

PEREGRINE PAPERS

By Rev. W. H. T. Squires, D. D.

THE ROLL OF THE GUNS.
XI.

IS NORTHERN MONEY TAINTED?

By Rev. John C. Williams, D. D.

There are those among the opponents of union with the U. S. A. Church that very severely condemn that body because they have put some of their money in the South and are helping us to overtake our destitutions to some extent. The Rev. W. B. Doyle represents this class, and in a recent article criticizes the Northern Church for spending money down here in the South. He also condemns them for having "many ministers who deny the resurrection of Christ and His virgin birth" and thinks that we should rather unite with the Baptists and Methodists, who occupy the same territory with us. But those in position to know say that there are as many heretics in the Southern churches as in the North in proportion to numbers and that there are just as steadfast believers in the true doctrines up there as down here. Then when did the Baptists ever endorse the Confession and accept the doctrine that "baptism is rightly administered by sprinkling or pouring," and when did the Methodists ever agree to the Third Chapter of our Confession? The U. S. A. Church has done so and are as Calvinistic in their beliefs as the Southern Presbyterians. The Lord has not made the Southern Church the sole custodian of the "faith once delivered to the saints" and we have no pre-emption rights on the great system of doctrine taught in the Westminster Symbols.

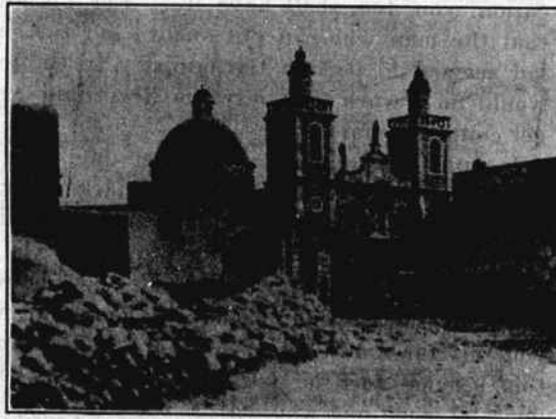
Now the assumption is that the Southern Churches are alone responsible for the evangelization of the Southern States and that the churches of the North have no rights down here. The sad news, however, goes out from reliable sources, that there are 3,000,000 white children in the South not in any Sunday school and 8,000,000 adults not in any church, and so we are far from reaching these people with the gospel and it will be several generations before this number could be reached by us and in fact the large majority of them will die outside of the church and be lost forever, if their only chances of salvation was in our carrying it to them. Then why not welcome the people of the North with the money, if they are coming down to help us do the work, that we find impossible for us to do? Because we are not able to get the gospel to them, must we oppose those who would do so? Is it not better to see multitudes of the Southern children gathered in a U. S. A. Sunday school and adults in the church, than to see them continue in ignorance and sin? This seems like playing the game of the "dog in the manger." We can't reach them ourselves and oppose the rich brother from the North doing so. Well, I would say that a Southern boy or girl is as good and worthy of salvation as those in India or China, and that Southern men and women are as good as those in Borneo or Siam, and, if the Christians of the North are inclined to spend their money for helping to get the people of the South to Christ, then I will bid them "God speed" and will encourage them to keep on in this laudable undertaking.

The U. S. A. Church in their ten Synods of the South has gathered in 153,000 children into their schools, or just 13,000 less than are in

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It was wheat-threshing time. Patient oxen, asses and even camels are driven in endless circles around the floor, the straw thrown under their feet. It is astonishing how clean it is threshed, and a mystery how the various neighbors know what proportion of the grain belongs to them, for the wheat of the village is threshed together. Men and boys were busy and happy that July day, and entirely ready to pose for amateur photographers.

