MISSIONARY VISITS THE COUNTRY

Rev. Blaylock Tells of a Trip Into Outlying Regions of China—An Earnest Appeal For More Laborers.

There is a far out section of our work that my wife and several of our young folks had not visited. And as I was going into that region, she and Miss Leonard wanted to go with me. We had along with us one of our best Christian women and two evangelists. We visited seven different towns or localities where we had Christians. At each of these places our time was short, but every place we had good attendance, and the crowds increased at each service. Our place of worship, except in two of these towns, were in the homes of Christians and of course the room was too small for many people to be seated. At each of these places we ought to have had time to spend at least a week, but with a meeting to soon begin in the city and so many other places to visit we could stop no longer.

In three or four of these towns there were enquirers and some truly saved that ought to have been baptized before now. Some of them we hope will be at our meeting in the city and can be baptized then. It is a sad fact that on account of workers and other hindrances, these places have not been visited anything like as often as they should have been. When we have gone too, our time has been all too short with them.

To say nothing of the outside thousands upon thousands of heathen our laborers are not sufficient to pastor and feed up those we have already rescued. In a number of these places we [illegible] [illegible] but were [illegible] we will be [illegible] see [illegible] and need of the [illegible] [illegible] to do so is no very rather it is going to cost much of self-denying and sacrificing of self and even lawful pleasure. It means that we must go and spend weeks and weeks and even months at a time in cold, cheerless rooms, live on dirt floors, and eat up with dozens of things that are disgusting and trying on the flesh. China's need today is simply missionaries who are willing to count the cost and thus go out into the highways and hedges and spend and be spent in his service. Christ's program for his servants to go out and find his sheep—"go out and compel them to come in that my table may be full." Schools, hospitals, etc. will attract, and they may have their place when on a right basis, but to end there is fatal to missions. In these we may reach a few and do good work in teaching them the Bible, but the masses! the masses! What about them? Go to them is God's command, and it must be our watchword and become the outreaching of our very lives as missionaries. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." But He cannot draw all men unto Him until He be lifted up. He was lifted up for our sins, and we rejoice in His forgiveness—the very least we could ask of us is to lift Him up for those yet in darkness that they may get a glimpse and live. He came all the way from His glory-crowned throne to find us. He said, even as my Father sent me, so send I you. This means he has sent us to them. He has not sent them to us and He never will. But we are to go and tell them to come—go into the crowded market, with its din of human voices and call louder than these, "Come"—go to the quiet town by the highway—go to the out-of-the-way town nestled in the coves and the hills—go to the lone village high up in the mountains—go to the lonely cottage set on the hill—Yes, go! go! go on until weary with age and our steps faltered. Yes, go on till we fall in our path and the angels waft our weary spirits home to rest. To do this we must have men and women of a vision—those who have counted the cost and have laid all on the altar, who when the trial comes will not falter.

It would tire you to begin to tell of the towns we passed through and by on every side, during this trip which have no ray of Gospel light. Could you come and go with us on one such trip, you would no longer be surprised that we call and call again for more laborers and ask you to pray for them, you would cease to be silent, you would plead with others you would pray as you never have. Who will say "Here am I, send me?" To such a one we would say here are a thousand doors wide open for you, but not one of which you can enter without a life of suffering. For the true missionary, for God's man, there is no place for ease here. Here above all places one must be ready to take up the Cross and suffer if he would see fruits from his labors.

Fraternally,
T. L. BLAYLOCK.

DEATH OF FINANCIER

John R. Bland, founder and president of the United States Fidelity and Guarantee Company, and one of Baltimore's leading financiers, died Saturdsy evening.

LINVILLE GORGE—A STATE PARK FOR NORTH CAROLINA

(W. W. Ashe)

Far below, a slender thread of sparkling, roaring water, walled in by lofty sandstone cliffs which rise from sloping, bouldered bases, dotted with mountain pine with nodding tips; deep, somber hollows shady with hemlock; high aboves, sentinel-like, towers Table Rock, clef in twain in some titanic swell, and Hawksbill omnipotent, a turquoise haze hangs above; now and then is heard the shrill cry of a raven. This is Linville Gorge.

Here is a natural park with every element of charm: Ruggedness, crag, cliff, canyon and zest, the romantic charm of half-naked rocks part clothed in verdure; a foothold here and there for a group of stunted, windtorn trees; a ledge on a dizzy escarpment from which drooms laurel in June crimson and purple; a fissure claimed by a clump of mountain azalea flaunting a flaming banner in early spring, under which the snowbird makes its nest; crevices from which the service grows matching in the whiteness of its vernal blooms the patches of snow which still linger huddled in the hollows from the sun. Linville gorge is grand, virile, stern, with threatening precipice and beetling cliff a rock-encompassed with lofty barriers.

A water worn slit 20 miles long and a quarter of a mile deep through a massive block of white, flint-like sandstone. Linville River, through past aeons, has carved this narrow channel for itself. A temperamental little river, placed in transit through the broad, quiet valley within which lies its upper course; but once below the falls which mark its decent to the gorge, becoming tempestuous and nerve-racking of the wild nature of the gorge itself, fall being followed by cascade and rapid, until, when it emerges from the gorge and enters the broad plain below Shortoff Mountain, the total descent has been a [illegible] [illegible] The eastern wall of the gorge is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]