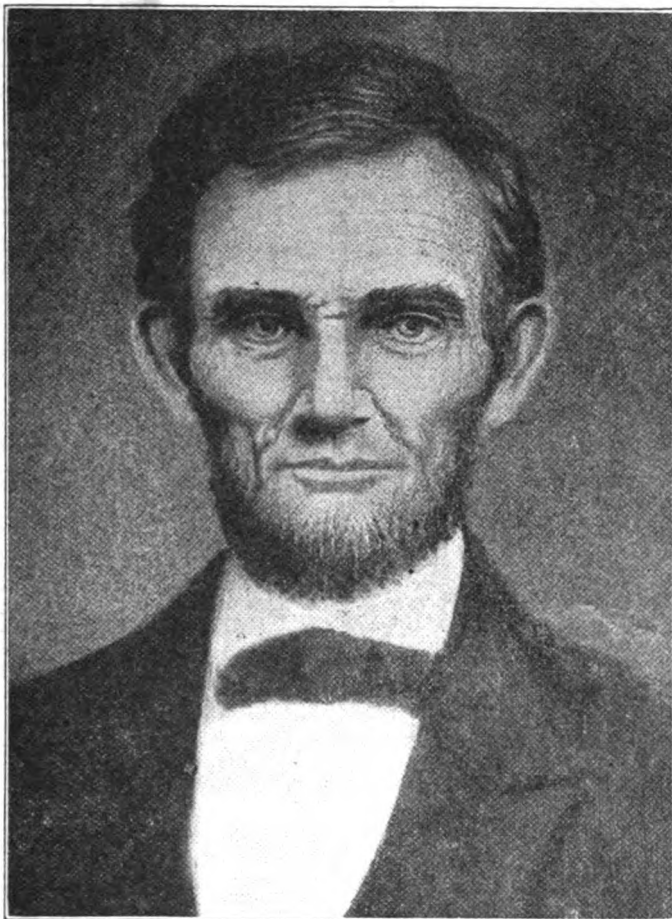


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Lincoln at 52 as Sketched by Freeman Thorp

This is said to be the only portrait of Lincoln drawn entirely from life. The artist, in later years and after studying many other portraits, held that this excelled all in its lifelikeness.

Photo Copyright Underwood and Underwood

A Home-Made Hero

A STORY BY MARION HARLAND

By Malcolm L. Mac Phail

Let's Not Tolerate Some Things

By Duncan C. Milner

Those "Wet" Slanders of Lincoln

THE CONTINENT

NOLAN R. BEST, EDITOR. OLIVER R. WILLIAMSON, PUBLISHER. THE M'CORMICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.
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Inspiration

VI. THE TRUTH OF THE MESSAGE

SURER THAN ALL ELSE in the Christian's conviction concerning the Bible is his faith that the Bible is true. An undeniable spiritual instinct would demand that, even if the inferences of reason did not. It is the same instinct which breaks to the surface so emphatically in Paul's abrupt exclamation: "Yea, let God be found true and every man a liar." Whoever or whatever else is false in the universe, God must not be; the universe dissolves at the very imagination of a truthless Creator. And by necessity if the God of truth prepares for mankind a book revealing his ways and will, that too must be a book of truth.

The very soundness of this confidence in Scripture truth may, however, betray the unconsidering and superficial to unwarranted conclusions. So-called plain thinking on supposedly obvious topics often becomes petty because it speeds too fast to fixed opinions. Truth seems an idea of such clarity that few perhaps think of its requiring analysis in order to discriminate between characters and forms of truth. In the story of world's events offered by the daily paper there is commonly no question involved but the simple test: Did what is told here happen as it is here related or did it not? Even in the current press, however, when editor or correspondent assumes to estimate the motives and delineate the influence of a statesman, a party or a movement, the fidelity of the report depends on something deeper than the literal precision of the facts asserted. The facts may all be actual and yet the interpretation of the circumstances within which the facts belong may be totally astray; either because all the elements of the case have not been brought into view or because the commentator is deficient in understanding of what he does see.

In a still deeper stratum of thought, where men deal with the philosophy of life, mere accuracy of statement is less sufficient to convey truth. False teachers in economics, sociology or religion are but seldom liars; in the average case they tell facts quite indisputably. But they tell the facts in wrong relations, and expose their inherent falsity when facts which do not suit their theories they willfully pass by. In all the greater interests of human life it takes something better than a correct reporter to speak the truth; only a man having (according to Bible language) "truth in the inward parts"—a man saturated with love of truthfulness—is capable of marshaling into his view and into the view of other men that wholeness of reality which alone is worthy to be called in any large sense the truth.

If thus difficult and unusual is the comprehension of the whole truth in the graver of humanity's own concerns, how much more difficult must it be to attain a truthful grasp of the far profounder things that have to do with the mutual concerns of man and God. Whether it is man's responsibility as a self-willing moral creature which he is bidden to survey, or whether he is confronted with the divinely surprising opportunity of helping God to realize the immortal ideals to which creation is dedicated—whatever the message, warning or summoning, which the word from heaven is designed to convey—this at least is sure in any case, that the expression of the thought will overtax the capacity of the brain and soul chosen to be the channel of it. From this viewpoint the making of a Bible ranks with the most marvelous achievements of omniscient ingenuity. As in nature, so in the realm of grace, the very

simplicity of God's solved problems often disguises from us the impossibilities that he has conquered. Did we but look more closely, we should wonder vastly more.

