

DECEMBER 1929

The
MISSIONARY
VOICE



DELAROCHE

The Virgin and Child (La Vierge au Lézard)

WALLACE COLLECTION

And Now Comes Dr. Winton:

"Having helped to start THE VOICE on its career, and name the baby, I naturally follow that career with interest. . ." Other things too good to print. And he adds, "I rejoice that our magazine is growing into dimensions commensurate with the cause it advocates."

Yours faithfully,

G. B. Winton

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THE MISSIONARY VOICE

F. H. RAWLINGS AND SARA ESTELLE HASKIN, EDITORS

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THE MISSIONARY VOICE

E. H. RAWLINGS
SARA ESTELLE HASKIN
EDITORS

December
1929



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Number 12

The Bells of Christmas

WHEN Jesus set foot on this earth that first Christmas night, the angels sang for the wonder and joy of it. The bells began to ring that night—the bells of Christmas; and they have never ceased to ring. Sometimes other bells have mingled in and marred the rising melody—the “noisy gong,” the “clanging cymbal,” but out of the din and discord ever along the track of the Christian generations, to the ear attuned, have been sounding the bells—the clear, silver bells of goodness and hope!

And they are ringing this Christmas, to the man that has ears to hear—ringing out the old, and ringing in the new; ringing out the old ignorance and superstition, ringing in the new knowledge of nature and life and God; ringing out the old clash of classes, ringing in a new understanding and a new justice; ringing out the old pride of race, ringing in a new brotherhood of the nations; ringing out the old fear and hate and war, ringing in the new rule of peace and good-will in all the earth.

The year 1930 is the anniversary of the coming to the Church of the Spirit in the Pentecost 1900 years ago, and it has been agreed that Christians everywhere should observe the occasion for a great Christian emphasis.

WHAT does it mean—does Pentecost; what did it mean? Well, men were “pricked in their hearts;” and there was never a time when the Christian prophet needed more than now to cry out against the *sinfulness* of sin. The word of salvation was heard in many languages that Pentecostal day, seventeen in all; and the languages of earth are wide open in our time, waiting to enshrine and carry a word worth while. Power sat upon the disciples in the upper room; and our need now is for an endowment—an empowering far above the best that is human, to bring the “good news” home in conviction and conduct.

But probably further back than all this was the new realization that came, in the Pentecost, of the living Christ. Jesus had been cruelly slain, and the disciples had been in despair, but as they “waited” a light gleamed in the rushing wind, bringing to the disciples the inner vision that Jesus lived.

That is what the Pentecost should mean to us today—a new confidence within, A NEW ASSURANCE THAT JESUS THE SAVIOUR LIVES. The pendulum is swinging that way, and the prophet will find it easier than ever in his preaching to

know Jesus and Him crucified. Never mind the rush and the noise; let it be quiet, but let it be very deep. We should go down beneath our old habit of explaining away His words, and nearer to the bottom of His redeeming will—for individuals, for classes and peoples—for generations and whole civilizations of men and women. “Saviour from sin,” “Desire of the nations,” “promised Comforter” for the disciple, the heart’s stay and satisfaction, and hope, in the inner life of the spirit—may we preach Him with tongue and pen in a new Pentecost of power!

A “Baptist Bishop” Visits the Methodists

AMONG the distinguished visitors at Lake Junaluska this summer—and there was an unusual number of such, none gave greater satisfaction than Dr. George W. Truett, the great Baptist pastor and preacher of Dallas. Strangely, it was his first visit to the Assembly. He spoke in the Missionary Conference on Tuesday night, to probably the largest congregation that had gathered in the auditorium any time during the season. It was a good missionary sermon, and his point of view and phrasing quite frankly conservative, but no section of the great congregation was more inspired or delighted than the men of a different view-point and a different habit of mind. He recalled to us the great Galloway, as no visitor, perhaps, since Galloway has done. Who thought of any “First”, or “Second Isaiah,” of Jonah, figurative or fact, of “evolution,” “behaviourism” and the rest; and who cared, for that high hour, while a great Christian preacher preached to us “Jesus and Him crucified—and risen!”

Dr. Truett is sometimes spoken of as a “Baptist bishop.” If the first idea of a bishop is of a man so rich in spiritual grace that he radiates influence—the service of his brethren is in itself a bestowal of some heavenly gift, then Dr. Truett was this summer more than a Baptist bishop in the mountains of North Carolina. He spoke at Junaluska, Montreat, Blue Ridge, Ridgecrest and the rest, each Assembly vieing in grateful appreciation. After all, it was the Master in the man the people saw—and so they heard him gladly.

The pleasure seemed mutual. Busy as he was, the great preacher took the time to say with his own hand:

“The memory of such an evening with your Assembly will always gladden and bless me. What a wonderful Assembly you have! Not a doubt have I that the gracious influences of your Assembly are permeating the Southland, the nation and

(Continued on page 5)



The Advent

By A. B. Warwick

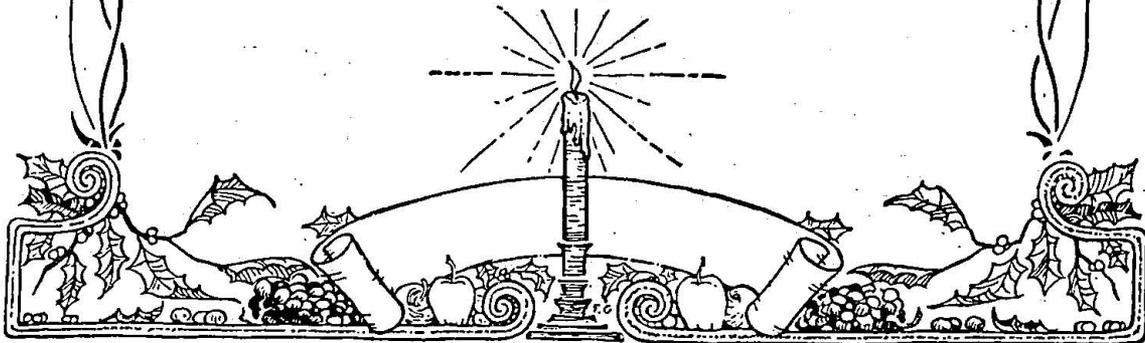
He comes, the Prince of Glory comes,
By prophets long foretold;
In love, in matchless love He comes,
His grace and truth t'unfold.

He comes not in the pomp of power,
Nor as a warrior bold;
He needs not host nor sword nor spear
His kingdom to uphold.

Humanity descries her Lord,
And lends an earthly form;
Enwrapped in infant impotence,
Th'Eternal Son is born.

But Godhead cannot be confined
Within frail walls of clay;
The Word Divine draws all mankind
To own His sov'reign sway.

Therefore, enthroned on high, He reigns,
The King of Kings supreme;
The sceptre of his throne is love,
All-powerful to redeem.



even the whole earth. Fervently do I pray that God may bless you yet more and more and make you a blessing."

The editor understands that all the Assemblies had good seasons this summer, the best in several years. So it was at Junaluska. The meeting in the auditorium on Sunday afternoon in the interest of a larger Junaluska was well attended by the best people in the Church, some of them coming long distances to be present. Plans were outlined for a closer connection with the Church, and the enthusiastic testimonies given to the value of the Assembly were highly gratifying to the friends of the Assembly.

We Reap If We Faint Not

JUST the other day a gentleman returning from a visit to a great city in Arizona was enthusiastically telling of the progress, the romance of that city's life. While there he had received a letter from a friend back in Nashville, telling how twenty-five years ago he was in that city, and found it a typical frontier city, with all the rawness and roughness of those unromantic days. Whisky sold on well-nigh every street, drunkards, gamblers, roughnecks and rustlers everywhere, so that life was one continual risk. But our friend, after twenty-five years, had seen beautiful churches with great congregations, a university with hundreds of splendid young people, not a saloon anywhere in sight, life as orderly and serene and beautiful as is to be found anywhere on this continent—all this in a quarter of a century through the influence of Jesus Christ.

Will we never learn? When we go back in retrospect over our Ebenezers and Bethels, how often have we found the darkest hour coming truly just before the dawn. God has come to deliver when most needed, but often least expected. Let's expect the *unexpected*—dare the impossible, in the work immediately to our hands—for in the community, in the

Church, in the *renascence* and *revival* of human progress, nine-tenths is in the daring!

It is *reality* that the age is seeking, and it is not found in the avoidance of great issues and great needs. It is found in the thick of these things, and in that unselfishness of ministering that lights a man's way into the will of God and alone can bring him peace and satisfaction—the radiance and romance of brave and high-souled service.

Good Words From Dr. Newton

"I hope you will not think me a flatterer because so often I have need to speak in such praise of your VOICE, but I declare the last issue surprises me yet more. The versatility of . . . the make-up, in content and the handsome style with which the thing has been done, surprises me.

"I do sincerely congratulate you. The VOICE well deserves 500,000 subscribers."

These good words have just come in a *personal* note from Dr. J. C. C. Newton. As dean of our whole missionary force, Dr. Newton has a right to any missionary opinion, though perhaps our modesty should forbid our quoting him. His good words cheer, but humble us. We do come up, however, a little chesty with the thought of what we are going to be. We held the forms for November, running the risk of tardiness in the issue, in order to get in the announcement on our blackboard, and quite fully on page 33, regarding our new *color* plans for the VOICE. Beginning with the January issue, eight pages will be added, making a forty-eight page magazine instead of a forty, and the additional pages will be printed in color, regular rotogravure style.

Dr. Newton says 500,000. We shall hardly make that this cultivation period, but might we not go at once from 65,000 to 80,000, and then right away to 100,000?

Heizaburo Nakamura—Japanese Christian Layman

By E. H. R.

WHEN in Kobe, Japan, with Bishop Lambuth in 1919, we went one day into our Kobe Central Church. He took time in reminiscence to tell us of the early days of this our first church in Japan. In the little Sunday School room, he lifted the reversible back of the bench, and turning it with a chuckle of amusement said, "I made these backs with my own hands." Later I went with him to interview the governor of the province in regard to another and much better site for the new Centenary church with which we were planning to replace this little church in Kobe. Along with us to see the governor went a member of the Central congregation that had been associated with Bishop Lambuth from the early days, and now, grown into a successful merchant in the city, was still a pillar in our growing congregation.

A few weeks afterward, when we went to Korea, Mr. Nakamura went with us. We were a little uneasy about his presence on this itinerary, since at the time persecution by the Japanese government of Korean Christians was at its height, and the feeling between Koreans and Japanese—even among

the Christians of these two peoples, was exceedingly bitter. But we soon found that our fears were groundless. Our good Japanese friend knew the risk, and was going definitely to inquire into conditions and to do what he might, regardless of risk to himself and his wife, who accompanied him, to moderate the rule of his government in Korea, and in every way possible to ameliorate the lot of the Korean Christians. He talked to us freely of his concern, went quietly to the services in the congregations when he thought it wise, avoided all publicity or interference that might inflame the resentment of the Korean people, and proved in every way an ambassador of good will. Mr. Nakamura continued his activity in the Church, becoming an outstanding leader in all its movements. Recently he passed to his reward above, and in this issue we are giving place to two noble testimonials to his life and work. Dr. Newton was closely associated with Mr. Nakamura from the early days, and Paul Reed, the author of the other article, knew him as a member of the Kobe Central congregation. He is worthy for whom we do this.



HEIZABURO NAKAMURA

"A character strong and sturdy, like one of the great cryptomeria trees of Nikko, born and nourished of God."

A LEADING Japanese Methodist layman has recently gone to his eternal reward at the age of sixty-six years. Mr. Heizaburo Nakamura was the son of a merchant in the city of Osaka. When he was a student in an outstanding government college in Kyoto, he was one of three boys who were continually striving for first place in the class. One of these is now Dr. Nagaoka, a world-famous physicist, and the other is Dr. Soeda, another prominent Japanese who died this year. Mr. Nakamura's brilliant work as a student was preparing him for a remarkable career later as a citizen, teacher, business man and Christian.

Being especially adept in the English language, at twenty-two he put up a small building in Osaka and started an English preparatory school. Needing American teachers, he invited Dr. Lambuth, Dr. Dukes and the Rev. Mr. Waters (founders and early leaders in our Japan Mission) to teach English in the school. Under the influence of these strong, godly men, Mr. Nakamura became a disciple of Jesus Christ at the age of twenty-four, and was baptized by Dr. Dukes.

LATER he was associated with Dr. Lambuth (later Bishop) in founding Kwansei Gakuin, now our large and strong union mission college, nearing the university status. In the early days the school consisted only of a middle school and a small theological department, and Mr. Nakamura was for three years head of the middle school. However, certain complications arose, making changes in the faculty necessary, and he was virtually forced to resign. Not being responsible for the complications, he did not wish to leave the institution, and was keenly hurt.

He now entered business, working for a tea firm for some years, but later, with a foreign partner, he went into real estate in Kobe. After the death of the foreign partner, Mr. Y.

A Tree of Righteousness in Japan

By J. PAUL REED

Nisimura (now another leading Methodist layman in Kobe) became his new partner. The business flourished from the first. His wife, having business ability, opened a flannel store in Kobe, which soon began to thrive. In time he opened one store after another, until at the time of his death he owned a chain of perhaps half a dozen prosperous concerns. He became a wealthy man.

HE WAS outspoken, a fighter for what he believed to be right, but not caustic in manner, and a hard worker. The Japan Chronicle, a leading foreign daily (British) published in Kobe, says of him: "Many of his clients were foreign business men, among whom Mr. Nakamura was highly respected. He was very prominent in English, and many difficult matters which arose between Japanese and foreign business men were amicably settled by him."

After his bitter experience at Kwansei Gakuin, people said he would never come back to the Christian Church. But they were wrong. Upon entering business in Kobe, he did the kind of thing which every church member should do, but which many in both America and Japan neglect—he transferred his church membership from Osaka to the Central Methodist Church in Kobe. That was some thirty-six years ago. He attended the services of the Church regularly, and in time became one of its leading stewards. He was always careful about the details of the church's welfare. The pastor told the writer that when Mr. Nakamura was out of town, not only the other stewards but even the pastor himself often forgot the board meeting, but when Mr. Nakamura was at home, he always reminded the pastor and the rest, and was always present if possible to help in the work.

He was superintendent of the Sunday School for many years, and at Sunday morning worship he was always in his

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place. Now that it is vacant, the church seems dazed and crippled; it does not seem right without him. The pastor can hardly preach without some mention of his life and work.

But his interest in the Japan Methodist Church was by no means confined to his own local church. He rarely missed the Annual Conferences, and was at one time Secretary of the General Board of Finance of the Japan Methodist Church. Again we find him liberal with his money, often giving either in the name of his Church, or else anonymously. He contributed 25,000 yen (\$12,500) to the Centenary Movement, 10,000 yen (\$5,000) of which was put into the new building of his own church.

HE WAS a great friend of the pastors of the Japan Methodist Church. He realized how poorly most of them are paid. Some eight years ago he arranged to give 20 yen to each pastor whose salary was less than 100 yen (\$50) per month. To his chagrin, he later learned that his own pastor, Rev. Z. Hinohara, was the only one in all the Japan Methodist Church whose salary reached that figure! On another occasion he sent each pastor having children in middle school 20 yen to help with school expenses.

Nor were his religious interests and activities limited to his own denomination. At the time of his death, in addition to being chairman of the board of his own local church—one of the largest Methodist churches in Japan—he was Vice-President of the Kobe Y. M. C. A. and President of the Japanese Christian Alliance of Kobe.

Like all leaders, he had enemies. Even the church sometimes abused him, but he never gave up, standing for the right at all costs.

Perhaps the real secret of his religious life lies in the fact that he carried on family worship daily for many years. He kept a notebook in which he recorded thoughts born in periods of meditation and prayer, which notebook his pastor now treasures.

Is it strange that the people who came to his funeral could



THE HOUSE OF NAKAMURA

Sons, daughters, sons-in-law and grand-children
"Perhaps the real secret of his religious life lies in the fact that he carried on family worship daily for many years."

not all get into the large church, and that some seventy-five huge wreaths lined the pulpit and walls? A tree of righteousness in Japan—a character strong and sturdy, like one of the great cryptomeria trees of Nikko-born and nourished of God! May God raise up many such trees of righteousness in Japan, in America, and in all lands!

HEIZABURO NAKAMURA

By J. C. C. NEWTON

THE recent passing of this good Japanese layman of the Japan Methodist Church is a distinct loss to the Church of Christ, and a cause of grief to many of his brethren among the missionaries, as well as his own Japanese brethren.

He was a man of unusual parts, and had varied experiences; was active in Christian work in connection with the Church, and successful in business, liberal with his money and an affectionate husband and father.

My first acquaintance with him began many, many years ago when I preached in Japanese in the Methodist Chapel in the great city of Osaka. This was after I had been in Japan a couple of years. Having been a student of the Japanese language, I had prepared my sermon with much pains, written it out in full and memorized it from start to finish. After delivering it with apparently no bad breaks, in grammar or pronunciation, Brother Nakamura, a keen listener, came forward, introduced himself and kindly referred to my sermon. Mistaking my accomplishments in the Japanese tongue, he

proceeded in quick vernacular to engage me in conversation, whereupon I was badly nonplussed for suitable words. He kindly overlooked my embarrassment, as the Japanese always do. From that day forward Brother Nakamura was to me a beloved Christian brother.

He was a man of unusual enterprise and very successful. We called him our "Yankée business man of Japan." His first active service in connection with our missionary work was rendered for a number of years as the Junji (treasurer and business manager) in the Kwansai Gakuin (the Japan Institute of Learning.) He then established an office in the city of Kobe, in real estate and insurance business. In this he was quite successful and acquired considerable property, winning a good position in the business world of the growing city.

While always alert and busy in the affairs of his office, he always had time to assist us missionaries in any and all legal and business matters. For example, in the purchase of ground

(Continued on page 37)

The Minor Key

By MRS. ALVIN A. JONES

"I WANT to walk in Jerusalem just like John." How these words sung in that appealing minor key by those sweet, childish voices echo and re-echo through the brain and then grasp the heart, as they must grasp the compassionate heart of God, listening always through the open windows of Heaven. Do you think the compassionate All-Heart is touched less because their faces are black? But when we truly understand the meaning of these words, our souls are indeed strangely stirred. The Negro minister explained after the choristers had sat down. "In slavery times," he said, "one of our people on his death bed sang that song, 'I want to walk in Jerusalem just like John.' John was his white master. Ever since, during this depressing period, these words have been a source of hope to our people."

And so the words go ringing on in my ears. How I wish they might ring in the ears and hearts of every white man in this land! I wish especially that that great body of believers, the Christian Church of white America, might hear that cry, that beautiful, appealing cry of the Church of black America, as I know Christ is hearing it. I wish that we might feel it, might suffer because of it, might even be crucified by it, after the manner of our Lord Jesus so long ago. Surely it was prejudice, cold, hideous prejudice—refusing the challenge of love and brotherhood—which crucified Christ, and still crucifies Him today. Are we in the Church of America, we especially in the Church, South, even if unwittingly and unknowingly, helping to crucify anew our Christ? Are we heaping another burden of sorrow on the great heart of this Man of Sorrows? But so long as we sit aloof, so long as we refuse to hold out a hand to our black brother, so long as we decline to give to him, to take from him what he has to give to us, we are not without fault. We cannot refuse to open our hearts to his suffering, nor permit our society to persecute him, without remembering the words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

COME, then, with me, if you are not too proud, and visit one of the better Negro churches in North or South Carolina. Perhaps you have never been to a Negro church, unless, perchance, you went to one of those poor, struggling places out in the country to hear the members sing and shout and thus satisfy your curiosity or strengthen your sense of superiority. Come with me, then, to a city church, for perhaps you are a worker for Christ in a city church; if you are, and you really know your Saviour, you know that He would not so long have delayed going.

