

World Outlook



Artext Print

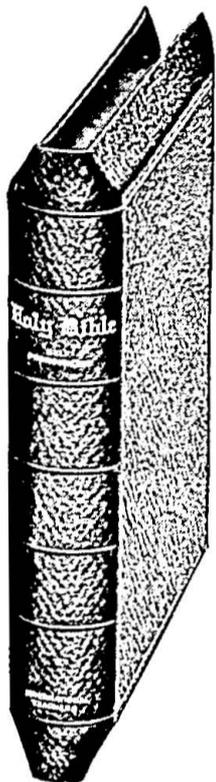
MEN ARE SQUARE—*Beneker*

From a painting
© by Gerritt A. Beneker

SEPTEMBER • 1936

Helpful Suggestions for the Missionary Society— For Officers—Teachers—The Church

Teachers' Bible All-Purpose Red Letter



Illustrated

+

Bound in
Genuine
Leather

+

Containing
The KING JAMES
or AUTHORIZED
VERSION OF THE
OLD AND NEW
TESTAMENTS

SELF-
PRONOUNCING

Size, 5 3/4 x 8 3/4
inches

With

The Words of Christ
SPOKEN WHILE ON EARTH, as
found in the New Testament,
PRINTED IN RED

Embellished with
32 Beautiful Illustrations
Printed in Color

32 BLACK AND WHITE ENGRAV-
INGS AND A FAMILY RECORD
PRINTED IN COLORS

It also Contains
60,000 REFERENCES IN CENTER
COLUMN

BIBLE READERS' HELPS
A 268-Page Combination
Concordance

4,500 Questions and Answers to the
Old and New Testaments. 16 Pages
of Maps printed in colors

Here Is a Splendid
Bible Gift!

Name in Gold on Cover **FREE!**

Large, Easily Read Type
VERY LOW PRICE

No. 36. BOUND IN GENUINE FLEX-
IBLE LEATHER, divinity cir-
cuit (overlapping covers, red
under gold edges, round cor-
ners, headband and purple mark-
er. Each Bible packed in an at-
tractive box **\$3.95**

Thumb Index 50 Cents Extra

Mission and Bible Study Books for 1936-37

Approved for Woman's
Missionary Societies

+

A PREFACE TO RACIAL UNDERSTANDING

By Charles S. Johnson

The distinguished director of the Department of Social Science in Fisk University gives in this book a vigorous study of contemporary Negro life. The historical background is carefully sketched and there are particularly interesting chapters on Negro personalities and on the contribution of the Negro to American civilization. The complex questions facing the churches in Negro-white relationships, in education, and in missions are constructively discussed. Paper, 25 cents

LEADERS HELPS

A Course for Adults on the Negro

By Mary DeBardleben

Based on A Preface to Racial Understanding. By a teacher and interracial worker of long experience in the South. Paper, 25 cents

TOWARD A CHRISTIAN AMERICA

The Contribution of Home Missions

By Hermann N. Morse

Dr. Morse is an outstanding leader in home mission circles. In this book he has given a new and authoritative restatement of the missionary enterprise in America. It is the most significant book issued in many years for the purpose of describing to the general church public just what the home mission work of the churches has come to be and of providing a basis for the study of the future program. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents

LEADERS HELPS

A Home Missions Course for Adults

By Kenneth D. Miller

This pamphlet by an experienced home mission leader and author who is also a pastor and teacher offers a stimulating course for adult groups on home mission trends and problems. Leaders of classes will find in it invaluable suggestions for use with Toward a Christian America. Paper, 25 cents

WOMEN AND HOME MISSIONS

By Noreen Dunn
25 cents

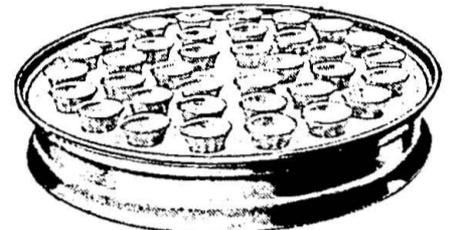
BIBLE STUDY

- I. Courses in Christian Living as follows:
 1. Winning People for Christ, O. E. Goddard. 15 cents.
 2. Parents as Teachers of Christian Living, White and White. 10 cents.
 3. Christian Principles and Practice in Business, O. L. Simpson. 15 cents.
 4. Achieving a Christian Home Today, Hayward. 10 cents.
- II. Stewardship Studies:
 1. Christian Motive and Methods in Stewardship, H. B. Trimble. \$1.00.
 2. The Stewardship Life, J. E. Crawford. Paper, 50 cents.
 3. Message of Stewardship, Ralph S. Cushman. \$1.00.
 4. Stewardship for All of Life, L. E. Lovejoy. 50 cents.

Communion Ware in Keeping with the Dignity of the Occasion

The use of individual communion ware not only is more sanitary but it increases the attendance at the Communion Service.

Thomas "Ideal" Non-Collecting Tray



Has all the distinctive "Thomas" qualities, including the interlocking feature. Well made throughout. Furnished in aluminum (best finish).

"Ideal" Aluminum Tray
with 36 plain glasses \$6.50
Additional glasses, per dozen 1.00

Cover to fit "Thomas" trays. A beautiful cover that lends distinction to the service.

When ordering state whether cross or knob handle is desired.

Aluminum Cover \$2.40

Bread Plate—9 Inches Diameter



Aluminum \$1.25
Quadruple Silver 6.50

Metal Collection Plate



Aluminum is light in weight, durable, and does not tarnish. It is beautiful in appearance, and so finely finished it is hardly distinguished from silver. Complete with dark-red velvet mats. Diameter, 10 inches.

No. 1 \$1.75

Write for Complete Information on
Communion Ware

✦ ————— ✦
METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
WHITMORE & SMITH, Agents
NASHVILLE, TENN., DALLAS, TEX., RICHMOND, VA.
ORDER FROM NEAREST HOUSE

Samuel Parkes Cadman

IN that first season as a young preacher at Chautauqua Lake in the early 90's what wonderful things we saw and heard, and what marvelous people—John H. Vincent, Jesse Hurlbut, James M. Buckley, Chaplain McCabe, and on and on! But down to the hour no name comes back from that bright galaxy more radiantly than that of a young Methodist preacher just arrived from England. Out of the mines he had climbed, it was said, had joined a Methodist Conference, and was given a country circuit just outside of New York. But already such was his fame as an orator he was to speak in this program. The name of this brilliant young preacher was Cadman. "He will go far," they said. And he did, farther far than anybody foresaw.

He visited us when I was a pastor in Danville, delighted the community with the matchless wizardry of his words, tarried to talk, and how he talked! How genial, how brotherly and "clubbable," how fair, how farseeing and fervid the prophetic word he always brought!

I heard the broadcast at the beginning of the summer when he was bidding his audience goodbye for his summer trip. It was so fine I ran back through the years, thinking of his noble service, and resolved that I would get my friend's picture, run it on this very page with some beautiful appreciation of his work, even now in the full flooding of his affluent powers. But the days sped by and the weeks. Then the terrifying notice that the great preacher was ill, desperately ill. And on Sunday morning, as I listened with bated breath to catch any latest word for good or ill, I heard the master messenger in "Sabbath Reveries," Dr. Charles L. Goodell, dropping his voice in tearful cadence to pay his dear friend a tribute that perhaps among hundreds nobody will excel:



Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

... and forget-me-nots"

It is a tribute to your friend and mine, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who at this moment is fighting a brave battle for his life in a hospital on the shores of Lake Champlain.

