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The Fellowship Circle Bulletin

OF THE FORT WAYNE BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

"Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with the Son Jesus Christ." I John 1:3.

Vol. VIII

BERNE, IND., and FORT WAYNE, IND., OCTOBER, 1927.

No. 1

Cannibals - - Missionaries - - Whisky

"A thousand barrels of whisky for those cannibals down there. Fill them up well and perhaps they won't care so much about blood. Have an eye out for my girl on Tannawa and see that she is not in the refrigerator or the kettle. She is a good girl, but she is making a great fool of herself trying to convert those wretched cannibals. I can convert more of them in a day with whisky than she can in a lifetime with her Bible. Be sure to fill up those Tannawians anyhow. They have a rich island and you can charge them double price."

Such was the command of Mr. Grenier, a millionaire distiller, to the captain of his ship, as the ship was pulling out of a western port for a group of cannibal islands in the Southern Pacific.

When Albert Grenier was a young man, he was a genuine Christian and eager to do his Lord's will. But just before he finished college there came to him a supreme test. While he was trying to decide what he should become, lawyer, doctor, teacher, or what—suddenly, in the middle of his senior year, there came to this country a cablegram which moved the whole Christian world. Twenty-five missionaries in Southern Pacific Islands had been eaten at a great cannibal feast. Immediately the mission boards working there issued urgent calls for new volunteers. By the help of the Holy Spirit, Albert Grenier was made to feel that here was his duty. He had struggled for weeks against his convictions. He read those missionary appeals over and over. He soiled every page with his tears. He filled the margins with arguments and excuses. It was a supreme test. He was unwilling to say yes, but he dared not say no, and he was throwing his papers into his trunk, and hoped never to think of the matter again. Then, a short time before his graduation, he had an offer of a large salaried position in a distillery. Here was the question as it

appealed to him: Throw away every hope and be eaten by cannibals, or become a distiller with millions of dollars, and then get into heaven as the thief did; everything lost in the first case, nothing in the second. With his vision thus distorted by an unwilling heart, Albert Grenier chose to be a distiller and consciously sold his hope in Christ for money.

* * *

"Father, I must go. I know you have given me all that money can buy, and I realize that I may be eaten by cannibals. But father, if I don't go, I shall lose my soul, and those poor heathen will be lost too. My loss in going is not to be compared with my gain. I sent in my volunteer card this morning and the board may send me within a month."

The speaker was Rosa Grenier, a beautiful young woman, the only daughter of Albert Grenier. A few months before this she had been graciously saved down in the city mission with the humblest of people. She had fully consecrated herself to God and He had sanctified her heart. She had no thought of what her life work would be, but she loved her Saviour.

One day when she was cleaning the attic, she found a pile of papers and books down in the bottom of an old trunk that had evidently been her father's at school thirty years before. She became very much interested in looking them over, but her interest became a conviction when she saw those tear-stained and margin-marked missionary appeals that her father had struggled over. Several times after that she went up there to read and pray for guidance. Her conviction deepened until she knew that God was calling her to do the work her father had refused to do.

When she revealed this fact to her father he was amazed and extremely disappointed. He tried to reason her out of the idea. He promised her everything that money could buy, if

she would not go. But it was useless. She had already volunteered and he had to give up. A month later she sailed with three other missionaries for the cannibal island of Tannawa in the Southern Pacific. In parting her father told her what a fool she was making of herself and that he hoped she would learn a little something before she had been there long. He remarked that he would send her some whisky once in a while to feed her new brothers and sisters so they would not eat her up.

* * *

The sky was dark and heavy. The sun had not appeared for two days. The afternoon was passing and soon night would fall on Tannawa. From the mission house Rosa Grenier suddenly saw a ship sailing into the harbor and heard the yells of a crowd of waiting natives. It was an American vessel and the missionaries rushed down to meet it. When it was near enough, Miss Grenier discovered that it was her own father's ship. Mingled with her feeling was hope and dread. Had her father come to visit her, or had he sent that whisky to ruin the lives of the poor natives and overthrow the work of the mission? When she discovered that the latter case was true, she begged of the captain not to sell the natives any whisky, for already the visiting traders had created in them an overwhelming passion for alcohol. Then, too, alcohol had a very bad effect upon them, and caused them to commit horrible crimes. She was, therefore, extremely frightened. The captain pitied her, but he feared to disobey orders, especially when the natives were there more than a thousand of them by this time, with pearl, gold, valuable wood, and other articles of trade with which to buy whisky. They were threatening the captain's life, if he did not immediately land the whisky.

