

wholly misunderstood among non-religious critics in this country; that a large portion of the men and women who are American missionaries are graduates of leading colleges; that they become missionaries because they love unselfish work; that they have the respect and confidence of the people within the range of the missions, urban and rural. The more I learned the facts the less was I surprised to find that missionaries are advisors and friends to the whole community in all kinds of trouble; and that they have the coöperation in their great work of thousands of Chinese who have been Christianized as a result of their efforts.

I was unable, after diligent inquiry, privately and publicly, to learn of a single organized activity

in China on a scale of importance that aims at moral improvement or is calculated to bring it about, that is not plainly traceable in its origin to Christian missions. I asked public audiences in China to let me know if they could point to a single organization of the character mentioned. My inquiries were published widely in the papers of China, with no suggestion ever resulting that there was such an organization.

The thinking people of China are interested in Christianity as they are in no other religion. There is no better way for implanting in the minds of the Chinese masses ideas of right living that will uplift China than the one followed by Christian missionaries.

## THE WORLD TEAM

(From Basil Mathews' new book, "The Clash of Color," published and copyrighted (U. S. A.) by the Missionary Education Movement, New York, through whose courtesy we print this extract. We take this method of calling attention to such a discussion of the race problem as will prove of special interest to church people. See Bookshelf.)

**S**TANDING on the touchline of the football field of the American University at Beirut on a crisp afternoon in spring, I saw streaming down from the pavilion a team such as I had never before even imagined in my wildest athletic dreams.

The captain was an Abyssinian, thickset, but a fast and accurate shot. His full-backs were a Turk and an Armenian; the half-backs and the forwards included a Syrian Christian from the Lebanon, a Greek, other Turks, a Persian, and a Copt from Egypt. Their trainer was an Irishman. The principal of the college and many of the faculty were American. In the college were nine hundred boys from all those lands.

The football field was on Asiatic soil; but the people represented were drawn not only from four separate races in Asia—the Syrian Arab, the Armenian, the Turk, and the Persian—but the Abyssinian came from Africa, the Greek from Europe, the trainer from the British Isles, and the principal from America. Every continent had its man. All the world was represented.

As I stood watching the members of the team take their places and the opposing team move out to face them, and then heard the whistle blow and saw the game surge down and up the field, I could see that they were playing a really magnificent team game. Talking with the sports-captain of the college, who was standing by me, I asked, "What special difficulty do you find in training a team like this?"

"A real hard nut to crack," he replied, "is just this. These fellows come

from countries where the whole idea of team-play is unknown. Each at the beginning of his football training wants to dribble the ball down the field at his own feet and score the goal himself for his own glory. It is just the same," he interjected, "if you are teaching them baseball or cricket or hockey. So," he went on, "I have won the battle, not only for the boy as a member of the team, but really for his whole life-job, *when I have taught him to pass.*"

I looked again and realized the simple miracle that had been performed. There was the Armenian full-back—whose father had been massacred by a Turk—passing to the Turk, who sent the ball out to a forward wing, the Greek, and he to the Persian, who centered to the African captain, who, amid a roar of cheering from the college, scored a brilliant goal.

As I looked across the field to the intense blue waters of the Mediterranean, that broke in a white



A football team of the American University of Beirut, such as Basil Mathews describes in "A World Team"

