

The MISSIONARY VOICE

AUGUST 1928



CANADIAN PEACE ARCH, BLAINE, WASHINGTON

"Any suspicion between the United States and Great Britain is either sheer lunacy or the machination of the devil, and I welcome as a brother anyone who agrees with me on that point."

—Recent utterance of a distinguished Englishman.

Can You Beat It?

If the President of any Conference Missionary Society is doing better than 1,000 new VOICE subscriptions as a goal in 1928, with 730 already secured, as reported by Mrs. Berry, be sure to write us and tell us about it.

My Dear Dr. Rawlings:

The Alabama Conference, in response to the call for an enlarged program for the VOICE during this year, has appointed a Conference VOICE Superintendent, whose whole duty it is to foster the VOICE in the Conference this year. We have set our goal at 1,000 new subscribers in 1928. At the present date we have secured 730 of the 1,000.

At every district meeting we have had the VOICE well presented.

With all good wishes for the success of the VOICE, I am

Sincerely yours,

MRS. E. W. BERRY, *President.*

CAMDEN, ALA., June 8, 1928.

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THE MISSIONARY VOICE

E. H. RAWLINGS AND SARA ESTELLE HASKIN, EDITORS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION AND PROMOTION, BOARD OF MISSIONS, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH

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THE MISSIONARY VOICE

E. H. RAWLINGS
SARA ESTELLE HASKIN
EDITORS

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The Methodists At Kansas City.

OUR own impression, uncolored by those of prize fighters, policemen, or candidates for the episcopacy, is that this General Conference is so far the best that has convened since John Wesley died, leaving behind him 'a well-worn clergyman's gown, a library of dog-eared books, a much-abused reputation, and a Methodist Church.'" So writes "Kay See" in *Zion's Herald*. The Conference was little more than half over when these words were written, and there have been many General Conferences since that historic date of our great founder's death. But the statement is probably not exaggerated. The number and widely dispersed character of the delegates present, the character of subjects emerging, the spirit of the Conference, the high levels of vision and adventure reached, the work actually done—all these things lift the Conference in Kansas City well out of the routine of such national bodies.

The old leaders were missed, Downey, Kelley, Buckley—will we ever at all see their like again? Mayhap it is best so. Distance lends enchantment. Maybe the men near us are not as much smaller in stature than the giants of former days as we sometimes think. Maybe there are more big ones now in proportion than there were then. Anyway, when there are none to tower and overshadow, there is a larger freedom for discussion and action. Certainly there was freedom here. Nobody seemed afraid of anybody, and if any man or group of men sought to trammel thinking or to lay down restrictions, he was at once laid down on.

Voting on the Life Term of Bishops And Many Other Things

It was an adventurous and forward-looking body, probably above all the General Conferences that had gone before. Nothing human in heaven or earth seemed alien there. They voted on the life tenure of the bishops, went on record against military training in schools for boys, considered the committee's report that suggested

liberalization in favor of the innocent party in Church proceedings against the divorced, passed a strong resolution against "wet" Presidents, appointed a committee to carry an appeal to both political parties, set up the Central Conference with a new power, made generous and enthusiastic overtures to Southern Methodist, Northern Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches, and had Jack Johnson speak on temperance from the Conference platform. This last is just an aside, but one still wonders how Jack got in. Even *Time* lifts its eyebrow and snickers good-naturedly. Jack said he was against liquor, but at that he was in Kansas City for a fight. Was it prohibition night and everybody welcome, or toleration running to slippery edges, or—well, just a joke and some good man caught napping at the wheel?

There was little or no baiting of the bishops, in spite of the rather colorful discussion that had gone before. If the vote on the constitution was a test vote on the action itself, the minority was surprisingly large; but even then nobody in the Conference, not even the bishops, this far away seemed greatly excited. The one unhappy episode of the Conference was the unfrocking of Bishop Bast. It was the first time a thing so distressing had come to pass in the history of either section of the Church. Those who knew even a little about the great work of Bishop Bast in Copenhagen kept hoping that the charges would not be sustained. But there was no disposition to whitewash, and while he was retained in the ministry and membership of the Church he was deposed from his high place in the episcopal office. Bishop McConnell found himself, under the charge technically named as "immorality," in a rather embarrassing fix for the sheer tardiness of the technical process of investigation. As his friends expected and even his enemies—if he has any—when it had jogged the committee past the wearisome forms, in its indignation against the very suggestion of immorality the Conference gave the bishop an ovation that put to rout incontinently the whole vexatious tribe of his detractors—not a big tribe at the last.

Church Union Reaches the Peak in Great Overtures

Church union reached the peak of its advance thus far. Overtures went to three of the great denominations in a resolution that, it is said, concerned 55,000 pastors, 60,000 Churches, 35,000,000 human beings, and \$1,300,000,000 in money. The proposal passed unanimously the committee and in the Conference was voted 853. This is just a gesture, but think of the number of responsible representatives joining in such a gesture!

It was preëminently a missionary Conference. "It will be many an hour," one comments, "and perhaps a generation before another such important move is taken by a General Conference as the one made on the morning of May 16, when the proposed amendments concerning the organization of Central Conferences and empowering them to elect their own bishops were adopted." This action sets the lines in a middle way between a sane working autonomy for our younger Methodist Churches abroad and an extreme nationalism that would mean complete severance. The reaction against nationalism was about due to come. What a national Church wants when it has thought itself clear, it ought to have, and one may not forget Japan or even America in the days of Asbury. But one is constrained to believe that beyond a certain point nationalism may be as alien to the spirit and purpose of Jesus Christ and as hurtful to the ultimate conquest of the world in a great human brotherhood as the imperialism it is set to oppose. Certainly our Lord was thinking of a bigger thing and a much better way when he said: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, but ye shall receive power."

Four Thousand Men Expected

The very attractive issue of the *Methodist Layman* for June announced on its front cover that "four thousand men are expected at the Laymen's Conference, Lake Junaluska, N. C., August 15-26." The glowing, scintillating challenge of the announcement starts a good tingle in one's blood and brings back the good old days of other laymen's conferences. It was in the autumn of 1904 that a number of leading laymen from all over this country came together in New York City, and after an afternoon and evening of earnest conference and prayer, they decided that the world might be evangelized in a single generation, and then they deliberately resolved that it should be done. One hundred years before, Mills, a preacher, had said concerning the world's evangelization: "We can do it if we will." Now these business men talk it over, and when they had prayed they changed the form of the second part of that statement. They say concerning the world's evangelization: "We can do it, and we will." Then they organized a strong central committee, composed of representatives of the great Protestant denominations in this country; and

their representatives, laymen for the most part, they sent up and down in this country, rallying and organizing the men of the Churches with reference to the accomplishment of the greatest of all possible purposes—namely, the evangelization and salvation of this world.

Thus for years our laymen in all the Churches held the center of the field for missionary advance. Denominational, interdenominational—Richmond, Chattanooga, Dallas, Greensboro, Lake Junaluska—the number can scarcely be told. Who does not remember the crowds, the enthusiasm, the high levels of vision, the glowing determination with which these men, touched with light upon the mountain top, went back into the Churches out of which they had come. This writer remembers well, a generation ago, how, when he went as a secretary into a local Church, what a difference it made if there was one man, a good, dependable business man, who had gone to a laymen's meeting and caught the gleam. Many of the most notable missionary enterprises and projects in local Churches continuing to this day were initiated and have been sustained by the leadership of these same men. Men who have kept close to the missionary movement in this country for the last generation know well that the interest of the laymen, coming in through the Laymen's Missionary Movement, has left a red-blood strain of interest that abides in the work of the Church until now.

When the Centenary Movement was launched in the Church, it was a good providence that the director of the movement, Dr. W. B. Beauchamp, was also the General Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement and was able to rally and enlist the men of the Church in a remarkable way for the ongoing of that movement. Probably no better work was ever done by our laymen than in this movement.

Broadening Out In a Broader Service

At the last General Conference it was universally felt that the time had come to broaden the scope of men's organized activities. The men who had rendered such service to the missionary cause of the Church were needed for other great causes. So, narrowing the name, the General Conference broadened the reach of the movement. The Laymen's Movement has not lost its ardor for missions; thank God for that. In its meetings and its work, it holds in the center, as does the New Testament, the Master's big business of saving the whole world. But it has joined itself to other great Boards and is doing yeoman service in lifting along other great causes. In the great conventions held at the beginning of the quadrennium, the special service rendered in the stimulation and increase of the budget collections, its splendid stewardship instruction and emphasis, its meetings for training throughout the Church and through all this organization and training, getting men to their feet in the activities of the congregation—all this coming

to fruition in the work of our men should greatly cheer and encourage the heart of Mother Church.

The VOICE salutes Brother Morelock and his co-workers and wishes that four thousand men, and more, from Baltimore to San Francisco, may be present at the Junaluska Conference, and that upon the mountain top may come to the men of the Church a vision, a determination, a power, that shall mean a new day for the kingdom of God in this land!

Fennell P. Turner Coming to Nashville

NO event in many months has given greater satisfaction to the missionary community in Nashville than the coming of Mr. Fennell P. Turner to the position of Secretary of Missionary Education and Foreign Sunday School Extension on the General Staff of the Sunday School Board.

Mr. Turner's work and training fit him peculiarly for this service. He was for twenty-two years Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement and since 1919 has been Secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. Besides being Secretary and guiding spirit of the Foreign Missions Conference, he has been a member of the leading interdenominational missionary committees of the country, and, perhaps more than any other man, has had to do with the shaping of general missionary policy for North America for the last eight or ten years.

Missionary education, upon which depends the missionary mind of the Church, has no better opportunity than its ever-widening application in our whole Sunday school system; and, next to the simple preaching of the gospel in our fields abroad, nothing is more needed at this moment than the processes of conservation and training involved in a rapid extension of our Sunday school organization in the younger Churches of other lands.

It is not as if Mr. Turner came to begin a new missionary service in our Church. He is to the manner born. He is the son of a Methodist preacher and was educated in Vanderbilt University, going out in the early nineties with those men who have carried so nobly the missionary vision of Wesley Hall into the Church and the world. Mr. Turner was closely associated in the home of Dr. I. G. John, at that time one of the secretaries of the Board of Missions, later marrying Miss Rosa Vaughan, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. G. John, so that to his own traditions and training has been added the providence of a beautiful missionary home.

With his wide knowledge of the work abroad as well as at home, his familiarity with missionary administration, and withal his great passion for world evangelization, Mr. Turner brings into our missionary aggregation a viewpoint, a wisdom in counsel, a wealth of experience and enthusiasm that makes his coming a satisfaction to the whole Church. The VOICE extends to our good friend and his wife the heartiest welcome to these parts.

Who Holds Peking?

DR. W. B. NANCE

ALL lovers of China, whose circumstances have enabled them to follow with understanding the movements of the Nationalists since the reorganization of the Kuomintang in 1923, must rejoice in the news of their capture of Peking. Thus is attained the first goal they set themselves five years ago. They have eliminated the military adventurers, who, since the death of Yuan Shi Kai in 1916, have squandered the resources of the provinces and brought the country to the brink of ruin.

The next step will probably be the transfer of the Nationalist government from Nanking to the northern capital and negotiations with the powers for a revision of the "unequal treaties." It is generally understood that in informal conferences during the past year both the British and the American ministers have assured the Nationalist government that the two great Anglo-Saxon nations were prepared to negotiate new treaties on a basis compatible with Chinese self-respect so soon as that government could be recognized as the republic of China. This could only mean as soon as they controlled Peking, for every faction which has got possession of that ancient capital since 1912 has fallen heir to the recognition then accorded by the powers to the republic of China.

No government in a dozen years has given such promise of ability to realize the aims of the republic as the present one. It is the center of the hopes of all patriots. It has enlisted the cooperation of the ablest men from all parts of the country. It has been unafraid to demand justice and fair play, in spite of its military weakness and in the face of modern armaments. It has been backed up by all classes of society in economic boycotts which have forced Great Britain to abandon her traditional policy of imperialistic aggression and seek the good will of the Chinese people, on which alone her trade can thrive. Sooner or later, the Japanese must follow their former allies in a like change of policy. Japan's future in the East is as surely industrial and commercial as Britain's in the West. And China is the vast potential customer of Japan, as well as supplier of raw materials.

What will be the effect of the Nationalist victory on mission work in China? Probably there is heavy sledding ahead for those bitter-enders who have been able to see in the Nationalist movement not patriotism, not nationalism; merely antforeign and antireligious hatred. But there are those who recognize in this new birth of a nation the realization of hopes born of Christian teaching during a century of Protestant missionary effort. Those missions which have recognized the legitimate aspirations of the Chinese people and are adapting the administration of all their institutions to the new situation face the future with renewed courage and hope.

Thy Kingdom Come

"The Kingdom of Heaven Is Like unto Leaven, Which a Woman Took,

That Blacklist

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, along with some other organizations, have stirred up a hornets' nest by seeking to forbid a hearing to a long list of Churchmen, educators, journalists, senators, and other men and women of prominence who have dared to lift their voices against war. It is a pity that the descendants of our Revolutionary fathers should seek to limit freedom of speech.

It begins to appear that the blacklisters will be lonely and will find their list too long to record, especially since their own members are protesting and a number emphasizing their protest by resigning.

Such frantic and misguided tactics only serve to expose the weakness of the "professional patriots" among us who identify war with patriotism. This assault on freedom of speech has had a salutary outcome and sets a new milestone on the road to a warless world.

The Church in the Spot Light

IF ANYONE IS INCLINED to be fearful of criticism of the Church, he has a fine opportunity for a panic in these days when the searchlights play everywhere. We wake up one morning and "The Impatience of a Parson" confronts us. We are not done with that till "Shoddy" is at our door. We have barely had time to compose our spirit when the "Heresy of Antioch" strides on the scene. It is not to review nor even to describe these recent books that they are mentioned here. It is only to recognize that such books, dealing with real or supposed weaknesses or defects of the Church, quite frankly are coming from the presses, and people are reading them. This is no new thing. There is only more of it.

This literature of criticism is not wholly bad, nor even dangerous. That which is wholly bad destroys itself. That which is without foundation in fact can be corrected. That which is friendly and constructive we can profit by. All of it we can live down and love down if we will. Neither panic nor rage will help us one whit. One rises to make these observations:

1. These criticisms are rarely aimed at religion. They are aimed at the human clothing of religion. They attack its institutions, its systems, its ecclesiasticism, and sometimes its creed. They at least profess to speak in defense of the deeper moralities and more fundamental human experiences as in "Shoddy," or in the interest of greater simplicity and more spiritual freedom, as in the "Heresy of Antioch."

2. They are never aimed at Christ. They may affect one's faith in him, but they do not assail him. They are usually bitterest against those men and measures that are considered his betrayers.

3. It is not humanly probable that any institution can long remain pure and healthy without criticism. There have been periods and places in which the Church has sometimes been able to stifle criticism. In such cases it has grown corrupt, sometimes grossly so. Criticism does not change truth, but it may correct interpretations. It does not destroy good institutions, but it may rectify and purify them.

4. These criticisms should drive us to self-examination. Our first question should be, How much of this is true? Our second, How may we remedy it? Thus we may turn our critics into comrades, our enemies into allies.

We Be Brethren

THE SIGNS OF A GROWING SPIRIT of Christian unity are many and heartening. We may read of startling happenings in that quarter almost any day.

We read of the Baptists and Congregationalists in Lynn, Mass., holding a joint revival and at its conclusion partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper together.

We have scarcely time to gasp when our scepticism is jolted by a paragraph telling of a serious movement for the organic union of the Congregational Church and the Church of the Disciples.

That was breath-taking, but when we read that the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church (North) were making eyes at each other with a view to early matrimony, it set us pinching ourselves to determine our personal identity.

Now here comes the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and extends the offer of a multi-lateral treaty of unity with other religious bodies. Then this scribe capitulated and acknowledged himself a belated pessimist and decided to keep the doors of credulity open to any wonder that comes his way. For who knows what fruits are ripening in this spiritual springtime? Maybe once again "a breath has blown across the world," lifting and scattering the mists that blind, and exposing the diseased hearts of men to the healing wings of the Son of Righteousness.

Methodist Institutions A-Borning

DURING THE PAST TWO QUADRENNIUMS, the Methodist Episcopal Church and, during the present, our own have been experimenting with a new type of Conference, called "the Central Conference." It is a body made up of delegates from the various Mission Annual Conferences in a certain region where there is a common language. The Spanish-speaking Central Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has met twice in Panama. Its delegates represented South and Central America and Mexico. It has not been

Thy Will Be Done

and Hid in Three Measures of Meal, Till It Was All Leavened"

a large body, but has been made up chiefly of native workers.

At the meeting just prior to the recent General Conference this Central Conference recommended that Latin America have at least one Latin-American bishop. The body even went so far as to point out the man whom they would like to see chosen, Rev. Vicente Mendoza, of Mexico. At Kansas City the General Conference, instead of electing foreign bishops, handed back the responsibility to the Central Conferences. So important a function will automatically greatly increase the importance and dignity of the Central Conferences. Along with making their own bishops, they will naturally begin to make their own laws and rules.

This is written too early to report just how many such Central Conferences were provided for at Kansas City and with what other powers and obligations they were clothed. But it is easy to see how far-reaching are likely to be the consequences of this legislation. Many questions suggest themselves. Will these bodies remain a corporate part of Episcopal Methodism in the United States, or will they develop soon a rather definite autonomy? What will be the attitude of our own General Conference when it meets two years from now toward a thus united and largely autonomous Methodism in China, for example, or in Latin America? That our flocks will contentedly remain outside a movement so congenial to their spirit of nationalism is improbable. It is clear that Methodism is destined during the next quarter of a century to witness important changes in that machinery which more than a hundred years of use has made familiar to us.

Cuba and Mexico

A MEXICAN METHODIST MINISTER visiting Cuba recently writes to *El Mundo Cristiano*, of Mexico City, an account of his observations and impressions. He found the Protestants of Cuba deeply interested to hear what their brethren of the same speech are doing in Mexico. They greatly admire President Calles, he reports, commending especially his interest in education. And they desire closer contacts and more active coöperation with their coreligionists in Mexico. Cuba feels that Mexico occupies toward her the relation of big brother, and that the two peoples, especially the evangelical groups in both, should know each other better and work together more intimately. This is an excellent symptom. If the Spanish-speaking Methodism of America is to have one or more indigenous bishops, there will necessarily be a readjustment in episcopal areas. It is easy to think, in that case, of Cuba and Mexico bracketed together.