With singular aptness just this may be said of the Bible. God has made it a book of truth—the book of the greatest, sublimest, deepest and broadest truth that the world knows—in spite of the human limitations which everywhere must clog the project of revealing infinite realities to finite understanding. His methods have taken account of the obstacles and have overcome them with the same practical directness which the world's best engineers learn from the tutelage of nature. When the resistance of a transmission wire hinders the producer of electric power from sending any greater current through that one medium, he does not despair of distributing the energy which his dynamos are generating; he parallels the loaded cable with another of equal capacity and doubles the service he renders for the work of the world. And the new wire, with all later fellows strung on the same circuit of distribution, not only carries its own load of power but by induction intensifies the use of every comrade in the task.

It is by means very like this that God sends down to men the vital power of the Spirit which his Bible is effectually devised to carry. Had he used but the one lone wire of any single mind to diffuse to the world his truth, the whole truth could never have been communicated in any religious sufficiency. Not the most capacious human brain escapes the restrictions that narrow the receptive faculties of the soul; even were God to bestow all spiritual knowledge on some favored servant of his, the treasure would overflow the vessel and run to waste. Still more, the inevitable bent of peculiarity which makes every man his special and individual self, forbids the hope that God's messages could traverse any human intellect without being subject to some personal diffraction in the passage. To use more than one medium is the necessary means of canceling this factor of human idiosyncrasy.

In revealing his salvation to the world, therefore, God must plan multiple transmission. Not one prophet but many; not a sole and lonely apostle but a varied group; not a single psalmist but a guild of singers; not an outstanding unique historian but a multitude of chroniclers—by these he made sure of imparting to men the rich fullness of a manifolded gospel. It is not only ampler in content than any single voice could have conveyed, but it is richer in color, taking brilliance from every faithful personality who had been divinely used to contribute to it. The many prisms employed to pass along the light give the Bible the alluring variety of the dewdrop's or the rainbow's sparkle.

Saying all this, we must not forget that in the noonday of this Bible revelation there came One who spake like never man spake or could speak. In this "crystal Christ" there was found and in his voice there was heard, as Lanier loved to say, no "if or but." And the reverence of the world from that day till now continues to bear witness that his words measured a wholeness of truth such as humanity has seen no other of its teachers able to compass. Age succeeds age, since he lived on earth and left it, and still there is nothing to subtract from his sayings nor anything to add save what echoes their wisdom. Were there no

(Continued on page 165)

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A HOME-MADE HERO

By
MARION
HARLAND

A short time before her death last year Marion Harland, who for several decades delighted Continent readers with her stories and articles, wrote this story expressly for The Continent. It is probably the last work of this distinguished author. Though more than 90 years old at the time of her death, she was an indefatigable worker until near the end. Written toward the sunset of her life, this story reveals an interest in young life and a freshness of viewpoint that are truly remarkable.

PART I.

THEY CALLED him "Buck" because his name was William. Don't ask me why an ancient and honorable praenomen which has been worn in full by countless respectable and not a few distinguished men should be interchangeable with the rakish nickname. I can only say that, having met personally six "Williams" (three of them were "William Henry") who were known from childhood to old age as "Buck," I am conscientious in not disguising my hero under a more euphonious title.

At the time of which I write our Buck was rising sixteen and stood six feet in his gymnasium buskins. His hair had narrowly escaped a carrot hue; he was as straight as a young pine; broad of shoulder and lithe of limb, he had no claim to beauty except a pair of the honestest blue eyes that ever met yours fearlessly. He was the only son of his mother—a widow of slender means and more than ordinary intelligence. Her husband had been an electrical engineer of promise whose career was cut short by his death when Buck was but four years old. The lad could not recollect when he did not mean to follow his father's profession. The ambition was implanted in his young soul by his mother and fostered diligently up to the present hour. He was on the eve of graduation from what he would have called "the prep"—to wit, the De Nyse Institute, the final stepping-stone to a university course. The "exams" were in full play on the day with which this chapter of the boy's life begins.

"THIS IS the last!" said the fond mother to one of the three young working women who had found in her house a home and in herself a true friend for four years. "The dear fellow is quite sanguine as to the result. The examination today is upon mathematics and that is his forte. He went off in fine spirits, whistling 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The tune is a sure indication of high water mark with his moods. He was a bit downcast earlier in the day. I must tell you of the funny incident. One of his classmates of whom he is particularly fond is to have a birthday party next week, and Buck is invited by the mother of his friend. He dislikes fashionable functions and does not want to go. Fortunately, I had promised to take him to the theater on that evening. So, when he brought Mrs. Markham's invitation to me and asked how to word his reply, I said, 'You have only to write that you are sorry a prior engagement will prevent your acceptance of her kind invitation.' 'But I am not sorry, Mother!' he blurted out. 'I hate parties! And spiketailed coats, white chokers and all the rest of the folderols! I can't say that I regret being obliged to stay away.' I quieted him down by offering to write the 'regret' for him. Wasn't the affair characteristic?"

Her auditor was a newspaper woman, and a student of human nature. She was fond of Buck and interested in every phase of a character she recognized as rare in a world of subterfuge and deception.

"JUST LIKE the dear fellow!" was her comment. "He is the most incorrigibly truthful creature I ever met. I wonder, sometimes, how many bruises he will get in his obstinate refusals to tone down the truth and to twist facts."

"I hope and pray that he will never be found wanting in moral courage," returned the mother, fervently. "But I can foresee many a battle for him. My father said of him when he was but 10 years old, 'There is a boy who would be cut to pieces rather than tell a lie.'"

"The stuff of which heroes are made," added the newspaper woman. "He will not lack strength in the hour of trial."

