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I. LITERARY.

MOSES.

No man among the sages
Enrolled on history's pages
To challenge all the ages
 To reverence or condemn,
Can hold compare with Moses ;
No other name discloses,
No other life exposes
Such grandeur as reposes
 In that God-crowned king of men.

No page in human history—
 Sacred or profane,
No myth of heathen mystery,
 No saga of the Dane,
No vague or weird tradition,
 From all the hoary past,
Of man, or woman's mission
 In labors great and vast
Suggest such scenes of splendor,
 Of wonder and amaze,
To thrill the heart and render
 One mortal's life ablaze,
As track the Hebrew Prophet,
 In paths of lurid light,
From burning bush of Midian
 To Pisgah's lonely height.

As Prophet and Preacher
And humanity's teacher,
The Koran's inspirer
Before the Hegira

And, as a final law, I would add this : *Don't expect quick returns.* Rome was not built in a day. The walls of Jericho fell not down on the first day's march. Some gaps *may* have been made in the walls, but they did not fall. In 1880 Arthur T. Pierson demonstrated that the world could be evangelized in thirty years; a little later it was found it could be done in twenty years, and now we have it announced that the world will be evangelized by 1900 if—. What is the trouble with all these plans? They pay no attention to the workings of the Spirit of the Living God. If the Spirit wills it, the world could be evangelized in a twinkling of an eye. But the Spirit has not willed it so, and all we can do is to continue faithfully blowing the gospel trumpets knowing that, in his good pleasure, the walls of sin's Jericho will fall. Were I to characterize them I would call these visionary, Godforsaking schemes *Arthur T. Piersonism run wild.* Such visionary schemes can only be held by a man who firmly believes the inspiration of Hebrew vowel points. "It is sad," says Dr. Warneck, in his criticisms of the same, "that in the American Mission circles no prudent voice has raised itself against such folly, which can only serve to work scorn in the world, and despondency among the weak faithfuls, even if no harm comes therefrom" (Grundemann, p. 53). The Spirit of God alone can convert a sinner and He takes His own time. Wait and work in patience. Let not your zeal run wild. Progress is slow, but sure. The seed is planted and grows; some few stalks ripen earlier than others; by and by, as a flash from a clear sky, the harvest is upon us. "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." When it does come the walls will all fall together. Take those figures for Japan: 1859, no communicants; 1869, 1,004; 1879, 2,965; 1889, 31,181. Work on, even if it seems as though you were making no progress. The Spirit of God is watching the harvest. He only demands us to blow the trumpets. When His time comes a breath from the throne of God will sweep the fields, leaving behind it the ripened grain ready for the sickle.

R. B. WOODWORTH.

U. T. Seminary.

MISSIONS IN CHINA—AN OBJECT LESSON.

[This was sent to the Society of Missionary Inquiry of the Seminary by Rev. Jas. R. Graham, Jr., of Tsing Kiang Pu.,

China. The letter was written from Chinkiang where Mr. Graham was compelled to stop for several months and pursue his study of the language because no suitable quarters could then be secured at T. K. P. It gives so vivid an insight into the practical work of missions, and draws so realistic a picture of the missionary's daily life, that we think it should be given to our readers. While we have given the writer's words without any material changes, nevertheless as the letter was written in the press of a busy life, and *not intended for print*, the editor has ventured, for the sake of greater clearness and fulness, to make some verbal emendations. It is given to the church with the fervent prayer that under the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, it may be made the means of rousing in the hearts of those under whose eyes it may fall, a deeper personal interest in that work for which Christ died, and that some, nay, many, as they read these words of simple, stirring appeal for more laborers in these great fields now "white to the harvest," may have grace to cry aloud to the Lord of the Harvest, "Here am I, send ME!"]

CHINKIANG, CHINA.

My Dear Brethren.—You may remember that I was somewhat interested in missionary when in the Seminary and since I came out here everything I have seen has tended to make me more conscious of the claims of these people on us, and I am struck with the ease with which one can get an audience of men almost anywhere he chooses to try. Now it is not my intention to preach you a sermon as to what you ought to do. I will simply try to show by a few object lessons the opportunities and need for workers in this vast country and among these teeming millions. I will ask you to go with me as I have gone with different missionaries on their *ordinary* work. First, we will go to his street chapel. To get there you have to walk through a mile or two of city streets, which are fairly swarming with human beings; you never saw a street in one of our largest cities which was more densely crowded than are scores upon scores of these Chinese streets. You may walk those streets constantly for a year and scarcely meet a single native Christian. You cannot stop for a moment on the street without having a crowd around you, and even if you have no chapel there is no difficulty about getting an audience. Well, we go to the chapel and find a room varying in size in different

places from twenty feet square to fifty feet square. The door is opened right on the street and in a few minutes there is a good crowd in the room; you begin talking or preaching to them about the plan of salvation, God's great love in giving His Son to die for us. Presently some will leave and others come in; very frequently the room is crowded so that in an evening's talk of two or three hours you have told one hundred and it may be three hundred people about Christ, *who have never heard of Him before*; or even if they had heard, have no clear idea of anything about our doctrine; during the morning you may have gone to a chapel in another part of the city and done the same thing. Now of course these people can get no clear idea of the Gospel in one evening, but they may come again; at any rate your skirts are clear.