The four missionaries, terror stricken, fled to the mission house,

(Continued on page Seven)

THE FELLOWSHIP CIRCLE BULLETIN

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Send all monies to the Treasurer, Rev. S. A. Witmer, 4135 S. Wayne Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

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EDITORIAL

"And God is able to make ALL grace abound toward you; that ye, ALWAYS having ALL sufficiency in ALL things, may abound to every good work." II Cor. 9:8.
 "All grace,"—"Always,"—"All sufficiency,"—"All things."

* * * *

Four wonderful "ALL'S!" They tower like mountain peaks above us. They shine like stars of the first magnitude, lighting the path to spiritual heights. They point us toward the limitless expanse of God's infinite grace.

Here we find a choice cluster indeed! What beauty, what richness, and what fragrance break in upon us! These four "ALL'S" come to us like spice laden breezes from Canaan's climes. Our spirits are refreshed and rejuvenated as we breathe the balmy atmosphere of the spiritual highlands.

"Grace" multiplied by "All" to the fourth power means that, "All grace is **always** all sufficient in all things." O, that we might realize this blessed truth in experience and service!

Then do not fail to note the extravagance of the figure. "God is able to make all grace **ABOUND** toward you." Throughout the Scriptures we see **grace abounding toward the chief of sinners** in the plenitude of mercy and forgiveness. Here we see **grace abounding toward the least of saints** in the sufficiency of power for victory and service.

NEWS, NOTES AND JOTTINGS

Miss Gladys Amstutz, a graduate of the class of 1926, has entered nurses' training in a Chicago hospital.

The Misses Vera ('26) and Marian Hartman are engaged in nursing at the Methodist Hospital at Pikeville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Armin Steiner, ('26), are the proud parents of a daughter, Virginia Ellen, since July 5, 1927.

Rev. and Mrs. Gerhart Kliever and family just arrived in the homeland. They were forced to return because of Mr. Kliever's health. The Lord has graciously undertaken in his behalf, however, and we are trusting that he may be able to engage in the Lord's work in the home field in the near future.

Rev. Chris J. Gerig, President of the Fellowship Circle, was ordain-

Surely here are green pastures! Here are still waters! Here we may drink deeply from the eternal fount of divine truth! Here is abundant food for thought! Here is excellent sermonic material! May our own souls be enriched and may our cup overflow to others. May we realize anew that "God is able to make ALL grace abound toward us; that we, ALWAYS having ALL sufficiency in ALL things, may abound to every good work."

* * * *

A FIRST CLASS BULLETIN RIDES SECOND CLASS

Our readers will welcome the news that the Bulletin has been accepted by the U. S. postal department as second class matter. But every privilege is accompanied by an additional obligation. The quarterly publication of our periodical involves the expenditure of more than \$100.00 per year. The nominal subscription rate of 35 cents per year, if paid by each member, will more than cover actual expenses. The unpaid subscriptions must be paid by someone, and it is only honorable for each member to assume some part, however small, of this cost. We have confidence in the members of the Circle and believe that you will support the Bulletin and the work it represents. Be assured that all receipts, above actual expenses, are devoted to the furtherance of the Lord's work. There is no personal profit for anyone. And even the Lord will not get much, unless our response is in excess of our actual expenses!

Send your subscriptions and donations to Rev. S. A. Witmer, the treasurer. His address is 4135 S. Wayne Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

* * * *

The Editor wishes to express his appreciation to a number of individuals from whose letters excerpts are given in this issue. These letters are doubly appreciated if they come to us unsolicited. Will not each member of the Circle drop us a brief note at least once each year? In this way we can send forth the Bulletin laden with fresh news and reports that will gladden the hearts of everyone. Then too, this will enable us to keep our mailing list up to date. Just now we are unable to send the Bulletin to several members whose present addresses we are unable to procure. We trust that every reader will co-operate with us. Just a little help from each member of the Circle will mean so much to those who are responsible for the publication of the Bulletin.

ed to the ministry of the Gospel on August 21, 1927.

Our former room mate, Mr. A. Oyer, a member of the class of 1921, was united in marriage on June 18th of this year, ^{super} Miss Irene Hamlow, at Denair, Cal. We extend to him our heartiest congratulations.

Miss Elda Amstutz, a member of the class of 1921, sailed for India early in September. She expects to

engage in institutional work at the Pandita Ramabai Mission.

Mr. Harold B. Oyer, a student during 1923-'24 entered Colgate University this fall, having received a scholarship to that institution.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hausser, both graduates of the B. T. S. have been assisting in city mission work in Cleveland, Ohio, for several years. Their work has been largely among the Jewish and Italian settlers. They are leaving for Phoenix, Arizona, for a prolonged visit.