It is a beautiful brick church which we approach—a church with stained glass windows. A pipe organ is resounding through the vestibule as we enter. Timidly, for we are few in number, we inquire whether it is all right to visit the church for an evening. We are cordially and graciously received and ushered into the church. The building is crowded, much more so than most of our white churches. Yet we are led to good seats in the center of the auditorium. These humble folk learned early to return good for evil. The Negroes on both sides look at us curiously. The usher comes back to inform us

that the B. Y. P. U. is still in session, but the evening worship service will soon begin. The room is filled to overflowing with young people. We might well wish for a B. Y. P. U. or an Epworth League like that in our own churches. Although for the most part they have young and hopeful faces, yet when they rise to sing we note that the song is in the minor key. Their voices are all raised reverently in song; not a one is silent. In unison they bow and pray. A spirit of worship pervades the atmosphere, we find ourselves worshipping as we seldom have worshipped before. God's presence is clearly and unmistakably felt. The young people's meeting soon comes to a close. Some of the young folks file out of the building, but surprisingly many remain for the evening service.

Again the crowds throng in, and the church is filled and the Sunday School rooms as well. There is a great multitude here. They sing as they pray, with deep feeling and fervent emotion.

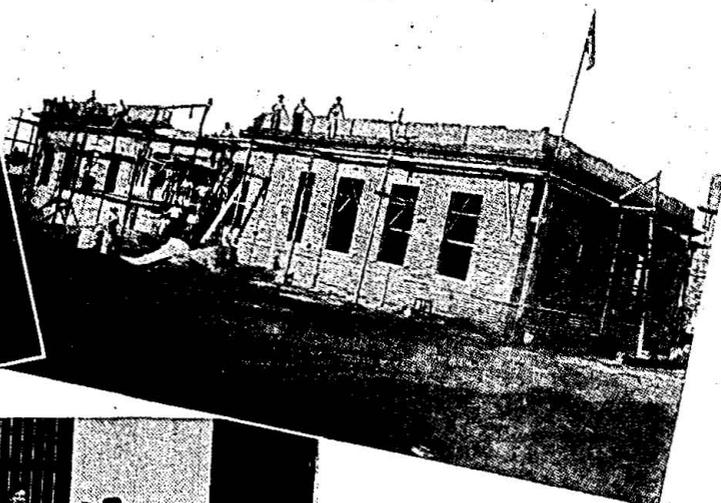
The preacher reads his text, Col. 3:2, "Set your affection on things above, not on things of the earth." He begins to preach; his voice is full and vibrant; his words are dignified and well chosen. Through it all there is the unmistakable ring of deep sincerity. He is speaking of that tragic need of the twentieth century, the need of better homes. Powerfully and appealingly he exhorts his people to effect a chastening of the home life; he admonishes them of the dangers of a cheapening and coarsening of the family relation. We note in his speech all the finer, tenderer feelings of the father for his child, of the husband for his wife. Are these the people who but a few short years ago were bartered and sold? Are these the docile, child-like creatures whom men have thought of as lacking in that finer depth of feeling which he gives his own race credit for? Surely this man who stands and speaks with a ringing voice of prophecy, seeking to lift his people to higher things, is a man with all the dignity, the restraint, and the delicate feeling of the true gentleman. The people who hear his voice are also men; many of them have an intelligent light in their eyes. And yet—always in their worship there is the minor key.

I think that after all it was that minor key, that touching note of searching, that terrible crying need, that strange unspoken suffering—or perhaps it is impossible to state definitely just what it was—which gave the true ring of reality to that worship service. But definitely did I feel and respond to it. At the same time I realized, as never before, that the Negro is not a half-intelligent, inferior being with nothing real to contribute to our materialistic American civilization. Perhaps his contribution (who knows?) is the most important of all. There among the humble and lowly I had sensed a ring of reality which no wealth or prosperity had ever brought. It was the reality of the Cross. For with the heaviest of crosses to carry, they are learning, through their Saviour, to carry it with fortitude, with humility, and even with love.

I arose with a new respect in my soul for the Negro, a new realization of the reality of his contribution to American religious life. Perhaps there is something we have yet to learn from these our black fellow-Christians. Who knows but in our very aloofness we are losing values of supreme importance to our Christian life?



Corner-Stone Laying New Building at Pinson College, Camaguey, Cuba



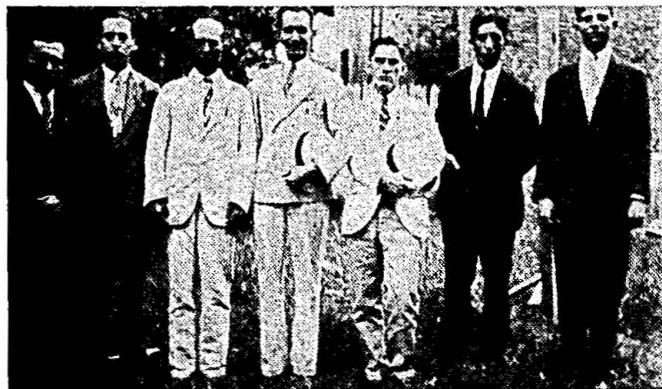
New Building, Pinson College, Camaguey—"on its way"



Mission Congregation, Pinar del Rio



Mission Sunday School, Conducted by Central Church, Pinar del Rio



"Board of Missions," Central Church, Pinar del Rio
Can you beat that?

A Page of Pictures

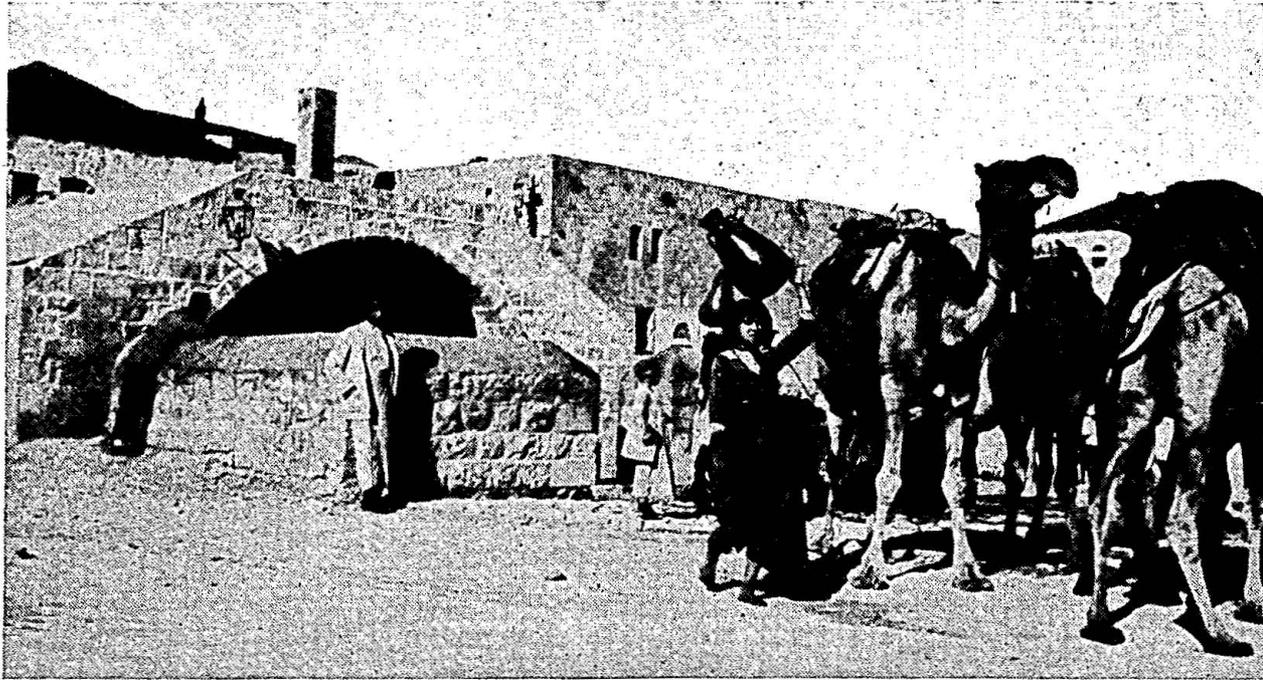
By E. H. R.

THE pictures on this page tell a story, and a good story at that, coming to us from our beautiful neighbor, the Pearl of the Antilles.

The first group gives the corner-stone laying of our new Pinson College building. This institution had first chance in the Centenary, but through a series of vicissitudes lost out from time to time, until the Centenary money was all gone. At last, however, this school, than which, in the spirit of it, despite its rather poor equipment until now, there is none better, perhaps, in Cuba, is coming to its own, and you see the interested faces of Professor Evans, the principal; Brother Ignacio Gonzalez, the Presiding Elder, and Brother Sanchez, the pastor, brightening the corner-stone laying.

The other group of pictures comes to us from Pinar del Rio, in the western part of the Island. The Central Church in Pinar del Rio has taken very seriously to heart the preaching of the Gospel to the country people who have long lived without it. To that end missionary work has been organized systematically, and has been faithfully worked out.

The local "Board of Missions" sees to the program of preaching, etc., raises funds for the work, and is responsible for the carrying out of the plans made. There are six regular mission preaching places. Three have services once a month, three twice a month. Between 350 and 400 people are reached monthly in this way. There are three mission Sunday Schools.



Virgin's Fountain, Nazareth

Just as it looks today, probably not very different from the time when the mother of Jesus, maybe bringing her little boy with her, came for water.

Last at the Cross -- First at the Sepulchre

By EDWARD JEFFRIES REES

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, according to his able biographer, Ludwig, said, "Women are slaves." But in Holy Writ numberless accounts are given of the faith, consecration and worth of these "slaves." "Last at the cross—first at the sepulchre" is oft repeated when referring to the devotion of womankind. John A. Diekman says, in speaking of the coming of Jesus, "He exalted, dignified and by his incarnation *deified babyhood.*" But what did His coming mean to the womanhood of the world? It broke the shackles of superstition which had bound them for the centuries past. And in all the world can be found that where womanhood is the happiest, the most hopeful, ambitious, energetic, resourceful and useful, that place and land is where the greatest influence and power of Jesus have come. Where womanhood is bound, very little, or none of the presence of Christ has come.

Korea, with closed doors for centuries come and gone, finally opened them to the onrush and approach of the "terrible

foreigner." But the entrance of the missionary "foreigner" to that little land helped to produce a Helen Kim, who was able in a tense moment of a General Conference a few years ago to sway that legislative body to such an extent that a Church would not make Korea a "half appointment," and send to them a "half bishop." When Mrs. Juliana Hayes caught the vision of the power and influence of her sisters in a missionary cause, her life was placed on the altar for service for her God and Church. The noble body of Christian women, members of the Missionary Societies of our missionary Church, are but co-laborers with this elect lady of God—even though she has passed on. She dropped the torch to them.

When these words are spoken I cannot help but vision in my mind's eye some of the pathetic scenes which passed before my gaze on a pilgrimage some twelve months ago. Today much of the strenuous, laborious work of "sunny France" is done by her women. They have been used to it. A visitor to "gay Patee" can only open



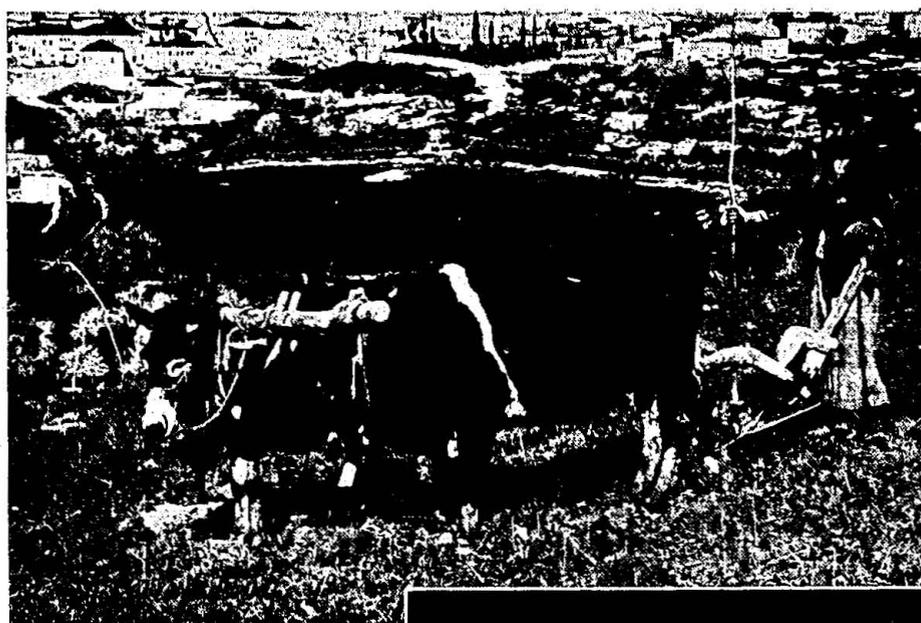
Four veiled women in modern Cairo, as might be seen in almost any Mohammedan land, only the vehicle changes with the country, and woman is rapidly throwing off the veil in some Moslem lands.

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his eyes to see the joy, freedom and gaiety of this pleasure-mad and style-setting city. Yet, across the street are signs of toil, labor, drudgery, bondage, woman-labor, much of it because of the fact that the Healer of the Magdalene has not had full sway, despite the truth of the conspicuous presence of that most historic shrine of Catholicism, the Church of the Magdalene, in the heart of the capital of France.

Such a teeming city is Alexandria, the summer quarters of the Egyptian Government. On the streets of this city, which was built in honor of the first great humanist of the world in 331 B. C., and named for him; this city which had the distinction of having in its city limits the greatest library of the world; this city, the home of Athanasius, the one lone man who took his place against the whole world for the absolute oneness of Christ with God—on this city's streets are dejected women and children, hungry for a satisfying religion. And when we sing, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," we must go back to Alexandria for the foundation of the Athanasian Creed.

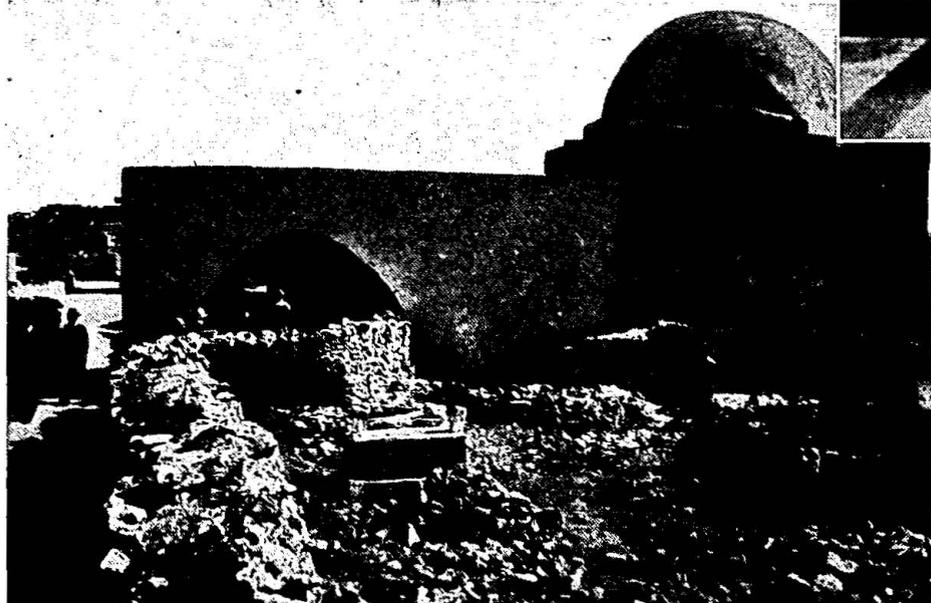
But there is a combination of the ancient and the modern in this city. Women, dressed in the garb of the ancients, walk the narrow streets, sell their trinkets, wear their veils, as followers of Allah. Those who are of a higher class socially and financially are seen with white veils over the mouth and a part of the nose. The children run these streets in idle happiness, but their mothers do not possess the smile of joy, they do not reveal the hope in the Christian's breast. Yet the triune God, the spotless Christ of the Athanasian Creed, the One



Modern Method of Plowing in Nazareth. The ox yoked with the ass, and the plow scarcely a single point improved since the time of our Lord.



The Holy Stair-Case up which Martin Luther was praying when he saw his spiritual day. Pilgrims ascend it today by the thousands.



The Tomb of Rachael, a few miles from Jerusalem. The city behind the tomb in the distance is the birthplace of our Lord, the City of Bethlehem.

who walked the Palestinian pathways, and fled to Egypt, who said, "Woman, why weepst thou?" is a Christ who yearns to woo and win these dejected women.

The Christian College at Cairo is doing much to banish the superstition and ignorance of a religion which has bound womanhood. And today, for the first time, girls are enrolled in this college. This city is one of the most cosmopolitan, interesting and possibly one of the most wicked cities of

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Rev. D. V. York and Mrs. York

Two Notable Revivals in Brazil

By
D. V. YORK

IN A former article I wrote of the experiences of my son-in-law, Rev. Charles A. Long, and myself during one round of Quarterly Conferences. The District is about 275 miles in diameter—the territory covered being about equal to that of the West Oklahoma Conference. I shall speak in the present article of two revival meetings, the first of which was held at Petropolis, the seat of the district parsonage. However, there is no district parsonage, the pastor of the city church being also Presiding Elder of the District.

We carried on the meeting for ten days, preaching only at night. I used the altar, calling penitents forward for prayer and instruction, and also church members of ripe experience to instruct and pray with the penitents. It was said, "It was never so done here before." Of course this was all done by the "one load and the other shoot" plan. We had thirty-five conversions but I do not remember the number of additions to the Church.

The other place where we held a meeting was the city of Juiz de Fora, where Senor Guerra was both pastor and Presiding Elder. Our Granbery College is situated in this city. We also have two missions in the suburbs. I preached at the evening hour in the elegant and spacious new church made possible by the Centenary Movement. At ten o'clock in the morning I preached to five hundred students in the college chapel. Three hundred of these

students are registered on the college roll as Romanists. Within two or three nights the large church auditorium was practically full. There were one hundred professions of conversion at the altar. They came in such crowds, asking to be prayed for, that it made the situation really embarrassing, as I had to do all the directing through Mr. Long, my interpreter. We had testimonial services, however, previous to preaching, and while I could not understand Portuguese, I closely observed those who testified, and chose some who seemed to be "pillars," and went into the congregation, asking them by signs to help us with the altar work.

We had one hundred professions of conversion during the seven nights. I have somewhere among my papers a copy of names of fifty-six candidates for church membership. This would place the number of members to above five hundred. There were more whose names I did not receive. Practically

everyone who takes the first step toward Protestantism applies for membership in the Church, but they never take anyone until he has been well instructed in the doctrine and usage of Methodism, and gives proof of a changed heart and life.