The Churches and Politics

E VANGELICAL NATIVE LEADERS in countries like Mexico, Argentina, and the rest are often charged with a want of patriotism because of their intimate contacts with the missionaries and Churches of the United States. The charge is without foundation. Protestants in those countries always show themselves keenly alive to the interests of their nations and aware at the same time of all important international developments. And as to relations with the United States, in spite of their close connection with the American missionaries, they are usually prompt enough to speak out. The Central Methodist Conference, for example, meeting recently in Panama, by formal vote expressed its sympathy with Nicaragua and earnestly requested the government at Washington to withdraw the American marines from that country.

Dr. Stanley Jones in South America

D R. E. STANLEY JONES, a Methodist missionary in India, whose book, "The Christ of the Indian Road," has made him famous as a great Christian leader, sailed on June 9 to spend three months in South America. He will lecture and preach in the principal cities of the Southern continent. His book is in process of translation into Spanish and will be available for sale in that language during and after his tour.

General Obregon and Prohibition

I N A RECENT SPEECH, Gen. Alvaro Obregon, who is campaigning for the presidency of Mexico and seems likely to be elected, remarked that the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic drinks would be a fine thing for Mexico. Immediately a daily paper of Mexico City, known to be owned and controlled by Roman Catholics, began to ridicule him and the idea, saying that even in the United States, where there is more respect for law than in Mexico, as well as more resources for enforcing it, the effort at prohibition is a complete failure, and that it would certainly be even more so in Mexico. The Protestant press, however, as might have been expected, applauds General Obregon for his fearlessness. The editors point out that several local experiments have already been tried in Mexico by states that adopted prohibition. The results, they declare, have been good, the only serious questions arising having been of an economic kind, the income of the government from alcohol taxes, and the resistance of the brewers and distillers to being deprived of their gold mine. The people in general, it is affirmed, gave little trouble, and many of them, of the working classes especially, would welcome a dry nation.

"Let Me Tell You a Good Story"

Dr. J. T. Myers, of Japan, tells the story illustrating the power of the Gospel, as it was told him by a Japanese preacher, Brother Kuramoto

THE little Japanese congregation of about seventeen members at Ako, Japan, has opened its own mission work at Sakkeshi, a little fishing village of one hundred and fifty or more residences. Without any help



DR. J. T. MYERS

from mission funds, they pay the rent of a chapel and other expenses and hold weekly meetings there with an average attendance of twenty-eight persons. It is very difficult to get a footing for Christian work in these fishing villages, and when I asked Kuramoto how it happened, he told the following story:

"About five years ago the Mission was talking of closing the work at Ako, because their Board of Missions had ordered retrenchment. I prayed the Lord to give us a place to work permanently in Ako and to give us souls for our hire. He answered soon, for an opportunity came to buy this quarter of an acre of land with house suitable for residence and worship, and the American Board of Church Extension sent a belated payment on Centenary account to Japan, which enabled the Mission to pay the \$2,700 needed for the property.

"On the very day when we were moving, a woman accosted me and said: 'Are you the Christian preacher? My brother wants to see you. He is dying with tuberculosis in a little house over the hill where you stopped once and had prayer with him as you and another preacher passed by. Please come to see him.'

"Of course, I suspended moving operations and went with her about a mile and a half to a mountain hut, where I found a man of about thirty-four in what seemed to be the last stages of consumption. He had a New Testament, which his sister had bought him, but except for the brief passing visit of Dr. Matsumoto and myself a year or so before, he had heard nothing of Christianity.

"I opened the Bible at John 14 and read to him, but noticed that he paid little attention. He held his own New Testament open, and I found him pointing to the passage: 'We are pressed on every side yet not distressed; perplexed yet not unto death; pursued yet not forsaken; smitten down yet not destroyed.' He had been deserted of relatives and friends and for six years had been in that little hut with only his mother. He had eight dollars a month as a pension from his old employers, and of this three dollars went for rent, leaving only five dollars monthly for the two of them to live on. He said that he had read the New Testament, and his copy was all marked up with red penciling, and that one day as he

read Galatians 11:20, 'I have been crucified with Christ yet I live. And yet no longer I but Christ liveth in me'—as he read this, he said that a great peace came into his soul and the room was as it were filled with a great light which shone round about him. And now, though for six years he has been without money or friends and forsaken of his relatives, and although he had to fight an awful battle, the fact that he had discovered God had filled him with happiness.

"His old mother had to go to a well at the bottom of the hill for water, and there she met another old lady whose son was also stricken with tuberculosis. This meeting led to a visit from the wife of the second man, who after three visits to the hut on the hill was happily converted. One day the old mother on the anniversary of her husband's death made ready to visit the priest of Buddha out of respect to her husband's memory. Thereupon the sick son told her of his own experience, and the old mother was also converted."

AFTER the visit of Kuramoto, the pastor, the sick man improved for a time and lived three years longer. He had read the New Testament, but had not seen the Old Testament, and Kuramoto gave him the complete Bible. The book was too heavy for him to hold in his hands, but they suspended a cord from the ceiling which held a small box upside down over the sick man's bed. In this box the Bible was placed with strings across the pages to keep them from falling, and thus he read the Bible. This past April the sick man sent again for the pastor, who found him near the end. The old mother was not depressed at his going, but rather seemed to be seeing her son off on a joyful journey. "You will soon be with Jesus, and that is the greatest of joy," she said. Kuramoto read him the promise of many mansions which Jesus had gone to prepare; and, though great beads of sweat stood on the man's forehead, he smiled and with a face lighted up passed quietly away.

The funeral was the first Christian ceremony ever held in that village, and the people came flocking to see. Kuramoto told the man's story, and there was hardly a dry eye in the assembly. After this it was easy to find an entrance with the message of Christ, and with his young band of workers from Ako the pastor goes there every week to take the message. What a wonderful testimony to the power of God to save under any circumstances!

Suggestions for Missionary Leaders

PASTORS -- LAYMEN -- COMMITTEES

Ask Me Another!

IN how many languages do we preach the gospel?
How many missionaries do we have in foreign lands?
What salaries do our missionaries receive?
What is the annual cost of our missionary work?
Where does the money come from?
How much is spent for missions by the Annual Conferences each year?
How many converts were made in foreign lands last year?
How many foreign missionary societies and members do we have?
How many Churches, Sunday schools, and Epworth Leagues?
Exactly what are we doing in China and the other fields?
What institutions do we operate?
What and where are the missionary areas of the United States?

These and hundreds of similar questions are answered plainly in

MISSIONARY YEARBOOK of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South

A 400-page handbook of missionary information covering every phase and detail of our work. You cannot be a well-informed Methodist without this book, no matter what other books you may have, for it contains facts not published elsewhere.

IT IS FREE FOR THE ASKING

Send to-day for a copy of the Missionary Yearbook. Organize a class and give its facts to the people.

Address:

*Board of Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church, South
Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tenn.*

Walter Hines Page: Friend of Mankind

REV. H. H. SMITH

AN editor of one of our Conference organs recently bewailed the fact that we are living in a day of bobbed things—bobbed hair, bobbed dresses, bobbed coats for preachers, bobbed sermons, bobbed ritual, etc. Those who have read "The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page" are glad that Burton J. Kendrick, the author, was not possessed with a mania for bobbing and gave us three healthy volumes of some four hundred pages each.

Much the greater part of this interesting work is composed of Page's letters, written while he was ambassador to England, 1913-18. That Page was a master of literature is well known to all who have any acquaintance with his writings. While a student at Randolph-Macon College under that noted teacher, Prof. Thomas R. Price, who held the chair of English, Page showed marked literary gifts, which attracted the attention of his teacher. He later attended Johns Hopkins University and studied Greek under another distinguished teacher, Prof. Basil Gildersleeve. With such training in letters and his brilliant native gifts, we are not surprised that he entered the field of journalism and became one of the most eminent publicists of our country, editing with conspicuous ability such periodicals as the *Forum*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *World's Work*.

ONE must have an unusual talent for writing letters to hold the attention of the reader through three large volumes. That Page was richly endowed with this gift is the verdict of many able critics. Woodrow Wilson pronounced his letters describing English life the best letters he had ever read.

One does not have to read the three volumes to discover the true Walter Page. Before reaching the hundredth page of the first volume, there is a letter that reveals the true character of the man. It was written some thirty years ago, when he was striving to better the condition of the people of his native State, North Carolina. The letter was a reply to an old friend (a lady) who was very much distressed because some of the papers were "excoriating" him for criticisms he had made concerning certain conditions in the State. If one had but three minutes to spend on the three volumes and wanted to know the true Walter Page, he could hardly do better, perhaps, than to read this letter. He wrote, in part:

"Why do you not write me about things that I really care for in the good old country—the budding trees, the pleasant weather, news of old friends, gossip of good people—cheerful things? I pray you, don't be con-

cerned about what any poor whining soul may write about me. I don't care for myself; I care only for him; for the writer of personal abuse always suffers from it—never the man abused. I haven't read what my kindly clerical correspondent calls an 'excoriation' for ten years, and I never shall read one if I know what it is beforehand. Why should I waste a single minute in such a negative and cheerless way as reading anybody's personal abuse of anybody else—least of all myself?"

"There is no way," he continues, "to lift up life that is on so low a level except by the free education of all the people. Let us work for that, and, when the growlers are done growling and forgotten, better men will remember us with gratitude. Write me about the wonderful educational progress. And write me about the peach trees and the budding imminence of spring, and about the children who live all day outdoors and grow brown and plump. And never mind that queer sect, 'The Excoriators,' they and their stage thunder will be forgotten to-morrow. Meantime let us live and work for things nobler than any controversies, for things that are larger than the poor mission of any sect; and let us have charity and a patient pity for those that think they serve God by abusing their fellow men. I wish I saw some way to help them to a broader and higher life."

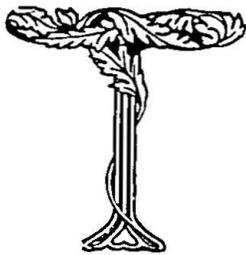
THERE you have the man! A man with a high and noble purpose—the uplift of his fellow man—and so enthusiastically devoted to his mission that he is utterly indifferent to criticism. A man who is deeply depressed at the thought of little children growing up robbed of their birthright, but whose heart beats faster as he thinks of God's great out-of-doors that he loved so much, and the little children growing plump and brown playing all day in the sunshine. There is the charming letter writer with his touches of humor, but, above all, there is the man who loves his fellow man and can never be happy until he has done his utmost to help him attain the better things of life.

Page wanted to do big things for humanity; "work on a world plan" was one of his sayings. And he was never jealous of others who were controlled by the same high motives, but was ever ready to be their hearty coworker. "His mind was keenly on the scent for the new man, the original thinker who had some practical plan for uplifting humanity and making life worth while."

Only a year before the World War he wrote Colonel House: "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high. We're having a fine time. Only, only, only—I do wish to do something con-

A great school of international relations has been founded at Johns Hopkins University, the institution at which Page, from 1876 to 1878, was one of the first twenty fellows. It had been Page's plan on his return to the United States to devote his life to improving relations between peoples—not only between the United States and Great Britain, but the United States and the whole world.—Extract from "Life and Letters" of Walter Hines Page.

THE accompanying picture is furnished us by Miss Emma Page, the sister of Ambassador Page, who, in a gracious note commending the article, says: "It speaks the truth of him to the last sentence, which brings memories of the finest boy that ever bore the name of Page."



WALTER HINES PAGE

structive and lasting." Then he mentions the enormous waste of navies and armies and men and says: "If we could find some friendly use for these navies and armies and kings and things—in the service of humanity—they'd follow us. We ought to find a way to use them in cleaning up the tropics under our leadership and under our code of ethics—that everything must be done for the good of the tropical peoples and that nobody may annex a foot of land. They want a job. Then they'd quit sitting on their haunches, growling at one another."

ELEVEN months before the World War, he wrote: "Was there ever greater need than there is now of a first-class mind unselfishly working on world problems? The ablest ruling minds are engaged on domestic tasks. There is no world-girdling intelligence at work in government. . . . All the Europeans are spending their thought and money in watching and checkmating one another and maintaining their armed and balanced *status quo*. A way must be found out of this stagnant watching. Else a way will have to be fought out of it; and a great European war would set the Old World, perhaps the whole world, back a long way; and thereafter the present

armed watching would recur; we should have gained nothing."

When the great crash came it did not sweep him away from his exalted purpose to do everything possible for the betterment of mankind. In that hour that tried men's souls others might forget their mission, but not this man. A few months after the World War began, in a letter to Colonel House, he said:

"O, well, the world has got to choose whether it will have English or German domination in Europe; that's the single big question at issue. For my part, I'll risk the English and then make a fresh start ourselves to outstrip them in the spread of well-being, in the elevation of mankind of all classes, in the broadening of democracy and democratic rule (which is the sheet anchor of all men's hopes just as bureaucracy and militarism are the destruction of all men's hopes), in the spread of humane feeling and action, in the growth of human kindness, in the tender treatment of women and children and the old, in literature, in art, in the abatement of suffering, in great changes in economic conditions which discourage poverty, and in science which gives us new leases on life

(Continued on page 36)

How It Began in Labrador--I

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

LIKE many thousands of young men of the "eighties" in England, and like a great many in the present day here in America, religion did not interest me. I do not wonder as I look back, for Spenser and the philosophers of the day—Darwin, Huxley—and the scientists of the day, forced our awakening minds to question not the fact of the Christ so much as the value of the orthodox interpretation of him.

He was presented as an insurance against punishment in the next world rather than a heroic leader we were challenged to follow. What he called for we were told was intellectual submission to certain creeds, instead of for courage to do things. The effects religionists looked for as the marks of a Christian were the observances of conventions. Christ, as Barton says, was "the man who went about telling people not to do things." As the hallmark of religion was not achievement, it found no response whatever in my economy, and I confessed that the living people I met, who held the titles of Reverend, etc., and were held up as the examples of what Christ would have us all be in our day, had no attractions for me. So I just forgot it and strove to be an English gentleman and an aspiring athlete.

IT was D. L. Moody who finally put the thing right for me. He made the Christian religion a natural thing and Christ a living friend, who simply said: "Follow me." Moody also inspired me to read the Bible intelligently for myself, as I would an ordinary guidebook; and prayerfully, because intelligently. He also showed how self-discipline was an unavoidable and essential item of Christian life. This I loved naturally, for both for intellectual and athletic success I had already realized the necessity and the keen satisfaction of self-control, so far as I was able.

Then came the challenge of Whitechapel and the London slums in which my hospital was situated. The necessity for absolute decision so as to know where one stood was greatly emphasized by Moody. This also pleased me because it gave me a share in this new vision of religion, a view I have since been absolutely convinced is true, and explains the whole responsibility, dignity, and justification of life. I remember as yesterday the day forty-five years ago when, encouraged by a sailor boy, who among all his companions in the big hall seats dared to "stand up" as a protest that he would serve the Christ, I rose and said, "As for me, I will try it," and Moody gave me 2 Timothy 1: 12 "I know whom I have trusted, and

am persuaded he is able to keep me against that day," as the bit of Scripture he thought I needed. I guess he knew what was in my mind.

DID my medical students and companions chaff me? Of course they did. And I had to swallow it. And I know now that dose did me heaps of good. Did my Oxford fellow undergraduates sneer occasionally in their current wisdom? Of course they did, and I did not like that medicine. But it proved an invaluable tonic. For I had to justify my own chosen course to my own soul daily, and as I was no philosopher, that drove me to the other way to find truth—the way open to all my readers: "He that followeth me shall have the light of life." As in surgery, you learn truth for yourself, from experience. This, too, Moody stresses—viz., that true religion begins at home. It does not need to go halfway round the world to find "a field."

My home was at first a bit puzzled, but exceedingly glad, for my parents were both Christians and both clearly understood. But I wanted and needed a laboratory to absorb my superabundant energy, and I found it in a ragged school, and in visiting on Sunday evenings saloons and underground houses or cheap lodging houses, and trying to hand on the message as best I could to generally somewhat openly hostile audiences.

AND now a new and strange thing occurred, which then my philosophy did not suggest, and that was that the very danger and physical difficulty which compelled me to often put on my football clothes at five o'clock on Sunday evenings to "carry religion" into my chosen ground attracted instead of repelling my hospital companions. And when it came to my taking fifty to one hundred ragged boys away to North Wales from these very slums in my summer holidays, so that I might give them Christ's message of personal love for each of them

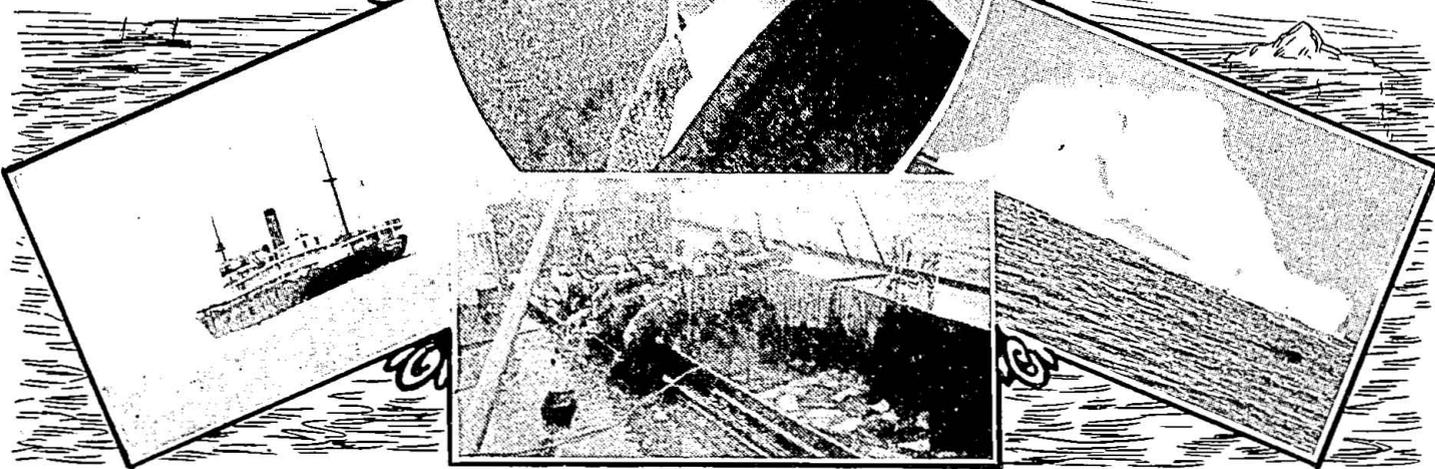
in a way I would understand it if I were in their place, some of our football team, some of the track squad, and even the operating room porter, a great chum of mine, none of whom I ever knew to express any interest whatever in religion, were glad to come and help both by paying expenses, cooking, teaching, and leading my "ragamuffins." I have heard them say years afterwards what a lot they got out of those days. And they meant it, I know, though all they got was a vision of that same truth Jesus claimed all will get who try to "follow him." They did not acknowledge and did not even know that they were

In this first of three articles, Sir Wilfred tells the beginnings of his wonderful work in Labrador—his own conversion under Moody, work in the slums, the appeal of "the men that go down to the sea in ships," the changes wrought in five years, and concludes: "To tell the honest truth, I personally enjoyed the fights with the perils of the sea, the thrills of winning out through physical difficulties; why else had I been given a strong body and a steady head? We loved our people, and every minute of our work. You could not have dragged us away from it."

