

c/o American Presbyterian Mission

Tsinan (East Suburb), North China.

Miss Turnbull & Begrimers, 15 June 1938

Dear Friend: S. -

I am enclosing a sheet of the so-called famous "Ghost money." A small package is said by the Chinese to be worth \$10,000 Mexican, in the spirit world. This money is burned in the temples to idols and in front of the graves of ancestors. Much of the time and thought and real money of the living is spent in taking care of the graves of the dead, and in making the ghosts of dead ancestors "feel good." If neglected, they are supposed to bring calamity upon the family and village. This means that the people live in fear of the spooks of their ancestors all the time. In China the dead are literally eating up the living.

This money is often secured through priests who charge exorbitant prices for it. It is only cheap silvered or gilded paper. A small package of it is sold for several times its actual worth, the price varying with the prominence and reputation of the temple from which it is purchased, and with the wealth and prominence of the purchaser. When this is burned, the Chinese, at the same time, burn incense, and bow down three times, knocking their heads on the ground.

Those who can afford it, have in front of the grave mound an upright (slab) stone with the name of the ancestor, and also a flat stone lying horizontally in front of the grave. Then over the coffin, a still larger stone is laid so that thieves may not be able to open the casket and take out the fine clothes of the newly buried, or take off the jewelry. Upon those horizontal slabs, on festival days for the dead, are set numerous bowls of the best food and wine—which the people dare not leave there long, for fear it will be stolen or for fear the spooks might eat it! It goes without saying that the offerers themselves soon make away with the "offered up" food.

Particularly during November is much of this "ghost money" burned in our section of China, because then money must be provided for the spooks to use in buying warm clothing for the cold months—"getting over the winter," this is called; also, it is much used in connection with a generally observed festival of the spring "the Pure Brightness," occurring about our Easter time, when all physical nature is waking from its long sleep and the spirits of the deceased must be reminded again that they are not unfilially forgotten.

Please, pray with us that, under the preaching of the Gospel, the hearts of the people may be so touched that they will no longer be, as Paul says, "Under the bondage of fear" and "bowing to gods that are no good."

It is remarkable how many imitations and counterfeits of the good and true things of the Gospel that the Devil has, e.g., this false filial piety and this degraded suggestion, in the "Ching Ming" festival ("Clean Brightness"), of what our Christian Easter, with its "blessed hope" and comfort, really is.

Cordially yours,

Char. E. Scott

3rd & Rieley Streets,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Faithful Unto Death

By ROBERT E. BROWN, M.D., Superintendent Methodist Hospital, Wuhu, Anhwei, China

An account of the martyrdom of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stam at the hands of Chinese Communists

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith, of The Christian and Missionary Alliance Mission in Central China, were stationed at Nanling at the time Mr. and Mrs. Stam were captured by the Communists. It was the report of the fall of Tsingteh and the approach of the Communists which caused Mr. and Mrs. Smith to go to Wuhu. It later proved that they were the first to bring the news to Wuhu of the taking of Tsingteh. Several days elapsed before any word of the Stam tragedy reached the city. This gives some idea of the speed with which the Communists travel when attacking.

It has been reported that "Red" spies were in the City of Wuhu, looking for our Brother Smith, since the Communists were greatly incensed over his escape from their hands last summer in Kweichow.

We need to pray much for all who labor for Christ in this troubled land, that great grace shall be upon them.—D. M.

THE capture of Rev. and Mrs. John C. Stam and their baby, Helen Priscilla, is an exposition of the mind and method of the Communists as they are operating in China today. The events as reported by eyewitnesses are as follows: On December 6th, the Communists made a surprise attack and entered the town of Tsingteh about noon. After looting, the Communists carried off the Stam family and a considerable number of Chinese people. It was reported that one wealthy Chinese in Tsingteh was promised his freedom on payment of \$40,000. After making payment of this amount, he still was not released, but taken away by the Communists. They left Tsingteh early on the morning of the 7th and marched rapidly for fifty li to Miaosheo, arriving there before noon. This city they occupied. The Stams were left at the post office while the town was being taken. The postmaster offered them fruit and tea. Mrs. Stam ate something, but Mr. Stam took advantage of the moment to write a letter which he left with the postmaster. Someone asked Mr. Stam where they were being taken. He replied, "We are going to heaven." Evidently they had overheard the Communists say that they were to be killed. They were placed in a large home which had been looted. Mr. Stam was tied to the end of the bed so that it was impossible for him to lie down. Mrs. Stam and the baby were allowed to use the bed.

The next morning they were led through the streets, and the poor people of the town who had not fled to the mountains were called to witness the execution of the foreigners. It is reported that they walked with unshaken courage and calm assurance, probably conscious of Another walk-

ing with them up the hill. At the head of the main street on a hill, the Communist officer addressed the crowd, explaining that the foreigners were hurting China by helping Chiang Kai-shek and the present Nanking government, as demonstrated by using the people's money to build new roads throughout the country, therefore they should be killed. When they ordered Mr. Stam to kneel down for the knife, a number of people, including some non-Christians, were daring enough to speak in behalf of the American missionary and his wife. They were rewarded by kicks and curses. One Christian shopkeeper fell on his knees before the execu-

est praise, for it no doubt meant the death of this innocent man. Mr. Stam was ordered to kneel at which time he began speaking to the crowd. What he said is not known, but it was probably a Christian testimony. While he was speaking, the executioner cut his throat. Mrs. Stam was then made to kneel and her head was almost severed from her body from behind. This occurred about ten in the morning. At one o'clock government troops arrived outside the city and firing began. Sporadic firing between the Communists and the soldiers continued until four p.m. without any change in position. The Communists did little firing, evidently being short of ammunition. The fighting could clearly be seen by those on the mountain top. The Communists were still in possession of the city but withdrew during the night.

Loving Service

Mr. Lo, a Chinese pastor, was taken captive by the Communists on their arrival in Miaosheo but was released when they learned that he had arrived only the day before. He then fled with most of the townspeople to the mountains, and only later learned that two foreigners had been killed by the Communists. On the next morning, Sunday, he came down from the mountains to investigate and see if he could be of any help. This was a dangerous thing to do as the Communists had only withdrawn to the hills, and it was expected that they might return at

any time. Upon arriving on the streets, the people confirmed the report that the two missionaries had been killed, but he learned that the baby was still alive. With considerable difficulty he inquired the whereabouts of the child, as the people were afraid to give information. Finally



Pastor Lo

The brave Chinese pastor who rescued little Helen Priscilla Stam, and cared for her after the execution of her parents

tioner and begged for their lives, finally asking that if they would not spare both, to save Mrs. Stam. For his persistence he was accused of being one of them and was bound and taken away. We have since heard that he was killed. Such Christian courage and loyalty deserves the high-

an old lady pointed in the direction of a house. On coming to the house, he heard the infant crying and found it after traversing many courtyards and rooms. It had been there alone without food or care for over twenty-four hours. He took the child out and found a Chinese mother among the group of sympathetic people. She volunteered to nurse the baby.

He then went to look for the bodies and found them still lying exposed except for a few handfuls of grass which had been laid over them by someone. At this time the government troops entered the town. When the officer in charge learned that two foreigners were there and that their bodies were outside, he gave orders that the local officials should be responsible and provide coffins and see that they were properly cared for. However, all local officials and people of responsibility had fled the city and were still in the mountains, so after some time the Chinese pastor offered to see that the bodies were placed in coffins. He went to a coffin shop and purchased two coffins and had them carried to where the bodies were located. He bought some cloth in which to wrap the bodies, there being no opportunity to have clothes made. He washed the faces and stitched the wounds as best he could and placed them in the coffins.

Loyal Witnessing

At this time Mr. Lo spoke to the assembled crowd, telling them the Stams had come not for themselves but to tell our people of God's love and that they had laid down their lives to bring this message of salvation. He ended with an exhortation to the people to accept Christ. There were two other Christians in the group, who with the Chinese pastor then offered prayer. There were many expressions of sympathy from the bystanders. Some were weeping, others cursing the Communists for what they had done.

Some Chinese people were also killed in Miaosheo, but it is the cus-

tom of the Communists to disfigure the bodies of the Chinese and bury them, so they cannot be recognized. This is doubtless done so it is possible to continue to demand ransom even after the victims are dead. As is usual in such cases, the perpetrators of this outrage were not from the local people but were one of the scattered bands of Communists who had been driven out of Kiangsi into Chekiang and were then attacked by the Chinese troops and fled into the mountains of southern Anhwei. There were between two and three thousand, mostly young men of high



"The Miracle Baby"

Helen Priscilla Stam, in a rice basket, just as she was brought into the C. I. M. compound at Suancheng, after days of travel overland. She is dressed in the same clothing in which her mother left her when she was led away to martyrdom

school age, but the type of young men who are not wanted in the schools and who with some of their teachers have become Communists in revolt against the government. It is reported that Mrs. Stam was beheaded by a lad of only sixteen years.

The Rescued Babe

The Chinese pastor again turned his attention to the baby and found that Mrs. Stam had made provision for the little one to the best of her ability, hoping that someone would save it. A ten-dollar bill was found wrapped in a piece of paper among clean napkins between the baby's blankets. On the table there was an empty powdered milk tin, a little sugar and some crackers.

The pastor gathered his family

and started on the long walk of forty miles to Kinhsien, the nearest large city toward Wuhu. They carried Helen Priscilla with their own baby in rice baskets. Mothers along the way volunteered to nurse the baby. On arrival at Kinhsien, the pastor's wife found a tin of powdered milk in a Chinese store which she purchased. Her own baby had been born two years before at The Wuhu General Hospital; and while she was a patient there, she had learned how to prepare powdered milk for infant feeding. With this knowledge she put the little orphan on a regular three-hour schedule of powdered milk in the proportions in which she had been taught. It was then taken by sedan chair to Suancheng where it was received by Rev. Geo. Birch and brought to Wuhu by train. It arrived in Wuhu Friday, December 14th, having been in the sole care of Chinese friends for nearly a week. It returned to Wuhu just three months and four days after its birth. Soon after its arrival the baby was seen by Dr. Robert E. Brown and other members of the staff of the Wuhu General Hospital. It was in perfect health and smiled from its little crib all unconscious of the sorrow in its life.

It is the first tragedy of this kind that has come in this district for many years. Our hearts have been bowed in grief at the loss of these beloved fellow-workers, but through our tears we see in faith the blood of the martyrs becoming the seed of a more spiritual church. Pray for us that we may carry on the work for which they gave their lives.

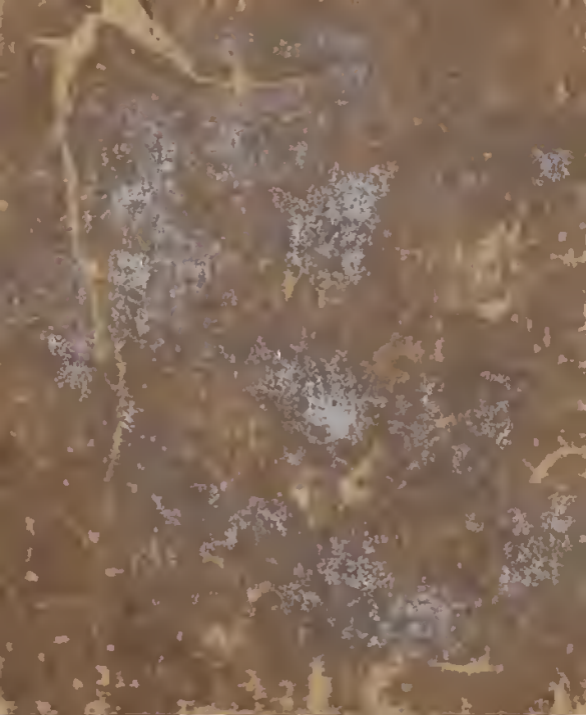
The Stams' picture by courtesy of the Moody Bible Institute.

These two pages greatly reduced in size from the Alliance Weekly are but a sample of its many pages of up-to-date world wide missionary news.

Subscription only two dollars per year.

C. L. Eicher





Dear *Miss Turnbull* :-

Sample tract used by C. E. Scott in village street preaching.



四 海 皆 鄰 圖 說 (官 話)

有一個律法師，起來試探耶穌說，夫子，我該作甚麼，纔可以承受永生。耶穌對他說，律法上寫的是甚麼，你念的是怎樣呢。他回答說，你要全心，全性，全力，全意，愛主你的真神，又要愛你的鄰舍，如同自己。耶穌說，你回答的是，你這樣行，就必得永生。那人要顯明自己有理，就對耶穌說，誰是我的鄰舍呢。耶穌回答說，有一個人從耶路撒冷下耶利哥去，落在強盜手中，他們剝去他的衣裳，把他打個半死，就丟下他走了。偶然有一個祭司，從這條路下來，看見他，就從那邊過去了。又有一個利未人，來到這地方，看見他，也照樣從那邊過去了。惟有一個撒馬利亞人，行路來到他那裏，看見就動了慈心，上前用油和酒，倒在他的傷處，包裹好了，扶他騎上自己的牲口，帶到店裏去照應他。第二天，拿出二錢銀子來，交給店主說，你且照應他。此外所費用的，我回來必要還你。你想這三個人，那一個是落在強盜手中的鄰舍呢。他說是憐憫他的。耶穌對他說，你去照這樣行罷。

路加十章二十五至三十七章

這圖下的一段話，是從新約全書中路加福音摘出來的，單論到耶穌用比方發明愛憐人的道理，若要多知道耶穌的實跡，請上福音堂，或耶穌堂，出幾文錢，買聖書查考，便可以知道詳細，又可以向人間這書中的本意。

圖上畫的是一個善人，恩待一個受傷的異鄉人，願意爲他費事，冒險給他搽上藥，用布包裹，又將他送到店裏，肯爲他費錢，待他真是恩愛兩全，令人可愛。耶穌說這比方，無非是要人彼此相愛，雖不同鄉，也要以愛心爲主。這都因他自己是這樣行，留下榜樣，叫我們學他。從天上到世上來，本是因爲愛人，他也親口說，真神愛世人，甚至將獨生子賜給他們，叫凡信服他的，不至滅亡，反有永生。約翰三章十六節

圖上的撒馬利亞人，爲一個生人，肯費事花錢，可算愛心不小，但耶穌的愛心，比這個還大得幾百萬倍。怎見得呢？因他爲各方的人民，肯在十字架上，捨身送命，替罪人受了說不盡的苦楚，把他們從罪惡裏救出來，愛心再沒有比這個大的了。正如經上說，爲義人死，是少有的，爲仁人死，或者有敢作的，惟有基督耶穌的別名，在我們還作罪人的時候，爲我們死，真神的愛，就在此向我們顯明了。羅馬五章六節七章

真神要天下人得救

經上說，太初真神創造天地萬物，真神說，我們當按自己的形像造人，就按自己的形像造人，造出來的人，是純全無疵，就像真神的形像。造了以後，真神就把人安置在極好的園裏，賜他百般的福氣，待他如父母待兒女一樣。父母愛子之心，無所不至，真神愛人也是這樣，可惜人辜負真神的大恩，不聽他的吩咐，不遵他的命令，一味的縱欲犯罪，惹災招禍，理當受罰，正是順天者存，逆天者亡，好像枝子離了樹榦，免不了枯乾。若是真神照人的罪罰他，世上早已無人了，但真神的心就是愛，不輕易動怒，不忍看人遭罪，真有愛民如子之心，所以給人開一條正路走，那一條路呢？就是悔罪改過，棄惡歸善的路。正如經上說，我們若認自己的罪，真神是信實的，是公義的，必要赦免我們的罪，洗淨我們一切的不義。約翰第一章九節但說到認罪一事，到底要向誰認呢？且聽我細表。比方人要見官，或官要見皇上，不得任意闖進去，非得照定章程，纔能進去。人到真神面前認罪也是一理，真神定的章程，就是設立他的兒子耶穌做中保，叫凡到他面前來認罪的，都可以蒙恩赦免，脫盡一切的罪惡，得着重生的心性，恨惡罪惡，喜歡真理，又可以得憐恤，蒙恩惠，作隨時的幫助，不至被壞風俗纏繞住了。若你我趁早回頭，倚靠這位中保耶穌，認罪向善，也合乎真神的心意，必要得救。正如經上說，真神願意萬人得救，明白真道，因爲只有一位真神，在真神和人間，只有一位中保，就是爲人的基督耶穌。提摩太前書第二章五節我們果真有心求告這位中保，他也必滿心應允，切不可求菩薩，拜偶像。當日這位中保耶穌在世間的時候，人求他，他無有不聽，難道說他如今在天上變了心嗎？斷乎不能，凡求告他的，必大有效驗了。

Their Welcome in Heaven'

By Hugh Richardson Fitch

To an American missionary and his poet wife,
John and Betty Stam, martyred in China, 1934.

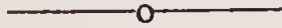
IN THAT far choir, bright choir, where
martyrs stand
In white-winged, white-robed splendor,
row on row,
And sing of One with locks like purest snow,
Or sing of conquered sword, rack, hissing
brand,
Of slanders, jeers, of torments Devil-planned,
Of joy through tribulation and great woe —
In that white choir I see two new souls go
~~In~~ ^{No} tears — ~~all~~ Christ takes each one by the
hand.

One is a mother — she a poet sweet,
And one a preacher — he with blessed feet;
And crowding round with joyous, swift
wing-beat,
The courteous, sweet-faced Chinese martyrs
greet
Them, saying, "Yours was martyrdom
complete,
Dear Reapers, reaping alien fields of wheat."

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
JOHN AND BETTY



*"ABSENT FROM THE BODY —
AT HOME WITH THE LORD"*



AN ANNIVERSARY LETTER

Dec. 8, 1934 — Dec. 8, 1935

from

CLARA AND CHARLES ERNEST SCOTT.

"YUAN LIANG"

Our original plan was to get this letter out to our friends in January. But the strenuousness of missionary duties, plus the slowness of printers in the East-that-cannot be hurried, have delayed publication until now. And so we ask you kindly to "*Yuan Liang*" (pardon) the delay.

Tsinan, Sung.,

China.

April, 1936.

Clara and

Charles Ernest Scott.

American Presbyterian Mission,
Tsinan (East Suburb), Shantung,
Dec. 8, 1935.

Dear Friends,

We have been deeply touched by your words of loving sympathy for us in connection with the witness of our dear ones, John and Betty, who one year ago sealed their testimony for their Lord with their blood.

Although you may have already received something in the form of printed statements from us and from others, we wish at this time to send you our heartfelt thanks for your messages of comfort and assurance of your prayers in behalf of us and of little Helen Priscilla.

We marvel, that, a whole year after their call to higher service, the inspiration of their brave and faithful witness is still so fresh, and we continue weekly to receive letters from far and near testifying to the deep impression their death has made upon countless lives for faith to believe, and for strength to serve Him who is Worthy. From as far north as Iceland and Sweden, and as far south as New Zealand, Australia and South Africa, as well as from China, Korea, Japan and the Philippines; also from all over the United States, Canada, England and Scotland; from France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, even from India, Arabia, Egypt, and Mesopotamia, South America, and the Belgian Congo, has come this witness of their ever-growing influence for Christ. It awes and humbles us.

*“THE HAND OF THE LORD HATH
WROUGHT THIS”*

This universal response reminds us anew that Christ's own are to be found in all the world. What a blessed fellowship it is that binds our hearts in Christian love, sorrowing together when some member is wounded, and at the same time being able to see the glory side of it all,—the Lord's purpose being worked out and His Name magnified. We know that “All things work together for good to them that love God, even to them who are the called according to His purpose”, (Rom 8:28). We can even through our tears rejoice that our loved ones were counted worthy to suffer for His Name,—that they were faithful even unto death, knowing that “the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.” (Rom. 8:18)

“My life is just a weaving,
Between my Lord and me,
I cannot choose the colors,
He worketh steadily;
Oft times He weaveth sorrow,
And I, in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper
And I the underside.

Not 'till the loom is silent,
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the canvas,
And explain the reason why
The dark threads are as needful,
In the weaver's skillful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.”

Long before this severe testing came we had committed our beloved children wholly into the Lord's hands.

Naturally we were shocked by the news of their capture, brought to us in the first telegram of the 10th of December, yet by His grace we did not for a moment doubt God's infinite wisdom, power and love. We claimed the Divine assurance: "Be not afraid of sudden fear; neither of the desolation wrought by the wicked, when it cometh; for the Lord shall be thy confidence, and He shall keep thy foot from being moved." (Proverbs 3:25-26); and also, "Lord God, Thou hast made heaven and earth by Thy great power. There is nothing too hard for Thee." (Jeremiah 32:17)

Day and night we besought God that, if it were in accord with His will, they might be marvelously released from their captors; but, if He saw fit, in His purpose infinitely right and beneficent, not to answer us in that way, we were willing to trust the outcome to Him, praying that He would do whatever would bring the greater glory to His name. We parents would have willingly taken their places, were that possible—in order that their fresh, young lives, so full of promise, might be spared for many years of service here below.

We recognized His searching truth: "My ways are not your ways; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." (Isaiah 55:9)

The Lord must have known, when He removed them from the vineyard here below (just as they were beginning their ministry, full of enthusiasm to win souls for Him), that He could use them in a still larger way above. One verse of the poem "AFRAID" by our friend, the Rev. E. H. Hamilton, is in point:

“Afraid? Of what?
To enter into Heaven’s rest,
And yet to serve the Master blest!
From service good to service best?
Afraid — of that?

When, on Thursday evening (Dec. 13th), we received the fateful telegram: “*Betty and John at home with the Lord,*” though tears filled our eyes, we humbly bowed to His better judgment, knowing that “He doeth all things well”; also with Job we could say: “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the Name of the Lord;” (Job. 1:21). We could also say with Job: “The hand of the Lord hath wrought this, in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. With Him is wisdom and strength.” (Job 12:9-10,13). The Holy Spirit gave us grace to say: “Even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.” (Matt. 11:26).

“Oh, surely I can trust the love
That gave an only Son,
And say in sorrow’s darkest night:
Thy will not mine be done.

Oh perfect, perfect will of God,
So far above my own!
What-e’er He gives, what-e’er He takes,
I choose His will alone.”

(Sent by a C. I. M. Moody Bible Institute Friend, one of the
Two Hundred Forward Movement Band)

And we found His word true: “My grace is
sufficient for thee”. (2 Cor. 12:9.)

THE CUP THAT MY FATHER HATH
GIVEN ME.

Indeed, I do trust my Father —
And smile through my tears, to Him;
He knows, ah! He knows, how costly
This cup, grief-filled to the brim;
And, e'en as I seek to drink it,
Through His all-sufficient grace,
In truth I see more clearly
The light of His blessed face.

Enough—that His hand hath given it!
The hand that gave all for me
Can never hold aught but blessing,
And blessing in rich degree.
Dear hand! dear hand of my Father!
Dear hand that my Saviour gave!
I tenderly now do clasp it,
And ask to be strong and brave.

However dear the Bible had been to us before, we now realized the promises to be wonderfully precious; and, trusting in God's assurance of needed strength, our hearts and minds were garrisoned in peace through Christ Jesus (Phil. 4:7). Among the many comforting passages that came to our minds was Isaiah 26:13: "Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, *because He trusteth in Thee.*"

"E'en for the dead I will not bind my soul to grief;
Death cannot long divide:
For is it not as though the rose that climbed my garden wall
Has blossomed on the other side?
Death doth hide,
But not divide:
Thou art but on Christ's other side!
Thou art with Christ, and Christ with me;
In Christ united still are we."

We could not be sorry for our loved ones, whose sorrows were forever ended, knowing that for them "to be absent from the body and to be at home with the Lord," was "far better" (2 Cor. 5:8 and Phil. 1:23), while, as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." (1 Cor. 2:9).

We are confident that, according to God's promise in Deut. 31:8, they must have been conscious of the Lord's Presence with them and been wonderfully sustained: "And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee. He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee. Fear not, neither be dismayed." "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ." I Peter 1:7.

A friend in Korea sent us this assuring thought. "When the gold is in the fire, the Smith is never far away."

THE REFINER'S FIRE

The Refiner sat by the seven-fold fire,
As He watched the precious ore;
And He bent more close, with a searching gaze,
As He heated it more and more;
For He knew the ore that could stand the test,
And He wanted the finest gold,
To mould as a crown for the King to wear,
Set with gems worth a price untold.

So He laid our gold in the flaming fire,
Though we fain would have said Him nay,
And He watched the dross that we had not seen,
And it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter, and yet more bright;
But our eyes were so dim with tears,
That we saw but the fire, not the Master's Hand;
And we questioned with anxious fears.

Should we think it pleased such a Loving Heart,
That He caused us a moment of pain?
'Tis not so; but that, through the present Cross,
We should see an eternal gain.
So we waited there, with watchful eye,
And a love He made strong and sure;
And His gold did not suffer a bit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure."

JOHN AND BETTY—A "CLOSE UP"

As we have reread the letters of Betty and John to us, we realize how prepared they were in heart and mind for just the kind of witness they were called upon to make. It had been the practice of their lives to *put the Lord first*, and they really sought to follow His leadership, making their own personal desires subservient to His will—seeking only God's best for them.

In order to give you a glimpse into their inner motives, we want to share with you a few of their letters. Betty wrote us from the moody bible institute.

"I know that God has planned our lives. Nothing can ever make me doubt that. I *know* that I can take God's activities and Person on faith, and I *will*. When we consecrate things to God, we think we are making a great sacrifice and doing a lot for Him, whereas we simply let go of some little, bitsie, tiny ornaments that we have been grabbing in our fists, and, *when they are empty*; He "fills our hands" full of real treasures." (Lev. 8:33).

Betty felt very definitely led to go out to China under the "Forward Movement" of the C.I.M., when a call was made for 200 new missionaries who would be willing to do pioneer work in hard fields in China. She wrote:

"I am attracted to the C.I.M. because of the way the whole work goes on in faith and prayer. And now, when things in China are more messy than ever, and people are being *killed, captured* and the like, the C.I.M. concludes that China needs the Gospel broadcasted more than ever, and that God wants it spread right now; and, after much prayer, they continue to put all their strength into the "Forward Movement" calling for 200 new workers *right now!* To me it sounds Apostolic; it sounds like the Acts, and I should very much like to have you give me your full approval before I apply. *If the Lord wants me to be one of the two hundred, nothing can touch me beyond His will.* It doesn't matter what happens in China. If God wants those people to be given the last chance before He comes, *what does it matter if one or two hundred missionaries are captured by the bandits, or succumb to famine, sickness, or are in any way endangered,* provided only they do what they are meant of God to do?

"As one of the men at Moody said concerning foreign missions, 'The Lord is only waiting for the last members of His body, the Church, to be gathered together safely before He comes'; and who knows but that the very last person for whom all the program of heaven is waiting may be just one Chinese person who has not yet heard the Gospel! What if both that Chinese person and the missionary are killed the next minute after he has confessed Christ; the very same minute, perhaps, Christ will come for them! I don't know what people do who don't believe in Him, or don't expect His return, do you?

"I can only pray that you will certainly be glad forever more that you gave your approval to my coming out under the C.I.M. You know that all my life nothing has made *a little* impression upon me; everything that has happened to me has either rolled off, like water from a duck's back and left not a scratch on my mental and spiritual life; or it has made so *much* impression that it has keeled me over, turned me right about face, exalted me about a million miles into the stars, or otherwise propounded drastic revolutions. So all of those 'strenuous' things have really made my life, I guess; and, if the Lord had not wanted me to get interested in the C.I.M., I don't think He would have sent me here to Moody, or allowed me to hear so much about all phases of the C.I.M. work."

Throughout Betty's letters we are impressed with the frequency of her reference to the Lord's return.

Dec. 1930 she wrote: "The Lord may come any day, but somehow I believe that I shall get to China before He comes."

April, 1930—from Moody Bible Institute, she wrote to her parents whom she had not seen for seven years :

"I believe absolutely that you are safer in China than you could be anywhere else in the world, and that God will keep you in the hollow of His Hand, while it is His will for you to be there. If I didn't know that I was to see you all through the Millenium and all through Eternity, I'd just pass right out now with missing you; and "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;" and, if it could be an absolute impossibility for you to forsake me, *how much more* is it for Christ Jesus, my Altogether Precious, Perfectly Loving and Faithful LIFE, Phil.1:21: Well, it is great, isn't it? Won't it be wonderful when we all get together forever? I doubt if there are many more years before Christ comes. How about the thousand years on earth later? Shall we all plan to meet in Tsingtao then—or do you suppose that we will have various separate kingdoms to reign over. I'd rather not have a kingdom, anyway, and may be the Lord will give me something to do *at home!*"

Both Betty and John felt that speaking to individuals about their souls was the most important part of their witness for Christ. In Betty's letters, she said:

"I am convinced that my line is evangelistic primarily. I want to be able to talk to people without any pretense of bossing them, knowing nothing "except Christ crucified," and the love of God. The more I see God's grace working in the hearts of individuals the more really thrilled I become. It is the most fascinating of occupations."

With John also it became really a passion—this winning of souls to Christ. That it was an outgrowth of

his consecration and in answer to prayer, is shown in his last letter to Betty's two younger brothers in America:

"I do thank God for a godly father and for training in Personal Work that I got in watching him, and from Moody Institute. I used to find it worse than pulling teeth to speak to a man about his soul. It used to give me icy shivers to try to testify to the saving grace of Christ. I could never find a convenient lead in the conversation that wouldn't make it seem I was 'dragging religion in by the neck.' I had to ask God to show me how terribly important His message of salvation was to the souls of men, and asked Him to deliver me from being apologetic about it. Well, *He did*; and pretty soon I found that 'all roads lead to Rome,' and that there was scarcely a topic of conversation whether history, economics, or the weather, that couldn't be made to serve as a very convenient path for bringing in the Gospel"

Was it merely co-incidence that one of the hymns sung from the Presbyterian Hymnal at the Memorial Service for John and Betty in our Home was "My Times are in Thy Hands," and several weeks later, when all that remained of their earthly possessions in their looted home in Tsingteh were brought out by their faithful cook, there was found among the relics a wall motto, (dark green with silver letters) with these words, "*My Times are in Thy Hand!*"

*"He knows and loves and cares,
Nothing this truth can dim,
He gives His very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him."*

We feel that this motto, hung up in their home, was not there merely as an ornament, but that it was a very part of their being—that they believed in it wholly, and lived by it, walking by faith very near to the Master, and leaving all choices to Him.

Even their courtship seems to have been left entirely in the Lord's hands. From Moody Bible Institute, Betty wrote us:

"I didn't realize before what a lovely character John Stam is. It is a real privilege to hear him pray; he goes deep. After these months of being good friends and comrades in Missionary Union work, China Prayer Groups, etc., it looks as if John had become really interested in me. But he has promised the Lord that he would be willing to serve Him in some pioneer field *alone*, in connection with the Forward Movement, *and he does want the Lord's will to be done at any cost*. He doesn't think a fellow should ask a girl to share such hardships. He has come to this decision after some struggle. Because I care for him so much it has seemed good to me to commit the matter of getting married to the Lord; and I have definitely told the Lord that, if He wanted *me* single, too, I'd stay single. I feel quite honored to have John so interested in me,—it really has meant a lot to us both, because he's been so gentle and considerate throughout that I couldn't help loving him: We have learned something of 'waiting on the Lord,' and self control. I think it's wonderful that we can keep on being friends.

"I have been with John quite a little these past few days, and he's been wonderful in all he's said and hasn't said. He took me to the Station this afternoon. The whole thing is *absolutely in God's hands, and I wouldn't dare to want anything or plan anything apart from His will*. The only thing is to keep so close to Him constantly that one recognizes His best will immediately."

"'I, being in the Way, the Lord led me.' 'He led them forth by the right way.' 'No good thing will He withhold from them.' I'm not going to be a stumbling block to any man, especially to John Stam. And I feel sure that my part is to do nothing, and to do it nicely. He has been awfully nice to me; he really has, and as I mentioned before, our friendship hasn't suffered a bit, but rather been strengthened. I don't know anything at all of my future life, but I get great comfort from Daniel 10: 18,19. 'Then there came again and touched me, one like the appearance of a man, and He strengthened me, and said, O man, greatly beloved, fear not; peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong; and when he had spoken unto me I was strengthened, and said, 'Let my Lord speak; for Thou hast strengthened me.' Also, from other verses of the Bible. I really mean it, when I say that God is all I need and desire,—and Galatians 2:20, 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh

I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.'

"You know, all this has not been without a struggle; and there'll probably be more to come; but I can trust God to give *His best*, if I will accept nothing less. I really wouldn't be satisfied with anybody else's best, either, no matter how good and pleasant for them!"

John had written his parents that he was not binding Betty to an engagement until he was sure the Lord did not want him to go alone to do pioneer work in the far Northwest. "Betty and I have prayed much about this," He wrote. "*Our hearts are set to do His will.* But this is true, isn't it? *Our wishes must not come first. The progress of God's work is the chief consideration.*" Upon receipt of John's letter, Father Stam had remarked: "*Those children are going to have God's choicest blessing: When God is second, you will get second best; but when God is really first, you have His best.*"

Betty would naturally have been leagues away from Shanghai when John's ship reached port, and her being there was not of her planning; but both recognized it as another proof of God's constant leading of His obedient children in all things. Their betrothal was sealed the very day of his arrival—Oct. 12, 1932. He wrote to Dr. and Mrs. Scott:

"I realize that such a wife as Betty will be a gift from the Lord. I realize that despite my awkward and bungling attempts to 'seek Him first,' He does abundantly add the 'all things.' fulfilling His part of that contract quite out of proportion with our half-hearted attempts to fulfill ours.

"I shall try with all my powers to be very careful of Betty, and I trust that God will, in making us increasingly effective for Himself by our union, show again that whereas one may put a thousand to flight, *two in His strength can put to flight ten thousand.*"

Before he knew to what field they were to be assigned, he wrote us:

"It follows good common sense that those who know best the work and its needs from long years of experience, should designate workers as they are able to know their abilities to fill particular needs; and so I wait."

"For what I cannot, He can see—
And in His care I safe shall be—
Forever blest."

John had earlier written us:

"I am glad that I myself have had some experience in seeing the hand of the Lord supplying my daily needs while at the Moody Institute. I would not for a good deal be without those experiences of special stress when the hand of God was so clearly seen in the supplying of temporal needs. They have helped to put more backbone into the words 'I KNOW,' and have made the Lord more real as a *very present help in time of need.*"

HIS LEADING

"In pastures green? Not always: sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways where heavy shadows be.
Out of the sunshine warm, and soft, and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—
Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So, whether in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.
And by still waters? No, not always so;
Oft times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
But when the storms beat loudest and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, 'Lo, it is I.'
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,

'Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
 In every path of thine I lead the way.'
 "So, whether on hilltops high and fair
 I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
 The shadows lie — what matters. *He is there!*
 And more than this; where'er the pathways lead
 He gives to me no broken reed,
 But His own hand, sufficient for my need.
So where He leads me I can safely go;
 And in the blest hereafter I shall know
 Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so."