Prof. and Mrs. Elton Roth and family, of Nyack, N. Y., paid a brief visit to the B. T. S. recently.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stauffer, of Fort Wayne, a daughter, Bonnie Mae, on June 26, 1927.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Amstutz of Berne, Ind., a son, Dwight Edward, on August 11th. Mr. Amstutz was a student at the B. T. S. in 1918.

Mr. Harold Oyer, of San Benito, Tex., a graduate of the 1926 class, is taking a medical course at the Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

Rev. H. C. Thiessen, a former graduate and teacher at the B. T. S. stopped in our city recently enroute to Louisville, Ky. Mr. Thiessen graduated with his B. A. degree from Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., in August, and is now taking Post-graduate work in theology at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville.

Can anyone give us the address of the Misses Sara Jane Monroe and Anna Janzen, former students of the B. T. S.?

Have you sent in your subscription and donation to the Fellowship Circle treasurer?

Wanted: Four hundred and fifty paid up subscribers to the Bulletin. Will you be one of them?

Speaking of paid up subscriptions, may we direct your attention to the following stanzas which came to our notice recently, and impressed us as being appropriate to this issue. The poem is entitled:

"The Business Manager to You!"

"How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber,
Who pays in advance with the birth of each year,
Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly,
And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

"He never says, 'Stop it; I cannot afford it,'

I'm getting more magazines now than I read';

But always says, 'Send it; our people all like it—

In fact, we all think it a help and a need.'

"How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum;

How it makes our pulse throb; how it makes our hearts dance!

We outwardly thank him! we inwardly bless him—

The steady subscriber who pays in advance."

—Sel.

"THE VALUE OF BIBLE TRAINING IN CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE"

Rev. A. Stanley Dodgson, Baptist pastor, LaMoille, Ill.

The value of the Bible is determined wholly by the interpretation we give to it and the application we make of it. Hence, the value of Bible training is dependent upon the right interpretation and the correct application of the Scriptures. In this light I love to think of Mary who frequently sat at the feet of her Master to receive His Word.

She is first portrayed in Luke the 10th chapter, as sitting at Jesus' feet while she **learns of Him**. We may understand that she learns that life without Christ is wasted and made futile; that life through Him is redeemed and made fragrant; and that life in Him is multiplied and made fruitful.

She is again portrayed in John the 11th chapter as sitting at Jesus' feet while she **leans on Him**. Her brother was gone, her mind was distracted and her heart was broken. She was in particular need of Him who gives consolation and comfort in the hour of distress. So, at His feet she sits and ponders His Words with increasing courage and joy.

She is portrayed a third time in John the 12th chapter as sitting at Jesus' feet while she **lives in Him**. She had received Jesus' Words, she had pondered them often and now she desires to show her appreciation for them. She realizes that a basin of water and a towel will do to wash His feet, but she is confident that only a pound of costly perfume

and her hair will relieve her full heart of love. Taking the expensive spikenard she profusely anoints His feet and wipes them with her hair. Notice that the sacrificial act draws the disdainful sentiments from the world. The world regards her labor of love as the extravagant deed of a foolish woman. But how different in the Master's opinion.

Is it necessary for me to call your attention to the important connection between Mary's interpretation and application of Jesus' Word and her daring generosity which won for her such a lasting memorial?

In conclusion may I say that we, the graduates, regard the Bible training that we received as we sat in the dear B. T. S. as giving us an inestimable appreciation for the Word of Our Saviour. With Mary we determine that nothing less than the full measure of our possessions and ability, will we give to Him who has so strangely warmed our hearts through His Word and has so fruitfully multiplied our lives in His service.

It is, indeed, a great pleasure to represent the class of '21 at this re-union service.

(Editor's note: The writer of the foregoing article was a graduate of the 1921 class. This address was delivered by him at the rally of B. T. S. students held at the Missionary Convention, Woodburn, Ind., on August 20, 1927. In response to our request, he has given this timely message to us for the entire Bulletin family.)

A WORKER'S PRAYER

Deut. 7:1

Preserve me, O God,
From the pride of the Amorite.
From the envy of the Hittite.
From the wrath of the Perizzite.
From the gluttony of the Gergashite.
From the wantonness of the Hivite.
From the covetousness of the Canaanite and from the lukewarmness of the Jebusite.

And grant me in their stead,
Humility and charity.
Patience and temperance.
Chastity and contentedness.
With spiritual zeal.

—Bishop Andrews.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

MRS. G. M. BAERGEN, (Ruth Foth)
Wibaux, Mont.