Sir Wilfred Grenfell



Left to right:
Wreck of Bay Rupert;
Grenfell salvaging goods
from wreck; ice berg in
the offing.



walking in his divine footsteps, and I had not wit to tell them, or perhaps had wit not to. But I noticed they were always willing to put up with our informal religious services, and even would enjoy them. As for what their faith was at that time I never asked them. I never thought Jesus ever asked his disciples that until they had been following him a long time, nor do I now believe that what interested him was our intellectual height, but our life in action dictated by the deeper parts of our human make-up. So this policy I have followed always, all through the Labrador years, for I have known many in this way first of all make their connection with the Christ and become convinced that he must have been all he claimed to be, that no man ever spake like him, and also that he was more than any perfect man. Moreover, in justice to the hundreds of college men and girls who have given such generous and unbounded sacrificial service at their own expense, I must acknowledge many seemed to have more real Christian spirit than some who were more definitely self-labeled, who were convinced that they "knew it all" and that every one else was "all wrong." I can say this, for I have already said how valuable I believe it to be for any man, or girl, to say, "I will follow and claim the title Christian," but I would equally fear the claiming "to know" before so great a prize (the greatest in life, I believe) has been fairly won in actual experience, like any other human possession that is worth having.

THEN in our own hospital wards came the challenge of the men that "go down to the sea in ships," and a preliminary cruise amongst the twenty thousand men and lads, who appeared to have few friends and no one to go to for help in time of either physical or more serious difficulties.

The first cruise of two months from land to land offered a new world to me among the very class amidst whom the Christ chose to spend his life and from whom he chose his closest comrades and most trenchant workers. A small vessel, the Thomas Gray, of sixty tons, was put at my disposal by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, a newly started small society with headquarters in Great Yarmouth. I still remember the shock when I looked down from the wharf on the tiny vessel below in the month of February and saw her decks all covered with snow. In her I was leaving the land as the first mission doctor to a fishing fleet at sea. It was a lively two months. Fortunately, my sea heritage is a long one, and after all Drake swept the Spanish Main in vessels very little bigger. It was a very wonderful experience in a thousand different ways. It was not only medicine that was needed, the terrible results of the drink traffic relentlessly pushed at sea in the ports, left miserable homes, half-starved families, and endless candidates for poorhouses and orphanages.

(Continued on page 37)

"Inasmuch as Ye Did It unto One of the Least of These"

REV. R. T. HENRY

YES, I mean just that. Little did Judge Erskine W. Williams and the fine group of Christians in Texas realize that in giving the building for Kong Hong Institutional Church they were creating an agency for better understanding. Almost a year ago we were leaving Soochow. This we did at the urgent insistence of the American consul. I returned to Soochow in May for a short visit, and one of the gentry said to me: "You nor the Christians will ever know how much your institution has helped in these tense times. For the community could not forget the baby clinic, the cleansing bath, and the personal interest you and the workers have shown. When the propagandist shouted, 'Down with the imperialism of Christianity,' we did not need to be reminded that you Christians worked for us because you loved us. Your deeds spoke for themselves." But this contribution would never have been possible had it not been for the sacrifice and devotion of some fine Christians down in Texas.

Could the Christians throughout the Church know the confident feeling a missionary experiences when he knows that the home Church is enthusiastically back of the cause, never again would the Church say: "The burdens of missions are grievous to be borne." It is a glorious privilege to be shared. When I remember the loyal support given me during this past year by one of the fine laymen in North Carolina, I am humbled and inspired.

Kong Hong Institutional Church has now been operated five years. We opened our doors with a heavy debt

"One of the gentry in Soochow said to me: 'You nor the Christians will ever know how much your institution has helped in these tense times, for the community could not forget the baby clinic, the cleansing bath, and the personal interest you and the workers have shown.' But this contribution would never have been possible but for the sacrifice and devotion of some fine Christians down in Texas."

due to the failure of the contractor, but through the splendid coöperation of both departments of the Mission and the loyal help from friends in the community the debt has been retired. Every year the community has given us fine support in the financial campaigns. Last year was no exception. Owing to the agitation that was in the air during last spring and summer, some of the workers said it would be unwise to undertake a campaign.

But a non-Christian man came forward with the idea that we could not afford not to have a campaign. To draw in meant to give up. Even though the people were distraught by first one and another wave of propaganda, we raised two thousand dollars. This bespoke a real interest.

CHINESE leadership has come into its own during this past year. When we had to leave Soochow, the treasurership of the Church was turned over to Pastor Yang. Later he was elected by the Board of Control. It is a great relief to be free to deal with men and not have to juggle with trial balances, especially when you do not know very much about bookkeeping anyway.

While we were in Shanghai the annual Better Baby and Health Program was held. Attendance and interest were good. This phase of our work has been interfered with less than any of the work. Our workers turned to and made their own prizes. They had been trained by Miss Nina Stallings, now on furlough in America, and knew how to make attractive things. During the sum-



JUNIOR MIDDLE SCHOOL, KONG HONG INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH

mer health lectures were held. Attendance has been beyond our expectations. The first lecture was attended by seven hundred, and even on a rainy day four hundred came. Recently we have resumed this work. When our general clinic work was opened we had a health program and every inch of space was used. Four hundred children and seven hundred adults were there. While the slides were being thrown on the screen the speaker could easily be heard, for I have never seen better attention on the part of any crowd in China.

The Soochow Hospital has joined with us in making possible the general clinic. They furnish the doctors and the pharmacist. We provide the nurse, the rooms, and the equipment. The medicine is very largely paid for by the patient. A small registration fee is charged in order to secure seriousness of purpose in coming. Should a needy person come, we have provided a special fund from which registration fee and medicine is paid. In this way none need go away without medical attention.

The Free School for girls, formerly run by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Church, is now a project of the Social Department of the Church. Fifty-eight girls are enrolled, and they are taught the three "R's" and sewing besides. This group is quite patriotic. They were most enthusiastic at the planting of trees on the memorial held of the death of Sun Yat Sen.

LAST summer the Daily Vacation Bible School, under the leadership of Paul Chen, one of our Nanking Theological Seminary students, was the best we have had in a number of years. A crop of posters came out declaring that the government must take over this work, since the Christians were so inefficient. Paul Chen knew the youngster who was at the head of this department of the government. They had been schoolmates. He went to see him and was naïvely told that the department was planning to use the boys and girls from the Christian

schools in Soochow to do this work. Paul replied that we were already using students from these schools, and since the Christians were as patriotic as anyone, he saw no reason for closing the work. We ran right through the summer, and two thousand attended the closing exercises. One hundred and forty were enrolled.

Boys' Club Work is being revived slowly under Mr. Yin's leadership. At the present time they are finding real interest in applied electricity. It has been difficult to get as large numbers enrolled as we had last year before the coming of the Nationalists. But this is due very largely to the fact that the students have had so many other meetings that they have had very little time for additional work.

OUR Boys' School has had the best enrollment of any year yet. Last spring work was not so satisfactory, for meetings upon meetings and parades interfered with school work. But then revolutions do not always consider schedules. The enrollment for the present term will go over the two-hundred mark.

In 1920 our school was in a dark, dingy Guild Hall. We had no playground, and the school was barely existing. The Centenary gave us a building and grounds for community and school playground. The first departure was to put in a college graduate as principal of the school. We paid his salary from the income received from night school students.

Now the principal is paid on a par with other Mission schools, and our teachers are being paid equally as well as those in government schools. We have added two classrooms to the building under Mr. D. P. King's administration and can possibly build a chapel next year.

The Zang Teh Girls' School is now for the first time entirely under Chinese leadership. The school is doing a high grade of work through the first four grades. After the girls finish they can continue their work at either Moka Hwo Yoen or Laura Haygood Normal School.

(Continued on page 37)



THEY TAKE BOYS FROM THE FIRST THROUGH THE NINTH GRADES

In the Candy Factory

EMILY NORWOOD

B-R-R-R-R-R! went the alarm clock at 6:15 one hot summer morning. I cracked one sleepy eye and stretched my weary self, and then I remembered I had a job, the duties of said job starting in one hour.

The happenings of the day before passed through my mind—the experiences of my first day as a candy factory worker. I could see again the long line of Negro men anxious for a job in that candy factory; only two were needed that morning, the others were not. I could see girls by the score anxious for a job, and I knew that what was true there was true in hundreds of factories in this and in other cities, men and women wanting to work, but not enough jobs to go round.

I recalled the only question that was asked me the day before when I was one of the girls looking for a job: "Have you ever worked with machines?" To this I could truthfully reply, "Yes," for I had just left a job at the overall factory where I had been making suspenders by machine for four weeks. "Then you know enough to keep your fingers out of the machine," said the foreman.

THE full meaning of that remark I understood later that day when I learned that the girl who had worked before me on the machine assigned to me had got her finger caught. The motor running the machine was so far away that the girl could not reach it. She had thrown a large knife into the machine to stop it and had been severely reprimanded for breaking the knife.

But fifteen minutes of my time had gone. I dressed in a hurry, got my toast and coffee, and walked to the factory by 7:15. That day I was to make *strawberries*.

At 7:05 I was hurrying up the steps to the dressing room. There were a number of girls ahead of me changing from their street dresses to aprons and caps, hanging their hats, dresses, and pocketbooks in the lockers which did not lock; several girls were using the same locker. On the floor was the same dirty water which had been there the day before, due to bad plumbing. At 7:15 I punched the *time clock*. Then I worked for nine and a half hours in the coconut candy department, with forty-five minutes for lunch.

THIS department was in the basement; it was mostly underground, and the windows were high so that one could not see out of them. The candy was cooked in six big vats, one of which was always at the boiling point; this cooking was in the same room where we worked. I was there for one week, and during that period the temperature did not fall below 108 degrees and reached 120 degrees in the early afternoon when the sun

Miss Emily Norwood is the Industrial Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Nashville, Tenn. In seeking to sympathetically understand girls who spend their lives in industrial plants, she has at different times secured employment in factories. This is a brief and interesting account of one week's experience in a candy factory.

was on our side of the building. Wherever the body came in contact with the sugar, the sugar would melt, making a sticky, disagreeable sensation. I could not see the necessity for cooking the candy in the same room where the girls worked; it was also formed and packed in this room. The work would have been much more bearable if it had not been for the sickening sweet, hot atmosphere in which we spent our working hours.

In the room next to our department the chocolate-covered cherries were packed. Here the girls sat on stools all day, putting the candy in boxes as it came from the dippers on a moving belt. The girls wore their coats or sweaters, as the room had to be kept at a very low temperature so that the chocolate would not melt. When one passed through this room she had the feeling that the same air had been in the room for weeks and months. One noticed that the windows were of double panes of glass, built in so that they could be neither raised nor lowered. The doors connecting this room with the rest of the building were like big refrigerator doors, so that the heat could not penetrate. These doors were constantly closed except for entrance and exit in the morning, at noon, and in the afternoon. I really preferred the sickening heat to the cold, stale atmosphere of the chocolate room.

But, back to our *strawberries*! Perhaps you have eaten them and would like to know how they are made.

AFTER being cooked, the mixture was poured on large marble slabs to cool to the point possible for a person to pick it up. It was cut into squares of about two feet. My job was to pick these pieces up in my arms and feed them into a huge machine resembling a meat grinder. It was necessary to keep the machine well packed so that the balls would be perfectly formed. The packing was done with the hands, while the candy was still hot, with constant pressure by the feeder. The machine was run by motor, the switch being across the room from the machine. The height of the machine and the necessity for constant pressure made it impossible to sit while working.

At last 12:15 came with a chance to talk with some of my fellow workers. Having seen a notice that there was a cafeteria on the fourth floor, I went immediately there; but I saw in a few minutes that the workers did not go there for lunch, so I returned to the main floor, falling in with some other girls. We all went to the little store on the corner, bought some "pop" and a sandwich; some added a bar of chocolate. Then we went to the curbstone to eat.

I was received in the group as a matter of course. The wages were very low, the hours long, and the labor turnover was great, so that one may be a part of a group one day and the next day be gone, no one knows where. This does not cause a lack of interest in one another on the part of the group; on the contrary, the girls were most interested in finding out what they could. The frankness with which they asked and answered questions within their own group was characteristic.

I ASKED the pretty little dark-haired girl next to me why everybody ate lunch on the street or in the little store, instead of in the cafeteria upstairs.

"Gosh," she said, "ya can't make ten a week, buy er hot lunch, and still have enuf to live on, can ya?"

I soon found the truth of this for myself. Having attracted attention by asking this question and rather displaying my ignorance with reference to low wages and the cost of living, one girl asked me: "Where d'ya work 'fore ya came here?"

I meekly replied: "At the overall factory."

"They make good money over there, don't they?" asked the girl.

"Beginners don't make much, but after you know how you do make good money," I replied.

"How long did ya work there?" asked another girl.

"Four weeks," I said.

"It's a union shop, ain't it?" said another.

"Yes," I replied.

"They make good money and work eight hours," said the little dark-haired girl

"How old are you?" This from a small girl with drooping shoulders and a thin white face. No use to try to dodge those direct questions.

"Twenty-three," I said.

"You married?" came next.

"No."

"What, twenty-three and not married!" from my small, thin friend. "Well, you're lucky. I've been married two years now. Me and my husband was livin' with his ma, and he left six months ago. It wuz hard enuf fur three of us to git along when me and him wuz both workin'. Now I have to take cur myself and his ma too. If I wuz you, I wouldn't git married."

Silence for a while, and then the factory whistle and four and a half more hours of candy.

AT 5:30 we all filed past the time clock, backs aching from constant sitting or standing, fingers tender and blistered from hot cakes of candy and weary with the heat and long hours of the day. I thought with anticipation of my very plain supper and nothing to do but read as long as my eyes would stay open, which would not be very long after this wearisome day. And then I thought of my little thin friend who would probably have to cook supper before she could eat it and do what housework she could before she went to bed to try to store up enough energy to carry her through the next day. And I was glad I could be a part of her life.

The next day at lunch, having been formally introduced to the group the day before, I could take my turn at asking questions. I found that some of our "bunch" worked in the cracker department. They were paid by the piece for packing crackers or folding cartons. We began to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of time and piece work. I was on time work, being paid nineteen cents an hour.

"Gee, you could make good money on piece if you kept busy all the time," said a cracker packer.

"Yeah," said another, "but yesterday I bet there was two hours when we didn't have nothing to do."

"What I hate worse is having to stay after time to finish up a job after settin' around with nothing to do for an hour or so. I like to know I'm through when 5:30 comes."

"Last week I made \$17.50 on piece work. That would be good if half of it didn't have to go for rent. And now this week we ain't been so busy. If you just knew how much you could count on, it would help."

AND so my week as a candy factory worker passed. Never again will a box of crackers or piece of candy be merely a box of crackers or a piece of candy, for I always see those girls sitting on the curbstone with their "pop," a sandwich, and an occasional chocolate bar. I can hear them discussing the industrial world in an intimate way.

At the end of that week I received \$9.98. From this I paid \$5.75 for room rent, breakfast, and supper. I knew that the others must, in addition, pay for their lunches and clothes and for all that goes to make life worth while. Some even had responsibilities for others. How do they live? Figure it out.





GRADUATING CLASS OF COLLEGIO AMERICANO, PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL (1927)

Changing Status of Women in Brazil

DURING the first years of woman's work in Brazil there were only a few pupils in the mission schools; the education of girls was not popular at that time. The high-class woman was the property of man; the woman of the poor class was the burden bearer. There was not a substantial middle class. The Brazilian woman knew not the real meaning of freedom; she was bound down by ignorance and superstition.

The pioneer missionaries brought the assurance that what Jesus meant to the women of his day he meant to all women of all generations, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. This was the message of hope, and as Christ is being lifted up in Brazil the women are being drawn to him and the standard of womanhood is constantly being lifted higher.

When our mission schools were first established we lost many pupils because they were required to study the Word of God. This was new in Brazil. To the great masses of the people the Bible was a closed book. Not so to-day; millions of copies are *owned* and *read* and *loved* by the people of Brazil. We have six large boarding schools; we work in a great institutional Church in Porto Alegre, and in the large day school of the People's Institute in Rio de Janeiro. In all of these institutions the pupils are being taught the Bible. This means that to-day more than two thousand young Brazilian girls are studying God's Word. And what are the results? Their whole attitude and outlook on life is being changed.

THERE was a time when many of our pupils from high class homes were lost from our schools because of their attitude toward manual work. To-day the word *service* has a new meaning in Brazil, and honest labor is being respected as never before. One of the most popular subjects offered in our mission schools is domestic science. It is thoroughly appreciated by Brazilian girls from the very best homes; it is one of the many attractions that are so rapidly filling our boarding schools. To-day we do not solicit pupils; our schools are filled to overflowing, and in most of them there are long waiting lists of those who are eager to enter.

Another great drawing card for our schools is *English*. Before the World War all educated Brazilians studied French and German. To-day they are eager to learn English and are willing to pay any price for this opportunity. Brazilian women of the higher class travel a great deal in other countries, and in recent years many of them have studied in Europe and in the United States. Some go back to their country with a new vision, with a broadened horizon, and with higher ideals for their own sisters.

THE Report of the Congress of Christian Work in South America, which met in Montevideo in 1925, says that the feminist movement in Latin America is perhaps the most startling movement of the new world; it is already effecting the most radical changes in the

whole social structure. It is, in general, self-restrained, dignified, and less belligerent than similar movements in other countries; yet it is quite as bent upon its goal. Inevitable and irrepressible, it is inspired by high idealism, is aglow with Latin enthusiasm, has capable and cultured leadership, and feels its unity with the rising womanhood of the world.

