



Rev. F. A. Juskat

VOL LVI.

NO. 9.

 The 
Reformed Presbyterian
= ADVOCATE. =

SEPTEMBER 1922.

Published in the interests of the Principles and Institutions of the
General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE for CHRIST'S CROWN and COVENANT.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
REV. R. W. CHESNUT, Ph. D., Editor and Publisher.
AT Duanesburgh, N. Y.

= Terms: \$1.00 Per Year in Advance. =

ADVOCATE PRINT, Duanesburgh, N. Y.

Entered as Second Class Mail matter, October 29, 1919, at the Post Office at
Duanesburgh, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Reformed Presbyterian **ADVOCATE.**

Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

Published the first of each month by Rev. R. W. Chesnut, Ph. D. at Duaneburgh, N. Y.
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EDITORIAL.

August has been vacation month to many of our readers, while many more have had no vacation at all. We hope that those who have had the pleasure of a vacation have profited by it and are now ready for renewed effort in their work. Time flies very swiftly, and soon another year will have passed by. This is the month for the opening of the schools and Colleges, and our best wishes go out to them all. The success of our work in all lines will depend to a large degree on the energy we put into our work.

The London Conference has adjourned without being able to solve the knotty problems in the affairs of European nations. Truly the conditions there are in a sad plight. They have all been sowing the wind, and they are now reaping the whirlwind. The harvest is more than they can well take care of; such is European Diplomacy.

Authur Griffith, one of the Irish leaders in the National party suddenly died, during the month of August, and thus was one of the most useful men in the establishing of stable government in Ireland, taken away at a time when it seemed most needful that he be spared. However, under the leadership of Mr. Collins

who has recently been killed in battle, and his leading officers, the power and reactionary elements following DeValera, is being overcome. Ireland now has a good chance to secure the best kind of government that can be established under present conditions, if the people will show themselves worthy of it. The present crisis will determine whether or not they are capable of self government.

Prohibition enforcement goes on with increased energy and truly the smuggler and bootlegger has a rough road to travel. While there are many cases of illegal sale, and illicit stills and brews, the law is enforced with greater success than other laws in our land against crime. Many cry out that the law is a failure and on that account it should be abolished. However those who are caught in the act, are usually satisfied that Prohibition is quite a success. Automobiles are being stolen by the hundreds but we don't hear any one advocating the repeal of the law against stealing, and the legalizing of theft because some people will steal. In many places this issue of destroying or modifying in some way the 18th Amendment is being submitted to the people at our coming elections. This is a special time for all people who favor law and good government to be careful who they vote for. Every legislator who is not in favor of the strict enforcement of the temperance laws of our nation should be defeated on election day. This is our Christian duty Will we do it?

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY

Houston Ky. Aug. 8, 1922,

Dear friends of the Kentucky Mission,

It is my turn to write a letter to our church paper so I shall write you all a few lines. I suppose you all know the Kentucky Mission was sold by Associate Presbyterian Church the last of June to the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Although the Mission has changed hands yet Miss Cunningham

the founder of the Mission and Miss Elva Foster who helped her for many years to establish it; both of these fine christian ladies will be in the Mission work this year. Miss Cunningham is here now, and Miss Foster is planning to be here by the first of September. Miss Estella Foster a sister of Miss Elva Foster is the matron at the dormitory. She has given many years of life as a nurse. She is a very capable worker and is especially fine with the children in Sabbath School. Miss Calla Turner whose home is here and who has been attending Cedarville College for the past three years, will teach this year in the Mission. She is really a beautiful christian character and makes a fine mission teacher by example and also in precept.

Miss Cunningham, Miss Turner and myself are teaching in the Mission School now. When Miss Elva Foster comes she will aid in the teaching too. Our school is spoken of as being one of the best in Breathitt Co. We have ninety-eight boys and girls in our school now, that is about twenty more than there has been for years. Education plays a great part in doing effective home missionary work. As we all realize this fact we are trying our best to have a good mission school. We ask that you the friends of this mission, that you, will not forget us in your prayers. We feel that we need your help and we know our labor cannot be blest of God unless His favor is resting richly upon it.

We are planning to have rally day the first Sabbath in Sept. and hope to have a fine time that day.

The crops are looking very good and there is plenty of fruit apples and peaches etc. There were blackberries by the bush-el.