"I want to thank the Lord for the Fellowship Circle and the dear old B. T. S. Those good old days shall never be forgotten. Now a word regarding our work here. We came to Wibaux, Mont., in May, 1925. We must say the Lord has graciously blessed us in this work. Wibaux is only a small town with about 700 inhabitants, but there is much to be done for the Master. In the two years we have been here we have baptized forty people. There are 85 members in our church. We have a mid-week prayer meeting and on Thursday afternoon a women's prayer meeting. We are now studying the book of Acts. We take one chapter each week, and each person takes part in prayer. These prayer meetings are a real power to the church. Every fourth Sunday afternoon we go to a place 25 miles north of Wibaux to hold S. S. and preaching services. The people are so hungry for the Gospel. One man said that he had not been in church for fifteen years. Pray that God's Word might bring forth fruit. Remember us and the work in prayer. Enclosed you will find a little gift for the Fellowship Circle."

MISS VERA HARTMAN,
Pikeville, Ky.

"Perhaps you will be surprised to hear from me at this time, but I am sure you will agree that I have something interesting to tell you. I should like to tell you about our hospital. It is so all-absorbing to me that I am sure it will appeal to you also.

"As you perhaps know, Pikeville is a very little city of four thousand in the heart of the Kentucky hills, at the head of the Big Sandy. It is a thriving little city—the center of business for a large section of eastern Kentucky. Here the modern and primitive are being blended. Up the creeks and back in the hills many of the old superstitions and traditions still prevail. About the only means of travel is horse back; the houses are for the most part two and three room shacks; the arbiter in a quarrel is a pistol or shot gun. On the other hand, all the modern conveniences can be found in the large towns, such as Pikeville.

"A hospital in such a community is a venture. We have had to cultivate the sympathy of the people. We are having to teach them that it is not a place in which to die, but a place in which to get well, that it is not the last, but the first resort.

"Our hospital is the only Grade A institution in eastern Kentucky. It has the only accredited nurses' training school. Its field of service is continually growing."

REV. GEORGE HOSTETTLER,
Westover, Md.

Mr. Hostettler, of the class of 1911, and a minister in the Mennonite church at Westover, Md., writes of a series of Bible conference and evangelistic meetings which he conducted in the Mennonite congregation at Walnut Creek, Ohio, during the first week in Aug. He reports a good attendance and splendid interest. Among the visible results, he reports the salvation of two souls.

MISS C. NETTIE JOHNSON,
Toledo, Ohio

"The July number of the Fellowship Circle Bulletin has just reached me, and I have been enjoying the contents. You may wonder why it was so long in reaching me. Well, I have been doing some wandering around in the past year, since Aug. 1, 1926, when I left the office where I was working in Grand Rapids, Mich.

"I am here as the Executive Secretary of the Francis Willard Home for girls. It is sponsored by the county W. C. T. U. Unions, and is intended for the working girls who only make \$15.00 or less per week. The girls room and board here. We have 18 at present. The capacity of the home is 26 that can be comfortably taken care of. The "Home" is a very large, old-fashioned residence that was remodeled for the purpose and the rooms are all nicely furnished in different color schemes by different Unions or individuals. We have a large living room and library and dining room and kitchen and also a large room upstairs where the girls can gather in the evening instead of staying in their rooms.

"This is not what I was looking for and I did not solicit the place. It seems literally to have been thrust

upon me, whether I would or not, as I tried to raise all kinds of objections to it saying I had never done such work, but the board insisted upon my trying it, but I am not here for any definite length of time. I am trusting that God, through this, is going to finally open the way for me to do the thing I really want to do, which is to teach Bible classes here and elsewhere. Through this work I feel I can make myself known, and find out what I really can do and perhaps, if the Lord tarries, find myself in Bible Training School work somewhere.

"I am enclosing a clipping from the "Toledo Blade" of September 2. Some of it is rather bungled, for instance, my name is not correct, and I am not a Toledo girl. But they did get the name of the B. T. S. in and I am glad for that, for I do have many wonderful memories of my stay there, and I would not exchange what I received in my two and one-half years at the B. T. S. for all the world has to offer. We of the class of 1921 surely do enjoy our class letter which I received just since coming to Toledo. God has been with each of us during the six years since we left the halls of the dear old B. T. S.

"I suppose school will be opening now very soon. How I wish I could be there. I would like to be a student again for a while and get in the atmosphere of it all once more. Everything I do now is done differently than before I was at the B. T. S. That is, whatsoever I do is as unto Him, and not unto men only, whether in the office or in the Home.

"The following verses were a part of the letter from Alvin Oyer in our last class letter. Perhaps someone else will be helped by them as I was, so I am passing them on:

"Is there some problem in your life to solve,

Some passage seeming full of mystery?

God knows, Who brings the hidden things to light,

He keeps the key.

"Is there some earnest prayer unanswered yet?

Or answered NOT as you had thought 'twould be?

