

### Baptist Church Pastor

#### Dr. W. N. Johnson Accepts Call

The congregation of the First Baptist Church of Badin is to be congratulated on the fact that Dr. Walter N. Johnson, now Corresponding Secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Missions, has accepted the call to come to Badin and be pastor. Dr. Johnson is one of the truly big men of the Baptist denomination, and the congregation feels exceedingly fortunate in the fact that he has accepted this call.

Dr. Johnson announced some time ago that it was his desire to enter some field where he would be able to make a practical demonstration of his plans for part time school in industrial Christianity. He has had some eight or ten other places under consideration, but has seen fit to select Badin as the place offering the best opportunity to work out these plans.

In speaking of the new work which he had in mind at the time he announced his purpose to give up his work as Corresponding Secretary of the State Mission Board, he had this to say:

"The time is now come for me to answer the call of another work. I see the necessity that the Christian spirit shall be projected into industry; that stewardship, instead of ownership, shall be made the controlling motive in business. I am convinced that training in our churches on these lines is the most fundamental work of modern Christianity. This vision has been growing clearer to me for twenty years. It now compels me.

In obedience to this vision, I shall hold myself in readiness to enter a pastorate, in some industrial center of our State, where the best conditions are offered for the co-ordination of Christian Training and Industrial work. I have seen this work more clearly than I ever saw a church building on the Wake Forest campus before it was built. It is God's call to me.

The Editor of *The Biblical Recorder* had this to say at the same time:

"For a quarter of a century Brother Johnson has thought that our industrial life should be linked with the kingdom of God, and he is determined to put into practical operation the thing to which he has given such intense thought.

It is no reflection on the other State Secretaries to say that Walter N. Johnson is regarded by many as the most brilliant Secretary in the South. He is a speaker of unusual ability. Few men

can sway an audience as he can. Indeed, we have often thought that a man so gifted as he ought not to be tied down to a desk and required to do the routine work necessary in the Secretary's office. It is like hitching a racehorse to a dray."

Dr. Johnson has made several visits to Badin. He expects to be here again Sunday, November 21, and will fill the pulpit of the First Baptist Church that day and from then on. He expects to move to Badin about January 1.

—THOS. C. SHEPPARD.

### Presbyterians' Big Day

#### Open Their New Church

Following is the program of opening of the First Presbyterian Church, Badin, N. C., October 31, 1920.

Doxology

Invocation by the Pastor

Hymn—"I love thy Kingdom, Lord."

Solo, Miss Snead.

Scripture Reading—I Kings 8:22-36

Prayer.

Reading History of Church.

Report of the Treasurer of the Building Committee—A. K. Martin.

Remarks—Supt. J. E. S. Thorpe.

Solo—Mr. F. C. Gomo.

Sermon—Text: Psalms 127:1—Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

Offering.

Hymn—"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing."

Benediction.

Opening sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. T. G. Tate.

The following is an extract from the very appropriate sermon:

Lastly, let this be a place of blessing to the community, a community builder, an uplift, a stabilizer, a safety valve. The church is the guarantor of the home, the school, and the nation. The famous statistician, Roger Babson, says that not the army, not the navy, nor the banks of this country is its support, but the churches which dot this land. We have a high ideal for the church, which was planned by faith, built in sacrifice, and consecrated in tears. It is God's house, may it ever be thus. On the Dexter Memorial Gate of Harvard University is inscribed on the outer lintel this motto, to be read and observed by all incoming students: "Enter to grow in Wisdom." And on the inner lintel, to refresh the minds of the Seniors as they go out: "Depart to better serve thy

country and mankind." This is the creed of Harvard University. I have a creed for this church. Let there be inscribed on the outside of this church the words of Jesus "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And on the inside, these words of His also "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

### The Profiteer in Heaven

There was once a profiteer who made a large fortune by screwing up the price of the necessities of life, so that many people suffered severely. Finally, in the course of time, and in the fullness of his stomach, he died and, to his surprise, went to heaven.

"Are you certain there has been no mistake, St. Peter?" he asked dubiously of the superintendent. "On earth, I regret to say, I was sometimes a bit—"

"Oh, it's all perfectly right!" interrupted St. Peter. "You're in the right place. The only mistake is you've been put down too low. You belong in the very highest heaven, where the ether's so rarified ordinary angels can't stand it at all. Come right along with me. I'll see that you get where you belong. I don't know whether you'll like it or not, but if you don't, of course, you're at liberty to leave."

"Do you mean to say some people—angels, I mean—don't like heaven?" demanded the Profiteer in astonishment, as the two made their way upward.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the superintendent. "Quite a large proportion decide against it as a permanent residence. As I said, the air's a bit thin, and—But here we are, so you can see for yourself."

As he said this, the two entered the outer gate. The Profiteer's teeth, or what were symbols of his earthly teeth, were chattering with cold in the rarified atmosphere.

"It l-looks very nice," he stammered. "But c-couldn't I have a robe to k-keep warm with?"

"I'm sorry," replied St. Peter, sympathetically; "but the price of robes has just gone up. They now cost ten virtues a yard. Of course, if you've got the price—"

But the Profiteer hadn't the price, as both he and St. Peter were well aware, so there was nothing more said about a robe.

"How about a crown or a harp?" ventured the Profiteer, after a short silence.