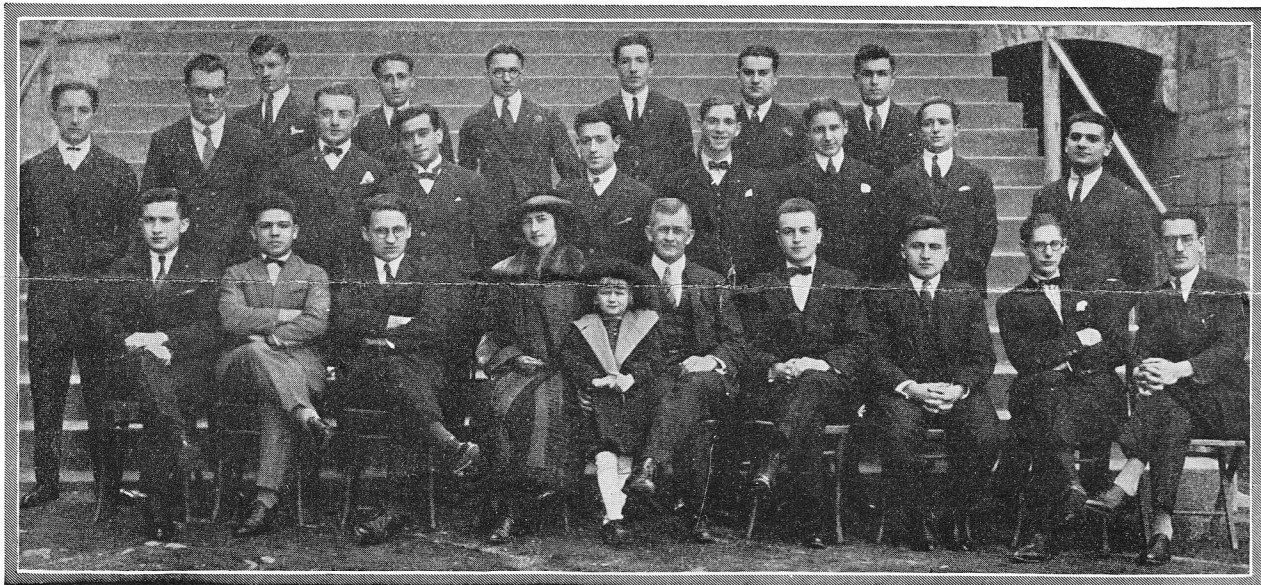
fringe of foam on the rocks below, the whole human scene that we have been looking upon in this book flashed into my mind. The world, I saw, is just such a football field. The problem of the world racial conflict is precisely the same as the problem of the sports-captain at Beirut. There are the nations on that vast world field—each trying to dribble the ball of achievement down the field of history, to score the goal of racial or national glory for itself. There is no team-play on a world scale. The need of the human race is for a World International Team.

Indeed—in that very hour when I was at Beirut—something was emerging on that world field so awful that it would have stunned us all if we had caught but a glimpse of it. For it was the spring of 1914; and already forces were in play that, before the summer had come and gone, were to fling those nations and races into the titanic conflict that shattered the world. Because there was no world

team in being, ten million young men and senior schoolboys who were alive at that hour are today maimed for life or lying under hummocks of earth over which the grass blows in Britain and Europe, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Africa.

As Mr. Winston Churchill says: "It is a tale of the torture, mutilation, or extinction of millions of men, and of the sacrifice of all that was best and noblest in an entire generation. The crippled, broken world in which we dwell today is the inheritor of these awful events."

We look again over the world field today and find the whole earth, in a new and almost universal sense, the scene of a tense, unparalleled struggle between the two forces that the sports-captain threw up so vividly on that Syrian football field: the one force that makes a nation strive fiercely to keep the ball at its own feet, and the other force that—like the athletic trainer—shouts: "Pass, men—pass! Play the game for . . . the team."



ROBERT COLLEGE GRADUATING CLASS, 1924

A study in nationalities

Front row: Russian, Greek, Rumanian, Americans (Professor and Mrs. Barnum and child), Greek, Turk, Israelite, Greek.  
Second row: Greek, Russian, Greek, Turk, Syrian, Greek, Bulgarian, Israelite, Armenian.  
Back row: Greek, Persian, Israelite, Albanian, Syrian, Greek.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH AT SMYRNA

BY CALEB W. LAWRENCE<sup>1</sup>

THE literary masterpiece of New England, which has brought tears to the eyes of millions of readers, "Evangeline," told of the deportation of a handful of Arcadian peasants from Grand Pré. It would require a genius infinitely more powerful than that of Dante to describe in any way adequately the sufferings of the Christians and the Turks of Asia Minor and of Greece, because even now great lines of Christians are making their way painfully to the coast, to the Black Sea, and to the Mediter-

anean, there to wait fruitlessly for ships to take them to a country which is already exhausted in its noble and remarkable effort to save life. And half a million Turks who speak Greek, many of them knowing no Turkish, are being uprooted from the farms and orchards of Greece and of the islands of the Ægean, and will be emptied into the ruined regions of Turkey. All honor to the Near East Relief, which has done wonders in mitigating the

<sup>1</sup> From his address at Providence.

suffering, in saving hundreds of thousands of lives, in saving the children and educating them and preparing them for the future. All honor to the Near East Relief. All honor to the missionary women, who have been very great heroines in their work among the sufferers of Asia Minor, and who are back there now looking forward with hope to the future.

All is not lost, however. It is true that our work there to some extent is pioneer, but it is pioneer work with a remarkable background—a background of respect and trust on the part of the Turks in the Christian missionaries. Again and again Turks have come to me with money and would not accept a receipt. "Oh," they would say, "what do I want of a receipt?" So absolutely confident were they in our honesty and our business efficiency.