In blissful ignorance of analysis and forebodings Buck whistled tunefully all the way to school. He had a fine ear for music and he had never been in a better humor with the world in general.

Turning into the anteroom in which was his locker to dispose of coat and hat, he found three of his class seated at a table, their heads bent over papers and pencils and their foreheads knit into tight lines of perplexity. At sight of Buck all jumped up with exclamations of relief.

"Here's the fellow we have been waiting for!" broke forth Bob Gray, the eldest of the trio. "I told you just now that I would bet good money and my head to boot, that he would make short work of what none of us can tackle. See here, old man! Dick Talbot's uncle is a professor in some picayune western college. He is visiting the Talbots and told Dick he was dead sure not a fellow of us could do this problem that one of his students—only twelve years old, too!—worked out last week. I contradicted him flatly and brought along the paper to show to the boys. We have been racking our brains over it for an hour. Now—let's see what our crack 'Math' fellow can make of it!"

BUCK DROPPED into a chair and took the paper. It was typewritten and creased as with much handling.

"Hold your racket for five minutes and I'll see what I can make of it!"

The grinning lads fell back a few feet and exchanged meaningful glances.

It was a tough problem, but Buck was not daunted. He bowed his mop of sunny curls low over the sheet and wrought diligently and silently. Every tense line in his big body showed that he "meant business." Ten minutes rolled by before he got up and tossed the paper into Bob Gray's face.

"There, you mutt! Take that to your uncle from Kalamazoo, or wherever his day school is, and tell him he hadn't taken the right measure of eastern boys. But I don't believe a word of the yarn about his 12-year-old infant phenomenon. It's no baby task!"

The summons to the classroom broke up the parley.

Buck did not go home to luncheon at the usual hour, and his mother kept choice morsels hot for him until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The newspaper woman was on her way out to an assignment when she met him in the hall.

"BUCK VAN PELT, what is the matter with you?" broke from her lips at sight of the haggard young face. "You are sick—or you have been hurt! Come back into my room and let me do something for you! Your mother will be frightened out of her wits if she sees you now!"

His jaws were shut so tightly that the lips were a thin straight line. His sanguine complexion had changed to a dull leaden gray. He shook off her hand and tore past her to his own chamber, shutting and locking the door behind him. When his mother sought him later, alarmed by her lodger's story, he did not answer her call at once. She knocked again and yet again and called his name repeatedly before she heard the turning of the key in the lock.

Boylife, he tried to ward off inquiries by a pretense of sulkiness. "There is nothing the matter with me, mother, except that I'm a little out of sorts after a trying day. I shall come around all right by and by."

She fell in with his mood:

"When you have had something to eat. You must be starved! Come and see what a nice luncheon I have for you. No wonder you are out of sorts after your long fast."

She said little while he ate, ministering to him after a fashion only the true woman and loving mother can practice. She knew when the lump which she could fancy was visible in his throat slowly melted, and he plucked heart with the passing of the constriction that would be diagnosed as "hysterical" in a woman. The meal dispatched, she lured him tactfully into her sitting-room; as tactfully and tenderly beguiled him into confession.

No! he had not, as she had feared and the newspaper woman

had surmised, failed in the examination. In fact, he had passed without a mistake and won the warm commendation of the professor to whom the results of the ordeal were committed.

"What knocked me silly for a while was that the third problem on the list was one a fellow jollied me into doing this very morning. Then I pulled myself together and made up my mind that it was just a coincidence—an odd 'happening.' The problems are all printed upon long slips of paper and each fellow has one given to him. I had done the last one of the lot when my eye lighted upon a notice at the bottom of the slip. It said that each of us 'must affirm that he has never worked out any of these examples before; that he has never received or given assistance in working them out,' and we were requested to sign our names to the statement."

He swallowed hard and went on very fast:

"Of course there was but one thing for me to do. As soon as the 'exams' were over I went straight to the boss of the whole shebang—old Hoff, you know—"

"Dr. Hoffman—yes I know!" said his mother gently.

"I told him I couldn't sign that paper because I had seen and done one of the examples that morning, without knowing that it would be on the list and showed other fellows how it was done. Then we had a first class shindy—he and I. He insisted that I should give the names of the fellows who had got hold of the list beforehand, and when I explained that it would be dishonorable to do it, he said—'Very well! Mr. Van Pelt!' (he always 'Misters' us when he gets on his high horse!)—'very well, Mr. Van Pelt! You must know that you cannot be registered as having passed your examination unless you sign that paper.'

"I had kept my temper until then. At that I flared up. 'Do you mean to say that I must set my name to a lie or be kept out of the university for another year?'

"I am sorry, Mr. Van Pelt, but the rule is absolute. There has been foul dealing on the part of some of your fellow students who ought to be made an example of for the general good. You positively decline to expose them through a false idea of honor, too common among our young men, I regret to say. I cannot hand in your name as fitted to be graduated with honor from De Nyse Institute. I will not detain you longer, Mr. Van Pelt."

"Then I came away."

The listener wrapped him in her arms as if he had been 6 instead of 16 years old.

"My brave, honorable boy! But this horrible injustice cannot be done! The school authorities will not sanction it when they hear both sides of the story. There must be some way out of it. Somebody to whom we can appeal! I will not believe anything else! I will not!"

Buck's hand stole up to her face and felt a tear there.