Christian workers in Brazil have absolute sympathy with the women as they are indicating and demanding fundamental adjustments in every aspect of woman's life and welfare—education, economic independence, single standards, civil and political equality, participation in the professions, a share in government and in the general direction of their country's future.

Our mission schools, the Young Woman's Christian Association, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are all cooperating in helping the Brazilian women to take an active part in combating common evils and lifting the standard of womanhood.

IN the city of Rio de Janeiro, our missionaries are influential members of the National Parent-Teacher's Association. Miss Eva Louise Hyde, principal of Bennett College, is recognized as one of the leading educators of to-day, without question concerning creed or nationality. She is doing a splendid work in the federation of Protestant schools of all denominations and cooperating with the best educational leaders in the establishment of summer schools for the better preparation of young Brazilian teachers. In past years it was well-nigh impossible to find prepared young Brazilian women to teach in mission schools; to-day they are eager to fit themselves for this service.

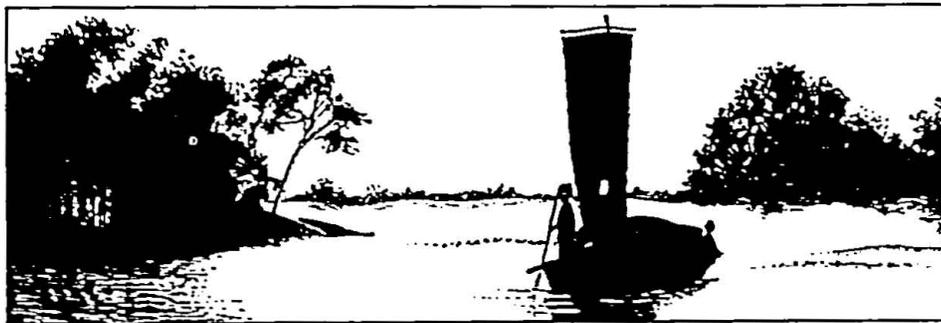
A few years ago Miss Layona Glenn helped the Brazilian women to organize their first Conference Missionary Society. To-day we have three Conferences, more than one hundred auxiliaries, and five thousand active members. What a regiment of Christian women,

united to fight a common foe! Together they are cooperating in the battle against physical, mental, moral, and spiritual enemies.

THE work of the missionary society in Brazil is under the direction of Brazilian women. They are doing a wonderful religious and social service in our Churches and in parochial schools. The Collegio Noroeste, in Biriguy, is the pride of the missionary societies of the Central Brazil Conference. It is entirely in the hands of Brazilian women, and they are wisely building up a splendid school in that strategic center of the great Northwest. The principal of Collegio Noroeste was educated in the Collegio Noroeste and in the Piracicabano, our oldest mission school in Brazil. She is a splendid woman, and each year she and her young Brazilian teachers are training at least two hundred boys and girls—men and women of to-morrow. During the past year there were seven nationalities represented among their pupils; all were taught that they were members of one large family whose father is God.

Our newest work is the creation and publication of literature, begun five years ago. We have produced the first missionary society literature ever published in Brazil, including yearbooks, calendars, programs, program material, monthly missionary bulletins, a weekly page in the Church paper, and two mission study books—the lives of David Livingstone and John G. Paton. The women have selected for their motto, "Information leads up to inspiration," and through the literature department we see signs of great hope for the future. When the time comes for the Brazilian people to take over the direction and entire management of their Church, the Christian women of Brazil will be ready to take their places and carry their part of the burden. They are going to be prepared and eager to share the tasks that come to them.

L. F. E.





DR. DAN BRUMMITT

OF ALL I saw and heard at the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, these influences, happenings, and enactments seem to me most worth mentioning to other Methodists.

I saw the emergence of a new self-estimate in our Methodism. This Church is busy in some thirty-six countries around the world. It has hitherto thought of itself as a sort of ecclesiastical empire, governed from the homeland and the mother Church. That was Neely's idea, and Quayle's, and it was widely held by others of the elder statesmen.

So swiftly has a sense of nationalism developed in widely separated parts of the world that within a dozen years Methodists abroad, and more slowly at home, have begun to see that the empire idea simply does not belong in to-day's world. Like Great Britain, they have awakened to the fact that our "dependencies," though they may still be dependent, are no longer children.

A few astute leaders with large sympathies realized that one of two things must happen—either these outlying Methodist groups of other racial and national cultures must be given large rights of self-determination, or we should lose them.

And so we have arranged to bring into being, instead

Author of "Shoddy"

REV. DAN

This story of the General Conference recalls charmingly the brilliant editor of the Northwestern Christian

the Methodist Episcopal Church and its foreign missions, a Methodist commonwealth of Churches, much in the style of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

I QUITE understand that this is a wise policy for an institution interested in self-preservation as well as in the spreading of the kingdom of God. By giving "dominion status" to our Conferences abroad, we shall perpetuate in all these fields a Methodist Church, indigenous and yet a unit of the larger system.

Nevertheless, we may be putting an obstacle in the path of Christian union in these lands. For Methodism's fascination as an organism holds these others, as well as its American devotees. They will have no difficulty in keeping it going as a distinct denominational entity. If we had not been willing to do what was done at Kansas City, the chances are that very soon a strong sympathy with the movement toward the organic union of all Protestant forces would have arisen among our own people, especially in China.



General Conference

IMIT, D.F.

style of "Shoddy," of which, as all the world knows, 'vocate is the author, so intimate, so prophetic

THE form of self-government to be granted, if the Annual Conferences concur in the constitutional amendment, is to set up in each major field a Central Conference composed of representatives from all the Annual Conferences. Several are already in existence, though with very limited powers. To these central bodies will be given, for their respective fields, many powers now reserved to the General Conference. For instance, they will elect their own bishops and determine the length of their tenure.

These Central Conference bishops will be in all respects General Superintendents with primary jurisdiction in the field from which they are elected, but competent to administer in other Central Conferences when invited. And a Central Conference will be free to elect either its own nationals or Americans.

Now this idea of Central Conferences, though applied first to the work overseas, has distinct possibilities for the Church at home. One Negro delegate was bold enough to welcome it because it meant the possibility of a Cen-

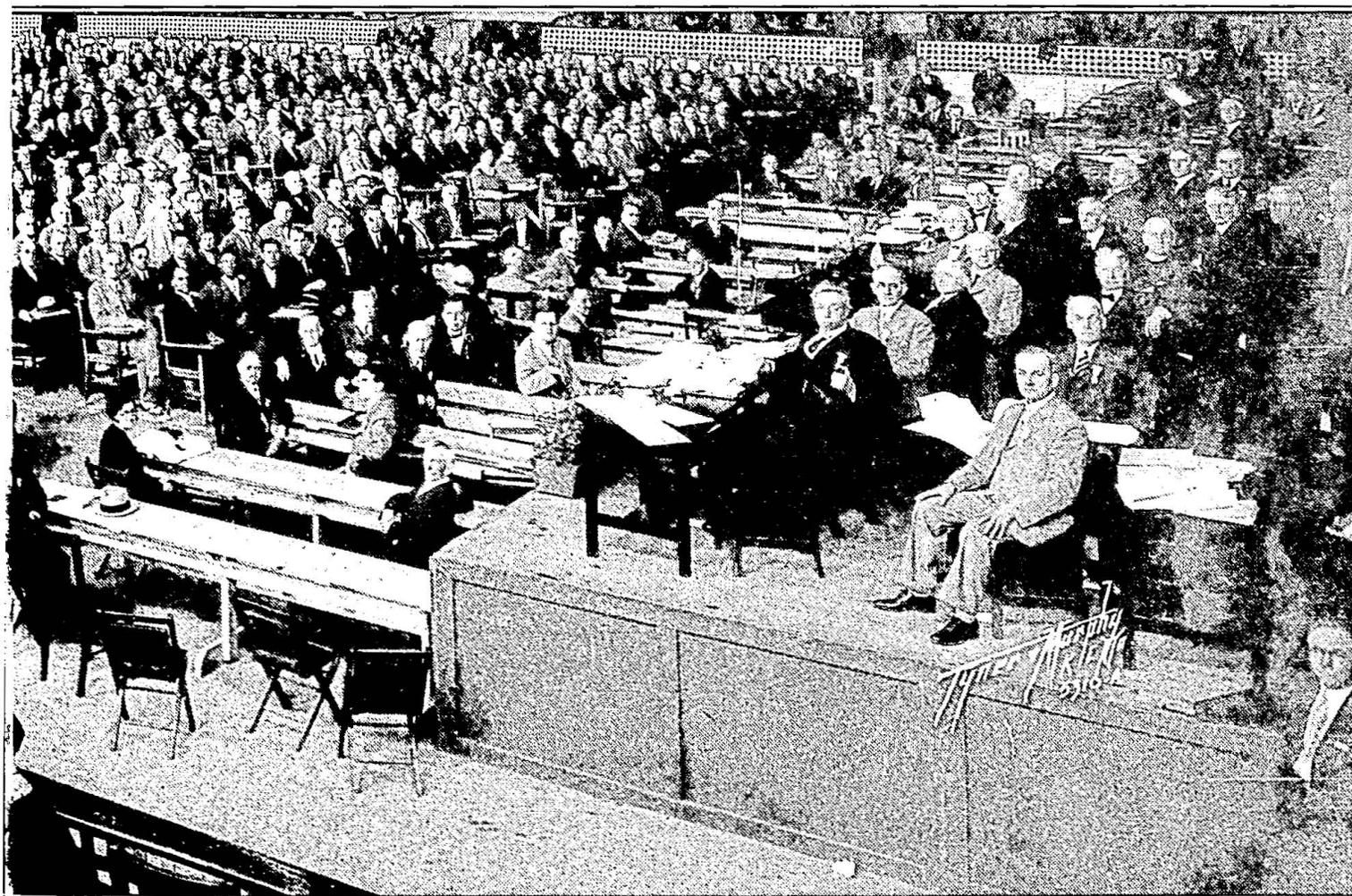
tral Conference for our Negro membership. There were dissenting voices from some of his brethren, but he stood his ground.

His declaration will not be ignored. Already we have the nucleus of such a Central Conference in our twenty colored Conferences. Two Negro bishops, Jones and Clair, confine their episcopal supervision to these Conferences, though each is a true General Superintendent on a par with all the other bishops.

Whatever may be agreed on for the colored Conferences will be with their consent, of course. And, quite apart from that problem, I hope this new development will mean ultimately a group of Central Conferences in this country. I am not afraid of sectionalism, if the groupings are sensibly made; but I am afraid, as William James said he was, of sheer bigness. By it come our major temptations to the self-seeker, the functionary, and the materialist.

AS touching Methodist union in America, little was said. Just now there seems nothing new of value to be said. And the usual things have been said a-plenty. But we did something much more important, just now. Our Korea Conference and our Mexico Conference operate in countries where you also have Annual Conferences. Each of our groups asked and received permission to unite with your corresponding groups into a

(Continued on page 38)



What Shall I Tell My Child About God?

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND



WHAT shall I tell my child about God? I look at life from the angle of a young mother with a little son just three and a half. He faces a strange new universe. So do I. I sometimes feel that for all my twenty-seven years I know no more about the world my boy must live in than he does, fresh from heaven, as per-

haps he is. What shall I teach my Bobs about God? One answer is clear to me. I must teach my child nothing about God that he will ever have to unlearn.

Now from all I can gather from a busy woman's hurried reading, both the psychologists in their studies and the mothers in their kitchens are at last waking up to the fact that the pre-school years are just as important as the in-school years, perhaps more so. And it's because parents and teachers have so long undervalued these pre-school years that most grown-ups to-day find they have just as much to unlearn as to learn. Progressive education seems to be on the warpath to do away with this waste of brain tissue. Ignorant and inexperienced as I am, I see some things clearly—this pre-school teaching is my first business as a mother, and also it's my business first, before any other teacher begins. Almost before I know it I'll be pulling his brown cap down over his red topknot, giving him a hug and a schoolbag, and sending Bobs off to the fine consolidated school within walking distance of our lane. The women down there will teach him to read better and faster than ever I could, but it's not their affair to teach him to want to read. It's my business to teach him that before he goes to school. But my pre-school duty to Bobs isn't done when I try to get him ready for day school. When I look straight down into the biggest, clearest blue eyes ever seen in a human three-year-old, it strikes sharp and deep that my relation to Church and Sunday school are even more important than my relation to day school.

WHEN my Bobs or anybody else's Bob passes from the cradle roll into the kindergarten of the fine community Church within running distance of our Ford, he'd better take something with him that it's been his mother's concern to put there. But, O dear, that most beautiful something, why don't we put it there, in Bobs' heart, more often than we do, we young mothers? Is it that we're just plain bashful even with our little Bobs? Sunday school teachers can teach my baby how to express his faith, can teach him how to sing it and pray it, and even how to play it; but suppose he hasn't any faith in God to begin with? It's not their affair to teach him there is a God, is it? Yet I know three-year-olds, otherwise well-to-do, actual three-year-olds, not so far from

the scratching of this pen, who don't know there is a God. Am I going to be like the parents of these children, too bashful to tell my Bobs about God? Or shall I let that bashfulness be the very way to tell him?

Now, I've always gone to Church and Sunday school, and I'm a hard-working member of the Bible class and the missionary society. All this is good and right, but it isn't quite enough, is it, to carry me—or Bobs—safely through either the blackest or the gladdest places in life? Yet it was enough for me for twenty-five years. Up to that time I'd said the words, "Father in Heaven," at least once a day, but it wasn't until the nurse put a little warm body in my arms that I knew what they meant. Right there in the hospital I knew how Mary felt long ago on the straw in the cave. It was the sixteenth of June, but I kept thinking about that first Christmas all the time, and I've never quite stopped thinking about it—not since I've had Bobs. That's why it would be pretty dreadful if I didn't let Bobs himself know that he has a Father in heaven.

BUT just how and what am I to tell my child about God? I always come back to this one guiding principle—don't let my little boy learn from his mother anything about God that he'll ever have to unlearn. Right here is where the bashfulness comes in, for I can't be too sure about my own knowledge of God, cannot be too sure that I myself may never have to unlearn, in the light of some new knowledge, what I think about God to-day. So I have just frankly let Bobs know, wee as he is, about the bashfulness. I know there are plenty of people who believe a child ought to put a parent on a pedestal, and that a parent, for a child's good, should pretend to be infallible. But I don't agree. I think it's lots safer always to act on the square and say, whatever the problem may be: "Here's something I don't know much about, and neither do you. Let's go and help each other look." So Bobs and I have started out on our pilgrimage together, very much the way we set out to find the hermit thrush.

Across the brook's bridge in our meadow pasture there is a pine wood that might have dropped straight out of Grimm's fairy tales. And in that woodlot is a hermit thrush. Bobs and I had often heard him, but had never seen him, so one day we went in search. It took hours, and it was little Bobs at last who first saw the singer. Afterwards, seated on the cushiony pine needles, we talked about God. "Bobs, let's you and me always be out looking and listening for presents from God. Aren't you very sure there's a Father-God close to these pine



trees? We can't see him, but don't you feel him loving both of us right this minute the way daddy loves us? Perhaps he sent the thrush and put the music in his throat on purpose to make us happy. Let's sit very still and see if we can't send 'Thank you' so that he'll hear it." But it is so much more difficult to write this down in cold ink than it was to say it to Bobs! It's only that I want other mothers to know that it isn't so very hard to talk to a little boy about God if you're all alone with him out in the woods. And it does seem to me that if I can teach Bobs always to be seeing joy presents from God in every bird and cloud and tree, I'll be teaching him something that I hope he'll never have to unlearn.

IT is thus that I find myself emphasizing for my boy praise more than prayer, for I am only feeling my way with Bobs, reverently I hope. With another child the sequence might be different, but Bobs is a singing, dancing sort of person. So my way with him is from praise to prayer. "Bobs, you see all the presents God keeps sending us all day, for which we keep thanking him all day. Now there are a great many other presents he wants to give us, but waits until we ask for them. Because all of us, grown-ups as well as children, make a good many mistakes, sometimes perhaps we ask the wrong things, and then of course God, since he is a kind Father, can't give us what might hurt us. So first when we pray we must say: "God-Father, teach me to ask what you want to give me."

Bobs and I have always said "I lay me" together at every bedtime, yet for both of us I try to make more important the morning prayer as brief as it shall be earnest and alert. Before his morning bath I gather the blankets about my little boy kneeling on my lap, and together we say: "Thank you, God-Father, for another beautiful new day. Help mother and me, both of us, all this day to live as thy loving children." But while Bobs and I are talking this morning prayer to our Father in heaven, we are looking toward the window at the jolly old sun, or the misty green rain on the ivy. Suppose my baby woke up to grimy brick walls or the shrieking of factory whistles. It is so much easier to teach a child about God in the country. But I, a country mother, cannot tell where life may lead my little son. This is a machine age. Perhaps Bobs will spend years in the service of roaring wheels. I must give him a God who will safely carry him even through a machine age. So always I must be showing him the power of God in the lightning and thunder, in the flame of the kitchen stove as well as the beauty of God in a tree. And I can only hope humbly that if Bobs has the habit of looking for God in a tree, later on he will have the habit of looking for God also in a machine.

MY little Bobs is born into an age of science. I must try to teach him those things about God he will never have to unlearn if perhaps he shall devote all his life to the laboratory. I know plenty of boys and girls

who have gone off to college believing in God and come back hard, laughing young cynics. I don't think this would have happened if they had taken the right kind of religion with them, the kind I want Bobs to have. What is it these youngsters had to unlearn, which, being lost, took all the old restraints with it? Mostly it was the doctrines and customs they had pinned their faith to, and their new scientific education pitched all these out on the scrap heap. I mean to be on the safe side by not letting Bobs when he's little associate his experience of God with the words of any dogma. Not so long as he's this side of fifteen am I going to give him any theological terms to wrestle with. For instance, this is what I'll try to tell him about the forgiveness of sins: "Bobs, inside of every one of us is a little quiet hidden place where our thoughts are kept. This room has windows and a door, and we must try to keep them open to the sunshine and the air, because through this door God, the Father we can feel but cannot see, comes to visit us. If our thoughts are hateful toward anyone, the door slams shut. But always just the minute we drive out our hateful thoughts, God is there waiting to come in."

