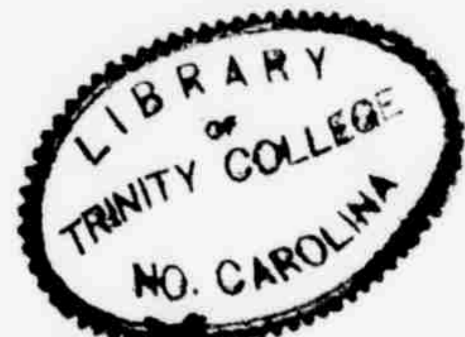


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UNDER HIS WINGS.

By E. H. Foss.

O WHAT a refuge from sorrow and care,
O what a shelter from storm and despair,
O what a cover from hate's chilly rage,
O what a fortress when foemen engage!
There is none better in danger and dread,
There is none like it when dark shadows spread,
There is no rest where my burdened heart sings,
Like to the rest I find under His wings.

Beaten by tempest and drenched by the storm,
Bruised by hard toiling, and ragged and torn,
Wearied to fainting, all helpless I lie
Moaning in pain when no helper is nigh.
Then comes the peace that from earth never came,
Soothing the smarting, the hurt and the shame,
Like healing balm, or a harp's golden strings;
How I am comforted under His wings!

Close may I lie in the rest I have found,
Where blessed fruits of the Spirit abound,
Without a sorrow and without a care,
Without an ache or a pain anywhere;
Cradled by Deity, wrapped in His love,
Held in the arms reaching down from above,
Blessed the refuge to which my soul clings,
Blessed the rest I find under His wings.
Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.
—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT—A NOTABLE CONVENTION.

By C. F. Reid.

THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL Convention of men, held at Winston-Salem, N. C., last month, fully demonstrated that the Laymen's Missionary Movement is by no means a spent force, but on the contrary, is better prepared than ever for its mission to the churches and the world. Its power to grip the minds of men with its great purpose is not one whit abated and during its half decade of existence it has constantly grown in influence and has acquired vastly greater skill in conserving the enthusiasm which it creates.

The Convention was set up with great care by L. B. Padgett, State Secretary of the General Movement for North Carolina. The program was unusually strong, presenting nearly a dozen speakers, some of them men of international reputation. Beginning Sunday morning with special services in all the churches of Winston-Salem and closing Tuesday evening with addresses before a great audience by J. Campbell White and Dr. J. O. Reavis, the meetings were well attended from first to last by the flower of Winston-Salem's manhood.

The writer remained during the week for follow-up work among the Methodist churches of the city and plans were laid for an immediate and thorough Every-member Canvass in each.

Among the most gratifying results of the Convention was the action taken by the members of Centenary Church, expressing their growing interest in the work of world-evangelization, their deeper feeling of obligation and their determined purpose to undertake the program of Christ more earnestly than ever before, including the special support of one or more missionaries in China and one in Cuba. The resolutions adopted, which are reproduced in part herewith, were so fine in spirit and so practical in their recommendations that they will be of interest to the Church at large:

Centenary's Splendid Goal.

Whereas, we, the members of Centenary Church, have come to see more clearly the need of evangelizing the nations of the earth and do realize more keenly our obligation to God to perform our part in this great task; and,

Whereas, we are aware that this cause is so vital and fundamental that it should receive the vigilance, council, prayer and endeavor of the local Church constantly in promoting its great ends in following the program of Jesus; therefore, be it,

Resolved, 1. That a missionary committee of nine, of which the Lay Leader and the Pastor shall be members ex-officio, be elected to promote all the missionary activities of the Church.

2. That this committee at once inaugurate an Every-member Canvass of the male members of the church, having as a goal the support of one or more missionaries in China, in addition to the one already supported by this church in Cuba, and also endeavoring to secure sufficient funds to relieve the Board of Missions of the support of the wife of Rev. H. W. Baker, our missionary in Cuba.

3. That we heartily endorse the Every-member Canvass among the women now being conducted by the woman's Missionary Society to secure new members, and recommend that in their effort to increase the contributions of the women to missions, they set before them some task fully worthy of the whole womanhood of Centenary Church.

4. That we cordially approve the action of our Quarterly Conference in making our Sunday-school aggressively missionary by requesting that one Sunday in each month be devoted to missions.

5. That we especially recommend to our Missionary Committee the formation of Mission Study Classes in our church.

6. That the missionary work of our church, or some phase of it, be presented to the congregation on one Sunday evening in each month.

THE DEPARTMENT OF MINISTERIAL SUPPLY AND TRAINING.