"Darling mother. I knew how you would feel. Don't you suppose I have gone over all the chances of reversing the sentence while I have been tramping the streets for hours? Old Hoff is a martinet and whatever he says 'goes' with the faculty and the trustees. There isn't one of them who dare oppose him. No! I must brace up and take my medicine like a man. I know you cannot afford to have me lose a whole year. That is what it means for both of us!" He wrenched himself out of the enfolding arms and stalked like a caged lion up and down the room, shaking his tight fists and moaning in mortal pain.

His mother grew suddenly calm.

"Such a monstrous wrong cannot be done in a Christian country! There must be some way out of it—somewhere!"

Her son gave a bitter laugh: "O, woman! Great is thy faith! It ought to remove mountains. It can't budge old Hoff."

He picked her up as he might a child and carried her over

(Continued on page 175)

Folks, Places and Things

DR. R. M. WILSON, the superintendent of the famous mission hospital for lepers at Kwangju, Korea, is home on furlough, a figure of chief interest in the annual meeting of the American Mission to Lepers at the first of January. Among many interesting things that he said in his address, he mentioned one that must have been new to most, if not all, of his hearers—a fact which seemed peculiarly strange in view of the general harmlessness which has often been mentioned as the basic characteristic of the typical Korean.

The Korean, said Dr. Wilson, like other orientals, believes that leprosy is in a more direct form than any other disease the curse of God. But he seems to be the only oriental who entertains the superstitious notion that this curse may be removed by the sacrifice of human life. Throughout Korea, the doctor has found, the conviction prevails that there is only one cure for leprosy, and that is the eating of human flesh. And to this frightful obsession is traced practically the only murder that Korea knows—the murder of small children.

* * *

The Japanese police told Dr. Wilson that such cases are rather infrequent, but men driven to desperation by the progress of the horrid disease in their bodies do sometimes convince themselves that the life of a small child is of minor consequence as compared to their own lives, and that to save themselves the murder of somebody else's baby is not an intolerable resort.

In one case within the province where Kwangju is located, the superstition had a different effect and resulted in a very

wonderful proof of the romantic loyalty of a devoted wife. This young Korean woman, when she found that her husband had contracted leprosy, cut a large piece of flesh from her own leg and fed it to him as being, in the belief of both of them, the only way in which he might be relieved from the terrible affliction.

As a matter of fact, however, intelligent Koreans can see that it is not alone the wicked and the worthless who are cursed with this loathsome disease, but some of the best and noblest among their people. Dr. Wilson tells of a Korean church which he lately visited where two of the most prominent and trusted members of the congregation are lepers. One is the man who founded the church and the other is the man who built, and now owns, the church building.

Both of these were anxious to go to Dr. Wilson's asylum, and the pastor confessed that the healthy members of his church would feel very much better about it if these afflicted men were not present in their ordinary gatherings for worship. But both of these men are in good circumstances and have good homes to live in, and Dr. Wilson said he simply could not bring himself to give them preference over the great crowd of homeless outcasts who are constantly gathered at the gate of the mission waiting for vacancies in the overcrowded hospital within.

* * *

Dr. Wilson's attitude toward the Japanese in Korea is rather different from that of many missionaries. Since Baron Saito became governor, and especially since a liberal premier came into power at Tokyo soon after the Washington conference, he has observed a very great change in the

attitude of the Japanese in Korea toward the people of the country. There seems now, he says, to be a very definite desire on the part of responsible Japanese leaders to demonstrate that they are really friends to the Korean masses.

The police are much less harsh than formerly. And most remarkable of all, the colonial government is setting up a number of hospitals with free clinics for the poor. Practically nothing of this kind has ever been done with public money in Japan, which makes the innovation more notable in Korea. Dr. Wilson thinks it significant, however, that practically all of these public hospitals are set up in neighborhoods where the missions have hospitals. Japanese leaders seem to think it especially important in those localities to convince the people of Japanese benevolence.

Dr. Wilson, however, condemns very vigorously the Japanese system of commercialized vice which they have established in all the centers of population and from which they draw a large public revenue. The traffic in opium—a traffic which was unknown in Korea when Dr. Wilson went there fifteen years ago—is carried on throughout the country without any interference by the police, though Japanese statute forbids it. For the most part the traffic is carried on by wounded Japanese veterans, who go about the country in uniform, and the police seem to think them privileged persons because of their war service.

The use of these narcotics has become a great evil, and the drug addicts who throng the mission hospitals are the worst and most hopeless patients that the missionary doctors have to deal with.

One of the Folks.

“Beehive” Prayer Meeting

By W. Clyde Howard

A millionaire waiting on tables; his wife in the kitchen cooking, and the assembled crowd, consisting of every type of humanity from the church janitor to the oil magnate, enjoying a period of social fellowship while the aforesaid millionaire pours coffee and water and makes himself generally useful.

This is no fancy out of the fabric of which dreams are made, but a reality, for it happened in First church of Independence, Kan. This church has the reputation of being one of the richest in the state, and its membership consists of a more than average intelligence, as over 50 per cent of its membership is college bred. The occasion described above is a commonplace experience in the life of the church and happens every Wednesday night when the church holds its school of Christian education. Classes in charge of competent teachers are well attended and found to be most profitable and the membership, of the church is being led rapidly into valuable channels of service.

The evening meal is served at 6:30 under direction of two groups of the church, group leaders having charge. The church, with a membership of 1,000, has a sufficient number of groups so that none of them are called to serve supper more than once a quarter. The general group leader has charge of the appointment of these groups and printed menus are placed in the leader's hands one week before they are to serve, so that adequate plans may be made. These menus include ingredients for various combinations of meals, together with the amount of each food article necessary for the service of the required amount. The meals are served at cost. Promptly at the hour appointed, "America" is sung, a blessing asked and the people partake of the repast which, in spite of the shortness of the hour, is bountiful. At 7 o'clock the minister leads in devotions about the table. A few songs, a season of prayer and a fifteen-minute talk. The assembly is then dismissed to reconvene in the various classes.

