

A "CONCRETE" CASE

By the Reverend J. Will Harris, San Germán, P.R.

"He is loco!"

"Who?"

"That Protestant priest. He says he is going to make a church out of sand and cement. He made some big bricks to-day and they are soft! He is crazy."

So we began the year. All the way through we had Nehemiah encouragement. A church and a mansu were to be built. No contractor cared to attempt the construction on our lot. We had to do it.

Ours was the first American-style house San Germán had ever seen. Their remarks would make a Socrates smile.

"You have only one door in front by which to enter your house."

"And look! The doors are longer than the windows."

"The house is so far back from the street."

"They have the queerest ample you ever saw. The entrance is at the bell tower."

So the year passed with enough of the ridiculous along with the serious and cutting, to make life buoyant. Suffice it to say that the buildings are completed and among those who did the most talking against the concrete blocks are some who have changed. The priests of the cathedral have made one house and will build two more out of "sand and cement". A number of other buildings are being constructed of the same material and a factory of concrete blocks. The priests of the cathedral have made one house and will soon build two more out of "san and cement". A church

member said, "If they would only accept Christ as readily as they do this manner of building!" Men thank the "fool Protestant" for the new industry he has given them.

A great victory for our church is this new building. It has advertised us. It is the talk of the whole district. Men are looking on the evangelical faith with more respect. If those who gave the money for the San Germán church could only know the gratitude of the people and their joy in having a church!

"Good morning!" said an old man of stalwart frame and high forehead as he came to the door the other day. "Do you sing here today?" (pointing toward the church).

"No," I replied, "not till to-night."

His face fell.

"I came from that mountain side over there. The road is so bad no one can pass after dark. Will you sing here Sunday night?"

"Yes."

"Good!" Then I shall come Sunday and spend the night here so I can go to service. We are in the darkness up where I live. I am searching for light and I wish to hear what you have to say here."

Another--a lady of high standing in the Catholic Church--said to us one evening as we were returning from a cottage prayer meeting, "Two years ago I was marching in this very street in a procession with the body of Christ. Now I am marching again with Him, but 'in spirit and in truth.'"

Her voice rang out with joy as she spoke. The "body of Christ" which she mentioned is a life-sized figure of the dead