



*The*  
**PRESBYTERIAN**  
**SURVEY**

OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES

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# THE PRESBYTERIAN SURVEY

Published Monthly Under the Authority of The General Assembly by the Agencies of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

Box 1176, RICHMOND, VA.

R. E. MAGILL, *Publishing Agent.*  
J. E. PLEASANTS, *Business Manager.*  
SARAH LEE VINSON, *Managing Editor.*

\$1.25 A Year for Single Subscriptions; In Clubs of Five or More \$1.00 Each Per Year.  
Entered as second-class matter at Richmond, Virginia, under the act of March 3, 1877.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 5, 1918.

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# The PRESBYTERIAN SURVEY

Vol. XVII

APRIL, 1927

No. 4

## An Easter Message

(Prepared Especially for The Survey)

CHARLES R. ERDMAN

OF ALL the stories of the visible appearance of our risen Lord, none is related with more dramatic vividness and more definiteness of detail, and none has a more evident spiritual message and is more easy of practical application than the narrative of the walk to Emmaus.

On the afternoon of the Resurrection Day two disciples were on their way from Jerusalem to the little village which lay some seven miles to the northwest, when Jesus, unrecognized, joined them, and drew from them a statement of their discouragement and despair. He rebuked their unbelief, he opened to them the Scriptures, and then revealed himself to them, suddenly disappearing, as they hastened back to tell their friends that the Lord was risen indeed.

Here is a picture of the divine Presence who, too often unrecognized, walks with us all the way as we journey onward through the changing scenes of the lengthening years. No truth of our Christian faith is more inspiring, more comforting, more transforming, than the belief in the unailing companionship of One,

"Who walks beside us in the gloom  
Who shares the burden wearisome  
Who all the dark way doth illumine  
And bids us look beyond the tomb,  
The larger life to live."

It is a picture, too, of the needless sadness which so often shadows our lives. That should have been the happiest and most joyous day those men had ever known. However, its dawning had brought them no hope, its passing hours had not relieved their distress, and now, while Christ was near, while he was talking with them, their faces still were sad; but when the Master had disappeared, when it was too late to appreciate and enjoy their unique privilege, then they realized what the day might have been, and how great was the joy they had missed. Such experiences we all have. The saddest of words are still these, "It might have been". We often fail to appreciate our opportunities, our privileges, our

friendships, until they are gone; we do not see that the day has been beautiful until the evening light grows purple on the mountains; we do not know that we have been passing through Elysium until the journey is just done.

So too it may be as we look back over the path of life, when we have seen the unveiled face of our Lord, it may be with something of regret as we are reminded that he walked with us all the way and we knew him not; that we felt lonely and discouraged and sad while we might have been enjoying his friendship, his comfort and his help.

"For thus the past does often win

A glory from its seeming far

And orb into the perfect star,

We saw not when we moved therein."

Yet further, here is a message as to how our eyes may be opened, of how we may avoid the experience of such sad regret, of how our faith may be strengthened and our doubts removed.

We must talk together of our divine Lord, must keep him in mind and recall his promises; Christian fellowship helps us to realize the presence of Christ. We must keep our Bibles opened and seek to find in all the Scriptures the truths concerning our suffering, risen Lord. We must ask him to abide with us. We must sit in reverence at the table where he has bidden us to recall his redeeming death; possibly there at the blessed sacrament, or it may be at our daily task, or when we are on our knees in prayer, he will reveal himself to us in clearer vision, so that we can go out with new gladness on our faces to tell our waiting companions our vision of the living Lord.

Surely, as the journey ends, as the shadows fall, as the day is far spent, as we enter the home toward which we are journeying, surely then we shall see him face to face; but that vision will not fall in deepening twilight; it will grow more glorious through the eternal day.



## A Correction

In the January issue of the SURVEY, on page 45, there appeared an article, "Industrial Education in China," by Miss Lois Young. A letter comes from Miss Young advising us that she did not write this article, but that it was written by Mrs. Locke White. We are glad to make the correction, and to have had the letter from Miss Young. It was dated February 1, and at that time the missionaries of Suchowfu had their grips packed and ready to move on a moment's warning. She writes: "I know that China is much in your thoughts these days, as it is of the people all over the world. I fear that anything I write on the situation will be stale by the time this reaches you. We have been notified by our consul to be ready to leave on the receipt of a telegram from him any day. We have all packed a suitcase or two, and will have to go, though we are hoping and praying that the situation will clear up before that stage is reached. Everything has been quiet in Suchowfu. So far as we have seen there has been no anti-foreign demonstration. There are very few foreigners here—only the missionaries and six or eight business people."