The people here are hospitable and love company. They are kind hearted and very generous with whatever they have. Any missionary who has been here will say the spirit of hospitality is not surpassed anywhere you go. This is only one of the many good qualities of the people, among whom it is my privilege to labor. May God cause His light to shine upon them more and more until Jesus shall come. With these words I shall close,

Yours sincerely,

Paul W. Duncan.

CHINESE ARMIES GET RELIGION

By Rev. Carleton Lacy,
Secretary China Agency of the American Bible Society.

Sun Yat-sen has run away. He grabbed a gun-boat or two, sent a few machine-gun volleys at the inoffensive Canton river-front, and departed for regions unknown. Chen Chung-ming is again in charge of the "Southern Capital." Chen is the general who, as governor of Kwantung, put through the reform measures that made Sun once more popular in America. Chen did the work; Sun got the glory.

Now Sun has gone and Chen has declared in favor of the new Peking government. The chances are bright for a reunited China under Li Yuan-hung, supported by Generals Wu Pei-fu in the north and Chen Chung-ming in the south.

What has all this to do with the Chinese armies getting religion? Just this. By coincidence or otherwise, the most effective fighting units in China today are certain divisions under these two generals—divisions that have almost literally been eating up the scriptures. A few weeks ago Chang Tso-lin was reported to be holding an impregnable position in the western hills near Peking. Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian Governor of Shensi, led his little army out of remote Sianfu, hurled it against Chang's Fengtien troops, and drove the invader back to Manchuria, begging terms of peace.

While that was taking place a missionary from Sianfu came to my office to pay for \$475 worth of Bibles, Testaments and gospels, and to order another big consignment. He said that almost every soldier in Feng's army carries a Testament and the officers nearly all own leather-bound Bibles. More than that, they have set a style for the people of the city, who, on every hand, are buying the book that has made an army not only tolerable, but decent, likable.

A passenger on a train recently was rather startled to hear two well-dressed gentlemen break forth into song, and more

so when he recognized the tune and found that they were singing a Christian hymn. They were officers in General Feng's army, the division that "won the war" for Wu Pei-fu. A hymn-book and a Bible were their traveling companions on the train.

Down south it was much the same. The Christians of Canton decided that the city needed a moral clean-up. The gambling joints and lotteries were notorious. The churches had good sense enough to try for government co-operation in the campaign. Governor Chen's government was prudent enough to capitalize public opinion. Result: the churches agitated, the government acted, and American newspapers gave Sun Yat-sen the credit. Then followed the purity-campaign in similar fashion. The clean-up was not so complete, but noteworthy nevertheless. The Christian forces achieved with the aid of a good governor, and Dr. Sun wore the feather.

While this was going on the Christians decided to carry their welfare work into the barracks. This was undertaken in a most friendly spirit. To top it off the churches and a school of blind boys contributed \$122, the Bible Societies cut prices, and with the co-operation of the Y. M. C. A. 1500 New Testaments were presented to the men of one of these brigades before they broke camp. Again we do not know what the little books had to do with it; but Chen Chung-ming's troops are now in control at Canton, and order has been restored since the hasty departure of Sun Yat-sen.

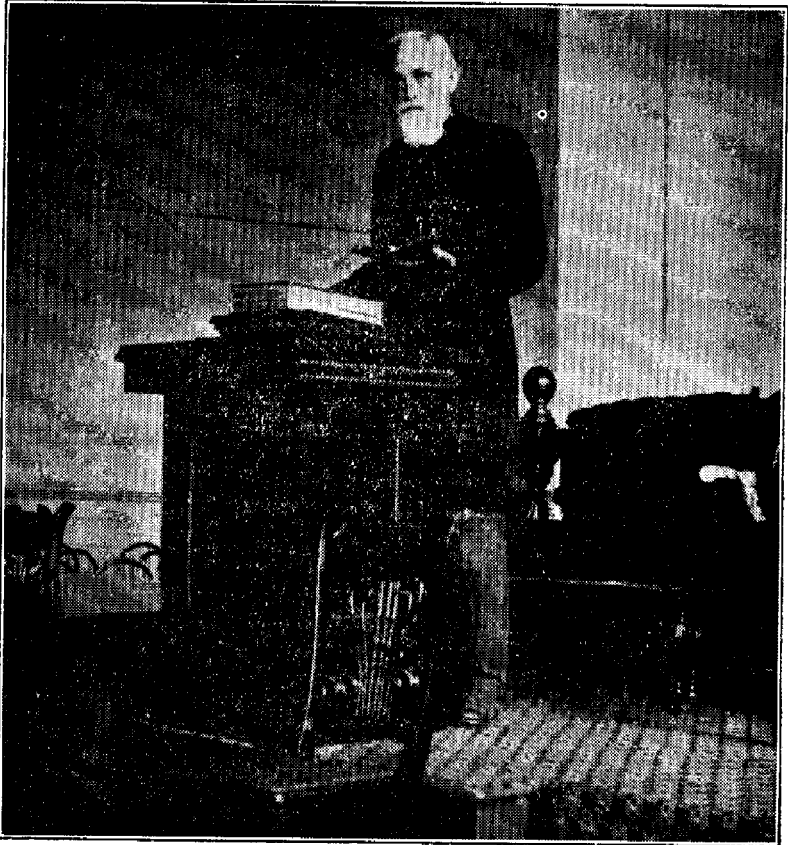
"Soldier" used to be a synonym for "Sinner" of the worst sort; everyone hated the troops and dreaded their coming. Since the Bibles have gone into the camps and the armies began to get religion things have been better. If Li Yuan-hung succeeds in holding the country together and in establishing order from Peking to Canton, he and all China will owe much to Generals Wu and Chen and their Bible-reading armies.