John's absolute trust in God was again exemplified in Tsingteh, when under escort he was allowed to return from the yamen (where they were imprisoned the first night), to his looted home, to get some tinned milk "as an emergency" for Baby Helen Priscilla. "There is none left," said his cook, weeping, "Everything in the way of provisions has been seized by the Communists." John cheerfully and comfortingly replied: "Never mind, *our Father knows all about it. He will provide.*"

On the living room wall of the house which had been their home before moving to Tsingteh, was found a wooden motto on which was a colored picture of little three months old baby Moses being taken out of the basket by Pharaoh's daughter,—over which were the words: "He cares for you." From the foregoing incident it was manifest that John had faith to believe that the same God who cared for baby Moses would also look after *his* three months old Helen Priscilla.

The following grand old hymn, "Sundown", by Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, was found copied (both music and words) in John's handwriting, and rescued from the debris in their Tsingteh home. It expressed almost prophetically their complete trust in Christ for the dark days ahead.

"The day is gently sinking to a close,
 Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
 Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be:
 Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
 "Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
 Onward to darkness and to death we tend.
 O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
 Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
 Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
 "Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
 And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
*When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh
 And hear Thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I.'*
 "In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall.
 May we arise, awakened by Thy call;
 With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide
 In that blest day which has no eventide."

"MORE THAN CONQUERORS."

In order to answer the doubt in the minds of a few of our friends as to the wisdom of this young couple being sent to such a nisolated and dangerous place, we would remind them that any missionary coming out to China is fully aware of the disturbed conditions all over the land, and willingly risks his life that the Name of Christ may be made known. John and Betty were eager to go to what seemed to be far more dangerous sections than Anhwei Province,—to Sinkiang, (Chinese Turkestan) or to Kansu Province,—not because they were rashly seeking an early death, but because they sought to carry the Gospel to the neediest place they could fill.

But although they were willing to go anywhere, their closest missionary friends testify that both John and Betty had spiritual foresight and sanctified commonsense. Just before moving his little family to their new home in the

out-station of Tsingteh, John, accompanied by a missionary friend, Mr. Kohfield, had made a careful and extended tour of inspection of all that region, and the Chinese officials responsible for that region assured them that there were no Communist armies or bandit gangs anywhere in the vicinity. The Rev. W. J. Hanna, Superintendent of the work of the China Inland Mission in Anhwei Province, is a man of sound judgment and large experience in practical affairs and in a knowledge of the Chinese Government and local conditions; a man of deep religious life, tenderly considerate of the young missionaries under his charge and direction. He would be the last man to "waste" valuable and promising young lives.

The capture and violent death of our loved ones was not the deed of ordinary bandits, men desperate from hunger, and adopting pillage as the supposedly easy way to drive away the wolf. It was done by Communists, avowedly Godhating men, who wore the uniform and insignia of the Red Armies of China. In this particular unit was a Russian Soviet mentor (his name is known); also among their higher officers were at least two Chinese who were trained in Moscow and who were "zealous in the program of destroying the existing order, world-wide, and of building a new Utopia on the broad foundation of Hate." It merely shows what anti-God Communism, the vastest organized enemy of the Deity on earth, would do if it could—*everywhere*.

There is no way of knowing how many tens of thousands of peace-loving Chinese have met death at their hands. When the Communists gain possession of a new place, their policy is to open the prison doors and liberate

the prisoners, put to death the local officials, destroy land deeds and official documents, loot the town, and take captive the heads of the wealthy families, carrying them off for ransom, so that their victims may write home the more appealingly from a distance. But without waiting for the ransom to be paid they often brutally put to death their captives at the very next town. The heads of a hundred families were brought to Tsingteh and there clubbed to death.

Betty and John had been in their new home in Tsingteh less than two weeks when this particular unit of the Chinese Communist army, driven out of the neighboring Province of Kiangsi, suddenly debouched into Anhui Province and into Tsingteh, Thursday, December 6th. That morning, Betty was bathing little Helen Priscilla, when disquieting rumors reached them of the near approach of the Red Army. She must have hidden the two five dollar bills inside the baby's clothing as she dressed her, for shortly after, when the invaders broke in, every cent of personal and Famine Relief money was taken from them, as well as all their provisions and whatever of their possessions the intruders cared to appropriate.

"Lest we forget," shall we not pause a moment to consider again the calm courage with which John and Betty faced their captors*—John's offering his life

* (Footnote) All these facts—here briefly mentioned—are brought out in detail in booklets, such as "In memoriam" (by the Rev. Geo. A. Birch), "Not Worthy to be Compared" (by the Rev. E. H. Hamilton), and even in fuller detail in Mr. Howard Taylor's book, "The Triumph of John and Betty Stam" (Published by China Inland Mission); and in Dr. Huizenga's book "John and Betty Stam, Martyrs" (Published by Zondervan Publishing House).

in order that Betty and the baby might go free—the loyalty of the servants who begged to go with them but were driven back at the point of the pistol; the ransom of Baby Helen's life by the voluntary offering of the released prisoner's life for hers; the hard journey of 12 miles in winter weather over rough mountain trails having started off at 4 o'clock in the morning after a night spent in the Tsingteh Yamen; their last long night in the innermost court of a looted and deserted home in Miao Sheo where, bound to the posts of the heavy bedstead, John was forced to stand all night; their last loving look upon Baby Helen Priscilla, their most precious treasure, as they, stripped of their outer garments and with their hands tightly bound behind their backs, had to leave her there alone and unprotected, while they were led away through the main street of the village to their "Calvary" (Eagle Hill) "outside the city wall;" the pleading for their lives by the Christian medicine seller, Chang Hsiu Sheng, (who paid for his loyalty to them with his own life); their calmness and fortitude as they faced their executioners, (for whom, like Jesus and Stephen they undoubtedly prayed) and the final release, by the sword, of their spirits beyond the reach of any human torturers further to harm them. *A Wilson College friend of Betty wrote us from Japan:*

"How like Betty to face death courageously for her Master's sake. She, who always saw right from wrong, and followed the right course, would not falter or cringe when she was called upon to witness for Christ at such tremendous cost. Truly, she followed our Lord's admonition to the apostles: 'Be not afraid of them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.'"

And, knowing John as we do, we realize what a tower of human strength he must have been to Betty. John was always ready to look for the silver lining under a dark cloud, and to show heart courtesy even to those who would harm him. He was also so thoroughly grounded in "The Faith", with a fund of Scripture knowledge at his command, and had such perfect confidence in the leadership of Jesus Christ, the Lord of his inner life, that we were not surprised at his self-possession, serenity of spirit, and magnificent courage, in the face of peril and torture, and even in the presence of "the big knife" itself.

Undoubtedly they heard the voice of Jehovah say: "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them, for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee;" (Deut. 31:6)—and "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isa. 43:1,2).

Thus, standing on His promises, they were undaunted—"more than conquerors" through Him who loved them and gave Himself for them. Soul radiant in Him, they were spiritual masters of the situation. Evangelist Lo who found them and the babe, and the fine old Christian, Mrs. Wang, who tenderly washed the blood from their faces and lovingly laid their broken bodies in the coffins, testify that on John's face was a heavenly smile, and Betty's showed a quiet, beautiful peace. Had they not seen in that crucial moment "His Glorious Face"?

"His Face they see; Christ's blessed, glorious Face'
Too bright for human eyes to look upon;
And all the signs of daily toil and pain
Are smoothed from their dear brows. For here on earth
They longed to do His will—those passing days;
(As God did work in them that will to do.)
And, in the forehead of those precious souls
Redeemed from sin, there glows, with glory light,
A golden gleaming jewel; far it shines:—
The Name of Christ, their living, loving Lord;
His Name that 'Wonderful' is called!"

Elizabeth Strong.

"OF COURSE THERE WAS A SMILE."

(*The Witness of Those Who Know.*)

Several missionaries, who have been in the very face of imminent death and whose lives were at the last moment marvellously spared, have testified to the *wonderful peace* that they had in their hearts at such a time of danger for the sake of Christ.

Miss Gregg of the China Inland Mission, Hopei wrote:

"During those terrible days in 1900, I was among a group who were bound ready for death, and my head was actually on a stone table ready to be beheaded; but, at the last moment, I escaped the edge of the sword. I want you to know, for your comfort, that the time we were nearest to death, was the time when we had *perfect peace*. He promised it and He gave it. I am sure, if He did it for us, He did it also for your loved ones in fuller measure, and that His grace was sufficient for them."

Mrs. Dreyer of Chefoo wrote:

"After our experiences in the Boxer year, I am certain that His Presence was so real to them that their suffering was eased in every detail."

At the Memorial Service held Feb. 21st, in the

Star of Hope Mission, Paterson, N. J. of which John's father is superintendent, Mrs. Howard Taylor said: "Once when younger we were face to face with death in a terrible riot. Thousands of people came to kill us. We fell into the hands of an angry mob and were beaten and nearly killed; but in those terrible moments, when we thought any moment might be the last, the Lord Jesus seemed to come so near, and our hearts were filled with such a wonderful joy. We never had known anything like it before. Wounded and suffering as we were, for three days after that, the joy that filled our hearts was so great that we were hardly conscious that we were on the earth. It seemed just as if the Lord came and stood there, and we could almost hear his voice as He said, 'I know all about it, and it is for Me.' I know that in the case of Betty and John, too, He was there, and must have made Himself so near to them that their hearts also were flooded with that joy.

"Another time we were captured by a company of four thousand bandits, cruel and savage men. We were travelling in sedan chairs and they walked so close around the chairs I could see nothing but those men on both sides and in front, as they carried us away to the mountains. Then suddenly I became conscious of Some-One Else, nearer than they were. I was conscious of nothing but the PRESENCE OF THE LORD. I forgot all about those murderous men and the danger that was before us. My heart was flooded with such a marvellous joy that I couldn't help just singing for joy:

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
Here by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.'

"I have never known anything like it since. Nothing has touched me so much, I think, as to hear that when those precious remains were found there was a smile on the face of our dear John Stam. *Of course there was a smile the Lord Jesus was there.* And in those terrible hours their hearts tasted something of the joy that never can be known until we share something of the fellowship of His sufferings."

A Shanghai friend wrote:

"I remember, after the Linchow massacre years ago, reading a letter written to the Mother of the young missionary lady who lost her life with her husband at that time, by someone who had had an experience when she thought her life would be taken, and she assured this mother of the peace and courage that really passes understanding, which is given to one at such a time."

And she sent this poem:

"It may be that they never saw
The flashing of the sword,
Perchance their eyes were holden
With the vision of their Lord
As He stood with arms extended
To fold them to His breast,
And whispered through the tumult,
'Come unto Me and rest.'

We cannot tell how near to earth
The angels stooped that day;
What music from their harp strings woke,
It is not ours to say.
The martyrs only heard the song,
Their spirits to it thrilled
Till every doubt was lulled to rest,
And terror, too, was stilled.

What could they know of pain and death,
When straight before their eyes
Heaven opened, and the Lord of Life
Led upward to the skies?
Heaven was so close to earth that day,
And death so close to life,
That God's own glory rested
Upon earth's closing strife."

"BOUGH BAY" ("PRECIOUS")

And what shall we say about the precious baby, Helen Priscilla? Our hearts have been deeply touched by the tender words of love and sympathy from the hundreds of people who write that they love her and have been praying for her. How we do praise the Lord for the marvelous way He preserved her tiny life through the many dangers!

The Chinese name for her—"Bough Bay" ("Precious") has been a constant reminder, not only of the ransoming of her life by the released prisoner of Tsingteh who gave his own life that she might live—but also of the wonderful way the Lord answered the prayers of faith of her parents for her safe-keeping, when they were led away from her to their execution.

Humanly speaking, who would say that a nursing baby, not quite three months old, thus left alone, defenseless and uncared for, could survive? Those who know country life in China realize even more how slim were her chances in the unsanitary conditions surrounding her; nor would any ordinary rescuer know where to take a "foreign" baby to find its friends.

Though the local people knew from her cries that the baby was there, yet, during those nearly thirty hours

of her abandonment, no one dared go into the deserted house to help her, fearing the Communist spies in their midst.

But, as John so often said, "He is able"; and the more hopeless the situation the greater the opportunity to show His power. Evangelist Lo, assigned by the C.I.M. Mission as John's co-worker, was supposed to have gone to Miao Sheo weeks before, but had let one thing after another hinder his moving there—the fear that both he and his wife had of falling into the hands of bandits being the greatest obstacle. As the locality was now pronounced "free" of both bandits and Communists, he had finally dared to move his family and household goods there—arriving in the afternoon of Dec. 6th. Early the next morning, Mr. Lo was seized by an advance guard of the Communists, and robbed of all his money, but was released when they learned he was not a headman of the town. With other villagers he and his family then fled to the nearby hills, where they stayed two days and two nights, without bedding and with only raw chestnuts for food. On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 8th, the refugees from their mountain retreat could see and hear the fighting between the Communists and the pursuing Government troops; and at dusk they could plainly see many houses being burned by the Reds as they retreated to the hills.

Sunday morning news was brought to them that two foreigners had been put to death there by the Reds. Fearing it might be his co-workers, the Stams, Evangelist Lo immediately brought his family down from the mountain to investigate. The villagers told him there was a

foreign baby still alive, though, for fear of Communist spies, no one dared tell him where she was. Finally an old woman nodded in the direction of the abandoned house. (Another of the several proofs of God's protecting care was that this particular house was not among those burned). Without any further thought of his own safety, Mr. Lo began a search for little Helen Priscilla, going through court after court, until, following her cry, he found her in the innermost room of the last court—still cozy and warm in her "cuddle-bunny" made by her mother. Of course the Babe was very hungry and thirsty after her long fast.

With the little orphan in his arms, he then found the bodies of her slain parents, still lying on Eagle Hill outside the town, as their executioners had left them the morning before. While his wife and volunteer nursing mothers cared for Baby Helen, Mr. Lo secured coffins and, with the help of saintly old Mrs. Wang, (also just returned from the retreat in the hills, and who knew and loved Betty and John from their previous visits in her home) wrapped the mutilated bodies in new white cloth and tenderly laid them in the coffins, Mr. Lo then made an eloquent appeal to the weeping villagers to give their hearts to the Saviour, about Whom John and Betty had come to China to tell them, and for Whose sake they had so courageously laid down their lives. Mrs. Wang, saw to the removal of the coffins to her own home and loyally concealed them there for days. Even among the heathen villagers there was not one found who would disclose the hiding place of the coffins to the Communists who later returned searching for the bodies—a remarkable tribute to the friendliness and sympathy of the villagers.

The Lo family, fearing a return of the Reds left Miao Sheo early the next morning, for the sake of Baby Helen although their own little son was desperately ill from exposure in the hills during those two wintry days and nights. As they journeyed, with the two children hidden in rice baskets carried at either end of a bamboo pole, they stopped at regular intervals to find Chinese mothers who would be willing to nurse the motherless babe.—On the second day their own small son, who had been lying in a stupor, suddenly sat up in his basket and began to sing a hymn—to the joy and relief of his anxious parents. At Kingsien with some of the money earlier tucked away in the baby's clothing by her mother, they were able to buy a tin of Lactogen Milk Powder. That Mrs. Lo had learned how to prepare artificial food when her son had been born in the Wuhu Hospital, and that she even had a baby bottle along with her on this trip, were additional important links in the wonderful way the Lord provided at every step of the journey.

On Friday the 4th of Dec., they reached Süan Cheng, where they took the baby to the home of a dear friend of Betty and John, the Rev. George Birch; and with him they arrived in Wuhu by train that evening, almost a week after the tragedy on Eagle Hill. Following a careful medical examination, the Hospital doctors pronounced Baby Helen Priscilla absolutely sound and well,—she having had not even a stomach upset or a cold. When the Lord works a miracle, He does it thoroughly. If the Lord could thus bring a helpless babe to safety, and through such winter exposure and danger, we know He could all the

more have brought deliverance to her parents, had that been His purpose for them. "Jehovah is in one mind, and who can turn Him? What His soul desireth even that He doeth. For He performeth the thing that is appointed for me;" (Job 23:13,14).

"We may not choose, nor would we dare,
The path in which our feet shall tread;
Enough that He that path hath made,
And He, Himself shall walk ahead."

"The danger that His love allows
Is safer than our fears may know,
The peril that His care permits,
Is our defence where'er we go."

Annie Johnson Flint.

We were amazed at the universal concern displayed for the fate of Baby Helen, naturally supposed by those missionaries most familiar with local conditions, to have perished. Again, we were amazed and humbled at the volume of prayer all over the earth that went up for her, when it was flashed, world-wide, that she had been found. And our hearts thrilled with comfort, as the public rejoiced so sincerely with us in her rescue, and good physical condition after so much exposure. Even in the European and other countries, as we later learned, the good news was carried. An old Princeton friend, now General Secretary of the American Bible Society for the Levant, wrote us that in Vienna, in great headlines across the front page, he read: "Das Kind noch lebt!" (The child is still living!)

A Philadelphia Pastor wrote: "The death of John and Betty has made a profound impression, and the rescue of the baby has been one of the most thrilling news stories of all the past weeks of unusual thrills. May be in

this baby's life is wrapped up the hidden meaning God has in this great sacrifice of valuable lives for His Kingdom. She will at any rate have a central place, as she grows up, in the hearts of all those who are devoted to the spreading of the knowledge of our Lord."

A letter of welcome—a little prose poem—awaited Helen Priscilla on her arrival at Tsinan, Dec. 28, 1934. It was written by a Tsinan friend of a Sister Mission:

"Dear little Princess Helen:"

"Daughter of the King, provided for and escorted so safely by Him—welcome, welcome, to your new home city that is blessed by your coming. All who here have heard of you welcome you with full hearts, as we bade your beautiful mother and dear father goodbye when together they started from here on their trail to glory. Oh! we're so glad they left us—you.

I suppose more peoples' hearts are warm with compassion and love for you these days than for any other baby in the world—God's gift—little Princess of the King!

We kiss your tiny feet for love of your dear father and mother—and for you—and for Him."

With regard to the rescue of Baby Helen Priscilla, the tenor of many letters was expressed by a *Philadelphia* friend:

"Is it possible to see the will of God in everything, and to receive it, not with sighing, but with singing? Can God bring something sweet and lovely, out of such awful and what seems to us—such unnecessary suffering? When the first reports arrived, no doubt the dear young parents were already in the presence of their Lord, and like Him, alive forever more. But little Helen Priscilla was missing; and I verily believe that heaven was literally bombarded with prayer for her safety from every country on the globe where the news traveled. Then, when the news came that she had been found, safe, after more than twenty-four cold, hungry, neglected hours, I think almost every Christian mother on earth

knew that God had indeed performed a miracle. Blessings are still being asked for the Chinese who pleaded for the young lives,— for the dear ones who bore the helpless baby back to the Mission hospital, over the many weary miles, and for the kindly Chinese mothers who nourished the little life upon the journey. And prayers also ascending that the dear little one may grow up to be a blessing to all with whom she comes in contact; and thanksgiving abounds that the Enemy has overreached himself; for our God always thwarts Satan's evil purpose in the end."

And many more scores of letters have definitely voiced the conviction that God, in His infinite wisdom, must have some special task for Helen Priscilla to perform in helping to bring in His kingdom.

Thus: "It is wonderful that some one was willing to give his life for the baby, and it is another miracle that she should have suffered no serious harm, alone in the empty house during those long hours. I wonder what the Lord has in store for her to do for Him here. It seems as if it must be some special work, for already she is known and prayed for in all countries."

"I doubt not there is a far reaching purpose in the preservation of the precious little life which remains, and the testimony of these dear parents in their last letters, as also in the whole manner of their yielding up their lives for Christ, will remain an added and fragrant chapter to the book of Acts."

And This:

"What a precious treasure is little Helen Priscilla! When I have thought of her I have thought of Isaac given back to Abraham as from the dead; and we pray that God may preserve her life, and, if our Saviour carries, make her in a real sense the fulfillment of what the lives of her dear parents held in promise."

Our older son Francis, now studying in Princeton Theological Seminary, preparing for service in China, also expressed the thought brought out in many other letters received: "Little Helen Priscilla is a heaven-sent comfort. God must have planned wonderful things for her, to have saved her so miraculously; and, when she grows old enough to be told, hers will be a marvelously stimulating heritage to live up to."

Dr. Robert Speer, whose son was so suddenly and tragically "called home" shortly before our two loved ones, wrote us:

"We can only rejoice that our children are now beyond all the pain and anguish of our mortal life in the midst of the love and the light and the joy of God. You will have a sacred charge now in the little one, just as we feel we have in Elliott's three little girls."

And in a more recent letter he wrote: "I know how far transcending all words this experience has been to you and all the family, and one only wonders with awe and thanksgiving as to what God's great purpose may be with regard to little Helen's life and service. He must have some great purpose for her as she starts out so manifestly under His direct care and with such a halo of suffering and heroic consecration round about her dear head. May God's blessing be upon her, and may His grace make up to her all that she has lost."

Her rescue, as well as the taking of Betty and John, seems to have been used of God unto the binding into a closer and sympathetic unity Christians of many different denominations and sections of the globe. As a Sister of the American Church Mission in

Wuhu wrote: "That precious baby *seems in a way to belong to us all.* We have prayed for her and loved her. After all, we are one big family in our blessed Lord. Isn't it wonderful to belong to Him, and to know that we are all brothers and sisters in His Name."

Of the poems sent to us written about Baby Helen, we submit the following, expressive of faith in God, yet naturally full of astonishment and awe at the strange Providence:

To Helen Priscilla Stam.

1.

Rare child, your heritage is rich and fair;
Born of the just, cradled in faith, and in bright
Sweet dreams of life, you passed one lonely night
To rugged unknown arms, who gave you care.

2.

You held a sceptre in your little hand,
For out of grief and horror thick as night
You smiled, and shed an ever healing light
To rest the spirit of a saddened land.

3.

That strangest paradox of human life
Is yours to keep and ponder through the years,
How sorrow beckons sweetness through its tears,
Hope walks with grim despair throughout the strife.

4.

From dolls and toys and picture books you'll grow
To thoughts of gallant souls, who dared to say
The crushing heel increased their power to pray
Tell us, wise child, why God has willed it so!

Helen Orr Armstrong

How abundantly the Lord has answered the prayers of the parents for their precious baby is shown in the love of many people of many lands showered upon her, and in the abundant way He was provided for her every need.

What has deeply touched us has been the eagerness of many friends legally to adopt the little orphaned girlie—offers coming not only from the Far East and the United States, and Canada but also from England and Scotland and even from Sweden.

We are sure that it is due to your prayers, added to those of her blessed parents, that she has been so wonderfully kept from all sickness and harm during this whole year. Also that she has been so normal in her growth and development, having gained from six pounds eleven ounces at birth to twenty-one pounds at one year, and now weighing twenty-three pounds and having grown from nineteen inches at birth to thirty-one inches at one year, and now at fifteen months is thirty-three inches. She has seven tenths.

In her "walker", she gets rapidly over the floor or ground, and now walks by holding on to someone's hand for support. She almost never cries, but talks and "sings" to herself during much of her waking hours. She can hum parts of "Jesus Loves Me" and "Jewels". In the former, on reaching the end of the first line, she comes out distinctly and emphatically with the words "*I know*"—not strange with such parents who *knew* Him in Whom they believed and whom they so whole-heartedly served. She eats and sleeps well; and in every way has been a wonderful joy and comfort to us all.

We grandparents feel that the previous Babe is truly a sacred charge. We would not dare undertake her upbringing in our own strength and still need the help of your prayers for her, so that she, like the Baby Jesus, may continue to "grow in wisdom and in stature and in

favor with God and man;" and that she may fulfill in her life the hopes of her blessed parents, and bring glory to the Name of Him to Whom she has always belonged, and Who thus far has so marvelously cared for her.

We have been especially touched by the *world-wide interest of children in little Helen Priscilla*. Pastors have written us of the children in their Sunday Schools daily praying for her, and the children of several Sunday Schools have sent her gifts.

A Methodist Pastor in Oregon wrote: "Nearly one hundred boys and girls of our Sunday School are praying for Helen Priscilla every day, and the children have each contributed to buy the little baby dresses which we are sending her."

Not long ago *a London pastor*, was walking in the garden of his vicarage when a little girl suddenly came in and asked: "Will you please tell me how Helen Priscilla is *now*?"

And to a sweet letter from *a little thirteen old daughter of missionaries living in the Belgian Congo, Africa*, says "After reading that lovely book 'The Triumph of John and Betty Stam' by Mrs. Taylor, I wanted to write you so much and know about precious little Helen Priscilla. We all felt badly about Betty Stam; but we are so glad she went to Heaven—for, of course, she did; and John Stam, too. I've prayed for Helen Priscilla lots of times, so I'm sure she is well; and I hope she has some of her mother's talents."

Another little girl, just eleven and a half years old, living in London, sent Baby Helen a card for her

birthday (Sept. 11, 1935), and in her letter accompanying it said: "I think that Jesus saved Helen for a great purpose, don't you?"

The following letter, dated December 8, 1935, came from the *Rev. E. H. Hamilton, who wrote last year a brochure about John and Betty and Baby Helen Priscilla*: "As I lay on my army cot out in the country last night, I woke and thought of Betty and John, and of that last holy watch they kept together just a year ago. And all through this day my thoughts have been with you, and of them and their glad sacrifice. Today is their first birthday in the Presence of the King. This morning I preached on Christ's words—'Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit'; and my sermon was largely in remembrance of John and Betty—and this led naturally to the climax, our Saviour's own suffering and death.

"I feel like spending three days (busy as I am) and twenty dollars (poor as I am) just to go up there and take precious little Helen Priscilla in my arms and hug her once! There has been quite a call for my booklet "*Not Worthy to be Compared*", so I think I shall have to make a second edition. I would like a picture of Helen Priscilla holding out her arms, just as though she wants to take the whole world in! Bless her darling heart! "

"BETTY'S POEMS REMIND US OF GOD
AND CHRIST."

That one so young should write such serious poems as Betty did, has been considered unusual and has

been noted in many of the letters received. *A China friend wrote :*

“My husband and I have often noticed a strain in Betty’s poems, as in ‘I’m Standing, Lord,’ hard to understand in a young girl leading such a sheltered and peaceful life. May it not have been a premonition that sometime she would encounter terrible things and suffer much for her faith. And may we not believe that she and John had visions of their dear Lord, as did Stephen?”

Another wrote: “From Betty’s poems it seems as if God had been preparing her for this supreme gift of herself,—and that in this way she could bring the greatest blessing to China.”

One of the ushers at our wedding, a pastor in Oregon, wrote:

“I have wondered if in Betty’s lines, entitled ‘Whiter than Snow’ there was not an unconscious prophecy that about *her* ‘Christ-filled heart and Spirit-led will’ there should be thrown a robe of martyrdom whiter than snow.”

Another China friend wrote:

“It seems as though God were preparing her from childhood for this exodus which she should accomplish.” “God knows whom He can trust.”

A California friend wrote:

“Betty’s poems are so full of beauty and love and a great understanding of her Master, and what He should mean to all of us, that I marvel that one so young

should have ventured so far into His presence. I long to have known her in life as I feel I knew her through her writings. Her radiant personality envelops me and uplifts me, and helps me as no other so young has ever done."

A few quotations from some of Betty's poems show her devotion to her Lord, and her early willingness to go where sent, or to suffer for Him, as He saw fit. From her poem "Creation", written in College;

For the tender heart of woman, for the noble strength of man,
For the soul that every mortal has received since life began—
Lord, with grateful thanks, *I dedicate my very all to Thee.*
Placing 'neath Thy supervision what Thou first hast given me.

And this from "Ambassadors":

"Come" is the message the King sends to you,
"Believe" in your soul His salvation is true,
"Take" of the life of the dear Son of God,
And, praising Him, "Follow" *the death-way He trod.*

From the poem, "*I will love Thee, O Lord my Strength:*"

Thou Who didst rise, triumphantly to prove
Thou art the Living God
Before Whom Death and Hell
Must shake and move!
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Son of Man,
Thou Son of God,
Grant me Thy face to see,
Thy voice to hear, Thy glory share,
Never apart from Thee,
Ever Thine own to be
Through all eternity. Amen!

From her "Mary Magdalene" which is quoted in full in Mrs. Howard Taylor's book:

*For the world cannot endure the wasting
of a priceless thing,
When it is a gift of Loving Consecration
to the King;
But a woman, once a sinner, kissed His
feet and found content.*

And from her "Song of Sending*", we copy:

*"Who loves Me, forth! and follow Me!
Though weak and small, so weak and small,
That man I need to move the world,
Who gives Me all, to Me his all"*

See, all the careless multitudes
Are passing by, now passing by,
The world is sick with sin and woe;
All men must die, some day must die.
The time set for our Lord's return
Is drawing nigh, draws ever nigh,—
*Send us in all Thy cleansing power—
Lord, here am I! Here, Lord, am I!*

The following poem was found in the debris of the home of John and Betty at Tsingteh, after it had been looted by the Reds. In the scarcity of paper it, with other poems new to us, had been used by the faithful cook to wrap the dishes that were rescued.

OPEN MY EYES

Open my eyes that I may see
This one and that one needing Thee,
Hearts that are dumb, unsatisfied,
Lives that are dead, for whom Christ died.

Open my eyes in sympathy,
Clear into man's deep soul to see;
Wise with Thy wisdom to discern,
And with Thy heart of love to yearn.

(*Unknown to Betty this "Song" was set to music, and sung by a friend in Chicago, over the radio, and Betty was invited, as a surprise to her, to hear it when first broadcasted).

Open my eyes in power, I pray,
Give me the strength to speak today,
Some one to bring, dear Lord to Thee.
Use me, O Lord, use even me!

Elisabeth Alden Scott.

A Shantung missionary friend wrote:

"The poems written by Betty, remind us of God and Christ, and so of courage and goodness, beauty and truth, which we all pray will some day rule in our world instead of sin and violence and selfishness.

"I used the pictures of Betty, John and Baby Helen with great effect to about thirty students at Cheeloo University on Sunday night. Likewise in Weihsien we had many re-consecrations to Christ and His work in the world, and about thirty non-Christians decided to follow Christ and use His method to save China.

"The inspirational poems mean so much more now since the author has been glorified into the incorruptible life of beauty and joy. What amazes me is the great amount of inspirational things—the things of power and beauty—which came out of the life and heart and mind of Betty during her short life. In her life of youth and joy—a few short years—she did more than most of us in a life-time; and then in death Betty and John both challenged the whole church to come out of our defeatist, depressionist attitude to one of joy and victory; and the response of youth to this challenge shows to us all that in spite of vast cruelties, the heart of humanity is being drawn Christward."

"YOURS WAS MARTYRDOM COMPLETE"

(Influence on the Chinese)

It has been our earnest prayer that the faithful witness of John and Betty would *profoundly affect the spiritual life of the Chinese* all over the country. There was, first of all in Miao Sheo, the spectacle, scarcely heretofore conceivable in China, of those heathen villagers gathered on Eagle Hill, many of them kneeling, and

weeping over their sins, as Evangelist Lo preached the love of Christ to them over the broken bodies of his foreign friends. May the impression then made become deepened and the words be verified that they two have "done by death, what life could not, Baptize with blood a stony plot, Till souls shall blossom from the spot."

The blossoming—thank God!—is already abundantly manifested in many places in China. The secular press throughout China, both native and foreign, was altogether sympathetic; carrying full and often illustrated accounts of the tragedy. We wish we had space to quote the many testimonies, both verbal and written received from various sections. Our own Presbytery, in annual session in Tsinan, at the time of our children's captivity and death, was profoundly moved; and conducted a Memorial Service in the Church on the following Sunday, when the Moderator took for his text Mark 8:35 "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it." The pastors and elders mutually pledged each other to return to their respective fields to witness for Christ in a new spirit of selflessness.

In Süancheng, Anhwei, where John and Betty had lived for a year before moving to their new pioneer station in Tsingteh, the large congregation there, upon hearing of the martyrdom of their loved friends, went literally to their knees, weeping for former coldness and vowing to the Lord to live more worthily, in evangelistic zeal, in view of the precious example of their now glorified foreign friends. Several months later Evangelist Lo empowered

from on high, led a series of meetings there,—which further deepened the spiritual life of the Church.

The second of January when Betty's father was in Wuhu to attend the Memorial Service and burial, the Chinese Commissioner for Foreign Affairs of the Central China region, himself a Princeton graduate, came to see him, and told how the witness of these two had stirred him to renewed love for Christ. And, at the same time, one of the leading evangelists in China had a long talk and prayer-communion with Betty's father. Weeping, this Chinese friend solemnly pledged God that this sacrifice should be heralded to every province, unto the glory of God in the Chinese Church.

Our lasting gratitude goes forth to the Chinese civil and military officials who manifested deep concern and showed much kindness in connection with the recovery of the bodies. Especially are we grateful to the Governor of Anhwei Province who brought the coffins under armed escort on military trucks all the way to Wuhu. Representatives of the Nanking Government as well as representatives of the United States Government were present at the Memorial Service and burial in the little foreign cemetery at Wuhu.

We have also been especially moved by the kindly and sympathetic attitude of all ranks and classes of the Chinese—in business and finance and government, high and low, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, Christians and non-Christians. Even a Buddhist priest, as a delegate of his brotherhood, came to sympathize and to ask when and how these two young people got such a spirit

to witness and to die as they did. And we, kneeling together, prayed to the true and living God that this priest also might know and receive the Spirit of God, who enabled John and Betty in their witness.

As early as Dec. 19, 1934, a letter was sent to the C.I.M. in Shanghai by the Manager of a large banking corporation in Shanghai, *the brother of Dr. C. T. Wang* (formerly Foreign Minister of the Nanking Government) in which he said: "The brutal murder of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam, (two of your noble band of Christian workers), committed by a crazy mob of Communists in Anhwei, has indeed filled everyone with horror and grief. As a Chinese I cannot tell you how deeply I feel at this terrible tragedy, though it is consoling to know vain. As a humble expression of my deep sympathy I enclose a check, which I beg you to accept as a Christmas gift in behalf of Baby Stam, whose life fortunately has been spared."

And *the Manager of a bank in Tsingtao, a Harvard man, wrote us*: "At the time of this cold-blooded murder, done by the ruthless and aimless Communists, the whole country has been profoundly moved by this saddest tragedy. We Chinese owe much to your family for the death of these two lovely members, who were there spreading the Gospel of God to our people. We give our deepest respect to Mr. and Mrs. Stam who willingly and bravely gave up their lives for the cause of God. We spared, like a miracle, in this horrible ordeal. Someday I want to come to Tsinan and call on you and look at the baby."

