

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

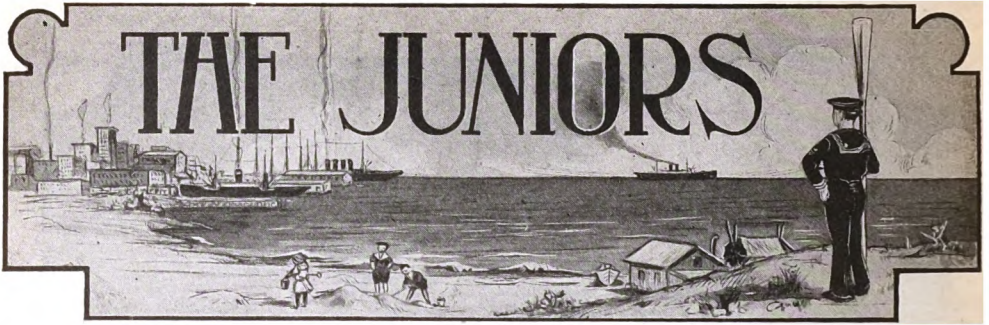


FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

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

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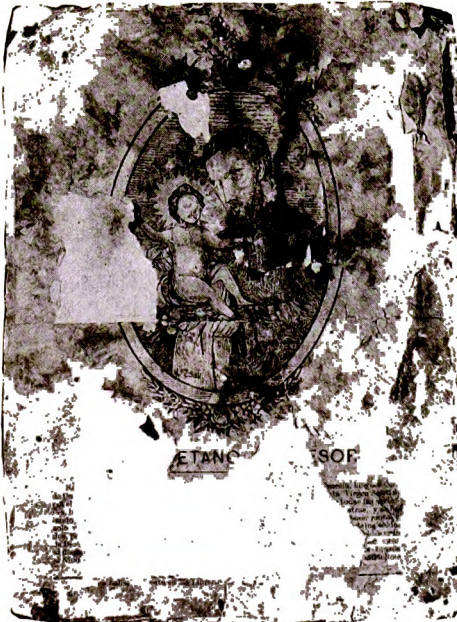


THE SAINT WHO WAS BEATEN.

EDITH McCLUNG HOUSTON.

WHAT a battered picture I am sending you! You can scarcely see that it is of a very pious looking person with a child in his arms. His name is Cayetano, and he lived a long time ago and is said to have been a very good kind of a man.

After he had been dead sometime he was made a "saint" (canonized) by the Roman Catholics and they began to pray to him to ask God to do things for them. You see they do not know that Jesus is the only mediator between us and God, for they are not allowed to read the Bible and no one has ever told them any better.



"The Saint Who Was Beaten."

Well, though they have many "saints" here in Cuba they think a great deal of this one, for in most of the houses they have his picture fastened right inside the door and say he will keep poverty from ever entering the house.

I knew the old lady who owned this one. She lived down by the sea in Caibarien and I used to go and read the Bible to her, for she was so in the habit of asking the "saints" for things she did not ever pray to God. She was very fond of me and liked me to visit her, but she did not care at all to hear the Bible read. She used to chase the chickens or run to see if the beans were burning so as not to have to listen. I tried to sit up close to her and hold her dress to keep her still and then she would talk about the blue sea before us and the ships sailing out on it.

"Why do you trust to those pictures you have on the wall, Dona Isabel," I would ask, "and not to God?"

"Oh," she would answer, "I trust to them because they do things for me. Why, look at the Santo Nino de Atocha. Once I got a fish bone in my throat and I was nearly choked to death and I prayed to him to take it out and he did. Now, just suppose I should happen to swallow another, and I had given him up, what would become of me?"

"And when the Spanish war was going on I promised him to never wear any other kind of a dress but an ugly old blue one if he would only keep my sons from having to fight for the Spanish. And he did. I wore the same kind of a dress eight years so that he would.

"And this is the Virgin de Cobre. Why a long time ago there were three men in a boat rowing in the sea near the Cobre mountains at Santiago de Cuba. A dreadful storm came up and they thought the boat would turn over and they would all

be drowned. So they prayed to the Virgin Mary to save them. And suddenly they saw a woman floating near them in the sea. They worked hard to get her into their boat. And when they were helping her in she changed into a beautiful woman all robed and with a crown on her head full of jewels and she went right up to heaven out of their sight. So they knew that they had seen the Virgin herself, and as the storm immediately ceased they rowed to land, climbed a small mountain near by and built her a chapel. And people soon began going there to take her gifts and pray to her. Her picture is in nearly every home in Cuba. How could I give her up when she is always doing wonderful things for the folks who pray to her?"

And so she seemed wedded to her idols. But one night her house caught fire. A wind was blowing from the sea and soon the frail wooden structure was in a flame.

"Saint Cayetano, save my house!" cried Dona Isabel, wringing her hands. "Virgin de Cobre, help me! Santo Nino de Atocha put out the flames!"

But there was neither voice nor hearing.

A Protestant family lived near by and the mother prayed that the flames might not reach her house and the little children sang hymns and the house did not burn, though the sparks went right that way.

But Dona Isabel went sorrowfully to the house of a daughter, though neighbors had rescued her belongings and saved her "saints" among them.

The next day I went to see a very subdued old lady and she changed the subject when I asked why the "saints" had not answered

her prayers. Her faith in them was shaken from that time on and either then or later she took poor Saint Cayetano and gave him such a beating he has never since recovered and I fear he never will.

The rest of the story is too long to tell, but I will give you the end of it. I moved from Caibarien to another town but still heard from time to time of Dona Isabel.

One day the Virgin de Cobre, the Santo Nino de Atocha and the battered San Cayetano were handed to me.

"Grandmother says you can have them," said the grandchild who gave them to me, "for she no longer believes in them."

Her Christian grandchildren had worked faithfully for her, prayed over her and had the joy of seeing her converted.

She held true for months. From habit she would call on the saints and the Virgin but then she would always say:

"Excuse me, God. You know I can't help it, for I didn't know any better for so long I say it before I think."

She kept the Bible on her table and laid hold on all who came to see her and made them read it to her. And when a priest came to the house to confess her sin she would not see him, for she said she had confessed her sins to God.

When she was dying they repeated the twenty-third psalm, and she passed calmly away, turned from idols to serve the living God.

And here you can see San Cayetano whom I send to show you that this is not a made up story, but a true one.

Camajuani, Cuba.

LA PROGRESIVA.

MISS MARGARET DAVIS.

My Dear Boys and Girls:

LAST September were you very, very anxious for school to begin? Some of the Cuban boys and girls who live here in Cardenas and go to our Presbyterian school, 'La Progresiva,' were so anxious that they came to see Miss Craig and me as soon as we arrived to say that they wished school would start at once. Now the school is so full that one man said, "If you have no seat for my boy I will bring a chair for him."

Wouldn't you like to visit us for one day? Very well, come down to Key West and take the boat from there to Havana. You will enjoy seeing the thousands of little islands that compose the Florida Keys, and will

find the boat trip delightful. You will have to spend the night in Havana, a city of white buildings and narrow streets, so narrow that many of them are not wide enough for cars and coaches to pass each other, so all traffic must be in one direction. The next day you will have a ride of five hours on the train from Havana to Cardenas. There are many beautiful groves and avenues of palms on every side.

Do you like our house, with tiling floors, high ceilings, and bars instead of glass at the windows? And what do you think of a back yard called a patio, made entirely of cement? I don't need to ask what you think of Elisabeth and Anita and Josephine and Robert Wharton—they are as full of