

liked to play tennis and listen to good music.

But even before leaving for the field he became "different." Admired by some and pitied by others, he was known as one who was leaving parents, prospects, and home for—a vision. Well, at least that sounded visionary.

Now that he's come home again he's even more different. To him some things—seemingly big things—just don't seem important. Even the World Series or the Davis Cup matches don't stir him much. And apparently he doesn't see things as other people do. The chance of a lifetime—to meet Toscanini personally—seems to leave him cold. It makes you want to ask where he has been.

Well, where has he been? Where the conflict with evil is open and intense. Where there is a fight, not a fashion. Where clothes don't matter, for there's little time to see to them. Where people are dying for help he might give, most of them not even knowing he has the help. Where the sun means 120 in the shade, and he can't spend his time in the shade!

Not only space but time too seems to have passed him by . . . You wonder how long he's been away.

How long has he been away? Long enough for thirty million people to go into eternity without Christ, with no chance to hear the gospel. And some of them went right before his eyes. When that flimsy river boat turned over. When that epidemic of cholera struck. When that Hindu-Moslem riot broke out.

How long has he been gone? Long enough to have two sieges of amoebic dysentery; to nurse his wife through repeated attacks of malaria; to get the news of his mother's death before he knew she was sick.

How long? Long enough to see a few out-caste men and women turn to Christ. To see them drink in the Bible teaching he gave them. Long enough to struggle and suffer with them through the persecution that developed from non-Christian relatives. To see them grow into a stable band of believers, conducting their own worship, and develop into an indigenous church that is telling on the community.

Yes, he's been away a long time.

So he's different. But unnecessarily so it seems. At least, since he's in this country now, he could pay more attention to his clothes and to what is going on around the country. He could have more time for recreation and social life.

Of course he could.

But he can't forget—at least most of the time—that the price of a new suit would buy 3,200 Gospels. That while an American spends one day in business, 5,000 Indians, Chinese, or Africans go into eternity without Christ.

So when a missionary comes to your church . . . remember that he is likely to be different. If he stumbles for a word now and then, he may have been speaking in a foreign tongue almost exclusively for seven years and is possibly very fluent in it. If he isn't the orator you want, he may not have had a chance to speak English from a pulpit for a while. He may be eloquent on the street of an Indian bazaar or an African market.

If he doesn't seem to warm up as quickly as you want, or if he seems less approachable than the youth evangelist or the college professor you heard last week, remember he's been under a radically different social system since before you started at high school, col-

lege, or business. Maybe he just forgot to bone up on Emily Post.

Sure, the missionary is unbalanced.

But by whose scales? Yours OR God's?

—Dr. T. Norton Sterrett.

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD

(Con't from last Issue)

The sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports."
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the World;
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible pit were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay old World with a sneer:
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales
Which I like not for them to hear:
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.
I will send you some of the better stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as
they list
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful and great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think He would take one child to
heaven
And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the
World,
Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go, take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children, they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in.
The Church held tightly the strings of her
purse,
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away;
I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in
scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by.
The sons of the World and the sons of the
Church
Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and
said,

"I am rich, and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and nought to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly World heard her, and laughed in his
sleeve,
And mockingly said aside
"The Church is fallen—the beautiful Church—
And her shame is her boast and pride!"

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered, in sighs, her name;
And the saints their anthems of rapture
hushed,
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down, through the hush of
heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne,
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,

'I am rich;' and hast not known
That thou art naked and poor and blind
And wretched before my face;
Therefore, from My presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place!"

—Matilda C. Edwards

THE SERMONS OF SOLOMON

J. B. Chapman

The words of the Preacher, the son of David,
king in Jerusalem (Ecclesiastes 1:1).

The father of Robert G. Ingersoll was a preacher—an eloquent preacher, it is said, but he reached a better gospel in the pulpit than he lived in his home. His son believed what he saw, rather than what he heard, and became a destroyer of the faith, instead of the staunch defender he was so capable of being. Solomon, too, was a great preacher, but a poor liver, and the influence of his example has gone wider than the effects of his sermons.

Manhood and Christianity—just plain goodness and dependability—are, after all, the most important elements in the making of people of every calling. The preacher's character and religious experience are public property to a measure not approached in the case of anyone else in the community. A lawyer who is himself a criminal, a teacher who is unlearned, a sick doctor, a bankrupt banker—none of these go so far toward corrupting youth and discouraging righteousness as a sinning, unfaithful preacher. "Physician, heal thyself," is a motto nowhere so applicable as to the teacher of free salvation and the preacher of a redeeming Christ.

It is little use for even a layman to testify to the grace of God if he cannot find strength for living right in the sight of men. How fully then is the folly of the preacher revealed when he says tritely, "Do as I say, not as I do." Even politicians who talk for prohibition and then drink liquor themselves must keep the facts to themselves or suffer rejection. Enforcement officers who wink at breaches of liquor regulations, and citizens who follow the crowds in serving wine are more responsible for the curse of the liquor traffic than are the bootleggers and rum runners. The public expects that he man who talks high shall also live high, and it has a right to make this demand.

But what shall we do? Shall we quit preaching righteousness? No, that is not the remedy. The remedy is to bring our lives up to the level of our preaching. Let the standard remain where it belongs. Do we preach righteousness? Then let us live in all good conscience before God and men. Do we preach love? Then let us "love another," and the whole lost world. Do we preach peace? Then let us cease strife, and follow peace with all men. Do we preach that men should be holy? Then, "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy for I am holy" (I Peter 1:15-16).

"Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God."—James 4:4.

"Love not the world . . . If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—I. John 2:15.

"Christ died for our sins . . . and rose again." I. Cor. 15.

Friend, do you know Christ? Do you love Him?

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbor as thyself."—Luke 10:27.

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