The wife of a Nanking Chinese pastor while in Tsinan called to see Baby Helen and said: "Little Precious has many *Chinese mothers* who love her dearly for her blessed Mother's sake and for her own, and we are all praying often for her."

In a series of evangelistic meetings in Nanking, a Chinese woman gave her heart to God, moved to do so by hearing about the death of John and Betty. Her lady missionary friend showed her a picture of the two then recently martyred. After gazing at it for a long time, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she said: "I am a new believer in Jesus. I have no acquaintances in Heaven. When I get there, I want to be sure to recognize them, for they loved my people so dearly. I know that they will be my friends and will introduce me to Jesus!"

And a local Chinese Christian woman who called to see her said: "We have all been deeply moved by what has happened to your dear ones. We might in time forget about it—had not God left Little Precious in our midst as a constant reminder of her mother's love are happy, however, to know that tiny Helen Priscilla was for us, and of God's love too; and as a witness also to His power to still work miracles."

The following *sonnet* by Professor Hugh R. Fitch, son a of beloved and honored colleague who retired, after many years of labor in Weihsien, Shantung, well expresses the appreciation on the part of the Chinese of the double martyrdom for the sake of Christ and the Chinese:

HIGHER:

THEIR WELCOME TO HEAVEN.

(To an American Preacher and His Poet Wife
Martyred for our Lord in China, Dec. 8, 1934)

In that far choir, bright choir, where martyrs stand
In white-winged, white-robed splendor, row on row,
And sing of One who looks like purest snow;
Or sing of conquered sword, rack, hissing brand;
Of slanders, jeers, of torments Devil-planned;
Of joy through tribulation and great woe—
In that white choir I see two new souls go
Rejoicing, Christ leading each one by the hand.
One is a mother—she, a poet sweet;
And one a preacher—he with blessed feet;
And crowing round, with joyous, swift wing-beat,
The courteous, sweet-faced Chinese martyrs greet
Them, saying "Yours was martyrdom complete,
Dear Reapers, reaping alien fields of wheat."

"WE ARE PROUD OF BETTY AND JOHN"

(Letters from Betty's Brothers and Sisters)

We had earnestly prayed *that our dear children might with us see in this so-called tragedy the outworking of God's great plan* for the best witness of Betty and John; for the deepening of the faith of His followers, and for the quickening into spiritual life of new followers wherever the courage and faithfulness of our loved members might be made known.

Our third daughter, Beatrice, who was married on Sept. 8, 1934, in Princeton, N. J., and whose husband, Dr. Theodore Dwight Stevenson, is on the staff of the Hackett Medical College of our Mission, Canton, South China, immediately telegraphed that she was coming home to spend Christmas with us. We certainly did appreciate the cheerfulness with which she and her husband suddenly

changed their plans for their first Christmas together. Her coming did indeed comfort our hearts.

Together we received inspiration and strength as we read the many letters that had begun to pour in from friends all over China, Japan and Korea. Together we studied Bible verses, many of which lived, as never before in their beauty and power, to meet our every need. We thanked God that she, as well as her husband, saw with us the Lord's hand in all this working, in a marvellous way, His purpose to perform.

As soon as mail could bring the first response from America, we rejoiced at the manner in which our children *there* had received the news of the double martyrdom.

Kenneth, our younger son, a student of Davidson College, N. C., and Preparing for Missionary work in China, wrote:

"To us who are naturally the closest people on earth to Betty and John, the sorrow and tragedy is great; but the greater triumph and victory and encouragement seem to over power the sorrow to such an extent that we lose ourselves in a depth of heavenly wonder and confidence in God, rather than in the weaker grief. We are proud of Betty and John, and are glad that they have joined hands in Heaven with the greatest personalities in God's Kingdom."

"In my recent private reading of Revelation, I was particularly struck with the special distinction given to martyrs above all other people."

Our second daughter, Helen, (after whom little Helen Priscilla is named) the wife of the Rev. George

Gordon Mahy, Jr., at that time Dean of Witterspoon College in Kentucky, wrote:

"About ten days after Betty was killed, I received a lovely long letter from her, full of the Baby and joy in her. It seems almost like a letter from heaven. I think we feel about the whole thing as I know you two must: the details, taken by themselves, seem so horrible that I can hardly bring myself to think of them. Yet through everything seems to shine the wonderful purpose of God. And I feel sure that the Presence of Him who said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and "Lo I am with you always, even to the end," must have robbed death itself of its terror, and the gruesome details of their string. As I have tried to imagine that it was I and not Betty who was passing through that extreme experience, I can feel terror absolutely crowded out by great joy, at such a chance to witness for Christ before Chinese Christians, who need to be strengthened, and before atheist soldiers who need to see the grace of God face to face, and before the whole lukewarm indifferent world that needs to be shocked and startled out of its coldness of heart. When I look at it in that way, it seems wonderful indeed that there were right in our family those who were counted worthy to die for their Lord, even as Stephen, Peter and Paul and others.

"I have such a radiant picture of Betty and John (who were made of the wonderful stuff that martyrs are, if ever anybody was) standing with their palms of victory before the Great White Throne, and singing a song of pure joy, because they had given everything they had to their Master. Crying seems to be too petty for a thing which was so obviously in God's hands alone. I know they were so infinitely dear to Him that He will not let their work or even their death be in vain. I see already a new seriousness, earnestness, and desire to serve God, even here in Buckhorn, because of this tragedy, among both the town people and the students; and I know this must be true in many, many places all over the world, wherever Betty and John had any contacts, no matter how slight.

"Of course we are more than ever eager to go out to China now to serve in the Mission field, if only in a way to take the place of Betty and John. The Board is still trying to decide whether or not they can raise the funds to send us; and we are still praying for God's will to be done in spite of handicaps."

At that time Helen wrote to the Board of Foreign Missions: "We cannot know now what good may be accomplished to God's glory by this apparent tragedy. Meanwhile it makes us all the more eager to serve on this crucial battle-front; where we believe the history of the future will one day be decided, and we are waiting with many prayers for God's will to be made manifest."

Praise God they have been officially accepted by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church and came out to China this summer, to be located next year in Weih sien, Shantung. Their two small children—"Donny" 3 years old on Feb. 29, and Carol Elisabeth who was 2 on the 27th of July, are remaining with us grandparents in Tsinan, while Helen and Gordon spend this year at the language school in Peiping. So with them and precious little one-year old Helen Priscilla, our hands and hearts are full.

A fourth little grandchild has also come to gladden our family circle—Baby Donald Day Stevenson, born in Canton, South China, November 3rd, 1935 to our third daughter Beatrice and Dr. Theodore Dwight Stevenson in the Hackett Medical College of our Presbyterian Mission.

Our hearts rejoice in His goodness and mercy.

Helen's husband Gordon wrote us: "Betty's death has affected me profoundly. I have let it associate itself with my highest purposes and desires—for the fullest Christian life I know how to live.

"Every news story seems to be a witness to the power of God, both in the glorious witness of Betty's and

John's martyrdom and in the way the family has accepted the experience. Helen has been wonderful. Laddie's letter shows the same triumphant vein. We are carefully saving every letter and article that bear witness to the effect which their sacrifice has had upon Christians and unbelievers. The album which we are preparing may be precious to little Helen Priscilla some day. The world cannot understand such fitting of life's losses into the pattern of God's final triumph."

Francis, our older son, attending Princeton Theological Seminary, in preparation for evangelistic work in China, writes:

"We can see the hand of God operating in the dimness of the shadows. While saddened by the act of the tragedy itself—which would be a tragedy, if that were all there were to it—I am happy for Betty and John that they are now seeing Jesus face to face in all His wondrous glory and have heard Him say with a smile, 'Well done, good and faithful servants!' May God keep me true to this beautiful vision and ideal of service in His Name, which I have just seen. Christians are supposed to follow His lead anywhere He may guide them and accept as part of the privilege of witnessing for Him whatever lot He may see fit, in His wisdom, to send them. That's the least they can do for Him, if they are really consecrated to His service.

"We have God Himself, who doeth all things well in His infinite wisdom and goodness, as the guardian and buttress of our hearts at this time. I know, if your experience has been at all as mine, that this wicked deed has jolted us powerfully out of the spiritual lethargy into which we slipped, and that even though we thought we were giving our best, it wasn't enough; and lacked the depth of consecration and the power of witness which we should have as God's ambassadors to men. May God release to the whole church new power through this tragedy, and a deeper consecration and a more faithful witness to the wonderful cause of Christianity for which true followers all down through the ages have been ready and willing to give lives.

“What has happened is a thrilling, stimulating thing, and is helping the whole church. God be praised that we can be, and are, joyful over it all. In Christ’s service, the value of a life lived for Him is measured not by length of serve, but by the quality of service, and by the fulfillment of His purpose for it. And His purpose was fulfilled in Betty and John and is being fulfilled, and hence their service here had been completed. It is very wonderful to be able to see how God works like this.”

“JOY AND VICTORY”

(Letters from John’s Family)

John’s brother, Harry, a missionary in Africa, wrote us: “How terrible it all seems! Yet no soldier can go to war and properly ask to come off scatheless. When we laid away our little Esther in 1930, from dysentery, we were brought face to face with the fact that *there is a price involved* in “following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth” or, “Whithersoever He sendeth.” But now your Betty and our John,—(or rather “our” both of them) going like this, make us realize more than ever, that it is a “warfare” we are in, no child’s play. Yet I know in my heart that, through it all, you rejoice in the glory that is theirs ‘before the Throne of God’ today, and would probably not wish for them anything but the gallant death that was theirs, dying for Him who is so worthy of any sacrifice we can make to show that we love Him.”

One of John’s sisters-in-law wrote: “When John left Paterson for Moody he left ‘Rutherford’s Letters’ with me, and he had a passage marked: ‘Do not faint; the wicked may hold the bitter cup to your head but God mixeth it, and there is no poison in it.’ Also, ‘Your Lord will not have you, nor any of His servants, to exchange for the worse.’ We know that our dear ones are ‘far better.’”

From Father Stam:

"Never will I forget the letter we received from John after Betty and he had spent a day together in Chicago, when she was on her way China. He wrote: 'Betty and I had a glorious day in the Moody Bible Institute together with the Lord. The day was spent in prayer and meditation upon the Word of God; and, after prayerful deliberation, we both felt that it was better not to be engaged, because *neither of us would have anything to interfere with the will of God.* If the Lord desires us together, He will bring us together. We are sure of that, and we are just leaving it in His hands. He will do all things well for us; we trust Him.'

"When we received this letter, Mother and I wept for joy. We knelt down and thanked God for two lives who were willing to *give God the first place.* Oh, how we praised Him, and we knew that He was going to give them the choicest of blessings. How wonderfully He did lead them! How joyous their life has been in their engagement and after they were married. How happy they were in the Lord!

"Nay, John and Betty are not dead, they are indeed living. O, the joy to know that our children were willing, not only to be a *living sacrifice*, but to be a *dying sacrifice* for Him who died for them and us on Calvary's cross. And what thrilling letters we have received from all over the world,—letters of comfort and of information in regard to the stirring in the Body of Christ.

"Among the hundreds of letters is one just received from the 'Moody of Scotland,' the Rev. James McKendrick, who wrote: 'Oh, blessed John and Betty, they are now enjoying the blessed *'far better'*. I have heard a voice from heaven say: 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'" (Rev. 14:13) *A Voice from Heaven!* The very voice of God assuring you that John's and Betty's persons didn't end in death, but continued in richer and fuller measure.—'Far better.'"

"The Memorial Service in the Star of Hope Mission (Paterson, N. J.), listened to by at least a thousand people, was an evening of joy and victory. Similar services have been held not only at Moody Bible Institute but in many parts of our land and in other, in Schools and Churches. We believe that many young people have been stirred through the memory of these two lives laid down for Christ in China."

"We are so glad that our two families have unitedly been able to praise God for His love to our dear children, so that in life and death they glorified Him. They were indeed consecrated children. It was Christ who had the pre-eminence in their lives, and *that is why they could do what they did.*"

A friend sent this comforting thought: "I have been thinking today of that great verse in Ephesians 3:15—'Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named'. In terms of the divine purpose, families are not divided by the incident of death—the *family of believers is intact.*" *And another friend wrote:* "The first thought is that your family circle is broken—the second and truer thought is that it is only extended, and it makes Heaven and the blessed dead—more near and real.

'On earth the broken circle,
In heaven the *perfect round.*' "

This spiritually searching and understanding prayer of Dr. Robert E. Speer, sent us, helps to make more plain and beautiful the meaning of it all:

"We seem to give back to Thee, dear God, who gavest them to us. Yet as Thou didst not lose them in giving, so we have not lost them by their return. Not as the world gives, givest Thou, O Lover of souls! What Thou givest Thou takest not away, for what is Thine is ours always, if we are Thine. And Life is Eternal, and Love is Immortal; and Death is only a horizon, and a horizon is nothing is nothing save the limit of one's sight."

As John Oxenham put the truth in his poem :

WASTED.

"Think not of any one of them as wasted,
Or to the void like broken tools outcast,—
Unnoticed, unregretted, and unknown—
Not so is His care shown.

Know this!

In God's economy there is no waste,
As in His Work no slackening, no haste;
But noiselessly, without a sign,
The measure of His vast design
Is all fulfilled, exact as He hath willed.

And His good instruments He tends with care,
Lest aught their future usefulness impair,—
As Master-craftsman His choice tools doth tend,
Respecting each one as a trusty friend,
Cleans them, and polishes, and puts away,
For His good usage at some future day;—
So He unto Himself has taken these,
Not to their loss but to their vast increase.
To us,—the loss, the emptiness, the pain;
But unto them—all high eternal gain."

"*SUCH A WONDERFUL WITNESSING!*"

(Echoes from Wilson College.)

The President of Betty's class at Wilson College
wrote :

"Betty and John have a usefulness above that will far exceed any earthly career. The memory of Betty's face has never left me from the moment I first saw her. Her Christian life shone from her face, and influenced every one with whom she came in contact."

"I do believe that just the same sweet face—
But glorified,—is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy, in that by and by."

Another Wilson girl wrote :

"Betty was my 'big sister' in College, and I'll never forget how wonderfully good she was to me—especially in helping me in my spiritual life. And she was always so patient and sweet when

I went to her for advice and companionship. It is wonderful to know that she and her husband *together* met their Saviour, and to know that *He* called them home to Himself! And with such a wonderful witnessing to the whole world!”

“THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTED”

(*Sent by a Friend*)

“Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering skies?
Do you weep when the noise of war,
And the rage of conflict dies?
Then why should your tears roll down
And your hearts with grief be riven,
For another gem in the Saviour’s crown,
And another soul in heaven!

“No sin, no grief, no pain,—
Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled, no doubts me claim,
My hour of triumph come!
Friends of my mortal years!
The trusted and the true,
You are walking still in the valley of tears
But I wait to welcome you.”

A Wilson College Professor wrote :

“When the first news of their death came, I was to lead chapel. I put aside the message I had prepared, and made Betty my theme to the awe-stricken group assembled there.

“Yesterday President Warfield was present at Sunday chapel, almost his first appearance since his illness. Tremblingly he ascended the platform, and with a voice broken with emotion he spoke of Betty and of the baby, and claimed the latter for Wilson College in the sweetest paternal fashion, as only *he* could do. There was scarcely

a dry eye in the room. The girls said, 'I shall never forget this service as long as I live.' It is for us to rejoice that it has been witnessed anew that 'There is no place, however far off and desolate, that may not be turned into a sanctuary because of God's Presence.' In the night-time, in Miao Sheo, there must have been songs, and we can only pray that salvation may come to the cruel enemies because of the glorious faith they witnessed. 'Where sin abounds, grace much more abounds.' We are going to watch the development of God's wondrous grace that is sure to grow out of all this.' "

So, in connection with President Warfield's suggestion, Wilson has taken the unique step of making Helen Priscilla "*the College Baby*," providing her college expenses; and the Registrar has officially entered her in the class of 1956.

Another friend, also a Wilson girl, and now a missionary in China, wrote :

"I think it is a very glorious thing to have one's children give such a remarkable witness to their devotion to their Master. None of those who knew Betty can ever think of her without the added thought of 'that last full measure of devotion,' which she and her husband gave so eagerly. All of those Chinese students who saw her wedding, all the girls who went to school and college with her, will always remember her as different from all others. I think of Betty in connection with that beautiful passage in Psal. 3:8-10. She indeed has been 'conformed unto His death, having experienced 'the fellowship of His sufferings,' and is now 'in the glory of the knowledge of Christ.'

"I believe, too, that we must think of John and Betty in relation to their sharing the sufferings of the Chinese who were also hurt in the looting of their city. Every year there are so many thousands whose deaths we do not count, who also suffer without cause. The sacrifice of these dear lives must make us all more tender toward the sufferings of the Chinese during these years of reconstruction."

"LIFT YOUR EYES . . . TO THE GLORY"

(Echoes from Moody Bible Institute)

Dr. James M. Gray, former president of Moody Bible Institute, who himself has recently passed into the Glory Land, wrote as he heard the news of John and Betty's martyrdom :

"I trust that even in the poignancy of your grief you have had grace to lift your eyes of faith to the glory that awaited Betty and John, as beyond the veil they met the Saviour for whom they died. On the West wall of our 'original' building there is a tablet recording the names of our students who have gone to the foreign field,—hundreds of them; but there is one panel in it on which the names of the martyrs are recorded, and there, we often stand silently to worship God and honor the memory of those, like your beloved ones, "of whom the world was not worthy.' "

The following poem was written by Dr. Will H. Houghton, President of Moody Bible Institute, and was read by him at the Institute on John's birthday, Jan. 18th, 1935. It is entitled:

"BY LIFE OR BY DEATH"

(Phil. 1:20)

So this is life, this world with all its pleasure,
Struggles and tears, a smile, a frown, a sigh,
Friendships so true and love of kin and neighbor.
Sometimes it's hard to live, but always hard to die.

The world moves on, so rapidly the living
The form of those who disappear replace,
And each one dreams that he must be enduring,
A little while and he becomes the missing face.

In life or death,—and life is surely flying,
The crib and coffin carved out of the self same tree—
In life or death,—and death is surely coming,
Escape I can't, there is no place to flee.

But Thou, Oh God, hast life that is eternal,
That life is mine, a gift through Thy dear Son.
Help me to feel its flush and pulse supernal,
Assurance of a morn when life's short day is done.

Help me to know the value of these hours,
Help me the folly of all waste to see.
Help me to trust the Christ who bore my sorrows,
And then to yield, for life or death, to Thee.

In all my days be glorified, Lord Jesus.
In all my ways guide me with Thine own eye.
Just when, and as Thou wilt, use me, Lord Jesus,
And then for me 'tis Christ to live or die.

A Moody friend wrote :

"I truly believe that He doeth all things well,"
and that it will be for His honor and glory and for the
salvation of souls in China and all over the world. Their
devotion unto death stirs our hearts, and makes us realize
how pitifully small has been our devotion to Him and His
cause. As my husband said: 'Perhaps it has taken just
such a stirring sacrifice to shake Christendom out of its
sleep and start the revival fires which will sweep in the

last souls to complete the Church and bring back our Lord.'

"I have wondered, if perhaps God especially led me to love Betty in order to give me a vision of China's need, and that perhaps He was leading us to take their places. My husband said, 'God has taken Betty and John, but He is leading us forth into His service—maybe to take their place!'

"At the Memorial Service held for them, Jan. 18, the Day of Prayer, on being asked who would be willing to take their places, if God so led, my husband with some seven hundred or more stood up! So surely the sacrifice was not in vain!"

Among the many letters from fellow students of the Moody Bible Institute, who knew both Betty and John—and who are now *missionaries in China under the C. I. M.*, we can quote but a few:

From Yunnan Province:

"In the fellowship of the China Prayer Band, and the Missionary Union, Betty's beauty, her fine personality, and her very real showing forth of the Christ-life increasingly won my admiration and respect. The President of her class once said to me, speaking of Betty: 'You can talk about things of Christ to her.' My admiration for Betty and my interest in her increased when she became engaged to John, for he was one of my most intimate friends. We have been together on the same platform, scores of times in missionary and evangelistic meetings, and have driven hundreds of miles together by automobile. His Christ-like living, good humor, contagious enthusiasm, and general ability, could call forth only the admiration of those with whom he came in contact.

To me, though he was less than a year older than I, he was a wise counsellor in many matters, always striving to have me know and do God's will. Perhaps you may find comfort in the final words of John's letter to me, dated Nov. 3, as he advised me to commit a certain matter to my Lord: *'Our future is pretty uncertain, but it's very, very certainly in the hands of our loving Father, and He does nothing but what is infinitely good.'*”

From Chefoo, Shantung:

“It is hard for those of us who had the privilege of knowing them, to understand why two such devoted and promising young workers should be taken. It seemed to me that they could be spared the least of any, and yet the Lord knew better—for they are among those ‘of whom the world was not worthy’ and now they are in the very Presence of the One Whom they loved so well and served so faithfully to the end. They have left behind a memory fragrant to many, many people. Their lives were indeed fragrant of Christ Himself. Betty's grasp of spiritual truth, both from the Word and from experience, was often a help and inspiration to me and to many others. With all her gifts and beauty she was truly humble and tender-hearted.”

A friend now witnessing near the Tibetan border wrote:

“While at Moody I saw much of Betty and John. John is the best friend I have ever had. It was in the various prayer bands and prayer meetings that I saw and heard Betty the most. I cannot remember any prayer meetings from which she was absent, when she could at-

tend. In fact Betty and prayer seemed to go together. I praise the Lord for every remembrance of her. Heaven only seems across the line now, for my pal and Betty have gone ahead. Just a few more days to be filled with praise and to tell 'The Old, Old Story,' and then we will go, too. As John used to say, 'It is worth while to have some tears just to have the Lord wipe them away.'"

The best man at John and Betty's wedding wrote, from Hopei Province:

"One wondered why the Lord should allow it,—John the most spiritual fellow of our lot in the Language School at Anking—so full of promise and just getting into his stride; yet the Lord took them both, and now they are with Him, above it all. His ways are higher than ours, and He knoweth best. The memory of John and Betty will ever be an incentive to follow their example and be diligent about the Master's business. They were found at the post of duty, and in the Coming Day—we with them, shall rejoice in the victory Our Lord has won through them."

"WIDESPREAD EVANGELISM."

(What C.I.M. Friends Say.)

Dr. Robert H. Glover, the North America Director of the China Inland Mission wrote :

"I truly loved and admired Betty and John, regarding them as among our choicest and most promising younger missionaries. But this is not the first time that the Lord has selected just such ones to call to the higher service in the visible Presence of Him Whom they loved

and served so well down here, and Whose constraining love led them to China. 'Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' "

The London General Secretary of the China Inland Mission wrote us :

"Ministers and Christian workers everywhere in England have borne witness to the fact that this double martyrdom is the most stirring thing they have ever met with,—another beautiful instance of our Lord bringing life out of death, and blessing souls from the stony spot being baptised with blood."

A similar message came from the General Secretary in Scotland, who remarked that the example of John and Betty was known in every town and hamlet of the land, bringing new inspiration to live unto Christ.

A host of such testimonies has strengthened our faith to trust God fully in His inscrutable but holy Providences.

How apropos to this truth is the *translation of a grand old Icelandic "Passion Psalm," sent us by Mr. S. A. Gislason, General Secretary for Iceland of the World's Sunday School Association.*

A PSALM OF TRUST

How often they that love the Lord
Are found like woe receiving;
In this dark world the cruel sword
Their inmost hearts is cleaving,
While scorners prosper; Lift thine eyes—
A heavenly glory shall surprise
The soul on Christ believing.

For they that love the Lord of Grace
Beneath the cross stand gazing

Toward His bleeding hands and face,
Their eyes in wonder raising.
Then faith and hope each wound may tell,
Until released from Satan's spell
Their voice breaks forth in praising.

Lord grant that whatso'er I do,
In gladness or in weeping,
Beneath the cross my station true
I may be ever keeping:
E'en death shall lose its agony
So but at Jesus' feet I die
In His dear presence sleeping."

A China Inland Mission friend who attended the farewell mass meeting in Philadelphia, just before Betty and some of the other 200 young people of the "Forward Movement" were leaving for their fields, wrote us:

"From the Church platform, Betty giving her testimony said: *'I would rather spend in China what I have left of life, even if it means a shorter life for me. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'* (Phil. 1:21), (Betty's life verse, adopted first at a Student Bible Conference 1925, at Keswick, N. J., and written on her photos to her friends when she graduated from the Moody Bible Institute in 1931); also, 'Whether I live or die I am the Lord's'" The friend added: "That was what Betty meant to me,—a life thoroughly consecrated. She truly laid her life down before she went back to China, and *she is now, as she was then, the Lord's.*"

From Melbourne, Australia, wrote Mrs. MacFarlane, who was head of the C.I.M. Women's Training School in China: "Dear Betty's life, as I knew her in the Home at Yangchow, was always bright and shining, and her faithfulness and devotion to the study of the language

was marked. *Almost the last words Betty said to me before leaving were: 'When I get to my station I mean to devote my whole life to widespread evangelism.'*

She sent the following poem:

"THE PEACE OF THE TESTED"

"There is a peace that cometh after sorrow,
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
A peace that looketh not upon tomorrow,
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace that lives not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure,
But in un failing strength the heart possesses,
Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

A peace there is, in sacrifice secluded;
A life subdued, from will and passion free;
'Tis not the peace that over Eden brooded,
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane."

Among many more letters received from other members of the China Inland Mission, we can quote but a few.

Miss Readshow of Anhwei wrote:

"I feel that I know you because of our two beloved saints now in glory, face to face with Him whom they so closely followed, yea, even to Calvary. I know that hill (Eagle Hill), and dear Mrs. Wang is a gem of the first order. If she had known your darling was in the hands of the Reds she never would have left her. I long, if God wills, to hold an open-air meeting as did Evangelist Lo, on that very spot—so sacred—and once more, proclaim the glorious news to those people. Ah! there will be a rich harvest! Many will rise up to call them blessed."

From Anking, Anhwei:

"You know, of course that our C.I.M. Men's Language School is here in Anking. Quite a number of these young men have told of the shock it was to them when they heard of the tragic happening, and of the great struggle they had to face up to things with the Lord, but how it brought them to the point of full surrender, and a definite offering up of themselves—body, soul and spirit,—for life or death, in such a way they had never done before. And then the joy that flooded their souls!"

Superintendent Hanna, of Wuhu:

"The influence of the lives laid down for the Master is greater than we will ever know. That the religious life of the English should be so deeply stirred is truly remarkable. One of the Chinese pastors has recently returned from visits in Anhwei, and he told me he was sure that John and Betty had already accomplished more by their deaths than than they could have accomplished by a long life of service. Their influence on the Chinese, in all the places visited, had convinced him of this. Some thirty-six of our Anhwei workers gathered here in Wuhu for Conference early this month. The Lord was with us in deep reality, and all went away refreshed. On Conference Sunday morning a group gathered at the grave of John and Betty; and, after a time of solemn hush, there was a spontaneous service of testimony and praise. On the way home Mr. Kohfield said to me: 'I have never before felt satisfied that these two lives should be cut short in the way they were, but

I am now. The Lord has shown it to me this morning, and all questioning has gone.' ”

Mrs. Kohfeld wrote from Suan Cheng:

“We have very precious and sacred memories of the two dear ones who have gone from us, as we move about in this house which was their first ‘home’ together. But they are no longer pilgrims and strangers on this earth, praise God; they have reached the Home of Homes which is radiant and fragrant with the beauty of God.

“Yesterday Mrs. Birch and I called on some Christian friends here. One of them is an officer, in command of all the military in this region and Tsingteh. His wife was a very dear friend of Betty’s. She said that when her husband visited Tsingteh after the Reds left, people who lived around John and Betty’s home said that they were such wonderfully good, and kind people, that every one loved them. This ‘tai-tai’ was very much broken up over their death, for Betty was so dear to her. She knew her in Fowyang, when she was there before Betty’s marriage. Their song here may be ended, but the glorious melody lingers on.”

On the day of their burial (Jan. 2, 1935) a Wuhu friend of the Christian and Missionary Alliance wrote to Betty’s mother who remained in Tsinan with Baby Helen Priscilla:

“The news of the martyrdom on the little hill outside Miaosheo came to us, bit by bit, and for many days our hearts were crushed over the awful experience of our friends and over our great loss. Since then we have

learned more of the triumphant way in which they witnessed to the crowd of onlookers, and of how marvellously they glorified their Lord in their death. Surely God was with them, and they must have been very conscious of His Presence. We feel confident 'much fruit' will result from this supreme sacrifice.

"We have just returned from the pretty foreign cemetery over on a hillside, near the C.I.M. compound, where we had the comfort of seeing the bodies of your loved ones placed, among those of 'like precious faith', to await the day when they shall be resurrected, glorified and 'caught up together' to welcome our Lord. This was the first time I had seen husband and wife buried in one grave, and to me it was beautiful. In fancy I could see our friends, 'John and Betty,' hand-in-hand, going into the Presence of their Lord, to receive His 'well done'. What unspeakable bliss must have been theirs!"

A letter, written Nov. 5, 1935, in Toronto, Canada by the Prayer Union Secretary of the C.I.M. said: "The fragrance of the life of your children has been, and still is, like ointment poured forth. May the wave of blessing that God set in motion, through the homecall of Betty and John, extend throughout the world, as it surely is doing; and may many be brought to know and love Him, Whom they so faithfully served."

"OUR VOWS OF CONSECRATION WERE
RENEWED"

(The Effect on Many Missionaries)

Out here in China the effect on the missionaries, rather than to intimidate and make them feel like giving

up and going home has been a challenge to renewed consecration and more earnest endeavor to proclaim the Good Tidings of salvation.

As a Shansi Missionary wrote us:

“My colleague and I, who were travelling to Peking, stopped for the night at a junction, and before retiring we read the “Memoriam” of your dear children’s death. I shall never forget that night and the inspiration of those messages! It was a sleepless night, but we seemed lifted up from the earth and *our vows of consecration were renewed. Our lives were enriched, made better; and, by the help of our heavenly Father, will remain so.* I am sure the whole missionary body of China, and even of other lands, has been richly blessed and inspired anew by the triumphant death of your dear children. Though tragic, strange and most unusual, for this age, one cannot but see the Hand of God in this harrowing event. Could any circumstance more truly verify the words of our Master, ‘Except a grain of wheat fall to the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it beareth much fruit’ ” ?

A Korea friend wrote :

“We can share just a little of the solemn joy that must be mixed with your grief, in the thought that one of your own was counted worthy to be among those martyrs of whom God seems even yet to have need. Surely missionaries all over the world will have new inspiration to consecration in thinking of these two who were faithful even unto death !”

A Nanking Missionary wrote :

“We also feel the joy and pride that they proved so worthy of that long line of martyrs who have not offered up their lives in vain. The beauty of their faith was such as to make many of us seek a renewing and beautifying of our own. Can we not look forward to that day when the fields of Anhwei will be white for the harvest, warmed by the sun of their love.”?

The President of a Mission University in China wrote: “To have given of your most precious living possessions for the cause which brought us all to this country,—to know of the sacrificial courage of faithful Chinese Christians—to have the little granddaughter as an abiding trophy of their devotion—must all be factors in lighting up all the meaning and value of Christian faith with even more radiance than usually shines out in the passing of a loved one into that land which lies after all not far away from every one of us.”

Another Missionary Friend wrote “Knowing them both, it was very evident how utterly they longed for the Will of God, and had ‘set their minds on the things that are above, where Christ is.’—It is wonderful that they, with others who have gone through great tribulation, are now serving in radiant, inexpressible joy of reality Him Whom they so recently served in joyful faith.”

After they had heard of their capture, and the evening before they learned of the death of John and Betty, two Tsinan friends were listening to Stainer’s wonderful “Crucifixion” given on the Victrola. Both of

them had been praying for the captives' release and were thinking much of them when the Chorus was being sung:

*'Fling wide the gates
For the Saviour waits
To tread in His royal way;
He has come from above,
In His power and love,
To die on this Passion Day.'*

One of the friends told us later that, as she listened to these words, she seemed clearly to see the gates of heaven flung open and the Saviour standing to receive Betty and John who had come along the same road that He had come, and were entering "through the Gate into the City."

A local Chinese Christian, wife of a post office official, was the first person to call our attention to the fact that in the account of Stephen's martyrdom, given in Acts 7, in verse 56, Stephen said He saw "Christ *standing* at the right hand of God, (to *welcome* him), while in other places, in which Christ is mentioned as being at God's right hand, he is said to be "sitting".

Since then other friends, foreign as well as Chinese, have also brought out the same beautiful thought. Among them is *a letter from a Korea missionary whose husband was killed by bandits in Manchuria two or three years ago*. She said: "Last month, when teaching in the Bible Institute, I was thrilled, as always, with the story of Stephen, that first martyr, so radiant and victorious. It is a precious comfort to believe that *our* dear ones received the same "*standing*" *welcome* and the crowning of their service."

From a Professor in the North China Theological Seminary :

"I wish to tell you what a blessing the great testimony of Betty and John has been to me. It has brought to me a new realization, profoundly deep and sweet, of what my dear Redeemer did for me."

From a Chefoo friend :

"Betty and her husband lost their lives, not as if taken unawares; but death was in their path of service, and they have sown the seed that martyrs sow. Jesus said, 'Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, and for the Gospel's, the same shall save it, and 'whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'"

From Huchow, Kiangsu :

"This tragedy is one of the 'all things' which 'work together for good' through God's making the wrath of men to praise Him, and through His using the sacrifice of these two noble lives greatly to set forward His cause out here in China and in the whole world."

From a Korea Missionary :

"We who are looking for the soon-coming of the Lord, should not be so stunned over this 'fiery trial, as though some strange thing happened to us, for we have been taught to expect tribulation between now and that blessed time. God knows His strong ones, His true ones, and He calls only upon *those*, like your Betty and John, to witness in the furnace of martyrdom. We believe, that this will be used to glorify God and for the furtherance of the Gospel."

"We are convinced that the all-powerful hand of our Saviour still rules, and rules with wisdom and love. Those two died that others might live; and their death, coupled with the accounts of the bravery and love of the Chinese, will do more for the cause of Missions than any other event of recent years."

A part of a poem, written by a China missionary friend, paraphrases for us that great, triumphant passage at the close of the 8th of Romans, as follows:

"For I am persuaded that nothing can part
The love of my Saviour from me,
Shall famine, or anguish or peril, or sword?
E'en death can but take me to Thee."