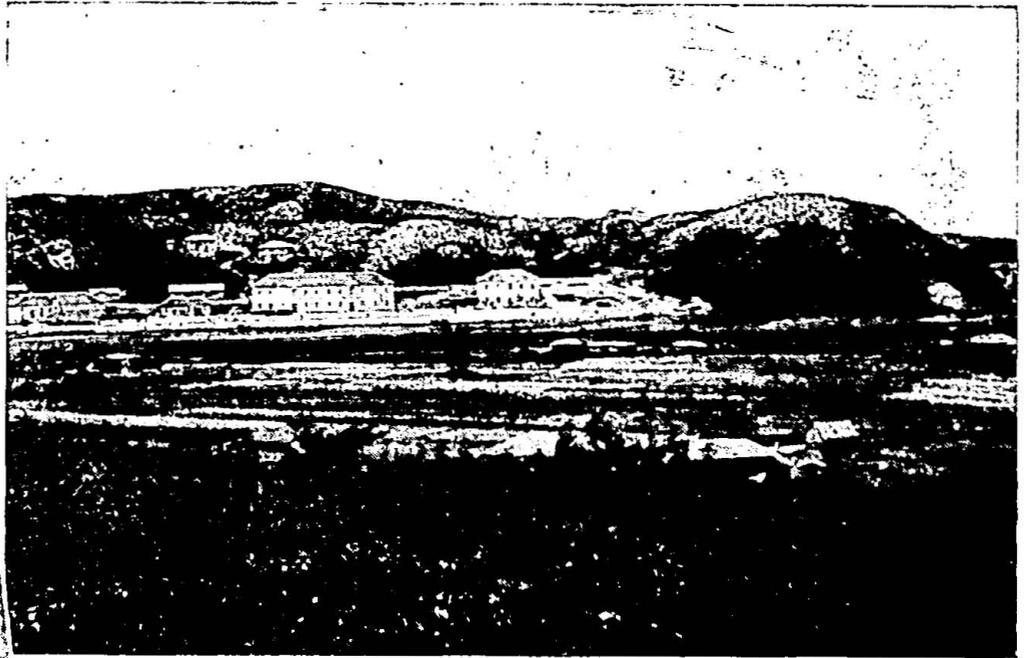
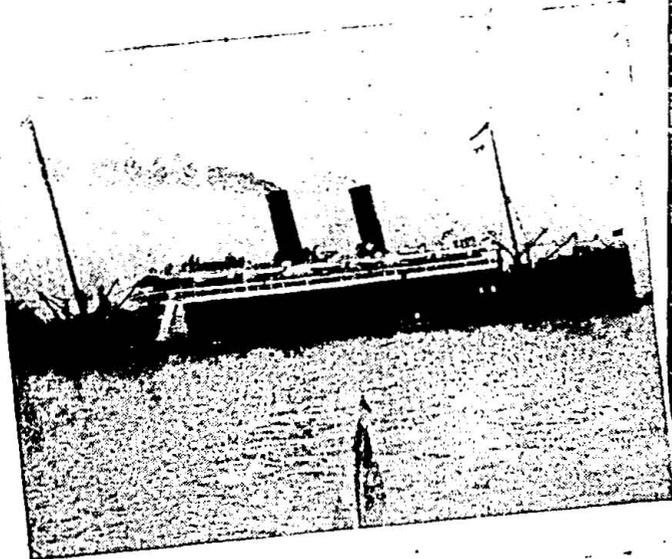
For many years we have been associated in radio and have divided this hour Sunday, 10:00 A.M., WEA and associated stations from coast to coast. He has sent his messages from October to May, and I have sent mine from May to October. For more than forty years we have had an intimate fellowship. I called him "Sam" and his letters to me are headed "Dear Charlie."

He is the Nestor of us all in radio work. A single message of king or president may have gone farther than has any message of his, but in the years since he came to his radio throne itself, it is well within the truth to say that no human voice has reached so many millions of people in so many lands as has that of Dr. Cadman. Let me tell you a little about him. When you know him you will love him. More than forty years ago he came up out

of one of England's deep dark coal mines to let his light shine for Him who is the Light of the World. Strange that a "penny rush light" should shine so far! He has been the apostle of religious tolerance and friendship. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant unite to do him honor. Our great universities have given him their highest degrees. Many nations have united with America in giving him their tributes and he has had a chief place in the councils of the Church Universal. Leaders of church and state are even now uniting their tributes and their prayers and waving their palms as they sing their paeans. Let me for myself and for you put into his trembling hand a bunch of pansies and forget-me-nots.

Among the things, many bad, that cry to Heaven in this land, one I have thought of as altogether and only good. It is this pulpit of the air. No vagueness or veering in the message that each Sabbath has gone forth to waiting millions from this high point of vantage. Another will be found, maybe as eloquent, maybe as brilliant. That would go far. But in the fine combination of a great, friendly, forward-looking, evangelical herald of the Good News, we shall not soon see again the like of Samuel Parkes Cadman.—E. H. R.

Steamship "Korea," San Francisco, April 23, 1907. Rev. E. L. Peerman sails for Korea



Boys' school and church, Wonsan, Korea

Residence of Dr. R. A. Hardie, Wonsan, Korea. Home of Mr. Peerman his first months in Korea. Rev. J. W. Hitch shared the hospitality and apprenticeship of the Hardie home at the same time



Early Days in Korea

A Young Missionary Arrives on the Field

I

"As you requested, I have looked up some of the letters I wrote from Korea which I had not seen for years. I evidently did not keep all of them. I hope the ones inclosed will be of some service to you. I am sending also the book of pictures which I mentioned."

E. L. PEERMAN

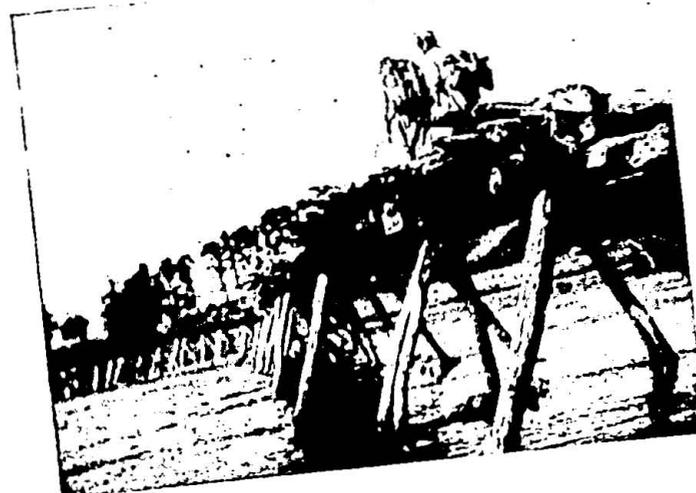
Missionary starting his round, but, really, which should ride?



