

# THE MISSIONARY SURVEY



DECEMBER, 1917

Must we not present  
the business of our King  
in such a manner as to prove  
beyond question that no  
man's business is larger  
than our Lord's business?

The Presbyterian Elder of Columbia, S.C.



HOME  
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN  
EDUCATION  
AND  
MINISTERIAL  
RELIEF



FOREIGN  
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION  
AND  
SABBATH  
SCHOOL  
WORK

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AT HOME AND ABROAD

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## DR. WOODBRIDGE'S SON WINS FRENCH MEDAL.

John S Woodbridge is Decorated for Bravery in Ambulance Service.

**J**OHN S. WOODBRIDGE, a Shanghai boy, the son of Dr. S. I. Woodbridge, is one of four Americans to receive the Medal of War in France for bravery in the ambulance service.

A despatch from Paris, under date of August 1, printed in the New York papers, states that the young man, together with another Princeton University student, and two young men from Harvard, all acting as ambulance drivers in the American Field Service, have received the French medal for bravery in removing wounded men while under heavy shellfire.

Young Woodbridge, who is a second cousin of President Wilson, is well known in Shanghai. He received his early education in the public school here and was the only American boy in the Baden-Powell Scouts,

a fact mentioned by Baden-Powell in his writings. He was active in boys' camp work here. He left for France early in the summer with the Princeton contingent for Red Cross work. He is not yet 21 but had just completed his junior year at the university with honors.

Dr. Woodbridge has two other sons in different branches of war service. Woodrow Wilson Woodbridge, who was with Gen. Pershing in Mexico, is now a second lieutenant in the U. S. Army and in training camp in Colorado, while Casper Woodbridge is engaged in army Y. M. C. A. work in Mesopotamia. Dr. Woodbridge has just returned to Shanghai from the South and had not heard of the honor his son has won until informed by *The China Press*.

## FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

EDITH McCLUNG HOUSTON.

**T**HE brief twilight of the tropics had fallen in Cuba and the road shown dimly, winding through dark tangles of vines and heavy foliage. But above these verdant masses were opening the white "flowers of the night," lifting up pure blooms to the heavens and lighting the gloom about them.

So we who labor among those who have not heard the gospel see souls being born from darkness into light and rejoice over lives shining out in clear contrast to those about them and giving testimony to the reality of the change which has come to them.

I wish you could have heard, as I did, the account of her conversion falling from the lips of a bright Cuban woman. I shall try to give her own words in repeating what she said:

"My life was so empty. I was always seeking for something and yet my soul was never satisfied. What had Romanism to offer me? A form with nothing real. Empty words—how could they heal my broken heart when my children died and I was crushed with sorrow?

"I turned to spiritualism, but I found it a dream. Folly masking as truth. Then I heard the Protestants had come

to our town and were holding a service. I went to hear them and there, like the dove when it entered into the ark, my soul found rest. I said to my husband, 'I need seek no more. This is the religion I have longed for. It satisfies me.'

Her after life has certainly shown that amid diverse trials and severe testing her faith has ever held true. I shall give one instance showing her Christian spirit:

One of her sons, the eldest and best beloved, was set upon and almost killed by a man whose dishonesty he had exposed. He received over twenty wounds. But not a word of desire for vengeance did I hear from those in that Christian family.

"What if they punish him?" said the mother. "They will only harden his heart. He has wounded me," (and she laid her hand on her bosom) "and my wound can never be healed till I have done something for his soul. Till I have shown him the way to Christ."

Pressed by poverty, she often sews far into the night, but she has told me of how she keeps the morning watch, communing with her God upon her bed before she rises to face the day of toil and care. There she wrestles in prayer for the souls about her, there she gives thanks for the many answers to her prayers.



Early this morning I looked out over the beautiful Cuban landscape I can see from my windows upstairs. The wooded hills, the palm trees standing stately and tall, holding up their royal crowns of burnished fronds, and nearer, a mist of radiant whiteness following the course of the river. And

I thought of the incense of this Christian's prayers going up from her humble home, overshadowing as a cloud those for whom she pleads, bringing down blessing upon all.

*Camajuani, Cuba.*

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF OUR CUBAN WORK.

MISS MARGARET M. DAVIS.

Cardenas, Cuba, Sept. 29, 1917.

Dear Friends:

**A** MONTH ago Miss Craig and I reached here. We were the first workers to reach Cardenas, so we had the pleasure of welcoming the Halls and the Whartons during the next week. They were delayed because of the difficulty of securing passports. Uncle Sam is trying to keep Americans at home—unless their work elsewhere is pressing—and we feel that our work here is pressing.

Perhaps you know that I did not ask the Committee to send me to Cuba, but God made it very clear that He wanted me here, and I am glad now that He did. I have "fallen in love" with the country and the people; perhaps some day I'll like the language and the mosquitoes.

Constantly I see and hear evidences of the great need in Cuba for Christian education. The need which "*La Progresiva*" is striving to meet. Boys and girls are crowding in. The people here certainly appreciate the school. We need more room—also more rooms. We opened with forty-one more than last year, and now we have an enrollment of about two hundred and forty. Classes are held in the hall and in the auditorium—but we feel that we cannot say to those who come, "Go to the public school," where they can get only five years' work under rather undesirable conditions; or "Go to the priests' school," for there they not only have no instruction in the Bible but are taught many superstitions in regard to it.

Miss Craig gives all of her time—and then a few hours more, to the work of the school, but feels repaid by its wonderful success and by evidences of God's blessing. Did you see the account Mr. Wharton wrote of the change made by the gospel through the school in one boy? When Miss Craig got him into the school he was a street

nuisance, scoffing at the Christians, and trying to disturb classes in the school and in the Sunday-school. Now he is a splendid young Christian. Most of the teachers in the school are ex-pupils, and they are earnest Christians and efficient and capable workers.

I spend most of my time studying the language, which is not difficult, but I am impatient to be at work, because I see so much that needs to be done. I teach English in the first and second grades, and I look forward to teaching mathematics as soon as my tongue is limbered up and my eyes are trained sufficiently.



Graduating Class of the Cardenas Mission School, June, 1917.