Christian doctrines, church history, English Bible, child psychology, stewardship, foreign missions, home missions, expert Endeavor, craft work and story telling for children fill up the forty five minute periods. Presbyterian text books are used as far as possible. English Bible and Christian doctrines are the most popular classes.

There are certain distinct results that have come from this school of Christian education. It has brought the people of the church together and made them better acquainted. The millionaire, cited at the beginning of this article, is no exception. Men of high station in life and men with great business responsibilities seem to enjoy the reaction of such work. And the millionaire's wife as well as the multitude of women in the church enjoy setting about to get the evening meal, especially in those cases where at home the cook and butler would not tolerate such encroachment on their preserves.

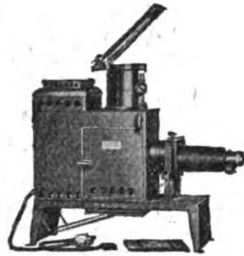
It has built up church attendance. From a prayer meeting with an average attendance of fifty, to a church night with an average of 200 is quite an advancement. Then, it has brought the fact home to the people that the church is a great social center. The weekly suppers have done more than a year's preaching to get the people of the congregation acquainted.

Finally, it has edified the people. They know more about the Bible, about the great fundamentals of the church, about its history and its great agencies. They have expressed unusual satisfaction in the knowledge obtained as well as in the inspiration and social uplift received, and this has well repaid the effort. Hardly a week passes but members come before the session at this weekly service and are received into the church.

The course ran for ten weeks in the autumn coming to a close for the Christmas holidays. It was resumed again in January with the improved ideas which the experience gained thus far has brought.

The craft class is an innovation and yet a most successful part of the school. An average of sixty-one boys and girls are studying manual art, with hack saws, crayons and wood implements. The entire program of the church has centered about this school, and it will be a permanent feature. As one of the elders recently put it, "We never before knew that a prayer meeting could be changed into a beehive without any drones."

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SACRAMENTO PLANS VISITATION

CALIFORNIA — Sacramento Presbytery, meeting in Gridley Jan. 16-17, heard Dr. R. S. Donaldson of San Francisco present the need of cooperation in raising the Home Board debt. Plans were made for a visitation of the churches, Rev. Paul Stevens of Los Angeles, Dr. W. J. Johnston of the Foreign Board and others will cooperate with pastors of the presbytery in this visitation.

The Presbyterian Sunday School Workers' Association of Sacramento, an organization that includes seven churches in and around the capital city, met at Bethany church Jan. 13. Speakers of the evening were C. E. Green of Westminster church, Sacramento; Miss Eva Barnes, recently graduated from Westminster School of Christian Social Service in Berkeley; and Rev. C. L. Duncan, field representative of the Sabbath School Board. This association has been organized one year.

Captain James Miles Webb, Presbyterian chaplain in Fort McDowell, baptized seventeen soldiers in October, eight in November and fifteen in December. Since troops destined for the Philippines are mustered at Fort McDowell before their departure and troops coming home are sent from the landing place, nearly 30,000 soldiers pass through the post in a year. Some of the enlisted men of the army have not yet taken out citizenship papers, and for their benefit the chaplain holds two classes a week to prepare them for naturalization.

BRIEF ITEMS—Rev. D. S. Davis, for several years Sunday school missionary in Benicia Presbytery, left recently for Chicago, where he will spend several months in special theological study before again taking a pastorate.—The new edifice of Dinuba church, Rev. Frederick Thorne pastor, is nearing completion. The new pipe organ has already been shipped from the factory and its installation will practically mark the completion of the new plant.

A Home-Made Hero

(Continued from page 167)

to the lounge, where he laid her gently down. "Now, precious mother, lie there and rest and stop thinking if you can! You brought me up to believe that a lie is a deadly sin. The success or failure of my whole life is at stake here. I cannot owe success to what would poison my soul. That is one road 'out of it,' which is shut up now and forever. I wasn't built that way."

"With that he knelt down by me and put both arms around me," was the mother's report to the newspaper woman who came home unexpectedly an hour later. "Poor little mother!" he said. "This is harder on you than on me. Keep up a brave heart! I may have to give up the thought of engineering. But I can dig ditches and clean streets!" Then he tried to laugh. That was worst of all. I give you my word that, as I looked into his dear face, it seemed to have grown ten years older than it was when he kissed me 'good-by' this morning."

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Inspiration

VII. THE BIBLE'S HUMAN ELEMENT

HOW FAR IS THE BIBLE AFFECTED by the human limitations of its writers? Likewise, in what degree has the Bible been limited by undeveloped capacities, either intellectual or spiritual, in those for whom immediately it was written, who were the first religiously instructed by it?

We have already taken into account one limitation which the most jealous interpreter of inspired Scripture will scarcely be at pains to disallow. It is in fact a restriction which seems involved necessarily in the very thought of divine revelation. There would be no need of supernatural revealment if the ideas which are thereby communicated to men were not greater in reach and compass than the native measure of the human mind. It is well to recall how vividly that was impressed on the consciousness of the prophet who repeated God's reminder of it: "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts."