IN the *Richmond Christian Advocate* of December 17, 1908, nearly twenty-eight years ago, appeared a short letter from Rev. C. O. Tuttle, inclosing a personal one from Brother Peerman. "Brother Peerman needs \$2,000 for his middle school," he says. Here is a fine opportunity for the churches and Sunday schools of some district of the Virginia Conference."

The letter of Brother Peerman was printed in the *Advocate* in full. He tells of the educational work, of Mr. T. H. Yun, and how the whole system is related, then proceeds to tell about his own activities. Has just taken charge of the Boys' Department of the Woman's School in Wonsan. Dr. Lambuth had sent him \$500 to build a school. It took \$750. Now he is to build a church, and a day school, also to start a middle school. "Dr. Lambuth has written me that he is going to try to raise \$2,000." In addition to this it will require another \$1,000 to buy a suitable lot. His business is making brick, mainly without straw. He turns through these letters to his personal friends and to the *Advocate* to get this straw. "The opportunity lies before the Church to help in this work, and we cannot afford to let the opportunity pass by unimproved. I do wish the Church at home could see the need and the opportunity as I do."

The kind of bridge he must negotiate



It was slow and hard going for the young missionary, but far beyond his thought God's hand was guiding well-nigh to revolutionize the missionary activity of a great Annual Conference.—Ed.



View of Wonsan and its harbor as seen from Dr. Hardie's front yard

A group of Songdo missionaries of the early days. Back row: J. Arthur Thompson, A. W. Wasson, Mrs. A. W. Wasson, Miss Ellasue Wagner, Mrs. J. W. Reed, Hon. J. H. Yun, W. G. Cram and Winston, Wightman T. Reed, M.D. Front row: Miss Ruby Kendrick, Miss Arena Carroll (Mrs. C. T. Collyer), Dr. J. W. Reed, Miss Cordelia Erwin (Mrs. J. W. Hurst), Mrs. W. G. Cram

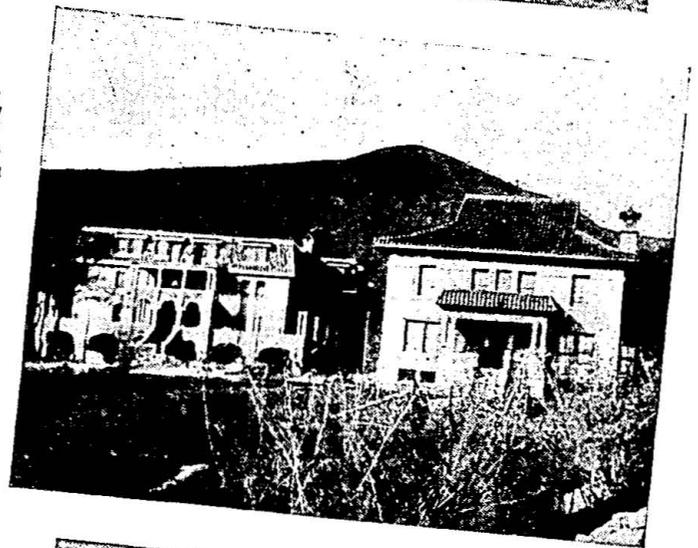


Youngest pupil



Lifts up his eyes and beholds—Misses Lily, Myers, Batey, Cooper

Lucy Cuningim School and Ladies' Home, Wonsan, Korea



"I am getting lonesome," sighs the young missionary

Girls' school hard by, Miss Martha Ivie Batey teaching

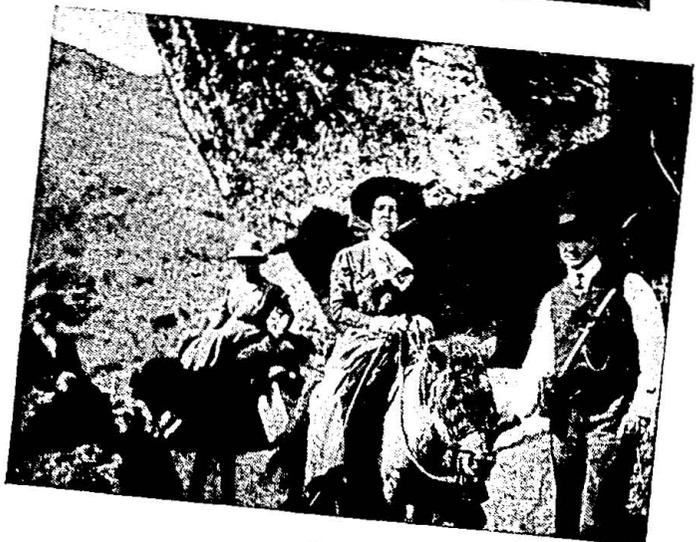


"So am I," an answering sigh

For the rest of the journey together. "From that date she shared my labors in journeys over mountain and valley, seeking whom we might help for the Master's sake"



"Let's go together," in concert, Rev. E. L. Peerman and Miss M. I. Batey "A marked influence on my life"



World Outlook

E. H. Rawlings
Sara Estelle Haskin
Editors

Published monthly by
Department of Education and Promotion, Board of Missions
Methodist Episcopal Church, South

Subscription to United States, United States Possessions, Brazil, Colombia, Argentina, Cuba, and Mexico, one year, \$1.00; Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, one year, \$1.25; all other foreign countries, one year, \$1.75; single copies, 10 cents.

Remit only by check, draft, money order, express order, or registered mail. Remittances from countries other than United States and United States Possessions must be made by Draft on a Bank in the United States, payable in U. S. funds; or by Postal or Express money order.

Correspondence regarding subscriptions should be addressed to WORLD OUTLOOK, Box 509, Nashville, Tenn. Notice of change of address should include both old and new addresses. Mailed the last week of each month preceding date of issue. Subscriptions received after mailing will begin with the ensuing number.

Manuscripts not returned unless postage is included. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1936

Country Church--- Problem or Opportunity

THE paragraph of the Bishops' Address on the Country Church did not fail of its impression at the General Conference. This call of the Bishops' was reinforced by memorials coming up from the Church, and the General Conference took action instructing the Board of Missions to give special attention to the problem of the rural church during the coming quadrennium. Specifically the Board was directed to set up a general commission on the country church to study the question, to prepare plans and policies for the development of those areas, conferring full power upon the Board of Missions and other agencies co-operating to put these policies at once into effect when such promising plans might be found. The Commission has met several times and conducted a very diligent and thorough study, presenting the report for discussion at the General Missionary Council in Washington, and has sought to get the results of this study out to workers through Missionary Institutes and by means of a wide circularization of pastors and leaders.

It is a good start, but no more than a start. Nor is it an accident that this emphasis is emerging in our thinking. Country Life is coming back into its own in the thinking and concern of the people—the people of the world. In this land, as everybody knows, since the War, in the changed conditions that have come, in the efforts of the New Deal, with political agitation and alliances, it has come so close to us as to distress—well, as well-nigh to smother out conclusive or anything like calm and dependable thinking. The scope is indeed worldwide. Witness the Country Life work that for a good period now has been done by such leaders as Higginbotham of India, by Kagawa of Japan, and the emphasis given to a definite movement in behalf of the country life sections of Japan in his recent travels in this country, and the valuable work, scarcely less than sensation-

al, that is being done by the Christian president of China and his Christian wife, co-operating as they are with the missionaries, encouraging this particular emphasis in conference with the missionaries, and spending thousands of dollars in frankly Christian service in great country life sections of China.