A Paotingfu friend wrote :

"Knowing how great Betty's faith was, I feel sure she was kept close to Him and given an exaltation in her martyrdom that we have never tested. Now they are among those blessed ones who have come up through tribulation, laying down their lives for Him Whom they loved,—now happy and safe with Him."

From a Hangchow friend :

"Their death was cruel and terrible, and yet beautiful in proportion to its terrible nature. How awful for an innocent mother to go to her execution and have to say 'Goodbye' to her helpless infant! They gave their lives for China, and the beauty of their death will leave a profound impression for good among the Chinese."

Another Hangchow friend wrote:

"Our Chinese friends here have been pouring out their hearts in prayer to God, first for the release of

your loved captives, and now for you and the precious baby. It is a blessed 'tie that binds our hearts in Christian love'. It matters not of what nationality, those who love the Lord are truly one in Christ Jesus. I feel sure that the noble and courageous witness they gave in those days of trial, before they were called to higher service, will result under God's blessing in turning many Chinese to our Lord. It is comforting to know that He was with them through it all, and that nothing could touch them before it touched Him; and then but one step into a glorious eternity where they will rejoice in His Presence forevermore."

A Memorial Service was held at the North China Theological Seminary on Dec. 16th, of which one of the Faculty wrote :

"The atmosphere and spirit at the service was lovely, and the messages and prayers were so deep. There was a hush and an indescribable sense of triumph throughout all the sadness, which impressed me very much. Thinking of the glory side makes the 'things of earth seem strangely dim.' We are rejoicing in the opportunities for direct witnessing."

The President of the Seminary, our beloved friend, who has given fifty-three years of service in the training of Chinese preachers, wrote :

"We rejoice in Betty and John's bravery and calmness. *They knew in WHOM they believed.* I should not be surprised if they have accomplished more by their death than they could have done by their lives, and again it will be proven that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed

of the church.' Those Chinese mothers who dared to go and nurse Helen Priscilla deserve great credit, and it is a joy to think that those cruel tormentors had no sympathizers among the people with whom John and Betty lived. *It shows that the Chinese are worth living for and dying for.*"

A friend wrote from Shanghai :

"I believe they had definitely faced this very possibility beforehand and told Him they were willing. They are among that small group of choice ones here and those of whom the world is not worthy, who have *already* reigned with Him in *this* life, and are quite ready to be early raptured and sit with Him on His throne at His Appearing. Think of the honor that is theirs, that the Lord of Glory should have chosen them to share in the great reward and glory that await the martyrs, that glorious number who have for the sake of the Name, given their lives so richly."

And another friend, from Ningpo, wrote in similar vein:

"My tears flowed as I read the account; but, at the same time, my heart glowed with pride and gratification at their marvellous manner as they faced death. God knew their faith and their spiritual strength, else He never would have asked them to lay down their lives in that way. In one of our missionary prayer meetings we asked our selves if WE could have died like that!"

A young China missionary :

"God in His infinite mercy and wisdom has chosen Betty and John to be a proof to all the world of the truth of Romans 8: 35-39. 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' and of the fifteen or more evils, mentioned in the next few verses, your beloved children drank them to the dregs. Today, before the world, we have this message:—'John and Betty are *more than conquerors* in all these things—through Him Who loved them.' "

Another Paotingfu friend wrote :

"I had been praying that God would release them from all danger. *He has*—and given a martyr's crown as well! They had put their all on the altar, and now they have taken their fresh, young service to Heaven. They must have been needed there. God called them to a great honor. May we not pray that the joyous and gifted young lives, so freely given to God, may speak to many young hearts and lead them to Mission service in China?"

And from Muscat, Arabia, wrote our friend Dr. Paul W. Harrison :

"It has given us all a new thrill at being allowed to be members of the great company that God has sent out into the far places. Those two young people witnessed a good confession, in God's sight and in that of their fellow missionaries everywhere,—as flawless and lovely as any human thing down here can ever be. It adds a touch of reality and depth to the message, even out here in Arabia, and we thank God upon every remembrance of them."

The Rev. James Graham, Jr., who was with John and Betty in Süancheng for a week's evangelistic meetings a year ago last spring, has written :

"We cannot and should not attempt to account for the permissive will of God. I am constrained to believe that such things are not the directive will of God but initiated by the Serpent, and permitted by God, inasmuch as He will over-rule it to His glory. Satan certainly had reason to fear John and Betty. They had already done damage, and bade fair to do much further damage to his kingdom. It would be hard to find a couple who constituted such a threat and challenge to the domain of darkness as they. As usual Satan has overstepped himself, and we can be sure they have won as many or more by their death as they would have by their lives. Yet they are not dead, but only asleep in Christ. They have joined the choir ahead of us who sing that glorious oratorio to the Creator and Redeemer Christ, and their glorified bodies will 'prevent' (i.e. anticipate) us, if we are permitted to remain until the trumpet sounds. It may be that, in the Providence of our All-wise Father, they, like Ridley and Latimer of old, have 'lit a candle' (not in England but in South Anhwei) that by God's grace can never be put out."

**"THE TRIUMPH OF HIS GRACE ENCIRCLING
THE WORLD"**

(Echoes from Afar)

*From the Biblical Seminary in New York City
comes this word :*

“The martyrdom of those two young people and the miraculous way in which the baby was saved, has done more to uplift the Cross here in America than any other one thing that has happened in years. It is wonderful to realize the power of the Holy Spirit in speaking through that sacrifice to the hearts of so many people.”

Dr. Lewis Sperry Chafer, from the Texas Theological Seminary, wrote :

“We have never had, so far as I know, any similar event which has called forth more public interest and comment than this has done. The papers everywhere have given much space to it, and here in Dallas called upon the people to recognize the wonderful Christian character of those who could die as these young people died, pointing out, too, that not all the spirit of martyrdom has been extinguished. They have glorified God in a most wonderful way, and have called attention to the reality of a Christian testimony more definitely than perhaps they could have done in a whole lifetime of faithful service.”

Ernest M. Wadsworth, General Secretary of the Great Commission Prayer League, Chicago, wrote :

“Had you been able to follow us about from church to church in these prayer conferences, you would have been given not only one thrill of joy after an other, but also great compensating joy in the hearing of earnest prayers for you and the Stams, and for the furtherance of the Gospel resulting from your bereavement. A tighter bond of sympathy with the missionaries on the far-flung

spiritual battle fronts, as the result of John and Betty's martyrdom, have tightened around the hearts of intercessors everywhere in this land."

A friend in the State Department at Washington wrote us: "Not long ago I heard a very learned and thoughtful American, who has lived a long time, say that he believed that no great advance in human affairs had ever been achieved without the sacrifice in connection with its achievement of many lives. That thought may offer a good deal of consolation to those whose families and whose friends contribute directly to the role of lives given in connection with endeavors of progress."

The pastor of a Methodist church in Oregon wrote :

"We with our limited knowledge and circumscribed vision cannot understand the providences of God that permit the Enemy to do as he did in this case; but our confidence is in Him who knoweth all things and doeth all things well. Of one thing I am very sure, that Satan again overstepped himself in this attempt to wreak his vengeance against God and His Christ; and that he must stand chagrined at the glorious testimony to God's un-failing faithfulness and the triumph of His grace that is encircling the world as a result of his dastardly deed. We are praying that God will make this fall out in an un-bounded degree to the furtherance of the Gospel, for the glory of our blessed Lord."

The widow of our revered home pastor wrote :

"I know that Betty wanted what God wanted, not to escape anything that He saw fit, and it seems lovely

to me to think they went hand-in-hand into God's Presence. Truly, Betty and John have done more in their death than they could have done in their lives. I think those who saw their death can never forget their calmness and their exaltation in suffering for Christ; and, though it may not be for years, those who witnessed it will realize that there was something there that they have not and will come at last to want it."

A Professor of the Biblical Seminary, New York, wrote:

"Surely He can use this experience, too, even in the hearts of those men who did this thing. They must have been touched by the evidences they saw of steadfastness and peace even in the face of death. And who knows how the Lord may work through it so that the seeds which have fallen into the ground shall bring forth fruit a hundredfold. I keep thinking of Stephen and Saul."

A Pastor's wife :

It's almost unbelievable—we certainly cannot understand the human side of it—the rage of heathen hearts—but God has promised to make the wrath of man to praise Him, And who knows the glorious results in the hearts of hundreds of Chinese believing and still to believe, through this witness ?

A Board Secretary wrote :

"Betty was one of the rarest children of God I have known in all my travels; gone so soon to her Master, and leaving her precious little treasure (Helen Priscilla). My prayer is that God may use Betty's witness in death as

He has already her witness in life, to the saving of some who may stir China for Christ. How we need just their courage and devotion to their Lord in our Church here. There are so few who really know what the mission of the Church is."

The Wife of a Philadelphia pastor friend, wrote:

"We all go home in some way. Your dear daughter and her husband have gone in a chariot of fire. If they had lived to be eighty they might have done a great life work, and then grown old and tired and oft times disillusioned. Now, full of vigor, their personalities, their lives, their work, their witnessing, their martyrdom are known here in every town and city."

A life-time friend (Mrs. Wm. A. Prentiss, of Holyoke, Mass), with whom Betty made her home during most of her stay in America, wrote :

"Their tragic death has called forth much lifting of spirit in the whole Christian world, and in many cases a deeper desire for things more heavenly. The Lord's ways are past finding out. It is marvelous some of the expressions I have heard from such different quarters. It seems to me that I never knew of a death which was so universally mourned, and has been the means of creating such a spirit for better living and more faith."

Dr. Joseph Clark, for many years a leader of International S. S. association life, wrote :

"Shocking and terrible as was the tragic martyrdom of dear Betty, and her husband, I believe the sacrifice of their lives has sent more Christians to their

kness than has any other happening for many years in the history of Christian Missions. They take their places with Paul and Peter, and Wyckliff and Huss, and the Company of martyrs who died for the Gospel's sake, whose life was Christ, and to whom death was gain."

In a full-paged illustrated article of a *leading London Daily*, (August, 35), reviewing Mrs. Howard Taylor's book, "*The Triumph of John and Betty Stam*"—published by the China Inland Mission—the writer, after discussing the marvellous steps by which, as in a chain of light, "the Miracle Baby" was rescued, asks this pertinent question: "Wherein lies the *triumph* of her parents? "His answer is in the words of Spurgeon's famous aphorism: '*Suffering saints are living seed*'. And the reviewer concludes: "Indeed, the tragedy has opened the deep springs of faith and love in countless hearts. For example: at the Memorial Service held for them in the Moody Bible Institute, seven hundred students consecrated their lives to missionary work, wherever God might call them."

And another writer, in one of England's leading religious weeklies, "The Christian", of Nov. 1935, while speaking of the same book, wrote: "Is anyone tempted to ask, 'Why this waste'? If so, let him read this story of two utterly consecrated lives that won the martyr's crown. Here, indeed, is spikenard very precious, freely outpoured in sacrifice for the Lord. Already it is becoming manifest that John and Betty Stam lived a whole lifetime in one brief day. The faithful witness of these two has already resulted in hundreds of young lives being con-

secrated to missionary service in America and elsewhere. Here is a book which should circulate widely. We have never read anything more deeply moving."

"A TREMENDOUS CHALLENGE TO
YOUNG CHRISTIANS."

It has been our earnest prayer that not only the missionary body and the Chinese Church and the Church at home may receive strength and inspiration to a deeper consecration and warm-hearted devotion to our blessed Lord, but also that many young people will be led to dedicate themselves to serve Him on the far-flung battle-fields where He is as yet scarcely known.

A Missionary in Korea wrote:

"How blessedly honored those two dear young people have been of God! What could more effectively put iron into the blood of truly consecrated young people in America, and send them out to the hard places of the world? They have been thinking that all the hard pioneer work was done—but now they will know that China has only been touched on the edges."

A China Missionary wrote:

"I am sure that a tremendous challenge has been issued to Christians, especially young Christians all over the world."

A young American college graduate wrote:

"The witness of your beloved daughter and her husband, as well as the beauty and sublimity of spirit shown in Betty's poems, are all a testimony I shall never

forget. Truly it will haunt me to the end of my days. If ever I reach the point where sin and selfishness are overcome in my own life, and if ever I do live the life of loving sacrifice for others, it will be partly because their glorious life and death have shown to me again the enormous seriousness of the Kingdom of God, and the necessity that Christ's death on the Cross has placed upon us."

A Philadelphia Pastor wrote:

"It is hard to believe that their lives and earthly ministry are closed. And they are not. *They are still speaking. The influence of their lives and martyrdom will mightily influence the youth of our land. It will enable God to send out hundreds of young women and hundreds of young men to take up the work that these two young servants of His had to lay down.*"

A New Jersey Pastor wrote:

"*A multitude of young people, in the light of this event, have caught a new vision of the higher meaning of life, while many Christian parents have glimpsed for the first time the privilege and blessedness of placing those who are dearest to their hearts wholly at the Lord's disposal. What is more manifest is that all the circumstances connected with this most tragic occurrence, humanly speaking, have fallen out unto the furtherance of the Gospel and for the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ through them.*"

**"BETTY AND JOHN NOW BELONG
TO US ALL."**

We have been much touched by the way that

multitudes in the Faith all over the World have lovingly and tenderly claimed Betty and John as their own.

A Denver Church Leader:

"The tragedy is not only yours, but ours. Probably nothing has taken place in our church-world, save the Speer tragedy, that has so thrilled and stirred so large a group of people."

At the Memorial Service in Paterson, N. J., Mr. Erling Olson of New York, dear friend of the Stam family, said; "John and Betty were my brother and sister. They are also your brother and sister, if you are Christians. They do not belong to the Stams and to the Scotts only, but they belong to the whole household of faith."

A friend in Kaifeng, Honan, with this same thought in mind, writes: "These two dear young people, Betty and John, now belong to us all."

"AND WHAT SHALL I MORE SAY?"

—"For the time would fail me to tell. . . ."

We wish we had the space to quote from all of the hundreds of letters which have done much to bring comfort to our hearts, and to strengthen our faith. But we cannot close without sharing with you two more letters which mean much to us.

The first is from *an American business man, a Presbyterian elder in Baltimore, whose daughter was a Wilson College friend of Betty's:*

"The first time Betty was a guest in our home, we all fell in love with her. The grace for her Lord shone

through her face. She was a splendid specimen of capable, consecrated, royal young American womanhood. . . .

“As we went from appointment to appointment in the line of business we would find ourselves sobbing at times almost convulsively, for it seemed as if one of our own daughters had suddenly been called away from us. There was deep searching of heart as the days of suspense went by, and our faithful Lord has blessed us spiritually because your precious children loved not their lives so much as they loved their Saviour. We have been made more bold in the Lord thereby. It has been easier to speak to men about their souls and about the claims of our crucified and risen Lord. We have talked in lunch rooms, on trains and trolleys, in the streets and department stores in Baltimore and Washington, to Jews, Roman Catholics and people without a thought of the hereafter, and not one rebuke have we had. Those two young ambassadors, Betty and John, have probably preached to the largest audience in the history of the world.”

And this, from the letter of a retired China missionary friend now in California:

“What more noble and invaluable service could be rendered to the Master’s cause? We are tempted at times to question ‘why?’ when valuable workers are stricken in the beginning of a useful life work of devoted and efficient service; but God makes no mistakes, and we can be absolutely sure that John and Betty have rendered the highest possible service to Christ’s glorious cause by noble sacrifice. IT IS BECAUSE HIS FOLLOWERS ARE WILL-

ING TO CARRY HIS GOOD NEWS OF SALVATION TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES, THAT THE SUCCESS OF THE MISSIONARY UNDERTAKING IS ASSURED.”

With grateful love to all of you, we close this message as John was wont to conclude his letters—

Yours In Him,

Clara and Charles Ernest Scott.

His Witnesses Unto Death

A Tribute to John and Elisabeth Stam

"In nothing shall I be put to shame, but . . . Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life, or by death"—Philippians 1:20.

Tsingteh, Anhwei,
December 6, 1934.

WE think of martyrs, usually, as men and women of other days, remote from our own time and knowledge. That two young missionaries, therefore, known to many on this continent and having gone out from our midst so recently that their farewell messages are still fresh in our minds, should be called upon, in their service for Christ, to submit to sudden and brutal death—this amazes us. And yet the grace and strength of the Lord was theirs in the hour of supreme trial.

On the day of their capture, John Stam wrote to the executive officers of the Mission at Shanghai, the following note from the captured city of Tsingteh:

Dear Brethren:

My wife, baby, and myself are today in the hands of the Communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is twenty thousand dollars for our release.

All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God for peace in our hearts—and a meal tonight. God grant you wisdom in what you do, and us fortitude, courage, and peace of heart. He is able—and a wonderful Friend at such a time.

Things happened so quickly this A.M. They were in the city just a few hours after the ever-persistent rumors really became alarming, so that we could not prepare to leave in time. We were just too late.

The Lord bless and guide you—and as for us, may God be glorified whether by life or by death.

In Him,

(Signed) JOHN C. STAM.

The story as pieced together from official communications and the public press is swift and tragic in its character. Rumors of the approach of Communists had been frequent at Tsingteh. But who could tell whether such rumors were well founded? In many parts of China the people live in constant dread of attack, and their apprehension gives rise to many alarms, false as well as true. The foreigner is not the only one to fear the Communists; the people suffer the pillage of all their goods and deaths by hundreds. The missionary, remaining with the Christians of his station as long as it is possible to do so, calms and helps them, and gains by a courageous attitude an influence that will tell for the Master's work.

But suddenly Tsingteh was in the hands of a ruthless force, looting, destroying, taking captives, killing. The Communists invaded the Mission premises, taking what they pleased, and seizing the missionary and his wife professedly for ransom. The young couple had an infant daughter, Helen Priscilla, born only three months before. She too was carried off, doubtless in the mother's arms. People of Tsingteh are said to have begged the Communists not to take the foreigners.

After shameful public treatment, we are told, and with cruel binding, which did not permit the prisoners even to lie down during the night, their captors threw aside the plea of expecting ransom, and in the ancient and still-used Chinese manner put them to the sword—even as tradition tells us St. Paul came to his earthly end.

This seems to have occurred at Miaosheo, ten or twelve miles from Tsingteh, for here their bodies were found.

John Stam in writing to his father some time before, and mentioning the prevailing dangers, had enclosed verses which, though written by another, he said expressed his own feelings.



JUST OUTSIDE ONE OF THE GATES OF TSINGTEH, ANHWEI, THE CITY FROM WHICH THE LATE MR. AND MRS. J. C. STAM WERE TAKEN BY COMMUNISTS

Photograph by John C. Stam

AFRAID?

Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace,
The strife and strain of life to cease?
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness light O Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid?—of that?

But what of little Helen Priscilla? Early news dispatches failed to mention her, but later it has been related how she was found, hungry and crying, in a deserted house, where, it seems, she had been left alone for twenty-four hours. A Christian Chinese pastor discovered the child, and she was carried in a rice basket all the way to Wuhu, where she came into the hands of fellow C. I. M. missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Birch. Along the road the baby was tenderly nursed by Chinese women. Tucked away in her clothing were found ten silver dollars—a touching token of the devoted young mother's last thought for the little one from whom she perforce was separated.

Mrs. Stam is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott, well-known in this country, and laboring in China under the American Presbyterian Mission. On receipt of the tragic news these grandparents at once made arrangements to take the little orphaned granddaughter to their station at Tsinan, Shantung.

When the first telegram reached Dr. Scott from C. I. M. headquarters at Shanghai, reporting the rumor of Mr. and Mrs. Stam having been captured by Communists, he wrote in a letter to Mr. Stam's parents in America: "Please pray that, if still on earth, Betty and John and little Helen Priscilla may soon be released, provided this is God's will for them. . . . John and Betty are radiant with love for Jesus Christ, and passionate to make Him known to those who apart from them will never hear the Good News. . . . They have heavenly perspective. No matter how much they may be tortured, or whatever happens to them, they will not deny their Lord but will be good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

Upon learning later that his dear daughter and son-in-law had been slain, Dr. Scott said prophetically: "They have not died in vain. The blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the church. If we could hear our beloved children speak, we know from their convictions that they would praise God because He counted them worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ." Truly, the Lord must have a high and holy purpose in permitting this sacrifice, and we believe that to many a God-devoted heart the challenge will come: "Who follows in their train?"

The parents of Mr. Stam live in Paterson, N. J., where the father, Mr. Peter Stam, has for many years been the Director of the soul-saving Star of Hope Mission. In addition to his parents, Mr. John Stam is survived by five brothers and two sisters, all actively engaged in the Lord's work. One brother is a missionary in East Africa.



REV. AND MRS. JOHN C. STAM, WHOSE LIFE STORIES HAVE JUST BEEN WOVEN INTO AN INSPIRING VOLUME, "THE TRIUMPH OF JOHN AND BETTY STAM," BY MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR
Photograph by the Carson Studio, Shanghai

Our Home Director having early communicated with the bereaved father by telegram, received this reply:

Deeply appreciate your consolation. Sacrifice seems great, but not too great for Him who gave Himself for us. Experiencing God's grace. Believe wholeheartedly Romans 8:28.

And subsequently Mr. Peter Stam has written:

Our dear children, John C. Stam and Elisabeth Scott Stam, have gone to be with the Lord. They loved Him, they served Him, and now they are with Him. What could be more glorious?

As for those of us who have been left behind, we were once more reminded of our sacred vows by a telegram received from one of John's schoolmates in the Middle West—"Remember, you gave John to God, not to China." Our hearts, though bowed for a little while with sadness, answered, "Amen!" It was our desire that he, as well as we, should serve the Lord, and if that could be better done by death than by life, we would have it so.

After the news of the slaying of Betty and John had been published, we still received a number of letters telling us that a great volume of prayer was going up for their release from their Communist captors. These many friends need not feel that their prayers were unanswered. They were answered, for Betty and John were released. They were released from the pain and toil of earth, and brought gently into the presence of the Saviour whom they loved dearly.

We are earnestly praying that it will all be for God's glory and the salvation of souls. How glad we shall be if through this dreadful experience many souls shall be won for the Lord Jesus! How glad we shall be if many dear Christian young people shall be inspired to give themselves to the Lord as never before, for a life of sacrifice and service!

We were honored by having sons and daughters minister for our Lord among the heathen, but we are more signally honored that two of them have won the martyr's crown.

To the families of these beloved young martyrs for Christ, as well as to the home centers of the Mission, a steady stream of messages of condolence and tributes to the noble character of John and Betty Stam continues to pour in. These messages come from near and far, from intimate friends, former classmates, churches and fellow missionary societies, and many also from persons who though total strangers have been deeply stirred by what has occurred. A number of touching offers to adopt and care for little Helen Priscilla have been received from fine Christian families. Not a few have been moved to send donations for the work for which Mr. and Mrs. Stam laid down their lives. And far from the tragedy having had a deterring influence upon missionary recruiting, it has had the opposite effect of quickening the zeal of those who are already candidates

of the Mission and stimulating other young Christians to offer for service in China.

One lady candidate, who was first influenced toward China by Betty Scott (Mrs. Stam) when they were students together at Wilson College, writes: "I do not fear death, but would be happy to die in China or here for Christ's cause. The chief desire would be that my death should be a means of leading precious souls to Christ. Being human, I naturally dread suffering and distress of body, and abuse at the hands of wicked men, but I really believe that I have faced all these possibilities and counted the cost. This tragic and terrible happening does not frighten me but rather makes me re-gird myself with the armor of God."

It has been a long time since any event connected with the mission fields has made so wide and profound an impression in this country. We believe that John and Betty Stam may by their death have spoken even more loudly than by their brief lives of devoted service. Let no one call this ending of their earthly career a tragedy, for in reality it is a triumph. It recalls to our mind the old seal of the noble Moravian Brotherhood consisting of a lamb upon a crimson background, together with the cross of resurrection and a banner of victory. Underneath all was the motto in Latin which, translated into English, reads: OUR LAMB HAS CONQUERED; LET US FOLLOW HIM. John and Betty Stam were true followers of the Lamb—in life, and even unto death. Again the challenge comes: "Who follows in their train?"

Stand Still and See

A poem by Elisabeth Scott (Mrs. J. C. Stam), published in *The Sunday School Times*

"I'm standing, Lord.
There is a mist that blinds my sight.
Steep jagged rocks, front, left, and right,
Lower, dim, gigantic, in the night,
Where is the way?"

"I'm standing, Lord.
The black rock hems me in behind.
Above my head a moaning wind
Chills and oppresses heart and mind.
I am afraid!

"I'm standing, Lord.
The rock is hard beneath my feet.
I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet.
So weary, Lord, and where a seat?
Still must I stand?"

He answered me, and on His face
A look ineffable of grace,
Of perfect, understanding love,
Which all my murmuring did remove.

"I'm standing, Lord.
Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see
Thou hast beset; these rocks are Thee;
And, since Thy love encloses me,
I stand and sing!"

TO be absent from the body! to be present with the Lord! to be free from sin! And this is the end of the worst that man's malice can ever bring upon us.

—J. Hudson Taylor

Mr. Lo's Rescue of the "Miracle Baby"

By W. J. HANNA, China Inland Mission Superintendent of Anhwei Province

This information received since the memorial article regarding Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam was prepared, is taken from a letter written by Rev. W. J. Hanna to the mission's headquarters at Shanghai. Mr. Stam was expecting Rev. C. K. Lo to co-operate with him in work at Miaosheo.

MR. LO was surely sent by God to Miaosheo just at the time he went.

He arrived with his wife and children on the Thursday night that the Reds were in Tsingteh. When the Communists arrived on Friday, he was arrested by a leader who took him for the *pao-chang* (local official). He was identified by Chang Hsiu-sheng as a tract distributor and medicine seller who had arrived the night before, and was released. He and his family took refuge on the hills that night and were there without food or water until Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Lo ventured down into the village.

He did not see the murders committed but had heard what had happened. He asked about the baby, but the women were too much afraid to do more than point in a certain direction. He went into a big house that had been looted clean and, finding his way to the innermost room, heard the baby crying and soon had it in his arms.

Mr. and Mrs. Stam had spent the night in that room, John bound in a standing position to the foot of the bed, but the mother and babe evidently lying upon the bed. When they were bound with their hands behind their backs Saturday morning and led away, the baby had to be left behind on the bed. It was warmly clothed, and in a supply of napkins inside the "snuggle-bunny" (a woolen bag with a hood, and zipper up the front) was pinned ten dollars. The baby had evidently not been touched during the thirty hours it must have lain there. On a table was a tin with a little Lactogen, some sugar, and a tin of biscuits.

Mr. Lo carried the baby with him while he found the bodies on a hillock outside the town at the end of the main street. Their deaths occurred about ten o'clock on the morning of Saturday, December 8. Mr. Lo bought two coffins and also white cloth, lime, etc., and with the help of another man placed them in the coffins.

He and his wife and children set off with the baby for



HELEN PRISCILLA, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN C. STAM. "DOES SHE NOT STRETCH OUT HER HANDS APPEALINGLY FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR CHINA TO TAKE HER PARENTS' PLACE?"

Photograph taken by her father, probably early in November, 1934

Kingsien, taking with them the letter which John wrote on the Friday when they were first taken into Miaosheo.

Miaosheo, Anhwei, December 7, 1934

China Inland Mission.

Dear Brethren:

We are in the hands of the Communists here, being taken from Tsingteh when they passed through yesterday. I tried to persuade them to let my wife and baby go back from Tsingteh with a letter to you, but they wouldn't let her, and so we both made the trip to Miaosheo today, my wife traveling part of the way on a horse.

They want \$20,000 before they will free us, which we have told them we are sure will not be paid. Famine Relief money, and our personal money and effects are all in their hands.

God give you wisdom in what to do, and give us grace and fortitude. He is able.

Yours in Him,
(Signed) JOHN C. STAM.

This letter was given to the postmaster with the request that it be sent on. Mr. Stam said to the postmaster, "I have no money to pay the postage, but please send this for me." As the mail leaves only once in five days, the postmaster gave the letter to Mr. Lo to post at Kingsien.

On the road Mr. Lo asked Chinese mothers to nurse the baby, which they gladly did. He says he picked out the younger women and those who looked healthy. On arriving at Kingsien they bought Lactogen, and Mrs. Lo prepared the food for the baby. She was in the Wuhu hospital when one of her children was born, so had a good idea of how a foreign baby should be cared for. They rode chairs to Süancheng, and Mr. Lo and Mr. Birch brought the precious darling on here. It is a wonderful baby. The "Miracle Baby" we call her. Dr. Brown has examined her and she seems to be in perfect condition, sleeps well, and is easy to care for. Miss Woosley has taken entire care of her for the present.

Mr. Chang Hsiu-sheng, who has for long been a very cold Christian, went boldly forward and pleaded with the men not to harm Mr. and Mrs. Stam. He refused to accept their denial, and insisted that their lives be spared. He was tied up, and reports say they visited his home and, finding Bibles and other Christian books, they accused him of being a follower of the foreigners and killed him, about fifteen *li* away. Little did we know that this man would be counted worthy to be a martyr for Christ.

A Chinese Tribute

The following touching letter was received at the Mission's headquarters in Shanghai from a Chinese friend, previously unknown.

Shanghai, 19th December, 1934.

Director, China Inland Mission, Shanghai.

Dear Sir:

The brutal murder of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam, two of your noble band of Christian workers, committed by a crazy mob of Communists in Anhwei, has indeed filled everyone with horror and grief. As a Chinese I cannot tell you how deeply I feel at this terrible tragedy happening to two such noble souls. However, it is consoling to know that the blood of martyrs could not have been shed in vain.

As a humble expression of my deep sympathy I enclose a cheque for \$25.00, which I beg you to accept as a Christmas gift on behalf of Baby Stam, whose life fortunately has been spared.

Sincerely yours,
C. H. Wang.



HELEN PRISCILLA STAM, THE "MIRACLE BABY," WHO WAS MARVELLOUSLY PRESERVED WHEN HER PARENTS WERE SLAIN. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WHEN SHE WAS EIGHT MONTHS OLD (MAY 11, 1935)

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stam's Funeral Services

The following account of the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam has been taken from a Shanghai newspaper. The clipping was contained in a letter from Mr. H. M. Griffin, one of our North American workers, who went to China in 1922.

AND I saw the souls of them that had been beheaded for the testimony of Jesus, and for the word of God" with these impressive words the service of triumph in memory of the Tsingteh martyrs was opened. The late Rev. John C. Stam, and Elisabeth Scott Stam, his wife, were the 73rd and 74th martyrs of the China Inland Mission.

"We are not here to conduct a funeral service, but a service of triumph," declared Rev. W. J. Hanna, Anhwei provincial superintendent of the China Inland Mission, who officiated at the service. The Scripture was read by Rev. H. M. Griffin, representing the Shanghai headquarters of the Mission. Rev. Howard Van Dyck of the Wuhu Christian Alliance Mission led in prayer. A duet was rendered by Miss Bertha Cassidy and Dr. Hyla S. Watters. Rev. Nathan E. Walton sang the beautiful solo, "Face to Face." Mr. Stam's co-worker, the Rev. George A. Birch, of Süancheng, and Mr. Hanna gave the addresses of tribute. The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. A. B. Lewis, Kiangsi provincial superintendent of the China Inland Mission.

The chapel of the Wuhu General Hospital was crowded for the occasion, which was attended by representatives of the Chinese Government, of American and other consular offices, and of all the local Christian organizations, Chinese and foreign. Interment was in the lovely foreign cemetery.



THE FOREIGN CEMETERY AT WUHU WHERE "JOHN AND BETTY" STAM ARE BURIED

J. S. Stevenson
American

Scripture Gift Mission

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BETTY SCOTT STAM'S PRAYER

Open my eyes, that I may see
This one and that one needing Thee,
Hearts that are dumb, unsatisfied,
Lives that are dead, for whom Christ died.

Open my eyes in sympathy,
Clear into man's deep soul to see;
Wise with Thy wisdom to discern,
And with Thy heart of love to yearn.

Open my eyes in faith, I pray;
Give me strength to speak today.
Someone to bring, dear Lord, to Thee:
Use me, O Lord, use even me.

Poem found in home of the Stams, China Inland Mission, after their martyrdom, December 8, 1934.

"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."—Psalms: 119:18.

English Scripture Gift Mission: London, Eng.

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1936

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"Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

—St. John 20:21.

Helen Priscilla Stam.

Born September 11, 1934, in the Methodist General Hospital, Wuhu, Anhwei Province, China.



Nearly five months, taken in the outfit in which her Mother dressed her, that fateful morning of their captivity, Dec. 6. The "cuddle-bunny" with zipper fastening, made by her Mother, kept her warm and cozy during the 29 hours alone without food or care in the room where her parents had spent their last night on earth.



Also taken Feb. 4, 1935, at the home of her maternal grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott, Tsinan, Shantung, China.

To Helen Priscilla Stam

To you, little babe with the wondrous eyes,

My heart would go out in song,

What do you think as you lie in your crib,

Smiling the whole day long?

God in His mercy, so great and so strong,

Showed you His infinite care,

Are you, as you lie there the whole day long,

Smiling a thanksgiving prayer?

Storm-clouds have covered you, dear little thing,

Babe with the wondrous eyes;

Storm-clouds so terrible, *grown ones* would *shrink!*

Angels sang *you* lullabies!

Teach us your lesson, dear wee smiling one,

Give us a faith strong and true,

Help us to know that when clouds cover us,

God cares—and is *loving us, too.*

(Myra Scott Scovel.)

“And it shall come to pass, that before they (the Christian friends) call, I will answer; and while they (the Baby’s parents) are yet speaking, I will hear.” (Isaiah 65:24)

“For with God nothing shall be impossible” (Luke 1:37)

“This is the Lord’s doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.”
(Psalm 118:23)

“He hath done excellent things; This is known in all the earth.” (Isaiah 12:5)

“This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.” (Isaiah 28:29)

“He is in one mind and who can turn Him? What His soul desireth, even that He doeth. For He performeth the thing that is appointed for me.” (Job. 23:13, 14)

“Our God is in the heavens, He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased.” (Psalm 115:3)

“Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee.” (Psalm 76:10)

“Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, Unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end.” (Eph. 3:20,21)

God took Care of the Baby

In a little basket,
 Under skies of blue,
Floating on the river
 Where the rushes grew,
There, while, angels watched him,
 Baby Moses slept,
When the Princess found him
 Baby Moses wept.

Chorus:

God took care of the baby
 And in His Word we see
Still our Father in heaven
 Careth for you and for me.

Hidden in the temple,
 From the cruel foe
Little baby Joash
 Lived long years ago.
There our Father kept him,
 By His mighty hand,
Till the day He made him
 King of all the land

Chorus:

Jesus, Babe of Bethlehem,
 Whom the angels sing,
Went away to Egypt
 From the wicked king.
There our Father kept him,
 Till King Herod's death;
Then He safely brought him
 Back to Nazareth

Poem — Song.
Sent by Dr. and Mrs Roy M. Byram,
Kangkei, Korea.