There in Smyrna we have a great modern plant less than ten years old. This has been spared; although the battle of Paradise took place; although shells went over our heads when we were protecting five thousand Greeks and Armenians in our college buildings; although the venerable and veteran missionary was nearly beaten to death in his efforts to protect our house; although we have been through much; yet there remains that great Christian college practically intact. The President came back restored by a miracle to health, and hopeful and confident of the future. We look forward to going back there and to entering upon the harvest, the greatest opportunity in our long experience in Turkey, because we have the confidence, I believe, the trust, and in many cases the affection, of the Turks. We have our graduates in different parts of the Near East because our college has pioneered in work among Moslems. We have had our martyrs among the Turkish race. One of the noblest men that I have ever known, a Turkish priest, became a Christian and was burned to death near Paradise. We have a great many sympathizers among the Turkish people, and I believe that we can go on in our work there, and be assured, whatever the government may be or may change to be, of a unique

and glorious opportunity in the working for the Turkish people.

We have also a great school for girls there. Again and again when this school was closed Turkish people came to me and said: "When will Miss Greene come back? We must have that school opened." One man said: "I will guarantee twenty-three students if you will open." And when Miss Greene courageously returned, not knowing whether she would be permitted to land even, and started in on that magnificent estate which we own on the shores of the Gulf, the place was overcrowded. Today there are 123 students in that institute where your missionary ladies are working. At our International College, where we have a model farm and a modern agricultural department, we have more boarders than we can accommodate. One hundred and forty-six we have taken, and we have had to turn away very many. We have over 200; about 213 on September 27. Who are the boys? The sons of officials, the sons of the leading people of Turkey, who are willing to run the risk of our making their boys Protestant to get the training, the character which American missionary institutions give.

On the hillside just below the Castle of Smyrna, which was built by the general of Alexander the Great, there stands a stadium. In that stadium nearly two thousand years ago an old man, ninety years old, was martyred. This man was Polycarp, the first Christian bishop consecrated by the Apostle John. The Roman governor was interested in Polycarp and pitied him, and he said: "Just give a sign to say that you tolerate our gods." But Polycarp said: "Eighty and six years have I served my King, and he never has done me harm. How shall I now deny my Lord and Saviour?" If we missionaries in Turkey are faithful, and if the American Board, if the churches of America are faithful, there is no doubt of the result. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." It was the message of the Church at Smyrna and it is the message to the Christian Church of America.

## TO THE AMERICAN BOARD

*Written for the 115th Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M.*

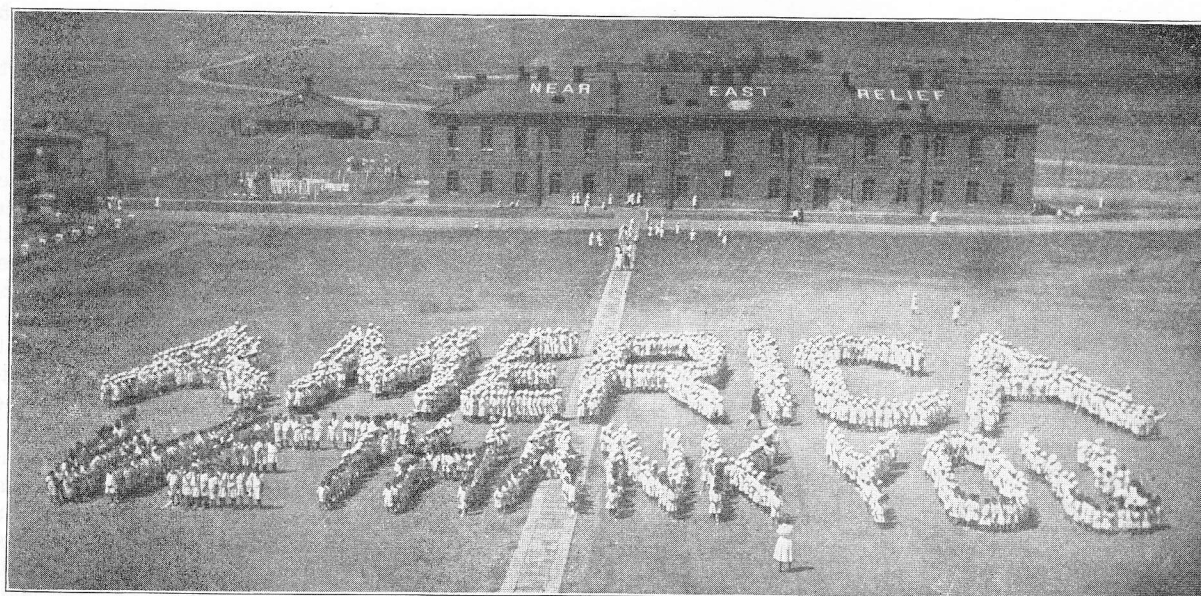
What privilege, what promise, what content  
The grand old Board enjoys in fee today!  
A century and more of service spent,  
It girds its loins more strongly for the fray,  
And forward looks along the shining way;  
Eternal youth supplied by willing hands,  
Strong man and womanhood in strife grown gray,  
And ripened leadership in many lands,  
It eager waits the Master's old and new commands.

