

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATION

# RECORD OF CHRISTIAN WORK

GENERAL WORKERS' CONFERENCE NUMBER.



SOME OF THE SPEAKERS AT THE CONFERENCE

# Record of Christian Work

VOL. XXV.

OCTOBER, 1906.

NO. 10.

## The Northfield General Conference for Christian Workers.

### THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, THE IDEAL EVANGELIST.\*

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

The call for this conference struck, as the keynote, *Evangelism*. It seems fitting, therefore, that this opening address should harmonize with that keynote. Let us read a few verses from the gospel according to Mark, i. 14, 15, 32-39. "Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel. And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door. And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him. And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. And Simon and they that were with him followed after him. And when they had found him, they said unto him, All men seek thee. And he said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth. And he preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils."

Ideals are the world's masters; to them we owe all that is noblest and best in the real. An ideal suggests perfection, but this is rather a help than a hindrance: for like Paul, we need always to feel that we have

"not yet attained, neither are already perfect," otherwise we have nothing to "follow after." When Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, had completed his masterpiece, he was discouraged, and said, "For once I have reached my own ideal and henceforth I shall accomplish nothing." And so it proved. An ideal becomes a perpetual inspiration to aspiration, feeds desire, stimulates hope and encourages effort. The point, invisible yesterday, becomes the goal to-day, and the starting point to-morrow; so that the very fact that we never attain perfection leaves always something to reach after.

We have, in these few verses, a glimpse of the Lord Jesus as the Ideal Evangelist. He was the perfection of manhood, yet He "left us an example, that we should follow his steps"; the secrets of His character and life are open secrets, and in all His work among men He presents a perfect ideal and example to quicken aspiration and challenge imitation.

I. In looking at Him as 'an evangelist, the first feature that impresses us is HIS CONSCIOUSNESS OF HIS DIVINE MISSION. He said to Pilate, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I unto the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." He was raised up for a definite purpose, to witness to the truth; as to God, His nature and His attitude towards men; as to men, their relation to God and how antagonism and condemnation could be exchanged for sympathy and reconciliation. This was the

\* Friday evening, August 3, 1906.

# THE LABAREE MEMORIAL CHURCH, URUMIA, PERSIA.

## Mary Schaufler Labaree.

A church has certainly reached the point in its history where a new building is indispensable, when it is so small that the children are crowded out. This is the case with the church of the Presbyterian Mission in the city of Urumia, Persia. The Christian quarter called Mast Maryam (St. Mary's) is extending year by year, many homes are going up outside the city walls, and numbers of Christian families are moving in from the villages dotted over the plain. In the winter time when the men have come home from work in Russia, and when the labor in fields and vineyards is over, the rough wooden benches are packed to discomfort, children cover the steps and edges of the pulpit platform, and many are crowded out of the house of God. A separate service has to be conducted for the girls studying at Fiske Seminary, because there is no room for them in their rightful church home.

One Sunday afternoon I was hurrying to church a little late, having been detained by a caller, and hastened up the narrow lane which is choked with mud or snow during many months of the year, making church-going a difficult task. I met large numbers of children coming away from church, and asked in astonishment, "Children, why are you going in that direction?" Sadly, they answered, "The elders have turned us out of church, as it is communion Sunday and there is no room for us." I longed to turn right back and gather them in a service, but my baby organ had preceded me to church and the service would wait for my arrival, so I went on sadly, feeling that it were better to turn out the grown people than those of whom the Saviour had said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

The children went to the missionary who had organized the flourishing Christian Endeavor Societies and begged that she hold a meeting for them. But she was nursing a headache, and had three or four meet-

ings to attend later, so she was unable to do it. "Well, then," said Benjamin, the oldest boy, "let us have the key to the room in which we hold our Christian Endeavor meetings, and an armful of wood to build a fire, and *we* will have a service."

"Oh, but the children would not behave themselves and you could not keep them in order." "If you will only trust us," begged Benjamin, "David and I will be responsible for everything."

About two hours later, when I came home from church, there was the meeting still going on in the old, discarded dispensary. Sixty-nine children under twelve years of age were singing, praying, reading Bible verses, and explaining them, and the meeting was as orderly as possible; and now the children were all ready for their leader to come and hold the regular Christian Endeavor meeting. Surely such children deserve a church home,—a place that shall be large enough to hold them comfortably. O it seems as if the Saviour were saying to us, "Forbid them not, but give what you can that there may be room in My house for the blessed children."