## Missionary Arrivals

Africa—Mrs. R. D. Bedinger, Miss Alma Headen.  
Brazil—Rev. and Mrs. B. H. Hunnicutt, Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Daffin.

## Departures

Brazil—Miss Hattie Tannehill. Rev. L. G. Calhoun, new missionary (see picture).  
Korea—Rev. W. M. Clark, Miss Bessie Clark.  
Mexico—Mrs. L. J. Coppedge.



Rev. L. G. Calhoun, new missionary to Brazil

## In the Footsteps of The Great Physician

E. R. KELLERSBERGER

ONE will never be able to tell how many thousands thronged about the Christ when He was following His blessed ministry on earth. There are records of great crowds coming to Him, and even of many being carried into His presence. We know there were times when He had no time to rest nor sleep for His weary body, because of the needy, persistent crowds.

As it was then, so it is now on the mission fields, and especially so in Africa. We are following in His footsteps. What a privilege! What an honor! Our hospitals and dispensaries are crowded with needy ones, often unworthy ones, seeking relief of body. Most that come have never heard of the Saviour and His redeeming work. They only know that the "Bena Missioni" help those who are in need. Here they are! Many don't want to know of God, but come merely for selfish purposes. But, thank God, they come! All colors, all creeds, and all conditions, by the thousands, on foot, in hammocks, on the back of friends, from many weary miles away. They come with hope written on their faces. How the Christ yearned over them and loved them, and pitied them, for like now, they were as sheep having no shepherd. He healed them ALL, and in many cases he said: "Thy sins be forgiven thee; go in peace." We are humbly trying to follow His great, perfect example.

Following in His footsteps? Are we doing it to the  
With the medical missionary and the nurses rests

the greatest opportunity for evangelistic work that perhaps comes to any missionary. Is our touch with these thousands for them also the beginning of a new vision, a new life? Do they see the Great Physician in us? Are we giving the Holy Spirit free rein to work the miracle in their hearts, or are we hindering the work of God by our lack of love, lack of faith, or our evil works? There are thousands who come near our stations, who darken our doors merely because of the medical work. Pain and suffering, yes, death brings them here. Do they all go back as they came? What joy when here and there one among them turns from his ways, and becomes new in life and soul, as well as body.

One day a very sick young man was carried in by four of his friends, in a hammock. It was the old story of Christ's time all over again. He was in the advanced stages of sleeping sickness, and the first injection seemed but to make him worse. For several days he lay there like one dead. The faith of the friends and mother began to fail, and they insisted on taking him home, to bury him. Somehow our hearts were filled with an unusual assurance that this case would glorify God. Pleading with them, and telling them how God had this low ebbing life in His own hands, and would save it, when their carrying him across the rough hills and trails in a poor makeshift of a hammock would surely end it all—they finally listened, but all departed save the old mother. What joy when



*An outcast leper, who found her way to the Presbyterian Mission—but TOO LATE!*

in several days he most miraculously came back to life, as it were. He gradually came out of his stupor, and in several months was like a new man, very happy, and very faithful at all services. He seemed to know of his narrow escape. One day we asked him if he was ready to return to his people; he refused, saying that life had come to him here, and that he wanted to stay here forever. Now he is a happy workman on the Mission station, is in school and the Holy Spirit is working on him to make him a new man in Christ Jesus.

One morning the nurse in charge of the sick village reported that during the night a poor old woman had come in—lean, hungry, and alone, with a pitiful little basket holding her meager worldly possessions. The night before she had slept alone in the grass near a village. Weary and weak, all alone in this world, an outcast—she had sought this haven. She was put in the same house with other cases, and when we saw her (see illustration) the next day she was an advanced leper. And, the climax of her tragedy was that she was dying—there she lay, no longer conscious, breathing rapidly, muttering to herself, her poor eyes wild and fearful looking. Cast out! and she came here to die. Too late! Here was another of the innumerable tragedies that occur out here, till they tend to get commonplace. What suffering she had gone through, what untold pain, and loneliness; forsaken and cast out—just an old useless wornout woman. And, to top it all off, a leper. How Jesus' heart wept over just such as these—sheep without a shepherd. Lost and forsaken! Doesn't this woman, likely once a mother, with a home and her people, make your heart weep? She is a type of the hundreds of lepers who are waiting for us to accept them. We turn them down each day—no drug, and no money to buy it in adequate amounts. We are taking only ten now, and we have refused over fifty others. Some day we will have their own village, and then they will have a home, and hear the Gospel, and have a chance to work and be happy. Yes, following in

His footsteps, but the hands tied, and feet weary—hoping and praying for a greater outpouring of the riches that God has put into His children's hands—home so plentifully; yes, hoping and crying for more skillful, consecrated hands to come out speedily to help carry the huge burden. We buried her one day after she came. She was just an outcast. Nobody loved her. Too late!