God will make clear His purpose by and by,

He keeps the key.

"Have patience with your God, your patient God,
All wise, all knowing, no long tarrier He,
And of the door of all thy future life,
He keeps the key.
"Unfailing comfort, sweet and blessed rest,
To know of every door He keeps the key,
That He at last, when just He sees 'tis best,
Will give it thee."

A WORD FROM PETER AND THE TREASURER

The readers of the Bulletin will notice that a subscription price of 35 cents per year or three years for a dollar has been placed upon the publication. This has been done to meet the requirements of second class mail to which rank the Bulletin has now been raised. Word has been received that the Postal authorities have acted favorably on the application, and so that matter is now settled.

And what we started out to say was that the Treasurer must be able to show from his accounts a sufficient income to cover publishing costs if the Bulletin is to continue to have second-class rate classification. In other words some one must contribute the money. If you pay your thirty-five cents per year, it is quite likely that ten others pay nothing. Last year fifty donors, apart from the offerings received, paid for the Bulletin and financed the Fellowship Circle, which has a membership considerably above 500. And further, the bare cost of publication does not sustain the organization, since there are numerous incidental expenses to meet. And further, if more money should be contributed than is needed for running expenses, the Fellowship Circle could appropriate it to splendid advantage in the promotion of the School work. The Circle at one time helped to support needy students, but that practice was dropped when it financed the purchasing of a Gospel truck, and has not been resumed since. In fact it has but met its obligations, and those have sometimes been delinquent.

As to the purpose of this? I shall let Peter speak: "Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, . . . Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance." The following letter strikes to the heart of the situation. It comes from a good member in Kansas, but likely suggests many more similar experiences.

Hillsboro, Kans.
Aug. 17, 1927

S. A. Witmer,
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Dear Brother Witmer:

Long ago I wanted to pay for the Fellowship Circle Bulletin. When it came to me I was busy, could not attend to it. Later it slipped from my mind again, and it has taken a long time until I really get to the business. Enclosed you find a \$1.00 check for the Bulletin.

Yours in Christ,

Marie H. Funk.

P. S. Wishing you and all the members of the Fellowship Circle God's richest blessings now and in future years.

Will the F. C. evangelists who need some illustrative material on Heb. 2:3 please take notes on the above letter? And may we also suggest that if there are any delinquent members present who are under conviction by this time that they lower (not raise) their hands into their pockets and make remittance at once? Thanks.

Yours sincerely,

S. A. Witmer,
4135 S. Wayne Ave.,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

SAINTS!

Look at the saints, what material for our Lord to work with! Abraham's cowardice, Jacob's trickiness, Joseph's conceit, David's lustfulness, Hezekiah's brag, John's ambition, Peter's unfaithfulness. Suppose we would preach the saints, what poor stuff they are! Oh, we preach Christ and beg men to turn to Him, not to saints. In them we can only see God's kindness and patience and grace to save a bunch like them and like me! Glory to His Name!

Youth must be corrected if old age is to be controlled.

LOST SORROW

I once heard a man speak of lost sorrow. At first I did not know what he meant. But his thought quickly emerged and I saw it all. A lost sorrow was a sorrow out of which a man failed to get the blessing which God meant to come out of it for him. Out of every sorrow God means there should come submission; a drawing nearer to His own great heart of love; a new vision of the shallowness of worldly streams and the depths of Divine ones; a closer devotion to Jesus Christ than ever before known; a loosening of the grasp on Time, and its tightening upon Eternity. Now for the man who failed to get these blessings out of sorrow; the man who allowed affliction to embitter his life, deaden his faith, chill his devotion to God, engross his heart in the selfish nursing of his own grief while the world about him was dying for the lack of the help he might give—to the man who thus so utterly failed to receive the blessed ministry God had for him in sorrow, that affliction was a lost sorrow. For in very truth a lost sorrow is a most solemn testimony against you. It is a silent witness that God's most heart-searching sorrow has failed because you grow bitter and are refusing to receive from it what God is so tenderly seeking to bring forth from it for your life.—J. H. McConkey.

THE RECOMPENSE OF REWARD

After cross—the crown.
After earth's loneliness—"Forever with the Lord."
After the suffering—"no more pain."
After the sorrow—"fulness of joy."
After the weariness—"the rest of heaven."
After the sorrows of earth—"the glad new song."
After the sowing in tears—"reaping in joy."
After "our light affliction"—"a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Some people are so eager in the pursuit of mischief that they save the Devil the trouble of showing them the way.

OPENING OF THE BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

September 14th marked the opening of the Bible Training School's twenty-fourth year of service and blessing. This was indeed, a red-letter day on the calendar of the students, both old and new. Throughout these busy first days the presence of the Lord has been keenly felt; and surely His blessing has been upon every phase of the work.