Is Farm Life Anything Pressing to Methodists?

OUR study of country life must be serious, anything but on the surface. The situation is wide-reaching and complex. There is something wrong with the condition of the farmer, fundamentally wrong. Ask the President about that. Ask the political leaders that plan conventions, build platforms, and nominate candidates. And the trouble is probably deeper than the depression. One wonders whether it is the depression in country life or country life affecting the depression. Certainly the man who thinks that when the business thermometer rises a little and the tide turns upward again the old plantation situation will come back with its independence and contentment, is a soft and cheerful optimist truly. Take the single element of cotton, so influential in the South that we have named it "king." That can never be the same again, whatever else comes after the depression. Vigorous competition has arisen in Egypt, Russia, India, Japan, Brazil. Other fabrics, like rayon, cellulose, wood pulp, are emerging as successful substitutes. Competition is real and increasingly intense with those countries that have low standards of living, so that the family becomes involved. The production of cotton is so cheap that a full man's pay is impossible. The whole family must work, and so the whole family becomes socially affected, tied in, and in a sense enslaved of the economic situation.

Once there was outlet for country unemployment in the rapid industrialization of the city, but now that process has slowed down, and more. The number of persons leaving farms in 1930 was the smallest in several years, and the number moving to farms was by far the largest. The returns of 1930 showed that in every state in the Union in the previous year, 1929, about twice as many persons came to the farm from the city as left it for the city. It is difficult, dangerous, no doubt, to generalize. Who was the Frenchman that said, "No generalization is safe, not even this one"? But it does seem likely that whatever changes may come in the next few years, the flow to the city that has been going on for a generation cannot continue. Maybe the ebb will not bring a flood, but at best the population of the country is not likely to decrease, and something must be done about unemployment, or rather about living conditions for whole families employed.

A writer who has recently made a very thorough study of conditions in the South tells us frankly that to meet the situation inevitably confronting us, we shall have to build up a "free peasantry" system. "A free college education for everybody must be abandoned";

"the school curriculum should be based on and adapted to rural needs, not framed after an urban model." Well, the terminology is unhappy. Country people will not be satisfied to be called peasants. Our specialist, indeed, is at great pains definitely to say that it is not the kind of peasant that he is thinking about. Really it could not be. Good roads make a difference, consolidated schools, radio, electrification. Besides there is always the element of surprise in human civilization, and let us not forget especially the element of miracle in Christian progress. Some invention, some social adjustment or application, appears, and incident with it, comes the solution of a whole flock of problems. Nobody should be shut out of college that can take it. But there is a problem there also, and an education is always a value in itself. There is to be no petrified line between country and city. Let him pass over who would and can.

However all that may be, we had just as well recognize and get ready for it. It is not simply a matter of keeping a dear little country church open, of getting a little more money from the Mission Board to support it, or getting a preacher willing to stay with it. Profound changes have taken place in the economic life of the country, changes that affect the economic, moral, and religious life of the people, and are affected by the religious factor. We must find out how that is and get ready for it, we Methodists must. In the pioneer days the Methodist preacher always rode ahead and planted himself and a little church right out on the frontier. In one pioneer situation, we used to tell, a Presbyterian preacher—or was it a Baptist—said for once he would beat him to it. On the little jerky train he moved uneasily forward to make sure that he was ahead of the Methodist man until he was riding with the fireman on the engine. As they pulled into the little town, he jumped off, and as he exclaimed, "Well, I am ahead of him for once!" he looked around to find the Methodist preacher climbing down from the cow-catcher. He has always worked in the country. If anybody knows how, he does. But as the situation profoundly changes, the Methodist preacher has a responsibility, a vocation, to find out the better way.

A Busy Missionary Writes Home

IN 1907 a young itinerant in the Virginia Conference was accepted by the Board of Missions and was sent out to Korea. He did his work as other missionaries did, serving faithfully his first term, and then on account of sickness in his family, when he came home on furlough at the end of seven years found it necessary to remain. Several things in the service of Rev. E. L. Peerman in Korea were out of the ordinary. He organized the Japan Mission at Wonsan, founded the Boys' School and a church at Noongpi, and did splendid work as an evangelist. But no part of his service has meant quite so much to the Kingdom as a thing he probably thought of as an aside. Quietly he

began to write home to the *Richmond Christian Advocate* about his work, picturing its needs and opportunities, and surely there was an answering providence in the Church at home. The Virginia Conference had had a few missionaries on the field, now had only one. But a few men were getting greatly disturbed. They read these letters of Brother Peerman, began to go around and talk about Korea in the churches. In the year 1908 probably the story was told in seventy-five churches, and there were not a half dozen that refused, responding to the call by doing something over and above as a Special for Korea. Largely as the result of this movement, the Virginia Conference at the end of the second year, 1910, was doubling its offering for foreign missions.

Remembering Brother Peerman's relationship to this movement of the Kingdom, the editor wrote and asked him to tell *World Outlook* readers about it. He forwarded a book of pictures, a diary, two articles, and these are to appear in their various forms from time to time in three instalments.

That the earnest, growing work of this evangelist along with the brilliant service of a young teacher of the Woman's Board should be interrupted by illness looks on the surface like frustration. But they have taken their assignments in the Conference from year to year, done their work nobly, and Virginia in Korea carries on. In a letter to the editor Mr. Peerman says: "My heart is still there. Looking over these old letters and pictures makes me homesick for Korea. If it were only possible, I would be glad indeed to go again."

The Romance of the American Bible Society

WORLD OUTLOOK has presented no picture feature more striking than the rotogravure section appearing in this issue. It is eight pages of solid pictures, portraying the work of the American Bible Society in all the world. Not only did we have available for this presentation the whole rich treasure house of pictures that through the years as up to the minute have been gathered by that great organization, but these pictures were selected, arranged, and the stories attached were furnished by Dr. George William Brown, General Secretary. Dr. Brown wrote the story that is carried on page 18, and under strong personal pressure the editor was able to secure from him the picture of himself that goes with this striking sketch.

This section of *WORLD OUTLOOK* will furnish material for sermons for a long time to come, coloring and all, as it will afford ground for rejoicing to the thousands in the Church that love the Lord in sincerity and rejoice in the might of his truth that the American Bible Society is sending out into all the world.

Here we all meet and are grateful and rejoice. Fundamentalists and modernists, Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Jew—all of us can unite here in thanking God for the Bible and for the organization he has mightily blessed in sending out his light and truth to the nations.