BETTY SCOTT STAM MEMORIAL SERVICE

SUNDAY, JUNE 6, 1937; 10:45 A.M.

INTRODUCTION *Horace Dewey*

“For All the Saints” *School Choir*

AN APPRECIATION *Mrs. Harry Martin*

Unveiling and Presentation of Memorial Plaque

Sarah Wylie, Pres., Alumni Association.

ADDRESS: “The Intellectual and Spiritual Development of
Betty as seen in Her Poetry” *Rev. Charles E. Scott.*

SOLO. Betty Scott Stam’s “My Prayer” *Mrs. James Hunter.*

BENEDICTION *Rev. H.W. Robinson*
(School Principal)

This bronze tablet to Betty at North China American School; was unveiled 6 June 1937, just 2½ years after seizure by Reds.

**In Loving Memory of
Elisabeth Scott Stam
1906—1934.**

A Member of This School:
In Her Life shone forth
The Beauty of Faith,
Through which, in death,
She bore immortal witness
To Her Lord.
“For me to live is Christ,
and to die is gain”—Phil. 1:21

On the evening of the day when the atheistic Reds seized John and Betty, 6th December 1934, and led them away from their home, at Tsing Teh, Anhwei Province, to spend the night, as prisoners, in the Yamen jail, Betty's second sister, Helen, (Mrs. Geo. Gordon Mahy, Jr.), at Witherspoon College, Kentucky, felt irresistibly impelled, for the relief of her spirit, to go to the piano and play something. She had a distinct conviction that John and Betty were in sudden and unexpected peril. She thumbed the new edition of the hymnal, until her eye lit on their lovely missionary hymn-prayer, which she had never before seen. It appealed strongly to her, and she played it over and over again; meanwhile praying that the attitude of courage of the "lifted head", and of exaltation "over every fear", suggested in the text, be theirs. How abundantly was her petition answered, on that fateful night, is now known worldwide.

C.E.S.

FORGET THEM NOT.

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand
Thy vanguard in the distant land.

In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.

*Exalt them over every fear,
In peril come Thyself more near.*

Thine is the work they strive to do,
Their foes so many, they so few.

*Be with Thine own, Thy loved, who stand,
Christ's vanguard, in the storm-swept land.*

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The following article appeared in the 14th. of May 1936 issue of "The Presbyterian"; and was written by the Editor, the Rev. Stuart M. Robinson, D. D.

FOR SPIRITUAL PERSPECTIVE
AS TO WHAT IS WORTH WHILE

JUSTIFIED, SANCTIFIED, GLORIFIED*

Is this book the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" that ushers in a Great Revival? Certainly no one hundred pages written in the last hundred years convey any more poignant, spiritual message than this glorious story of two young people who went all the way with the Lord Jesus and found Him sufficient for every contingency.

John and Elizabeth Alden Scott Stam were twentieth century young people and less than thirty years old when they died. They were the children of consecrated Christian parents, and were endowed by temperament, training and wide experience with the best gift that the world contains. Their lives were "changed, and then exchanged."

* The Triumph of John and Betty Stam, by Mrs. Howard Taylor. China Inland Mission Press. Sixth printing, March, 1936. Paper, 40c; cloth, 75c.

They died against the outworks of Atheistic Communism, the scourge of this age, as Caesarism was the scourge of first century Christianity. Not one particle of difference has twenty centuries of "civilization" brought to this old sin-cursed world, and not one iota of the pristine stamina which the Holy Spirit gives has been lost to those who trust in the Lord Jesus Christ with all their hearts.

"If "the blood of the martyrs be the seed of the Church," then a Great Quickening must be impending as the sheaves ripen. This little book ought to be placed in the hands of every young person, and be on sale at every young people's conference this summer.

It is the answer to the young person's query today. There they stand on Eagle Hill, outside a city wall, two young folk who walked American streets, rode in motor cars, talked over telephones, appreciated good things, were well educated, enjoyed fun, loved and married, but who were born again, believed the Gospel of the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, found in His service their highest joy, and step by step from the dull routine of a language school to martyrdom by the sword they walked with the Lord and found Him all they wanted. No clear-headed, regenerated young heart can dodge the testimony of John and Betty Stam.

Stewart M. Robinson.

By Life, or By Death*

WILL H. HOUGHTON

PHIL. 1: 20

GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. So this is life, this world with all its pleasures, Struggles and tears, a smile, a
 2. In life or death—and life is sure-ly fly-ing, The crib and coffin carved from the
 3. Help me to know the val-ue of these hours, Help me the fol-ly of all

rit.

frown, a sigh, Friendship so true, and love of kin and neighbor? Sometimes 'tis
 self-same tree. In life or death—and death so soon is com-ing—Es-cape I
 waste to see; Help me to trust the Christ who bore my sorrows, And thus to

rit.

hard to live—al-ways, to die! The world moves on, so rap-id-ly the
 can-not, there's no place to flee— But Thou, O God, hast life that is e-
 yield for life or death to Thee. In all my days be glo-ri-fied, Lord

liv-ing The forms of those who dis-ap-pear re- place, And each one dreams that
 ter-nal; That life is mine, a gift thro' Thy dear Son. Help me to feel its
 Je-sus, In all my ways guide me with Thine own eye; Just when and as Thou

ad lib.

he will be en-dur-ing—How soon that one be-comes the miss-ing face!
 flush and pulse su-per-nal, As-sur-ance of the morn when life is done.
 wilt, use me, Lord Je-sus, And then for me 'tis Christ, to live or die.

*In loving memory of John and Betty Stam, martyred in China, December 8, 1934

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“ as for us,
may God be glorified,
whether by
life or death ”*



John and Betty Stam

2,027 Institute students have entered foreign missionary service. Hundreds serve as missionaries in home fields.

Institute-trained workers have found ready acceptance by missionary boards, societies, and churches.

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address*

THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
153 Institute Place Chicago, Illinois

*The closing words of letter written by John and Betty Stam, December 6, 1934.

John and Betty Stam, two Moody Bible Institute graduates, were martyred in China, December 8, 1934. On December 6, John Stam wrote, "My wife, baby, and myself are today in the hands of communists. All our possessions and stores they have taken, but we praise God for peace in our hearts and a meal tonight. God grant you wisdom in what you do and us fortitude, courage, and peace of heart. He is able, and a wonderful Friend in such a time." And in closing, he said, "The Lord bless and guide you, and as for us, may God be glorified, whether by life or death."



John Cornelius Stam, and
Elisabeth Alden Scott Stam

By Life, or By Death

—Philippians 1:20

So this is life, this world with all its pleasures,
Struggles and tears, a smile, a frown, a sigh,
Friendship so true, and love of kin and neighbor?
Sometimes 'tis hard to live—always, to die!

The world moves on, so rapidly the living
The forms of those who disappear replace,
And each one dreams that he will be enduring—
How soon that one becomes the missing face!

In life or death—and life is surely flying,
The crib and coffin carved from the selfsame tree—
In life or death—and death so soon is coming—
Escape I cannot, there's no place to flee—

But Thou, O God, hast life that is eternal;
That life is mine, a gift through Thy dear Son.
Help me to feel its flush and pulse supernal,
Assurance of the morn when life is done.

Help me to know the value of these hours,
Help me the folly of all waste to see;
Help me to trust the Christ who bore my sorrows,
And thus to yield for life or death to Thee.

In all my days be glorified, Lord Jesus,
In all my ways guide me with Thine own eye;
Just when and as Thou wilt, use me, Lord Jesus,
And then for me 'tis Christ, to live or die.

—Will H. Houghton



John Cornelius Stam, and
Elisabeth Alden Scott Stam

Copies of this leaflet may be secured for the asking from
The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago
153 Institute Place, Chicago Avenue Station, Chicago, Illinois.



HELEN PRISCILLA STAM

In Memoriam

John Cornelius Stam and Elisabeth Alden Stam Martyrs of Christ

"These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."

Our dear friends and fellow workers John and Betty Stam have passed to *their glorious reward* in the presence of the King. We cherish their memory, and realize deeply the privilege that was ours of having them in our home for a season. By God's grace our lives are going to be more consecrated to God because of them. How clearly I remember the day John arrived at Suancheng. I met him at the launch. He was six foot two, every inch a man. His hearty grip and bright smile clinched our friendship at once.

As we proceeded in the sampan the conversation soon turned to the things of God, for John lived with God, and loved to talk of the things which were filling his heart.

On *our first itineration* together we had to walk all one day in the rain and mud, but John's ardour was in no way dampened. That trip, and all our trips together, were a blessing to me, for John's mind was a mine of wealth in the knowledge of God. He truly was mighty in the Scriptures, full of zeal to make Christ known, and full of love to the lost souls around him. John was very quick to see the hand of God in everything. One day he was all in with a heavy cold, and tired from a long walk. We felt the need of some green vegetables but saw no possibility of getting any. At noon we stopped to preach the Gospel in a village, and without any word from us the woman at the door of whose tea shop we were preaching, and who knew our Chinese companion, prepared a good meal for us.

There were six or eight different kinds of vegetables most of them very nicely salted, for they were out of season then. What a surprise! John said, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" John often said, "*My Heavenly Father knows.*" And once when speaking of difficulties to face he quoted the Lord's words, "*For this cause came I unto this hour.*" Truly they both followed in the Lord's footsteps even unto death, and I know they rejoiced in the fact that God was guiding and that Christ was glorified.

During John's first summer in China he was alone at Suancheng with the Chinese brethren for two months. He made marvelous progress in the language, and got very close to the Chinese. During that time he carried on regular meetings for the children, and one Sunday even led the Church service, preaching a sermon in Chinese. This when he had not yet been one year in China.

Then in the fall of '33 John went to Tsinan and returned with his bride. They were ideally happy. A text from God's Word flashes to my mind which describes them, "*They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided.*" Betty was a savour of Christ wherever she went. She had a deep quiet peace, a love and sympathy for others which was a blessing to many.

In the Spring of this year Rev. Jas. Graham, Jr. led our Church Conference at Suancheng. He is a very fluent

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During John's first summer in China he was alone at Suancheng with the Chinese brethren for two months. He made marvelous progress in the language, and got very close to the Chinese. During that time he carried on regular meetings for the children, and one Sunday even led the Church service, preaching a sermon in Chinese. This when he had not yet been one year in China.

Then in the fall of '33 John went to Tsinan and returned with his bride. They were ideally happy. A text from God's Word flashes to my mind which describes them, "*They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided.*" Betty was a savour of Christ wherever she went. She had a deep quiet peace, a love and sympathy for others which was a blessing to many.

In the Spring of this year Rev. Jas. Graham, Jr. led our Church Conference at Suancheng. He is a very fluent

Chinese speaker and a powerful evangelist. John was invited to be leader in the Kingsien Conference which followed that at Suancheng, and to give the same messages which Graham had given with such blessing. This was no small accomplishment for a man who had only been in China for sixteen months, but John did it, speaking twice daily for three or four days. This is a sample of the whole-hearted way in which John threw himself into his work, and of the power of God which rested upon him.

A little later John and Betty visited Miaosheo, spending a week-end there witnessing for the Lord. John visited the place again during Oct. with Mr. Kohfield. They only spent one night there, arriving one evening and leaving the next morning. But during that time they had Bible study and prayer with the Christians, and also distributed tracts on the street. John, as was his custom, spoke with a number of individuals concerning their souls' salvation.

On Nov. 23rd our dear friends left us and moved to their new work in Tsingteh. This city is situated one hundred and thirty miles south of the Yangtze River in Anhwei province. They had been assured by the district Magistrate that the district was safe, and so it seemed to be at that time. But quite unexpectedly an army of communists swooped down on the city. On the morning of Dec. 6th alarming rumours reached Tsingteh, and before the Stams were able to get ready and leave the Reds arrived. There were not sufficient soldiers in the city to put up any resistance.

Our friends barred their doors and then knelt in prayer with their servants committing themselves to God's care. Soon there was battering heard at the outer back door, and it was broken in. The second was stronger and would have taken longer to batter down, but the outcome was certain. John decided to open the door and greet the Reds. He unbarred and opened the door, and while Betty stood beside him politely greeted four Communist soldiers. Being thus politely received the intruders could not but be polite in return. However, they soon demanded loot and money, and finally took our friends prisoner. John and Betty were victorious throughout. They showed no sign of fear, and were, spiritually, masters of the situation. Little Helen Priscilla, their three months' old baby, was with them in the hands of the Reds. During the afternoon of the day they

were taken John returned under guard to try to find some clothes and food for baby Helen. Nearly everything was taken. The servant woman, a faithful Christian, was telling John how everything was gone. He comforted her by saying, "God is on the throne, these little things do not matter, our Heavenly Father knows. Don't you be afraid, Mrs. Mei, you sleep with old Mrs. Li tonight." The cook, too, was faithful, and these servants interceded for their young Master and Mistress until they were threatened with rifles. It is from them that we have heard of John and Betty Stam's courage. It is in such a crisis that the foundation of the Christian faith is tested. John's noble letter written that day shows how firm a foundation their triumphant faith rested upon. (This letter is appended.) On the morning of the day after their capture, starting at four o'clock, they were forced to walk seventeen miles over rough road to Miaosheo. John carried baby Helen. Betty was allowed to ride a horse part of the way.

Upon arrival at Miaosheo, while the Reds were pillaging the town, John and Betty were allowed a short rest in a shop which was also the Post Office. The shop-keeper was kind to them and gave them fruit to eat. Betty ate and urged John to do likewise, but he used his time in writing a note to the C.I.M. headquarters. He also wrote a letter from Tsingteh immediately upon being captured in which he quoted *Phil. 1:20*. The kindly shop-keeper asked, "Where are they taking you, where are you going?" John's reply was, "*We're going to Heaven.*" That night they were taken to what had been a rich man's house and put in an inner room. John was bound and tied to the bed post. Betty was evidently free to look after the baby, as appeared from later evidence. Little Helen probably slept peacefully all night as had been her habit, and as she continued to do after she was found. It is quite unlikely that they were further molested that night. The suffering they had to bear was more than enough.

The next morning, Dec. 8th, at ten o'clock the Reds made a proclamation in the streets inviting all the people to come and see the "foreign devils" die. *Did they think God's children would cringe?* God would have the Reds and the people of Miaosheo see His Shining Ones triumph. *Did they think to intimidate Christians?* Chang Hsiu-sheng, a medicine seller, who had appeared to be a rather lukewarm

believer, on hearing the proclamation pled on his knees for the release of the captives, and would not take "no" for an answer, until the infuriated Reds bound him also, accusing him of being one with the foreigners. They later found his Bible and hymn book, which proved him to be a Christian. They took him with them and it is reported that he was killed at the next village. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Chang left no relatives in Miaosheo. He was single.

At the head of the Miaosheo main street, just outside the town, is a hill called "Eagle Hill." We think of Calvary. Thus, closely, our dear friends walked in the Master's footsteps. There these two beautiful children of God were killed with the sword. John was ordered to kneel. He bent one knee and spoke a few words to the Reds. We do not know what he said, as the frightened towns-people were not near enough to hear. But knowing John, we can feel sure that they were noble words of testimony for God. One of his captors savagely slashed his throat with a knife, and he fell to the ground. Betty was seen to tremble. The next moment a blow on the back of her neck from a great sword struck her dead. As seen later John's face wore a smile, and Betty's face spoke of beautiful quiet peace. As they passed into the presence of God no doubt they saw a vision such as Stephen did, when at the time of his death he said, "Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

Much labour has been expended in the work of the Gospel at Miaosheo, and in former years there were many believers. Some are with the Lord, some have moved away, many have grown cold or turned back. But there are still two or three who stand firm. We believe that Miaosheo in a new way was greatly moved by the power of God through the glorious death of His children. Many there knew and respected them. Many had heard the Gospel which they preached. God planned that the people of Miaosheo should understand clearly what the death of His children meant, that their light should shine forth, that their martyrdom should be clinched by the testimony of their Chinese colleague, Evangelist Lo.

Evangelist Lo of the China Inland Mission at Kinghsien was transferred to the Tsingteh district, to live at Miaosheo,

and be John Stam's colleague. For various reasons his transfer was delayed. Finally he received a letter from Mr. Stam asking him to be at Miaosheo on Dec. 7th when Pastor Chen and he would also come and engage with Lo in Evangelistic work. Lo arrived in Miaosheo on the evening of Dec. 6th, the evening before the day on which the Reds arrived. Had he been two hours later he would have met refugees from Tsingteh before he left the main road to branch off for Miaosheo. Had he been a few days earlier he would have been living in the Gospel Hall in the town when the Reds arrived there. As it was he arrived at God's appointed time, and was living in the home of old Mrs. Wang on the outskirts of the town.

At 9 a.m. Dec. 7th the advance guard of the Red army arrived at Miaosheo. The younger women and children of the household were sent to the foot of the mountain as a precautionary measure. Mrs. Wang stayed in the house, while her son Wang Shi-ho and Mr. Lo, went towards the main street to investigate, for they did not know what army was arriving. The Reds were seeking for headmen of the town. Someone pointed in the direction of Wang and Lo saying, "There is one." Young Wang, being a headman, took to his heels. Lo stood his ground, and a Red officer took him into custody. He was asked if he were a headman, how many men there were in the local militia, how many rifles, etc. Lo said that he was a stranger, having just arrived the night before. When asked for one to identify him he took the officer to see Chang Hsiu-sheng, the same man who later gave his life for the Stams. Chang said, "This man arrived in the town last night. He is of the same trade as I, heals diseases and distributes tracts in the country." The officer evidently did not grasp the connection between distributing tracts and the Christian Church, and was quite satisfied with the identification. He said to Lo, "It is all well." Lo bowed politely and walked slowly away, until he reached a back street when he quickened his pace and joined the party at the foot of the mountain. Wang Shi-ho was there too, old Mrs. Wang remained in her home. They all climbed to the top of the mountain, there to spend two days and two nights. There were about fifteen refugees in the party. They had one wadded quilt between them, and the nights were cold. One man had a sickle with which he cut grass to cover themselves with at night. They did

not dare to light a fire until the second night. The only food available was wild chestnuts.

There were Red soldiers in Mrs. Wang's home. They did not harm her. But they took nearly all her harvest of rice. What they did not carry away they dumped in the pond. The first night old Mrs. Wang stayed up all night making puffed rice to take to the refugees on the mountain. In the early morning she started out to find them. It was difficult to walk, for her legs were greatly swollen from disease, and the mountain was very steep. As she went she wept, for she could not find them. At last someone found her and guided her to the company on the mountain top.

While they were on the mountain a rumour reached them, brought by other refugees, that a foreigner was a captive of the Reds. Lo thought it might be the Roman Catholic priest from Tsingteh. He hoped that the Stams had escaped from the city in time. From their commanding position they could see the whole valley and the town of Miaosheo spread out below them. At 10 a.m. on Saturday, Dec. 8th (just the time when the Reds were proclaiming their intention to kill the Stams), they saw Government troops arriving near Miaosheo. About noon they saw these troops open fire on the Reds. This firing lasted until four in the afternoon. There was very little return fire from the Red troops, which were in position in a low wooded ridge outside Miaosheo. When the firing ceased both armies were still in their original position. One and perhaps two of the Reds were killed. That night about ten o'clock the Red army left Miaosheo, setting fire to houses by the road as they moved on three miles to the next big town. That day another refugee joined the group on the mountain. He brought the news of John and Betty Stam's martyrdom.

On Sunday morning Mr. Lo and his friends came down from their hiding place, for he determined to waste no time in finding the bodies of the two young missionaries whom he had come to love so much. As he began to make enquiries he heard someone say that the baby was still alive. This was the first he had heard of baby Helen. He started to look for her. But as he went about enquiring and seeking, those who did know where she was were afraid to

say in case they should still get into trouble with the Reds. At last one woman pointed to a house. Lo entered and heard Helen crying. The house had been the home of a rich man. It was deserted. Helen was wrapped in her sleeping bag and was lying on the bed. Under her were the torn up shreds of the rich man's wadded quilt, which was evidently torn up in the search for hidden wealth. On the table were the remains of some powdered milk and sugar in two tins. On one bed post was a set of ropes, as if John had been bound there. Little Helen was safe and well, though very hungry, for she had been all alone in this deserted house for twenty-five hours. Exactly three weeks previously her loving parents had presented little Helen to God in a beautiful dedication service led by Rev. Harold Weller in the Suancheng Church. (Our little boy John was also dedicated to the Lord in the same service). And no doubt they committed her afresh to God as they were taken from this room with their hands bound behind their backs. God took care of little Helen. Lo carried precious little Helen tenderly in his arms and committed her to his wife's loving care.

After finding the bodies on Eagle Hill Lo went to the town to buy coffins. He found that a messenger had already come from the district Magistrate commanding the local authorities to look after the bodies of our friends. But the local authorities had all fled. There was no one to assume any responsibility. All were afraid lest the Reds who were only three miles away should return. Many suspected that there were Red spies still in their midst, and they did not dare help lest they suffer for it. Lo told the messenger that if they did not do something quickly he would see to the arrangements. At this he was asked to take full charge. Old Mrs. Wang, the first Christian of Miaosheo, who had believed the first time she heard the story of Christ's redeeming love, and who has stood firm ever since, with her son helped Lo to care for the bodies. They bought white cloth in which they carefully wrapped them. Coffins were bought on credit, lime was placed in this, according to Chinese custom, and the bodies laid in the coffins.

A crowd had gathered on Eagle Hill. Nothing but regret and sorrow were expressed at the death of this fine young couple. Some even dared to curse the Reds for their

crime. When they had done all that they could these three Christians bowed in prayer. Then straightening himself Lo addressed the crowd in some such words as these, "You have seen these wounded bodies, and you pity these foreigners for their suffering and death. But you should know that they are children of God. Their spirits are unharmed and at this minute are in the presence of God. They came to China and to Miaosheo not for themselves but for you, to tell you about God and His love, that you might believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved eternally. You have heard their message. Remember it is true, their death proves that. Do not forget what they told you, repent and believe the Gospel." Lo tells me that many of the listeners wept. Personally I have not seen weeping in response to a Gospel message in China. Why the change? Why the melted hearts? They had had a demonstration of the power of God, and the truth of the Gospel. We expect much fruit from the glorious death and the faithful testimony of these two Shining Ones.

Baby Helen was cared for most lovingly by Mrs. Lo and her husband. When they found her she was wrapped warmly in layers of clothes inside her little sleeping-bag. Pinned in these clothes they discovered two five dollar bills, put there in faith by her loving Father and Mother for the one whom God would guide to take care of their precious baby. Mr. Lo's money had all been stolen, so this money was God's provision for them to come out with little Helen. Mr. Lo heard that the Reds had planned to kill the baby, but that some of the local people had interceded for her. They had reasoned like this, "Why kill this helpless babe? It has never done any harm, it could not injure anyone. Why kill it? The baby will naturally die in any case for it has no Mother."

For the first two days baby Helen was fed by Chinese mothers. Mr. Lo tells of how he and Mrs. Lo chose young and healthy mothers. They were always delighted to suckle the little orphan for whom they felt so sorry. A carrier was hired and little Helen travelled in the basket on one end of the carrying pole, while the Lo's four years' old boy, very sick from two nights' exposure on the mountain, lay in the other basket. He was given a dose of castor oil, and his parents prayed for him, but all that day he never spoke a word. Baby Helen slept very peacefully. The swinging motion of

the basket soothed her. On the second day they travelled in sedan chairs, and that day to their great joy the little boy recovered. He sat up in the basket and sang a hymn. His parents were very happy, for they have lost two baby girls and were worried about this their only son. They praised God for keeping him. Upon arrival at Kinghsien they were able to buy powdered milk with some of Helen's money and fed her according to a three-hour schedule. I am quite sure that there is not another woman in all that district who could have looked after baby Helen as Mrs. Lo did. Her baby boy had been born in a mission hospital, the Methodist Hospital in Wuhu, and she still had the bottle which he had used. In spite of all she passed through, through God's wonderful care and the love of these Chinese friends, little Helen arrived in Wuhu at 8 p.m. on Dec. 14th in perfect health. She had not even lost her habit of sleeping all night long until daylight, nor was she upset in any way. Do you wonder that we call her "The Miracle Baby"? When God performs a miracle He does it perfectly. Little Helen is a beautiful little girl, and has been such a comfort to us all. Now she has been taken to her grand-parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Scott, of the Presbyterian Mission, at Tsinan, North China, to be a comfort to them. We have appended a letter written by Mrs. Scott which gives us God's mind concerning the martyrdom of our dear friends, and shows a triumph of faith such as that of Abraham.

On Wednesday, Jan. 2nd, 1935 a Triumph Service was held, in the Methodist Hospital Church at Wuhu, for John Cornelius Stam and Elisabeth Alden Stam, the seventy-third and seventy-fourth martyrs of the China Inland Mission. Their bodies were laid to rest in the Wuhu cemetery. Our beloved friends are gloriously happy in the presence of God now. What a wonderful reward is theirs!

GOD'S PROMISE

"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: - - - be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2:10.

THEIR VICTORY

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." Rev. 12:11.

THEIR REWARD

“And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.”

Yours in Christ,

G. A. BIRCH.

* * *

Tsingteh, An.

Dec. 6th, 1934

China Inland Mission,
Shanghai,

DEAR BRETHREN,

My wife, baby and myself are today in the hands of the communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is twenty thousand dollars for our release.

All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God peace in our hearts and a meal tonight. God grant you wisdom in what you do, and us fortitude, courage and peace of heart. He is able,—and a wonderful Friend in such a time.

Things happened so quickly this a.m. They were in the city just a few hours after the ever persistent rumours really became alarming, so that we could not prepare to leave in time. We were just too late.

The Lord bless and guide you—and as for us—may God be glorified whether by life or by death.

In Him,

(*Sgd.*) JOHN C. STAM.

* * *

A favourite poem of Betty and John Stam.

AFRAID?

A little Chinese girl, who escaped from the bandits last autumn, tells how, gun in hand, they asked the Presbyterian

missionary, J. W. Vinson, if he were afraid. "No," he replied, "if you shoot, I go straight to heaven." His decapitated body was found later.

Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace,
The strife and strain of life to cease?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—O Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid—of that?

E. H. HAMILTON.

* * *

"STAND STILL? AND SEE"

(A Message of Peace.)

"I'M STANDING, Lord.
There is a mist that blinds my sight.
Steep jagged rocks, front, left, and right,
Lower, dim, gigantic in the night.
Where is the way?

"I'm standing, Lord.
The black rock hems me in behind.
Above my head a moaning wind
Chills and oppresses heart and mind.
I am afraid!

“I’m standing, Lord.
The rock is hard beneath my feet.
I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet.
So weary, Lord, and where a seat?
Still must I stand?”

“He answered me, and on His face
A look ineffable of grace,
Of perfect, understanding love,
Which all my murmuring did remove.

“I’m standing, Lord.
Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see
Thou hast beset; these rocks are Thee;
And, since Thy love encloses me,
I stand and sing!”

By ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT (Mrs. STAM)

* * *

DEAR FRIEND:

Betty wrote me, “This poem expresses the distress of soul and fear of mind that was mine before I surrendered my all, even inmost motive, (so far as I know) to God’s control.

The four-line stanza is His gracious answer of assurance to me that He accepts my unworthy self.

The last five-line stanza is my satisfaction and joy in the peace of guidance that Christ my Saviour, and now Lord of my life, gives me.”

CHARLES ERNEST SCOTT.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott
American Presbyterian Mission
Tsinan (East Suburb)
Shantung, North China

Sat., Dec. 15, 1934

DEAR LOIS AND NATHAN:—

I am addressing this to you rather than to Mr. Hanna for he may be away. If he is there, I hope you will share this with him and Mrs. Hanna. You have all been so very

much in our thoughts and prayers this week, just as I know you have been bearing us up in your prayers.

When my husband got the first telegram telling of the capture of our loved ones, although it would be unnatural for us not to be concerned for their safety, and our minds could not help but fear that they were in great discomfort and privation, possibly in real physical suffering; still the strength we received in prayer and Bible messages and promises, has kept us in perfect peace throughout these days. We have been thankful that from the first we committed our three precious ones into the Lord's hands, and have prayed that His name might be glorified and His will done. We have of course prayed that, if it be in accordance with His plans for them, their lives might be spared to witness to His great power to release from physical danger; but at the same time we, if His name could be the more glorified through the sacrifice of their young lives, were still willing to give up our treasure into His hands, knowing that He would not carry out such a purpose unless the greater glory would result through their death than through their living witness.

When the telegram came Thursday evening saying that Betty and John were with the Lord we did not mourn as those who have no hope, but could not but feel that a great blessing might come to the cause of Christ here in China and also wherever their martyrdom might be known. We cannot but rejoice that they have been accounted worthy to suffer for His sake, and we cannot be sorry for them that thus early they have been released from all earthly trials and have entered into the glory provided for those who belong wholly to Him. They are not the ones to have sought release from working longer in this world of darkness, but the Lord must have been satisfied that their work here was completed, and that their willingness to die for Him will bring in a larger harvest of souls than as if they had lived many years longer. It has been brought to our hearts by many Chinese and foreign friends that the kernel of wheat that dies will bear much fruit—that it cannot fall to the ground in vain, and that two kernels will bear more fruit than one.

When we learned that our darling daughter and John were "absent from the body but at home with the Lord," but

that the precious babe was not found, we felt that there was little likelihood of her being alive. We did not see how a tiny, helpless babe of three months could survive under the conditions without her Mother, and thought she must have died before her parents. So last night, when your telegram came saying that she was alive and safe in Wuhu, it seemed to us almost like a rising from the dead.

One of our station members has just been telling me that on Thursday she had a feeling that she just couldn't pray any longer that Betty and John be released, (having an instinctive feeling that they were beyond needing human help.) But she said that all day yesterday she was praying earnestly for the safety of the babe.

To me it is nothing less than a miracle that Baby Helen Priscilla has been spared. My husband said this morning, "All the hordes of wicked Communists couldn't harm that helpless babe, if it were the Lord's purpose to have her live to glorify His name and show His power." We know that even more He could have delivered Betty and John from their captors, had that been His will for them. We feel that the care and bringing up of this precious life is a blessed responsibility, and will need the prayers of you all to help us in this great privilege.

The Lord has stirred the hearts of the Chinese and foreigners here by the martyrdom of these dear ones. We have received a great many notes and letters and telegrams and even cablegrams already, bringing great comfort, and helping us to realize as never before how we are all bound together in the bonds of Christian love, like one big family in the Lord. Many Chinese have called on us to show their sympathy and we have prayed with them, and tried to send them away with their own loyalty and faith strengthened.

Lovingly yours,

(Signed) CLARA HEYWOOD SCOTT.

From the Moody Bible Institute Bulletin of January, 1935

Our Martyrs

*"They climbed the steep ascent to heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may strength be given
To follow in their train."*

THROUGH the years that Moody-trained missionaries have carried the good tiding of great joy to the peoples of earth, twelve of them have met death by martyrdom. Of that number seven have received the martyr crown within the short space of five years. Since "in the last days perilous times shall come," and men shall be "fierce, despisers of those that are good," there must be significance in these signs of the times.

The latest victims of this satanic violence are John C. Stam, an Institute graduate of 1932, and his heroic wife, Elisabeth Alden Scott Stam, who completed her work at the Institute in 1931. They were married in China, and their three-month-old babe, Helen Priscilla, was miraculously spared when, on the fateful day in December, near Tsingteh, China, their brutal murderers, presumably communist bandits, drew their swords and the earthly lives of these noble young missionaries ceased to be.

"Where He leads me I will follow" has been more than a song, it has been a pledge and covenant on the lips of multitudes of Institute students through the years. From these portals have gone out 1,858 trained workers to foreign fields, and of that number 1,338 still wear their armor, serving in seventy-five countries, and under sixty-five missionary boards.

Mrs. Stam wrote numerous poems of unusual charm and power. On this page is one which was published in *The Sunday School Times* in 1929, a few months before its author became a student at the Institute. Pathetic interest is in the fact that the bandits kept their missionary victims roped and standing hour after hour during the fateful night.



MR. AND MRS. STAM

"Stand Still and See"

(A Message of Peace)

BY ELISABETH SCOTT STAM

"I'm standing, Lord.
There is a mist that blinds my sight.
Steep, jagged rocks, front, left, and right,
Lower, dim, gigantic, in the night.
Where is the way?"

"I'm standing, Lord.
The black rock hems me in behind.
Above my head a moaning wind
Chills and oppresses heart and mind.
I am afraid!"

"I'm standing, Lord.
The rock is hard beneath my feet.
I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet.
So weary, Lord, and where a seat?
Still must I stand?"

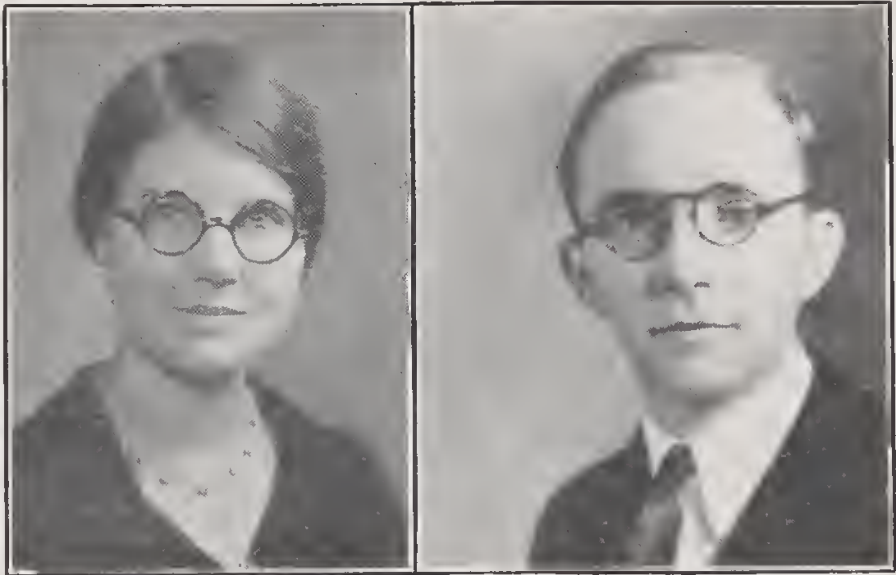
He answered me, and on His face
A look ineffable of grace,
Of perfect understanding love,
Which all my murmuring did remove.

"I'm standing, Lord.
Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see
Thou hast beset; these rocks are Thee;
And, since Thy love encloses me,
I stand, and sing!"