It would be incredible to suppose that any form of inspiration could eliminate this disparity. That virtually would be eliminating the difference between the finite and the Infinite. A human being exalted to see all and think all as God sees and thinks could hardly be counted human thereafter. Certainly no man in the long succession of messengers by whom our Bible came to us can be thought to have enjoyed the inspiration of God in higher form than the apostle Paul. And he has let us know very plainly that he had no sense of having been elevated thereby to any transcendent level of intelligence. He meekly included himself along with all the fellow-believers to whom he wrote when he said not only, "We know in part," but as well, "We prophesy in part."

Paul in his epistles wrote truth as best he saw it, but he never for a moment imagined that he was furnishing to the church on earth a transcript complete of the endless counsels of heaven. Only in an after life and in a far diviner atmosphere, "when that which is perfect is come," did he hope to "see face to face" and to "know fully" even as by the all-seeing and unconditioned knowledge of God he had always "been fully known." No, it would not have been the apostle Paul who would care to dispute the statement that even the inspired Scriptures partake in this present world of the partialness which affects all things done by the hands and through the agency of man.

There follows from this a consequence which cannot be blinked. If, as we have said in a previous study, it has frequently been necessary for the Divine Oversight to accumulate the testimony of two or three or four men in order to complete a round view of truth whereof individually each saw but a half, a third or a quarter, then there runs with this the inevitable risk that in each component section the respective author may have over-emphasized that fractional phase of truth which he peculiarly felt.

Not appreciating all the qualifying facts, he would be almost certain to state his special fact too broadly. Thus in regard to the Old Testament conception of God as the national protector of his chosen Israel (which, as had already been noted, had eventually to be rounded out by the New Testament revelation of God's impartial compassion for all mankind), it is plain that until this complementary truth did dawn on the people of Jehovah they mis-

understood very many things about God's will for other nations and therefore in some cases at least misjudged what was just and right in their relations to neighboring nationalities. Assuredly then it can be considered no matter of wonder if portions of Scripture written during the period when the nation of Israel entertained such circumscribed ideas of God are now discovered to bear evidence of those restricted views, resulting in overstressed sympathy with nationalistic prejudices then current.

Nobody who really believes in God will make any doubt that God was entirely able, in even so primitive and illiberal an epoch, to lay hold on some extraordinary man and illuminate him with all the world vision that thrilled the souls of Paul and John in apostolic days. God can do any miracle that he pleases. But he does even his miracles according to law—the law of progress by which he steadily presses on from epoch to epoch to fulfill his cosmic projects. Never yet has God been found using a miracle to provide for impatience a quick road to eternal results. And surely he did no such thing in providing for man a Bible. Let us reverently say, he took his time to it.

When therefore the Holy Scriptures began to take form, the Divine Power attempted no sudden "tour de force" which might have created over night a volume of ultimate perfection up to the level of what were to be civilized man's peak attainments in thought and idealism. Had it been such a book into which God put his revelation of himself, it would have been a useless mystery to the patriarchal ages. Perhaps it would be still a sealed riddle even to our time. A vain human experimenter might have done so futile a thing as that if he had had the power. God knew better. It is not a cabalistic Bible which we have.

The real fact is that our Father in heaven—this too we have already said—was from the first working for his children in each age of history just where they were and as they were. He is imposing on them no cryptograms which would have to be left for some rarer race of wiseacres in unforeseen time ahead to interpret. Like a true Father he sent his messages in language which then and there his sons and daughters might receive understandingly. He spoke to them, that is to say, by men of their own time and their own tongue. A prophet miraculously thrust forward into touch with the ideas and reasonings, the discoveries and inventions, of some century then veiled in the cloudland of future, could have said nothing comprehensible to his contemporaries. The prophet had to be a man of his own day. What he said and what he wrote was primarily for the inspiring, the guidance, the reclamation of men and women all around him.

Not that any Bible-writer was ever just one in a crowd. Always God's message-bearer has to be somebody a little way ahead. Otherwise he would not know what to call the people forward to. And the divine word is always a call to be moving on. Yet the voice which speaks for God must not be too far in advance if it is to sound loud in the ears of the called. So always there are tones and accents in it but a little less rude and crude than the mass speech of the hour. If the message is put in writing, there are sure to be finger prints of the current generation here and there on the manuscript. An absolutely timeless literary work

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A HOME-MADE HERO

By
MARION
HARLAND

Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

Buck van Pelt, the only son of a "widow of slender means and more than ordinary intelligence," started off whistling to a mathematics examination which would determine his entrance to college. Three classmates met him with a problem purporting to belong to a professor uncle who had received his only solution from a 12-year-old. Buck was undaunted. It took him ten minutes, but he solved it. When he saw the examination questions, however, he recognized this problem. As a consequence he could not honestly sign the note which said that he had not seen any of the problems before or given or received help on them. He explained the situation to his professor who offered to pass him if he would reveal the identity of the other boys. Buck refused and it was this failure to pass because of a trick that brought him home heart-broken to his mother.

CHAPTER II.

Mancius Hoffman Ph. D., and LL. D., sat in well-earned ease in his library that evening. His was a goodly presence, and it accorded well with his environment. He looked the prosperous citizen of the world, who knew how to enjoy surcease from labor. His professional duties were at an end for the year which would be officially closed by the commencement exercises three days later. He had eaten an excellent dinner in sober gladness and singleness of heart and was now glancing over the headlines of the evening paper in leisurely indifference eminently conducive to digestion.

He looked up impatiently at the entrance of a maid who brought a card upon a silver tray. He had not wanted to see visitors this evening. Surely a man who had been in the official mill all the week might have a few hours to himself? "Miss Alice Maynard, The Sentinel," he read half-aloud.

Then, with a sigh of forced resignation—"Let her come in!"