At the ten o'clock service in the Granbery chapel, I swung all my preaching around three central points—the Book of God (the Bible), the Man of God (Jesus Christ) and the Spirit of God. I think I have never had more rapt attention from any

"HAPPY are they whose feet hasten on long journeys in the propagation of the Good News." Thus begins an appreciation in her own beautiful Portuguese of the work of Rev. David York by Senora Maria José dos Santos Ferreira, of Laranjeiras, Brazil. "May the good Father bless Dr. York, and grant him many years of life, that he, consecrating all to the service of the Gospel, may lead many, many souls to the feet of the Good Master."

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audience. At the first sermon there was an alertness that was almost a commotion. Dr. Moore, the President, remarked to Mr. Long, "Did you notice the seeming confusion? They were alert to see how much English they could understand from the preacher direct."

AT THE seventh service I asked the students if they knew why the priests forbade them to read the Bible, and I answered it by saying that the Bible was positively harder in its denunciation of crooked, covetous, libidinous and adulterous priests than anyone else. I then asked all who would read the Bible through, book by book, and chapter by chapter, and live by its teachings, regardless of the opinion of Romanists, priests or protestant preachers, to stand. If they had been shot up with an electric current, they would not have arisen more quickly. Now, remember that three hundred of these were from Romanists' homes.

It is the custom of the college to present every outgoing student with a copy of the Bible, an American Bible Society print. I have reason to believe that not a single one of those Romanist students went out of there a Romanist at heart. I made no proposition to the students except the one referred to above, as we promised not to proselyte anyone from his original faith. One thing is sure, however, that wherever one of these students is located, there will be a hearty welcome to any missionary or national Methodist preacher. The influence of Granbery College, as well as that of our other institutions, is marvellously penetrating and permeating. I carry in my heart a constant prayer that God will put it into the heart of some wealthy man to lift the cancerous debt of ten thousand dollars off this marvellous institution.

As I was coming out of the auditorium during the revival at Juiz de Fora, on the third night, a Brazilian gentleman with a great deal of religious enthusiasm was trying to communicate with me. I did not understand his broken English, and Professor Weaver of Granbery said, "He is trying to tell you that the J. A. Prayer League says that God sent you to Brazil. They have been praying for months to God



"Road to the Highest Places" in the mountain pass

to send some experienced evangelist to Brazil from the United States." The J. A. Prayer League has its name from the initials of two young men who entered a covenant with each other to pray until God would send someone of great revival experience to Brazil and Juiz de Fora. For a time these two were alone, but others joined and kept up that definite prayer.

In less than four months I witnessed one hundred eighty-one conversions at the altar. I have reason to believe that within a year's time, with one good interpreter, we would have had from six to seven hundred conversions.

AT ANTA a pastor told me this story: You see the beautiful church that we have just finished. You see on the bluff above us the Romanist church. You see over the door of our church in large letters, 'SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.' Well, the Methodist church grew so fast that the old priest got discouraged and left town. A young priest came. He said to his people, 'Why did you let the Methodists build this church? If I had been here, I would not have let them build it.' They told him they could not help it. The priest remarked, 'I tell you I am vindictive and unforgiving—I never forgive.' The first Sunday the priest, standing in his high pulpit, could look out of his church door and read the Methodist inscription. If there is anything a priest does not like, it is for his people to search the scriptures. The priest saw that day why the Methodist church could not be prevented. Thirty attended the Romanist church and one hundred fifty the Methodist church. People are astounded at a priest who says he never forgives. The Protestant trinity is God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. The Romanist trinity is the priest, death and purgatory. This is practically speaking. It is a religion of fear. Nobody but a martyr can go straight to heaven. All others must spend so many hundreds of years in purgatory: If the priest will not absolve them, purgatory is permanent. So the Romanist people live in mortal fear of the trinity, the priest, death and purgatory.

The people are very responsive to kindness, and are very warm in their affections. When once

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Roman Catholic Church, Pernambuco, Brazil. Before this church twenty-six years ago, the priests held a Bible burning.

Can We Make Christmas Christian?

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND

AS I look at this five-word question I have just written, I am asking myself: which would require more effort and energy, to keep on making Christmas as we've been making it, for many a year, or to remake it? To yield to that yearly frenzy of shopping, to the usual whirl of red ribbon and gay paper, the frantic tying and addressing, the exhausting attempt to do up the whole year's supply of good will in packets to reach all one's kith and kin by the twenty-fifth day of December, or to stop short and abruptly make our Christmas Christian? To obey that mass impulse to give and give and give which is never so powerful and so unthinking as in December, or to disregard herd-impulse even in its noblest manifestation, and try to celebrate the birthday of Jesus as perhaps He would like to see it celebrated?

Now, an intelligent Christian is one who has decided what he may have in this life, and what he must give up if he is to have the satisfaction of being consistent. The re-creating of Christmas is something that for the first few years may require much giving up of things that are pleasurable and not unprofitable, but which are steadily exacting a sacrifice of spiritual valuations. It will require some hard thought and still harder determination before we succeed in restoring to the latest Christmas some of the spirit that characterized the first one. For this attempt at restoration no rules can be laid down—instead there must be the humble resolve of each individual and of each household to leave the hurry and worry, the confusion and complexity of a too pagan holiday, and once again to set out in search for the little child beneath the star. I myself am here laying down no directions but merely trying to suggest some ways by which each of us might once again put Christ into Christmas.

ONE of the first things anyone may do toward making Christmas more sacred is to join with any movements and support any manifestations of the growing new reverence for the day. Anyone of us is mistaken if he supposes he is alone in his disapproval of a celebration which should be holy, and which is hectic. Those of us who can look back on half a lifetime of Christmases may, if we will, observe some new ways of keeping the day, ways every year increasing in significance and in popularity. In my childhood the candle in the window was not common. Today on a single hill in the city of Boston—to cite one instance—there is not a window unilluminated, and the Christmas Eve streets are closed to automobiles on that silent, holy night. A generation ago, people did not go out with their carols into the evening—but now in cities and towns and villages uncounted this revival of wait-singing is general.

The community Christmas tree is today putting its emphasis on communal celebration and on the gift given rather than on the gift exchanged. People are beginning to string bright bulbs not only on the home tree boughs, but out-of-doors on branch and hedge to cheer the unknown wayfarer. Christmas is spreading beyond the family hearth. Any person who feels over-worried, over-hurried with Christmas may be relieved by turning attention to these less exhausting methods of honoring the holiday, and by sharing and by imitating them, he may discover his own means to greater kindness and

greater quietness in approach to the twenty-fifth of December. The putting of gay lights upon our hedge-rows may bring the homeless so vividly to mind that the Christmas spirit thus roused within us might even find some simple and practical means of inviting the stranger into our own homes at Christmas-time. That same Christmas spirit might so correct any taint of condescension in our welcome that we would remember what gift Mary and Joseph were bringing when Bethlehem, self-engrossed, refrained from hospitality.

PERHAPS the most beautiful revelation of new reverence may be seen in the midnight church service of Christmas Eve. Every year there is an increasing number of churches and of worshippers that remember the midnight stable, the wakeful shepherds, the angel choir. The man or woman who would remake Christmas may unite with all those others of like impulse who now in growing crowds kneel each year before a God new-born.

But anyone who would restore its sacredness to Christmas must look not only at other people who exhibit the same yearning, but must gaze deep within his own thoughts to clarify the Christmas of his aspiration in order more intelligently to embody its ideals in practice. If we analyze our associations we shall find that Christmas always concentrates on two thoughts, the child, with all that is holiest in childhood, and the gift, with all that is holiest in giving. The child, the gift, we may use those two words to guide us as we endeavor to make ourselves a new sort of Christmas, which might be pleasing to Christ.

Suppose in order to make practical and immediate this effort to translate into action the full significance of holy childhood and of holy giving, we should confine our presents to people less than twelve years old. Surely the reduction of gifts is an imperative need of the present imperfect Christmas. But what of all the poor expectant grown-ups who would cease to be remembered? Let them be remembered, but not by gifts at Christmas. There are cards, every year more beautiful and available. And there are other days than Christmas that permit presents. One great trouble with Christmas is our mass production of good will. To give the whole year's gifts at the holiday season is for the time harder, but in the end easier and less responsible than to keep in mind the whole year's birthdays but I wonder whether Christ, if He were here with us today would restrict all His Christmas given to Christmas week.

If the child and the gift are to be made the motives of our Christmas activities, we need to provide for the child himself far nobler opportunities for his gift-giving. It will take a long time to redeem Christmas from its materialism if, as happens in most households, we continue to direct a child's thoughts for weeks beforehand toward what he is about to receive rather than toward what he is about to give. We cannot make Christmas sacred in a child's mind, nor in our own, so long as we make it selfish for anyone. Perhaps the best way for your child or mine to learn the blessedness of giving would be to help some poorer child to give.

(Continued on page 17)



Copyright National Gallery.

The Holy Family - Reynolds

Christmas on Beacon Hill

By MARY DEBARDELEBEN

BEACON HILL in Boston is really a hill. You know it when you begin to climb it; though its peak that once reached to the height of the present State House dome has been graded by vigorous cuttings-down to make it more accessible.

From 1635 for one hundred fifty years a beacon stood on its summit, a beacon that did brave duty during the momentous days of the Revolution. The wife of a British general, held as a prisoner in Cambridge, tells of an alarm that was flashed from point to point by barrels of pitch blazing on hilltops so that for days armed Americans came hurrying in "some even without shoes and stockings, but all ready and eager to fight."

But Beacon Hill has other claims to a place in the hearts of Americans; for once along its winding old streets walked men and women that are dear household names to all of us through sermon, song, and story: Louisa May Alcott, William Dean Howells, Williams Ellery Channing, Julia Ward Howe, and many others famous in American literature have lived at one time or another on Beacon Hill.

Emerson as a boy pastured his mother's cow on the grass of the Common that slopes gently down that side of the Hill on which fronts the great dignified State House. Here visited on Beacon Hill in the hey-day of their literary glory Dickens and Thackeray. Today, the longest most beautiful walk in the Common is known as the "Oliver Wendell Holmes walk."

But no beacon shines today from the summit of the Hill. In 1789 it was blown down by a gale and never rebuilt; and new literary geniuses take the places of those sleeping in beautiful Mount Auburn cemetery; yet some of us who have been in Boston at Christmas time love to think that a light still shines gloriously here at this holy season, symbolic and beautiful enough to be caught up and passed from hilltop to hilltop around the world.

A BEAUTIFUL custom, it is—the keeping of Christmas on Beacon Hill—tender and quaint, redolent with memories of other days as great-grandmother's wedding dress tucked away in lavender and exhibited only on special occasions—almost too beautiful, too much of "other days" to seem a reality in this money-mad twentieth century that commercializes everything from the fresh, spontaneous generosity of the lover, to the breaking grief of the bereaved.

The "night before Christmas" every house is ablaze on Beacon Hill from cellar to garret, every window aglow with candles—not tiny Christmas tree candles, but large white candles, dozens of them—from the State House whose gilded dome crowns the "Hill" to the tiny quaint cottage tucked away on the crookedest street. On this "night before Christmas" not an auto "is stirring" on Beacon Hill but a-foot, as to a shrine the people come from all parts of the city, the spirit of Christmas in their hearts. No pushing, no jostling, no rushing, but with faces aglow, voices hushed and subdued, they press forward from house to house, street to street.

On every door knob hangs a wreath, and artists have been busy in the lovely old New England home. Here in one window is the miniature manger scene, the animals, the mother,

the child; here in another—the shepherds keeping watch as angels bring their message of good will to men.

Charming glimpses one gets into high paneled rooms "rich in their white and mahogany; glimpses of decorous and beautiful living; glimpses of chairs of stately strength, of side boards of delectable curves, of family portraits by Stuart and Copley."

Now from the distance come strains of music—Carol Singers! Listen!

*"It came upon the midnight clear
That sweet, sweet song of old."*

From another direction on the crisp, cold air comes another strain:

*"Silent night, holy night
All is calm, all is bright."*

AS THESE last singers come in sight around the corner of one of the quaint old streets, the soft glow of the electric torches they carry light up eager young faces—students from Boston University! (two of whose colleges are located here on Beacon Hill).

Over the brow of the Hill come others. The light from two queer, old fashioned lanterns swung high on crude poles reveals a mixed group, young and old, youth and middle-age—a church choir from the foot of the Hill!

See, they have stopped and the crowd has closed in about them. An urchin of twelve or fourteen years, utterly lacking in self-consciousness, has taken the corner of the book held by one of the carolers, "Joy to the world the Lord is come!"

The song is caught up by the crowd even to its outermost fringes. What a picture! The calm light of the stars, the soft, myriad-candle glow lighting the faces of old age, youth, children; rich, poor, native American, adopted Americans, touched, all of them, by the joy of the Christ child's spirit after these nineteen hundred years. In the crisp, chill winter air, "Joy to the world the Lord is come" from their hearts they sing; and at least in one spot for one brief hour there is "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The chimes from old Park Street Church down on the corner of the Common strike a quarter to ten. The crowds in small groups are leaving the Hill now. From far away is drifted back softened by the distance the last of the carols—Phillips Brooks gift to his own city of Boston and to the world:

*"O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie."*

The chimes ring out the hour. The candles have burned lower and lower. As one watches, many flicker and die. Here and there in house after house they go out until all are extinguished and Beacon Hill is dark-hushed, wrapped in the slumber of a great Christmas peace.

Every newspaper not meeting children at Is it too helping brother mas-tin brief co joined of min could r to emp The for im homes. up my stockin the lit though child I prepar strang child v knows Sor come burly, Christ

Can We Make Christmas Christian?

(Continued from page 14)

Every year those hundred neediest cases published in the newspaper, those cases pitifully indicative of many hundreds not mentioned, reveal poverty-bare rooms, where stunted children are struggling for a child's right to health and cheer. Is it too wild a Christmas fancy to picture some luckier child helping one of these others to buy Christmas gifts for his brothers and sisters? Is it too impossible a dream at Christmas-time when all dreams become possible, to conceive this brief companionship of two children, the poorer and the richer, joined in Christmas shopping for others? If this wistful fancy of mine appears too impractical, surely there is no child who could not be taught that it is more fun to fill a stocking than to empty it.

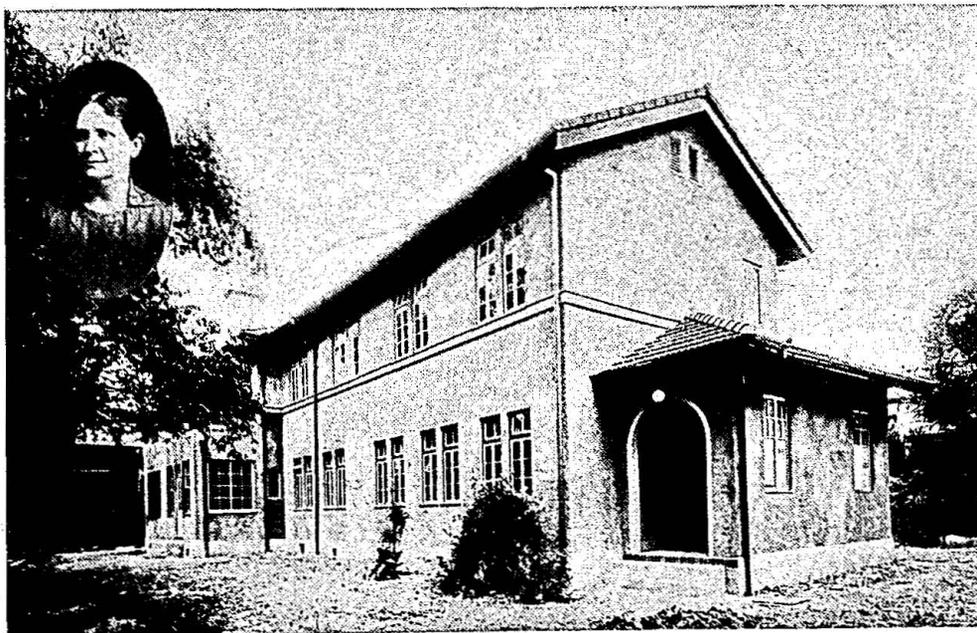
The filling of such a stocking provides many opportunities for imparting the Christmas spirit to the child within our homes. Mother, father, teacher, any Christmas-spirited grown-up might help to visualize the little unknown to whom the stocking is to be sent. It would be better to my thinking, if the little donor did not know the recipient, and had no thought of gratitude to come. The beauty of the old Christ-child legends might be utilized while the stocking is being prepared. This loving present to some child, needy and a stranger, might be entrusted to that invisible little Christ-child who flits through the streets on Christmas Eve and who knows the way to every wistful lonely child heart.

Sometimes I wish the Christ-child in His beauty might come to supplant in the imagination of our children the burly, genial figure of Santa Claus. You can give gifts to the Christ-child, gifts for Him to give to someone else. But no

one conceives of giving gifts to Santa Claus, with his overfull pack of presents for ourselves. And yet I hesitate to sacrifice Santa Claus' joviality and picturesqueness and Christmas cheer. I wonder whether it would be possible to fuse him cleverly but gently into a Christian Christmas by making him the friend and follower of the Christ-child on his way to cheer the lonely and the neglected. The one thing for the grown-up to remember is that at Christmas-time above all other times we owe our children the knowledge and the experience that the gift given is more beautiful than the gift received. Instead of this, there is desecration in the welter of presents with which most children are surrounded on Christmas morning.

IF CHRISTMAS is ever to be made Christian, we must begin at the beginning with a child's first Christmases. We must exert more thoughtful control over our own too generous impulses. Possibly in trying to make Christmas holier for others we shall best succeed in making it holier for ourselves. Perhaps in trying at Christmas time reverently to approach, in company with our children, the beauty of the child Christ, each jaded grown-up may restore to our pagan, burdened celebration the refreshment of the earliest Christmas. Just how would Christ have a child celebrate His birthday? It is no easy question nor lightly to be answered, but in it lies the clue to a Christian Christmas. To answer it requires hard thinking and stern resolution, and yet perhaps it points a way by which each one of us, in quietness, may rediscover the little child beneath the star.

The Hiroshima School alumnae honored Miss Nannie Gaines, their former president, by the erection of a beautiful new building. It was opened July 6th, 1929, with an impressive ceremony and one of the most representative gatherings of the alumnae that has ever been held.



This building contains an apartment for the home of Miss Gaines and dormitory space for students. Miss Gaines is the first pioneer missionary in the woman's work to be honored on the field by the erection of a building.

Experiments in Brotherhood

Actual Experiences

By MARGUERITE HARMON BRO

Formerly Missionary to China

"THIS is an experimental age," said the professor earnestly. But of course we know that; we need no professor to tell us. Do we not see all about us good citizens of our republic busily shaking the institutions which their fathers built just to see whether or not they may tumble? Do we not hear our children calling, "I dare you; I dare you," which is practically a compulsion to "try it" whether it be walking a fence or skipping school? Are not our young people shrugging their shoulders and bragging, "I'll try anything once?" Who could know better than we, the would-be-wise parents, that this is an experimental age?