AT THE Montgomery meeting in April, 1911, the Board of Education appointed a special committee to organize the Department of Ministerial Supply and Training. Early in the year, the committee did its work. By the new arrangement, the Correspondence School becomes a part of the Department, and Professor J. L. Cuninggim, the Director of the Correspondence School, was made Secretary of the Department. Professor Cuninggim has begun to push his work with vigor and success.

The importance of the work committed to this department cannot be over-estimated. The demand for an educated, as well as a consecrated ministry is increasingly urgent. The high task is upon us of seeking out high-minded, Godly youth, called of God to preach the Gospel, and helping them to get ready for this noble work. No man can know, who is not in touch with the situation, the number of young men who are seeking to equip themselves, and the earnestness of their purpose in this desire. Many of them must have financial help if they succeed. Requests to the board for loans are being constantly and urgently made. To meet such demands, the board's loan funds must be greatly increased. Professor Cuninggim has recently sent out a call for help in this direction. A number of our laymen have responded promptly and liberally. Still, the funds at hand are utterly inadequate to meet the growing need. Will not others respond to the call of Professor Cuninggim? These funds are loaned to students, returned by them to the board, and re-loaned, and so on indefinitely. Is there a more worthy cause to which one may contribute? How could means be better invested for the advancement of the Kingdom of God? Send your contributions to Prof. J. L. Cuninggim, Vanderbilt University, or to me, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn. Stonewall Anderson, Secretary of Education.

A great saint was once asked, "How can I live the highest life?" and he answered: "My child, go and live the lower life, and God will teach you the higher."

NOW AND THEN.

By Trojan.

TALK about the high cost living on the cost of high living, here is something apropos. I felt like it would be good for me and my folks to have a shad. I phoned to the fish market and the man said: "Roe shad, \$1.75; a good buck, 85 cents; pair of hickory shad, 50 cents; and a bunch of herring, 20 cents." The latter being so full of small bones, I didn't care for, and hickory shad I didn't want even gratis. The prices of the roe and buck cut me out entirely. Consequently I told the butcher to send us a pound of round steak at 15 cents, and my wife, who is a preacher's daughter, took that one pound of beef, cooked it right, made nice gravy and hot biscuit, and who wanted anything better? So we said, farewell shad; beefsteak is just as good and doesn't cost so much.

Thinking of shad takes me back to other days when my home was in Fayetteville and where I was born, a little previous to John Hall.

"Take me back to the place where I first saw the light,

To my own Sunny South, take me home;

Where the mocking bird sang me to rest every night,

Oh, why was I tempted to roam?"

That's the idea exactly. We never paid any such price as that for shad. We never paid more than 50 or 60 cents for the best roe and 20 to 30 cents for bucks. As for hickory shad, you could get them for 10 cents per pair. Don't think me a kicker and wanting to go back to the old days, I am just remarking. Folks, generally, are much richer now than in those sweet days when the mocking bird sang his delightful songs and shad could be bought at reasonable figures. I am not of the rich but I was raised with shad and can't forget my raising. We got plenty of them in season, right there at Fayetteville, out of the dear old Cape Fear River and nobody thought of charging such outrageous prices. I never tired as a boy and young man in eating shad, but from present indications, there is no more shad for me. It's a shame. What are we coming to anyway? I wonder if the Legislature wouldn't do something for us in the way of relief as indicated in the complaint? Why it is much higher, comparatively, than sweet sugar and kerosene oil, and they are both handed out by wicked trusts. Good-bye shad.

* * *

But I don't want any more sausage this year, thank you. A man called sometime ago and asked if I wouldn't take a few pounds of his home-made at 17 1-2 cents per pound? That it was very nourishing. I suppose so, and especially for a man afflicted with more or less uric acid and his entire circulatory system out of gear. However, I agreed to take a pound and gave the man 18 cents; that was too much but I couldn't make the change, exactly. "You are not in very good health?" he said. "No," was my reply. "You used to sorter preach, didn't you?" he continued. "No; I preached!" was the answer he got. "Well, I am a kinder preacher myself," he went on, "but here lately I have the Brown's-skeetis so bad that I don't preach much." But according to my notion, if he can eat that sausage and preach a little bit, or "sorter," he is a wonder and almost a miracle. No surprise to me that he has the "Brown's-skeetis." He says he makes a little home-made every now and then but he will not get any more of it on me. I ate a small cake next morning for breakfast. It was tremendously lean meat and I looked at it with some fear and trepidation. Two o'clock the next morning uric acid rheumatism had my right foot and it looked as if it was going to tie it up in a knot. My good doctor had to come

(Continued on page 4.)