He arose to meet one whom he instinctively recognized as a well-bred woman. "Far superior," as he idly observed, "to the average reporter and feminine scribbler."

She lost not a moment in making known her errand after the brief exchange of salutations. "Businesslike, as well as good-looking!" was another mental comment.

"I BELIEVE the final examination of De Nyse Institute was held today? I have taken the liberty of calling to gain information from the fountain head"—accentuating the words by a slight and graceful inclination of her pretty head—"concerning certain points that will interest the many friends of the institution. Unless we have been misinformed, the number of students enrolled during the last term exceeds that of any previous year."

"That is correct."

He noted that the little book in which she was making stenographic entries was neatly bound and that the hand guiding the swift pencil was white and shapely. Decidedly The Sentinel had thought it worth while to send a competent representative to interview the head master.

"Larger by one-third than was registered in any preceding term."

The newspaper woman nodded gratifiedly.

"And that the examinations justified the judgment of those who raised the standard of scholarship last year?"

"Right again!"

The emphasis had a ring that may have prompted the next query.

"In which action you took the initiative, I believe, Dr. Hoffman? May I venture to offer our congratulations upon the result?"

"You are very kind. I hope the public will be of the like opinion."

"There can be no question as to that. The commencement is on Thursday. We shall, of course, detail a skilled reporter for that. A program has already been received at our office. I will not waste your valuable time, Dr. Hoffman, by irrelevant remarks but come straight to the consideration of the business that brought me here. A story reached us today that presents features of unusual interest and I wish to do it full justice. We have learned that one of the young men under examination was turned back and denied a graduation certificate because he refused to give evidence that would injure a fellow student. That

he also refused to deny that he had himself been in possession of facts relative to test problems that were to be submitted to the class. I am afraid I express myself awkwardly, but you may be willing to give me the truth in better shape? Newspaper rumors are proverbially vague and exaggerated. We are anxious to put this matter before the public in the right form. May I presume so far upon your kindness and sense of right and justice as to ask for the exact details of the case?"

The head master frowned and crossed his legs impatiently.

"AS YOU SAY, the story probably reached you in a crude and exaggerated form. It was a very simple matter of insubordination and the consequence. A young fellow was cajoled by mischievous or malicious classmates into solving an especially obtruse problem set down for today's examination in higher mathematics. When the examinations came on he discovered the trick in recognizing the problem among those on the printed slip assigned to him. Every student is required to declare over his own signature that he has never worked out the test problems before, also that he has never received or given assistance in solving the same. This young fellow refused to sign the attestation. By the regulations of the institute he cannot pass as eligible for graduation without complying with the rule. There you have the truth in a nutshell."

The pencil's flight over the pages was dizzying to the beholder. The face, lifted as he ceased speaking, was flushed and eager.

"Thank you ever so much! This promises to be a feature better worth working out than I had hoped for. The young fellow's name, we were told, is Van Pelt, his mother is a widow and he her only child?"

"I believe that is true," assented the unwilling witness.

More dots and dashes went down upon the fresh page of the neat book.

"Better and better!" sighed the complacent scribe. "May I ask what the boy's term record was? Fairly passable? Or perhaps creditable?"

The witness frowned more darkly:

"He passed every examination creditably. Excuse me for saying that I cannot see what bearing that has upon the case against him. He refused to obey an established rule of the institution in which he was an enrolled student. We had no alternative. Every one who is conversant with the laws of such organizations must see the justice of our ruling."

The pencil was so busy that he might have thought the remark had escaped her had she not thrust the book into her hand bag and lifted grave eyes that were almost stern to his.

"The great reading public has an uncomfortable way of deciding such questions in casuistry for itself. The Sentinel will give it a chance to do this in the present instance. And other papers all over the country will catch at the opportunity to air their views as to the right of any set of officials to coerce conscience by enforcement of arbitrary rules. I cannot thank you as I should, Dr. Hoffman, for the assistance you have rendered me in basing my story upon absolute facts. Your name and reputation will lend more weight to the narrative than your modesty will let you believe."

A HASTY GESTURE checked her in the act of rising. The head master's ruddy face was purpling. Darker cords started out upon his forehead.

"I am by no means sure that I will permit you to make such use of what you have gained in a private conversation. It is possible—altogether practicable—to color and distort the recital of facts into harmful falsehoods. It is done every day by newspapers. I object to your dragging my name into the sensational fiction you will make of what you have gathered here tonight."

"The courts are open to you if you wish to brand the story as a libel." The retort was as cool as his protest had been excited. "But to convince you that I have not forced your confidence for unworthy ends, let me run over briefly the plain facts collected from you in confirmation of what I had gained from other sources before I came. This young man—a mere boy in years—has borne an irreproachable character as man

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A Home-Made Hero

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and student throughout the three years he has passed in De Nyse Institute. He is the only son of his widowed mother and expected, after passing the examinations in your institution, to enter the university and study electrical engineering. The only drawback to the fulfillment of his hopes is that he refuses to set his hand to a lie and to convict a fellow student of a breach of the laws of your institute. As long ago as my school days we would have sent a telltale to Coventry for the rest of the term! Times have changed in this, as in other things, I suppose. The eternal code that forbids one to lie outright ought to hold fast. Maybe that is only a newspaper woman's prejudice. Here lies the case, as I see it and, say what you may, I shall try to make The Sentinel's 100,000 readers see it before commencement day. You tried to force the boy to lie and he refused point blank. That is the crux of the matter, and nothing can change it."

Sudden light seemed to be born in eyes and face. She brought both hands together smartly.