Sometimes, we admit, we wish for the sake of the comfortable status quo that our children could be content to experiment with the physical sciences and leave the social sciences alone. No matter how earnestly they may experiment with gravity and dispute its laws, apples still fall to the ground. But when they begin to doubt the superiority of the Nordic race and to experiment with alien cultures we are not sure—we are not sure—well, we are not sure.

But experimentation is a mood—a spirit, an attitude, a habit of mind. It cannot be curtailed off nor walled in. Our books are full of it, and none more so than that strange little volume we usually bind in black leather and call the New Testament. It is a very stirring tale. One does not wonder that there have been times and places where the wise-ones feared to put it in the hands of the common people. To read it—that is, freshly and all at a time—seems to spur on this impulse to experiment with living.

It is trite to say that abstract discussions of the race problem mean little to a child until the discussion is based upon a life experience of his own. "Yes, isn't that true!" agree fathers and mothers in the average American Church. "We try to train our children to have the Christian attitude toward people of other races but, you see, they never come in contact with such people."

And their answer is quite accurate. The average nice little child from the nice little family—such as yours and mine—never does come in contact with representatives of the "other races" nor with those whom we have pleased to call "alien." But such a condition need not be the case. Children of other races and other social backgrounds than our own are available for experiments in friendship if we look about for them with just one half the interest we expend collecting stamps, early American glass and bargains. Limitless possibilities in interracial understanding are within the reach of parents who keep themselves free for experiments in Christian living.

"I WOULD like to have Rodney grow up to be a citizen of the world!" breathed sweet Mrs. Coulter. "When I was his age I had traveled not only at home but abroad. Alas! we cannot give Rodney those advantages." She sighed as a woman may who has lost her money and given up her social position when she married a preacher.

And Mrs. Coulter does not know that the world is spread before her door. Three blocks south of her—and down a hill—is an Italian district where the twelve-year old Rodney has never set foot. It is not a district of dirty, disheveled tenements. It is a section of neat little houses and reasonably clean, if crowded, tenements. There any hour of the day Rodney might hear the folk-songs of Italy pouring out of open windows. He might go with his father to jolly little shops to eat raviola, and to wind endless lengths of Neapolitan spaghetti around his fork. But no; Rodney's nickles go for strictly American candy bars and his dimes for ice-cream sodas. From a dietetic standpoint perhaps neither shop is to be over-recommended, but as points of interest to the inquisitive Rodney the Italian restaurants would be a "find."

Rodney goes to Bible school every Sunday morning at half past nine. Although his father is a modern minister and has no thought that the child was made for the Sabbath, Rodney frankly dislikes Bible School. "The same kids you see all week only you can't do anything," he objects.

"I don't understand it," says Rodney's father. "Our people are moving north so rapidly that we won't have any Bible School if we don't do something soon."

He is unaware of Little Italy three blocks south—and down a hill—where energetic boys run wild all Sunday morning. These Italian homes are not predominantly Catholic; they are predominantly "nothing." In becoming American they have thrown off their religious tradition and no substitute has been offered them. A stranger might call them "indifferent agnostics," but one who has been frequently in their homes knows that their minds dwell upon the questions of religion. It is interesting to sit in Rodney's father's church and speculate upon what would happen to Rodney, who is something of a snob, if Little Italy were cordially invited within the sacred doors. And what would happen to Rodney's mother who once had social position and money. And what would happen to Rodney's father who is, oh, yes, distinctly is—a very modern minister. And what would happen to Little Italy.

"I THOUGHT your boys went to public school," I said to Mrs. Everest.

"They did," she replied, "but you know it is a small public school filled with the children of our own immediate neighborhood; the very children the boys have always played with and probably always will."

"How nice," I answered, for hers is a "restricted residential suburb."

"Oh, I don't think so," she replied. "They were all children of cultured, middle class and distinctly American homes. I have sent them to the Horence School for Boys."

"It is a good school," I admitted. "Very high scholastic standards everyone says, but—but someone told me the boys were eighty percent Jewish."

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Vane and their five daughters. Mr. Vane is Principal of Atkinson Academy, Soochow, and Mrs. Vane is Supervisor of Primary Day Schools, under the direction of the Woman's Department.

A Christian Chinese Family

By MARY TARRANT

MR. VANE has been the principal of Atkinson Academy for two years. He was connected with the school as a teacher years before he was appointed principal—the twelfth year he held the office of vice-principal.

Our church first came into touch with Mr. Vane when he entered Palmetto School as a boy about thirty years ago. Palmetto was a day school in Shanghai for boys of which Miss Reynolds, and later Miss Steger had charge. When Palmetto was closed, Miss Steger sent this promising boy to the day school that Miss Atkinson had for boys in Soochow. Vane Song-nyoen was a quiet, lovable boy, and was one of the Christians to be depended on in the early days of the struggling little church in West Soochow.

When the Boxer outbreak burst upon us in the summer of 1900, Song-nyoen was one of the little group of outstanding Christians who went with Miss Atkinson, Miss Steger, Miss Williams (now Mrs. A. P. Parker) and the writer, to Japan. During those four months in Japan arrangements were made for him and three other boys, who had come with us, to study in Kobe. Upon returning to China, Song-nyoen entered the Anglo-Chinese College, of which Dr. A. P. Parker was president.

About nine years later, Mr. Vane married a young woman who was educated in our schools, and who had also studied in Kobe College and had taken a kindergarten course with Miss Cook in Hiroshima. They have five beautiful daughters, whose gentle manners make them great favorites with all their friends, old and young, Chinese and foreign. Although Mrs. Vane has continued teaching ever since her marriage, she has put much time upon the training and education of her own children. She is unwilling to give up her school work for it is her joy and privilege, she says, to try to make happy the lives of other children as well as her own.

For the past five years and a half she has been teaching in the Primary Department of Atkinson Academy, and for four

years of this time she has been in charge of the Department. Now the Board of Education has persuaded her to undertake the supervision of all the Primary Day Schools of our Woman's Work.

Mr. and Mrs. Vane have a true Christian home. Truly "Christ is the Head of this home." The young teachers in Atkinson Academy, our former students and graduates, always find a welcome and a good time in this home. One of our Christian students, who was a freshman in Soochow University, told me one day of making a call there and of being invited to stay for supper. "If ever I have a home of my own," he said with much feeling, "I want it to be just like the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vane."

Mr. Vane never sought for higher position and authority. A year before the upheaval of 1927 he would not accept the principalship of the school, and gave a reluctant consent when he was pressed to take the position of vice-principal. However, when the crisis came, although it was difficult for him to do so, and he knew the dangers that might be ahead, he did not refuse. In fact, in those hard months the school was terribly persecuted by enemies who previously had been unknown. But Mr. Vane and our staff of teachers weathered the storm.

At the end of that eventful term, the chairman of the Reference Committee of our Woman's Department came to Atkinson Academy, announcing that the Committee had granted my request, and had appointed Mr. Vane principal of Atkinson Academy.

Mr. Vane is constantly planning for the improvement of the school and even above advancement in scholarship, the salvation and spiritual growth of the students is upon his heart.

Please pray for Atkinson Academy, and especially for Mr. Vane in these days of difficulty in transition from the old to the new regime, both in the policy of the church and the government of China.

Experiments in Brotherhood

(Continued from page 18)

"They are," smiled Mrs. Everest. "You see our boys simply have to work to keep up to them. And they are getting a background of Jewish culture and tradition for which I am willing to curtail the household budget in order to pay the rather high tuition."

"But you don't want them to become—become—" I hunted for a word—"unAmerican, do you?"

"I want them to become discriminatingly American," she answered. "So I am helping them to know other sorts of Americans than those with whom they have always lived. I am glad their minds are rather deeply colored by their home and neighborhood. But I want them to have an honest appreciation of other cultures."

I have watched her boys for two years. They have a tolerance and understanding I covet for my children. They are not less home-loving nor less "American." But they have arrived at the point where they view those whose customs differ from their own without antagonism or superiority. They are experimenting with racial understanding.

FIFTEEN years ago when I went to school in A—, the town was really not one town at all but a collection of segregated settlements. Together the total population was twelve thousand. There was East A— out by the college where clustered the homes of the college professors, professional men and better class store-keepers as well as three Protestant churches. Then there was the Polish West End where large wooden tenements clustered about the blast furnace. And there was South A—with its straggly streets of straggly houses where southern Italians and Mexicans lived closely together as the mere numbers would mean protection while their men-folk were off working on railway construction gangs. And there was the section of neat Scandinavian homes along the Bay which furnished the men for the ore docks.

Any attempts at inter-school basketball meant literally a fusillade of eggs and tomatoes. City politics were controlled by a complex organization which made the Tammany concern look like a kindergarten. Attempts at union church services or a Y. M. C. A. drive were laughed to scorn. When the new secretary of the Commercial Club tried to sell the idea of the Community Chest he had requests for his resignation in three languages. Milk men, grocers, and even saloon keepers catered strictly to their own districts.

And then a young Frenchman started a Boy's Band and Orchestra. Anyone could join. Being French in a town with no French population he did not partake of the group enmity. By force of custom Polish boys could not join an American band nor Norwegian boys a Polish band. But any boy could join a Frenchman's band. The director went into the schools—all of the schools—played his instruments and gathered in the boys. No one quite realized what was happening but somehow those boys got together in the city hall. The horns had to sit together regardless of nationality. Then the violins must be in tune, strictly and absolutely, whether their young masters spoke English with an Italian or a Swedish accent. And if the biggest trombone belonged to Veneyto, the Italian lad, and he offered to let you come to his house to blow upon it, you went whether you were Scandinavian or old-stock American. And Veneyto's mother gave you spaghetti with stuffed peppers.

When A— awoke one morning to the strains of a band of 130 pieces and to the steady march of 260 sturdy young feet, the citizens looked at one another in amazement. A— had the largest boys' band in the state! Without meaning to! Drawn together in a quiver of civic pride Mexican greeted Swede before the city hall. Then someone started a collection for uniforms and the town was bound by the silver cords of having given to a common enterprise. And someone else started a "Community sing" at which national anthems vied cordially until they were all lost in "America." Parents followed the band around town to local lodge meeting places, to "foreign" churches, to fire-department balls and school meetings. Until in the course of three years, and quite without preachments or slogans, A— became one town. The intricate political organization sloughed off its unnecessary parts; families moved out of their segregation; accents melted away. A— is not heaven yet—but it is a very different town since the children have experimented in living together.

A DEACON in the church at M— fell into chance conversation with the Chinese laundryman who had done his collars for thirty years. He asked the Oriental what he thought of American churches. "I have never been in one," said Ah-sing. "Could I go without invitation?"

The next Sunday morning the Deacon and his wife walked down the aisle with their Chinese friend. He became a constant attendant and then an enthusiastic and discerning member, the first of eleven of his friends. The church doors had been open but the eyes of the church members closed, until the deacon experimented in friendship.

"I WONDER if you would take a poor family for Christmas," the Social Worker asked Mrs. Freeman. "I mean to make up a basket of food for them and let your children give the toys they are tired of."

Mrs. Freeman hesitated.

"We have several families listed down on L street," the ardent Worker continued. "We simply haven't had time to look them up but I thought we might send them baskets."

"I hesitate because we have made it our family custom to give ourselves with our gifts," explained Mrs. Freeman. "We already have taken on several privileges in giving this Christmas, and if my children are to share Christmas with this family they must take time to go to them and to have those children in our home to play—as equals. And I think we will find the time."

The Social Worker went home with the first real Christmas cheer in her heart. She was quoting to herself a half-forgotten line about "the gift without the giver is bare . . . Who gives himself with his gift feeds three, Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me." The Freemans were experimenting with giving.

THE above case studies are but personal observations of myself and friends. When our eyes are truly opened and the perspective takes on valid lines, the institutions we have built appear to have grotesque forms; they wobble unsteadily upon foundations of prejudice and ignorance. But let us keep free to experiment with social rebuilding. And let us pass on to our children this same freedom.

Miss Lochie Rankin

A TRIBUTE

By

MABEL K. HOWELL



MISS LOCHIE RANKIN, the first foreign missionary commissioned by the organized womanhood of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, went to her reward on September 13th, 1929. The occasion of the last rites held in Wightman Memorial Chapel, Scarritt College, was almost an occasion of joy. While fully aware of the great loss sustained in her going, there was a group realization that if there could be such a thing as real Christian joy in the presence of death, here, at least, was one occasion when it could be realized. Miss Rankin laboring in China for forty-nine years had accomplished her goal, completed her task and was ready to go to her Father. As the days have passed we have thought of the eternal values that were manifested in her life. Hers was such a modest, quiet, gentle nature enshrined in such a frail little body that its great fragrance was in danger of being missed in an age when the loud, aggressive and forceful receive the attention of the crowd. She seemed almost like a waft of sweet perfume out of another age.

Miss Lochie Rankin was always a gentle-woman. To the very end she cared how she looked and no one ever saw her carelessly dressed. She sought to keep herself up-to-date even to the shortening of her skirts. She had exquisite taste. The little courtesies of life she never forgot. Birthdays and other events in the lives of her friends were times not to be neglected; painstakingly she wrote the appropriate note or greeting that the occasion demanded. She knew how to do the lovely things for other people. She was constantly a student of human nature. She loved the quiet social gathering; she elevated by her presence the art of eating and drinking. She delighted in planning social gatherings at which time no details failed to receive attention.

Miss Rankin constantly stored her mind with good reading. She was highly intelligent, a lover of the best literature. Her choice in magazines was the *Atlantic Monthly* which never failed to be on her desk even on the mission field. She loved to read her Bible. She told the Scarritt students that she dis-

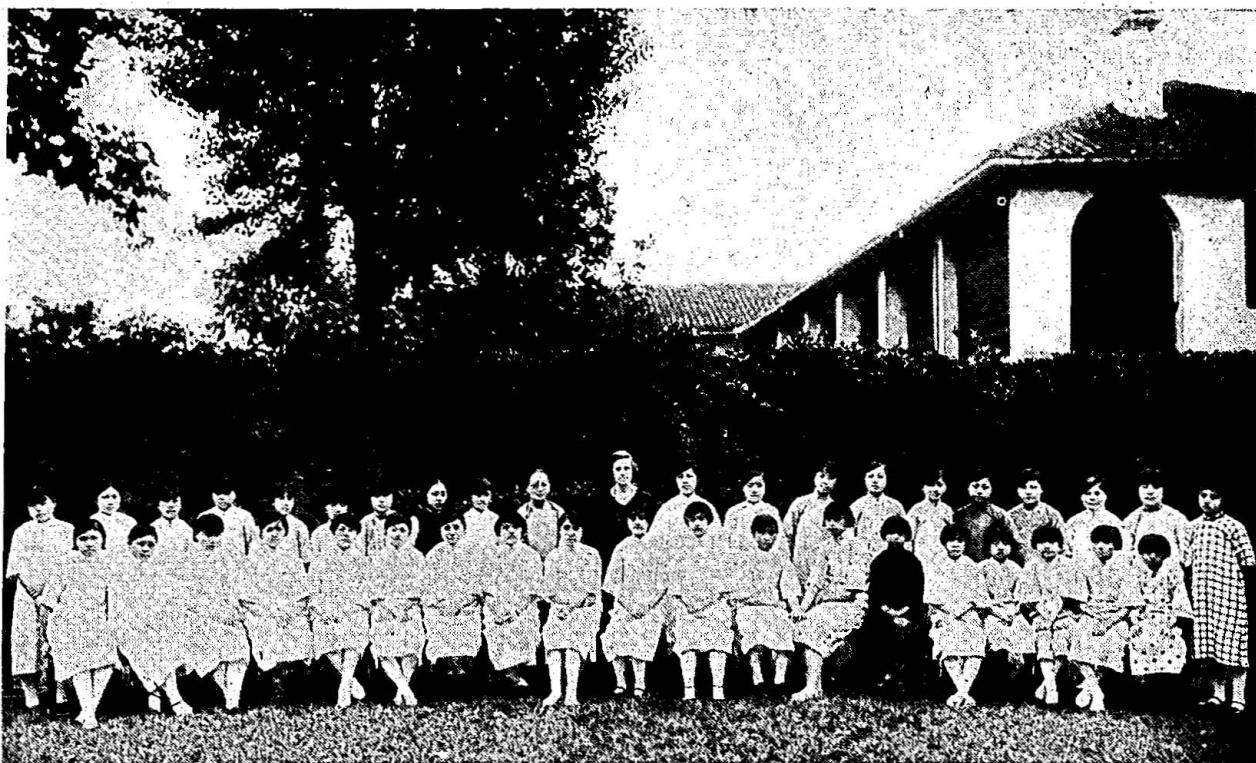
approved the use of so many devotional books; for her the Bible itself was the source of her spiritual food.

Miss Rankin loved her friends both American and Chinese and was at her best in the presence of those she counted her friends. She knew the cost of true friendship and was willing to pay for it. While Miss Rankin loved to have her friends about her, yet she remained always independent in spirit, using devices to protect her independence. She would not, even to the end, be waited upon; she regarded no one as owing her any service. She wanted to serve others rather than to be served, and this attitude remained even after her body became almost too frail to carry her spirit. One might have thought she would have been content the last two years without carrying on any special form of religious activity but she chose to go weekly to the Bethlehem Center in Nashville to meet a group of Negro boys and to pour the riches of her life into their minds and hearts.

Strange to say Miss Rankin loved athletics, especially tennis. In Huchow, China, where she lived and worked so long, she had her own private tennis court and daily enjoyed this form of exercise with her friends. She believed in taking time to play.

There were some things that always seemed to grate upon Miss Rankin and be a trial to her patience. She did not like the machinery of missionary work. Committees bored her. She was faithful to serve upon them if appointed but she had little confidence in what could be accomplished by them. I think she felt that less talking and more working would bring greater results. Again she took very little interest in theological controversy. In her latter years when there was so much discussion in China of the various viewpoints, she stood apart from the whole issue like one superior to it. Her mind was flexible, active and progressive even to the end. She had no fear of truth and her Christlike respect for personality saved her from denunciation of others who differed from her.

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Junior Missionary Society, Davidson Girls' School, Soochow, China, June, 1929.

The Christian Church in China

By ALICE ALSUP, *Missionary to China*

“THE middle of 1927, found Protestant Missions in China,” says Dr. Latourette, “in the worst plight in its history.” Those of us who lived through those days wondered if anything could have been worse; yet we count it the biggest experience of a life time! We came face to face with questions that were fundamental. By July, 1927, five thousand of the eight thousand missionaries were out of China, most of them in America, and Great Britain—some in Japan and the Philippines. Of the remaining three thousand, fifteen hundred were refugees behind the guns of foreign troops in the foreign concessions in Shanghai; one thousand were in other port cities where their governments could protect them and only about five hundred were still in the interior.

During those days dismay and distress threatened even the stoutest hearts. Was the church in the process of disappearing? Had all endeavor come to naught? Should we all withdraw completely?

But the reverses simply disclosed weaknesses long present; the gold and the good were purified and refined. For years we had talked about how to make our schools more Chinese; how to increase self-support, how to develop the indigenous church. Some Chinese Christians like some missionaries crumpled under the strain; while others rose to the emergency and stood heroically for their faith and were loyal to the work left them when the missionaries fled. We returned to find our schools Chinese—altogether Chinese—for not an American had been in the city for three months—yet work had not ceased for a day. Our position was changed. We returned because the Chinese in charge invited us and said that we could make a contribution to the schools. None of the missionaries I know want to return to the old days and old

ways. We think that progress has come through revolution rather than the slower process of evolution.