The Palmores in person—all but one, Mary Helen, now just two years old. May 22 sailed from Kobe on "Shanghai Maru"; arrived in London middle of July; sailed from Southampton, SS. "Queen Mary," July 22, arriving New York July 27; expected to remain on board "Queen Mary" for hour or so to chat with friends, if any meeting them. "We both are very humbly and greatly thankful for the fresh experience of His purifying love and fellowship which has come to us during this last year. Because of it we have been experiencing a new power of Christ to change our own lives and those of others to whom he leads us from day to day"

A Golden Day in the Country

By JEAN M. PALMORE

GOODBYE! GOODBYE!" shouted the children as they waved us out of the gate one bright cold morning in February. It was Sunday morning, and Mr. P. and I were out for the day in the country at two of the churches. The children were left in the hands of a fine Japanese young lady who was born in America and who teaches the two elder children. Then, besides the teacher, there was our bright-faced maid-of-all-work, cook, companion, and friend. She held the baby in her arms—that baby whom she loves almost as she would her own little one which she has lost. So I felt happy as the car rolled out of the gate and turned into the narrow country road. This was the first trip with my husband for months. Usually I feel my first duty at home with the children as much as possible. This whole day spent with him who is so constantly away from home in his work would be a wonderful one of joy in our work together for the Master, the sort of work we both love best.

For two hours—almost—we wound around the sharp turns of the mountainous road. It is so narrow that often when one meets a heavily laden truck or a bus (which is fairly often) one has to hunt for a good place to pass each other. Sometimes we passed with only an inch to spare, and with the soft mud of a stubble-covered rice field perilously near the outer wheel. At

such times I often shut my eyes and hold my breath until the difficult passage is finished, for it is worse to see it and imagine what is going to happen the next split second than simply to give up and try not to see any more of it than one can help. Driving in this part of Japan is far from pleasant! But roads are rapidly being widened, and new ones opened in all directions, so give us fifteen more years, and things will be much improved.

Then we came to the top of the divide toward which we had been steadily climbing. The sea lay glistening and blue, dotted with many islands, and the town sat serenely beside it, its tiled roofs and whitewashed walls looking clean and inviting in the morning sunshine. It is a beautiful view of the Inland Sea at this point, and we always pause for a moment to enjoy it before going down into the valley.

We were warmly welcomed at the small wooden church. A young man in whom we have been interested for years, and who calls us his "brother and sister in Jesus," is the pastor there. It is always such a joy to go there because we feel all barriers are down, and that there is a loving sympathy and ready forgiveness for any mistakes we might make among these people, for lack of full knowledge of their customs or language. So often at other places we have found afterward where we

have unwittingly offended in some undreamed-of way. But there in that church there is a feeling that love will cover all our sins in this line. So it is with glad hearts we joined in their worship after the Sunday school was over. And when we gathered at the rail for the Lord's Supper, rubbing shoulders with his children, no less dear because of a different race, receiving the bread and wine from this dear Japanese brother's hands, it was a high moment, not easily forgotten.

After the service, we all gathered around the old battered stove in the center of the room (a kindergarten is run there six days in the week) and ate dinner together—a delicious hot oyster soup and a plate full of the pressed and well-seasoned rice balls wrapped in fried seaweed. It is surprising how well filled one can feel after such a simple meal.

One of the high points of the day was reached after lunch when the young evangelist and Mr. Palmore and I took the elements of the Lord's Supper around to the home of one of the invalid members of the church. He is a man with a high forehead, from which his white hair sweeps back in an impressive way, accentuating the natural dignity of his serene face. He has been in bed for twelve years, and his wife and their five children have had a hard struggle. But now the light of God's love shines in that poor home, softening their labors and brightening the bareness of the home. The broken plaster of the walls is neatly mended with paper, and the floors are almost clean enough to eat off of! The wife had a round, rosy face lit with a beautiful smile, and the two children, a boy and a girl of eleven and eight years, who sat on each side of her, were an interesting mixture of both their parents. As we partook of the Lord's Supper—the two children joining with us, having received baptism sometime before—it seemed as if the Lord came to meet us in person. All of them were deeply touched and blessed. It was a wonderful hour.

Then we bundled up and piled into the old car again. This time the young evangelist was with us, as well as an earnest church worker with her little son. The little fellow was crazy about automobiles, and the chance of this long ride simply thrilled him speechless. He refused to sit down, but stood between the knees of the evangelist and, leaning against the windshield, watched everything in sight with absorbed attention. Now and then he'd turn and watch Mr. P. with round eyes, taking in the way he moved the various gears, and turned the wheel in his hands. I can imagine how that trip is still the center of the small boy's thoughts and chatter with his mother. Boys are the same the world over, are they not? Well, as we rode along the boy's mother and I got rather close in heart. Her husband passed to his reward three years ago, some months before the little son was born. But the young widow is wonderful in her quiet, brave cheerfulness. Her beautiful spirit of entire consecration to God's work is felt through that little church, and it is upon her counsel that the pastor depends in much that he does.

It took us over an hour to arrive in the little mountain village where we were intending to have the meet-

ing. I wish I had time to describe the village to you with its old-style houses, mostly with roofs of rice straw, all of them crowded close together and along the one street, and nearly all of them without any front yard, the walls built flush with the street. We went to the home of the oldest Christian in the village. His wife died two years ago, and now he lives in this rather large house absolutely alone, doing his own cooking and cleaning. Men are supposed to be poor housekeepers, you know, but I wish you could have gone into that beautifully kept house with us. The yard was immaculate, the entrance swept clean, despite its floor of dirt. But you ladies would have been as pleased as I was in the kitchen. Everything was as clean as scouring sand would make it, and the pots and various utensils were all arranged very conveniently on shelves above the wooden sink. There was a pump right beside this sink, so water was plentiful and convenient—an unusual feature in a country house where nearly always the water has to be carried into the house from a well outside. But the most interesting thing in that kitchen was the stove, made on the dirt floor of dried mud plastered over stones, and with an iron ring in the top into which an iron pot fitted. The pot was for cooking rice. Other things, such as vegetables or fish, were cooked on a separate charcoal burner. Nothing but rice (or hot water, perhaps) was supposed to be cooked on the main stove. That gives you an idea of the place rice takes in their meals.

At their previous request we had come prepared to give them a demonstration in cooking a simple foreign meal. They wanted things they could cook right there, using their own vegetables, etc. So this is what we had: Fried fish (I took corn meal for that), fluffed Irish potatoes, Chinese cabbage (which is more delicate than our strong-tasting cabbage. They have this, too, of course) cooked like sauerkraut with vinegar and sugar and butter. Carrots creamed with white sauce (as a rule Japanese do not like carrots very much, but they voted this way of cooking them to be delicious) and a simple salad of shredded cabbage with finely cut lotus root and a bit of raw carrot over the top for color. Then for dessert I showed them how to fix orange gelatin. The Japanese gelatin is made from seaweed and is even better than our prepared gelatins we get at home, although a bit more trouble to fix, as it has to be boiled briskly before one can use it.

There were so many willing hands to help that it didn't take long to cook this meal. But you would have laughed (as I did inside myself) at the serving of said meal! There were no flat plates such as we use, only bowls of various sizes. The nearest thing to plates we could find in the whole neighborhood was something fairly flat but which curved sharply at the edge. These were served to the men, and "us women" ate out of bowls, needing a cluster of them before us, one thing in each bowl, in true Japanese style. And, bless you, if, despite the fluffed potatoes I'd worked so hard to make nice and light, those people didn't call for *rice*! Well, fortunately we had (*Continued on page 38*)



Traveling in a 1914 Model T Ford



Arriving on "The Sungkada Express"

The Village of Sungkada Awakens

By NINA M. STALLINGS

The August issue of the WORLD OUTLOOK carried an article by Miss Nina Stallings, missionary to China, concerning the village welfare work in which she is engaged. This month she tells of a most interesting school held in the country village of Sungkada. She writes with the thrill of one who has entered a big new field of opportunity, for this particular type of work is practically new. It is touching hitherto untouched places

WE have been privileged to witness all the joys and tragedies of village life in this one month of the village welfare school in Sungkada. We arrived on the third day of the first month of the new year, when all the village was in a gala mood. They had "passed the year"; the remaining debts and any unhappy arrangements that had had to be made had been forgotten. Visiting and entertaining relatives was the order of the day, and night as well.