On Wednesday night the opening service was held in the chapel, with Brother Ramseyer in charge. The girls' quartette of last year, Misses Wulliman, Yoder, Allen, and Brennaman sang; also Miss Mildred Eicher brought a special message in song. Mr. Ramseyer gave a brief message pointing out a few of the results of Bible study. Mr. Bethel, a former B. T. S. student, brought a message that stirred hearts, using as his text, the words of Paul in Romans, 1:14, "I am a debtor."

After the formal program was completed, the service became, for a few minutes, an old fashioned testimony meeting. It was a blessed time of praise and thanksgiving for all the Lord had done in guiding and keeping His own, and in making ways where seemingly there were none.

Thursday morning the regular schedule of classes began, and even these first periods were a time of real blessing; and they were only a foretaste of what is yet to come.

In the first Students' Mission Band service, on Friday night, with Mrs. Tilman Amstutz as speaker, the Lord was present to own and bless. We are expecting much from these weekly meetings.

So far, there are seventy-seven regular students enrolled; and a number of others are expected within the next few days. Besides these, there are a goodly number who plan to take night classes only. The Post-Graduate course has been launched this year, a number of former students returning to take advantage of this work.

From widely separated parts the Lord has called the students this year from Canada to Georgia, and Pennsylvania to Oklahoma they they have come. There are ten states represented among the students already enrolled.

The year stretches ahead full of opportunities and privileges; and it is our prayer that this may be the best year that the B. T. S. has ever known.

Virginia White.

MODERN HEROES OF FAITH

(A Missionary Version of Hebrews 11:32-40).

"And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of John Williams, who through faith subdued kingdoms; of John Paton who wrought righteousness; of Hudson Taylor who obtained promises; of Mary Slessor, who, out of weakness was made strong; of George Mackay who vaxed valiant in the fight; of Robert Moffat who turned to flight the armies of the aliens; of Henry Martyn who was tortured not accepting deliverance; of Adoniram Judson who had trial of bonds and imprisonment; of Raymond Lull who was stoned at Bugio; of James Chalmers who was sawn asunder by cannibals; of Horace Tracey Pitkin who was slain with the sword; of David Livingstone who wandered about destitute, afflicted, tormented; of James Gilmour who wandered in deserts and in mountains; and of Robert Morri-

son who obtained a good report through faith, but received not the promise and who through us is made perfect. Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience, the race that is set before us."

MISSIONARY GEMS

"O rock, rock, when wilt thou open?" exclaimed the apostolic Xavier, as he lay burning with fever on an island off the coast of China in 1552.

"Difficulties were made just to be vanquished."—John G. Paton.

"A church must send or end."

"A church must go to the lost or go to oblivion."—S. M. Zwemer.

"Anywhere, provided it be forward."

"I place no value upon anything I have or possess, except in its relation to the cause of Christ."—David Livingstone.

"The prospects are as bright as God's promises."—Adoniram Judson.

"Only as the church fulfills her missionary obligation does she justify her existence."—David Brainerd.

"The greatest foes of missions are prejudice and indifference, and ignorance is the mother of them all."—Henry Martyn.

GOD WORKS IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

The poet Cowper was subject to fits of depression. One day he ordered a cab and told the driver to take him to London Bridge. Soon a dense fog settled down upon the city. The cabby wandered about for two hours and then admitted that he was lost, though he had been in the business for many years. Cowper asked him if he thought he could find the way home. He said that he did and in an hour landed him at his door. When asked what the fare would be he mentioned a sum, but he said that he felt that he ought not to take anything as he had not filled his order. "Never mind," said Cowper, "you have saved my life. I was on my way to throw myself off from London Bridge," and he gave him double the usual fare. He then went into the house and wrote the hymn—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footstep on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain."

—Howard W. Pope, from "News and Truths."

JESUS, THE POOR MAN

"Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. 8:9.

Jesus was the poorest man that ever walked the dirt roads of earth.

Born in poverty and reared in obscurity, He yet lived to enrich mankind. A stable was His birthplace, a manger was His cradle.

For thirty years He worked as a carpenter in a poverty-stricken and despised village which bore the scorn

of men as they asked, "Can any good thing, come out of Nazareth?" He began His ministry at the Jordan river with no temporal means, no income, and no vocation but to love God and to bless men. With no organization to help Him, with no patrons to enrich Him, He publicly began the life of poverty that ended at the tomb. He preached without price and wrought miracles without money. As far as we know He never possessed the value of a dollar.