And today the Christian Church in China has a better chance of surviving and making a permanent impression than at any time during its presence in China. I know that some missionaries are utterly discouraged. They can never get over the experience of a friendly city becoming an angry mob; of seeing an institution that they had given years to build up demolished by a crowd believing that it was performing a patriotic service. Churches at home have cut down their contributions of money and of men and women and some have said it is time to come out of China. But let us be most careful that we make no mistake in judgment—that in a moment of fear and distrust we do not throw away the harvest of a hundred years of missionary effort. Changes that are taking place in China are the inevitable result of the opening of China to Western thought and influence; and missionary work has been the one Western contact whose sole aim was to benefit the Chinese people. Whatever criticisms may be made of missions all will agree that the motive has been unselfish.

BEFORE the Christian Church in China are serious problems. From the beginning Christianity has been entangled with militarism and often considered the tool of Western governments taking advantage of protection under unequal treaties, and special privileges. Christianity was introduced into China with the marks of two thousand years of contact with Western nations, so that the Oriental mind has had difficulty in recognizing the Oriental Christ, because of the Western robes we have put upon Him and the Western speech we have put into His mouth. Then, too, Christianity went to China burdened with denominationalism—one hun-

dred and fifty different organizations at work in China! No wonder the Chinese are confused. Of course they aren't interested in our denominations; though doubtless they will make their own. The popularity of Christianity and Christian education after the Boxer Rebellion caused an unusual growth in mission institutions. Large sums of money—millions of dollars—were invested in expensive buildings, spacious grounds and thousands of workers—these in the midst of a small and poor Christian community. This expansion seems to have put self support further in the future, and to have made it more difficult of attainment.

Missions have aimed always at a self supporting church—an *indigenous church*. Today, Chinese Christians and missionaries alike must give themselves to its development. The missionaries today know that they go to China not as those who know, but as those who would learn. Missionaries go to share what they have. They should go in the spirit of being in a common quest for truth and willing to share all the rich experiences of their lives and anxious to learn the best that China has to give.

We are seeing the narrowness of working to propagate our denomination. We don't want longer to be guilty of lifting up dogma, tradition and church organization. We see that *Jesus* is the great need of our own lives and of the millions of Chinese; and we want to lift up *Christ*, who in turn will draw all men unto Him. In all the confusion and criticism, one hears only praise of Him and in the thousands of walled cities and villages within the gates, we hear the faint cry: "We would see Jesus."

We are realizing that China must work out her own prob-

lems of church administration. We are realizing that the purpose of the Missionary Movement is not to propagate itself but to initiate and help to build up a self-supporting, self-governing, self-propagating Christian movement in China. The great task of Missions has been and is to develop native leaders; knowing always that the Chinese leader must increase while the missionary must decrease. Control and administration can no longer be kept in the hands of missionaries and mission boards. Too long they have been there! I am glad that Dr. Goddard has called the attention of the church to the fact that the church in the Orient must needs determine and provide its own episcopal supervision.

A few remain in the mission group who say, "If the Chinese would control the work, let them support it with their money. As long as the Church in America supports the work we as their representatives must keep our hands on it." I truly believe that the rank and file of people give the mite they give—shamefully small it is—because they believe it will do good in China. They care not that I as a missionary, rather than a Chinese Christian, should be in an executive position in China. To cease our efforts in China would be disastrous. We simply must carry on!

The Chinese Christians are telling us that for years to come, as far as they can see, they will be needing missionaries—indeed, they are saying that it is not fewer but better missionaries they need. They need, they say, the missionary with the mind of God, one who loves, truly loves; for only love can make us forget our difficulties, our suffering, our pride, our racial boundaries. And by love alone can a person or a nation be brought to Jesus.



Missionary Society officers of the three Brazil Conferences. The presidents are standing and the corresponding secretaries sitting. Group 1—D. Ottilia Chaves, president, and D. Nair Guedes, secretary, Brazil Conference; Group 2—Mrs. Eula K. Long, president, and D. Mercedes Seabra, secretary, South Brazil Conference; Group 3—D. Lydia Silva, president, and D. Glancia Duarte, secretary, Central Brazil Conference. All are Brazilians except Mrs. Long, who was born in Brazil; her parents were missionaries. She is one of our most active and efficient Christian workers in Brazil.

How Fares the Wage Earner?

By ALVA W. TAYLOR

THE American wage earner is the best paid worker in the world. In terms of the purchasing power of his wage he receives \$1.80 where the English wage earner receives \$1.00, the Italian 49c, the German 53c and the Scandinavian 75c, the Austrian 47c, and the Frenchman 60c. His wage income, measured in terms of what he is able to buy with it, has increased about one-third in the past twenty years. This comparison is very gratifying if we are willing to stop with it, but a second thought compels us to ask whether it is not rather a tragedy for the wage earners of other countries than a paradise for those of our country. The Daily News Record, the journal of the clothing and textile manufacturers, said, "The idea of comparing them (i. e. the wages of our mill workers) with mill workers of other countries may be all right to ease the consciences of some mill executives but that is about as far as it goes."

The United States Department of Labor and the Hoover Committee on Economic Changes agree in stating, after thorough research, that the average wage of this country is about \$25.00 per week. Many of the more skilled workers like printers, masons, machinists, etc., earn more but great numbers of workers receive much less. It would be a rare thing for any except skilled mechanics or technicians in a textile mill to receive as much as \$25.00 per week. Hundreds of thousands of miners may get from \$5.00 to \$8.00 per day when they work, but work is so intermittent that at the end of the year very few of them have averaged \$100.00 per month.

IT IS perhaps safe to say that one-third of our thirty odd million wage earners receive enough for the natural breadwinner to support his family in a minimum of comfort and decency, but that two-thirds of them do not. As a result they must either live on less than enough for a decent American standard of living or the family income must be supplemented by the wife and housekeeper going to work, or by taking children from school and sending them to the factory. Secretary of Labor Davis says that 86% of the American people are underpaid and poor. He also says that the greatest problem that faces this country is a more adequate distribution of profits between those of brain and those of skill and brawn.

For two hundred years the prevailing economic theory has been that the wage earner must inevitably get only enough to keep him at work. The iron law of wages, so called, was iron in the soul of the worker, because it condemned him to a minimum wage forever. Because they thought this was an irrevocable law, like the laws of nature, many employers were left without conscience in regard to the bearing of wages upon human lives. Now we have a new theory of wages. Henry Ford was one of its first and most influential advocates and it is being gradually accepted by the world of business and commerce. It is exactly the opposite of the old theory that the least possible wage is inevitable and best for business. It says the highest possible wage is the best because it enlivens the spirit of the worker, makes him happy, contented, industrious and willing to use his best skill, gives him interest in his job, and above all, makes him an adequate consumer.

When the masses can buy more there is more market for

the things they need. The wage earners and the farmers constitute the greatest part of our consuming public. If they do not have enough income to purchase the comforts of life it follows that those who sell them will not have a market. It would do Henry Ford little good to make a million cheap automobiles if a million farmers and working people and small business folks could not get money enough ahead to buy them.

THE wage earner and his family want the good things of life just as do others. They want a better house to live in, better clothes to wear, an automobile to ride in, a radio, a phonograph, and all the other instrumentalities that pertain to what we call the American standard of living. Give them the means and the leisure to use them and they will send their children to school longer, they will subscribe for more papers and magazines and read them, they will buy books, they will decorate their homes with more expensive objects of art, they will take vacations and add to the travel account; in other words, they will greatly increase the cultural and spiritual satisfactions of life.

The family with only \$100.00 per month can do few of these things. That is the average wage in this great and rich land, but it is merely an existence wage. The result is that millions of wage earners live in drab places and in crowded quarters. In the greater cities they live in narrow flats and tenements and apartment houses without sufficient room for children to play. Millions of them clothe themselves for a whole year with a sum which would be too small to pay for many a cultured person's garments a single month. His table may have the substantials but without variety and thus without reference to modern health dietetics and with no delicacies.

The mothers are overworked, the children are undercared for, often without adequate attention even when their bodies are clothed and their stomachs filled. Their education is stopped before they reach high school. They are thus denied that one phase of education, so generously supplied by public funds in this cultured land, where they have a chance to really learn to think for themselves. All too many home-makers are compelled to leave their homes uncared for most of the day while they earn a living. The motto "what is home without a mother" could well be changed to "what is home without a home-maker." Even if our average wage is the best in the world it is not a thing of which we can be proud when it is considered in relation to the cost of living.

In 1919 the Department of Labor figured out a budget for a wage earning family in the modern American city. It required an income of \$2,162.47. This budget failed to include many comforts that should go into the American standard of living. There was nothing for savings, vacation, books, adult education and very little for health or recreation. It covered, as the committee said "the balanced level of health and decency below which a family cannot go without physical and moral deterioration." In the ten years since this budget was made the purchasing power of the dollar has increased about 7% but at least that much should be added to cover the

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Aggrey of Africa

By S. E. H.

RECENTLY a book has come from the press bearing the above title, and written by Edwin W. Smith, an English missionary to Africa, who knew and loved the great personality whose life he has portrayed.

J. E. Kwegyir Aggrey was a native African of the Gold Coast, belonging to a tribe from whom came chiefs and outstanding men of that section. He and his family through the influence of missionaries became Christians; the story of Aggrey's life as it is told by Mr. Smith is one of the real romances of the Christian era.

If there are any who doubt the power of God to produce prophets in this present day; if there are any who doubt that he does so; if there are those who think Africans have not the inherent ability to become great outstanding men, then the reading of this story will be a complete disillusionment. In Aggrey's super-human achievements he arises above environment, above nationality, above race, and becomes a *man* among a very few who are produced in a generation.

In his deep conviction on educational methods to be used in teaching the African people, and in his unswerving belief that one can convert prejudice and hatred into active goodwill by the power of love one is reminded of that great Negro American, Booker T. Washington. However, in his dynamic spiritual power Aggrey seems to tower above this outstanding figure. In his passion for his people, and his realization that the Gospel must include a social redemption, as well as a personal, one is reminded of Kagawa, the great Japanese evangelist. Yet there is in Aggrey a quality of life which stirs one more deeply even than does the story of the sacrificial life of Kagawa. This may be because of Aggrey's life setting, which is in the midst of a people groping for the light in the thick darkness.

He had come to the United States to continue his education and later had taken a professorship in the school which he attended. His return to Africa was under the auspices of the Phelps-Stokes Foundation. This was at a time when African troubles over the invasion of whites had assumed most serious aspects. Many natives in their dire distress were in great expectancy, looking for their Deliverer; when Aggrey arrived, they verily believed that this Deliverer had appeared.

His captivating personality won crowds everywhere he went. At one point an English general told Aggrey that he had feared the walls of the Wesleyan Church where he spoke



Photo by Albert Dennis

J. E. Kwegyir Aggrey

would burst asunder, so great was the pressure. And yet nearly a thousand were standing outside. As he went from section to section of Africa this drawing power was felt everywhere. And the most remarkable characteristic of the man was the natural child-like way in which he received all these ovations. While in his letters he expressed deep pleasure and told the story in a naive way, yet he was never spoiled. His heart burden over *his* Africa and his closeness to the Source of his power made that impossible.

Referring to a visit to one point the author says: "Aggrey spoke from twelve to one, and to one African at least it seemed like twelve minutes. 'In that time,' writes this informant, 'we learnt; we gave up old prejudices; we admitted new grace to our hearts; and indeed were in a measure born again'."

The remarkable power of endurance which Aggrey exhibited was little short of marvelous, for the crowds pushed upon him day and night, and conferences with white officials and leading Africans filled in every niche of time. The pressure, too, of sorrow over the plight of many of his people bore in upon him. In describing the wretchedness of natives in Angola under their task master he writes: "Here were men, women and children, covering themselves with one hand to keep the cold away, and rushing to and fro under command, working the road. It was not the work at all, for Africans I know are used to working the roads, but these little boys and girls were all bony as if hunger were tugging successfully at their vitals. No singing here—these men and women with the hoe. If Millet had seen them, hungry, haggard, tottering, fearful, not only unhelpful but hopeless, he would have ruined his masterpiece and painted a more terrible, horrifying picture . . . I turned my face, tried hard to keep back the welling tear. I couldn't. And the voice rang in my ears, 'Carest thou not that we perish?'"

Later perhaps his outstanding service was rendered in educational work. But the entire period of his work in Africa was short, for no flesh could endure the pressure that pushed in upon him. And when his premature death came, the loss was not Africa's alone, but the world's. A man who was such an outstanding exponent of the spirit of the Christ is indeed the world's greatest possession. Anyone who will take time to read this extraordinary volume will find his heart warmed and new hope born within him for the coming of the Kingdom. This writer has never read a more gripping story.

How Fares the Wage Earner?

(Continued from page 24)

deficit in this budget. In other words, it would require an addition of 7% to provide vacation, savings, books, adult education, etc. Indeed, the average family ought to be able to add twice that much every year to their savings account alone.

THE problem is that of a more equitable division of the common profit of industry where brain or management, and brawn and skill, or labor, work together. Joseph McCall, statistical expert for the federal government, states that between 1922 and 1927 the number of individuals with incomes exceeding \$1,000,000.00 increased more than 400% while those with incomes below \$10,000.00 actually decreased 27%. He says that what was true of individuals was also true of corporations—that 240,000 corporations had net incomes each for the year below \$50,000.00 while 5,214 corporations had net incomes each of \$5,000,000.00 or more. Between the years 1921 and 1927 the production of wealth in the United States increased 50% but wages increased only about 30%. The number of industrial establishments decreased by one-eighth, but the profits of the manufacturers increased 82%. The number of industrial workers decreased by one-half million and the value of the output per worker increased \$440.00 but his wage increased only \$117.00.

ACCORDING to the United States Department of Commerce incomes from dividends and interest in 1928 showed an increase of almost one-fourth over 1927 and of two and one-third times over 1913, but 70% of this total of nearly \$6,000,000,000.00 went into the pocket of less than 1% of the people. During that period, in which the output per person was doubled, real wages, that is wages based upon their purchasing power, increased only about one-third. Bernard Baruch calls this "the most baffling problem of our civilization" and acknowledges that "the law of supply and demand has worked havoc." What we need is as skilled and brilliant an engineering of the question of an adequate division of the profits of common toil as that which has been applied to the invention and management of that machinery through which this enormous increase of production has taken place.

The Hoover Committee on Economic Changes sums it up in this wise: "Never before has the human race made such progress in solving the problem of production. If poverty and industrial distress still exist, it is because of our inability to keep our industrial machinery in operation and to distribute equitably the resulting products. It is not sufficient to be able to produce abundantly; we must also be able to distribute intelligently. Until comparatively recent times, the problem of industry was to produce in sufficient quantity to supply the demand. Today the problem of industry is largely that of disposing of its products."

The United States census of manufacturers for 1927 states that the average worker produced \$7,416.00 in salable goods and received \$1,297.00 for his wage, while \$2,005.00 went to cover capital, salary, advertising, interest, depreciation and profit. This is the widest margin between the amount received by labor and capital in the history of the government census of manufacturers. The rich in America are getting richer and while the poor are not getting poorer, they are

failing to share adequately in the great increase of wealth; it is going increasingly into the hands of the few.

The modern machine requires more capital and fewer workers. The installation of a new invention may displace 100 or 1,000 men leaving them without jobs and it does not always increase the wages of those who remain to run it. It may even decrease them because it requires men with less skill. The man thrown out of a job may find another and he may not, but until he does he loses the time which is to him bread, butter, shelter and all the necessities of life. There is no greater social tragedy than that of an honest, able working man who desires a job and for whom there is none.

THE churches in their representative assemblies have united in promulgating certain social ideals. Fundamental to all else they put "equal rights and justice for all men in all stations of life." They declare "that the teachings of Jesus are those of essential democracy and express themselves through brotherhood and the cooperation of all groups." They deplore class struggle and declare against all class domination, whether of capital or labor. "Sympathizing with labor's desire for a better day and an equitable share in the profits and management of industry," they "stand for orderly and progressive social reconstruction instead of revolution by violence."

Believing that an ordered and constructive democracy in industry is as necessary as political democracy, they also believe "that collective bargaining and the sharing of shop control and management are inevitable steps in its attainment." To this end they affirm "the right of employees and employers alike to organize, the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance and for the safe-guarding of this right against encroachments of every kind." They ask "that the first charge upon industry should be that of a wage sufficient to support an American standard of living," with "the highest wage that each industry can afford," as the just rights of labor.

THUS the church leaders unitedly declare that the promotion of industrial peace rests squarely upon the promotion of industrial justice and take their stand upon a concrete and workable program for procuring it. They did not adopt, and again and again reaffirm this series of social ideals as empty resolutions.

To pass resolutions and then fail to work toward their realization is a species of immorality. Upon the basis here affirmed and by united councils the church can promote industrial peace. It should make their realization an aim and goal just as it makes concrete aims in religious education, evangelism and missionary work its goal. Let us put them in our program, preach them with fervency, promote them with zeal and through their progressive realization do mighty things toward bringing in that peace that betokens a new coming of the Kingdom of God among men. The united church put an end to the saloon. When its conscience spoke on the twelve-hour day in industry it was the beginning of the end of that enemy of the home, the community and the better life. When it speaks as unmistakably upon the unfair injunction, the gun man in labor war, upon child labor and on the democratic right of all engaged in the common tasks of mine and mill the same advances will be made.

Spiritual Cultivation

The Value of a Prayer Fellowship

By BERTHA CONDÉ

For Study: Acts 4:16-33; Acts 12:1-18; Matt. 18:19-20

WE LITTLE know the possibilities of a genuine fellowship for prayer. If we fix our minds on getting results rather than meeting conditions, we shall never know its power. It is like trying to listen on the radio when the equipment is broken. It must first be put in order. Its principles must be obeyed. They include an utter trust in God's power to triumph in spite of insuperable difficulties. Each of us must also be ready at any cost to release God's purpose. We must lay aside all critical spirit and with a serene and surrendered heart, let the love of Christ enfold all mankind. If two, or three, or more, fulfill these conditions while together in prayer, the presence of Christ in their midst can do limitless work. It has been generally assumed that apostolic powers were withdrawn from the church during the third century because the demonstration of the divinity of Christ had been fully proved. By such plausible reasoning men ignored their self-will and controversial spirit and naturally the church lost her power and unity. But God did not purpose a display of power. He brought to men a new life making them new creatures. The power is still available if we are obedient to its laws.

The Psychology of a Fellowship

THERE is vital energy in every personality. It emanates in what we call influence. In mysterious ways a dominant idea or thought communicates itself to others through some law of mental suggestion. When people are thinking together on some subject each mind stimulates the others and a power is released greater than what any individual can exert. When we focus on God and His purpose, the highest power is released, which influences lives and situations. The miracle which freed Peter from prison and prevented Herod from thwarting God's purpose for His church was made possible by the concentration of the group who prayed. There are many records of modern miracles which can be traced to the quiet, hidden fellowship of prayer which exerted a power beyond the normal. The reason they are not more common is that we do not meet the conditions of real fellowship.

