



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 Sheo, 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.

From John's letter of Dec. 6, written at Tsingteh in captivity of the Communists:

"According to my earnest expectation and my hope — that Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death." (Phil. 1:20)

Betty's life verse: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." (Phil. 1:21)

"Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's"
(Rom. 14:8)

"None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy."
(Acts 20:24)

"For I reckon 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)

"For unto you it is given, in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake." (Phil. 1:29)

"If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."
(2 Tim. 2:12)

"Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His Name." (Acts 5:41)

"And they overcame 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)

"The things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel." (Phil. 1:12)

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution, or famine or nakedness or *sword*? — Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him Who loved us." (Rom. 8:35, 37)

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.

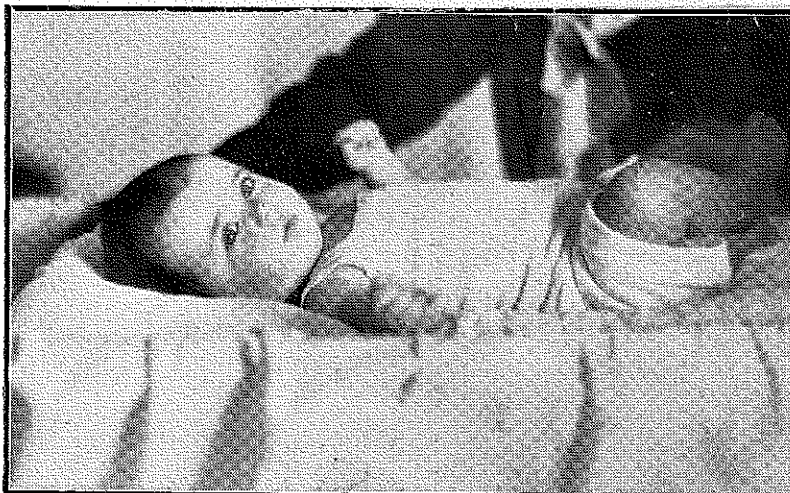
This poem, with many other of Betty's poems never before seen by her parents, was found recently in the debris of her home, ruined by the Reds. C. E. S.

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.