Out of that religion of Jesus that my Church and I accept, I am going to try to emphasize those aspects to which no after education can object, the unceasing kindness that must always be the true Christian's code and the joyousness of folks that have our secret hope. Always I'll aim to keep before my boy the *do* rather than the *don't* in his religion, the trying to please his Father rather than merely not to pain him. If from the very first I teach my child a deeper respect for practice than for preachments, I don't believe there's any other teacher who will ever laugh him out of his religion.

WHILE in the scientific education and among the scientific educators to-day there is much true reverence for God, there is also in other places much hard materialism. When he goes forth to his education my boy may meet this materialism, and for this even to-day when he is only three and a half, I, his mother, must be prepared. There are people who may tell my Bobs that it is superstitious to believe in anything we cannot see or handle. But I am praying that I may set the habit of seeing the Unseen so deep in Bobs that no power on earth can ever afterwards take it from him. Yet looking ahead to that charge of superstition that may, in these strange days of doubt, bewilder my boy, I am describing to him, for his copying, that Jesus of history whom many a scientist of to-day would gladly meet, that Jesus whose actual historic existence no one can deny. I am saying: "Bobs, very long ago and very far away there lived a man so beautiful that people have thought God sent him on purpose to show us how to be good. His name is Jesus, and he was so brave that he tried to heal people even when they were stoning him. He kept the door of his soul so wide that his unseen Father never left him, so that he knew more about our Father than anyone else ever did, and people are still reading what he said about

him and what he did to praise him. This Jesus is our Big Brother, and he said when he went ahead of us into the world we cannot see that he would always be coming back to help his brothers help each other. So you and I must always be trying to feel him near us." This much about Jesus will help Bobs later to understand the Christ.

HUMBLY together Bobs and I are feeling our way toward God. I pray that the comradeship of our search may never cease, for already we have discovered some beautiful and unexpected things. When I paint the Galilean Jesus as a Big Brother brave enough for any

small boy's hero worship, Bobs and I may be learning the road to better understanding of those wee brothers and sisters, perhaps ruddy-haired like Bobs, perhaps brown like his daddy, who may be toddling toward us from out the future. And when I try to tell my little boy how God is a parent, loving and kind as earthly parents are, then I myself perceive more clearly the far reaches of parenthood. And I seem to feel once more that little warm new head placed by the hospital nurse within my arms, and I have once again the Christmas thoughts I had that June night, and keep wondering, as I did then, what Mary told her Child about his Father in heaven.

The Mother-Heart

*NEVER touch the wonder of her hair—
Her golden numbus, like a sunlit mist—
That curls of other children are not there,
Wee heads, unkempt, unkissed.*

*I never feel her small, confiding hand
Slipped softly, like a flower, within my own,
But other little ones beside her stand,
Unloved, untaught, unknown.*

*I never bend above her rosy sleep,
Or kneel in gratitude beside her bed;
But other babes in outer darkness weep,
Unwatched, uncomforted.*

*O little daughters whom no mother tends!
O wee lost lambs that stray in stony ways!
How shall we find you? and how make amends
For our child's happy days?*

—Robert Emmet Ward.

Spiritual Cultivation of the Jubilee

CONDUCTED BY MRS. B. W. LIPSCOMB

ON the Mount of Olives at Eastertide of 1928 the two hundred and fifty members of the enlarged meeting of the International Missionary Council gathered together under the chairmanship of Dr. John R. Mott. The council members were representatives of the Christian forces of fifty different nations who had assembled to study together the manifold problems facing the Christian missionary forces of the world and to coöperate in the task of carrying out Christ's command to "make disciples of all nations."

In the delegations to the Jerusalem meeting from the so-called mission lands, two-thirds of the representatives were nationals representing the indigenous Christian forces. Only three people from our Church had the privilege of the wonderful fellowship of the Eastertide on the Mount of Olives, but every member of the Church has the privilege of the fellowship of prayer. Hence we are presenting the call issued by the Council as the subject of our meditation for this month.

THE CALL TO PRAYER

THE International Missionary Council, meeting on the Mount of Olives from March 24 to April 8, 1928, in a specially enlarged session, has been brought to a deep and fresh realization of the place of prayer in accomplishing its essentially spiritual task, and of the definite challenge with which it is faced.

The council recognizes that the kingdom is the gift of God, that activities to spread the kingdom and to extend the gospel reach full significance only when they are a kind of "acted prayer," that "we have to struggle not with blood and flesh, but with . . . the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly sphere."

The council has also come to realize that it faces a definite challenge. It has seen some of the implications of the Christian mission and realizes how pitifully short its achievement has fallen, but the challenge of Christ still holds: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father." The council asks Christian people in all lands to make definite supplication:

1. *For a missionary spirit.* That the Church may see the whole world's need of Christ and may be ready for any sacrifice in order to make him known to all mankind.

2. *For a spirit of prayer.* That Christian people may learn to pray as Christ prayed and taught his disciples to pray, and that an ever-increasing number of interceders may be raised up until the whole Church is awakened to prayer.

3. *For a spirit of sacrifice.* That the Church may be willing at whatever cost to follow and to bear witness to the way of Christ as she learns it.

4. *For a spirit of unity.* That the whole Church of Christ may desire and experience a new unity in Christ.

5. *For the gift of interpretation.* That the Church may learn to preach the eternal gospel by word and life in terms that the men and women of this age will understand.

6. *For courageous witness in moral questions.* That the witness of the Church in the moral questions of our day may truly reflect the mind of God and may be known and felt throughout the world.

7. *For a spirit of service.* That a great number of men and women may offer themselves unreservedly to do Christ's work at home and abroad in our generation.

8. *For the completion of our own conversion.* For the removal of all hindrances in our own lives to the manifestation of God's redeeming love and power.

SUGGESTIONS REGARDING PRAYER BY JERUSALEM CONFERENCE

IF there is to be a new inflowing of the Holy Spirit into the lives of men and women, then there must be readiness and desire for renewal on their part, together with preparedness to sacrifice time or any other precious thing in order that the right use may be made of the channels through which God mediates himself. The age-long means of contact with God, proved vital in Christian experience, and everywhere available for all, is prayer. We are conscious of the fact that it is the weak prayer life of ourselves and other members of the Church which presents an obstacle to the action of the Holy Spirit in the revival for which we hope.

In view of this deficiency in the practice of prayer, of the circumstances of individual and family life in our time, and the increased pressure and speed of life generally, we urge that our Churches should issue to their people a call to prayer. We suggest specifically:

1. That people generally need and will welcome teaching which helps them to pray, and that such teaching might be given more frequently in the services of the Church.

2. That they desire to be taught not only "prayers," but the art and practice of prayer, with methods and aids suitable to the conditions of everyday life.

3. That the practice of family prayers should be encouraged in every possible way.

4. That our Churches generally should adopt a day of intercession for missionary work in its widest sense at St. Andrew's tide or some other appropriate season.

5. That the spontaneous formation of prayer groups be encouraged along the lines of the Jerusalem Chamber Prayer Fellowship which has come into being through the "World Call" movement in the Church of England.

6. That clergy and other missionary leaders everywhere keep before themselves and their fellow workers the true conception and proportion of prayer and intercession in relation to organizations of all kinds.

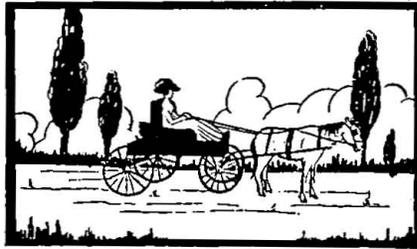
Moving Days

CAROLYN BRANDON ELLIOTT

(A Letter to Miss Pilgrim Progress)

My Pilgrim Pal: After hurrying into and scurrying out of Pullmans, trolley cars, subs, els, taxis, and top-heavy busses, after peeping into Queen Marie's state-room on the Leviathan and flying around in an airplane, after a visit to the hub of the world on Manhattan, and after a ride in an old victoria at Washington, I'm home again in dear old Dixie.

Having returned to this good starting point, I've de-



ecided that, after all, the world's about as round as an ancient geography encouraged my childish fancy to cherish. I'm cherishing, too, more steadfastly than ever, the faith of our fathers that the world "do move" perpetually. At least, it seems to me that everybody everywhere is on wheels moving somewhere else on *terra firma*; also that the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea must agree that this twentieth century boasts a calendar filled with moving days!

MEANWHILE, our friend Della DeTour has convinced me that, although she hasn't been with me to the point where the globe is hinged on its axis, she's had a more extensive experience during the week she spent at Council in Nashville. She hasn't finished yet bringing first-hand news from representatives of missionary societies in Europe, the Orient, Latin America, and "our ain countree," plenty of glowing messages, too, about your day of preparation at Scarritt College and of the hope you will soon fulfill as you take the missionary message of the ages to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Wonderful, that ever since the wise men guided those primitive ships of the desert across the waste by the light of a star, the true seers have been following its gleam traveling on lowly beasts of burden, in oxcarts and lumbering stagecoaches, on smooth steel rails, by ships of the sea and ships of the air. You know Kipling thinks the traffic of the ages is "the mighty processional of what has been, and is, and will be upon the peopled earth." I really believe, Pilgrim, that if the history of the world could be written under the one word "Traffic," the history of blazing new trails and opening the way of civilization could be written under "Autobiographies of Missionaries." Such a volume, beginning with St. Paul's journeys, might travel through the ages down to John Wesley and hundreds of circuit riders who followed him,

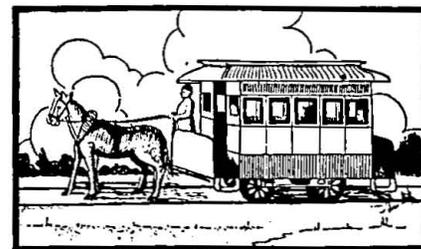
opening and building trails through the new world wilderness.

Instead of a book on "Traffic," perhaps Corra Harris wouldn't object if some one should write an "Autobiography of the Circuit Rider's Wife." She's had so many moving days! Members of the circuit rider's congregations, too, have borne his teachings over many modest trails of life where were left the imprint of the slow-moving covered wagon.

PERHAPS the Madonna of the Covered Wagon was too busy clearing paths around her pioneer cabin to venture far from her own door.

Encumbered as she was, however, with seven starched petticoats, each seven yards around and suspended from one slender waist, small wonder that she carried smelling salts for hysteria, that she leaned discreetly on a strong manly arm, that she couldn't navigate safely any distance from such a "lean-to."

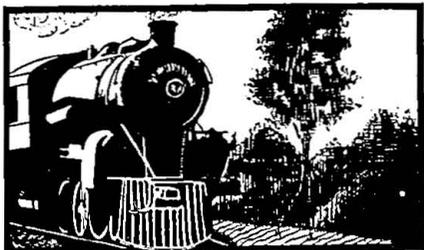
But leaving times that seem prehistoric with the lumbering old stagecoaches and oxcarts of the past, it's a joy to travel through missionary reminiscences with Grand. You know, Pilgrim, we always called my grandmother, Grand, because she was just that—a great, gracious lady and a *Mother Superior* to every child in the family. So, following Grand, as she left traditions, "to serve the present age" in her own Southern Methodist Church, we can see her now in her spic-and-span buggy driving Old Dobbin to the missionary meeting. She says nobody has ever told how the faithful few of Nashville arrived at McKendree Church on that rainy day when Mrs. Kelley organized a pioneer auxiliary. She thinks



perhaps the missionary pony began at that time the journeys he was destined to make afterwards when his mistress carried missionary leaflets and *Advocates* to the sick, the underprivileged, and the uninterested for miles around. "At least," Grand declares, "dear old Dobi served faithfully for years after that eventful General Conference of 1878, which gave 'missionary rights' to Southern Methodist women." She remembers when many of the first auxiliaries were organized. In the country where she lived the missionary meeting was always held on Saturday before the second Sunday of each month. When she climbed in the buggy and gave Dobbin

the reins, she tells how he would turn in the direction of the church, trot leisurely four miles, and walk up to his particular hitching post without guidance or suggestion. Some of her friends arrived in phaetons, some in one-horse wagons, and, on state occasions, a wealthy member was in the family carriage drawn by a span of horses that looked the thorough part of those "bred in old Kentucky."

GRAND says these missionary meetings lasted for hours! She was game, though, because in that day she was one of the *moderns* who believed women should



share the work of their Church. She surely believed, too, that the fundamental work of the Church was missionary. You know, Pilgrim, she attended the General Conference of 1878. She was with her father, who was a member of that body, and she met her future husband, my preacher grandfather, there. She went on the train to that meeting and wore her first long dress. (Think of all the girls who don't have to look forward to these days!) The day she met grandfather she wore a soft gray gown, long lace mitts (is that the way you spell those gloves minus fingers?), and a new Sunday bonnet tied under her chin with blue ribbons. Do you blame grandfather?

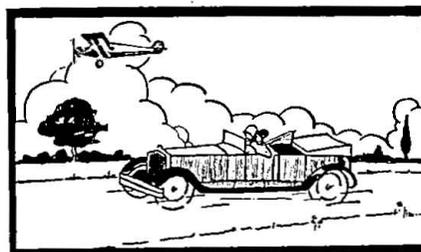
GRAND says of course she had traveled by rail before, but that now she marvels at the dignity and power of an engine drawing a heavy train of cars bearing people and merchandise on so many missions. She has reviewed often the history of railroads in comparison with the history of the Woman's Missionary enterprise. You know people imagined the first railroads should be built with teeth to hold the engine and cars back and keep them from slipping off the track. Grand thinks the fathers were so scared that the mothers would go far away from "their sphere" in the home that the first attempt to build a missionary track for women's auxiliaries was so full of teeth nothing could run on it. "Now," exclaims Grand exultantly, "thousands and thousands of women who belong to missionary societies are just as intent upon keeping the home fires burning as they always have been and always will be, even if they do press a button to build the fire instead of calling the boys to light pine logs."

WELL, I'm glad, too, Pilgrim, that the fathers gave us the right of way to build a missionary track around the world. Glad, too, that every auxiliary car can be loaded with precious freight and that all can be

coupled together to be drawn by the Council engine on long missionary journeys. Small wonder Dr. Cram has said that the organization of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Southern Methodist Church is to-day the most perfect piece of missionary machinery on the American continent.

Mother says the years of railway construction in the South represent the early period of her work in the missionary society too. Even mother, however, remembers going to meetings in street cars drawn by mules. She tells of muddy streets with cinder path crossings, of gas lamps on the business streets and darkness in the residential section except for the glory of moonlight nights and the friendliness of lanterns. She went to an Annual Conference as a delegate from the Juvenile Missionary Society several times. She says she voted there long before she had arrived at the discreet age of twenty-one and long before the franchise was granted to the rest of us. She learned to love Miss Lochie Rankin and her work at one of these meetings and longed for her to have an elegant phaeton or a jaunty trap or a new trolley car in China, instead of riding through the streets in a big chair drawn by coolies.

MOTHER was duly impressed with the long session of the Conference, with trunks that the delegates brought and with handboxes containing the inevitable Sunday bonnets. She recalls, too, how much room leg-o'-mutton sleeves required, how stiff crinoline seemed, and how taffeta skirts rustled as they trailed along the ground. She says it seemed to her that Grand was always busy writing hundreds of long-hand letters to the auxiliaries when she was Conference Corresponding Secretary and that packages of missionary leaflets were mailed every quarter that filled a big clothes hamper several times to overflowing. Mother claims that my two uncles, who were little boys then, thought it was more fun than



the goat did to hitch him to their small wagon and make him haul loads of this missionary information to the village post office. So it was, that missionary news traveled to the remotest sections of the Conference.

If travel was slow, it was sure, Pilgrim, for the sacrificial spirit of those moving days opened to us a great missionary highway. I am sure Miss Lochie Rankin thought so at the Council last March. How her thoughts must have gone back over the years to the time when, as a representative of a few pioneer societies, she was sent by her Church as the one woman missionary! How

(Continued on page 35)

An All-Church Woman's Missionary Society

I HAD heard so much concerning the missionary society at Druid Hills Church, Atlanta, Ga., that I boarded the train, taking a night's journey for the sole purpose of being present at the Executive Committee meeting. I sat through an all-day session of this committee, listening intently to the proceedings. I wished to know the machinery of the organization, and also to discover the spirit within the wheels, which I was sure must be the secret of the reported success. The following day I had a long interview with Mrs. W. A. Albright, who had been the moving power in the reorganization of the society; she still shares largely in giving the Druid Hills Auxiliary its peculiar distinction. From these two sources I secured my information and impressions.

Druid Hills Church has been organized for about twenty years; it is located in a comparatively new section of the city, where it has had a rapid growth. This development of the Church resulted in the division of the missionary society into a number of circles. The main objective of each of these circles seems to have been to secure the amount of money pledged for missions and to raise other funds for local Church purposes. This was accomplished through the payment of dues, rummage sales, suppers, and such *et ceteras*. The circles became so absorbed in making money that there was no time to attend the missionary society meetings. Therefore the society became merely a number of disintegrated circles; the result was a rapid stratification of the women within the Church, detrimental not only to the spirit of missions but also unwholesome for the Church itself.

THEN came the reorganization with its new emphasis, and to-day this society carries every woman member of the Church upon its roll; it has more members than the whole of the LaGrange District, and a larger budget. Its connectional budget is \$4,299, and its local budget is \$1,322, making a total of \$5,621. The connectional support includes a Bible woman in China, a missionary's salary in China, a Scarritt College scholarship, Vashti, Brevard, and Sue Bennett scholarships, gifts to the Scarritt maintenance and the missionary and deaconess relief and retirement funds, memberships to the amount of \$1,000, and an undirected fund of \$1,079. The local budget includes \$500 for city missions, \$200 for ministerial relief, \$250 for the parsonage fund, \$322 for incidentals, and \$50 for socials.

The society now carries on a large program of education, activity, and world ministry. Its monthly meetings are four in number—auxiliary business meeting, auxiliary missionary program, circle meetings, and Executive Committee meeting. In addition, there are semiannual meetings, including June Day and December Harvest Day, also quarterly socials for new members.

THE work of the society is now thoroughly integrated, all the circles working as a unit. This change of spirit and enlargement of service came about through the inspiration of a broad-minded leadership. Soon all began to think in terms of new objectives, and by a gradual process there was a change from isolated groups, working independently, to a united, democratic society. The process of permeating the membership with this higher ideal was slow and painful, but supremely worth while. The thought of the society was changed from the *dollar* to the *woman*. As one of the leaders said: "It is not a money objective, but a woman objective; we are seeking every woman in the Church, not for her money, but for herself. We wish to give every one an opportunity for self-development through world service. We never budget money; we budget folks. China represents folks, not money. The Wesley Houses are composed of folks. We never think of the budget as a pile of money, but as groups of people in whose lives we may have a share."