The same Hand that crowned these pilgrims at the summit of the steep ascent to heaven will minister grace to the bereaved parents, and other kindred, for His pledge is, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

'Precious

*in the sight of the Lord
is the death of His saints'*



*John and Elizabeth Stam
of the
China Inland Mission
martyred
December, 1934*

THE articles in this booklet are reprinted from "China's Millions," for February and March, 1935. As these are out of print, they are reprinted by request without alteration, save that the first article now appears as the last.

CHINA INLAND MISSION

Newington Green 16, Belmont Street
London, N.16 Glasgow, W.2

Price : 2d.

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Price : 2d.

poem from the pen of Mrs. Stam, written when she was Elizabeth Scott, and published in their columns in June, 1929. We quote three stanzas:

I'm standing, Lord.
The rock is hard beneath my feet.
I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet.
So weary, Lord, and where a seat?

Still must I stand?
He answered me, and on His face
A look ineffable of grace,
Of perfect, understanding love,
Which all my murmuring did remove.

I'm standing, Lord.
Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see
Thou hast beset; these rocks are Thee:
And since Thy love encloses me,
I stand and sing.

How comforting it is to read, in the light of all that has happened, those gracious words, "Precious will their blood be in His sight?" What a joy to know that He Who "hath overcome the sharpness of death," has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers, and that His promised Presence must have been with them in that dread hour. Shall we not pray, in the words quoted above, that they may "do by death what life could not," and that "souls may blossom from that spot?"

And not only is their blood precious in God's sight, but the hearts of their dear ones in America, through which a sword has pierced, are precious too. We are privileged to print some of the correspondence which has passed between the sorrowing family, and Dr. Glover, the Home Director of the Mission in North America. It is triumphant as a witness to God's grace. On receipt of the first cable telling of the death of the two dear ones, the Rev. Peter Stam telegraphed to Dr. Glover on behalf of himself and family:

"Deeply appreciate your consolations. Sacrifice seems great, but not too great for Him Who gave Himself for us. Experiencing God's grace. Believe wholeheartedly Romans viii, 28. (We know that to them that love God all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to His purpose!)"

God who gave it him. Here, then, is the poem which Mr. J. C. Stam sent his father, which was received by him on the very day that the sad cable came.

AFRAID?

Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace?
The strife and strain of life to cease?
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face?
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—O heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptise with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid?—of that?

It was indeed a remarkable coincidence that these lines should have reached the old home in America just about the time that Mr. and Mrs. Stam were literally baptizing with their blood some sacred spot of China's soil. Their city of Tsingteh had been looted and they had been taken captive. From a letter written after their capture, we learn that Mr. Stam implored the Communists to release his wife and child, promising to sacrifice his own safety for their release. But the offer was refused. They were both bound and kept standing all night, and in the morning they were led out to execution as common criminals. The Chinese Christians appear to have done everything in their power to save their lives, one man kneeling before the executioner, but without avail.

Referring to that terrible night of standing before their execution, *The American Sunday School Times* quotes a

servants? Can we do better than read together the words of the Apostle Paul who also suffered for his Lord and Master, words which we are sure Mr. and Mrs. Stam would recite to us were they able to speak. Yet, surely, though they be dead they do indeed speak home to our hearts more clearly than ever.

“What then shall we say to these things? . . . Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Even as it is written:

“For Thy sake we are killed all the day long;
We were accounted as sheep for the slaughter. .

“Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

“GLORIFIED IN HIS SAINTS”

“*For they are Thine; and all things that are Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them.*”—*John xvii, 10.*

For the devotional article this month we print two priceless documents written by Mr. and Mrs. John Stam, who were martyred in December last. The first and second of the documents are the last letters written by Mr. Stam after their capture, and on the eve of their martyrdom. Such words from the brink of the grave have in them the spirit of eternity. They come to us as their solemn and sacred Testament. The depths are disclosed and the Divine revealed. Truly Christ is glorified in them.

This telegram was followed by this gracious letter:

“ My dear Dr. Glover,

“ Although sad at heart, I must thank you for your kind services and sympathy. You have indeed been a father to our dear children. They loved you and the work you represent.

“ By the grace of God we can say as a family: ‘ The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’ He knows what is good. He gave them the best—an eternal home with Himself.

“ We praise God for the safety of our darling Helen Priscilla (the baby). How glad dear sister and brother Scott (Mrs. Stam’s parents) will be with this news.

“ We appreciate your sympathy more than we can tell in words. May the death of our darlings mean great glory for Him, and may many others go in their steads.

“ With much love and praise from my dear wife and children, I am affectionately,

“ PETER STAM, SR.”

We must now follow in tender thought the marvellous deliverance of the little babe. For some time nothing was known about the dear child. Its death seemed highly probable, if not certain. But the mother’s last thoughts, so long as her movements were free, were evidently given to her previous babe, for when it was discovered a supply of clean napkins and ten dollars were found wrapped up in its clothing. How she must have suffered when torn from her child! But her prayers for the helpless mite were heard, and out of the mouth of lions it was delivered. The full story is not yet known, but little Helen Priscilla when forcibly bereft of her father and mother was taken up by the Lord. She was found by a Chinese Pastor, hungry and crying, in a deserted house where apparently she had been abandoned by her Chinese captors. Sympathetic Chinese placed the wee mite in a Chinese rice basket, and Chinese mothers nursed the babe along the route, as she was carried to the same hospital in Wuhu where she had been born on September 11th last.

And now, what shall we say to these things, to this solemn reminder of what God may ask of any of His

A COLLEAGUE'S TRIBUTE

BY G. A. BIRCH

OUR dear friends and fellow workers John and Betty Stam have passed to their glorious reward. We cherish their memory and realise deeply the privilege that was ours of having them in our home for a season. How clearly I remember the day Mr. Stam arrived. I met him at the launch. He was six feet two, every inch a man. His hearty grip and bright smile clinched our friendship at once. As we proceeded in the sampan the conversation at once turned to the things of God, for John lived with God and loved to talk of those things which filled his heart.

On our first itineration together we had to walk all one day in the rain and mud, but John's ardour was in no way dampened. That trip was a great blessing to me for he was mighty in the Scriptures, full of zeal to make Christ known, and full of love to the lost souls about him. Of course he did not have much language then, but he used what he had and quickly acquired more. John was very quick to see the hand of God in everything. One day he had contracted a heavy cold and was tired from a long walk. We felt the need of some green vegetables but there seemed no possibility of getting any. We stopped to preach the Gospel in all small villages, and without a word from us the woman at the door of whose teashop we were preaching, and who knew our Chinese companion, prepared a good meal for us. There were six or eight different kinds of vegetable, most of them very nicely salted, for they could not be bought fresh. What a surprise! John said, "Can God prepare a table in the wilderness?" He often used to say, "My Heavenly Father knows." And once when speaking of difficulties he quoted the Lord's words, "For this cause came I unto this hour." Truly he followed in his Lord's footsteps even unto death, and I know that he rejoiced in the fact that God was guiding and that Christ was glorified.

During the first summer that Mr. Stam was in China he was alone with the Chinese brethren at Suancheng for two months. He made marvellous progress in the language, and got very close to the Chinese. He carried on regular services for children, and one Sunday even led the main

THE LAST LETTERS

TSINGTEH, AN.,
December 6th, 1934.

“ CHINA INLAND MISSION,
“ SHANGHAI.

“ Dear Brethren,

“ My wife, baby and myself are to-day in the hands of the Communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is twenty thousand dollars for our release.

“ All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God, peace in our hearts and (we had) a meal to-night. God grant you wisdom in what you do, and us fortitude, courage and peace of heart. He is able,—and a wonderful Friend in such a time.

“ Things happened so quickly this A.M. They were in the city just a few hours after the ever-persistent rumours really became alarming, so that we could not prepare to leave in time. We were just too late.

“ The Lord bless and guide you—and as for us—may God be glorified whether by life or death.

“ In Him,

“ JOHN C. STAM.”

MIAO SHEO, AN.,
December 7th, 1934.

“ CHINA INLAND MISSION.

“ Dear Brethren,

“ We are in the hands of the Communists here, being taken from Tsingteh when they passed through yesterday. I tried to persuade them to let my wife and baby go back from Tsingteh with a letter to you, but they wouldn't let her, and so we both made the trip to Miao Sheo to-day, my wife travelling part of the way on a horse.

“ They want \$20,000 before they will free us, which we have told them we are sure will not be paid. Famine relief money, and our personal money and effects are all in their hands.

“ God give you wisdom in what to do, and give us grace and fortitude. He is able.

“ Yours in Him,

“ JOHN C. STAM.”

“ THE CROWN OF LIFE ”

“ *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life.*”—Revelation ii, 10.

“ **W**E behold Him, . . . even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour.” So wrote the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He became “obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore also God highly exalted Him.” So wrote the Apostle Paul. There is clearly a direct connection between the humiliation and the exaltation of our Lord. And it was He Who spake the gracious promise quoted above. “These things saith the First and the Last, Who was dead, and lived again . . . Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life.”

It is quite possible that the Angel of the Church in Smyrna, to whom these words were addressed, was none other than Polycarp, a disciple of the Apostle John. As a young bishop he had been exhorted by Ignatius “to stand firm as an anvil when it is smitten.” And this he did many years later, for when faced with the dread alternative of cursing Christ or dying at the stake, he made his immortal reply: “Fourscore years and six have I served Him, and He never did me wrong: how then can I revile my King, my Saviour?” And with that witness on his lips he was burned to death.

It was probably to this man, but certainly to the Church of Smyrna, of which he was Bishop, that the exhortation came: “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life.”

The Captain of our Salvation, He Who suffered Himself that He might bring us to God, never conceals the truth, never seeks disciples for His school, or soldiers for His army, by the promise of easy things. Concerning the Apostle Paul He said: “I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name’s sake.” And so it was with the Church at Smyrna. He spoke of their tribulation, their poverty (but thou art rich); of the things they “were about to suffer,” of some being cast into prison, and then added the call to

service, preaching a sermon in Chinese. This when he had not yet been one year in China.

In the fall of 1933, after one year in China, Mr. Stam went up to Tsinan and returned with his bride. They were ideally happy. A text from God's Word flashes to my mind, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Betty Stam was a savour of Christ wherever she was. Women and children loved to visit her and always received a welcome which did them good.

In the early spring of this year Rev. Jas. R. Graham, Jr., a very fluent Chinese speaker and powerful evangelist, led our Church Conference at Suancheng. John Stam was invited to be a leader in the Conference at Kinghsien held later, and he was asked to give the messages which Mr. Graham had given at Suancheng with such blessing. This was no small accomplishment, for a man who had been in China only sixteen months, but John did it, speaking twice daily for three or four days. This is a sample of the wholehearted way in which he threw himself into his work, and of the power of God which rested upon him.

A little later John and Betty Stam visited Miao Sheo spending a weekend there and witnessing for Christ in the place where they were later martyred. John visited this place again with Mr. Kohfield in October and though they only spent one night in the town yet they met together with the Christians in Bible study and prayer, and also found time to distribute tracts on the street and to speak to a number of individuals of the things of God. On November 23rd our dear friends left us and moved to their new work at Tsingteh, of which Miao Sheo is an outstation. Two weeks later they were taken captive to Miao Sheo, there to witness in a new way. Much work has been expended in the work of the Gospel at Miao Sheo, and in former years there were many believers. Some are dead, some have moved away, many have grown cold or have turned back from following Christ. But there are still two or three who stand firm. We believe that the people of Miao Sheo were greatly moved in a new way by the power of God through the glorious death of His children.

John Stam's parting message in a letter written after being taken captive, Phil. i, 20, has been gloriously fulfilled.

these are royal crowns (*cf.* Psalms xxi, 3; cxxxii, 18), not victorious garlands, which the Lord is promising here." He was writing of the verse quoted at the head of this article.

Here then is a royal reward to those who are faithful unto death. And we know God's gifts are not empty honours. There is nothing arbitrary about them. They are realities. Life itself constitutes the crown. It is a Crown of Life. They were faithful unto death. Their service was distinguished by death. Life shall be their distinguishing feature hereafter. It is with Life Everlasting that they will be crowned.

And of all the Crowns can there be a greater? Life is God's prerogative. He only hath immortality. And as "the Father hath life in Himself, even so gave He to the Son to have life in Himself." It is the highest expression of being. "Life, I repeat," writes Wordsworth, "is energy of love." And this is God's gift to those who are faithful unto death.

And the promise is to all. Death may be swift, or death may be slow. What we call the martyr's death is not the portion of all, but in the true and original meaning of the word *martur*, every witness bearer who is faithful to life's end fulfils the conditions. The call is for faithfulness unto death.

"Be faithful unto death. Christ proffers thee
Crown of a life that draws immortal breath:
To thee He saith, yea, and He saith to me.
Be faithful unto death."

M.B.

Dr. C. E. Scott, father of Mrs. Stam, writes of his daughter's poetry, as follows:

"Scores of people have, in Betty's poems, remarked that, along with the maturity of thought and the quality of lyric expression, there was high devotion to her Lord. It was as if in preparation, out of her peaceful and sheltered life, she had prescience of terrible things that she, some day, would encounter for Him, and also be called upon to suffer for His dear sake; meantime her leal heart was in spiritual

faithfulness unto death and the promise of the Crown of Life. No man, with the Bible in his hand, has any excuse for ignorance on this point.

Such words come home to us with peculiar force to-day, as we think of two more beloved fellow labourers added to the noble army of martyrs in China, and of others in captivity. We think of their tragic deaths, of Mr. and Mrs. Stam especially, and of the perils and hardships which beset missionary service generally, but we rejoice to know that the Living One, He Who was dead, but is alive for evermore, will give to them the Crown of Life. We see the grave; they see the glory. With them death is swallowed up in victory.

As we contemplate the tragedy, we see the hand of man, the Communists, the Red Armies, but He Who suffered under Pontius Pilate sees "a synagogue of Satan," and the great adversary the devil. "The devil is about to cast some of you into prison." We see enemies of flesh and blood, but He sees "spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." He is not deceived as to the true significance of these things, nor should we be. It is a war in the realm of the spirit.

The Crown of Life. There are many crowns in Scripture; the crown of righteousness, the crown of glory, the crown of joy, and of beauty, and of incorruption. "Thou shalt be a crown of beauty in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." But the Crown of Life has a gracious fitness here. What does it mean?

There are two words in the New Testament, both translated Crown: *Stephanos* and *Diadeema*. The former word is used here. To the Greek this would always denote a wreath of victory, and so to St. Paul, who was familiar with the Greek games. But it was not so with the Palestinian Jew. It is the former word, *Stephanos*, that the Evangelists employ when they write of "the Crown of Thorns," and that obviously was not intended for a Victor's garland, but rather, in mockery, for a royal diadem. Archbishop Trenchard has discussed this subject at considerable length in two of his books, and this is what he writes: "Is the crown (of life) the diadem of royalty, or the garland of victory? I believe the former." And again: "I must needs then believe that

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training for the tragic test; while word artistry was given her to voice her loyalty to Christ and firm faith in His Holy Word."

The following is selected from a number of others:

**"I WILL LOVE THEE, O LORD, MY
STRENGTH."**

(Lines of Self-dedication to Christ.)

O Jesus Christ, Thou Son of God
And Son of Man;
Thy love no angel understands,
Nor mortal can!
Thy strength of Soul, Thy cleanest purity,
Thy understanding heart of sympathy;
The vigour of Thy mind, Thy poetry,
Thy Heavenly wisdom, Thy simplicity—
Such sweetness and such power in harmony!
Thy perfect oneness with Thy God above,
The agony endured to show Thy love!
Thou Who didst rise, triumphantly to prove
Thou art the Living God,
Before Whom Death and Hell
Must shake and move!
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Son of Man,
Thou Son of God,
Grant me Thy face to see,
Thy voice to hear, Thy glory share,
Never apart from Thee,
Ever Thine own to be
Through all eternity. Amen!

ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT.

Moody Bible Institute

Sept. 1928

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JOHN CORNELIUS STAM

AND

ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT STAM

"Faithful unto death" (Rev. 2:10)

"Beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word
of God." (Rev. 20:4)

On the 8th of December, 1934, from Eagle Hill,
outside the town of Miao Shco, Anhwei, China
they entered into glory.

To the Memory of John and Betty Stam and
to the Glory of their Saviour

DEAR TO THE FATHER'S HEART

by R. M. ARTHUR

Dear to the Father's heart were they;
No feeble chance held them in sway;
No cloud of doubt—no lowering grey
Of circumstance—turned light of day
To dark of night.

Dear to the Father's heart were they;
No dangers Christ could not allay—
No murderous thrust He could not stay.
No fears—no cares—"Afraid?" not they,
In His glad light.

Dear to the Father's heart were they;
Their task complete—though short their day—
Love that had led their steps away
Now beckoned them from out the fray,
To realms of light.

Dear to the Father's heart were they;
No partings *now*, no *dimlit way*
To tread—at Home with Him to stay;
"Well done, well done", they hear Him say.
And all is Light.

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And all is Light.

MY JESUS

The Face of Jesus — tender, strong,
Gentle with perfect sympathy,
All glorious in majesty —
Is mine for all eternity,
Is mine through all the ages long.

The Name of Jesus -- Holy One
Whom angels 'dore and demons flee,
He Who could Man and sinless be,
God, Son of God, Who died for me —
Is mine through timeless time to come.

The Love of Jesus — Whom I love,
Because He brought me Life and Heaven,
The chains of Death and Hell has riven,
Eternal peace and joy has given —
That Love is *mine*. Praise God above!

April 11, 1929

Elisabeth Alden Scott.

This poem, with many other of Betty's poems never before seen by her parents, was found recently in the debris of her home, ruined by the Reds. C. E. S.

Babe of Martyr Missioners Now Thriving in China

Helen Priscilla Stam, Now Three Years Old, Escaped Bandit Killers By "Miracle."

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Daily News Foreign Service.

11 Sept. 1937.

Tsingtao, Shantung Province, North China.

Little Helen Priscilla Stam, the pretty blue-eyed youngster, whose missionary parents died martyrs' deaths at the hands of Chinese communists nearly three years ago, is thriving and happy at the home of her grandparents here.

Helen was a helpless babe in arms when the Chicago Daily News Correspondent saw her first, just after her remarkable deliverance from a tragedy which obliterated the lives of those nearest to her. Today she is an alert and active child of 3 whose favorite pastime is playing on the beach near the seaside home of her grandparents, Dr. & Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott.

It will be recalled that Rev. & Mrs. John Stam, missionary graduates of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, were brutally murdered at Miaosheo, Anhwei Province, Dec. 8, 1934. Their 3-months-old baby, abandoned in a deserted house by the bandits, was providentially found and carried to safety by Chinese friends of the martyred couple. From that time Helen Priscilla became "the miracle babe", and she is still remembered the world over, with gifts by Christian friends who are convinced that she was spared death for a divine purpose.

Known to all those about her by her Chinese name "Pao Pei" - (Precious) - Helen Priscilla lives in a roomy house overlooking the Yellow Sea. It was built by Dr. & Mrs. Scott as a

place of retirement, during their declining years, after a life-time of service as Presbyterian missionaries among the Chinese. Here, i. e. in China, Helen Priscilla will remain until she is old enough to go to school, when she will probably be sent to the China Inland Mission School at Chefoo, a seaside resort north of here. Later she will attend Wilson College, at Chambersburg, Pa., where her mother was graduated. The College, as a mark of tribute to the late Mrs. Stain ("Betty Scott"), has offered a free education to Helen Priscilla.

Grandmother Scott said that Helen Priscilla's disposition is happy and gentle, although at times she shows that she has a mind of her own. She likes to sing the hymns that her devout grandparents have taught her; and, when rainy weather keeps her from the ocean sands, she plays at home with the many toys sent to her as gifts from other countries. Like most foreign children reared in China, she speaks Chinese as well as English, and enjoys chattering with the Chinese "amah" or nurse. Her distinguishing features are her ruddy cheeks, her ready smile and her azure-blue eyes. She is quite the picture of her mother at her age.

The warfare raging throughout much of China has affected Tsingtao comparatively little; and it is something of which young Helen Priscilla is completely oblivious. The Scotts will not evacuate Tsingtao unless the city is attacked or menaced. They plan to return to their own Station, Tsinan, in western Shantung, at the earliest opportunity.

P.S. Helen Priscilla returned, Sept. 1938, with her grandmother to the Scott home in Tsinan.

Helen Priscilla - thanks you for the nice letter 3/8

meeting from "The Beginners" in U.S.S. Dept.

From "The Peiping Chronicle" Friday, June 11, 1937.

BETTY SCOTT STAM

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT TUNGCHOW

BRONZE TABLET PRESENTED TO NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL
BY THE ALUMNI AND ALUMNAE.

An impressive service, held Sunday, June 6, in connection with the Commencement exercises at N.C.A.S., Tungchow, was the presentation of a memorial plaque, by the Alumni Association, for Elisabeth Scott Stam, a martyr at the hands of Communists 8th December 1934.

Those who gathered in the School Chapel for this occasion were largely the student body and a goodly number of parents visiting the school at Commencement time. Seated on the platform were Dr. Scott, the father of Mrs. Stam, Mrs. Harry Martin, for many years a resident of Tungchow and a friend and helper of the School and its students, Miss Sarah Wylie president of the Alumni Association, and Horace Dewey, a member of this year's graduating class.

Horace Dewey explained, in his Introduction to the Service, how a former principal of the school, Mr. Lund, had himself offered to pay for the placing of a memorial plaque in the Chapel, and how the alumni had gladly responded by contributing the money for the plaque.

After an appropriate hymn by the school choir, Mrs. Martin gave a short address expressing appreciation—not of Elisabeth Scott Stam, as she said—but of Betty Scott, the lovely young girl who was a student at the N.C.A.S. Mrs. Martin had known her in the classroom, on the athletic grounds, and as a pupil in her Sunday School class. She said she would try not to be sentimental in her remarks, for Betty would hate that. She told how Betty Scott and a few other students of her time were outstandingly strong students, because each of them had done their best; and she commented on Betty's steady, high scholarship, her good work in basket-ball, and her robust spiritual life. She worked whole-heartedly at all her undertakings—always gave the last measures—and so her school life prepared her to give the very last

measure of devotion in the end to her Lord. After she had some heart trouble she began to express her inner life in poetry.

Betty was born on George Washington's birthday; and, partly for that reason, she had been encouraged in patriotic interests, especially in Washington and Lincoln. Mrs. Martin made use of some lines from Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech, in dedicating the memorial tablet. She said: "We have come to dedicate this tablet. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this bit of metal. This brave girl living and dead who studied here, has consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. It is for us the living rather to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from our honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which she gave the last full measure of devotion—That we here highly resolve that she shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth."

The unveiling and presentation of the Memorial Plaque by Miss Sarah Wylie was followed by an address on "The Intellectual and Spiritual Development of Betty as seen in Her Poetry" by Dr. Scott. He told of the Scott family's interest in N.C.A.S. and how the Scott children had all attended the school until their enforced withdrawal at the time of the Nanking disaster in 1927—at which time the School was temporarily closed by the American Minister to China. Dr. Scott read and quoted from Betty's poems to show the development of her life and character. The selections he chose gave real expression to the drama of her inner life, which reached a high climax in her Freshman College year, when she had a deep experience of complete surrender of herself to God's service. Her poems were vital and moving and beautiful. The students were especially pleased with her lovely poem called "Colour," which she had put down on paper after convalescing from an illness and before entering College. Older people were impressed by her maturity of thought, as expressed in her poems, several of which Dr. Scott read, since they illustrated the development and unfolding of her religious experience and life, which was cut short by her triumphant death through those who knew not what they did.

The service concluded with a solo, "My Prayer", written by Mrs. Stam and sung by Mrs. Hunter, and a benediction by the Principal, Mr. Robinson.

CHINA INLAND MISSION,
WUHU, AN., CHINA,
JAN. 7TH., 1934.

BABY HELEN.



Dec. 15th, 1934.

IN MEMORIAM
MARTYRS OF CHRIST
JOHN CORNELIUS STAM
AND
ELIZABETH ALDEN STAM

"These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."

Our dear friends and fellow workers John and Betty Stam have passed to *their glorious reward* in the presence of the King. We cherish their memory, and realize deeply the privilege that was ours of having them in our home for a season. By God's grace our lives are going to be more consecrated to God because of them. How clearly I remember the day John arrived at Suancheng. I met him at the launch. He was six foot two, every inch a man. His hearty grip and bright smile clinched our friendship at once. As we proceeded in the sampan the conversation soon turned to the things of God, for John lived with God, and loved to talk of the things which were filling his heart.

On *our first itincration* together we had to walk all one day in the rain and mud, but John's ardour was in no way dampened. That trip, and all our trips together, were a blessing to me for John's mind was a mine of wealth in the knowledge of God. He truly was mighty in the Scriptures, full of zeal to

make Christ known, and full of love to the lost souls around him. John was very quick to see the hand of God in everything. One day he was all in with a heavy cold, and tired from a long walk. We felt the need of some green vegetables but saw no possibility of getting any. At noon we stopped to preach the Gospel in a village, and without any word from us the woman at the door of whose tea shop we were preaching, and who knew our Chinese companion, prepared a good meal for us.

There were six or eight different kinds of vegetables most of them very nicely salted, for they were out of season then. What a surprize! John said, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" John often said, "*My Heavenly Father knows.*" And once when speaking of difficulties to face he quoted the Lord's words, "*For this cause came I unto this hour.*" Truly they both followed in the Lord's footsteps even unto death, and I know they rejoiced in the fact that God was guiding and that Christ was glorified.

During John's first summer in China he was alone at Suancheng with the Chinese brethren for two months. He made marvelous progress in the language, and got very close to the Chinese. During that time he carried on regular meetings for the children, and one Sunday even led the Church service, preaching a sermon in Chinese. This when he had not yet been one year in China.

Then in the fall of '33 John went to Tsinan and returned with his bride. They were ideally happy. A text from God's Word flashes to my mind which describes them, "*They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided.*" Betty was a savour of Christ wherever she went. She had a deep quiet peace, a love and sympathy for others which was a blessing to many.

In the Spring of this year Rev. Jas. Graham Jr. led our Church Conference at Suancheng. He is a very fluent Chinese speaker and a powerful evangelist. John was invited to be leader in the Kinghsien Conference which followed that at Suancheng, and to give the same messages which Graham had given with such blessing. This was no small accomplishment for a man who had only been in China for sixteen months, but John did it, speaking twice daily for three or four days. This is a sample of the wholehearted way in which John threw himself into his work, and of the power of God which rested upon him.

A little later John and Betty visited Miaosheo, spending a week-end there witnessing for the Lord. John visited the place

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to tremble. The next moment a blow on the back of her neck from a great sword struck her dead. As seen later John's face wore a smile, and Betty's face spoke of beautiful quiet peace. As they passed into the presence of God no doubt they saw a vision such as Stephen did, when at the time of his death he said, "Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

Much labour has been expended in the work of the Gospel ~~at~~ ~~Gospel~~ at Miaosheo, and in former years there were many believers. Some are with the Lord, some have moved away, many have grown cold or turned back. But there are still two or three who stand firm. We believe that Miaosheo in a new way was greatly moved by the power of God through the glorious death of His children. Many there knew and respected them. Many had heard the Gospel which they preached. God planned that the people of Miao-sheo should understand clearly what the death of His children meant, that their light should shine forth, that their martyrdom should be clinched by the testimony of their Chinese colleague Evangelist Lo.

Evangelist Lo of the China Inland Mission at Kingsien was transferred to the Tsingteh district, to live at Miaosheo, and be John Stam's colleague. For various reasons his transfer was delayed. Finally he received a letter from Mr. Stam asking him to be at Miaosheo on Dec. 7th. when Pastor Chen and he would also come and engage with Lo in Evangelistic work. Lo arrived in Miaosheo on the evening of Dec. 6th. the evening before the day on which the Reds arrived. Had he been two hours later he would have met refugees from Tsingteh before he left the main road to branch off for Miaosheo. Had he been a few days earlier he would have been living in the Gospel Hall in the town when the Reds arrived there. As it was he arrived at God's appointed time, and was living in the home of old Mrs. Wang on the outskirts of the town.

At 9 A.M. Dec. 7th. the advance guard of the Red army arrived at Miaosheo. The younger women and children of the household were sent to the foot of the mountain as a precautionary measure. Mrs. Wang stayed in the house, while her son Wang Shi-ho and Mr. Lo. went towards the main street to investigate, for they did not know what army was arriving. The Reds were seeking for headmen of the town. Someone pointed in the direction of Wang and Lo saying, "There is one." Young Wang, being a headman, took to his heels. Lo stood his ground, and a Red officer took him into custody. He was asked if he were a headman, how many men there were in the local militia,

o'clock, they were forced to walk seventeen miles over rough road to Miaosheo. John carried baby Helen. Betty was allowed to ride a horse part of the way.

Upon arrival at Miaosheo, while the Reds were pillaging the town, John and Betty were allowed a short rest in a shop which was also the Post Office. The shop keeper was kind to them and gave them fruit to eat. Betty ate and urged John to do likewise but he used his time in writing a note to the C.I.M. headquarters. He also wrote a letter from Tsingteh immediately upon being captured in which he quoted *Phil. 1:20*. The kindly shop keeper asked, "Where are they taking you, where are you going?" John's reply was, "*We're going to Heaven.*" That night they were taken to what had been a rich man's house and put in an inner room. John was bound and tied to the bed post. Betty was evidently free to look after the baby, as appeared from later evidence. Little Helen probably slept peacefully all night as had been her habit, and as she continued to do after she was found. It is quite unlikely that they were further molested that night. The suffering they had to bear was more than enough.

The next morning, Dec. 8th. at ten o'clock the Reds made a proclamation in the streets inviting all the people to come and see the "foreign devils" die. *Did they think God's children would cringe?* God would have the reds and the people of Miaosheo see His Shining Ones triumph. *Did they think to intimidate Christians?* Chang Hsiu-sheng a medicine seller, who had appeared to be a rather luke-warm believer, on hearing the proclamation pled on his knees for the release of the captives, and would not take "no" for an answer, until the infuriated Reds bound him also, accusing him of being one with the foreigners. They later found his Bible and hymn book which proved him to be a Christian. They took him with them and it is reported that he was killed at the next village. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Chang left no relatives in Miaosheo. He was single.

At the head of the Miaosheo main street, just outside the town, is a hill called "Eagle Hill". We think of Calvary. Thus, closely, our dear friends walked in the Master's footsteps. There these two beautiful children of God were killed with the sword. John was ordered to kneel. He bent one knee and spoke a few words to the Reds. We do not know what he said as the frightened towns-people were not near enough to hear. But knowing John, we can feel sure that they were noble words of testimony for God. One of his captors savagely slashed his throat with a knife, and he fell to the ground. Betty was seen

left Miaosheo, setting fire to houses by the road as they moved on three miles to the next big town. That day another refugee joined the group on the mountain. He brought the news of John and Betty Stan's martyrdom.

On Sunday morning Mr. Lo and his friends came down from their hiding place, for he determined to waste no time in finding the bodies of the two young missionaries whom he had come to love so much. As he began to make enquiries he heard someone say that the baby was still alive. This was the first he had heard of Baby Helen. He started to look for her. But as he went about enquiring and seeking those who did know where she was were afraid to say in case they should still get into trouble with the Reds. At last one woman pointed to a house. Lo entered and heard Helen crying. The house had been the home of a rich man. It was deserted. Helen was wrapped in her sleeping bag and was lying on the bed. Under her were the torn up shreds of the rich man's wadded quilt, which was evidently torn up in the search for hidden wealth. On the table were the remains of some powdered milk and sugar in two tins. On one bed post was a set of ropes, as if John had been bound there. Little Helen was safe and well, though very hungry for she had been all alone in this deserted house for twenty-five hours. Exactly three weeks previously her loving parents had presented little Helen to God in a beautiful dedication service led by Rev. Harold Weller in the Suancheng Church. (Our little boy John was also dedicated to the Lord in the same service.) And no doubt they committed her afresh to God as they were taken from this room with their hands bound behind their backs. God took care of little Helen. Lo carried precious little Helen tenderly in his arms and committed her to his wife's loving care.

After finding the bodies on Eagle Hill Lo went to the town to buy coffins. He found that a messenger had already come from the district Magistrate commanding the local authorities to look after the bodies of our friends. But the local authorities had all fled. There was no one to assume any responsibility. All were afraid lest the Reds who were only three miles away should return. Many suspected that there were red spies still in their midst, and they did not dare help lest they suffer for it. Lo told the messenger that if they did not do something quickly he would see to the arrangements. At this he was asked to take full charge. Old Mrs. Wang the first Christian of Miaosheo, who had believed the first time she heard the story of Christ's redeeming love, and who has stood firm ever since, with her

how many rifles etc. Lo said that he was a stranger having just arrived the night before. When asked for one to identify him he took the officer to see Chang Hsiu-sheng, the same man who later gave his life for the Stams. Chang said, 'This man arrived in the town last night. He is of the same trade as I, heals diseases and distributes tracts in the country. The officer evidently did not grasp the connection between distributing tracts and the Christian Church, and was quite satisfied with the identification. He said to Lo, 'It is all well.' Lo bowed politely and walked slowly away, until he reached a back street when he quickened his pace and joined the party at the foot of the mountain. Wang Shi-ho was there too, old Mrs. Wang remained in her home. They all climbed to the top of the mountain, there to spend two days and two nights. There were about fifteen refugees in the party. They had one wadded quilt between them, and the nights were cold. One man had a sickle with which he cut grass to cover themselves with at night. They did not dare to light a fire until the second night. The only food available was wild chestnuts.

There were Red soldiers in Mrs. Wang's home. They did not harm her. But they took nearly all her harvest of rice. What they did not carry away they dumped in the pond. The first night old Mrs. Wang stayed up all night making puffed rice to take to the refugees on the mountain. In the early morning she started out to find them. It was difficult to walk for her legs were greatly swollen from disease, and the mountain was very steep. As she went she wept, for she could not find them. At last someone found her and guided her to the company on the mountain top.