In His footsteps! What a challenge and what privilege—and how far short we come of it all, till our hearts sometimes cry out in despair. He raised the dead! Why can't we? He opened the eyes of the blind; why can't we? He made the lame to walk; why can't we? He healed by the touch of His hand; why can't we? "According to your faith be it unto you." There is no lack of faith in the native, for he is as a little child, and comes eagerly, and on his face hope and expectancy. 'We are the ones who doubt, and it is sure that He often answers their faith over and above ours. One day one of our elders brought in his wife and child. For some weeks his wife had been unbalanced and melancholy to the extreme. She refused to nurse her eight-months-old child, and did not recognize it, pushing it away when it was given to her. She refused to go to church, and would not speak to anyone. She took off all her clothes and walked about in the night. Nothing did her any good till one day the pastor, elder, and the doctor laid hands on her head in prayer and intercession. From that day on she began to get better. In a week she began to come to church, she took her baby back to nurse, and so went back home well and has remained so ever since three years now. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." There is no limit to what God can do through the medical missionary who has a huge, simple faith and expects great things from God.

"Do good to them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." The medical work breaks down barriers; it can turn the other cheek. It is sad but true that there is but very little fellowship between the Roman Catholic converts and our people, or us. In fact they seem to be taught to despise us and to look down upon us. They never darken our schools nor our churches. But they never fail to darken the doors of our dispensaries and hospitals, or operating rooms. Hundreds have come, and they receive the same courteous treatment that others do. In many cases they are sent to the priests themselves. One letter came to this station from a certain headpriest thanking us for curing one of his evangelists of sleeping sickness. Recently a rather important Roman Catholic evangelist was sent to us from the mission at Lusambo for an important operation. The operation was successful, and the patient was much pleased. An opportunity came to talk to him. "Why do you call the Protestants 'Bena Diabalo' (people of the devil)? And, yet you come here, and they make you well. Would 'Bena Diabalo' do you any good?" He answered and said, "No, they are also people of God." This man left with a new conception of what he had misunderstood before. White men, who have had no use for us as a missionary body, have been won over through the ministry of the medical work.

Another case, after being cured of sleeping sickness, remained with us as a workman. He soon learned the whole catechism, and now is a candidate for baptism. He teaches the other sick, and it is a joy to see him. He was a real heathen before. The medical work bridges the gap, kills the stupid prejudices, enlightens across ignorance, clears away false impressions, and softens the heart, preparing it for the seed.

Therefore, we should send our very best doctors and nurses to this needy land—those who truly are following in His footsteps, and have the passion for men. What an unspeakable privilege. What greater tribute

and proof can there be than the repeated voluntary statements of different white men passing through "I wish I had a work like you have; how happy you must be, and what satisfaction it must be to know that you are the only one who can minister to the thousands who come." Yes, they are right, there comes to the man or woman who dedicate his or her life to this greatest work, a joy and a peace, and an assurance that is God's greatest reward to any man. Come, come, and let's follow in His footsteps. Africa calls you to your greatest work!

## *Kwete Mabintshi (Lukengu) King of the Bakuba*

C. T. WHARTON

MORE than thirty-five years of work by our Church among the peoples of the upper Kasai have probably not brought to light a more interesting or striking personality than that shown in the accompanying cut.

It is of Kwete Mabintshi (Lukengu) king of the Bakuba Kingdom, one of the most remarkable tribes of the Congo. He it is that in the full tide of his youth and in hot flaming rebellion against the encroachments of the white man on the ancient territory of his people was the real instigator of the insurrection that resulted in the burning of our Station at Ibantshi.

The rebellion failed and this man, then only an heir to the throne, together with the then king went into exile, wearing about his neck the galling humiliation of the first fetters ever worn by a prince of the Bakuba. His

haughty spirit was to know yet another and even harder blow; shortly after being set free by the State he was stricken with paralysis and now for years he has been almost entirely helpless. The stroke was the harder to bear in that he had been a man of splendid physique among a tribe that are notable in that regard. In the years that followed surreptitious visits were paid to this helpless prince by men from the Mission whose Station he had helped destroy, in spite of the fact that the reigning king was openly still hostile to all foreigners.

If this man's body was helpless his mind was far from being so, and it is evident that he was thinking some long long thoughts in the years that intervened before his accession to the throne. Among other things he witnessed in the capital itself an unprecedented wave of destruction pass over the royal village and the whole



*(Lukengu) King of the Bakuba*