How pathetic His words, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head!" He had no certain dwelling place. He was an itinerant preacher whose parish was the world. When invited, He entered men's homes for dinner; when unasked, He went hungry. He sought breakfast from a blooming fig tree, but found none. He ate grain from His hands as He walked through the fields of corn. He sent Peter to the sea for the fish that they might have the money for the temple tax. His support came from the gifts of

a few women, and his treasurer stole part of the pittance put therein. He walked on over the hills of Judea and by the waters of fair Galilee, enriching men, Himself the poorest of all. He slept often under the open sky. In the wilderness without food, by Jacob's well without water, in the crowded city without a home—thus He lived and loved, toiled and died.

His value was thirty pieces of silver when sold—the price of a slave, the lowest estimate of human life. So poor was He that He must needs bear His own cross through the city till fainting He fell. In the potter's field He was nailed to that cross between two penniless thieves, stripped of His robe, the gift of love, for which inhuman soldiers gambled as He died. With no estate with which to endow His weeping and widowed mother, He bequeathed her to the love of the beloved John. His burial clothes were the gift of a friend, and He was laid at last in a borrowed grave.

Truly, Jesus was the poorest man that ever walked the dirt roads of earth.—John Matthews.

heathen people because he sent them whisky instead of carrying them the Bible; and who for money traded off his beautiful daughter, with three others equally as good as she, to be eaten at a cannibal feast."

We must know the measure of one's desires before we can measure the depths of his regrets.

"IS CONSECRATION CHEAP OR COSTLY?"

(By the Editor)

There is a very inferior grade of consecration on the market today. A great hue and cry is being raised about consecrating ourselves to social service, to the attainment of lofty ideals, world betterment, and so on ad infinitum. Great consecration meetings are held once a month; too often the rest of the month is spent in desecration. With the majority of people consecration is simply one of many pious acts performed only on Sunday. Their consecration is worn on Sunday and hung in the wardrobe with the rest of their finery during the week. Such consecration is only another attempt of the unregenerated heart to make itself appear respectable before God. It is only an anaesthetic that deadens the spiritual senses to the deceitfulness of sin. What the natural heart needs is not an anaesthetic; it needs a surgical operation and needs it badly.

And if unconverted people thus make artificial consecrations, it is a fact that Christian people are often not one whit better. Some profess to surrender everything to God, but, if their lives may be taken as a criterion, with the mental reservation to do as they please. They forget that henceforth they are not their own. Others, like Mr. and Mrs. Ananias, keep back part of the price, and lie to the Holy Ghost. Still others are on and off the altar, usually off. The result of the whole matter is that consecration has become a very cheap affair, within the reach of almost anyone who has turned over a new leaf or two.

But **real** consecration is costly. It is expensive as every true child of God has discovered ere this. It requires the surrender to God of body, soul and spirit, time, ambitions, af-

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when they saw those wild cannibals drinking down great quantities of the wretched stuff. Soon came the night! The cannibals were wild over the whisky. From the ship the captain watched them. His heart was cold and he seemed to enjoy their drunken revelry and their wild, weird dancing in the flashing light of a great fire. But suddenly, what is that? The yells had ceased. The savages were stealthily moving toward the mission house and spreading out, as if to surround it. Then they disappeared in the darkness and the whole crew on the ship waited with painful anxiety. Not a sound could be heard. Through the lighted windows of the mission house could be seen people moving back and forth, evidently unaware of the fact that the natives had left the shore, for a rise in the ground hid the edge of the land from the mission house. A few minutes more the captain and his crew waited in awful silence. Then, all at once, the air was rent and torn with the murderous yells of a thousand drunken cannibals. Every window in the house is full of wretch-

ed creatures. Now they are leaving, but look—they are dragging something, and another, and another! What are they doing! Oh, it makes me sick to look! Listen to those unearthly yells! Now they are back to the shore and the fire and the whisky! The scene is all confusion! I cannot tell what they are doing! I do not want to know! Oh Christ, thou didst die for these poor heathen. How long shall demon possessed men from civilized countries, merely for the sake of money, ruin them in eternal perdition and sell their own sons and daughters for a cannibal feast?

"Smash in the heads! Pour that hell fire into the river! Don't leave a drop of it! Burn the building to its foundation! Scrape the ashes into a canyon! Throw the stones over the precipice! Plow the ground where this cursed house stood! Dig my grave in the middle of it and inscribe on my tombstone these words:

"Here lies Albert Grenier, who sold himself, body, soul, and spirit to the devil for nothing but money; who caused the eternal damnation of

fections, talents, property, yes, everything. Self goes into bankruptcy and Jesus Christ becomes the receiver of all liabilities and what few assets remain. If Christians today were as thorough in their consecration as were the saints of former generations, it would not be necessary for them to renew their covenant so often.