While they were on the mountain a rumour reached them, brought by other refugees, that a foreigner was a captive of the Reds. Lo thought it might be the Roman Catholic priest from Tsingteh. He hoped that the Stams had escaped from the city in time. From their commanding position they could see the whole valley and the town of Miaosheo spread out below them. At 10. A.M. on Sat. Dec. 8th. (just the time when the Reds were proclaiming their intention to kill the Stams,) they saw government troops arriving near Miaosheo. About noon they saw these troops open fire on the Reds. This firing lasted until four in the afternoon. There was very little return fire from the Red troops which were in position in a low wooded ridge outside Miaosheo. When the firing ceased both armies were still in their original position. One and perhaps two of the Reds were killed. That night about ten o'clock the Red army

a dose of castor oil, and his parents prayed for him, but all that day he never spoke a word. Baby Helen slept very peacefully. The swinging motion of the basket soothed her. On the second day they travelled in sedan chairs, and that day to their great joy the little boy recovered. He sat up in the basket and sang a hymn. His parents were very happy, for they have lost two baby girls and were worried about this their only son. They praised God for keeping him. Upon arrival at Kinghsien they were able to buy powdered milk with some of Helen's money and fed her according to a three hour schedule. I am quite sure that there is not another woman in all that district who could have looked after baby Helen as Mrs. Lo did. Her baby boy had been born in a mission hospital, the Methodist Hospital in Wuhu, and she still had the bottle which he had used. In spite of all that passed through, through God's wonderful care and the love of these Chinese friends little Helen arrived in Wuhu at 8 P.M. on Dec. 14th. in perfect health. She had not even lost her habit of sleeping all night long until daylight, nor was she upset in any way. Do you wonder that we call her "The Miracle Baby"? When God performs a miracle He does it perfectly. Little Helen is a beautiful little girl, and has been such a comfort to us all. Now she has been taken to her Grand-parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Scott, of the Presbyterian Mission, at Tsiman, North China, to be a comfort to them. We have appended a letter written by Mr. Scott which gives us God's mind concerning the martyrdom of our dear friends, and shows a triumph of faith such as that of Abraham.

On Wednesday Jan. 2nd. 1935 a Triumph Service was held, in the Methodist Hospital Church at Wuhu, for John Cornelius Stam and Elisabeth Aiden Stam, the seventy-third and seventy-fourth martyrs of the China Inland Mission. Their bodies were laid to rest in the Wuhu cemetery. Our beloved friends are gloriously happy in the presence of God now. What a wonderful reward is theirs!

GOD'S PROMISE.

"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: - - - be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2:10.

THEIR VICTORY.

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death". Rev. 12:11.

son helped Lo to care for the bodies. They bought white cloth in which they carefully wrapped them. Coffins were bought on credit, lime was placed in this, according to Chinese custom, and the bodies laid in the coffins.

A crowd had gathered on Eagle Hill. Nothing but regret and sorrow were expressed at the death of this fine young couple. Some even dared to curse the reds for their crime. When they had done all that they could these three Christians bowed in prayer. Then straightening himself Lo addressed the crowd in some such words as these, "You have seen these wounded bodies, and you pity these foreigners for their suffering and death. But you should know that they are children of God. Their spirits are unharmed and at this minute are in the presence of God. They came to China and to Miaosheo not for themselves but for you, to tell you about God and His love, that you might believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved eternally. You have heard their message. Remember it is true, their death proves that. "Do not forget what they told you, repent and believe the Gospel." Lo tells me that many of the listeners wept. Personally I have not seen weeping in response to a Gospel message in China. Why the change? Why the melted hearts? They had had a demonstration of the power of God, and the truth of the Gospel. We expect much fruit from the glorious death and the faithful testimony of these two Shining Ones.

Baby Helen was cared for most lovingly by Mrs. Lo and her husband. When they found her she was wrapped warmly in layers of clothes inside her little sleeping-bag. Pinned in these clothes they discovered two five dollar bills, put there in faith by her loving Father and Mother for the one whom God would guide to take care of their precious baby. Mr. Lo's money had all been stolen, so this money was God's provision for them to come out with little Helen. Mr. Lo heard that the Reds had planned to kill the baby, but that some of the local people had interceded for her. They had reasoned like this. "Why kill this helpless babe? It has never done any harm, it could not injure anyone. Why kill it? The baby will naturally die in any case for it has no Mother."

For the first two days baby Helen was fed by Chinese mothers. Mr. Lo tells of how he and Mrs. Lo chose young and healthy mothers. They were always delighted to suckle the little orphan for whom they felt so sorry. A carrier was hired and little Helen travelled in the basket on one end of the carrying pole, while the Lo's four years old boy, very sick from two nights exposure on the mountain lay in the other basket. He was given

you shoot, I go straight to heaven". His decapitated body was found later.

Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace,
The strife and strain of life to cease?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flesh—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—O Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid—of that?

E. H. HAMILTON.

* * *

"STAND STILL? AND SEE"

(A Message of Peace.)

"I'M STANDING, Lord.
There is a mist that blinds my sight.
Steep jagged rocks, front, left, and right,
Lower, dim, gigantic, in the night.
Where is the way?"

"I'm standing, Lord.
The black rock hems me in behind.
Above my head a moaning wind
Chills and oppresses heart and mind.
I am afraid!"

THEIR REWARD.

“And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years”.

Yours in Christ,
G. A. BIRCH.

* * *

Tsingteh, An.
Dec. 6th. 1934

China Inland Mission,
Shanghai,

DEAR BRETHREN,

My wife, baby and myself are today in the hands of the communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is twenty thousand dollars for our release.

All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God peace in our hearts and a meal tonight. God grant you wisdom in what you do, and us fortitude, courage and peace of heart. He is able,—and a wonderful Friend in such a time.

Things happened so quickly this A.M. They were in the city just a few hours after the ever persistent rumours really became alarming, so that we could not prepare to leave in time. We were just too late.

The Lord bless and guide you—and as for us—may God be glorified whether by life or by death.

In Him
(Sgd.) JOHN C. STAM.

* * *

A favourite poem of Betty and John Stam.

AFRAID?

A little Chinese girl, who escaped from the bandits last autumn, tells how, gun in hand, they asked the Presbyterian missionary, J. W. Vinson, if he were afraid. “No,” he replied “if

When my husband got the first telegram telling of the capture of our loved ones, although it would be unnatural for us not to be concerned for their safety, and our minds could not help but fear that they were in great discomfort and privation, possibly in real physical suffering; still the strength we received in prayer and Bible messages and promises, has kept us in perfect peace throughout these days. We have been thankful that from the first we committed our three precious ones into the Lord's hands, and have prayed that His name might be glorified and His will done. We have of course prayed that, if it be in accordance with His plans for them, their lives might be spared to witness to His great power to release from physical danger; but at the same time we, if His name could be the more glorified through the sacrifice of their young lives, were still willing to give up our treasure into His hands, knowing that He would not carry out such a purpose unless the greater glory would result through their death than through their living witness.

When the telegram came Thursday evening saying that Betty and John were with the Lord we did not mourn as those who have no hope, but could not but feel that a great blessing might come to the cause of Christ here in China and also wherever their martyrdom might be known. We cannot but rejoice that they have been accounted worthy to suffer for His sake, and we cannot be sorry for them that thus early they have been released from all earthly trials and have entered into the glory provided for those who belong wholly to Him. They are not the ones to have sought release from working longer in this world of darkness, but the Lord must have been satisfied that their work here was completed, and that their willingness to die for Him will bring in a larger harvest of souls than as if they had lived many years longer. It has been brought to our hearts by many Chinese and foreign friends that the kernel of wheat that dies will bear much fruit—that it cannot fall to the ground in vain, and that two kernels will bear more fruit than one.

When we learned that our darling daughter and John were "absent from the body but at home with the Lord," but that the precious babe was not found, we felt that there was little, likelihood of her being alive. We did not see how a tiny, helpless babe of three months could survive under the conditions without her Mother, and thought she must have died before her parents. So last night, when your telegram came saying that she was alive and safe in Wuhu, it seemed to us almost like a rising from the dead.

I'm standing, Lord.
The rock is hard beneath my feet.
I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet.
So weary, Lord, and where a seat?
Still must I stand?"

He answered, me, and on His face
A look ineffable of grace,
Of perfect, understanding love,
Which all my murmuring did remove.

"I'm standing, Lord.
Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see
Thou hast beset; these rocks are Thee;
And, since Thy love encloses me,
I stand and sing!"

By ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT (Mrs. STAM)

* * *

DEAR FRIEND:

Betty wrote me, "This poem expresses the distress of soul and fear of mind that was mine before I surrendered my all, even inmost motive, (so far as I know) to God's control.

The four-line stanza is His gracious answer of assurance to me that He accepts my unworthy self.

The last five-line stanza is my satisfaction and joy in the peace of guidance that Christ my Saviour, and now Lord of my life, gives me."

CHARLES ERNEST SCOTT.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott
American Presbyterian Mission
Tsinan (East Suburb) Sat. Dec. 15, 1934
Shantung, North China

DEAR LOIS AND NATHAN:—

I am addressing this to you rather than to Mr. Hanna for he may be away. If he is there, I hope you will share this with him and Mrs. Hanna. You have all been so very much in our thoughts and prayers this week, just as I know you have been bearing us up in your prayers.

One of our station members has just been telling me that on Thursday she had a feeling that she just could'nt pray any longer that Betty and John be released, (having an instinctive feeling that they were beyond needing human help.) But she said that all day yesterday she was praying earnestly for the safety of the babe.

To me it is nothing less than a miracle that Baby Helen Priscilla has been spared. My husband said this morning, "All the hordes of wicked Communists couldn't harm that helpless babe, if it were the Lord's purpose to have her live to glorify His name and show His power." We know that even more He could have delivered Betty and John from their captors, had that been His will for them. We feel that the care and bringing up of this precious life is a blessed responsibility, and will need the prayers of you all to help us in this great privilege.

The Lord has stirred the hearts of the Chinese and foreigners here by the martyrdom of these dear ones. We have received a great many notes and letters and telegrams and even cablegrams already, bringing great comfort, and helping us to realize as never before how we are all bound together in the bonds of Christian love, like one big family in the Lord. Many Chinese have called on us to show their sympathy and we have prayed with them, and tried to send them away with their own loyalty and faith strengthened.

Lovingly yours,

(Signed) CLARA HEYWOOD SCOTT.

Talks on Timely Topics

BY REV. WALTER L. LINGLE, D. D., LL. D.

Our Missionary Martyrs.

Perhaps you read in a casual way a press dispatch early in December saying that Rev. John C. Stam and his wife of China had been murdered by the Communists, and then you thought no more about it. The newspapers are full of tragedy and there is no time in this busy world to pause and think about the meaning of this or that event. I might have read it in that way too if it had not come so close home to me.

Before her marriage Mrs. Stam was Miss Elizabeth Alden Scott. Her brother, Francis Heywood Scott, generally known as "Laddie," graduated with distinction from Davidson College last June, and is now a student in Princeton Theological Seminary. Another brother, Kenneth Munro Scott, is now an honor student in the sophomore class at Davidson. He is also a gifted musician. Her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Scott, who are missionaries in China, have been guests in our home. Through her parents, her brothers, and her writings we felt that we knew Elizabeth Alden Scott personally. It is a remarkable family, and the most remarkable thing about them is their Christ-likeness.

The story of the death of Elizabeth Alden Scott and her husband sounds like a chapter out of early Church history. When we read the story of those early martyrs we are inclined to take for granted that the days of martyrdom have long since passed. In fact, we sometimes wonder whether there are any present-day Christians who are loyal enough to Christ to die for His sake and the Gospel's. The triumphant death of these two young people is an answer to that question.

During the first three centuries of the Christian era thousands and tens of thousands of Christians suffered martyrdom. At times all the power of the Roman empire was hurled against Christians and the Christian Church. Again and again it looked as if Christianity might be blotted from the face of the earth. Let us look at the story of one or two of these early martyrs. It will help us to understand all the better what is happening to Christians in China and other parts of the world today.

Tradition says that Polycarp was converted under the preaching of the Apostle John. He was one of the great Christians of the early Church. In his old age he was called upon to face martyrdom. The Roman proconsul said to him: "Swear, and I release thee; blaspheme Christ." Polycarp replied: "Eighty and six years have I served Christ, and He has never done me wrong. How can I blaspheme my King who saved me?" As they stripped him and prepared to nail him to the stake to be burned, he said: "Leave me as I am, for He that hath granted me to endure the fire will grant me also to endure the pile unmoved, even without the security that ye seek from the nails." Thus they burned the aged saint for the Gospel's sake.

Perpetua was a young Christian mother of noble birth who lived about 200 A. D. At the

age of twenty-two she was arrested along with many other Christians and thrown into a Roman dungeon. We have this record of her personal experiences: "I was terrified; never before had I experienced such awful darkness. O dreadful day! the heat overpowering by reason of the crowd of prisoners, the extortions of the guard. Above all, I was torn with anxiety for my babe." Through the intercession of friends she was removed for several hours a day to another room where there was more light and ventilation. Again she records her experience: "There I sat suckling my babe, who was slowly wasting away. Nevertheless, the prison was made to me a palace; where I would rather have been than anywhere else."

The day of her martyrdom came. Her father, who was not a Christian, besought her for his sake, for the sake of her babe, and for the sake of her family, to renounce Christianity and live. She remained steadfast. Stripping her of all her clothing except a light tunic, they threw her into the arena to be gored by the infuriated bulls. As the bulls tossed and gored her and tore the flimsy tunic from her body we are told that she gathered her torn tunic about her to cover her shame and that she clasped up her hair as it did not become a martyr to suffer with dishevelled locks, lest she should seem to be mourning in her glory. After the mad bulls had done their worst a gladiator finished the bloody work with his sword. Thus did a young mother seventeen centuries ago seal her faith with her blood.

With this historical background of martyrdom let us come back to this young mother of the twentieth century who sealed her faith with her blood in China last December.

Elizabeth Alden Scott graduated from Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1928. While in college she was always an honor student and was noted for her unusual spiritual and her literary gifts. She wrote poems of which Dr. Henry Van Dyke said: "These are real poems. If you will publish them I will write the introduction." I have before me copies of some of these poems to which is attached this note: "Most of these poems were rescued from the debris after the Red army had looted their home." As I read them now they seem to come as a voice from Heaven.

During her college days she went through a spiritual struggle in trying to discover what her life work should be. She felt that perhaps she ought to go to Africa and work among the neglected lepers instead of going back to China where her people were. This struggle is reflected in some of her poems. In the end the conviction came that she ought to return to China. With this in view, upon her graduation from Wilson College, she went to Moody Institute to make especial preparation along spiritual lines for her work in China.

It was during her days of preparation that she met young John C. Stam, the son of

a minister, who was also preparing to go as a missionary to China. Their friendship grew into love, but she wisely insisted that their marriage should be postponed until they were settled in their work as missionaries. So she went to China in 1931 as an unmarried missionary. Then followed months of work mastering the language of which she had learned much in her childhood days in the missionary home of her father and mother. On October 25, 1933, she and Mr. Stam were married by Rev. R. A. Torrey, Jr. Then with their appointment as missionaries under the auspices of the China Inland Mission they planned to move to their field of service. They felt called to do pioneer work, and finally settled in Tsingteh. Before me is a copy of an interesting letter from Mr. Stam describing the journey which took them there: "Our trip to Tsingteh was not the easiest trip that we have taken. Living in Chinese homes during the month of February, without heat, is not exactly a picnic, but the Lord gave blessing and help. We traveled about two hundred miles, I walking and my wife in a sedan chair. . . . Tsingteh is a small town, a good part of it still in ruins from the Taiping rebellion seventy years ago. It needs the Gospel."

In September, 1934, a little girl was born into their home and was named Helen Priscilla. In November the young mother wrote to her parents describing a beautiful service in a Chinese church on Sunday in which little Helen Priscilla was publicly dedicated to the Lord. That was her last letter. On December 3 Mr. Stam wrote a long letter to the mission office in Shanghai, describing their new work. It breathes a note of unusual spirituality. In the letter this sentence occurs: "The district seems to be quiet now, although there are many rumors about rice stealing in the country around."

On December 8, 1934, Mr. Stam wrote a letter to the Shanghai office which came like a bolt out of the blue: "My wife, baby and myself are today in the hands of the Communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is \$20,000 for our release. All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God for peace in our hearts, and a meal tonight. God grant you wisdom what to do, and us fortitude, courage and peace of heart. He is able and a wonderful Friend at such a time. Things happened so quickly this morning. They were in the city just a few hours after the ever-persistent rumors really became alarming, so that we could not prepare to leave in time. We were just too late. The Lord bless and guide you—and as for us—may God be glorified, whether by life or by death."

The Communists carried their captives to the neighboring village, Miaosheo, and there on the morning of December 8, after stripping them of their clothing and parading them through the streets of the village, beheaded them with the sword. We are told that after John the Baptist was beheaded friends came, took up his body and buried it and went and told Jesus. So the Chinese pastor and friends took up these broken bodies, and then turned to Jesus and preached Him to the terrified bystanders.

Thirty hours later a Chinese Christian pastor found little Helen Priscilla in a deserted house. Inside her little blanket were pinned a ten dollar bill and some dry clothing—the last touch of a mother's love. The pastor, with his wife and two-year-old child, then took little three months old Helen Priscilla on an overland journey of three and a half days,

The Church's Dominion.

BY REV. COTHRAN G. SMITH, D. D.

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.—Luke 12:32.

Not least among all the good gifts of God are His promises. They are the foregleams of a brighter day ahead. The Apostle Peter writes of certain "exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." The God of hope imparts to us His bright nature through the promises. And one of the fairest of these is set forth before us in our text. The centuries have passed and the beginning at least of its fulfillment should be seen if it is ever to be seen. Has our Father seen fit to give us any certain part of the promised Kingdom? Has the Church of Christ begun to receive the dominion

Over Men's Minds?

What are men thinking today about the Bible? About Jesus Christ? About the life after death? About the Creator God? About His providence in the world? The last hundred years have added vast contributions to human knowledge. Tremendous new thoughts are sweeping through men's minds and some of the old ideas have had to give place. How has it fared with the Christian ideas of God? Has skepticism claimed our thoughtful men? Does it rule in the universities? No one will deny the existence of atheistic clubs, and their influence is sinister indeed.

Happily however, there are figures to prove a substantial increase in the church affiliation of students and teachers in higher seats of learning. Within the past 150 years church membership in three leading American universities was reduced to the point where only one professing Christian could be found in their student bodies. But a recent survey of our state colleges and universities indicates that eighty percent of the students are communicants in Christian churches. Our own Committee of Christian Education reports that one-eighth of the students in our Southern state schools are Presbyterians. There are 600 colleges and universities in the United States, and it would be safe to say that by far the greater number of their students and instructors are Christian in faith.

If it were required to name one single book which more than any other had set its stamp upon American thought and literature, there could be only one possible choice—the Book of the great and precious promises. So it begins to appear that the Kingdom of Christ is winning in the places where ideas are formed and opinions are minted. And in the long run these ideas establish their influence over character and conduct.

Let us ask, in the second place, if the Church of Christ has begun to receive the dominion over

The Customs of Men?

There is a fair question involved in any discussion of the moral standards of our time. It is possible to take a very dark view. Our crowded prisons are not very creditable to a Christian country. If taken alone, their evidence goes to show that faith in God has perished from the land as far as it affects the social conduct of large masses of the population. It is estimated by the New York police department that about 200,000 persons are under restraint as prisoners in the United

States. Moreover, this represents only one-fifth of the criminal population. Now while it is an appalling thing to belong to a generation of Americans which produces one million criminals, still it is only fair to remember the 120 millions of our population who are not criminal. For every habitual law-breaker in prison or out of prison, there are more than 120 honest citizens who do nothing worthy of bonds or imprisonment. After every dreadful thing has been said about lawlessness, it is still true that the vast majority of our neighbors are law abiding.

There is one arbiter of our public customs that we would do well to consider. The moving and talking picture, an invention of yesterday, has grown to the fourth place in size among our American industries. Twelve million people attend the moving pictures every day, and an average of forty million see every film released, paying in a year's time a total of 400 million dollars for the privilege. Here is an impressive achievement in attractiveness which the Church might think about with profit. However, it is still true that the stream of authority in public conduct flows down from the Church to the theater. And the theater will go only as far as the Church permits. What caused the recent reform in the picture industry in which so much film was rewritten, retaken or altogether discarded? It was not the injunction of the courts but the conscience of the Churches whose leaders and whose members began talking and writing and preaching against the abuses of the leading amusement industry.

It becomes more and more apparent that Christ will make good His promise to give to His Church the dominion in matters of custom and conduct, especially if the Church will have it so. Christian people can have the sort of pictures they demand; the sort of law enforcement they demand; and the sort of standards in industry they demand. In the providence of God the Churches are already in a position of dominant influence and need only to assert it with united voice. We believe there will never be another war unless the consent of the Churches of Christ in the territories that are involved is given.

The Loyalties of Men.

Now about the allegiance of the heart, for there ultimate decisions are reached in all the issues of life. The areas of thought and behavior are not safe unless Christ and His Church hold sway in the hearts of men. There, too, we must believe in the fulfillment of His promise. The facts in the case will justify our faith.

Last year in the United States one million adult souls deliberately turned their backs on the kingdom of darkness, choosing Christ and the Church, making public profession of their faith. The numbers of those who seek Christ are multiplied with every passing decade, and His Church grows five times as fast as the population of the United States. One hundred years ago one out of every fifteen in our country was a Christian church member. Now the ratio is one to three.

The coming of Christ into the hearts of men is ever hastening. This constant acceleration is impressive in all Christian history. His Church required fifteen centuries to win its first one hundred million adherents. Three

4
mostly on foot, to friends in Wuhu. On that journey Chinese mothers pressed the little babe to their own breasts and provided food for her until she reached the hospital in Wuhu.

There is no more thrilling story in the annals of martyrdom than the story of the martyrdom of Elizabeth Scott Stam and her husband, John C. Stam. Some may feel that here was a waste of two precious young lives. Not so. Wherever this story goes, and it has already gone to the ends of the earth, it will stir new Christian impulses and quicken new missionary zeal. I wish that the story might be told in full by some gifted pen. It would make a great missionary book.

It is well for us to remember that these are not the only martyrdoms that have occurred in China. One of our own missionaries has called my attention to a paragraph in the "North China Daily News," the most widely read English newspaper in the East, which says that since the revolution of 1911 three hundred and fifty missionaries have been captured and carried off in China. Some of them were murdered in cold blood and others have never been heard of since. To these we must add the thousands of native Christians who have suffered martyrdom. Again some may exclaim: What price missions! In reply let two great saints of the early Church speak.

Justin Martyr, who suffered martyrdom about 165 A. D. in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, wrote: "The more men multiply our sufferings, the more does the number of the faithful grow." Tertullian, who was born in Carthage about 150 A. D., and lived through several fierce persecutions, wrote: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Dying we conquer. The moment we are crushed, that moment we go forth victorious." The Church was never so pure and never grew so rapidly as in those first three centuries when thousands and tens of thousands died for the sake of the Gospel.

My missionary friend calls attention to a statement made by Glover to the effect that the explanation of the conquest of early Christianity over paganism lay in the fact that Christians out-lived, out-thought, and out-died the pagans. And then my friend adds: "This will be the way to victory in China as it was in Rome."

If our missionaries are willing to die for the sake of making Christ known to those who have never heard of Him, we might at least be willing to live for Him and to give of our means up to the limit in order that His Gospel of redeeming love may be preached to every creature.

Davidson, N. C.

BITS FROM THE BOOK.

BY REV. T. M. STEVENSON.

Four First Things:

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God. Matthew 6:33.

They first gave their own selves to the Lord. II Corinthians 8:5.

Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye. Luke 6:42.

Cleanse first that which is inside the cup. Matthew 23:26.

Craigsville, Va.

"The only Christianity that can do anything for us is a Christianity that makes us want to do something for others."—John McDow

baby, crying and hungry, in a deserted house where apparently she had been abandoned by her captors. Chinese harbored the infant in a rice basket until it was possible to begin the long trek to Wuhu. Then Chinese mothers nursed the baby along the route, and volunteer nurses cared for her.

That the young mother's last thoughts were of her baby was seen in the reported discovery of clean extra napkins and ten dollars wrapped in the baby's clothing. Surely God has some very special purpose in the preserving of the life of this little one. The American headquarters of the China Inland Mission at Germantown, Philadelphia, has now received cabled confirmation of the baby's safety.

Day by day further details of the martyrdom of the young missionaries have been published in the newspapers, and the latest information seems to show that John and Elisabeth Stam were executed by the sword in the ancient Chinese manner. It is a startling, solemn reminder of the execution and beheading of Christians in the first century. Chinese Christians did everything in their power to intercede and save the lives of the missionaries. One Chinese Christian knelt before the executioners, but without avail. The bodies were found at Miaosheo, a small community near Tsingteh.

Elisabeth Scott Stam wrote a number of unusually beautiful poems for THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES, and one of these has profound significance in view of a detail appearing in the newspaper dispatches. During the night before the execution, according to a Chinese eye-witness, Mr. and Mrs. Stam were tightly bound with cords and were not permitted to lie down. One can faintly imagine their physical suffering as they thus stood through the night. "Stand Still, and See," was the title of a poem by Elisabeth published in the TIMES of June 22, 1929. This is what she wrote:

"I'm standing, Lord.
There is a mist that blinds my sight.
Steep jagged rocks, front, left, and right,
Lower, dim, gigantic, in the night,
Where is the way?"

"I'm standing, Lord.
The black rock hems me in behind.
Above my head a moaning wind
Chills and oppresses heart and mind.
I am afraid!"

"I'm standing, Lord.
The rock is hard beneath my feet.
I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet.
So weary, Lord, and where a seat?
Still must I stand?"

He answered me, and on His face
A look ineffable of grace,
Of perfect, understanding love,
Which all my murmuring did remove.

"I'm standing, Lord.
Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see
Thou hast beset; these rocks are Thee;
And, since Thy love encloses me,
I stand and sing!"

A letter came to the father of young Stam in Paterson as recently as December 10, in which John told his father of the turbulent conditions prevailing in Anhwei Province; he said he knew the danger of working there, but that he was not afraid. With this letter he enclosed a poem that he said expressed his feelings, written by a missionary in China about another missionary who had been martyred. The martyred missionary, J. W. Vinson, was asked by his captor-bandits if he was afraid. "No," he replied,

"if you shoot, I go straight to Heaven." His decapitated body was found later. His missionary friend Mr. Hamilton wrote:

Afraid?

Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace,
The strife and strain of life to cease?
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—O Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid?—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid?—of that?

A letter from John Stam, written after he and his wife had been taken by the brigands, was received by the China Inland Mission at Shanghai; he told of imploring the brigands to permit his wife and child to return to Tsingteh, promising to sacrifice his own safety for their safety. This offer was refused.

A beautiful telegram came from Peter Stam and his family to Dr. Glover, Home Director of the China Inland Mission at Germantown, reading as follows:

Deeply appreciate your consolation. Sacrifice seems great, but not too great for Him who gave himself for us. Experiencing God's grace. Believe whole-heartedly Romans 8:28.

Dr. Henry W. Frost, Home Director Emeritus of the China Inland Mission, writes, at the request of the TIMES, of an experience of his in China many years ago:

"In the year 1895 I was visiting Shanghai. One evening, as I was walking in the compound of the Home of the China Inland Mission, I met a friend, a Mr. Hobson. I noticed that he was greatly distressed, and inquired what was the matter. He told me that he had just talked with an officer of the steamer that had come up from Wenchow and had been told that three of our missionaries and two native Christians there had that day died of cholera.



Elisabeth Scott Stam
with her parents
Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Scott

I asked whether Mr. Hudson Taylor had heard the news, and he replied that he had not. "You must go and tell him," I said. But this my friend refused to do. So it fell to me to carry to our General Director the sad intelligence.

"Opening Mr. Taylor's study door, I found him sitting at his desk, dictating letters to his wife. I stepped to his side, laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said: 'Mr. Taylor, you must be prepared for sad news.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'what is it?' I answered, 'Three of our missionaries and two of the native Christians at Wenchow have died from cholera.'

"The tears came into Mr. Taylor's eyes. Then he rose to his feet, took my hand in both of his, and exclaimed with trembling voice: 'Isn't it glorious! Isn't it glorious! Christ got a whole armful, didn't he?'

"Mr. Taylor, in the hour of his sorrow, thought not of himself or others, but of Christ. Let us sorrow, then, till the tears are in our eyes and the break is in our hearts; but let us never forget that at a Christian's death, however sudden and tragic it may be, there is Heaven's side, and the joy of Him who said: 'Father, I will [long] that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.'"

Notes on Open Letters

"And Not to Faint"

In THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES for September 8, under the title "Praying Until," you say: "Christ tells not to 'cave in' as we pray," and you say that is the literal meaning of "faint."

Will you kindly tell me how you get such a translation for the Greek word *egkakein*? This word is from *en* and *kakos*. *En* means in, *kakos* means evil or bad. From this I do not see how you get the translation "cave in" unless you infer a slang rendering.

We expect THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES to be accurate in all its statements.—A reader in the Education Department, State of New York.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES should have said that "cave in" is a colloquial or free translation, rather than the literal meaning, of the Greek verb translated "faint." The expression "cave in" is not slang, but a vivid figure of speech for "collapse."

Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament gives as the meaning of the Greek verb *egkakeo*, "to be weary in," "to lose courage, flag, faint." The New York State reader is correct in noting that this Greek verb comes from the preposition *en* and the adjective *kakos*, and that the latter has the meaning of evil or bad; Thayer gives it the meaning, "base, wrong, wicked." Hence, as Thayer points out, the verb means literally "to behave badly in." From this comes the accepted meaning: to lose courage, flag, faint.

When the Lord "spoke a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint" (Luke 18:1), he was cautioning men not to become weary in their praying, not to lose courage, flag, faint as they prayed. And this is well expressed in the English colloquialism or vernacular, "that men ought always to pray, and not to cave in" as they pray.

of millions of the sons of Asia? We trembled at thought of the consequences. We saw young students the Chinese leaders of tomorrow, weighing these two ways of life and still deciding which course of life to take. And while the Communists were applying all the propaganda and exerting every sort of influence they could muster, we saw the Christian Church of America actually withdrawing missionaries.

So we saw the finger of world history pointing steadily at China, and at the same time a place was revealed to us there, for which it seemed my husband had been preparing all his life. With burning hearts, then, we besought our Master that he would overrule the many obstacles in the way and send us there.

We were still awaiting the decisions of our Board regarding this appointment, when the news was flashed to us and to all our other Christian friends of the cruel martyrdom of my sister and her husband by Communist bandits in China. This brutal slaying only intensified our convictions. The Stephen-like fearlessness and peace of the beloved martyrs, the unflinching loyalty of Pastor Lo and many other Chinese Christians, even at the peril of their lives, all showed up so powerfully against the almost incredible brutality of the Communist forces that it seemed impossible the whole world could remain blind to the issues. Our desire to be sent to China then became so strong as to be painful. Every other consideration became secondary, for never did a country present itself in a needier light, and never could witness be made in a more strategic place than in China now, as she stands at the parting of the ways.

That we were returning to the country of my birth and "home" took a very minor place in our decision. For my husband, indeed, was turning his face to a very strange country which he had once thought he could never love. Until God laid this call on his heart, he had always felt he would prefer any other mission field to this.

God has shut and opened many doors around us this past year, while we waited anxiously by, until he led us finally to this threshold of opportunity. For which we praise him from full hearts!

BUCKHORN, KY.

Why We Are Going to China

A testimony from the sister of Elisabeth Scott Stam,
who was martyred in China last December

By Helen Scott Mahy

ALMOST exactly a year ago, my younger sister Beatrice wrote an article for *The Presbyterian* on "Why I Am Returning to China," and now Dr. Trumbull has given me the privilege of doing the same for the *TIMES* Family. A year ago it would have seemed impossible that I would have the opportunity of doing this, so swiftly does God change our lives and plans sometimes!

At the bottom of our deep yearning to be sent to China lies that which must be at the bottom of every missionary's heart—the appalling needs of the country God points out to him. My husband and I had chosen, as we thought, one of the neediest fields in our country. No one who has seen it can dispute the needs and challenge of the work here in the mountains of Kentucky, where lawless violence rules over men's hearts, and all around are cases of ignorance, poverty, and superstition almost heartbreaking. It will take many years of patient work to remedy some of the pitiful situations here, but still it did not seem to us the place of greatest usefulness. It was not that the work was not needy, but that there were to be found in increasing numbers workers who were willing to fill the needs. Almost any Sunday we may attend services in the little one-room schoolhouses, where as many as half a dozen "preachers" sit on the bench of importance at the front of

the room, and the preaching goes on for hours at a stretch. We have actually been to some little cabin prayer meetings where there were more preachers congregated than there were those to be preached to. In contrast to that I can remember my father saying that his pastoral field in China—with the population of the state of Pennsylvania—was so vast he despaired of ever covering it thoroughly. And while

we must pay homage to self-sacrifice of our beloved in the mountains, still personal experience that dropped out, even for a was always some one to step in and take his

But across the sea country, vast in its size and in its significance in history, a country that needs leadership—now—if ever Japan may or may not threaten it in the years of struggle going on at that struggle-weary land, the powers of Heaven and earth or black Atheism as taught by the Russian communists a menace to most the world for like Lucifer himself upon herself to defy and what if she succeeds in and unleashing upon t

China Inland Mission

MONTHLY NOTES

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SHANGHAI

January, 1935

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam

We deeply regret to report the deaths, at the hands of Communists, on December 8, 1934, of Mr. and Mrs. John Cornelius Stam. These promising young workers, who had been in China two and three years respectively, are the seventy-third and seventy-fourth martyrs of the China Inland Mission.

THE following tribute to the memory of our beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stam, written by one of their fellow-workers in South Anhwei, will be read with mingled emotions, which, though different from each other, will, as in the case of the holy confederation of spices used in the Tabernacle of old, combine, as with a sweet savour, in a resultant attitude on the part of us all to bring greater glory to God, from hearts and lives thereby purified, uplifted and more fully separated to the Gospel of His Son. As we remember with our prayers and our heartfelt sympathy the honoured parents and home circles of our dear brother and sister, we shall not forget the infant daughter who survives them; nor shall we fail to pray for the poor, misguided men who, in their darkness and sin, have stained their hands with the blood of God's saints. May the Spirit of Christ who prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," more and more actuate us and find expression in our attitude toward those to whose salvation we have, by the grace of God, devoted our lives. The punishment we desire is not that meted out to poor flesh and blood, but the overthrow of the powers of darkness, leading to the deliverance of great multitudes from their evil dominion. If only this event, at once mournful and yet uplifting, is the means of making us, individually and as a company of Christ's servants, in fuller measure conformable to His death, that souls may be saved, our martyred comrades will not have died in vain.

"And I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God,—— and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." Rev. 20:4.

Our dear friends and fellow-workers John and Betty Stam have passed to their glorious reward. We cherish their memory and realize deeply the privilege that was ours of having them in our home for a season. How clearly I remember the day Mr. Stam arrived. I met him at the launch. He was six feet two, every inch a man. His hearty grip and bright smile clinched our friendship

at once. As we proceeded in the sampan the conversation at once turned to the things of God, for John lived with God and loved to talk of those things which filled his heart.