Another outstanding objective of this Druid Hills society is to thoroughly fit the program of the society into the program of the Church. To be sure, there is a budget of money which is made to live as the representative of people, but more important than this even is the budget of service. This includes eighteen items, corresponding in number with the eighteen organized circles, each one being assigned a service duty for a given length of time. The service budget includes all of the duties which usually fall to the Woman's Missionary Society. The items listed are as follows: Serve Sunday school supper, visit new members, visit parsonage, assist Superintendent of Junior Missionary Society, assist Literature Committee, telephone service, hostess at meetings, Sunday church decorations, decoration for special occasions, sterilize communion service, attend Board of City Missions, visit Decatur Orphan's Home, visit Wesley Memorial Hospital, assist pastor, serve Business Woman's supper, assist Goodwill Industries, assist Baby Division Superintendent, and visit strangers and sick.

IT WOULD be impossible to give a full description of the perfected organization of this society. However, our readers will be interested in the circle plan and the enlistment of membership. There are approximately 950 women members of Druid Hills Church; all are members of the missionary society. Whenever a woman joins the Church her name and address are immediately secured by the auxiliary Placement Secretary. As quickly as possible this new member is assigned to some circle. In making this assignment the process is wholly democratic. She is assigned not with reference to the particular grade of society to which she is supposed to belong; there is not even a consideration of her age. The guiding principle is her own development and the development of the group with which she is to be associated. If she

has cultural gifts or educational attainments, she is placed where she can render the largest service. If she is active in service, she is placed in the circle where she is most needed. If she chances to be a woman of means, she is assigned to a circle where the financial difficulties are greatest. When a placement is made, the secretary informs the chairman of the circle. Members of this circle call upon the new member, giving her a welcome to the Church and taking for granted her wish to ally herself with the women of the communion. They invite her to the next circle meeting for fellowship. When the day arrives an automobile is sent to her door. Money is not mentioned, for this society does not collect dues. This new woman is enlisted through a cordial and personal interest and the appeal of world service. The quarterly socials feature the new members, seeking to assimilate them and make them feel at home in their new Church.

THE vice president is the chairman of circles, guiding their work and making frequent visits to each. The circles hold their meetings at ten o'clock in the morning on each fourth Tuesday; the one exception is the Business Woman's circle. The circle program includes devotional, study, and business periods. The auxiliary committee in charge of spiritual cultivation sends a prayer message to each of these meetings. The mission study book adopted by the auxiliary is used in each circle.

The circles carry names on their roll representing three types of membership—active, uninterested, and shut-ins. The active members are constantly seeking to interest the uninterested and to minister to the shut-ins. It is not claimed that every woman member of the Church is active and interested, but each one is at least a potential member whose possibilities are never forgotten. When reporting to the Conference, not all of the names on the roll can be counted; only the number represented by the \$1,000 in the budget set aside for membership. The number reported is between three and four hundred, while the per capita gifts of the membership to connectional work is \$4.50. The pledge is represented in the item of the undirected fund mentioned above. The remainder of the items are specials.

Another chief element of the success in the Druid Hills Society lies in the monthly Executive Committee meetings. Once each quarter this is extended into an all-day meeting. The Executive Committee is composed of the officers of the society, the chairman of circles. Reports are heard from each officer and chairman, and plans are laid for the coming month. This is one of the secrets of the perfect unity of the organization. At the meeting I attended the circle vice chairman and treasurers were special guests. Plans were being laid for the June Day program, which was to be a great Jubilee occasion.

A FURTHER element of success lies in the integration of the society into the program of the Church; according to a definite plan, the woman's share in the

Church work is provided for. The pastor, Dr. R. L. Russell, was most enthusiastic, declaring that so much efficient service was rendered by this society that the president *should* be a salaried woman. One circle is assigned to the pastor each month, and as special needs arise the members stand ready to respond to his call.

The most important factor in this society, however, is that indefinable something called *spirit*. The best talents of many capable women are thoroughly and joyously committed to a world task. The objective is big enough to enlist all they have. The standard of giving set before them is: Make your standard of giving commensurate with your standard of living. Upon entering the room as a stranger, one instinctively feels the warmth and cordiality of the women. The longer one stays, the more convinced she becomes that there is a joy in service.

As I have tried to describe briefly the workings and the spirit of this society, I have realized that many will ask: Wherein does it differ from the average auxiliary? I would answer: In its strengthened emphasis upon the development of woman power which has a foremost place; in its all inclusiveness—every woman member of the Church is actively and purposefully cultivated; all the service expected of and desired by the women of the local Church is within the program and provided for in the machinery and in the budget; service is budgeted so that all phases of activity have a systematic provision; the assignment to circles is entirely democratic. The machinery used is that which has been provided by the Woman's Missionary Council, enlarged and adapted. It is made to carry the program of all the activities within the scope of the womanhood of the local Church.

S. E. H.

Ready! Mission Study Book

WOMEN AND THE KINGDOM," by Miss Mabel K. Howell, is the Jubilee mission study book which will be off the press by August 1. It is the story of woman's achievement in missions covering a period of fifty years. The first three chapters are full of thrilling stories of pioneer days; they tell also the process of development at the home base. These chapters, together with the last two, contain much new material never before published in any history of Woman's Work. The story of the organization of the women on the fields as told in Chapter IX reads like a romance. Six chapters are devoted to the institutions and forms of service carried on during the past fifty years, while Chapter X brings the student face to face with the next fifty years and indicates the direction of the future missionary enterprise.

Miss Howell occupies the Chair of Foreign Missions in Scarritt College; she was for fifteen years teacher of sociology in Scarritt Bible and Training School; she served as Foreign Administrative Secretary for eight years. Who is better prepared to tell the story of our work and point the way for the days to come?

Memories of Scarritt--A Beautiful Mosaic

LEILA F. EPPS

COME! Let us examine it. The challenge of to-day is for first-hand knowledge, based upon personal investigation of original sources. One of the new books found upon the Jubilee Bookshelf is "Memories of Scarritt." It is indeed a charming mosaic, a blend of beautiful impressions gathered from original sources. This book is the fruit of Christian coöperation, a picture that no single-handed artist could have produced. It was written to satisfy a definite request that came from those who keenly appreciate the wonderful historic background of Scarritt College for Christian Workers. Looking into the future, they realized the supreme importance of preserving a permanent history of so great an institution. Naturally Miss Maria Layng Gibson was the one chosen for so important a task.

For thirty years Miss Gibson had directed most successfully the work of the Scarritt Bible and Training School; none other could have given the many incidents so full of human interest connected with the early history of this institution. Miss Gibson had known this school from the beginning; she had loved it sincerely; she had dedicated her life to it; she had the joy of knowing that it was indeed a success. It must have filled her heart with gratitude when she was invited to write "Memories of Scarritt." This splendid service was most cheerfully rendered. To her it meant a vital reason for living and working; this sacred task gave to her last years a definite goal that she eagerly desired to reach.

ONE of the most charming features of the mosaic, as portrayed by Miss Gibson in "Memories of Scarritt," is her picture of Miss Bennett. She speaks of her as one of few women inspired with a world view and with a world vision. Miss Gibson appreciated the beauty and strength of many others whose lives were inlaid to make up the beautiful Scarritt mosaic.

Minute and vivid are the descriptions of the building erected in Kansas City--the various rooms, halls, the Memorial Chapel, the stained glass windows, the Japanese gong that was more than five hundred years old and had been used for centuries in a Japanese temple. As the hundreds of women, who were trained for world service in the Scarritt Bible and Training School, read these descriptions that could have been written only by

Miss Gibson, the eyes of their hearts will look backward, and they will clearly see again "The Angel of the Chapel" and hear the calling of the old gong and relive the blessed and happy days of yore.

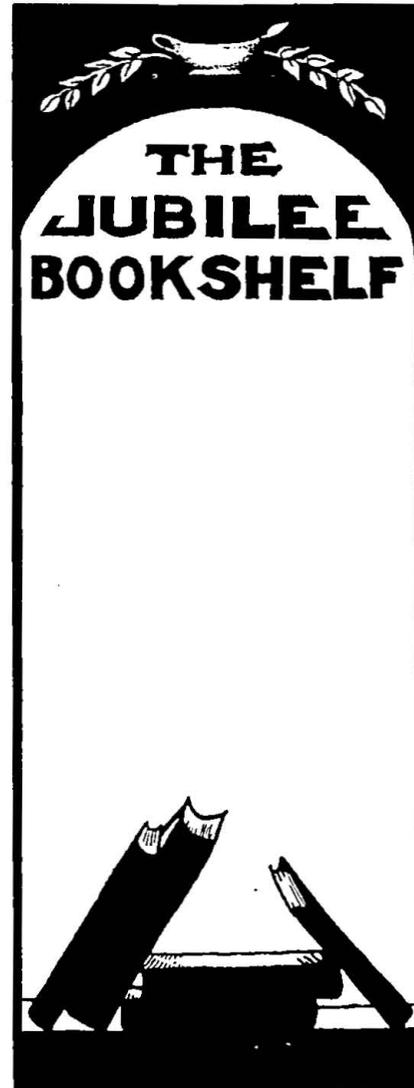
MISS GIBSON realized that a school's richest testimonials come from the students after they get out into the world and face the battles of life. Her plan was to select quotations from personal letters that came from students and to use these bits of testimony to give a special coloring to the mosaic. What a fitting close for her work! This was the last touch that she gave to the picture. It was then that her Father saw that she had beautifully finished her part of the task. He knew that her work had been well done, that she had wonderfully inlaid the stories of the lives of others. He knew also that she was too modest to publish the vital part that her life and work had contributed toward making the Scarritt Bible and Training School that strong institution of such far-reaching influence. It was then that he called another to have a part in the working out of this design.

More than any other, Miss Sara Estelle Haskin was fitted for this service. Among her manuscripts she had Miss Gibson's story of her own life; in her heart she had a tender love for and a sincere appreciation of Miss Gibson. She knew her from a pupil's point of view; she knew her as a coworker; she understood her as a personal friend. These facts, in addition to her literary ability, made her just the woman to finish the work on "Memories of Scarritt." While a student she had rich experiences in the Scarritt Bible and

Training School; she presents Miss Gibson and the school as she saw them at that time. In her natural, characteristic way she records her own memories of Scarritt as she saw it from the inside. She endeavors to follow Miss Gibson's plan in chapter six, where she uses quotations from former Scarritt Bible and Training School students.

In chapter seven she gives a vivid description of the moving of the school, the new phases of work, the new workers, and the new name. She sees and appreciates and pictures Scarritt College as it is to-day. Thus her own personality is quite unconsciously woven into the picture.

(Continued on page 35)



Signs of Promise

Education at Minga Station

I HAD my first glimpse of a school in the Congo Belge on the afternoon of January 18, 1928, at Minga. The missionary in charge had been sick for several weeks, and two evangelists were trying to cope with the situation. Since there were about sixty pupils, it was impossible for these men to do all of the teaching, so the older pupils were required to take their turn in teaching the younger children. These evangelists were anxious to have the love and esteem of their pupils, so were afraid to enforce order and system. Consequently, when a child did not like the slate that was given him, he went to the locker and searched until he found one that suited his fancy; he then leisurely strolled to his seat. If a pupil did not like his teacher or decided that he knew the chart that was being taught, he promoted himself to another class. This school may have been primitive in many respects, but in self-expression it equaled that of most universities.

I N recent weeks the school has been reorganized and the most capable students given a place as teachers, and an effort has been made to place the responsibility on the teachers. A few children who have been in the school for only six weeks have made satisfactory progress in learning the three R's. One is grateful to note the desire for knowledge which has been expressed by a few boys who have given half of a week's wage for storybooks.

We have had two field day programs when parents and friends assembled to encourage the noble efforts of the contestants.

My heart has been saddened by the pleas of the fifteen evangelists of this district for school equipment; there is such a limited supply for them. One evening we invited the evangelists to our home, and in an effort to supply them material for their schools we cut the largest print from papers and magazines. The little children will place these letters on the ground as a chart.

Satan, sin, ignorance, and superstition reign here. Our needs are many, but the one supreme need is for the people to be brought to a personal knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

ANNIE PARKER.

A Breeze from Mexico

AS a note of information from a ten-year-old daughter to her fifty-year-old mother, goes this brief sketch of the annual meeting of the missionary societies of the Mexican Methodist Conference, which was held in Monterrey, Neuvo Leon, from April 25-29. It has been only ten years since the missionary work of the women of Southern Methodism in Mexico was organized into a Conference.

We were so happy to have with us at this time Mrs. F. F. Stephens, the Council President, sent to us as a

Jubilee messenger. Besides giving several inspirational addresses, she was a helpful counselor at our business sessions, speaking always through an interpreter.

On the opening night the local society of Monterrey, of which Miss Elena Sandoval is the efficient president, gave a beautiful program to welcome all the delegates. We had forty-two in attendance, coming from the states of Chihuahua, Coahuila, Durango, Tamaulipas, and Neuvo Leon, more than at any other annual meeting. Every one attending seemed to be so interested and happy. Some of them had come on a two days' journey.

On the second day, after an hour of spiritual preparation during which we felt deeply the presence of God, and after the celebration of the Lord's Supper, Mrs. Stephens gave her fraternal message, which impressed us as being inspired by the Christian spirit. We felt we knew each other better after she spoke.

OUR President, Mrs. Eliza S. de Pascoe, read her message, which was even better than her previous one, although last year we thought her message could not be any better. Following this, we had the reports from the corresponding secretary, Miss Ethel McCaughan, and from the treasurer, Mrs. Candelaris G. de Ramos. The vice president at this time presented a gavel to be used at all the sessions; it had been made from a beam of her grandfather's house, who was the first Protestant at Pitiquito, Sonora, Mexico.

At the evening session a tribute to the pioneer missionaries who came to Mexico was delivered by Miss Mercedes Fernandez. This was a beautiful and touching part of the program. After this our pioneer home missionaries, Misses Gertrudes Reyes and Maclovia Rivera, the first student volunteers who graduated from Colegio Roberts to enter active service, were presented Jubilee pins by Mrs. Stephens. Then Miss Leila Roberts and Miss Naomi Chapman, the only foreign pioneer missionaries present, were decorated by Mrs. Stephens with the Council Jubilee pins.

On Friday morning there was a beautiful picture presented to the meeting in the persons of Mrs. Asuncion A. de Reyes and her little daughter Chonita. The mother presented the six-year-old daughter as a life member of the Conference. We could not keep the tears from our eyes as she told how Chonita was born after her husband (one of our ministers) had died, and how, in spite of her struggle to support a large family, she had never had to provide for this baby, as everything she needed was provided for her from some source which she knew was directed from above. When asked how she was going to pay for the membership, she said she had not given it a thought, but was confident the money would come from this same Source. The Conference unanimously voted to make the mother a Jubilee life member.

NEXT came the reports from the District Secretaries—Mrs. Sara F. de Castro, of Coahuila; Miss Gertrudes Reyes, of Durango; and Mrs. Esther B. de Hernandez, of Chihuahua. The secretary of the Monterrey District, Miss Elodia Guerra, was not present, as she is studying in Dallas, Tex. It seems from these reports that the work is growing, and we are going forward.

The Departments of Bible Study and Missions, Literature, Social Service, and the Junior Missionary Societies, were represented; if the person in charge was not present, another one was there in her stead to tell us what each department is doing. Also Mrs. Felicitas H. de Vargas, administrator of our little *Missionary Voice*, or *Torch*, *La Antorcha Misionera*, spoke to us and informed the Conference of the work of this, our own woman's paper. We are now making it the organ of the Interdenominational Union of Woman's Missionary Societies of Mexico. We think it will be enlarged and improved to meet our needs more efficiently than in the past.

We had with us, too, Mrs. Virginia A. de Alvarez, a delegate from this Union. She spoke to us of her experience in the propaganda of Christian literature, work in which she is a leader. She also brought us a fraternal message from the Union.

In the evening of that day, the Mexico representative to the Council gave her report, followed by a message from Mrs. Stephens. Again we enjoyed hearing Mrs. Stephens and wondered that she could be so effective, having to speak through an interpreter. She spoke to us on this occasion about her trip to Europe and the conditions of the missionary work there.

On Saturday morning, the business of the Conference was resumed. In the afternoon we were driven out through mountains and orange groves to a beautiful waterfall thirty-five miles from Monterrey, coming back in time to see the pageant, "Methodist Womanhood," given at Instituto Laurens that night.

THIS pageant had been translated into Spanish by Mrs. Osuna and Mrs. Pascoe, and was directed by Mrs. Guadalupe S. de Perales, a member of the Monterrey Society. The presentation of it impressed the large audience with something of the significance of the work done by the women of our Church during the past five years.

At the morning service on Sunday we heard an excellent paper on the religious education of the child, by Mrs. Guadalupe V. de Rodriguez, of Colegio Palmore, Chihuahua; also a talk by Miss Teresa Jaso, who presented in a most interesting way the work of the Centro Cristiano in Durango. Miss Cataline Chavira, a student in the Bible Department at Colegio Roberts, whose scholarship is paid by our Conference Society, told of her purpose as a student volunteer. That afternoon the Junior Missionary Society of Monterrey gave us a program; and at the service that night we heard two good addresses, one by Miss Tabita Huereca on stewardship

of time and money, the other by Prof. Andres Osuna on Christian living. This service closed our meeting.

ESTHER B. DE HERNANDEZ.

The Jubilee in China

AN urgent request came from China asking that Miss Virginia Atkinson be returned to that field to aid in setting up the Jubilee celebration. Miss Atkinson sailed June 8.

A meeting of the joint committee appointed by the Reference Committee and the China Conference Missionary Society to make plans for the Jubilee was held in Soochow March 19. At that meeting, November was set apart as the period for this celebration. During that month district missionary conferences are to be held in each of the seven districts, the dates to be so arranged that Miss Atkinson can be present at each of them. It was also recommended that a half day be given to the Jubilee on the program of the next Annual Conference meeting.

Among other resolutions, the following were passed:

1. That we have the historical booklet called "Gifts of the Seven Sabbaths of Years" translated into Chinese and published, together with the statement of the purpose of the celebration; also that we request Miss Kiang Kwe Yuin to have this translating done.

2. That a prize contest be held to encourage the writing of Jubilee songs in Chinese—the prizes to be as follows: First prize, \$10; second prize, \$5; third prize, \$3.