We often speak of the "atmosphere" of a group. It is created by the united spirit of those present and if it is receptive toward God, holy influences and suggestions flood the mind and heart with wisdom and inspiration. The Spirit of God works in us easily when the right atmosphere prevails. Then one is more conscious of the presence of Christ. When He says that He is present in the group of two or three gathered in his name, He stated a psychological truth. It takes time to create atmosphere, therefore the group should meet often with definite purpose.

The Scope of the Service

NO CHURCH can do spiritual work without the hidden power of a fellowship group. With what new inspiration the minister might preach if some of his members in-

creased his consciousness of God by united prayer for him. A sense of reverence and worship pervades a service if some are creating through prayer the atmosphere in which the still small voice of the Spirit can be heard. Those in need can become conscious of God by the united thinking of those who have a spiritual concern for them. Words of scripture can pierce hearts with new meaning if our minds are intent on the discovery of our Lord's teaching. The work of the fellowship is not only at the time of its meeting but it becomes an habitual attitude of mind, ever on a spiritual quest. We need not be always together so long as we are agreed about the subjects and occasions on which we concentrate. People will begin to sense the reality of the divine without knowing why they feel it. Spiritual awakenings come only in the wake of weeks of such creative working together in one heart and spirit. Would that we might use our time and mental power for such an outpouring!

The Effects of Such Fellowship

"GIVE and it shall be given unto you," said Jesus; and this is especially true for all who give themselves as channels for God's power to bless the world. The results in our lives are most enriching. Most priceless is that sensitive awareness of spiritual realities which grow in us. Like the sense of beauty to the artist, it transfigures everything into radiance. One is never lonely or blue when God is so near. Then also grows that rare flower of thanksgiving springing up within us as we see the working out of the divine purpose through our fellowship in prayer. The sense of privilege deepens as we see ourselves channels for God's yearning love. Old age has no terrors of uselessness; for creative service can go on to the end. Our family and friends will feel the new life and be drawn to us as flowers turn toward the sun. Our cup of joy will be running over.

It was said of a boy who had this spirit of devotion to Christ, that he burned a path of light through his university. Would that were true of each of us, the humblest and most obscure! How our homes and church and city would thank God for us!

Suggestions For Fellowship Meeting

DISCUSS the subject of "atmosphere" and make suggestions for ways of creating it in our church life. Ask the minister to share his desires for this with the group. Bring in also suggestions from the young people.

Under the second heading agree about the subjects and occasions when the group will concentrate on prayer even though separated. Cooperate with the minister on the Sunday morning service.

Spend the last fifteen minutes in witnessing to the effect of the fellowship upon our personal life and in silent intercession on agreed subjects. Close with the hymn, "A Charge to Keep I Have."

a little
but Jan 15-00

Have You Heard It?

World Outlook

Missionary Voice Dramatization

By MARY DEBARDELEBEN

W. O.

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Eldridge—An interested, diligent member of the Missionary Society.

Mrs. Darnell—Interested in self culture only.

Janet—The maid (white).

The "Voice"—Who speaks to the point.

Mr. Darnell—Up-to-date on world affairs as well as business.

SETTING:

An ordinary living room of comfort and comparative wealth. It contains desk, easy chairs, library table. A lounge is so placed that one resting there can look through a door that in the first and second scenes is concealed by portieres. In the third scene the portieres are drawn back so as to make the door appear the frame of a picture. Two women, Mrs. Darnell and Mrs. Eldridge, are talking as the play opens.

SCENE I

MRS. DARNELL: No, I can't join the Missionary Society. I simply haven't time.

MRS. ELDRIDGE: But you have excellent help, Mrs. Darnell.

MRS. DARNELL: Yes, I know that but I belong already to the self-culture club, and to two or three other women's clubs for literary and social cultivation.

MRS. ELDRIDGE: But the Missionary Society would also give you culture by enlarging your sympathies and extending your horizons.

MRS. DARNELL: Oh, I haven't any patience with all this talk about our sisters in China, Japan, and the rest. I'm sorry to be so frank.

MRS. ELDRIDGE: I'm glad you are since that is the way you feel about it. You may change your mind though some day.

MRS. DARNELL: Well, when I do I'll call you up.

MRS. ELDRIDGE: (rising) Do, we shall be so glad to welcome you into our group at any time. I must be going.

MRS. DARNELL: (warmly) It was good of you to come and I really do appreciate the fact that you want me.

MRS. ELDRIDGE: Why—of course we want you.

MRS. DARNELL: (laughing) You know, really I'm not so bad. The other day when Mrs. Reed, your VOICE agent, was here I did subscribe for that.

MRS. ELDRIDGE: (laughing) Well you aren't such a heathen, sure enough, are you? You will get some points on self-culture from that, I think. Good-bye—I'll be expecting your call.

MRS. DARNELL: Goodbye (closing the door as she speaks) but I have my doubts about getting any points in cultivation from a missionary magazine.

(Enter Janet with mail)

JANET: Here's the mail, just some papers.

MRS. DARNELL: (Looking over the mail) Ha, here's that

W. O. MISSIONARY VOICE. Janet, how long before dinner?

JANET: A half hour.

MRS. DARNELL: I'll lie down here a little while and rest (Janet goes out.) Meanwhile, I'll take a look at this

> MISSIONARY VOICE. (Reads awhile then drops asleep. The paper slips to the floor. Lights are dim.)

SCENE II

W. O. VOICE: (speaks) A member of the self-culture club—so that is what you are seeking—Culture.

MRS. DARNELL: (Rising to a sitting posture at the side of the lounge) Who calls?

W. O. VOICE: I do, the MISSIONARY VOICE. ? W. O.

MRS. DARNELL: What do you want?

VOICE: I am calling you to the highest culture.

MRS. DARNELL: What is that?

W. O. VOICE: To spiritual culture.

MRS. DARNELL: Spiritual culture? (puzzled)

VOICE: Yes; don't you even know what it is?

MRS. DARNELL: I have a spirit, I guess, and I am supposed to be one of the most cultured woman in ——. I really don't believe I need your services.

W. O. VOICE: I know, my dear, that your musical talent is cultivated as are your literary gifts. Your manners, they say, are quite elegant.

MRS. DARNELL: (Interrupting.) Then what more can I need?

W. O. VOICE: Need? Why my dear lady your spirit, as I was saying when I was so rudely (?) interrupted—your spirit is quite weazley and dried up. Indeed, I perceive only a shell.

MRS. DARNELL: (heatedly) Do you mean to insult me? I am a cultured woman.

W. O. VOICE: In body and mind, yes.

MRS. DARNELL: Your insinuations are bordering on insolence.

W. O. VOICE: There now, don't get so heated. Remember your culture and your manners.

MRS. DARNELL: O, pardon me.

W. O. VOICE: Spiritual cultivation, prayer.

MRS. DARNELL: (again interrupting) Prayer? Why, I always say my prayers.

W. O. VOICE: Yes, I do not doubt that you say your prayers.

MRS. DARNELL: I certainly do. I even get down on my knees at night and that is more than some women do.

W. O. VOICE: I daresay; but if you would only listen to me I would teach you to pray; to commune with God.

MRS. DARNELL: Yes?

W O

VOICE: I would "enlarge your sympathies and extend your horizons."

MRS. DARNELL: (to herself) That is what my visitor said the Missionary Society would do. (to the voice) But I do not see how knowing about a lot of low class, ignorant Chinese and Japanese has anything to do with extending my horizons except to stretch my imagination to conceive such a thing—(yawning.) Will you kindly let me finish my nap (leaning back, as though to sleep.)

VOICE: That is the trouble now. You've been asleep too long.

MRS. DARNELL: Asleep? (getting up again)—Why, everybody says I'm the most wide-awake woman in town.

VOICE: Where your own selfish interests are concerned, yes—but sound asleep to the great forward movements of the world. Nobody that is even half awake considers them as nations, low class, ignorant Chinese and Japanese.

MRS. DARNELL: Anything else insulting?

VOICE: Only to say that I could wake you to the momentous question of Disarmament and World Peace, of Democracy in Industry, of Interracial Conflict. I'd like to tell you—

MRS. DARNELL: I'll have spiritual conflict instead of spiritual cultivation if I continue to listen to you.

VOICE: Good! Spiritual culture begins in upheaval of spiritual soil. I'm working, I see, along psychological lines.

MRS. DARNELL: (Dreamily relaxing again) Aren't you a bit conceited?

(Lights go out for a minute then come up again. During this time the portieres over the door are drawn revealing pictures from the VOICE. Mrs. Darnell rises to a sitting position again as they pass before her.)

PICTURE 1—The Cover of the VOICE.

(Select a cover that may be represented by impersonations. September, 1928 cover has a picture of the boy Samuel at prayer. September, 1928 will be very beautiful portrayed by women costumed as in the picture.)
We suggest: "Missionary Voice", Nov. 1928, Man of the Year, 1934
(The letters "MISSIONARY VOICE" and the date should be printed very large and held evenly above the figures, thereby making an attractive representation of the cover page.)
Dr. J. H. Yun of Korea

PICTURE 2—President Yang of Soochow University.

(Have a group of three people to copy exactly the pose of President Yang, wife and child, as shown in the VOICE of August, 1929).
Such a fine face!

MRS. DARNELL: Why (rubbing her eyes) I didn't suppose a Chinese had intelligence enough to be President of a University, and Mrs. Yang—Why what a lovely face!

PICTURE 3—Miss Koo-Okujo, of Japan. (June, 1929).

MRS. DARNELL: (reading) Miss Okujo, of Japan. Why, a beautiful woman. (reading) "visitor to the Council Meeting" (drawing-a-deep-breath)—Who would have thought it. Why, she's just about as good looking as an American, really!

PICTURE 4—One of the Least of These (July, 1929).

MRS. DARNELL: That precious baby! Isn't he cunning? (looking close) Korean—Let's see, where is Korea?

These precious children

DECEMBER, 1929

PICTURE 5—Fourth Grade, MacDonell Mission (Dec. 1928).

MRS. DARNELL: MacDonell—where have I heard that name. O, Mrs. MacDonell—she was General Secretary of the Home Mission Board. She used to be a friend of mother's. I have heard mother say—but where is this Mission? I didn't know I was so ignorant. (lies down as lights go out. A dinner bell rings. Lights come up. Mrs. Darnell sits up again on the side of the lounge and rubs her eyes.) I must have been dreaming.
(Enter husband.)

MR. DARNELL: Hello, there, been asleep? Time for dinner isn't it?

MRS. DARNELL: Why, yes, I suppose I have, I suppose it is—to answer completely. I had such a strange dream.

MR. DARNELL: (picking up the VOICE) Hello, you take this? I didn't know you were interested. Had my copy come to the office—wouldn't be without it. It has the largest circulation of any denominational magazine in the United States and stands fourth in the list of all religious publications. It's a cracker-jack!

MRS. DARNELL: Is that so? I didn't know. I've just subscribed. (still somewhat dazed) Yes, I suppose it is. Queer I was looking at it, fell asleep, and dreamed about it.

MR. DARNELL: (laughing) So that was your funny dream? Well, you'll stay awake on world problems all right, I've found, if you read the MISSIONARY VOICE.

MRS. DARNELL: So you've heard it, too?

MR. DARNELL: Heard it? Heard what?

MRS. DARNELL: Why, the VOICE, of course.

MR. DARNELL: I believe you're still dreaming. Come on let's eat while you tell me about it.

MRS. DARNELL: You go on I'll be there in two minutes.
(Exit Mr. Darnell)

MRS. DARNELL: (goes to telephone, calls brightly, quickly) 623 please. Hello, is that you Mrs. Eldridge. I called up to tell you I'll join the Missionary Society. What? Well, (laughing) I had the funniest dream but dinner's waiting. I'll tell you about it, sometime soon.

MRS. DARNELL: (Curtain)
April, 1935

Suggestions on Producing Intelligence + Simplicity! & really useful like to know him
For the framing of the "VOICE pictures" a door draped with portieres may be used. The portieres conceal the door until the proper moment. As the lights go off on the lines "Aren't you a bit conceited?" the "VOICE COVER" appears in the doorway. Then each in turn, as the lights are turned out or the curtains drawn, the figures take their places representing the pictures.
Care should be taken that the "pictures" be sufficiently elevated that the audience may easily see them; also that Mrs. Darnell speaks loud enough for the audience to hear. The "pictures" suggested will be found in the numbers of the VOICE indicated.

The "VOICE" part should be taken by some one concealed from the audience but near the front of the stage, face turned toward audience, and voice loud and clear so that not a word is missed.

Children are cunning - Chinese are phar...
And fifteen dollars will keep one of them for a whole year.
Why, I spent \$15 for Johnson's electric train last year.

THY KINGDOM COME

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

He Kept His Word

WHEN the late William Jennings Bryan was a child, he was ill of a serious malady, and friends despaired of his life. His father, Judge Bryan, went into his closet and offered up special prayer, promising the Lord that, if He would spare the life of his son, he would make the hour of noon a stated hour of prayer in his household perpetually thereafter. The child recovered and Judge Bryan kept his vow to the day of his death.

In such times of great trial men make solemn promises of good behavior for the future; but many of these promises are soon forgotten when the sun of prosperity again appears. God is faithful, and He puts the highest value upon human faithfulness. Men are often signally honored by Him, when they faithfully perform their vows, and they then stand out before the world like the patriarchs of old.

One of the crying evils of the present day is faithlessness. Faithlessness in business, in society, in the home, in all the walks of life, is so appalling, that many are driven to misanthropy and are tempted to say there is no faithfulness save in the Eternal. Let Judge Bryan's example stimulate stricter fidelity to promises and pledges of every kind. If the practice of daily prayer for our children were more generally followed, we would have more illustrious public men, such as William Jennings Bryan, and our politics, from the halls of Congress to the city ward, would be vastly improved.

For Such an Age as This

UNIVERSAL Bible Sunday, which occurs this year on December 8, will have as its theme "For Such an Age as This." The observance of this day in the Christian year aims to bring annually to the attention of church-going America the important place the Bible occupies in the life and heart of Christians. The governor of one of our great commonwealths in referring to Universal Bible Sunday declared: "The Bible is the only book that lies at all times upon my desk in the Executive offices, and it is my light and guide as I try to do the difficult work that confronts me as Governor of this great State." Shortly after assuming office President Hoover said of the Bible: "As a nation we are indebted to the Book of Books for our national ideals and representative institutions. Their preservation rests in adhering to its principles."

Ian Maclaren in his ministerial visits always read from the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. "They need to be reminded of the many mansions in the Father's house," was his reason. Mr. Ford in a recent interview stated that a number of years ago he took a pledge to read a chapter of the Bible every day.

He further stated that in order to keep that pledge he has a Bible in every room in his house, so that when he sits down he will have the Book of Books handy to his reach and his heart.

Sometimes in the hurry and confusion of present-day living the old Book is neglected. Magazines and periodicals cover our tables until the Bible is buried beneath them. Universal Bible Sunday aims through directing attention to its notable passages, its majestic literature and its sacred message to develop a greater dependence upon it in permitting it to give its gracious assistance in facing the duties of "Such an Age as This."

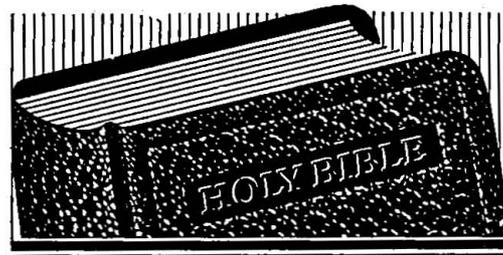
Branding the Buyer Also

THE United States Circuit Court of Appeals rendered its decision at Philadelphia on October 3rd that "under the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act the purchase of liquor is not made an offense. . . While the seller of liquor, who delivers it to the purchaser, is liable under the law both for the sale and transportation, the purchaser is chargeable with neither the purchase nor the transportation." On the following day, October 4th, the Board of Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, South, declared that the time had come when buyers and sellers of intoxicants should be branded alike as criminals.

On Monday, October 7th, Senator Morris Sheppard introduced in the Senate a proposal to amend the Volstead Act, making the purchase of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes punishable as is the manufacture, sale and transportation of the same. This legislation is logical and necessary for the effective enforcement of the Prohibition Law. Buyers and sellers are both necessary for the traffic, and both are therefore equally responsible for its continuance.

The openly declared purpose of certain citizens, many of them of wealth and high social position, to flaunt the purposes of the law and to continue to purchase intoxicants, even at exorbitant prices, and with the knowledge that the bootleggers from whom they purchase are all criminals, frequently guilty of highway robbery and murder, compels the conclusion that the Volstead Act should be so amended that the purchase of intoxicants shall be made an offense equally with the sale and transportation. The same spirit of lawlessness is characteristic of both buyers and sellers. The one buys to gratify his appetite; the other sells to gratify his covetousness.

The principal reason for exempting the purchaser from punishment in the present Volstead Act was the expectation that the testimony of the purchaser would be necessary for the conviction of the seller, but ten years' experience seems to have demonstrated that better

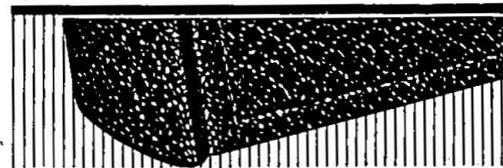


*For Such an Age
as This*

**UNIVERSAL
BIBLE SUNDAY**

December 8, 1929

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY



THY WILL BE DONE

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

results can be secured in curtailing traffic if the purchaser is also branded as a criminal.

The time has come to put the buyer and the seller on exactly the same footing before the law—as equally hostile to the great purpose of the 18th Amendment—the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors with all the pauperism, misery, insanity, vice and crime, which always and inevitably follow in its wake.

Bishop Cannon on the Textile Investigation

“THE industrial leaders of the South should take the initiative and hold conference with their employees upon all matters of difference between them,” said Bishop James Cannon, Jr., Chairman of the Board of Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South in discussing the proposed Senate investigation of the “Textile Industry.” “The Board of Temperance and Social Service of our Church has taken no formal action concerning the Senate investigation,” Bishop Cannon said, “but I personally think that if such an investigation is made, it should not be confined to the South, but should take in the entire Textile Industry.”

Bishop Cannon then said, “In March, 1927, there was given to the Press an Appeal to the Industrial Leaders of the South, which was signed by forty-one Southern ministers and educators in their individual capacity. This appeal, made more than two years ago before any of the present industrial troubles had arisen, and for the very purpose of preventing such strife, urged Southern employers to take the initiative in the discussion of such matters calculated to produce friction and conflict in industrial life, and called upon labor to give whole-hearted support to secure the best results.

“Speaking for no one but myself, I still believe that the Appeal to the Industrial Leaders of the South offers today the best method for the permanent settlement of Southern industrial difficulties. Can there not be an agreement on certain items, such as a maximum fifty-four hours a week, no employment of women and children in night work, no night work between eleven and five or midnight and six, and no employment of children who have not completed minimum school requirements? It is to be noted that an unusual proportion of employers and employees of the South are members of Christian Churches. Christ’s Law of Love, His teaching concerning human brotherhood—of the obligation of men to consider the needs and rights of their brother men—this not only should be the standard in their dealings with each other of all those who call Christ Master and Lord, but Christ’s standard must and finally will dominate the entire social order, and will prevail in the life and work of the world.”