NOTICE

The Pittsburgh R. P. Presbytery will meet in R. P. Church, Fairview Beaver County Pa., on the second Tuesday of Sept. The 12th day of the month, at eleven o'clock A. M.

Signed, Alex. Savage, Clerk.

Fifty years as Pastor of the Bethel Reformed
Presbyterian Congregation, Sparta, Illinois.



REV. W. J. SMILEY.

Through the courtesy of the Sparta News-Plaindealer, we are able to give our readers a picture of our long time friend and christian brother, Rev. W. J. Smiley, of Sparta, Ill. who has recently closed a pastorate of half a century in one congregation.

It was our pleasure to meet and make the acquaintance of Brother Smiley, in Oct. 1874, forty eight years ago.

He was then much younger than we are accustomed to see occupying the pulpit but was possessed of those qualities that made him strong in his ministerial influence both in and out of the pulpit. We all thought it a rare privilege to have him as our guest for a short time, and although but a small boy then I well remember a text of one of his sermons during our communion services, Hebrews 10:23. This was some years before I had even thought of entering the ministry. Our next meeting was in 1877, and subsequently we met a few times, but not until in Oct. 1885 did I really realize the worth of such a friend. It was he who gave me my examination in theology, and three years later conducted the program at my ordination and installation at Marissa, Ill. Here, and on many other similar occasions with other young men, the high scholarly character and fairness of all his questions made him beloved by all. His advice was sought and received on many occasions and never did we receive anything but we felt to be from a sincere heart and thoughtful mind. After twenty-two years of fellowship in the same Presbytery, the bonds of christian fellowship were still stronger, and since then, our separation has taught more fully his worth as a friend and counsellor.

Although a man of few words, every word counted much. His congregation know something of his worth all along, but now they knew it better than ever. Kind, gentle, unassuming, and faithful in all his house, may truthfully be said of him. As he has thus closed Fifty years of labor for his Master, the value of which can never be measured by any human hand, but will receive it full recognition when the crowns for faithful service are being bestowed on the faithful.

Such words are usually spoken after ones death, but in this case they are appropriate while he still lives to see the fruits of his labors.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Num. 6: 24-26.

—Editor.

THEIR ANGELS.

My heart is lonely as heart can be,
 And the cry of Rachel goes up from me,
 For the tender faces unforgot
 Of the little children that are not:
 Although, I know,
 They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way;
 But life goes forward and will not stay,
 And He who made it has made it right:
 Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight.
 Although, I know,
 They are in the land where I shall go,

Only one has died. There is one small mound,
 Violet heaped, in the sweet grave ground;
 Twenty years they have bloomed and spread
 Over the little baby head:
 And Oh! I know
 She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Not dead: only grown and gone away.
 The hair of my darling is turning gray,
 That was golden once in the days so dear.
 Over and over for many a year.
 Yet I know, I know
 She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright brave boy is a grave eyed man,
 Facing the world as a worker can;
 But I think of him now as I had him then,
 And I lay his cheek to my heart again,
 And so I know,
 I shall have him there where we both shall go.

Out from the Father, and into life:
 Back to His breast from the ended strife,
 And the finished labor. I hear the word
 From the lips of Him who was Child and
 Lord,

And I know, that so
 It shall be in the land where we shall go.