The entire village was free to watch for the arrival of the first unit of the village welfare staff. The flag was flying high over the haunted house that was to provide headquarters in the form of a meeting place, two classrooms, and bedrooms without a single window. The tide was too low to row in, but there was the cow boat, an ordinary boat to which a water buffalo is hitched; it is known as the "Sungkada Express." As we reached the landing we noticed crowds standing waiting; we were readily convinced that

here the village was co-operating one hundred per cent in the work of this school.

At five-thirty the people began to assemble, and by six the make-believe hall and court in front was packed with an unruly, untrained but expectant crowd. Our clever Pastor Chang knew the situation and so brought his whistle; and when the noise completely drowned his voice or that of the lecturer, he blew it and brought quiet.

The first evening is always the "Opening Service." Pastor Chang had helped make every preparation possible

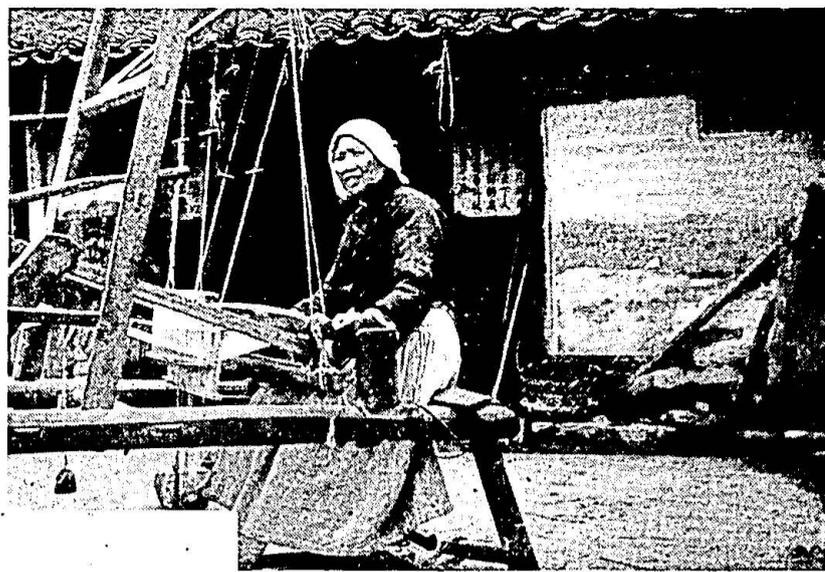
and was able to explain the objectives of the school so clearly that they knew what they were doing from that very first night. The first period victrola music was enjoyed very much by the children, and the second we engaged in singing. There was a squeaky organ, but no one heard it above the voices. Very few had ever sung; some attended church in the town, but they could not read the



Planting flowers at Sungkada



Husking rice in the village of Sungkada. Pastor Chang is seen in center



"Our hostess" at Sungkada

characters, so did not sing. Now they must and they did, but it was extremely discouraging at first. The Chinese farmer has a keen sense of humor, so a good story is well received. Character study is the great objective in these schools, so every evening during the first week Pastor Chang had a good story of the bitterness of illiteracy. Mr. Doo Kwe Ling, a member of our staff, explained the plan for the children, and I outlined the program for Home Week. We then began selling books, five coppers each, and registering for classes. We were amazed to see how the pennies had been carefully counted long before; they put them down so fast we could hardly get their names. The number increased until the end of the first week, when there were one hundred and forty studying. We kept a careful record of attendance, and it was amazing to have only two or three absent from each class even in this holiday season when everyone plays.

The first week was Home Week. Village life is "home-centered," and this is the logical beginning for any betterment program. We began the very first day visiting the homes. The women were busy cooking in the morning, but the men were gambling or in town in the tea shops. Mrs. Chang, the pastor's wife, and the nurse joined us the third day, so as we visited we noted and discussed the



When all other modes of travel fail, there's the wheelbarrow which carries Miss Nina Stallings to her village work

needs of the homes. This is an unusually good village. They have barns for their cows, hogs, chickens, and ducks, so one rarely sees even a chicken in the homes. But all the implements used on the farm are piled in any corner vacant at the time they are brought in. The kitchens are very good, usually light and clean, but the bedrooms are so dark that a candle is needed to locate the bed of a sick person even in the middle of the day. There are very few windows, due to the fact that they have not been able to build them so that they can keep out the thieves.

The classes were very large, and women are easily discouraged, so we decided to try a class for an hour each afternoon. It was a great success. They studied characters, learned songs, and did hand work. This village has always knitted, but has never knitted gloves with fingers, and all wanted new patterns for baby caps. A few made toys for children and all made handkerchiefs. The younger women were very anxious to learn to

write, and this period was a great boon to them.

The home songs were great favorites, and the lectures on "The Happy Home," "The Healthy Home," "The Co-operative Home" proved to be of interest to all. After the study period of about forty-five minutes, we had our evening worship, led by one of the local Christians. The first evening the leader was a man who has been a
(Continued on page 41)



"Our bride" at Sungkada



Administration building (left); Girls' Dormitory (right), London, Kentucky

High Lights in the Experience of a Teacher at Sue Bennett College

BY DOROTHY GARRETT

SUE BENNETT, located at London, Kentucky, was one of the first home mission schools to be opened by the Woman's Work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It has had long years of useful service, and our readers will be interested in the experience of a young teacher, Deaconess Dorothy Garrett, as she tells of her first year in Sue Bennett

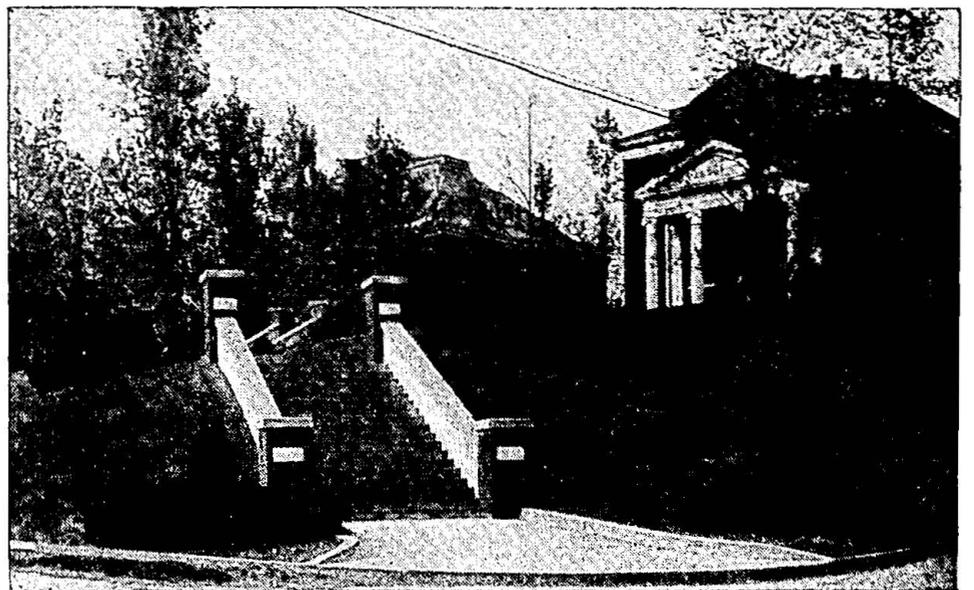
MIDNIGHT—a mournfully wailing train a deserted station too many bags of various sizes and weights a ride through strange dark streets to Sue Bennett a long hour awake in the stillness thinking—prelude to adventure.