“Up to the Light”

“Up to the Light” is an interesting story of the work of French Protestants in Canada. Of the influence of these Protestants, Dr. John Mackay, veteran missionary secretary of the United Church of Canada, says: “It is not without profound significance that Quebec has produced the finest

Roman Catholic population in the world. The authorities of that great Church will some day realize, if they do not do so already, that for that achievement much credit is due to the Protestant minority in the Province, as well as to the predominantly Protestant atmosphere of the whole nation.”

The story of this book, written by Dr. Paul Villard, is the story of a little band of devout Protestants who saw clearly that they had something which their Roman Catholic fellow citizens sadly needed, and who were willing to die rather than shrink from what they felt to be their immediate duty.

Dr. S. D. Chown, once Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, in his introduction tells how he was reluctant to write an introduction, because of other tasks that pressed, but he found the chapters so enticing he was lured forward page after page with deepening interest, and was glad to commend by his introduction the work of Dr. Villard.

The author presents a series of sketches giving the reader a broad survey of the efforts and work of French Protestant missionaries in Canada, showing that Romanism in Canada, as everywhere else, has never included in its teachings freedom of thought and liberty of conscience. All this will explain why there is a vital French Protestant problem in Canada, as there is a Protestant problem wherever Romanism is dominant, which Protestants of all denominations should solve, in a spirit of tolerance, but openly and fearlessly, for the good of Romanism itself.

The Prime Minister Gets a Bible

PRIME Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald was presented with a King James Version of the Bible by President E. Francis Hyde on behalf of the American Bible Society in his suite at the Hotel Weylin, New York City, upon his return from the conference with President Hoover. The presentation was “in commemoration of the profound influence of the great versions of the English Bible upon the ideals of peace and freedom held in common by the English-speaking peoples and in testimony to its place in strengthening the bonds of friendship and goodwill between the nations of the earth.”

“This book contains in the seventh Beatitude a tribute to the Peace-makers,” said Mr. Hyde in making the presentation. “Copies of the King James Version are published by the National Bible Society of Scotland, the British and Foreign Bible Society and the American Bible Society and circulated throughout the English-speaking world. No book has done more to bring the nations of the world together in mutual understanding and co-operation than the Bible.” Mr. MacDonald indicated his thanks for the Bible “with the personal inscription always valued.”

When the American Bible Society was founded in 1816, one of the first gifts it received was from the British and Foreign Bible Society in England. “It was the power of the Bible alone,” said Mr. Hyde, “that made this generous gift possible at almost the moment that the war of 1812 was over.”

It was a simple incident, but beautiful, and bearing a three-fold tribute.

"Let Me Tell You A Good Story"

President W. H. Moore of Granbery College tells the story of four generations of Methodists of Brazil.

It is the story of faith and faithfulness—and incidentally of love and marriage.

Watch this page next month for a beautiful sequel to the Oliveira story.

ATTRACTED by the fame of Granbery, Jovelino A. de Oliveira and family fixed their residence in 1912 in Juiz de Fora, in order to educate their children. At that time Otilia and Odette were matriculated in Granbery in the high school course. The following year the latter decided to prepare for teaching, and so attended the "Holy Cross" Normal School in Juiz de Fora. Otilia remained at Granbery, completing in 1915 the course in Pharmacy.

During the years of contact with Granbery and with evangelical Christians in Juiz de Fora, the family began to be interested in the Gospel. As a result of visits by members of the Woman's Missionary Society of the local Methodist Church, the mother of the family became a member of this Society.

In 1915 Derly Chaves came to Granbery from the southern state of Rio Grande in order to prepare himself for the Methodist Ministry. He and Otilia met in the corridors of Granbery and followed the natural course of those who fall in love. This fact came to stimulate the interest of the Oliveira family in the Gospel. The next year Otilia and her mother became members of the Methodist Church, and also the marriage of the young lovers was contracted. The wedding took place in 1918, soon after Chaves graduated in Theology at Granbery. The young preacher was appointed back to his home State, where of course he took his bride, and began his itinerant ministry.

In 1920, Odette, having graduated from the Normal School, was invited by Rev. J. W. Daniel to teach in our school in Passo Fundo. With her went also her younger brother Gentil, who obtained work in a business house in Passo Fundo. Both were converted, and received into the Methodist Church in that city.

In 1924, the father of the family resolved to unite with the Methodist Church, which he did at the same time as did his daughter, Judith. At more or less this same time, the oldest of the four generations was conquered by the love of Christ, and united with the Methodist Church in Alegre. It was interesting that on the same day of her profession and baptism, there were baptized also her son and one of his daughters. It was Rev. C. A. Long who baptized the three generations on that day. The great grandmother in the picture is 78 years old, and promises to live yet many years; the daughter is 53, the grand-daughter 32 and the great-grand-daughter is 9.



Mrs. Otilia Chaves, left back, her mother, her grandmother, seated, 78 years of age, and her daughter, 9. Three generations baptized the same day by Rev. C. A. Long, missionary.

The story to this point is a translation of an article furnished at my request by Mrs. Otilia Chaves, the grand-daughter in the group.

I will add that Mrs. Chaves is the wife of Rev. Derly Chaves, who is now dean of the School of Theology at Granbery, and Mrs. Chaves is president of the Woman's Missionary Society in the church here. Many of the Voice readers will remember that Brother and Mrs. Chaves were at Emory University from September 1925 to May 1928. Odette, mentioned above, is now the wife of Brother Barbieri of South Brazil, and they will go in September of this year to Southern Methodist University for further study. Judith, the other daughter mentioned, is to be married the last of this year to one of the young professors at Granbery. Her younger brother Alvaro is now studying at Granbery, as is Ruth Chaves, the little girl in the picture above.

Missions and Christians

By W. H. HARRISON

THERE can be no giving up of missions upon the part of the Church if we be Christians. We

have no one to follow but Christ. He has said, "Go." We dare not, therefore, retreat. To evangelize the world is our task. It is indeed a hard task—one that requires heroism and sacrifice. However, we have His promise to be with us to the "end of the ages." His being with us is predicated on our going. He never made the promise to a standing or retreating Church, but to a Church that was marching forward at His command. The world is truly our parish, and we should never be satisfied until the "kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord and His Christ." In my opinion it will take three things on our part to realize the Master's ideal:

First—men. This term is used generically. Men that are mastered, not mastered by any ambition that is unholy or personal, but mastered by Jesus Christ; men who see Him who is invisible, and move with a determined step toward the summits of the highest mountain peaks of endeavor; men with trained minds and warm hearts, marching to the strains of heavenly bodies that are more beautiful than the music of the spheres, ready to do and dare for the sake of Him by whom they have been sent; men with a passion that burns in their breasts until all else but the cross of Christ is lost sight of, as they believe this symbol, if taken spiritually, will transform the darkest continent into the effulgent and marvelous light of Christian liberty.

(Continued on page 38)

"The Church and the World Parish"

The New Mission Study Book for 1930

THE new mission Study book for the January-Cultivation period of 1930 is "The Church and the World Parish," by Dr. Elmer T. Clark. The volume has 12 chapters, 320 pages, yet will sell for the usual price of 25 cents per copy.

The Cokesbury Press is now issuing a first edition of 125,000 copies. Distribution will begin at the District Missionary Institutes.

Much Out of the Ordinary. "Give us the facts," the people said. "Take China and tell us about the country, what the Church is doing—our Church is doing in China; do that for all the fields abroad and all the sections of our work at home." That was a big order. We knew it would be. It proved even bigger than we thought; but once started, we could not turn back.

Our Best Book-Writer. We put our best book-writer at it, Dr. Elmer T. Clark. He ransacked the big New York libraries; wore out his colleagues with reading manuscript; enlisted missionaries and other authorities in checking his facts, and ended by making

a book—well, just the book you have been waiting for.

The Price. It is nearly twice the size of the three former books; it had to be to get in the material, but we are furnishing it—we hope without loss—for the old price of 25c.

A Thesaurus of Fact. The book should be useful beyond our cultivation period. Facts are continually changing, and it is difficult in any book to keep up with missionary facts; but the facts given in this book should remain at least the basis of study and presentation for many years to come. It is intended as a reference book, to be used by Epworth Leagues, missionary societies, preachers in their missionary speeches and sermons; and at the same time has been prepared for use as our other books in mission study classes.

"Suggestions for Leaders." A little book of suggestions will come with the big book, telling exactly how to conduct the mission study class. Usually the easiest way is the best. Organize one class or more, do it to standard outlined in the little book, and make it an "honest-to-goodness" study of missions.

For the Missionary Committee

(December Meeting)

The meeting, regular or called, should be held early in December.

1. Check up on any matters already begun by the Committee.

2. Let the discussion in this meeting revolve around the new study book, under the following questions and answers:

(1). Q. How is mission study conducted in the congregation? A. Somebody should be prepared to tell how it is done in the Epworth League, in the Sunday School, in the Woman's Missionary Society, especially explaining that a book is written each year as the basis of study in our January-February cultivation period.

(2). Q. When should the special cultivation book be used? A. After the Missionary Institute late in January or early in February. The pastor will know when the Institute of the District will be held.

(3). Q. What is the book for this year? A. "The Church and the World Parish." The Chairman, or

someone, should explain about the book, its author, its purpose, etc., as set forth above.

(4). Q. Did we use the book in this Congregation last year? A. Discuss good points and weak points of previous year.

(5). Q. Who has charge of the study of our new book? A. The Missionary Committee, under the pastor.

(6). Q. How do we get the book? A. The pastor will explain that it comes to each church through the District Institute.

(7). Q. How shall our mission study work be done this year? A. Discussion of plans.

(8). Q. What is the best thing the Committee can do to get ready? A. Let the Committee, or as many members as possible, attend the Missionary Institute, where plans will be fully discussed. **SPECIAL EFFORT IS BEING MADE THIS YEAR TO GET THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSIONARY COMMITTEE TO ATTEND THE INSTITUTE.**

For the Devotional

The Characteristics of the Approved Life

By ALBERT E. BARNETT

Matthew 5:1-12; Luke 6:20-26

THE devotional studies for the year will be in the nature of an exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. The general theme of that body of teaching is "The Life That God Approves," which, accordingly, is the theme of the series of studies.

The Beatitudes are a summary statement of Jesus' ethical teaching. They furnish a compact representation of the New Testament conception of the righteous life just as the Ten Commandments epitomize the righteousness of the Old Testament. Educationally and morally the beatitude type of expression is preferable to the commandment type and Jesus employed it for that reason. Persuasion rather than coercion was his method because he aimed at spontaneity and moral originality rather than mere conformity.

The term *blessed*, with which each Beatitude begins, means *approved*. It describes, on the one hand, the Divine approval that attends the complete commitment of a life to God's will, and, on the other, the effects on character in which such commitment results. The *blessed* life is the *approved* life, and the bases of approval are self-commitment to the Divine will and the progressive appropriation of those qualities of spirit that inhere in God's own character. The Beatitudes are so many angles from which the truly righteous life may be viewed and together they present a unified picture of that life.

Blessed are the Poor in Spirit—The poor in spirit are not the spiritually poverty stricken but rather such as are blessed with a spiritual depth and insight that leaves no place for self-sufficiency and that recognizes human dependence on God. There is no reference here to external circumstances or economic status save as these bear upon inward disposition and register in moral attitude. "Jesus wished to establish as the first principle of the better life, that true well-being is not reckoned in earthly goods or obtained by them; on the contrary, ideal manhood and womanhood come through complete self-committal to God, drawing from Him our spiritual sustenance, making His will our will, and finding in His supreme purpose the only object of our lives." (Votaw.)

Blessed are They That Mourn—In the second Beatitude Jesus has no intention of voicing a blanket commendation of long-facedness in the name of religion. In his personal religious life Jesus was wholesome and natural and he desired that his followers be so. There are matters, however, over which any earnest soul must be profoundly concerned and it is these that are contemplated in Jesus' thought. Paul says: "Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation" but "the sorrow of this world worketh death," and it is this "Godly sorrow" which Jesus regards as an indispensable element in life at its best. The quality commanded looks in the direction of careful self-appraisal on the one hand and of intelligent social sympathy on the other. "They that mourn" are those

that are aware of their own imperfections and who aspire to the best ideal of life with which they are acquainted. They are also the enemies of all that impedes the realization of God's purposes in the social order, and their concern for the Kingdom makes them do battle vigorously for every cause that advances human welfare.

Blessed are the Meek—The third beatitude is apparently a quotation of Psalm 37:11 and the key to its thought is to be found there and in Psalm 75:4-6. The attitude described is not one of submission to men or of quiescence in the midst of unideal circumstances. It rather involves the terrible and irresistible militancy in behalf of the right that is typical of lives whose only will is the will of God. In this sense Jesus and Paul and Luther were meek.

Blessed are They Which Do Hunger and Thirst After Righteousness—Righteousness is the technical term used in the Bible to describe that character and conduct that God requires in men. The supreme function of the true prophet was ever to proclaim the nature of righteousness and make its demands real in terms of his day. The choicest passages of the Old Testament show the prophet in the exercise of this function, passages such as Psalm 51:16-17, Amos 5:21-24, Micah 6:6-8. In his life and message Jesus has given men an adequate and ultimate interpretation of God's expectation of them, and in the fourth Beatitude he commends those who are moved by the passionate desire to approximate the Divine ideal. The pronouncement is not upon those who have attained the goal; nothing is so fatal to the best spiritual development as the complacent conviction that no further improvement is possible. Those who have most nearly attained the Christian ideal have ever been most humble. The closer men come to Jesus the more clearly they see his perfection and the infinite distance by which he rises above humanity at its best.

Blessed are the Merciful—The Mercifulness of the fifth Beatitude is both negative and positive. It denotes the absence of ill will and the spirit of revenge. The merciful man refuses to harbor the memory of the evil and errors which others commit. He regularly puts the best construction possible on the actions of his fellow men. On the positive side, the merciful man is deeply sympathetic with others and expresses this sympathy in tender consideration and helpful service. God's sympathy and consideration for men is the norm to which appeal is made and the exercise of these qualities is appropriately conditioned by their emulation on the part of men.

Blessed are the Pure in Heart—The sixth Beatitude is more than an expansion of the seventh Commandment; it is more

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The Missionary Society

Adult Program—January

DEVOTIONAL TOPIC: Characteristics of the Approved Life. Matt. 5:1-12; Luke 6:20-26.

MISSIONARY TOPIC: *Our Finances* (a Dialogue). See leaflet.

Note: This meeting includes the pledge service. Pledge cards may be secured at Literature Headquarters upon application. A special service is outlined in the yearbook. Very careful plans should be made for this meeting. See Yearbook, price 10c.

Young People's Program—January

SENIOR TOPIC: Re-evaluation of Our Society and pledge service.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC: At Work in a Port.

Note: Full plans for both Senior and Intermediate Young People are outlined in Program Helps for each. Two copies of each have been sent to every auxiliary.

For the Devotional

(Continued from page 34)

radical and inclusive. Heart designates the whole inner life, the essential personality and it is the sphere in which purity exists. It is the seat of thought, feeling and motive and hence the source of all action. Purity is genuineness, sincerity, uprightness, honesty. Purity of heart results from the complete devotion of a life to God's service. The distinctive character of Christian mysticism as morally conditioned is brought out in this Beatitude: the Pure in Heart see God. The clear apprehension of the reality and presence of God is possible only for the devoted life, and experience that is distinctively Christian develops as devotion increases. Bishop McConnell's memorable statement is to this effect: "Christian mysticism at its best appears to be that keen awareness of divine realities which comes out of persistent doing of the divine will—it is the awareness of the practiced soul. Just as the training of any faculty brings at last to that faculty a directness of perception and of execution which seems altogether mysterious to the uninstructed onlooker, so constant exercise of the whole life in righteousness brings an awareness of spiritual values, keener than eyesight, swifter than formal reasoning, and more instantaneous than deliberate resolution."

Blessed are the Peacemakers—The seventh Beatitude contemplates peace between a man and God and between this man and his fellow men. It is descriptive of individual composure and of social harmony and both are effected by the realization within oneself and in society of the ideal that Jesus taught. The fundamental condition of peace in either aspect is reconciliation with God. The Peacemaker as a rule lives a stormy life and of necessity destroys the apparent tranquility of human situations. He who said, "Blessed are the peacemakers" also said, "I am not come to bring peace but a sword." The forces and principles of evil must be fought. The armies of night must be put to flight before the armies of light. The principles of righteousness enunciated by Jesus must be made regnant and they who seek to make them so

are *peacemakers* in the very militant quality of their spirits. Their one caution must be to keep the weapons with which they do battle and the spirit in which they contend in careful accord with the goal toward which they strive; the Kingdoms of the earth cannot be conquered for the Kingdom of God by bowing to Satan in the employment of unworthy method and worldly means.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake—Jesus fully realized the radical character of the ideal of life with which he challenged men. It represented the life normal to heaven but rare on the earth. His insight and experience made him sure that the world would react in a hostile way to the Divine revelation of the righteousness of the Kingdom. In the eighth Beatitude he asserts that Christianity can triumph only through the spirit of vicarious sacrifice. Suffering for the sake of righteousness, the magnificent conception of Isaiah 40-66, reaches its ultimate expression in Christ, and it has ever been by the patient fidelity of Christians that the Gospel has spread. The heroism of the primitive Christians in the midst of trying circumstances was the most potent factor in the evangelization of the Roman world.

Miss Lochie Rankin

(Continued from page 21)

Another outstanding characteristic of Miss Rankin was her loyalties. She loved her Church; she loved the Board that sent her out always manifesting a confidence in their administration and a readiness to cooperate even to the point of sacrificing herself. She did not hesitate to say again and again how she loved the Woman's Work; she liked "their way of doing things." Towards the latter years of her life when her strength was failing, adjustments had to be made in her work in order to save her strength. It was hard for her to realize that she could not do all that she had ever done. She wanted to continue to itinerate in the Huchow District with her Bible women. When attempts were made to restrain her zeal, she made her adaptations cheerfully. At the end she consented to work in the general office in Shanghai where it seemed that her strength could best be conserved. She manifested an equal zeal in the writing and copying of letters and other office details which became her responsibility.

In seeking to estimate the fruitage of such a life, one finds it exceedingly difficult because her service was not of the ostentatious type. Possibly one incident will suffice to give a glimpse of what her life meant to China. I was in Huchow attending the meeting of the China Annual Conference. During the Conference Miss Rankin invited me to come to her home for afternoon tea in order that I might meet a few of her old pupils. I gladly went thinking that I would meet a group of women whom her life had touched. To my surprise her parlors were filled with splendid strong-looking men, preachers of the Conference that was in session, many of whom she called: "my old boys". I questioned her about it and she replied that when she first went to China she taught boys and that these preachers were her old pupils. As I watched them hanging on her words, I could read the true inward significance of the life that she had lived.

Personals

THE great esteem in which Bishop Francis J. McConnell, President of the Federal Council of Churches, is held in all circles concerned with social welfare, was indicated during the summer by his appointment by Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York State, as one of the three persons to serve upon the Old Age Pension Commission created by the State Legislature. Bishop McConnell was the recipient of almost endless invitations to address important gatherings during the summer. In addition to speaking at various denominational assemblies and religious conferences, he delivered one of the opening addresses at the Annual Convention of the National Education Association in Atlanta.

REV. PAUL DWORKOWICZ, for many years a missionary of the British Jews Society, died recently in his eighty-eighth year, having given sixty years in carrying the Gospel to the Jews.