Given back, with the gain. The secret this
 Of the blessed Kingdom of Children is!
 My mother's arms are waiting for me;
 I shall lay my head on my fathers knee;
 For so, I know,
 I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
 And men and women grow gray and old:
 But behind the world is an inner place
 Where yet their angels behold God's face.

And lo! we know,
 That only the children can see Him so!
 ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY

BACK TO PRE-WAR PRICES.

Christian workers all over the country will be glad to learn that the Bible at least is getting back to pre-war prices. For the first time in almost five years the American Bible Society is able to offer Gospels with heavy paper cover for one cent. An edition of the Gospel of John is already off the press and the other Gospels will be prepared in the same style and in various languages. One is amazed that a book of 64 pages, so attractively covered, is issued for one cent.

Issued by the American Bible Society,
 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wing of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist;
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day:

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like a benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice;
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

Sweet country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others not their own;
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plow'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove,
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West;
No, thy ambitious masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or to pay thy hinds, and cleere
All scores, and so to end the yeare;

But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds;
For well thou know'st, 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plowman's horne,
Calis forth the lily wristed morne;
Then to thy cornfield thou dost go,
Which, though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands:
There at the plow thou find'st thy teame,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plow;
This done, and then to the enameled meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herbe and flower;
And smell'st the breath of a great eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine:
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steere,
The heifer, cow and oxe draw neare,
To make a pleasing pastime there:
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short, sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepard piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantrie, and playes,
Thou hast thy eves and holydayes;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,

Tripping the comely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crowned.
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
 The maypoles, too, with garlands grac't,
 Thy Morris dance, thy Whitsun ale,
 Thy shearing feast; with never faile,
 Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowle,
 That's tost up after fox i' the hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy twelf tide kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revelings,
 Thy nut browne mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man pays too deare for it;
 To these thou hast thy times to goe,
 And chase the hare i' the snow;
 Thy witty wiles to draw and get
 The larke into the trammel net:
 Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made,
 Thy lime twigs, snares, and pitfalls then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
 Oh happy life! if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood:
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these,
 And, lying down, have nought to affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Robert Herrick

SPECIAL NOTICE ! There are a good many subscriptions coming due this month and we would consider it a great favor if those whose subscriptions expire now would renew as soon as possible.

The Christian Endeavor meetings in our Duanesburgh Congregation have been more than usually good this summer. The attendance and interest was never so good in recent years.

SPECIAL NOTICE ! There are a good many subscriptions coming due this month and we would consider it a great favor if those whose subscriptions expire now would renew as soon as possible.

Our College and Seminary open next week and we hope the attendance may be large, and that the work for the coming year may be carried on without any serious interruption. The president of the College has been spending some time in Minnesota this summer, and we were informed that Mrs. McChesney had been quite sick. We hope she has recovered and is now able to return home again in improved health. We miss the College news this month, and also the interesting and profitable letters from Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. We hope these letters may be forth coming this season, and that they may visit all our congregations as soon as possible.

LETTER FROM W. J. ALFORD

Paris, July, 1922.

Dear Friend.

I wonder if you would be interested in a small account of my wanderings this last winter.

I left New York on S. S. Paris and arrived in France on December 2. I left Paris on the 13th inst. and went to Nice for a week. From there I went on to Genoa, which is now famous for the Peace Conference. After this I went to Rome, and spent Xmas week in that ancient city, which is so full of history and so much clusters around it that I will not speak further of it.

Cedarville College.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO

The Twenty-ninth year opens Sept., 5, 1922.

Our Church College is growing. It is recognized at home and abroad. The work is thorough and sound. The environment is healthful and safe. All our students are active Christians. We can give you any course of study that you wish. Enter College and prepare yourself for the great tasks and duties awaiting you in your life-work

Preparatory, Collegiate, Music, Household Arts and Theological Courses, as well as courses for teachers. A school for both sexes.

W. R. McCHESNEY, Ph. D., D. D., President.

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Our Seminary is one of the oldest in the United States. It has a full faculty and modern courses. Regular seminary course of three years, leading to a diploma. Four-years' course leading to the degree of B. D. A five-years' combined Arts and Theology course, leading to the degree of A. B. Bible and Mission courses for both sexes. Young men of our own church are asked to consider the Gospel ministry. Open to students of all churches.

For further particulars write to

REV. W. R. McCHESNEY, Ph. D., D. D., Dean.