For any songs sent in which do not win a prize a Jubilee booklet will be given.

AT a later meeting of the joint committee it was reported that the booklet had already been translated and a pageant setting forth the history of the Woman's Missionary Society from its earliest beginnings to the present time was successfully given by the Changchow Churches during the annual meeting of the Conference Society.

At that time it was voted to extend the time of the celebration, using as much of December as necessary; the Jubilee is to be the topic in each of the auxiliaries in the December meeting. The committee requested the schools to produce or assist in producing a pageant in every district and as far as possible in every auxiliary. The pageant used in Changchow is to be mimeographed in Chinese, and copies will be furnished to groups who wish to produce it.

A MISTAKE.—In the July issue of the *MISSIONARY VOICE* there was a mistake in the article under the title "Foreign Delegates Visit the Conferences." Senorita Andrade is credited with visiting the North Alabama Conference. The visit was to the North Georgia, and the beautiful bar pin was the gift of the women of that Conference. The Chavis baby was made a life member of that Conference also.

Methods in Mission Study

PHALA H. LOVE

WHILE mission study is one of the most important and far-reaching departments of the Woman's Missionary organization, it is also one of the most difficult to "put across" effectively. Many of our women have regarded mission study as very uninteresting because those of us responsible for its presentation haven't given the time and thought necessary to make it attractive, alive, and alluring. The following suggestions, which have been used successfully, are passed on with the hope that they may be helpful.

When the time comes for holding the mission study class, usually in the spring or fall, the woman best fitted by training and experience should be chosen to teach the class. Oftentimes this woman has been elected Superintendent of Mission Study, but this does not always mean that she should teach the class; she must be responsible for securing a teacher. If there has been no superintendent elected, then the president should select the teacher.

AT the regular business meeting just before the mission study campaign begins, the book should be presented by giving interesting facts about it, and the plan for the class should be announced. Then the names of the prospective members should be enrolled, letting them decide on the number of class sessions and the time and place of meeting. A woman will hardly vote publicly for something and then be disloyal to her vote. If the society is divided into circles, let the circle leaders enlist other pupils from circle memberships. If the circle plan is not in use, appoint at least four captains to enlist others. Order the textbooks and have them ready for distribution by the first meeting.

At least three or four days before the first session, a letter should be written to each pupil, calling attention to the course of study, the time and place of meeting, and urging attendance and loyal cooperation. Before each class session, a post card, an invitation, or reminder of some sort should reach each pupil. The study class should be kept constantly before the women through press notices, in the Church bulletins, or on posters displayed in conspicuous places.

Several committees are useful; perhaps only one woman will be necessary in some instances. The following are suggestive: An "atmosphere" committee to provide a pleasant environment, an auto committee to provide rides for those who could not otherwise come, a press committee to write up the class sessions and to phone or send the notices. This detail of working up class attendance can be done by any number who are willing to give time and energy.

THE class sessions, of course, depend largely on the teacher, her skill and experience in guiding and plan-

ning the lessons. The services of "artists" among the membership should be secured to make posters. Every lesson should be accompanied by several posters, giving inspiration and information. Maps and charts and pictures are also invaluable. The eye-gate method cannot be overestimated.

Suppose "Women and the Kingdom," the history of Woman's Work, has been chosen as the textbook. The first session should be largely for organization. After the organization is affected, the background of Methodist missionary history and the beginnings and development of work at the home base can be given. In "Jubilee Sketches" may be found a suggestive dramatization for the latter. A blackboard talk with diagrams showing the development could be given by the teacher. A picture album of our pioneers in the first organizations gives a personal touch.

CHINA may be presented in reports at a committee meeting of the Council. Four or five of the pupils, sitting around a table before the class, impersonating such a committee, can get China's message across most effectively. Brazil may be presented in a tea given in honor of some Brazilian visitors, who tell their hostesses something of the work in Brazil. Mexico may be given as current events. The most interesting and important items in our work and about Mexico should be given to the various pupils previous to the session, so that they may be told, not read. Korea and Cuba may be presented in story form by a good story-teller. Every one enjoys a well-told story. Japan may be presented as a country introducing to us our types of work; all should talk together about our institutions. Placards, simple costumes, or something suggestive may be used. Africa could be given by "Miss Case," reporting a recent visit to that field. The home work may be just as interestingly presented. Deaconesses may tell what Methodism is doing in various fields. Charts showing the work, and pictures, drive the message home.

Suitable Scripture, verses arranged for unison, responsive, or individual reading, add greatly. The lesson may open with an appropriate hymn. A season of prayer is indispensable. Sometimes a solo helps, and often the folk songs and spirituals give a "native air."

Rebirth

*Too long we seek, O Lord of high adventure,
The spell that lures in ancient, tinsel'd glory;
Strike every idol down, renew our vision,
Teach us to see our age and sing its story.*

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

The September Program---Young People

THE Program Suggestions for September may be found on page 23 of the Young People's Program Book. Emphasis should be given to social and group service.

Program Material.—A leaflet for the use of the Intermediate Group has been mailed from Literature Headquarters. Jubilee Sketches contains material for the Senior Group.

Bible Discussion Period.—The Bible Discussion Period should consider the question: What was the attitude of Jesus toward people of other races? Let all take part in this discussion.

Thought for Bible Discussion

Luke 17: 11; 10: 30-37; Mark 7: 24-37

Question: What was Jesus's attitude toward people of other races?

Jesus gives us no rule for our treatment of other races, no formal statement for our guidance in the form of attitudes toward people of other nationalities. We are not, however, left without broad general principles upon which to base our conduct, nor without his example in the treatment of other races.

1. *In some ways, Jesus seems to have known no race, nor class, nor grouping.* His message is a universal message. God is the Father of all mankind. All men are brothers, infinitely precious to the Father-God. The shepherd misses *one* sheep, so leaves the ninety and nine and goes after it. The woman misses *one* coin and, finding it, calls in her neighbors to rejoice. There is joy in heaven among the angels over the *one* prodigal son who repents and comes back home.

Jesus's love and thought and ministry are for *all*, regardless of place or position. He cures the filthy leper, even putting his hand upon his loathsome skin. He stops an enthusiastic procession to listen to the plea of the blind beggar. He admits to his closest companionship the outcast publican, Matthew. In loving, tender graciousness he receives anointing at the hands of the poor sinful woman of the streets. With dignified courtesy he accepts the commendation of the noble Roman centurion. With perfect poise and equanimity he receives a visit from the courtly old teacher and ruler, Nicodemus.

2. *But there was also a definite race problem in the little land of Judea.* Or perhaps we might say "definite race problems." Indeed, there always had been, ever since the days of Joseph and his old father, Jacob, when the Hebrews had migrated because of famine down into the land of Egypt. In the days of Jesus these problems were manifold; for there were not only the questions growing out of different races living side by side like the Jews and Samaritans, but there was the far more serious problem of having one's own loved land occupied by a haughty, dominating, powerful, controlling race, the Romans. Allow your imagination play, and think of some of the complications that would arise from foreign soldiers parading the streets, taxes levied and raised by a foreign government without the consent of the people, the constant sense of oppression and condescension that one met with on all sides. When we think of this situation Jesus's command to "love your enemies, pray for them that despitefully use you," takes on new meaning, does it not?

3. *But how did Jesus himself act, what was his attitude toward people of other races:* (a) *He looks for and finds good in the foreigner and holds it up for admiration.* It is a Samaritan leper whom he commends for gratitude in contrast to the nine ungrateful Jews. It is the "good Samaritan" that was a "neighbor to him who fell among thieves," Jesus tells the inquiring lawyer. In the Roman centurion (Luke 7: 9) he finds a faith greater than he has found among his own people, and he doesn't hesitate to say so. (b) *Jesus is lacking in self-consciousness* in his relations with foreigners. To him they are just people, and he treats them accordingly. How easy is his manner with the Samaritan is indicated by her response. The courtesy of the Roman centurion gives evidence of equal courtesy on the part of Jesus. They were all his Father's children and, as such, his own human brothers, to whom his heart went out in time of need and with whom he was glad to share the beautiful courtesies of life.

"Mine are all lands and sea,
All flowers, shrubs, and trees,
All life's design.
My heart within me thrills
For all uplifted hills,
And for all stream and rills—
The world is mine.

And all men are my kin,
Since every man has been
Blood of my blood.
I glory in the grace
And strength of every race,
And joy in every trace
Of brotherhood"

—Author Unknown.



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Summer Program for Young People

NEVER has interest in the Young People's Work been so manifest as during the present summer. Eleven summer conferences are being held with an average attendance of eighty. Twenty Conferences are holding separate district meetings for the young people, and practically all Conferences are holding meetings in the interest of the young people's work.

As a result of these meetings the young people are coming to have a finer understanding of the work of the Council, a deeper appreciation of their missionary heritage, an increased vision of the existing needs of the world, and a desire to let Christ work in them and through them. At a recent conference twelve fine young people volunteered for life service.

Two foreign students, Zok Tsung Chen, of China, and Hamaka Hirose, of Japan, have given their full time to young people's camps and rallies. They have brought splendid messages. The young people have loved them, and as a result of their friendship the tie has been strengthened between the youth of the three countries.

The September Program---Adults

Material for the missionary topic may be found in the leaflet, "Redeemed and Renewed," mailed from Literature Headquarters. Plans should be perfected at this meeting for the October Mission Study Class. *Methods of Mission Study* may be found on page 33. The September VOICE will carry a review of the history of our work which is recommended for the fall study. This book may be secured at the Methodist Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn. Price, 60 cents.

Bible Discussion.—The Bible discussion period should consider the question: What is involved in life's dedication? For additional questions, see 1928 Yearbook, page 22.

Thoughts for Bible Discussion

Mark 14: 10, 32-49

1. *Factors entering into the suffering of Jesus.* Betrayal, desertion by his friends, apparent failure of his work, loneliness of spirit inexpressible, were some of the factors that entered into the suffering of Jesus in Gethsemane.

His attitude (a) Toward his disciples we note only tenderness and patience. Three times in his yearning for companionship he comes back to them to find them sleeping, oblivious entirely to the marvelous fact that he needs them, that he cries out to them for sympathy and fellowship from the depths of his loneliness and weariness. (b) Toward Judas we find rebuke, but in the spirit of forbearing friendship. "Friend," said he, "betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" (c) Toward his enemies he shows mild wonder at their inconsistency of conduct. "Are you come out as against a robber, with swords and staves? I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not." (d) Toward his work he manifests a patience that can only come from having "counted the cost," even unto death. (e) Toward his Father, an attitude of constant faith and trust characterize him. "Not my will but thine," he cries during the hour of agony in Gethsemane. "Into thy hands I commend my spirit" are his final words from the cross.

Reflections.—In life's dedication to a great eternal purpose we must know sorrow, and sorrow may be a blessing or a curse according to the spirit in which we accept it. We may let it depress us, crush us, shut out the sunlight of friendship and companionship with others; make us bitter, resentful, cynical, unfit for our work, and so life passes us by. Or, on the other hand, we may rise through sorrow on the stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things. Thus from a better spiritual vantage point we may come to discern more truly those higher and finer values. Through sorrow and suffering, too, we may enter into the heritage of the race, our sympathies become universal, our understanding all embracing.

"Is suffering the language of love?" you moan. Yes, it was your Saviour's language. Shall you not speak in the same language back to him? It must needs be so, beloved. He who strives to reach heaven through this world where sin reigns must stem a current as strong as death and break through a net the meshes of which are closely interwoven between one's own sin and the sin of others until his very heartstrings break in the struggle to be free and press heavenward. But Christ came to pass on before us that we might see the way by the light of his radiant love. He suffered that we might know he understands all about our suffering." (Lucinda Helm.)

Memories of Scarritt---A Beautiful Mosaic

(Continued from page 30)

CHAPTER TWELVE is by far her crowning effort. It is indeed a fitting climax for "Memories of Scarritt." This chapter

tells of the Principal Emeritus and gives a true picture of a noble life—a life of triumphant victory, a Christ-controlled life.

No missionary library is complete, no Jubilee Bookshelf is furnished, without a copy of "Memories of Scarritt." It is a small book of only twelve chapters, but it is attractively printed in clear type on a good quality of paper and is illustrated with five splendid photographs.

The only decoration on the cover is a cross. The paper wrapper is in gold and is a suitable decoration for this neat little volume.

"Memories of Scarritt—A Charming Mosaic" is indeed an unique unit. From cover to cover it is filled with rich testimonials that reveal God's stamp of approval on the work of the women. Wonderful blessings came directly from his hands as they cooperated in the building of Scarritt College for Christian Workers. One quotation from Miss Gibson serves as an expression of our feeling concerning the history of this great institution: "On the dial of a clock in the palace of Napoleon at Malmaison the maker has put the words: 'It does not know how to go backward.'"

Moving Days

(Continued from page 27)

her heart must have joined in songs of this jubilee year when she met those who represented approximately eleven thousand auxiliaries, women from all sections of our own country and from China, Japan, Korea, Brazil, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Russia!

AND now, Pilgrim, here we are, inheritors of the sacrifice and service of all who have traveled before. Here we are, products of the twentieth century, with a living room to bring us world news in the making, with good roads connecting more closely the once widely separated towns and cities, with an automobile at the front door, and with the airplane sailing overhead every day carrying our letters and prophesying new missionary highways in a world that is one big neighborhood. Why, even Mrs. Stephens, our Council President, who usually stands her ground very firmly, has been up in the air flying around to missionary meetings! A prophetic example! For with Walt Mason's homely rhyme I agree:

"Soon there'll be no lonely waste
Where the airman has not chased;
Every foot of this old earth
Will be mapped for all it's worth:
Everything beneath the moon
Will be charted pretty soon."

Truly, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore," but the paths of the future are open, Pilgrim Pal. May the consolations of journeying mercies follow you in your missionary travels. With the Bible our mothers loved and trusted as your guidebook, and with a compass that points every mile toward the Star of Bethlehem, you will join the ranks of those high, adventurous souls whose motto through the ages has been: "Let us go forward."

Lovingly your pal, JUSTA WAYFARER.

WOMEN AND THE KINGDOM, the Jubilee Mission Study book by Miss Mabel K. Howell, is being published by Lamar & Whitmore, and may be secured from the Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn. Price, 60 cents.

Personals

REV. J. W. DANIEL, of Porto Alegre, Brazil, used the plan of evangelism suggested by the Foreign Secretary, Dr. Goddard. He reports that the plan worked. He had fifty-eight candidates for membership in Porto Alegre and says that "the Church is in better condition spiritually than it has been since my coming here." It also worked on the district, the candidates reported to date being 200.

* * *

REV. BOYD HUDSON, pastor of South Hill Charge in the Virginia Conference, has raised \$250 for missions, distributed fifty copies of "New Tasks for New Times," received thirty-five subscriptions to the MISSIONARY VOICE, and preached sixteen times on missions. This is a good record, but no new thing for Brother Hudson. As presiding elder, preacher, and pastor he has kept his eye and his heart on the central business of the Church.

* * *

A GREAT WORD is still coming from Brother Onderdonk. At Mission, Tex., Pharr, and elsewhere, he is doing notable evangelistic work. At Pharr he says: "At the very first call people came to the altar three deep, and many were converted." "I have never known anything like it," he says. "Everywhere the revivals are continuing with unabated power. The year 1928 bids fair to become known in history as the greatest spiritual year ever known among our American brethren."

* * *

W. L. NASH, for some years Professor of Physical Education at Soochow University and for two years Dean of the School of Physical Education conducted jointly by Soochow University and the National Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of China, has spent the past year as Assistant Physical Director at the Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J. He has recently accepted the post of Physical Director at Riverdale School, Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

* * *

THE TULSA CITIZEN, of May 6, reports the death by tuberculosis of Joseph Clayton Clements, sixteen years old. Mr. Clements was the son of our Rev. E. E. Clements, for twenty-seven years a missionary to Cuba. He was a member of the University Methodist Church, and the funeral service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Julian McPheeters. The bulletin of the Church for May 13 says of Mr. Clements: "He was loved by all who knew him; one of earth's choicest spirits has been called from our midst." The children of missionaries live well—and they die well.

DUKE UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCES that Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe will next September assume the Chair of Christian Doctrine in the School of Religion in that institution. Dr. Rowe has for seven years served as Book Editor and Editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*. He has done a high type of literary service as editor, and he is well known in the Church as a preacher and author. Those who know Dr. Rowe best sincerely congratulate Duke University and the Church that a man so well qualified by birth and training for so responsible a position is to have charge of the Chair of Christian Doctrine.

* * *

REV. R. J. PARKER has been working with the Wesleyan boys at San Antonio and reports that "all the boys except seven or eight have taken a stand, and twenty-eight have given their names as candidates for Church membership." Brother Parker has been working also with Rev. Dorsey Mewborn at Tucumcari. Brother Mewborn says: "It has been our special work to build up a new Church here, the Spanish people say '*levantur un templo nuevo*' (raise up a new temple). And we have done that, having held our first services in the church early in December of last year. The new church is of two stories and is large enough for a membership of 250."

* * *

REV. SAM HILBURN, graduate of Southern Methodist University, after a stay of five years in Japan, is back on the campus for a visit and in an address at the chapel assembly was telling the students the valuable things he had gotten from the Japanese. "First of all," he said, "I have come to a greater appreciation of Jesus, because he was almost entirely Oriental. In the grind, hurry, and bustle of our civilization, it is almost impossible to get into close contact with Jesus. Over there you approach him more nearly, I think. You are looking upon things as he looked upon them. Many of the institutions and customs are the same as those of his day."

* * *

REV. THEODORE F. BREWER, A.M., died at the home of his son, Hon. R. P. Brewer, Tulsa, Okla., April 6, aged eighty-three years. Brother Brewer joined the Memphis Conference in 1866. He later transferred to the Indian Territory, organizing our Church in Muskogee just fifty years ago. He was at the head of Spaulding Institute for more than twenty years and in other ways connected with the educational work of the State. He was in the General Conference eight times, and Rev. M. L. Butler, who conducted his funeral service, says of him: "I would not detract

from the heroism of the foreign missionary who has gone to foreign fields to preach the gospel, but no foreign missionary sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has ever undergone greater hardships or greater self-denials for the cause of Christ than this good man. Thanks be to God for the victory which we have through our Lord Jesus Christ. We know where to find him."

Walter Hines Page: Friend of Mankind

(Continued from page 11)

and new tools and wider visions. These are our world tasks, with England as our friendly rival and helper."

