

attention of its co-religionists and of the public in general the nature of its good work in this connection, and especially of its fruition and success.

'But Pius XI does not propose to limit the celebration of the next "Anno Santo" to this international exhibition at the Vatican. The Holy Father has a far more important project in view for 1925. It is nothing more nor less than the resumption of the deliberations of the last Oecumenical Council in the Basilica of St. Peter. It may be recalled that the last Oecumenical Council, twentieth in the history of the Church since the Council of Nicaea, in A. D. 325—the first one to be held since the Council of Trent in 1563 was brought to a premature close, after eight months' deliberations, by the sudden outbreak of war between France and Germany in 1870.

'And if Pius XI follows the example of Pius IX he will issue special bulls conveying invitations to the Bishops and Archbishops of the Oriental and Orthodox Greek rites, to the Lutheran Bishops of Scandinavia, to the Protestant Bishops of Great Britain and of the United States, indeed, to the responsible heads of all other Christian denominations on the broad ground that all people who have received Christian Baptism are included in the brotherhood of Christianity, and are entitled to give their views, if not actually to vote in an Oecumenical Council which is held in the interest and for the welfare of Christianity.

'In 1870 none of these non-Catholics took part in the actual deliberations of the Vatican Council.'

CONVERTED ALASKA INDIAN PAYS TRIBUTE TO OUR MISSION

When Rev. Henning Gustavson of Waverly, Neb., was missionary in Unalakleet, Alaska, he was the means of bringing a certain native to Christ. His name is Harry Soxie Panetak. He labored in our mission for many years until Rev. Hoijer and Dr. C. J. Sodergren visited the station on their way to Siberia. Mr. Soxie was induced to become a missionary to Siberia and is now preparing himself at The Lutheran Bible Institute at St. Paul, Minn. In the January number of The Bible Banner Dr. C. J. Sodergren had the following article about Mr. Soxie:

The subject of this article was born in Unalakleet, Alaska. He does not know what year, but thinks that it must have been about 35 years ago. His father was chief of the tribe, which puts the son among eskimo "royalty." In stature he stands head and shoulders above the average eskimo, who, we know, is rather diminutive in size. To quote from Soxie here: "The first I can remember when I was a little child was when my mother carried my little baby brother who died out to the burial place, where she took the clothes of the baby boy and laid them out and called upon the 'Man of the World' to come and take him. The 'Man of the World' is the only conception of God that the eskimos have. Otherwise they pray only to idols, inhabited by the spirits, such as totems. I was then only four years old."

Soxie attended the Mission School of the Covenant Church at Unalakleet, where he learned the alphabet and to count to 100. Then his father, who was a heathen, stepped in and put a stop to all further schooling. The family left Unalakleet and moved to Ikkiktoik, a small place farther west, where they resided

for some years. Then they moved on again, this time near to St. Michael, where they lived for five years. Here Soxie's mother died, when he was about 12 years old.

The rest of the narrative is from Soxie's own pen. "I was the only son of my mother. My father had three wives. Before mother died she took me, without father's knowledge, to a Greek Catholic priest to be baptized. She wanted me to be baptized alone, but I asked her to be along. But she was afraid that father would punish her. I persisted, and finally both were baptized. Father found out about it, but he never said anything to me, and I never learned what passed between him and mother.

There was a great deal of drinking and gambling on the part of my folks. My father murdered some chiefs, and this put the entire family under the shadow of the blood-feud.

"I attended the Greek Catholic Church as a good member for ten years, but found little there about God. During this time I lived the most sinful part of my life. I married a chief's daughter who had been baptized in the Swedish Evangelical Mission at Unalakleet, but she became a Greek Catholic with me. Her name is Carrie. We have two children, a girl and a boy, Marie and Franklin, 12 and 10 years old. Marie is deaf and dumb. Worked in store, hunted, and played at the white man's dances, but my chief occupation was gambling and making liquor. Missionary Carlson was dead, when we returned to Unalakleet. The new missionary was Rev. Henning Gustafson, who began to come to my house and tell about God and try to stop me in my sins. But his talk annoyed me and I threatened him and prevented him from coming. But just the same I was becoming tired and afraid of my sins, and this missionary never left me entirely alone. He used to invite me to play musical instruments for the church services. This I did, and so came to hear the Gospel, and the light began to break in my heart. This showed me that I was lost and helpless. Wanted to make up with God, and this became of such importance that I had to stop hunting and all work to have it done. And God gave me peace. This was about seven years ago. My wife was converted at this time too.

Before breaking with the old life we talked it over. When we were converted we both began to work for Christ. We attended Sunday School, and soon we were teaching in it. I was the first of my family to accept Jesus, and I began to tell my father and relatives about Him. But father, when he felt convicted, refused to hear. I did not quit, however, and before he died he gave up his idols and confessed his belief in God, and asked Christians standing around his deathbed to pray for him. Three of my sisters became converted to God, and two brothers. Two of these have since died. In the winter I would pass from village to village telling the Gospel, all the while praying God for some further work to do for Him. Then the call came for someone to go with the new missionary (Hoijer) to Siberia. My family and others accompanied us to Diomed Island, where some stayed, while the rest of us went on to Siberia. I then came to The Lutheran Bible Institute in St. Paul."

So far Soxie. His story does not need much supplementing. You will agree that this life is another miracle of God's grace

in Christ. Those of us who know Soxie are agreed that there has been a wonderful change in the character of a man who once lived the wild life of a drunken heathen. It is reported that he once held up and robbed a shipload of sailors single-handed. The story is also a powerful plea for furthering the cause of Christian missions in "the frozen North."

FAMOUS HYMNWRITER DEAD

When thrones tottered and crowns fell during the world war millions of Christians sang,

"Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain."

But few realized that the writer of the hymn still lived.

The author of this universal Christian hymn was Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. He died on Jan. 2, at his ancestral home at Lew Trenchard, England, nearly ninety years old. He was born on Jan. 28, 1834.

He wrote the song, "Onward Christian Soldiers" in 1865. It was written on a Whit-Monday in a Yorkshire village where young Baring-Gould was then curate, as a marching song for a band of school children. It was written in great haste for a special occasion, and the author said in after years, "Certainly nothing has surprised me more than its great popularity." It is related that the bishop of Baring-Gould's diocese, a Low Churchman, disapproved of the carrying of the cross in procession, whereupon the rector said: "Very well, boys, leave the cross in the vestry, and we'll change the hymn to read: 'With the cross of Jesus left behind the door.'" But the hymn lived on and became one of the immortal ones.

He wrote many other hymns which have been of blessing to the world, as "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow" and "On the Resurrection Morning." He wrote the hymn "Now the Day is Over" for his congregation which was composed of miners, millworkers and their families. The sentiment of this hymn reveals the author as a true pastor who cared tenderly for his flock of hard laborers. It reads as follows:

"Now the day is over,
Night is drawing night,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

"Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

"Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain.
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

"Thro' the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

"When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy Holy Eyes."

Now his "day is over," but his songs live on inspiring the militant church to march on to victory with the cross of Jesus going on before.