Under the altar of a beautiful Roman church they exhibit the foundations of the home of Nathaniel, in which Jesus turned the water into wine. Nathaniel was the bridegroom upon that occasion. Perhaps these traditions are correct, and perhaps this is the site of Jesus' first miracle. Cana is but a little village, set picturesquely on a covert of the low range of mountains that separate Galilee and the Plain of Esdraclon. The village clusters below a magnificent fountain whose clear, pure water bursts from the bosom of the hills. Cana has been



Roman Catholic church, Cana, over the reputed site of Nathaniel's home. Moncera's home is to the immediate right of the beautiful church.

a place of comparative quiet and has not witnessed such violent changes as Jerusalem and other cities. So the traditions that cling to these relics of a long-gone past are more apt to be accurate. We held flickering candles high and followed the black-robed father down slippery steps. He showed a water-pot of stone; one of the very vessels in which the water was turned to wedding wine! If only they would not press our credulity too far their stories would receive more credence. But, for all that, I liked the church, its architecture and atmosphere, and I especially admired the inscription on a marble slab over the entrance, "Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus." (We will worship in the place where His feet have stood.)

A little further down the street is the Greek church. We did not like it, nor its father, nor the two water-pots (the very pots, identical and so forth), nor the lack of cleanliness, nor the general ruin and delapidation. The Greek church is ubiquitous in holy places. If they do not possess an authentic relic they adopt one. The simple process of repetition through the years makes for confidence, you know. Who can tell that these claims are not valid? Who, indeed!

Moncera lives in a little, stone cabin so near the Latin church that one may call her Nathaniel's closest neighbor. Her grandfather was the first and for years the only Evangelical Christian in Cana, and his family are still the only Protestants among the natives. A

glance into their open, honest faces is fine testimony to the power of the Gospel. Their home was very small and in poor repair, but scrupulously clean.

In the fateful summer of 1914 Rev. J. M. Rowland, a Methodist pastor of Richmond, visited the churches of Cana. A handsome Bible, with his name and address stamped upon it in gold letters, was stolen from the hack at the village fountain.

It was Moncera's duty, as since the days of Rebecca in the East, to bring water from the fountain. One evening a Moslem accosted Moncera, then a little girl of twelve.

"You can read. What book is this?"

"It is an English book," she replied. At a glance she saw it was a handsome Bible.

"I'll sell you the book for fifty piastres (\$2.00); you can read it, I cannot."

"Oh, I have not so much money," she replied, "but I would like to buy the book. If you will sell for twelve piastres (48 cents) I'll try to get that." They made a bargain, and Moncera secured the Bible.

The same summer Turkey entered the war and Moncera's father was drafted, but for fifty pounds Egyptian (\$200) he secured exemption for one year. It was a heavy burden for a very poor man with a large family of small children. But he labored day and night against starvation and the next call. It came the second year. By exhausting every possible asset he raised another fifty pounds. But in 1916 they forced him into service. They knew him for a Protestant, a member of the Church of England, a Palestinian who confessedly escaped the army as long as possible, so German efficiency and Turkish brutality combined to crush the life out of him. They pushed him into places of drudgery, danger and death. He refused to die, but his health is sadly broken today, a man of fifty, he is feeble as a man of eighty.

After their father's departure every squad that passed through Cana plundered the humble home of Moncera. The neighbors escaped unwelcome visits by pointing the hungry soldiers to the home of the Protestant Christian. Time and again their little store of provisions was swept bare. The cry of hunger from little lips that could not suffer in silence was forever in the toiling mother's ear and on her heart.

Through the dreadful year of 1917 the days grew ever darker. The pinch of poverty grew ever more acute, and starvation stalked boldly through all the war and famine-stricken countryside. The military authorities grew harsher and their exactions daily more burdensome.

As the November days were drawing in the worst blow fell. A Turkish officer ordered the family to prepare for deportation. The girls would be taken to Constantinople, the mother and little boys would be sent to Syria. "One week from today you depart."

Moncera told the story to her sympathetic guests in her little home. When she reached this episode her voice choked and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"It seemed as though our hearts would break. We cried by day, and prayed by night. I did not see how Jesus could forsake us! My grandfather trusted Him, my father trusted