"Something you let slip a moment ago has ignited a fuse in my mind. You suggested that mischief or malice may lie back of the trick played upon Van Pelt. I believe you were right! The inveterate truth teller is sure to make enemies among a certain class of boys. The theft of the printed list was part of a conspiracy to force the boy to lie, or to make him suffer the consequences of his obstinacy. I have heard of such plots. This boy is a martyr to principle. A latter day martyr! Won't that tell with Christian mothers who may be thinking of sending their young sons to De Nyse Institute next term?" She went on with rising excitement: "That is the finest point of all! I am gladder every minute that I followed the instinct which drew me to your door. I shall revel in working this story up as I have never enjoyed another! I can see the headlines in anticipation. I shall do my best to get it upon the front page."

She was on her feet and he, too, arose abruptly.

"I am but one of a board of trustees, my dear young lady. You do not comprehend that I cannot act alone in settling so important a question."

The change of tone and demeanor would have been ludicrous if it had not been pitiable. And our newspaper woman had both a heart and a sense of humor. Yet she answered firmly and without a smile:

"You did not think it necessary to call a meeting of trustees before informing young Van Pelt that he could not graduate this year. I suppose that was what you would call an ex-officio sentence? A woman's way out of the quandary, Dr. Hoffman"—as if struck by a sudden thought—"would be to call up William van Pelt by telephone before you sleep and advise him that certain objections to his graduation will be waived in consideration of his excellent record during the three past terms, and notify him that he may present himself with the rest of the graduating class on commencement day. I'll find Mrs. Van Pelt's telephone number for you before I go. I chance to know her address. It would have gone into my story."

It was as well for the maintenance of his self-respect that he did not see the smile she hid in opening the telephone directory. She could not deny herself the secret pleasure of a Parthian shot as she bade him "Good night."

"We will see that your commencement exercises are properly noticed in Friday morning's issue. Again, let me thank you for all you have done for us this evening."

It goes without saying that she had no copy to leave at the office of The Sentinel on the way home. Nevertheless, Buck was in bed and so sound asleep that he did not stir when she kissed the sunburnt cheek.

"It is but the natural reaction after the terrible strain he has gone through," she whispered to the mother as the two women who loved him best left the chamber on tiptoe. "Happy youth that can sleep itself back to a normal state of nerves and mind! He will be all right by morning."

"But he almost fainted when the telephone message came," was the reply. "I answered the call, and, like the real gentleman Dr. Hoffman is, he gave it to me. 'Good evening, Mrs. Van Pelt!' he said. 'May I trouble you to tell your son for me—' and then followed the blessed news I told you the minute you got home. I could hardly wait until then! I knew what a delightful surprise it would be to you who have sympathized so fully with us in our trouble. As for Dr. Hoffman, I shall pray for him every day as long as I live. My boy's guardian angel must have put it into that good man's heart to reconsider what he said this morning. I believe in such interpositions in behalf of suffering mortals—don't you?"

The newspaper woman said, "Indeed I do!" heartily, and escaped to her hall bedroom to have her laugh and cry out before she knelt to say her evening prayer.

The Open Hearth

[Contributions must not exceed 300 words. Letters even though shorter are subject to elimination of material unessential to the discussion.]

Another Long Pastorate

In these days of unrest in pulpit and pew the article in The Continent of Jan. 26 entitled, "Pastor Wanted for a Lifetime," is refreshing reading.

A counterpart to "two pastorates only in the space of three-quarters of a century" as cited in the case of Drs. Shaw and Taylor of Brick church, Rochester, may be found in the three continuous pastorates of a century and more in the large, influential and historic old First church of Cranbury, N. J. (Monmouth Presbytery), where Rev. Joseph E. Curry has almost reached his thirtieth year of active service and by reason of vigor of mind and body and the desire of his people the hope is entertained that the days of the years of his pastorate may equal and exceed the days of the years of the life of his two immediate predecessors.

Dr. Symmes C. Henry was installed pastor in August, 1820, and died in the harness in March, 1857. His son-in-law and successor, Dr. Joseph G. Symmes, was installed the following May, 1857, he being the immediate choice of the sorrowing congregation.

Mr. Curry's installation in October, 1893, followed closely the death of Dr. Symmes in June of that year. At the commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Curry's pastorate in 1919 a resume of this period showed that almost 600 members had been added and over \$18,000 contributed to missions.

Four sons of the church have entered the Presbyterian ministry, and one missionary, Mrs. Murray, died in China after many years of service. Nineteen young men of the congregation served in the world war.

Mother of churches may well be applied to this noble old organization which dates back to 1739, for a half dozen and more churches in the surrounding neighborhood have gone out and become strong and self-sustaining and have in turn outgrown their youth.

New Jersey. MRS. J. M. MAXWELL.
(The Continent has received a letter from E. F. Mundy, Pennsylvania, also giving facts regarding Cranbury church.)

Are the Small Towns Overlooked?

People in the small towns are saying, "We're going to keep more money at home and build up here." You see, the church officials bother us only when they write urging us to come across with the money. I have been here over a year, took the church when it was flat and dead enough, God knows, but never a man or woman representing the Presbyterian Church has been here. Would it mean anything if they did come? Yes. I have interested men and women who hadn't been to church some of them in nineteen years. Now suppose some good fellow of our faith would drop into town, call on these people, tell them of the work, etc. Well, they don't and won't do it; small-town stuff isn't on their program, save in a financial way. The city with the big hotels—An accommodations—holds the center of attraction, which is natural but not wise. PASTOR Z.

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