Adventure in a new world—on a beautiful campus among wholesome people adventure in a classroom facing serious questing youth adventure in conversation, in friendship, in close, warm response of personality to personality adventure in laughter, in growth in giving—*adventure!*

High lights of this year of adventure these are mine. I give them to you. Make them yours as you read as I live them again.

Adventure begins in my low rambling attic room in Helm Hall a room overflowing with girls. There is a ping-pong table in the hall; four flights down is the dining-room bright with new lamps, with newly polished

tables, with smiling morning faces. High windows under the eaves frame the campus, the hill slopes, the flower garden where heavy-headed dahlias drop, early



The entrance to Sue Bennett College. High School building (right), London, Kentucky

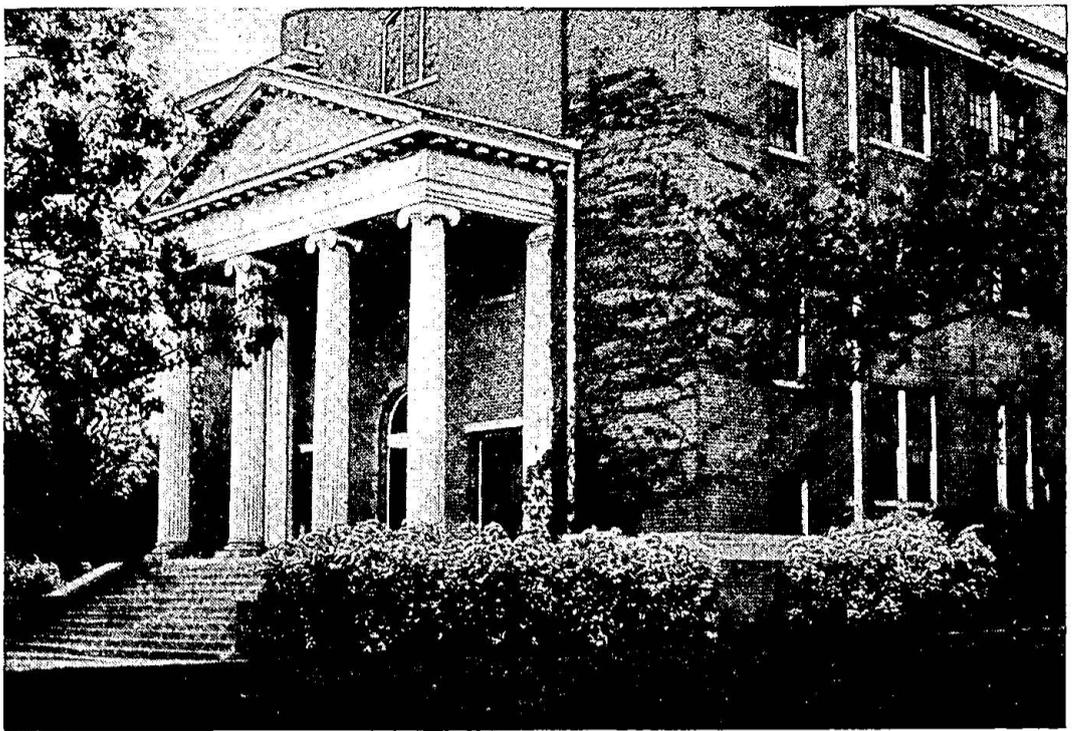
autumn richness, early autumn coolness the red brick sturdiness of Administration Building with its clicking typewriters the white columns of Belle Bennett Hall the lattice summer house (Lover's Leap), the spoon-holder, a stretch of smooth lawn gymnasium Down's Hall seen through the branches of a majestic oak at a distance the President's home and beyond, the potato house, the tennis court.

On the first day classes! Assignments, new books, new faces, new worlds. The teacher's voice, "This year we hope. . . . This year, we learn. . . . This year ahead of us. . . ." And soon, the strangeness wearing off, confidence earned conversations explorations friendships. And the year passes peacefully, eventually.

This is my calendar of events:

October afternoon the Subemco office suddenly deserted. . . . "Senator Nye is speaking in Helm Hall." The great man in the shaded coolness of "the parlor," his voice booming out in answers to the students' questions assurance, dynamic devotion to the cause of brotherhood answering eagerness in young hearts. . . . International Relations Club draws up resolutions for world peace. . . . International Relations Club hears Senator Nye. Afterward on a purple hillside, we cut dahlias for the evening address. Taps in the distant dusk. A boy lifts his eyes unto the hills. . . . There shall be no more war!

Book Week. The Library transformed into a new literary world. . . . Freshman Book Tea! Two weeks of whispering, committee meetings, surprises then lights, music, gay gathering of students, townspeople, book lovers far and near. Past and present in caval-



The front of the high school building, Sue Bennett College, London, Kentucky

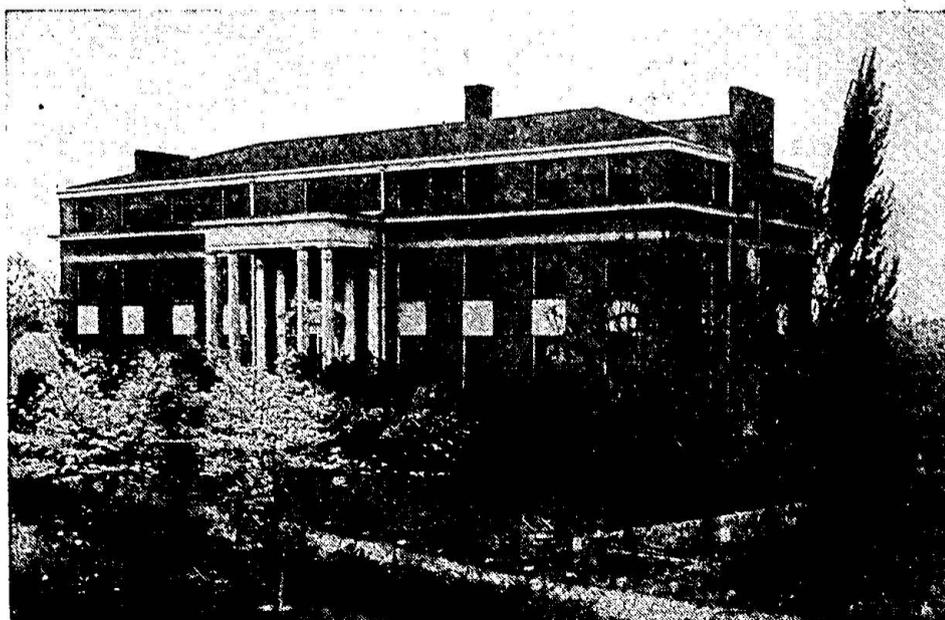
cade; the spirit of the Old South in the world of books. Southern maids in white with gardenias in their hair serve tea by candlelight. Attics, family treasures ransacked for rare books, relics of the war, masterpieces of printing, a tiny theater perfectly fashioned by hand and most charming of all, the Children's Room where years vanish in the presence of Mother Goose and lollipops.