Now go with me on a boat trip of about 120 miles which I took recently. These boats are not express trains, it took us three days and two nights to make the trip, and you can get out and walk along the tow-path whenever you please. Now is the time you need to take your bag of books and tracts along with you. In this trip we passed through three or four large walled cities, any one of them larger than any city in Virginia; besides these we passed through any number of towns of from 5,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. I often walked along the canal and noticed that from almost any point and at any time during the trip, I could count twelve or fifteen villages back in the country. We were never out of sight of a Chinaman. For all this territory, if I mistake not, there is not a single missionary. By all odds the great majority of the people never saw a foreigner. You have your tracts along and sell them wherever you have an opportunity, and whenever you get a chance to sell a book you have a chance to say a word for the true God. And so, accompanied by an earnest prayer, you have scattered leaves of the tree of life along that line of 120 miles. You may never hear of the tract again, but it is something which can be taken home and read over and over again, and years afterward, it may be some missionary will find that more than one soul has in this way had the seed of the Gospel sown, which shall spring up unto eternal life, and thus a perishing brother has been plucked as a brand from the burning. This has often been the experience of missionaries. Now go with me on a walk of a couple of miles with the missionary as he

goes to his chapel. This chapel was at one of the gates of the city; his home on the outskirts in another direction, and so to get there he went on the outside of the city. There were houses scattered thickly all along the path, miserable little mud houses; we had hardly well started when an old woman came out of a house and shouted something at him. It turned out that he had been doctoring her daughter and she wanted some more medicine. After giving it to her, we had scarcely gone a hundred yards before we stopped to see an old man who was supposed to be dying; then to see a little child whose leg had been fearfully burnt. He took out more medicine and gave the leg a soothing dressing. And so, all through the walk, he would stop at some house to give directions about a patient or point out a house where he had brought a child or a grown person through a fever, and at every place he spoke a word for Christ. They listened, and he said that a short time before he would have been stoned or cursed at these places. And so it goes, at twenty or thirty families along that path, he had gotten access by a little common sense use of medicine and had familiarized those people with the main truths of the Gospel. We then went into a temple and he sat and talked to the nuns perhaps half an hour about Christianity. So you cannot go fifty yards out of your house without an opportunity to point some soul to Christ who never heard of Him, or if by chance he has heard, knew no more about Him than the name. I will mention one more object lesson. The house in which I am now staying is on a hill outside of a city, (Chin-kiang) numbering 150,000 people. From the front door of the house you can see the whole city spread out at your feet. From daylight to dark throughout the seven days of the week, you can hear the never-ending hum of their active, busy life, the ceaseless tread of that thronging, perishing multitude, and then remember that in that immense mass of humanity there are barely forty native Christians. What do you suppose are the feelings of a Christian raised as I have been, when he thinks of their spiritual destitution? Brethren, have they not souls? Did Christ die for them? Will they go to that eternal rest to which we are looking? Did Christ say anything about telling them of His blood? Are the people among whom you intend working at home to be compared with these in their awful ignorance of their Master's love? Do they have the same

difficulty about getting the Gospel preached to them—at least by some evangelical denomination—that exists in this country of 400,000,000? If so, then by all means stay and preach to them; if not, then I beg you to be careful how you decide to take such a step and remember, “if thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain, if thou sayest, behold we knew it not, doth not He that pondereth the heart consider, and He that keepeth thy soul doth He not know it, and shall he not render to every one according to his works?” With all the earnestness of one who is filled with a sense of their terrible need, would I cry on behalf of these dying millions, who know not Christ, or peace, or hope, or heaven, to those who have tasted the joy and blessedness of His salvation, “Come and help us ere they die!” “Brethren, pray for us.” May God bless you all.

MISSIONARY UNBELIEF.

The Christian that does not believe in foreign missions does not believe in the Great Commission. Repeat it and see.

The Christian that does not believe in foreign missions does not believe in the Apostles' Creed. Repeat it and see.

The Christian that does not believe in foreign missions does not believe in the Lord's Prayer. Repeat it and see.

The Christian that does not believe in foreign missions does not believe in the doxology in long meter. Repeat it and see.

The Christian that does not believe in foreign missions in this generation believes that three hundred more millions of the heathen world ought to die before we try to tell them of Jesus Christ.

How long is this unbelief to go on? How many more millions must die before the church of God is ready? “If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.”
Herrick Johnson, D. D.

AFRICA.

Slavery in Africa is a terrible impediment to the progress of the Gospel. Stanley says, in his journey across the Continent, he met a company of 5,000 fugitives escaping from slave dealers; and on another occasion a band of slave dealers with 2,300 women and children, for whose capture they had plundered thousands of homes, murdering over 3,000 persons.