret. Not scorn, but disappointment and sorrow fill our hearts.

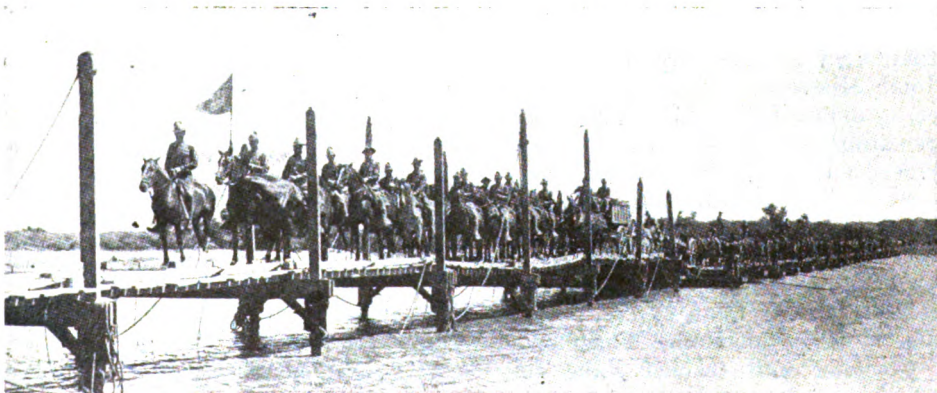
Significant was the action of one far-seeing officer of a Texas company. Realizing that the call for his men was imminent, and keenly eager that no disgrace should publicly mark his command, he summoned his men several months before the call to the Border came. Captain J. announced the

probability of their being sent in a short time to the front, and said: "Men, if any one of you is afraid to go, say so now; don't wait until the call comes. One man began to demur, and gave excuses for not wanting to respond to Border duty, and the reply was, "All right S——, you can go, we can't use you."

Are there some who have been purchased by the blood of the Son of God, who are staying at ease at home, safe and snug, who have heard the call to suffering service at the Front, and have refused to face the danger and hardships, and to offer the "Living Sacrifice?" If so, do they not stand in a greater danger—the danger that the Peerless Christ, the Captain of the Hosts of God, may say, "——, you can go, I can't use you?"

THE COST.

I look upon the happy, singing soldier boys at the front, ready to lay down their lives for their country. I have often and again prayed for the unseen, Almighty Hand to protect them as they stand guard duty through the long night watches. I have seen the quick response in the camp just across the street from my home, when the call came in the night on account of a reported bandit raid. The lights moved swiftly here and there, and in an incredibly short time the men were dressed, with full pack ready, armed and saddled, had gone off into the night. Sometimes some of these men on Border duty do not come back. Corporal John Wilman, an earnest member of my church, having united on profession of faith soon after his troop of the 12th Cavalry was stationed at Mercedes, in an engagement with the Mexican bandits at the Rio Grande was shot through the head by a Mexican bullet. It instantly snuffed out his fine life, which life he had yielded so bravely for the cause he loved. Somewhere amidst the hills of old Vermont, in the small hamlet that held us



U. S. Troops Guarding the Mexican Border. The Pontoon Bridge was made by the Soldiers Themselves.

humble home, there is a white shaft that bears the name—"Corporal John Wilman, C Troop, 12th Cavalry, U. S. Army;" and if not inscribed upon the stone there is inscribed upon many hearts that knew him, this simple, majestic truth: "He gave his life for the cause he loved.

"Somewhere" in China, or Africa, or the West, or wherever men are at grips with sin, there are men and women, God's own, who are fearlessly facing the unrelenting foe of men's souls; bearing the draining strain upon mind and body and heart, pushing the fight ever forward, until one by one they go down with their faces to the foe. "Some-

where," by the sluggish waters of a Chinese canal, in the tangled jungle of dark Africa, out on the far-reaching plains of the West, or in some little cove that nestles secure upon the mountain's breast, there rises a white slab bearing a name unheralded and unknown to human honors, but tenderly treasured and mourned by alien hearts to whom he brought the message—a name of whom it is recorded, not only on earth but also in that Presence where record unchanging is made—"He gave his life for the cause he loved."

Mercedes, Texas.

INTENSIVE AND EXTENSIVE NEEDS IN DALLAS PRESBYTERY.

By MRS. W. T. EVERS.

THE organized church of God today is a great combination of intricate parts, each dependent in a measure upon all the others. Is it not true that the cause of Foreign Missions is largely dependent upon the cause of Christian Education? For, without the education and special training of our young people, how shall the church continue and enlarge the work in the Foreign Field? Is not the cause of Christian Education dependent upon Young People's Work and Sunday School Extension? Where shall we get these young men and young women to educate for the various lines of Christian activity, if not from our Sunday schools and Young People's Societies? It can readily be seen that all these causes are dependent for their very existence upon the cause of Home Missions.

Let us define Home Missions as the out-reaching of the Christian Church in America to those people and places in our land beyond the immediate environs of the local church. From the time of the founding of our Nation, Home Missions has exerted a powerful influence upon the ideals and standards of life on this continent. The Christian preacher and teacher have followed the advancing line of the successive frontiers, bringing the very

heart of Christ's love and service into the new centers. Home Missions is one of the greatest contributors to national righteousness.

The history of the Southern Presbyterian Church reveals the fact that constructive Home Mission work has been a mighty power in its growth and development. The great Synods of Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas have been added in a little over fifty years, through the efforts of Home Missions. We may well feel proud of the great synod of Texas, but that is where danger lurks. Because of the vast size and great wealth of Texas, our church activities appear well beside those of the smaller and older synods, but when some of the facts are laid bare concerning the vast fields yet untouched, the work yet to be done far overbalances what we have already done. What we need is a vision of great things lying within our reach. Our Lord said: "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

There are 51 counties in Dallas Presbytery, some of them lying across the border in New Mexico and Oklahoma. In this territory are 58 Southern Presbyterian churches, but there are 22 counties in which we have no church at all. Of these 58 churches,