Notice the following consecration of Jonathan Edwards, the great preacher and theologian of the 18th century:

"I have this day solemnly renewed my baptismal covenant and self-dedication which I made when I was received into the communion of the Church. I have been before God so that I am not in any respect my own. I claim no right to myself; no right to this understanding; this will, these affections that are in me; neither do I have any right to this body or its members; no right to this tongue, these hands or feet; no right to these senses, these eyes and ears, or this smell or taste. I have given myself clear away, and have not retained anything of my own. I have been to God this morning and told Him that I have given myself wholly to Him. I have given every power to Him, so that for the future I challenge or claim no right to myself in any respect. I have expressly promised Him, and do now promise Almighty God, and by His grace I will not fail. I have this morning told Him that I did take Him for my whole portion and felicity, looking on nothing else as any part of my happiness, nor acting as if it were, and that His law is the constant rule of my obedience, and that I would fight with all my might against the world, the flesh and the devil to the end of my life. And I believe in Jesus Christ, and receive Him as Prince and Saviour, and would adhere to the faith and obedience of the Gospel how hazardous and difficult soever the profession and practice of it may be; that I receive the Spirit as my Teacher, Sanctifier, and only Comforter and cherish all His monitions to enlighten, purify, confirm, comfort and assist me. This I have done. I pray God for the sake of Jesus Christ to look upon me as a self-dedication, and to receive me now as His own, deal with me in all

respects as such, whether He afflicts or prospers me, or whatever He pleases to do with me who am His.

"Now henceforth, I am not to act in any respect as my own.

"I shall act as my own if I ever make use of any of my powers to do anything that is not to the glory of God, or do not do anything that is to the glory of God, do not make the glorifying of Him my whole and entire business; if I murmur in the least of afflictions; if I am in any way uncharitable; if I am angry because of injuries; if I do anything purely to please myself, or avoid anything because it is a great self denial; if I trust to myself, if I take any praise of any good I do, or rather God does by me, or if I am in any way proud."

Thorough consecration means self abnegation, self humiliation, self crucifixion. It means that life itself must be poured out for God and souls. Listen to further testimonies of modern heroes of faith whose consecration to the Lord Jesus Christ accounts for their exploits in the annals of missions.

David Brainerd, the young man who poured out his frail life among the American Indians, said, "Here I am, Lord, send me; send me to the ends of the earth, send me to the rough and savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort in earth; send me even to death itself; if it be but in Thy service and to promote Thy kingdom. I care not where or how I live or what hardships I must go through, if only I can win souls for Christ."

John G. Paton, the hero of the New Hebrides, once said, "Difficulties were made just to be vanquished." When he made known his intention of going forth as a missionary, friends tried to dissuade him. To one old gentleman, whose crowning argument always was "The cannibals! You will be eaten by cannibals." Paton replied, "Mr. Dickson, you are advancing in years now, and your own prospect is soon to be laid in the grave, there to be eaten by worms. I confess to you, that if I can but live and die serving and honoring the Lord Jesus, it will make no difference to me whether I am eaten by cannibals or worms."

Henry Martyn, the missionary to India who laid down his life at the early age of thirty-one years and eight months, certainly mounted above his pain racked body when he said, "I could not endure existence if Jesus was not glorified. It would be hell to me if He were to always be thus dishonored." In one of his journals, the following quotation appears: "As for self, contemptible self, I feel myself saying, let it be forgotten forever; henceforth let Christ live, let Christ reign, let Him be glorified forever."

David Livingstone, who opened the great bleeding heart of Africa, knew the deeper meaning of consecration, for he scorned the suggestion to turn back to civilization and its comforts, by saying, "Anywhere, provided it be forward!" At another time he uttered those memorable words, "I count nothing I have or may possess except in its relation to the kingdom of Christ. Judson, who opened the closed doors of Burmah, said during the darkest hours of his missionary career, "The prospects are as bright as God's promises." Absolute surrender inspires such confidence in God and causes hope to bloom in the wilderness and solitary place.

Here, then, lay the secret of missionary conquest and triumph. These men, and many others like them, were thoroughly consecrated to the Lord God. Their consecration was not artificial; it was not superficial; it was sacrificial. Our Lord was worth of such consecration in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He received it, and was glorified in the salvation of multitudes. He is none the less worthy today. Shall we not gladden His heart anew by thus dedicating ourselves definitely and absolutely to Him and by leading others into this life of absolute surrender to God? Therein lies the hope of a recurrence of the revivals of former years.

Faith without reason is superstition.

Faith without knowledge is presumption.

Faith without obedience is hypocrisy.

Faith without works is dead.