It faces new conditions, older needs,  
New nations struggling upward to the light,  
Old selfishness, old prejudice, old greeds,  
New consciousness of danger if the fight  
Of race, of class, of creed, of wealth, of might  
Be not soon settled by the Golden Rule;  
Old sin and degradation black as night,  
New yearning for Siloam's waters cool,  
And weary worldwide woe that stalks like fiendish ghoul.

Yet buoyant, faithful to its mighty trust,  
The Board moves on the world for Christ to win—  
To lift the pagan from his slime and lust,  
To aid the Moslem hosts to enter in  
Where love and purity and peace begin,  
To lead the countless millions of the East  
Where light and learning banish war and sin,  
To raise the stricken up to Hope's high feast  
And minister in love and mercy to the least.

All power still is promised and fulfilled  
To those who trust and sacrifice and strive;  
Then onward go, dear Board, as Jesus willed  
And in his glorious mission ever thrive;  
With all thy myriad hands, alert, alive,  
With all thy voices, all thy hearts aflame,  
In every prayer and gift and effort drive  
The wondrous message sent in Jesus' name  
Till every soul on earth shall Christ as Saviour claim.

CALEB W. LAWRENCE,  
*Professor in the International College, Smyrna.*



Near East Relief orphans at Alexandropol, expressing their sentiments in proper form

## THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE WITNESS

BY CHARLES V. VICKREY

I HAVE seen the feeding of five thousand—in the land of the Book. I saw also the feeding of eight thousand. Yes, I have seen the feeding of tens of thousands of little children in the land of our Saviour's birth and in the land of Paul's missionary journeys.

The first five thousand that I saw were seated together in one assemblage, practically under the shadow of Mt. Ararat, near where the human race began, and they were "Beginning Again at Ararat" after devastating war, political revolution, and social chaos had made havoc of the past. They were practically starting a new civilization.

Of the eight thousand whom I saw being fed, a thousand or more were in Jerusalem; some were in Nazareth, but the much larger number were on the hillsides of Syria, above and around ancient Sidon. They were not very far from the identical

spot where Jesus commanded the multitude to be seated upon the grass, and where He fed with His own hands the five thousand men, besides women and children. The ones whom I saw were all children, without fathers, without mothers, and, for the most part, without country. They were such children as drew forth the compassion of our Master.

They are future leaders, auguring a new era of love, unselfish service, and good will in the Near East, which has so long been torn by dissension and strife. I have seen them—the new, rising generation, "Miracles from Ruins"—playing around the broken columns of the Temple of Jupiter in Athens. I have seen nearly a thousand of them at their work-benches, shoemaking, tailoring, coppersmithing, at Jubeil, whence Hiram shipped the cedars of Lebanon to Solomon, and where later the Crusaders landed to march upon Jerusalem. These young knights of the Twentieth Century are mastering more useful weapons and will win Palestine and the Near East by more peaceful processes.

Yes, these thousands of lives have been saved—by Him. For no other religion and no pagan philosophy has ever yet put it into the hearts of little children ten thousand miles away to contribute and sacrifice for the feeding of other children whom they had never seen.

It is only the living Christ—living today in the hearts of millions of Christians—that can accomplish miracles like the feeding of the five thousand, and there are millions of people living in the world today, and hundreds of thousands of children, looking forward with hope to the future because Christ lives. We have the privilege today of doing in Jerusalem, Nazareth, and throughout Syria, identically the work which He would do if He today were walking in the flesh through the streets of Nazareth or Jerusalem or Sidon.



First International Golden Rule Tea, Gardens of the American Consulate, Jerusalem. Attended by 75 persons, representing 18 nationalities and 18 religious communions, including Moussa Kazim Pasha, head of the Moslem community for Jerusalem; the Armenian Patriarch; the Abyssinian Patriarch; the Coptic Patriarch; the Syrian Archbishop; official representatives of the Roman Catholic Archbishop and the Greek Patriarch; Jews and Protestants. A Committee was formed to promote the observance of International Golden Rule Sunday, December 7, in Palestine.