PAGE believed in the English. "Down at the bottom the Englishman is a good fellow," he said. "He has his faults, but he doesn't get tired and he doesn't suffer spasms of emotion." He also mentioned with enthusiasm the fact that the English have character. He believed that intercourse between governments tended to a better understanding and therefore to a better friendship. He cited the fact that Secretary Baker was the first member of an American cabinet who ever visited England while he held office, as Mr. Balfour was the first member of a British cabinet to visit the United States while he held office. "The great governments of the English-speaking folks," said he, "have surely dealt with one another with mighty elongated tongs. Governments of democracies are not exactly instruments of precision. But they are at least human. But personal and human neglect of one another by these two great governments over so long a period is an astonishing fact in our history. The wonder is that we haven't had more than two wars." And he adds: "The longer I live here the more astonished I become at the fundamental ignorance of the British about us and of our fundamental ignorance about them."

Not until one has read Page's correspondence with President Wilson, Colonel House, and others during the term of his ambassadorship can one appreciate the service Page rendered in keeping the English-speaking nations on good terms with each other during the most critical situations. When ill health forced him to resign his office, King George wrote him expressing keen regret that his resignation had become necessary, and added: "During your term of office in days of peace and of war your influence has done much to strengthen the ties of friendship and good will which unite

the two English-speaking nations of the world'

SOME men might have pursued the same policy that Page did in regard to our relations with England, but from a far different motive. With Page it was always a question as to what was best for mankind in general. Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, was a man of the same high type of character, and his estimate of Page as a man and as an official of a great government is expressed in a letter to Page as he was leaving England. He wrote:

"I am grieved to think that you are going. There was not a word of eulogy in the *Times* articles that was not under rather than overstated; and, reflecting thus, I thought how rare it is in public life to have an occasion that justifies the best that can be said. . . . If the United States had been represented here by anyone less decided as to the right and wrong of the war and less firm and courageous than yourself, the whole of the relations between your country and ours would have been in peril; and if the two countries had gone apart instead of coming together, the whole fate of the world would be very different from what I hope it will now be." Grey once said: "Mr. Page is one of the finest illustrations I have ever known of the value of character in a public man."

PARTING from Page at Waterloo Station, Balfour said: "I loved that man. . . . I almost wept when he left England." When Dr. Wallace Buttrick urged him to come home in a serious illness in 1917, warning him, "But, Page, you are going to lay down your life," "I have only one life to lay down," was the reply. "I can't quit now."

A few months later his two sons urged him to resign. "No," he said, "it's quitting on the job. I must see the war through. I can't quit until it's over." It was only after his physician, Sir William Osler, had exercised his professional authority and insisted on his resignation that Page yielded to the advice of his friends. But it was too late to save his health. He died December 21, 1918, in his sixty-fourth year, "as much of a war casualty as was his nephew, Allison Page, who lost his life with his face to the German machine guns in Balleau Wood."

How It Began in Labrador

(Continued from page 13)

IN five years we could see real results, besides vessels carrying first aid, with a place for worship, good reading, and real simple preaching, we had also added houses ashore to welcome men, workers ashore to visit women, and even "shut-ins" to write

letters to reformatory boys and orphans sometimes without a friend or relative in the world and prenticed direct to the fisheries. These together were carrying the message of love in a modern way that was undeniable. Liquor sold on the high seas had been driven out, good tobacco sold at cost by underselling the "floating hells" that were there, achieved that partly; for men need not then visit those grog ships with their terrible dangers, and also many vessels and some whole fleets "lay to" on Sunday morning in the open sea and did not fish while some of their crews came to prayers. For "these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Still I can hear their earnest, simple prayers and still their hearty, if not tuneful, singing of the simplest hymns. I can see a brawny skipper of sixty years spelling out words from his Bible, so that he might learn to know "the Chart of Life," and inserting the word "Nebuchadnezzar" when he came to one too big for his vocabulary, but struggling along night after night during the watches below until he succeeded, and so could hand on the message to his crew and pals. Still I can see seated on a rolling fish box in our hold a grizzled Viking working away at our baby harmonium that he might be able to lead the singing, a thing he never could accomplish, for no instrument ever succeeded in leading a cabin full of these stertorous voices, which, if they did not know the right tune, sang their own, for they had come to "join in."

A LETTER from an old fisherman tells of the early days—the dreadful conditions among the fishermen on the North Sea caused by drink, the coming of the mission boat, the earliest service held, the rapid change of conditions, and concludes: "But the clouds began to break when through the introduction of the mission and hospital vessels scores of men were converted, many of whom have lived to be preachers and to benefit society. Many passed to their long rest while doing business on the great waters, especially when delivering their fish to the steam carrier in gales of wind, especially before the mission got the laws altered. What can we say with regard to things in general on the North Sea except that a great transformation has taken place since 1875?"

In 1892 we sailed across the Atlantic in our boat, the *Albert*. I should have said all our mission boats fished six days a week, as well as doing their other work, so that they should be kept humble and on the friendly footing of their calling, as the disciples did before the crucifixion, and even after. In this way we learned many things. One was that, as we had double work, the bulk of fishermen knew we were not "paid loafers," nor were they so afraid of us, for we were as they; while I took my master mariner's certificate to give me

ranking in their seafaring minds, and so a more natural approach. Many, many side issues had already developed, and there were no happier folk on earth than we.

What do mere things count for, when we compare them with the satisfaction of that passion for helping others that is the heritage God gave us men when he made us, and when he gave us this life on earth and made it worth while by permitting us to be his knights on this field of honor? To tell the honest truth, I personally enjoyed the fights with the perils of the sea, the thrills of winning out through physical difficulties; why else had I been given a strong body and a steady head? We loved our people and every minute of our work. You could not have dragged us away from it.

"Inasmuch as Ye Did It unto One of the Least of These"

(Continued from page 15)

This term the enrollment has reached one hundred and twenty.

THE Sunday school has been reorganized, and we are trying first of all to reach and enroll every child of our members and their friends. The Church has long rested on its oars because compulsory attendance of school children at Church and Sunday school was an easy way to fill the building. With the coming of the Nationalists this was all changed. Now we are having to work to create interest for child and parent. The effort is already affecting Church attendance.

During the China New Year we took part in the Church-wide evangelistic campaign. Sixteen made decisions. Three of these proved false. They were individuals who had dropped in off the street to see what was going on. One of them evidently appreciated a joke, for he gave us the name and address of a man who had recently died. But the real results rested on the Church members, who had sought to lead the members of their own families or their friends to Christ.

One afternoon a Church member who had not been taking a very active part in the work came in with his face aglow. "O," said he, "this is my second one! You know I am finding that my friends like to hear the good news." We are seeking in every possible way to deepen the spiritual life of the workers and our membership.

Last fall we were called to hold a service in the home of Mr. Yao Sing Ng, the man who gave us a nice gift at the erection of our building. His father-in-law and three other relatives had finally agreed to become Christians. It was one of the most inspiring meetings I have been in. Mr. Yao is not a man who obtrudes himself, but when

he puts his hand to a thing, he sticks by until it is accomplished.

There are difficulties, and we need your prayers that we missionaries and Christians may follow him and do his bidding.

Author of "Shoddy" Sees the General Conference

(Continued from page 21)

THE presiding eldership, as originally and until recent years operated, was designed to take the burden of local difficulties, and in numberless instances it has served as a shock absorber for the episcopacy. At present, each bishop has to provide his own buffer system, and some are better equipped in that respect than others.

I must admit that my opinion is not that which is generally held. Most of our ministers still believe in the area idea, though I have noticed that not infrequently they are interested in a change of bishop.

The trial and deposition of Bishop Anton Bast was a regrettable but salutary episode. The secular press expected a whitewash. Bishop Bast had much influential sentiment on his side, and his principal accusers were obscure men from Denmark.

And yet he was convicted, after a most painstaking investigation last year at the Hague, and a careful trial under Bishop McConnell's presidency in Kansas City. The charges sustained, of imprudent conduct, did not allege particular moral turpitude, but behavior unbecoming and reprehensible in a bishop.

The conviction, though deposing him from the episcopacy, retained him in the ministry and fixed his membership in the Denmark Annual Conference.

This was the first trial of its kind in our history, so that all precedents were lacking. Nobody even knew how the expenses should be paid. Everybody felt the shame of it all, but the thing was done with sorrowful resolution, and not a protesting voice was raised.

WE know what to do with offenses such as those of Anton Bast; we know even better how to deal with an Elmer Gantry as now and then he lifts his repulsive head among us.

Our impotence is with our Bartelmy Bonafides, whose chief misconduct is that they use the Church as an end, not a means. The temptation to consider a place in the machine as equivalent to a place in the kingdom is ever with us all, from bishop to circuit rider. We cannot bring our Bonafides to trial, for who will cast the first stone?

In moments of frank self-estimate, many of us must realize how subtly the system operates to substitute, for devotion to Christ's command, the strategy of a great and absorbing game.

I doubt if most of us realized the full significance of the larger gesture of Church union we made to the Presbyterians. Drawn up by perhaps the most adventurous spirit among us, Ray Allen, the resolution which produced this gesture had a formidable list of signers.

But if anything ever comes of it, we shall be confronted by the necessity which our Canadian brethren faced so bravely three years ago. There isn't a Methodist left in Canada to-day; and if we are to have union with the Presbyterians, there can't be a Methodist left in all our Church, nor a Presbyterian in theirs.

Whether we shall think more, if the time comes, of Methodism than of a great adventure in Christian union, who can say?

THE Kansas City Conference revealed no single dominating personality. As Bishop Welch said in the final number of the *Daily Christian Advocate*, the Conference had leaders, but no leader. The days of Buckley and Neely, even the milder days of Blake and Downey, are gone.

At Kansas City we had an interesting exhibit of the younger ministers—Merton Rice, the tumultuous Detroit preacher; Daniel Marsh, just establishing himself as president of Boston University; Halford Luccock, late contributing editor of the *Advocates* and now professor of homiletics at Yale Divinity School; Lewis Hartman, editor of *Zion's Herald* and pilot of the Central Conference plan; R. E. Diefendorfer, of the Board of Foreign Missions; Harold Paul Sloan, champion of the fundamentalists; Bromley Oxnam, newly elected to the presidency of DePauw; and such laymen as Frank A. Horne, of New York, leading spirit in the Book Committee, and Elmer Kidney, of Pittsburgh, lawyer and home missions champion.

These men are potent in the General Conference, but none of them is likely to become omnipotent or anything near it. I doubt if they would care for such distinction. Their careers are elsewhere.

I HAD not thought to drag "Shoddy" directly into this recital, but a recent criticism makes it almost a duty, for you of our sister Church are like-minded with us. This criticism which reached me secondhand, was, in effect, that all through the book no slightest sign appeared that the author or his characters were aware of the existence of any other denomination than the Methodists.

Now, that critic had discernment. Of course there were other reasons for sticking to my Methodist text, but I plead guilty, just the same. How could I help it? For more than forty years I have studied the giants of our Church. With rare exceptions, they have all found ample range for their genius inside our wide Methodist

domain. Most of us rattle around in it forever and rarely come to its outer edge.

It is not conceit, nor egotism; certainly no sectarian arrogance. But we are notoriously able to "gang oor ain gate" in so many forms of religious activity—Sunday schools, missions, prohibition, education, journalism. We are not scornful nor intolerant of coöperation. Most of the time we simply don't think of it.

I HAVE said too much, perhaps, on the mechanics of the General Conference. There was another side—of devotion, unselfish personal service, genuine consecration to the mind of Christ.

And the fellowship was, as always, an astonishedment to the onlooker. After all, what other group of a thousand Americans could go through thirty-eight sessions in twenty-nine consecutive days without shattered nerves and intolerable boredom!

To me the great moment, spiritual democrat as I am, was the consecration service for the three bishops. Here was simplicity almost austere, a ritual stripped of all its pomp and circumstance, a room used the month before for prize fights and the month after for a national political convention. And yet the hour brought a sense of awe, of such indifference to self as breathes in Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple. If it was that to an onlooker all too easily tempted to be cynical, what must it have been to the men who stood on that platform, consecrators and consecrated?

After Kansas City I realize anew how good and how dangerous it is to be a Methodist. The incitements it distils for considering Methodism the be-all and end-all of our multiplied activities are so insidiously glamorous and deadly. And the chances it offers for great and Christlike living are so many and so gloriously adventurous.

Picturesque Oregon

THERE is no country in all the world more beautiful and picturesque than that of Oregon. It is a country of lofty mountains and swift running streams, of mighty forests and lovely valleys. It is a land of fruits and flowers, of heroic men and dauntless women. It is a land—

"Where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where Oregon begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snow that falls is a trifle whiter,
And where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where Oregon begins."

Book Reviews

Christianity To-Day. By Frederick C. Eiselen, Doremus A. Hayes, William D. Schermerhorn, Leslie E. Fuller, Ernest F. Tittle, Irl G. Whitechurch, Harris Franklin Rall (Editor). Published by Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn. Price, \$2.

"Christianity To-Day" had its origin in a series of lectures given over the radio by members of the faculty of Garrett Biblical Institute. "The standpoint of these lectures," says Dr. Harris Franklin Rall, "is distinctly that of the Christian religion, but it is Christianity to-day with which we are concerned." The addresses were transmitted from Grace Methodist Church, of which Dr. C. Copeland Smith is the pastor. Twenty-seven years before, Dr. Smith had attended as an undergraduate a series of lectures on "Religion and Life," in Manchester University, England, and was greatly impressed by the size and scholarliness of the crowds attending and the increasing interest from day to day. That was long before radio broadcasting had been dreamed of. Early last year the invitation came to Dr. Smith to follow the example of Dr. Cadman, whose messages on Sunday afternoon in Brooklyn, N. Y., reached probably three million people throughout the whole country each Sunday. He advised with his friends, President Eiselen and Professor Rall, and the series of Monday morning addresses began; and while addressed primarily to preachers, they were adapted also to the popular mind. This volume of essays is the outcome of that series of radio addresses.

Concerning the Christian message and its influence in human society, Dr. Rall says: "There went forth once upon the highways of an ancient empire a wandering preacher. Member of a despised race, disciple of a scorned faith, he had behind him no great institution, he bore no prestige, and he had only one gift. That gift was a message, a simple word of truth. But that message became a life that sprang up in men's hearts. A new fellowship arose, an empire within an empire, and when at last decadent Rome passed away the new kingdom of faith and love endured. Wealth and numbers have come to the Church, it has its multiplied ministries; but its greatest gift is still its message, and its greatest weapon is still the word of truth."

Chapter V, containing an address by Leslie Elmer Fuller, Professor of Old Testament Interpretation, is a very interesting discussion of what occurred between the Old and the New Testaments. "To a large number of Bible students the period between the Testaments is becoming one of the major fields of research. Some of the most important results of Biblical scholar-

ship have been attained in this field of New Testament backgrounds. They have been derived largely from a study of contemporary history, Roman political and social systems, and various phases of Hellenistic culture with its languages, its literatures, its religions, and its systems of thought. But the most significant contributions have come from the study of the inner life of Judaism, of its literature and religion in Palestine and in Hellenistic centers." Dr. Fuller presents this field in a form and phrase of unusual attractiveness.

The center for Christian unity is thus strikingly set forth by Dr. Rall: "If we ask what was the heart of the faith and life of the early Church, it may be put in two words, Jesus and the Spirit. Christianity is the fellowship of the followers of Jesus, taking from him its historic rise and its abiding inspiration, finding in him its vision of God, its ideal of life, its source of saving help, and its hope for the individual and the world. Its unifying principle, therefore, is Jesus. But its unifying life is the indwelling Spirit of God, at once a faith and an experience. It is a spirit of love and faith and service, alike the goal of its endeavor and the witness of that indwelling God whose Spirit the Christian knows as the Spirit of Jesus."

Concerning faith and science, Dr. Rall asks: "Has the new knowledge which has come to us helped us in any way to a truer or larger vision of God?" and replies: "To that we may reply emphatically, yes. . . . In the history of faith it has happened again and again that religion confronted a crisis which seemed to destroy its very foundations, only in turn to rise to a purer faith and a larger life." The prophets faced similar crises, the early Church also. Out of these crises came "a truer understanding of the kingdom of God and the way of God's working in the world. If ours be a God of nature, then science, which studies nature, should help us to know him. And if God be a living God, moving in the world's life, then history should show us more clearly how he works on earth."

Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Evanston, under the subject "The Sword and the Spirit," says: "It was not Mahatma Gandhi or Jane Addams, but it was no less a militarist than Napoleon Bonaparte himself who said: 'Do you know what amazes me more than all else? The impotence of force to organize anything.'" "Over in Palestine," says Dr. Tittle, "there is a hill in which archaeologists have uncovered the remains of eight distinct civilizations. Through the locality now occupied by this hill passed the great warrior nations of antiquity. To-day 'the only marks of those tumultuous efforts, those vast miseries and conflicts, are the

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stones they carved, the tools they used, and the pottery they made.' Eighteen miles west of this hill was the birthplace of one who utterly repudiated the sword, who said to his followers: 'Ye have heard that it was said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' . . . The mightiest empire 'this world of ours' has ever known once took a village carpenter and dragged him to a skull-shaped hill and there, amid hissings and mockings, while soldiers dived for his tunic, nailed him to a cross. But the pierced hands of that crucified carpenter have 'lifted empires off their hinges'; they have 'turned the stream of history out of its channel'; they still 'govern the ages.' To-day the sword of Cæsar lies buried forever under centuries of accumulated débris, whereas the Spirit of Jesus is more than ever alive!"

In a time of such a multitude of books, it is rare that one finds under a single cover so much of scholarly, brilliant expression and helpful thinking. The subjects are just the subjects that men are thinking about to-day, and the form is of that terse, striking, and popular variety that alone is adapted to the radio method and the radio mind.

E. H. R.

MEXICO: PAST AND PRESENT. By George B. Winton. Cloth. 276 pages. Price, \$2. Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn., Publishers.

Dr. Winton is one of the outstanding Christian statesmen of our Church and is well fitted by natural ability and large experience in Mexico to put such a volume on the market. He was a missionary in Mexico for fourteen years and has been a close student of its religion, politics, and industry. Subsequently he was a college president and four years an editor. Dr. Winton was elected editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* and was recognized throughout the English-speaking world as a concise, forceful, and widely informed writer. A short time before writing this book Dr. Winton revisited Mexico, and observations and interviews with leading citizens brought his knowledge of Mexican problems up to date. He says that the volume is not so much a history as an interpretation.

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