

the pastors stay. The church is a going concern.

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Education has always been a strong feature of the work of New Providence, and the scholarship and culture of the men whom it has called to its ministry is a matter of careful pride. It is generally acknowledged that the inspiration of Washington and Lee University came principally from this congregation and that the church had much to do with the founding of that famous Virginia institution.

The community has an accredited high school, with a Smith-Hughes agricultural school in connection with it, a professor of agriculture and a professor of home economics.

And now let me tell you of a work of human reclamation in which both pastor and people shared.

Once there was a little settlement of strangers almost in the exact center of New Providence. The children never went to school. Few if any of the grown people could read or write. They were of the purest Anglo-Saxon blood, but New Providence people had nothing to do with them.

And so, as the generations grew to maturity and passed on, the two communities existed, one within the other, each avoiding the other.

The New Providence pastor set himself to win these people by the human touch that makes all men divine.

First, he interested one of the girls, 16 years old, to come to the Sunday school. Her people objected violently. They were proud. They had never been recognized by members of New Providence.

But somehow the girl sensed it and she kept going to the Sunday school. It may have been a religious motive that first stirred her to break through the prejudices of generations of caste pride around her, but the thing that held her in the Sunday school was that she learned to read there!

She took her slender flame of knowledge back to her mountain home and told her folks that the New Providence people were kind and helpful. She showed them how the world had opened up to her since she had learned to read, and by and by, others drifted in. Then, one day, old "Grandpap," whose world was the only law recognized by that mountain settlement, appeared before the session of New Providence Church to make a public confession of his faith and to ask admission into the church.

He was accepted and then the old man showed that he, too, could meet a true Christian spirit half way. He stood up before those men of the session and, with tears streaming down his face, he said:

"You-all don't know what this means to me. All my life I've lived here in New Providence and the devil has been telling me all these years that you people of New Providence Church did not want

me. I know now that it was a lie of the devil's own making."

A primitive theology that, but honest and sincere, and the acceptance of the old man by the congregation marked the end of caste lines. In addition to old "Grandpap" ten other aged people joined the church. Every child in that community now goes to school and they are making good as they grow up.

And why shouldn't it be thus?

Two thousand years ago a Man in Galilee was neither ashamed nor afraid to break bread with the humble and lowly. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

The pastor practiced what he preached.

And what manner of man is this Virginia pastor.

He is the Rev. Henry W. McLaughlin, D. D., born in Marlinton, West Virginia, of a long line of stalwart, country-loving ancestry. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College and the Louisville Theological Seminary, and secured his Doctor of Divinity degree from Washington and Lee University in 1917.

He has been continually in the ministry since 1896, working first in the coal fields as a missionary, then for two and a half years as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Hampton, Virginia, then in country-church work in West Virginia. After a tour abroad in Palestine, the Mediterranean countries and England he was for six and a half years pastor of the Stuart Robinson Memorial Church in Louisville.

He married Miss Nellie Swann Brown, whose father, grandfather and great-grandfather were clergymen and whose great-grandmother was the famous Mary Moore, "the captive of Abbs Valley," of New Providence congregation. When the church was looking for a pastor fifteen years ago, it is not surprising that they discovered Henry W. McLaughlin.

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In ten years the church membership practically doubled.

It is not so much his actual work as a pastor that makes Doctor McLaughlin unusual. It is what we may call his avocations that attract the most attention to him beyond his church connections. Not only is he a gifted orator, a fine theologian, and so prominent a leader in church affairs that he was one of the nominees for moderator at the last general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church—he is a business leader whose influence is felt far beyond the borders of Virginia.

He writes me a letterhead inscribed, "Ad-Interim Committee on the Country Church, appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., 1923, Rev. H. W. McLaughlin, D. D., Secretary," and then comes another on this letterhead: "American Hampshire Sheep Association, H. W. McLaughlin, Vice President." He is also a director

of the Polled Shorthorn Society and of the Virginia State Fair Association.

The New Providence pastor breeds and develops his livestock at Maxwellton Stock Farm, the McLaughlin homestead in Greenbrier County, West Virginia.

Last year his Polled Shorthorns won 18 championships, 56 firsts, 20 seconds, 14 thirds, 10 fourths, 2 fifths and 2 sevenths. At the 1923 International Livestock Exposition at Chicago, the Maxwellton cattle won many honors.

The Hampshire sheep at Maxwellton have not been shown in recent years, but formerly they won many prizes.

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"The man is a born leader," said Elder Walter E. Beard of his congregation on the occasion of his tenth anniversary four years ago. "He can look ahead. Eight years ago this thought struck him:

"Here we are out in the country, a thrifty substantial people of several hundred families. We are all farmers; we need credit from time to time to buy supplies, meet bills, feed cattle, and so on. Provided we keep it at home, there is money enough right here in the community to take care of all the credit that we are likely to require—all that would be good for us certainly. Now we go to Staunton or somewhere else to do our banking. What if something happened to shut off credit again like the panic of 1907? Why not pool our credit resources for the benefit of the people who live here?"

Doctor McLaughlin made this suggestion to some of the leading men of the congregation and the result was the organization of the Bank of Brownsburg under the laws of Virginia, with a capital of \$12,000.

The little bank has more than met the hopes of its founders. The stock is now worth \$220 for each \$100 invested.

Doctor McLaughlin's suggestion was prophetic. When credit stopped in 1920, this bank kept right on meeting the credit needs of its depositors without serious difficulty. It is said that this bank had many opportunities during the riotous year and a half following the Armistice to send its funds to metropolitan centers at rates of interest far beyond what its farmer customers could afford to pay. Every such offer was turned down, because the Bank of Brownsburg and its deposits are used primarily for the benefit of the community—in carrying out which policy the bank makes good money.

Doesn't that sound like a very practical application of the Golden Rule?

Modern Marriage.—The daughter: But, mother, you surely don't want me to marry that fellow? I hate this worn-out vagabond, this dish-rag, this soft-brained idiot—I simply detest him!

The mother: That is all very well, my child! But you will have plenty of opportunity to tell him all this after you are married to him. — (Translated).