PRESIDENT SATO of Hokkaido Imperial University, a Methodist layman, was elevated to the Japanese Peerage on the occasion of the Mikado's enthronement.

THE Evangelical ministers of Matanzas, Cuba, have organized an association, having as members the ten Evangelical ministers residing in that place. The association meets once a month for a devotional program and for open discussion of any subject which may be of common interest to the cause. Each minister brings a report of the total attendance of the services of his church for the current month. The reports from May to October show a grand total of 24,019 in attendance. Protestantism is well established and well known in Matanzas.

MORDECAI WYATT JOHNSON, first Negro president of Howard University, Washington, D. C., has been awarded the fifteenth Spingarn Medal for 1928 for his successful administration and for his achievement in obtaining legislation by which Howard University becomes a recognized institution of the United States Government.

DR. ROBERT R. MOTON, principal of Tuskegee Institute, and President of the National Negro Business League, was awarded an honorary degree of Master of Arts by Harvard University, thus marking the second time in the history of the University that a Negro has been so honored by Harvard. The first member of the Negro race to receive an honorary degree was the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, who was awarded the Master of Arts in 1896 in recognition of his service in the field of education. The degree conferred upon Dr. Moton was in recognition of the service he has rendered in the development of Tuskegee Institute.

DURING the last three weeks of the month of August, Rev. Juan N. Pascoe, taking his family with him in "an old Ford sedan," went into the northern part of his

district and held a week of services at Villaldama, Lampazos and Nuevo Laredo. On this journey Brother Pascoe travelled more than 300 miles.

IN JUNE the citizens of Kobe and Osaka, Japan, were honored by a visit from the Emperor. While in Kobe the Emperor received in audience among other distinguished citizens, Dr. C. J. L. Bates, President of Kwansai Gakuin; Dr. T. H. Haden, for many years Dean of the Theological Department of that institution; Miss C. B. DeForest, President of Kobe College for Women, and a Catholic sister. The four mentioned above are further additions to the list of actual missionaries in Japan who have received imperial recognition.

MR. H. DEGOSSERIE, our missionary to the Congo from Belgium, is now conducting French classes in the Bible School, teaching four days of the week. He is making necessarily slow progress, but some of the boys are showing ability to grasp the language. Mr. Degosserie hopes to enable his pupils to read the Bible and other good literature in French.

MRE. B. STILZ is at work on song books for the Congo. 3,500 copies are being printed, and will contain 125 songs, several Psalms and other portions of the Scriptures and a condensed form of the ritual. By the end of the second quarter of 1929 there were 76 songs printed.

AT THE eighth annual session of the Polish Mission Rev. F. C. Woodard was elected to represent Poland at the coming General Conference in 1930.

REV. VACLAV VANCURA, missionary from Czecho Slovakia, and family are located in Nashville where he is studying in Peabody and Scarritt.

REV. HARRIS WATERS, Japan missionary, is soon to arrive in Nashville where he will probably locate for his furlough period.

DR. E. W. DEMAREE, wife and two children sailed on October 25th for medical work in Korea.

DR. PAWEL HULKA-LASKOWSKI, famous Polish writer and well-known evangelical Christian leader is now editor of our "Pielgrzym Polski" (Polish Pilgrim), the organ of our Church in Poland. This paper has made much progress. Everyone shows the greatest interest in the publication, and the workers are now laying plans to double the printing and treble the number of paid subscribers. The paper is a monthly publication, the purpose of which is to carry the message of Methodism to Poland. The editor declares that the evangelical spirit and life of Methodism answer the deepest cravings of the Polish religious nature.

SEVERAL months ago a ship filled with immigrants made the long voyage down from Japan around the southern tip of Africa and across to the port of Santos, Brazil. In the group was a young Japanese, Daniel L. Nishizumi, who in his country had been a student for the ministry. In Japan he had studied in a mission school of another branch of the Methodist Church, and when he reached Brazil, his feet turned naturally to Granbery College. He has already won the love and confidence of all who know him, and has learned almost enough Portuguese to begin his theological studies in earnest.

The World in a Word

THE American Board, the foreign missionary agency of the Congregational churches in the United States, has transferred the control of all the property in its North China Mission to the Chinese. The Chinese board is to be known as "The Promotional Board of the Chinese Congregational Churches of North China." This board will control through gift or loan all property of the American Board except the residences of the missionaries. The missionaries themselves will be loaned by the American Board to help in the promotion of the work. The representative of the World Sunday School Association in Japan after twelve years of service there has returned to this country. Before returning he completed the process of turning over the work of religious education, for which the association had been responsible, entirely to Japanese leadership. It is a little known fact, even within the confines of the Japanese Empire, that the Emperor is an absolute teetotaler. On the royal banquet tables not a drop of alcoholic beverage is set, and, in addition, His Majesty is also a non-smoker. This good example of the Mikado already has begun to exert a benign influence over the youth of Japan. Charles Vickrey, the creative mind of the Near East Movement, is the Executive Vice-President of the new Golden Rule Foundation just formed in aid of childhood throughout the world. A distinctive group of the friends of the Near East Relief appear as trustees and directors of the new world movement. A recent survey shows that there are now 618 colored troops in America, with more than twelve thousand Negro boy scouts. The American Council of Learned Societies will make a dialect atlas of the United States, zoning certain districts so as to discover the source of various forms of dialect. Ten years will be required to complete the atlas. The present membership of the Red Cross is 4,127,946, or 3.4 per cent of our population. Alaska leads with a percentage of 7.2 of its population. New Hampshire and Vermont lead the states, with a percentage of 7.1 each.

Heizaburo Nakamura

(Continued from page 7)

at the Kwansei Gakuin he rendered invaluable service. In the matter of taxes or renting of our houses to live in he was always a good friend.

As a Christian leader and worker in the Central Methodist Church in Kobe, he was active and helpful. To him as to others is due the fact that this Church was one of the first to become self-supporting. Liberal with his money, he contributed heavily to the building of the fine brick church trimmed with stone. The tall tower is surmounted with a high, white cross, which of nights, by means of electricity, is visible from many parts of the city. Brother Nakamura had already contributed liberally to the Y. M. C. A. in Kobe and Kyoto.

Brother Nakamura was a steward in this Central Methodist Church and the superintendent of the Sunday School. He was also for many years a member of the Board of Directors of our Kwansei Gakuin.

A FAITHFUL Christian at home as well as in his church, he was blessed with a large family of children in whom was his delight. It was in Brother Nakamura's home life that his virtues shone brightest. He had the family altar, and every evening after supper the whole family, wife and many chil-

dren, assembled promptly and regularly in a special room set apart, and there, sitting on their mats upon the floor, each one with a hymn-book in hand sang songs of praise, and the Word of God was read, each child holding a copy of the Word in his or her hand, reverently following the father's reading, and then he offered prayer and supplication to God through the Lord Jesus Christ. Family worship was no incidental affair, observed or omitted according to convenient circumstances. It was a *fixed daily habit*, understood so, as much as the taking of food.

Brother Nakamura's vigorous habits and successful management of his affairs is the more remarkable because for nearly twenty years he was afflicted with asthma, which at certain seasons was very exhausting.

As the writer contemplates the translation of this beloved brother, and thinks of the acquaintance with him on the part of the Precious One who has only recently gone to Paradise, it fills one's cup full of thanksgiving and good hope. What a glorious meeting that will be! When Americans and Japanese alike redeemed and sanctified shall be crowned with immortality, and be never more separated from the presence of their divine Redeemer, and shall dwell together in holy and unbroken, blissful fellowship.

Last at the Cross—First at the Sepulchre

(Continued from page 11)

the world. Much of this wickedness is due to the slavery of women. But Jesus passed this way, as a babe in His mother's arms.

I WENT to Palestine with my eyes and ears open. I came away with them full. Palestine, the land of Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel (with her prominent tomb a mile out of Bethlehem), Ruth, Mary, Martha, Elisabeth and the Mother of Jesus! There's not as much happiness in the hearts of childhood, or the breasts of parenthood in Palestine today as there might have been, and there might be yet. The land has been cursed by wars down through the centuries of passing time. It has been the "bridge" for the marching hordes of Asia and Europe, as well as those of Egypt and England. The Turk has reigned too long, and with such a power that groaning Palestinians have been crushed beneath the Turkish heel. The most hopeful hour to strike for Palestine was the hour in which Allenby walked into "Jerusalem, the Golden" and took possession of it for the Allied cause. Fortunately for the Holy Land, according to the terms of the treaty, Palestine was placed under the wise control of the English Government. But I had to turn my eyes in horror and sadness when I beheld some of these pitiful forms of humanity, men, women and children, with stretched-out hands begging for "bakshish."

Three miles from Jerusalem, on the road to Jericho, skirting Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, lies little worn, wrecked, sleepy, but sacred Bethany. I walked down the hill from the supposed house of Mary and Martha strangely aware of the sainted presence of these two noble women who often opened the hospitality of their lives to the Man without a home.

It must be confessed that in many places in Palestine the spots pointed out seem very unreal. Others seem to be filled and steeped

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Last at the Cross—First at the Sepulchre

(Continued from page 37)

with reality. On the spot of the inn stands the great, towering Church of the Nativity, shrine of several religious faiths. Down beneath the high altar is the cave, the spot being marked by a silver star, with the words relating the details of the nativity written there. While kneeling there in prayer Phillips Brooks caught the vision of an inspired hymn, and came forth to write

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by."

MARY, by her act of devotion and her personal sacrifice, has forever sanctified the maternity room of the world. But the heart beats with reality when one steps down into Nazareth, the place where Mary—fond, devoted mother that she was, reared her boy; taught Him to stand alone; to walk; to lisp the name of God in prayer; taught Him to read and write, and then went with Him to the fountain for water when evening died. The most conspicuous place in Nazareth today is not the Church of the Annunciation, where they say Mary was when she received the summons to go the route whereby a child might be born. It is not the church, now under construction, over the supposed place of Joseph's carpenter shop. The place where I seemed to meet the Boy Christ was at the Virgin's Fountain, in the center of the little city. And a mother was there with Him. It was hard for me to sleep the night I spent in Nazareth on account of the nearness of the Lad growing up, and the mother who taught Him through those formative years: In fact, at 4 a. m. it seemed that these two knocked on my door, as the camel train, with clinking bells, passed by and said, "Up, up, roam over the place of my boyhood with me." And up I got and answered.

WE ARE aware of the transformation which is taking place in Turkey today. Much of it is being done in favor of Turkish womanhood. The veil for the women, and the fezz for the men, have been eliminated. Marriage laws are being changed. Turkish women are freer today than ever, despite the fact that many of them use the cigarette, the rich class and those wearing black, with the look of despair upon their countenances. We look across the Bosphorus, from the Sultan's palace, to view the hospitals where a woman—Florence Nightingale, sang soldiers back to life in the Crimean War.

The tender heart of a Christian goes out in sympathy when he sees the barefooted women, as they come in from the hot, dirty streets, go to the fountains in the Mosque of St. Sophia, wash their feet and go meekly toward the front of that formerly Christian Church, wherein Chrysostom, "the golden mouth," preached against the popular sins of his day prevalent in the city named in his honor. There they bow in prayer by the hours. They come in with faces expressing hunger and spiritual thirst. They depart with the same expression. But the Christ, whose figure can be seen behind the covering of adamantine plaster (placed there by order of the Sultan, Mahomet II, when it became a Turkish Mosque instead of a Christian

Church) this Christ whom paint and mortar cannot conceal, is ready to give these worshippers comfort, hope and pardon.

IN ITALY there are appearances of the bondage not being so strict and rigid. But, when one sees women reverently kissing away the bronze toe of the Apostle Peter in the Cathedral of St. Peter; when one sees women climbing up the stairs, doing penance, kissing certain spots in this historic stairway, up which young Martin Luther was crawling, when he saw the light of his spiritual day, he is reminded that women, "last at the cross—first at the tomb," have ever been devoted to the ideals of religion and Christianity. I stood at the bottom of these "penance stairs" (and knelt and prayed), and watched two women climb them. The steps over which they climbed were of wood. The original steps are of marble, but the Catholic pilgrims of the centuries have worn them down until they must be covered with wood. On every Good Friday the wooden steps are taken away. There are twenty-nine steps, and for every time a devout Catholic climbs these steps he or she is granted by the Pope forty-nine years of indulgence. But these women, men and children after going through this devo-

tion depart with a look of hunger on their faces. Christ has the power to put joy into those hearts. I could not help but think that I only wished that our Protestant folks would spend more time at their altars, in the pews, thinking, communing and talking with God, the great Father, within the holy confines of their houses of worship.

IN GERMANY women could be seen working in the fields with their husbands and brothers. In Switzerland the expression on the faces of some of those who sold magazines and chocolates seemed to express humility and contentment. Calvin had been through Switzerland. The Queen sits on the throne in little Holland, and her husband is a nonentity, as far as Government is concerned. And in our "Mother England," woman is having more rights and more as the years pass by. Wesley went that way. Knox preached in the British Isles. They are reaping the harvest today.

And, when I return to America, and look into the calm face of my blessed mother, my sisters, my wife; into the faces of the loyal members of the Missionary Societies of my parish, with their friends who shall soon become members of that noble, worthy, courageous, campaigning throng, it seems that the most favored women under God's heaven are the women of this "land of the free and home of the brave."

Missions and Christians

(Continued from page 32)

Second—money. It has been said by some that we have talked too much about money. Well, the Master had much to say on this subject. Money may be used as a means to a worthy end, or it may be used as a means to an unworthy and ignoble end. Money is safe so long as it is in the hands of Christians. It is, however, a very unsafe instrument if it falls into the hands of the un-Christian and vicious. I think the knife will illustrate just what I have in mind. The instrument is finely tempered, and is the pride of the workman from whose deft and experienced hands it comes. It falls into the hands of a villan. With this instrument he stabs to the hurt and death his brother. Suppose this same knife had fallen into the hands of a surgeon. It might have saved life. Christians should see to it in life and after death that their money be used for purposes that are high and holy.

Third—medicine. The Master, while He

was here, took direct and positive cognizance of men's bodies. He fed and healed them. His statement, "Man shall not live by bread alone," never did eliminate the necessity of bread. It would seem if we are truly to save Africa, the Tsetse fly is our great challenge, and it will take medicine to combat this great disease. The same thing is true in regard to China, from the standpoint of leprosy. As it will take men and money to combat this ancient and loathsome disease, it will also take Chaulmoogra oil to assist in estopping and finally banishing this dreaded scourge from civilization. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, has given the Christian world a great instrument with which to help establish the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

This paper is sent forth with a sincere desire that more men, more money and more medicine may be dedicated to the Master's use.

Two Notable Revivals in Brazil

(Continued from page 13)

converted to the Protestant faith, they will suffer cruel persecution rather than give up the religion that has brought them peace of conscience and satisfaction of soul. They suffer persecution very often. It is becoming a mark of distinction to be a Protestant in Brazil. We are told that a Protestant, is easily known at sight, wherever he is, because of the bright, hopeful look in the eye, and peaceful, happy, contented expression of the face. Even leading Romanists have been known to say to a Protestant, "We

know you Protestants have the true religion, but we can't afford to lose caste."

Difficult as my work in Brazil was, I enjoyed it almost to ecstasy, and struck the high noon of my life.

I am indebted to Mr. J. M. Terrell, Mr. Buyers, Mr. Jalmar Bowden, Mr. W. H. Moore and Dr. H. C. Tucker and their wives for unstinted courtesies shown me.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. York. The first appeared in the October Issue.

THE MISSIONARY VOICE

Among the New Books

By E. H. Rawlings

HOW STUDENTS ARE WORKING THEIR WAY THROUGH SCHOOL. By Augustus B. Dorrough. Cokesbury. Price \$1.00.

This book gives signed contributions from directors of self-help, deans and presidents of more than twenty universities, colleges and seminaries throughout America.

"I see real value in this work by Augustus B. Dorrough," says Dr. John R. Hart of the University of Pennsylvania. "I have never come across any form of student employment that has not been included in one or more of the articles. Each writer shows intimate contact with students, and the sum total makes a striking suggestion to anyone looking forward to the struggle of working while getting a degree from college."

There are articles from Washington & Lee, Duke University, Emory University, Harvard, Notre Dame, Southern Methodist and many other of the leading institutions in this country.

The spirit of this book is expressed in a statement by Rev. Frank H. Leavell in which he says, "The young person today who contents himself with less training than that (B. A. degree) contents himself, at the same time, with a subordinate rank in the world; with a circumscribed usefulness; with less than the best. He deliberately says, 'I choose mediocrity.'"

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FROM EVERY TRIBE AND NATION. By Belle M. Brain. Revell. Price \$1.50. Miss Belle M. Brain has been writing for

a generation books with suggestive material for young people's meetings. One of her earliest books was "Fifty Missionary Pilgrims." Then came "Fifty Missionary Stories" and other similar books. In this more recent volume she gives us a compilation of missionary stories, stories that tell of the inspiring lives of Christian converts on the foreign field. The stories are brief, concise, interesting, many of them thrilling, and come to us from all parts of the world. This book should be especially useful for workers in Sunday Schools, Epworth Leagues, Young People's Missionary Societies, and for preachers in their sermons.

THE MEANING OF GOD. By Harris Franklin Rall. Cokesbury Press. Price \$1.00. (Popular Edition).

Dr. Rall is Professor of Christian Doctrine at Garrett Biblical Institute, and is the author of such works as "Social Ministry," "Teachings of Jesus," "A new Testament History," etc. The present volume, entitled, "The Meaning of God," covers a course of lectures given at Emory University on the Quillian Foundation. The chapters are: The God Who Is Far; The God Who Is Near; The Democracy of God; The Indwelling of the Spirit; The God of Our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

"Religion," declares Dr. Rall, "is not a species of bondage. Rather it is the freedom which the soul of man cannot realize alone. God must help him, and this help is realized through union with Jesus our Lord."

Dr. Rall is not unknown to leaders in our Church, and this little book contains much of pure milk and sound meat.

"In this volume Professor Rall has succeeded to a remarkable degree," says the "Federal Council Bulletin," "in translating his own excellent scholarship into simple human terminology."

EVANGELISM—A GRAPHIC SURVEY, by Herman C. Webber. The MacMillan Company. Price \$2.00.

In this book we have an entirely new approach to the study of Evangelism in which the author has given some very interesting facts for study. He makes it very clear that no method of the past, mass evangelism, pastoral evangelism, nor educational evangelism is wholly adequate to meet the needs of this or any other day in the Protestant churches of America. All have an important place in the program of the church. The failure of educational evangelism is shown very clearly out of the experience of the churches which have relied upon that means. The author thinks, and with good reason, that the church must adopt again the New Testament method of personal evangelism or that there must be an effort to enlist every member in the work of witnessing for Christ and of winning men to Him, while at the same time making full use of all other means. The book should be very helpful to pastors and all leaders in this field.



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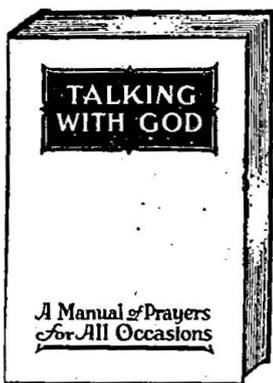
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