On our first itineration together we had to walk all one day in the rain and mud, but John's ardour was in no way dampened. That trip was a great blessing to me for he was mighty in the scriptures, full of zeal to make Christ known, and full of love to the lost souls about him. Of course he did not have much language then, but he used what he had and quickly acquired more. John was very quick to see the hand of God in everything. One day he had contracted a heavy cold and was tired from a long walk. We felt the need of some green vegetables but there seemed no possibility of getting any. We stopped to preach the Gospel in all small villages, and without a word from us the woman at the door of whose tea shop we were preaching, and who knew our Chinese companion, prepared a good meal for us. There were six or eight different kinds of vegetable most of them very nicely salted, for they could not be bought fresh. What a surprise! John said, "Can God prepare a table in the wilderness?" He often used to say, "My Heavenly Father knows." And once when speaking of difficulties he quoted the Lord's words, "For this cause came I unto this hour." Truly he followed in his Lord's footsteps even unto death, and I know that he rejoiced in the fact that God was guiding and that Christ was glorified.

During the first summer that Mr. Stam was in China he was alone with the Chinese brethren at Suancheng for two months. He made marvelous progress in the language, and got very close to the Chinese. He carried on regular services for children, and one Sunday even led the main service, preaching a sermon in Chinese. This when he had not yet been one year in China.

In the fall of 1933 after one year in China, Mr. Stam went up to Tsinan and returned with his bride. They were ideally happy. A text from God's Word flashes to my mind, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Betty Stam was a savour of Christ wherever she was. Women and children loved to visit her and always received a welcome which did them good.

In the early Spring of this year Rev. Jas. R. Graham, Jr., a very fluent Chinese speaker and powerful evangelist, led our Church Conference at Suancheng. John Stam was invited to be a leader in the Conference at Kinghsien held later, and he was asked to give the messages which Mr. Graham had given at Suancheng with such blessing. This was no small accomplishment for a man who had been in China only sixteen months, but John did it, speaking twice daily for three or four days. This is a sample of the wholehearted way in which he threw himself into his work, and of the power of God which rested upon him.

A little later John and Betty Stam visited Miaosheo spending a week-end there and witnessing for Christ in the place where they were later martyred. John visited this place again with Mr. Kohfield in October and though they only spent one night in the town yet they met together with the Christians in Bible study and prayer, and

also found time to distribute tracts on the street and to speak to a number of individuals of the things of God. On November 23rd our dear friends left us and moved to their new work at Tsingteh, of which Miaosheo is an out-station. Two weeks later they were taken captive to Miaosheo, there to witness in a new way. Much work has been expended in the work of the Gospel at Miaosheo, and in former years there were many believers. Some are dead, some have moved away, many have grown cold or have turned back from following Christ. But there are still two or three who stand firm. We believe that the people of Miaosheo were greatly moved in a new way by the power of God through the glorious death of His children.

John Stam's parting message in a letter written after being taken captive Phil. 1:20 has been gloriously fulfilled for these two children of God.

G. A. BIRCH.

The following letter, written the day of their capture, and two days before they "went in to see the King" shows how God sustained His children and gave grace and courage.

Tsingteh, An.
Dec. 6, 1934.

China Inland Mission,
Shanghai.

Dear Brethren,

My wife, baby and myself are to-day in the hands of the Communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is twenty thousand dollars for our release.

All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God peace in our hearts and a meal tonight. God grant you wisdom in what you do, and us fortitude, courage, and peace of heart. He is able—and a wonderful Friend in such a time.

Things happened so quickly this A.M. They were in the city just a few hours after the ever-persistent rumours really became alarming, so that we could not prepare to leave in time. We were just too late.

The Lord bless and guide you—and as for us—May God be glorified whether by life or by death.

In Him,

(Signed) JOHN C. STAM.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 2, 1935, after a sacred memorial service held in the Hospital Chapel of the Methodist Compound and which was attended by many sympathetic friends, the last mortal remains of God's martyred servants were laid to rest in the Foreign Cemetery at Wuhu.

Miss Margit J. Eriksson — In Memoriam

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple." Rev. VII, 15.

These words brought a great joy to our dear friend the last day of her life. To "serve Him" was her only great desire, and she was a fisher of men even before coming to China.

She was born in a Christian home and loved the mission work from her youth. The call for China came to her in 1932 and she was accepted the following year. It was my privilege to bring her and three others from our Mission to China on Nov. 23rd, 1933. She had every prospect of being a good Missionary, she got the language very quickly and adapted herself to the new life without difficulty.

A very short time of happy service at her station at Shanhsien, Ho. and then the illness came. The last few weeks were spent at the Kaifeng Hospital, where she had the most loving care of all. It never occurred to her that the Homecall was near, until a week before the end. She said one day: "Not a year," but then she was rejoicing over "the higher service," waiting for her before the Throne. Even when her mind was wandering, she joined in prayer and in hymns, her heart resting in the perfect will of God. She entered into rest on Nov. 14th, leaving a very sweet memory.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."
Job. I, 21.

M. N.

* * *

It was our pleasure, on December 13, to welcome Rev. and Mrs. F. Houghton, who will, we are glad to say, spend the better part of a year visiting various parts of China in the interest of their Editorial work in London, and also Conferences in this land. As we remember them in prayer during their sojourn in China let us not forget to pray for Mr. Marshall Broomhall and others who are carrying on the Editorial work during their absence. Approximate dates of proposed visits to various centres are given as follows:

December 22	to Yangchow
December 26—28	to Nanking
December 29—Jan. 1	to Anking
January 4—7	to Hangchow
January 10—20	to Wenchow, Haimen, Wenling
February—March	to Chungking, Chengtu, Mienchow, Shunking, Liangshan, Wanhsien, Kweifu
End of March—April	to Changsha, Nanchang, Kwangsin River, Yushan and some Chekiang stations
Early May	to North Anhwei
May 9—13	Conference of League of Christian Churches, Kaifeng
May 14—June	to Shansi and Hopei, including Provincial Conference, thence to Peiping and on to Chefoo.

KANSU

Tunhwang. Mr. H. D. Hayward, writing from Tunhwang on November 20, 1934, gives the following description of the city and district:—"This centre (Tunhwang) was visited before by the Misses French and Cable. It is situated close to the famous Caves of the Thousand Buddhas and the Lake of the Crescent Moon. On most of the old maps it is marked Shachow which means 'City of Sand.' It derives this name from the large sand-dunes lying a few miles south. From here to the northern Tibetan border (Chinghai) it is four days' journey by camel or horse; it is the same distance west to the Sinkiang border; twelve days southwest from Suchow; four days south of Anhsi; ten days southeast of Hami. This oasis has a population of about four thousand families. It reckons to be fifteen miles wide and twenty-five miles long. Several varieties of vegetables are raised. Pears and melons are the chief fruit

CHINESE REDS KILL AMERICAN COUPLE

Rev. J. C. Stam and Wife Are
Found Dead on Battlefield 8
Miles From Their Home.

BABY GIRL STILL MISSING

Stam Family in New Jersey Is
Hopeful That Her Nurse May
Have Taken Her to Safety.

By HALLETT ABEND.

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

SHANGHAI, Dec. 13.—The Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Stam, young American missionaries, have been slain in Anhwei Province by Communist bandits and their bodies have been found abandoned on a battlefield, according to telegrams received today by the China Inland Mission headquarters here.

The fate of Helen, the 10-week-old daughter of the Stams, was not revealed in one message, which said:

"The Governor reports that the bodies of John and Betty Stam have been found at Miaochiao."

The town where the bodies were found is only eight miles from Tsingteh, where the Stams were stationed and from which they were abducted with their infant last Sunday.

Before word was received of the death of the Stams, Douglas Jenkins Jr., United States vice consul, was sent from Nanking to Wuhu in an effort to save them. It is believed Mr. Jenkins will try to locate the Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Kohfield and their three children. The Kohfields, who are also Americans, were stationed at Tunki, Anhwei, which was also captured by the Reds.

Child's Safety Hoped For.

News of the slaying by Chinese Communists of the Rev. and Mrs. John C. Stam was received with sorrowful calm yesterday by the Stam family in Paterson. The fam-

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES SLAIN IN CHINA.



Times Wide World Photo.

J. C. Stam.



Times Wide World Photo.

Mrs. J. C. Stam.

ily is hopeful that Helen, the missionaries' infant, was rescued by her nurse and eventually will be brought to a safe place.

The Rev. Peter Stam, John C. Stam's father, has been superintendent of the interdenominational Star of Hope Mission here for the last twenty years. There are seven other children in the Peter Stam family, two of whom are clergymen. One of these, the Rev. Harry Stam, is in the Belgian Congo with the African Inland Mission. The other minister is the Rev. Cornelius Stam, pastor of the Preakness Community Church, near Paterson, who also assists his father at the Paterson mission.

The other members of the family are Mrs. Stam, the mother; three sons, Peter Stam Jr., head of the department of music at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.; Jacob, a Paterson lawyer; Henry, a contractor of Pompton Lakes, N. J., and two daughters, Mrs. Amelia Brain and Miss Clazime Stam, both of Paterson.

Missionary Was Unafraid.

In a letter received by the Rev. Peter Stam only last Monday, the missionary told of turbulent conditions prevailing in Anhwei Province and said he knew the dangers of his work but did not fear them. He also enclosed a poem by E. H. Hamilton called "Afraid?" which, he told his father, exactly expressed

his feelings. An extract from the poem reads:

Afraid? Of what?

Afraid to see the Saviour's face?
To pass from pain to perfect grace?
The glory gleam from wound of grace?

Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?

A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—oh, Heaven's art;
A wound of His, a counterpart;
Afraid—of that?

The Rev. and Mrs. John C. Stam met while both were attending Moody Bible Institute at Chicago. Their friendship was resumed in China, where Mrs. Stam, then Miss Elizabeth Scott, went in 1931, and Mr. Stam in 1932, to work for the

China Inland Mission, an interdenominational, international organization.

Couple Married in 1933.

They were married in October, 1933, at the home of Mrs. Stam's parents, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott, Presbyterian missionaries at Tsinan, capital of Shantung province. The Stam child, Helen Priscilla Stam, was born at Wuhu Hospital, Anhwei province, on Sept. 11, this year.

The husband would have been 30 years old on Jan. 28. He was born at Paterson, attended the Christian School at Prospect Park, N. J., and the Drake Business College, Paterson, and was graduated from the Moody Bible Institute in 1931.

Mrs. Stam, the eldest of five children, was born at Albion, Mich., on Jan. 22, 1907. Her parents are well known in missionary circles, having a large acquaintance in the country as well.

Dr. and Mrs. Scott took Mrs. Stam to China when she was less than a year old, and most of her life was spent in that country. She attended the North China American School at Tunghsien, near Peking, and then high school at Springfield, Mass. Before entering Moody Institute, she was graduated from Wabash College, Chambersburg, Pa.

Pope Honors Argentine Chief

VATICAN CITY, Dec. 13 (AP).

Pope Pius today awarded the highest papal order, the Supreme Order of Christ, to President Agustin Justo of Argentina in recognition of Argentina's support of the Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires. The presentation probably will be made by Archbishop Filippo Cossentino, the Papal Nunzio at Buenos Aires.

Plane Designer to Lecture.

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Dec. 13.—The Royal Aeronautical Society announced that W. D. Douglas, American designer of the Douglas air liner that won second prize in the recent race to Australia, had accepted an invitation to visit England next month to deliver the Wilbur Wright memorial lecture.



(This picture is for personal use only - not
for publication. The copyright for same
belongs to the Associated Press. (Taken Feb. 4)

Helen Priscilla Stam

born 11. Sept. '34
grets you 11 Feb. '35.

She whom the Associated Press Correspondents
called "The Miracle Babe" and whom the
Chinese call Pao Pei (^{Dough Bay}
pronunciation) i.e.
"Precious"

From Clara^{and} Charles Ernest Scott
To Grand Mrs. J. Ross Stevenson.



Dear Uncle Ross

Today I'm 9 mos. old.
(11 June '35) and well
backed up by my Uncle
Laddie and Grand. daddy
Scott.

Big love to you,
Counting on your prayers,
Helen Triscilla Stan

HELEN PRISCILLA STAM

One year old (11th Sept. 1935)



Sends you loving greetings
From Tsinan, Shantung; North China.

Special Love
to

Mr and Mrs S. Jensen
Tampa

Bellevue Priscilla.



Spring Greetings
to Aunt Florence ⁵⁻²²⁻³⁷
from Helen Priscilla
3 Jan '36 Stay



Dear Aunt Laura -
I send you Big Love
'cause Jim 3 yrs old"
Helen Picilla

11 Sept '37

Tsingtau.



Helen Priscilla & Betty
taken Noo 34 —
Last photo before
the ^{young} Mother's martyrdom
Taken by John.

Both parents, brave,
cheerful, triumphant
to the last. Details
now show that they
gave radiant smiles
before cruel enemies.

To the Dear
S. Parsons



Allen I recall it am
from Sept. 18 1934
at Hain Thina
Picture probably taken
early in October 1934
received from John
Mc... 9 34 in final
letter we received
after we had seen
of Betty's return
at the

Mr & Mrs Stevenson
from New Haven
6

18 1



Dear Aunt Helen -

Today I am 8 mos old

(8 May '35). So I send big love

Pray for me

Helen Priscilla.

5/24



Dear Aunt Florence? -

Today (30 Sept.) an Associated Press man took my picture in my "walker" out in our garden, Tinian.

I was 1 year old

11 Sept. 1935.

I send you "Big Love"

I'm well and happy;
having lots of fun.

Counting on your prayers

Helen ^{Pl.} Triscilla.

Stam



Helen Triscilla ^{Stam}
and Grandmother Scott

Springtas, July 1935.

Big love,

To Dear Auntie Florence
from H.P.



Missionaries' Baby Rescued

Helen Stam (front basket) being carried to Wuhu Hospital after Chinese bandits had killed her parents. Dr. Lo (left) brought Helen and his own baby (rear basket) to safety.

Associated Press



NOTHING TRAGIC IN HER EYES—Less than a year ago Chinese Communists slew the missionary parents of little Helen Priscilla Stam. Recently she observed her first birthday at the home of her grandparents in Tsinan, China. The baby was abandoned by the slayers and delivered safely to its grandparents. (Associated Press.)

Helen Stam

Helen Priscilla Stam.

Born September 11, 1934, in the Methodist General Hospital, Wuhu, Anhwei Province, China.



Nearly five months, taken in the outfit in which her Mother dressed her, that fateful morning of their captivity, Dec. 6. The "cuddle-bunny" with zipper fastening, made by her Mother, kept her warm and cozy during the 29 hours alone without food or care in the room where her parents had spent their last night on earth.



Also taken Feb. 4, 1935, at the home of her maternal grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott, Tsinan, Shantung, China.

To Helen Priscilla Stam

To you, little babe with the wondrous eyes,
My heart would go out in song,
What do you think as you lie in your crib,
Smiling the whole day long?

God in His mercy, so great and so strong,
Showed you His infinite care,
Are you, as you lie there the whole day long,
Smiling a thanksgiving prayer?

Storm-clouds have covered you, dear little thing,
Babe with the wondrous eyes;
Storm-clouds so terrible, *grown ones would shrink!*
Angels sang *you* lullabies!

Teach us your lesson, dear wee smiling one,
Give us a faith strong and true,
Help us to know that when clouds cover us,
God cares — and is *loving us, too.*

(Myra Scott Scovel.)

“And it shall come to pass, that before they (the Christian friends) call, I will answer; and while they (the Baby’s parents) are yet speaking, I will hear.” (Isaiah 65:24)

“For with God nothing shall be impossible” (Luke 1:37)

“This is the Lord’s doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.”
(Psalm 118:23)

“He hath done excellent things; This is known in all the earth.” (Isaiah 12:5)

“This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.” (Isaiah 28:29)

“He is in one mind and who can turn Him? What His soul desireth, even that He doeth. For He performeth the thing that is appointed for me.” (Job. 23:13, 14)

“Our God is in the heavens, He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased.” (Psalm 115:3)

“Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee.” (Psalm 76:10)

“Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, Unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end” (Eph. 3:20,21)

God took Care of the Baby

In a little basket,
 Under skies of blue,
Floating on the river
 Where the rushes grew,
There, while, angels watched him,
 Baby Moses slept,
When the Princess found him
 Baby Moses wept.

Chorus:

God took care of the baby
 And in His Word we see
Still our Father in heaven
 Careth for you and for me.


Hidden in the temple,
 From the cruel foe
Little baby Joash
 Lived long years ago.
There our Father kept him,
 By His mighty hand,
Till the day He made him
 King of all the land

Chorus:

Jesus, Babe of Bethlehem,
 Whom the angels sing,
Went away to Egypt
 From the wicked king.
There our Father kept him,
 Till King Herod's death;
Then He safely brought him
 Back to Nazareth

Poem — Song.

Sent by Dr. and Mrs Roy M. Byram,
 Kangkei, Korea.



Mr. and Mrs.
John C. Stam

China Inland Mission
Wuhu, Anhwei

OUR BABY

Helen Tricilla

Came Sept 11, 1934

Weighed 6 lb. 11 oz -

Offers to Adopt Orphaned Stam Baby Mounting

Stockholm Woman Latest to Bid for Daughter of Missionaries Slain in China

Gifts Showered on Her

Chinese in Shantung Join Foreigners in Adoration

Copyright, 1935, The Associated Press

TSINAN, Shantung, China, March 5.—Baby Helen Priscilla Stam, orphaned by Communist hate at the dawn of her life, was firmly entrenched today as the gurgling despot of her maternal grandparents' home here.

The six-month-old girl who never will know the full horror of last December 7 when Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam met the death of martyred missionaries in Anhwei Province is the object of adoration by Chinese and foreigner, relative and friend.

Evidence of the world's generosity continues to pour in on the baby, variously known as the "miracle child" and "Princess Helen."

College Education Is Offered

The greatest tendered benefaction is an offer from Wilson College, at Chambersburg, Pa., urging that the college be permitted to give the child her education. The offer was accompanied by \$100.

There are countless offers of adoption from widely separated countries. The most recent is from a Stockholm woman.

Ever since she arrived here more than two months ago to make her home with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Scott, the baby has had the missionary colony of several hundred persons at her complete disposal. Visitors stand in awe in the doorway while the baby, lying in a crib or on a table, coos, wriggles, smiles or weeps for their benefit.

Chinese callers refer to her as "Bao Pei," which means "precious." This also is the name adopted by her Chinese amah, or nurse.

"The Chinese are especially interested in the child," Mrs. Scott said, "because of the miraculous circumstances in which she was saved from death."

After Grandma Scott had given Helen her afternoon olive oil rub-down and turned her over to Chou da-Sao, the amah, she showed the correspondent some of the dainty things for the "princess's" wardrobe. There was a trunkful of pink and white things.

"These are just a few of the things people have sent us for Helen," she said. "They have come with every mail—knitted jackets and little shoes. Why, the baby has enough wardrobe here to last her for the next two or three years. These things all were needed, too, because the Reds took most of the clothes that were made for her by her mother."

The baby's nursery has been refurnished with articles contributed by friends.

There are toys, too, but the baby is too young to play with most of them—except the rattles. Her grandfather helps her with those and improvises nursery rhymes.

Rescued by Chinese Pastor

Last December Dr. C. K. Lo, a Chinese Christian pastor, told how he and Mrs. Lo saved the child from death when Communists raided the Stam mission at Tsingteh. He arrived in the city the day after the Americans had been slain and learned that the baby, then four months old, was alive. He found her in a deserted house. A Chinese mother nursed her. Then began a seventy-mile walk to Wuhu with the child. No ill effects were suffered.

Several alleged Chinese Communists were beheaded for the Stam crimes.

A Baby Who Is Wanted by People in Many Lands



Associated Press photo

Helen Priscilla Stam with her Chinese nurse and grandmother, Mrs. Charles E. Scott, in the latter's residence in Tsinan, China

ERAID
TE.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1935

For the Primary, Dept of the S S
 of 1st Church, Princeton (Sent by C. E. Scott)
God Took Care of the Baby
 T. A. Chinn

And Helen Priscilla Stam has now passed the second milestone of her miraculously spared life

Mrs. Charles P. Pierce

DR. CHARLES ERNEST SCOTT of China has recently sent me the following poem, and added these words: "Glad to have you, as you suggest, have the leaflet printed and widely scattered, for the glory of God especially to the strengthening of the faith of young people in the Lord Christ, and in deepening their devotion to him." I felt that I should like to bring the story up to date, with material furnished me by Dr. Scott and Mr. Peter Stam, Sr., of Paterson, N. J., to show that God has proved himself the same God today in the rescue and care of Helen Priscilla Stam. The poem was originally sent by Dr. and Mrs. Roy M. Byram, Kangkei, Korea.

GOD TOOK CARE OF THE BABY

In a little basket
 Under skies of blue,
 Floating on the river
 Where the rushes grew,
 There, while angels watched him
 Baby Moses slept.
 When the princess found him
 Baby Moses wept.

CHORUS

God took care of the baby
 And in His Word we see
 Still our Father in Heaven
 Careth for you and for me.

Hidden in the temple,
 From the cruel foe
 Little baby Joash
 Lived years ago.
 There our Father kept him,
 By His mighty hand,
 Till the day He made him
 King of all the land.

Jesus, Babe of Bethlehem,
 Whom the angels sing.
 Went away to Egypt
 From the wicked king.
 There our Father kept him,
 Till King Herod's death;
 Then He safely brought him
 Back to Nazareth.

It was many centuries ago that God rescued and protected from the hands of wicked men these three Bible babies, yet his power and his heart of love are just the same today. A little more than two years ago in China the parents of another baby were taken out and cruelly murdered by wicked men. In a vacant house that had been looted, where they spent their last night on earth, they had to leave their baby, not quite three months old. Her mother, — Mrs. John C. Stam, a daughter of Dr. Charles Ernest Scott, — had carefully dressed her darling in the "cuddle-bunny" that she had made for her before she was born. She folded two five-dollar bills, the only money she had,

in a paper and hid it in the baby's blankets, hoping and praying that God would protect her baby and send some one to care for her. For twenty-nine hours Helen Priscilla Stam was left in a vacant house, yet God watched over her and not a hair of her head was harmed.

Many of the people of the village had fled to the mountains, fearing that the

been murdered he tried to find the baby, for the Communists had intended to kill her, too. He had much difficulty, but after much searching and many inquiries an old woman ventured to point in the direction of the empty house where the child was. Coming near he heard a baby cry and, finding his way to her, took her, got his wife and small son, and started on the forty mile walk to the nearest large city in the direction of Wuhu, where Helen Priscilla had been born. She was carried in a rice basket, and Pastor Lo's baby in another. They found native women who gladly nursed Helen Priscilla on the way. Then Mrs. Lo found a can of powdered milk in a Chinese store, which she purchased. Mrs. Lo's own baby, now two years old, had been born at the Wuhu hospital, and there she had learned how to prepare powdered milk for infants. With that knowledge she put Helen Priscilla on a regular three hour schedule of feeding.

From this city she was taken by sedan chair and train to the Wuhu hospital, where she had been born three months and four days before. When examined by the doctors there she was pronounced in perfect condition and normal in weight when, from a human point of view she would have died of exposure and disease after such an experience. From Wuhu kind friends brought her to her maternal grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Scott, where she is lovingly cared for.

The Chinese love the child and call her by a name which means "Precious" and feel that she, in part, belongs to them. They bring her gifts. One Chinese woman brought her a suit of clothing, — and listen to its grandeur! Red satin embroidered skirt, with green satin waist, a pink satin hat, white and red silk stockings, and green satin shoes. Then, standing over little Helen she sang to her, "God will take care of you." Who will say she is not in very truth "A Miracle Baby"? Listen again to the chain of human events, glorified by God's overruling hand so that every need and supply dovetailed together perfectly.

Mrs. Lo's little boy had been born two years before at the Wuhu hospital. She could not nurse him, and she was taught how to prepare powdered milk for infant feeding. Then in rapid succession came three more links in the chain of miracles: (1) When Mr. and Mrs. Lo fled with the two babies they were able to find nursing mothers, young and strong, along the way. (2) When these failed they found the two
 (Continued, page 195)



On her second birthday
 September 11, 1936

wicked Communists would kill them, too. Although those who were left wanted to rescue the baby and care for her, they did not dare, not even to tell where she was, but "God took care of the baby."

Mr. Lo, a Christian Chinese pastor, hearing that there was trouble in this village, at the risk of his own life came to see if he could be of help. Learning that the parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stam, had



Little Helen Priscilla in the rice basket in which she was rescued

For Primary Teachers

By Ethel S. Low

How the Lesson is Taught This Week

Material: A dry bulb, and one growing, in bloom, if possible. An Easter card for each child, or a card with a lily, on which they can put the Memory Verse.

LAST week I told you there was a most exciting thing that happened before the disciples and women came back to embalm Christ's body. Did you know what it was?

Early Sunday morning, very early, the women went with the spices they had prepared, to make his body ready for burial. That was the custom in those days. And the disciples went, too.

When they came near enough to see the tomb, they were startled, for the stone was rolled away from the door of the tomb. Then they saw an angel, all shining and white, who said to the women, "He is not here! He is risen!"

And Jesus was not there!

But Mary Magdalene stood in the garden, crying because her Lord was taken away, and a man she took to be the gardener spoke to her and asked her what was the trouble. She told him, and then the man said, "Mary." And she knew he was her Lord Jesus Christ, and she worshipped him.

Later, two disciples met him walking along the road to Emmaus, and after that all the disciples saw him in an upper room where they had gathered. For forty days, the Lord Jesus was seen by many believers. Then he ascended up to Heaven, where he is now, and from where he is coming some day to take us all to live with him in Heaven.

We have two bulbs here. One looks dead, but when we plant it, it begins to grow, and has leaves and flowers. But we say of the dead one, This is a lily, and we say of the flower, This is a lily.

That is a picture of resurrection. The dry bulb is like our life here. But after we are through living here, our body dies just as this bulb dies when we put it into the ground. But the life that was in it grows into a green stalk and flowers, and another bulb grows. So the eternal life that is really Christ's life in us will go on living, and we shall be alive with Christ, even if they bury our bodies. Then, when Christ comes, a new body, like the new bulb, will be raised, and we shall live in it forever.

How? I don't know. But Christ has promised it. Because he rose from the dead, we too, shall rise, and our resurrection body will be like his (1 Cor. 15: 20-23).

MODESTO, CALIF.

God Took Care of the Baby

(Continued from page 186)

five-dollar bills hidden away in Helen Priscilla's sleeping bag by her mother. (The Los' own money had all been taken by the Communists.) (3) They came upon a little town tucked away in the mountains with a store in it that, strange to say, had a tin of Lactogen (dry milk powder). Here God had brought together

Helen Priscilla, the money to buy the milk—perhaps the only tin in the county—and a woman who knew how to prepare it for a baby. Had any link been broken perhaps little Helen Priscilla would not be living today. She is now two years old a normal, healthy child, loved by all who know her. May her life speak forth the praises of God's love and his power to save—even the baby.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Persecuted Witnesses in China

(Continued from page 180)

U, E, L.—EMMANUEL. This was a wonderful message, 'God with us,' to my soul from my companion, reminding us of the dynamic of the missionary commission: 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

The personal letter from Mr. Hayman telling what THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES meant to them in their captivity, is one for which the TIMES' staff thanks the heavenly Father. Mr. Hayman wrote:

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of the circular telling a little of the experiences of Mr. Bosshardt and myself in the hands of the Chinese Communists. You will find mention made of THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES. Although late, I want to tell you what a tremendous con-

The SCOFIELD



- Book Sentences
- Chap. References
- Keys of Hard Places
- Chapter Sub-Heads
- Revised Authorities
- Subject Synonyms

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THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1939

Baby for Whom a Chinese Gave His Life Coming Home to Jersey

Missionary Parents of Girl,
Now 5, Were Killed by
Chinese Reds in 1934

By The Canadian Press

VANCOUVER, B. C., July 26.—Helen Priscilla Stam, five years old, whose missionary parents were killed by Chinese Communists almost five years ago, arrived here yesterday aboard the liner Empress of Japan and was en route to Princeton, N. J., today with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Scott.

Helen Priscilla was born in Wuhu, Anhwei Province, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam, of Paterson, N. J., were stationed. When the Chinese Red Army attacked Tsingten in December, 1934, the family was captured. Helen Priscilla was then only three months old.

"The Communists," Mrs. Scott said today, "decided to kill my daughter and son-in-law, and their first idea was to kill the baby, too. A Chinese prisoner they had just released pleaded for the child's life. The Communist leader asked: 'Who will give his life for the child?' The prisoner said instantly: 'I will.'"

Two days later the parents and the Chinese were put to death.



Associated Press

Helen Priscilla Stam



Associated Press Photo.

AMERICAN BABY SAVED AFTER PARENTS WERE SLAIN.

Helen Priscilla Stam, three-months-old daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. John Stam, who were killed by Chinese bandits, as she was brought to the Wuhu General Hospital for medical care. On the left is Dr. Lo with the Stam baby in the front basket and his own child in the rear basket. The hatless man in the rear is Dr. George O. Birch, Canadian missionary, who assisted Dr. Lo in rescuing the baby. At the extrem right is Dr. Robert E. Price of Ann Arbor, Mich., superintendent of the Wuhu hospital.

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CHINESE GIVES HIS LIFE TO SAVE MISSIONARIES' BABY

TSINANFU, Shantung Province, China, January 28 (A.P.)—A nameless Chinese prisoner sacrificed his life for little Helen Priscilla Stam, orphaned at the age of three months by the murder of her missionary parents, it has been disclosed.

W. J. Hanna, of Toronto, an official of the China Inland Missions, who brought the child here from Wuhu, Anhwei province, to live with her grandparents, told the story.

After the execution of the Rev. and Mrs. John C. Stam at Maosheo, southern Anhwei, last December, the Communist captors of the Stams were on the point of killing the child to avoid the bother of taking care of it, Hanna said, but a man who had been released by Communists only a few hours before from the village prison exchanged his own for the infant's life.

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Baby Whose Parents Were Slain by Chinese Bandits



Associated Press photo

Baby Helen Priscilla Stam, three-month-old daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. John C. Stam, is being held by a Chinese nurse at Wuhu General Hospital after rescuers had brought her out of Anhwei Province December 21, where her mother and father were slain by Chinese bandits, said to be Communists. The baby was carried in a rice basket for 100 miles by a Chinese coolie in the rescue

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Associated Press Photo.

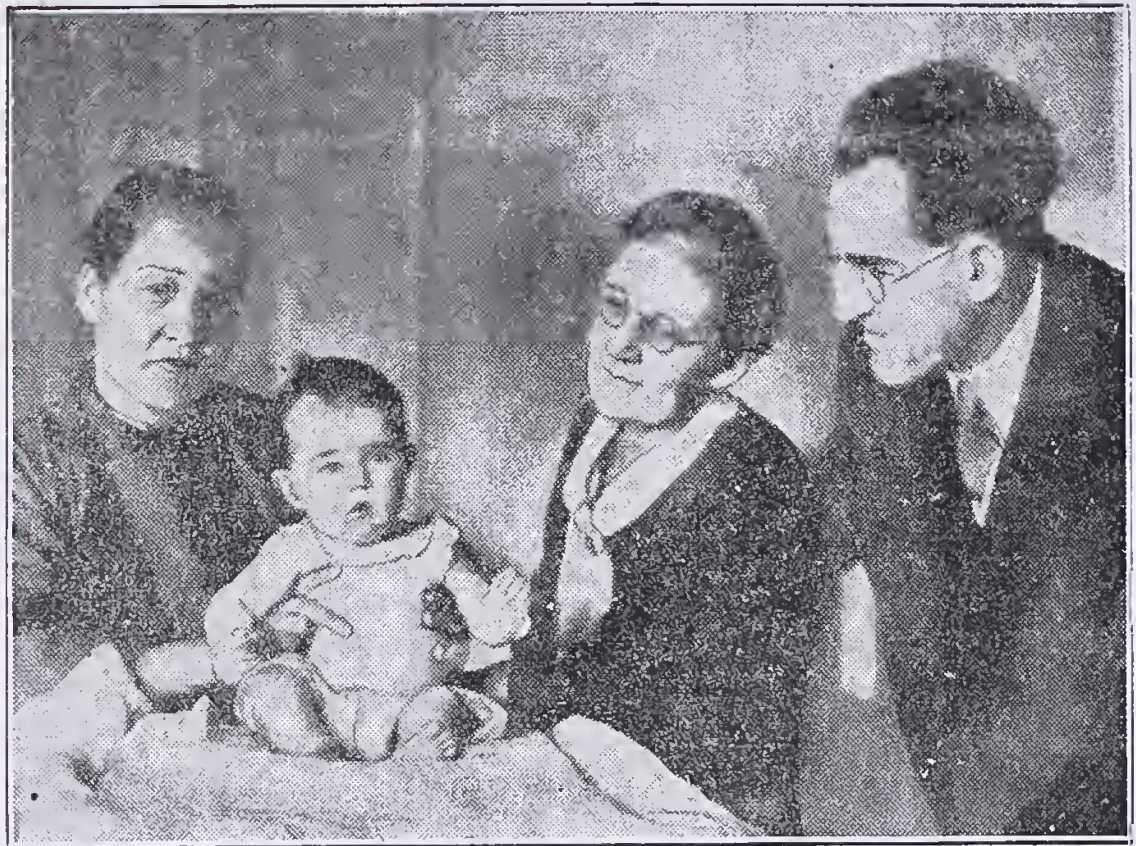
ORPHANED BY REDS.

Little Helen Priscilla Stam, whose missionary parents were slain by Chinese Communists, on her first birthday, at the home of her grandparents in Tsinan, China.

20 WANT TO ADOPT HER.



Twenty persons throughout the world want to adopt Helen Priscilla Stam, orphaned when Chinese bandits beheaded her father and mother, but the child, shown in the basket in which she was borne to the Wuhu General Hospital, is going to remain with its grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Scott of Tsianfu. Little Helen, 5 months old, was left by the bandits to die in a deserted house after her parents had been slain. Only a miraculous discovery by a Chinese missionary saved her from death. (Associated Press Photo.)



Idolized alike by her grandparents and Chinese natives, the 16-pound baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam, American missionary couple slain by Chinese Communists, is nearing her six-months' birthday at Tinsanfu, China, where Mrs. Stam's parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Scott, have assumed the role of foster parents to little Helen Priscilla. The dotting grandparents, with a native nurse, are shown with the "miracle baby." Dr. Scott, a Presbyterian missionary, believes the martyrdom of his daughter and her husband will give tremendous impetus to the spread of Christianity in China. (Associated Press Photo)