This summer the erection of a new church has been begun. The site is a great improvement on the old site, more easily accessible in all weathers and more centrally located than the old church. It is hoped that the money in hand will allow the building to be covered before winter, but alas! there is not enough money as yet to warrant its being finished, and for another winter at least, the old, crowded, badly ventilated church must be used. This is the greater pity, as one of the finest of our young Nestorian preachers, a man of ability and consecration, has just become pastor of the city church. He will be able to draw in many who have not been in the habit of attending our services, and we feel that the great revival so long expected in this church, must be at hand,—but where is the room for expansion?

In July there was a solemn dedication service of the cornerstone of the new church, on which is inscribed,

"LABAREE MEMORIAL CHURCH,"

for it is to be a memorial to the martyr missionary of Persia, Rev. Benjamin Woods Labaree. Through the ten and a half years of his missionary life, he was closely connected with this city church, attending its services whenever his duties did not call him to the other churches of the

plain, or to tour in the more distant parts of the field. At one time he was acting pastor of the church, and one of his last afternoons in Urumia was spent at an important meeting of the church session which had sought his advice and help. The new church for which he so earnestly longed will be a most fitting memorial to the life given so unstintedly to Persia and for Persia.

Subscriptions for this object may be sent to the Editor of this magazine.

## THE MISSIONARY PROGRESS OF THE MONTH.

Delavan L. Pierson.

A REMARKABLE BAPTISM IN UGANDA. C. W. Hattersley of the Mengo High School, Uganda, sends the good news that twenty years after Bishop Hannington gave his life for the cause of Christ, the martyr's son is proclaiming the Saviour's love to the Baganda and Busoga. Little did the bishop imagine what a sweet revenge that son would be able to take. Mr. Hattersley says:—

Luba, the old chief in Busoga, who carried out King Mwanga's orders, and acted as the murderer of Bishop Hannington, is still a leading chief in Busoga, and still a heathen, though he occasionally attends church. Some months ago Luba's son, together with several other sons of various chiefs in Busoga, came to live in the mission station. After a very short time there, friendly pressure was brought to bear on Luba, and he agreed to pay the fee and allow his son, whose name was Mubinyo ("very bad boy"), to be entered as a boarder in Mengo High School. During his fifteen months' residence there Mubi has been prepared for baptism, and was on April 8 baptized by the Rev. J. Hannington, in Namirembe Cathedral.

Mubi has taken the name of Timothy, and if one may judge of what he will be from present signs, the boy will prove a fitting holder of the name of the famous early servant of Christ. Of the 103 boys in this school none shows greater promise than Timothy. Amiable, cleanly, painstaking, clever, and, above all, truly anxious to follow the Saviour.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE KONGO RED RUBBER TRADE. Rev. Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau, who has re-

turned to America after forty-five years of missionary work on the Kongo, adds his testimony, in the *American Journal-Examiner*, against the iniquity of King Leopold's administration. Dr. Nassau brought home with him six rhinoceros hide whips, with which native women were beaten to death by their white masters. One instance of such brutality, which he describes as "exactly, pitifully true," he gives in detail:—

For some trivial fault a certain officer took a dislike to one of his wives, a mere girl, and proceeded to wreak his vengeance upon her in a peculiarly revolting manner. He instructed his black soldiers to seize her and tie her to a stake. Then he advanced, bearing in his hand a stout whip of hippopotamus hide, and raising the whip, brought the cruel lash down on her unprotected body, causing welts. The victim writhed with agony, but her suffering only added flame to the man's lust for torture. Again and again the heavy lash swirled through the air and fell across her flesh, until she was cut in a hundred places. Even then she was not released. Night approached, and still the girl hung to the stake in a frightful condition. Death did not come to ease her suffering, and so through the night she remained there in a torment which words cannot describe. In the morning the white officer surveyed his work, and finding that the vital spark still flickered faintly, he ordered honey to be smeared all over her wounds, and she was left in the fierce glare of the tropical sun. Soon the scent of the honey attracted myriads of insects, which settled on her in droves