"There is no frigate like a book to bear us lands away" away from the realm of the commonplace to farther, fairer horizons.

Christmas dinner on the eve of departure for home gaily flaunted evening dresses red candles on the dining tables Mother Judy's jolly smile happy, happy faces the festive air of Christmas from the pages of Dickens cold winds at the window, coldest Christmas since the turning of the century snow falling silently with a light tenderness on the earth, on the potato house, on the flower garden on the hair, on the uplifted faces of the carolers.

Out of the past drifting sweetness
"Glory to God in the highest."

And then in the spring the goldfish swim again in the sun-flecked pool, the dogwood blooms and passes. Thespians present "Midsummer Night's Dream" masterpiece of moonlit fantasy blending of comedy and romance, of folk-dance and song. Shakespeare on the campus immortal lines chanted between classes new vision experience shared. Golden-haired Titania in her silver robe. . . . Oberon with his floating black cape. . . . Puck on a slanting moonbeam the magic forest into which we enter to be forever enchanted! Work, work, patience, comradeship, and imagination weave the spell the spell that transforms actors, director, and audience through (Continued on page 40)



The boys' dormitory at Sue Bennett College, London, Kentucky

As the General Secretary Sees Missionary Societies

By W. G. CRAM

THE women of the young churches in the mission fields are at work making their neighbors see the blessings of being Christian. They are organized into groups for mutual helpfulness and study as well as for carrying forward a program of definitely assumed activities. To the women of the mission churches have come, in greatest measure, the liberating and saving powers of the gospel. They have found something that has not only given them inward peace, but human living for them has become something very different from the enslavements and drudgeries of pagan and Christless days.

As I traveled through the Congo Mission in Africa I found that the women are organized into groups in practically every village where there is a church of any size. These groups cannot be called missionary societies in the strictest sense, for the main objectives are study and the cultivation of the fellowship and unity of the Christian faith.

However, in Tunda I had the privilege of meeting with a real missionary society. In respect to decorum in the conduct of the meeting, and in their spirit, there seemed to be nothing wanting. I marveled at the fine work that had been done by the missionaries in the training of this group. An Attatela woman presided. The Scripture was read and commented upon by another Attatela woman. Then the usual collection was gathered in. They sent messages of greeting and genuine thanks to the women in America for sending messengers and leaders to them.

In Wembo Nyama the women missionaries have the wives of the preachers and the "mission boys" in classes where they are taught to read and write and where they learn to make useful things for the home. When these women return to their villages they in turn are prepared to organize and lead the women in study and in useful handiwork.

I found in the China Mission a full-grown, active missionary society. The Chinese women are leaders of

ability. In vigorous promotion and in continuity of action they do not fall below other groups organized for women's work. Their limitations are measured only by their scarcity of funds and in no sense by any lack of enthusiasm and devotion.

The history of the development and growth of the missionary society in China is full of thrilling chapters. At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the China Annual Conference, the China Conference of the Woman's Missionary Society also celebrated the achievements of the eighteen years of its existence. The president of the Conference, in making a report of "these eighteen years," stated that five stages of progress had been passed in the organization.

The first she called the "Embryo Stage" and described this period as like unto "the hidden chicken inside the egg or the material for a wheel as yet un-united." Before the year 1917 there were a few "Ladies' Aids" in the larger cities of Shanghai, So-

chow, Sungkiang, and Wusih, but their plans were un-defined and no concerted action was undertaken.

The second stage she called the "Birth Stage." This period began with the organization of the conference society in 1917. At that time the scattered societies were united. "So the chicken was born and the wheel was made." It was in this year that some definite missionary work beyond the territory in which the China Mission operates was enterprised. A co-operative movement was undertaken with the China Inland Mission in spreading the good news in the province of Yunnan.

The third stage the president designated as the "Growth Stage" and was described in her own words as follows: "Local missionary societies were established all over the Conference, just like planting chrysanthemums and then gathering them on a mount, so that their glory and beauty could be seen—yea, even the glory and fragrance of Christ—by all who needed him."

And then she told of the (Continued on page 16)

Dr. Cram tells of the Woman's Missionary Societies in foreign fields out of the experience of his recent visit to Africa and the Orient. His sympathetic interest in Woman's Work grows from a real understanding of it, gained at the home base. He is the one man the editor knows who is willing to work with a group of women while they consider the minutest details of their important items of business. He is so wholly enlisted in their cause that he never seems to tire of their methods. That which makes the woman's societies on the foreign fields of deepest concern to Dr. Cram is his interest in the Woman's Work of his own Board plus his missionary passion.



Factory for basket making, Congo



African women and their water jars



An African woman carrying water



A Batetela woman getting rid of chaff



Preparation of food by a Batetela woman



Kneading corn for bread, Basonge woman



A native African woman weaving cloth



Dressed in mourning, Congo Belge

Some African Ways

As the General Secretary Sees Missionary Societies

(Continued from page 14)

"Mature Stage." The president reported that previously all they had known to do was to collect money and disburse it, but now the societies had come to a broader understanding of service and to the enjoyment of Christian privileges which they found in organized efforts. So during this period one undertaking was the spreading of the gospel in other parts of China, such as Manchuria and Chitong. Within the auxiliaries there was begun a definite program of Bible study, also evangelistic campaigns were widely planned and carried out. Definite projects in the field of social service were made a vital part of the ever expanding program.

"And now, at last, the 'Working Stage' has been reached," said the president at the celebration of eighteen years of the Society's existence. She rejoiced in the wide expansive plans in the following words: "The Missionary Society, like a tree, is bearing fruit. One branch of the tree is bearing fruit in Yunnan, and one is bearing fruit in Manchuria, where Deaconess Koo Ming Tsu is working, and one branch extends its leaves and fruitage into Chitong, where Deaconess Yang Men Tsung and Mrs. Yih Chiao Tsung are effectively employed. Another branch of the tree has grown so long as to extend into Africa."

It was my privilege to hear the reports of the presi-

dent and corresponding secretary at this celebration service on the Sunday afternoon in November, 1935. The reports were given in Chinese, which of course I could not understand. But suddenly I heard in the midst of Chinese sounds some words I understood. These words were "Tunda," "Wembo Nyama," and "Minga." I turned to the interpreter at my side and inquired if she were speaking of the mission stations of our Methodist Mission in the Congo. The answer was in the affirmative. Then I inquired again what the Chinese women in the Missionary Society knew about Africa and our Mission there. And I found out that the women's societies, since 1917, immediately after their organization into the China Woman's Missionary Conference, had been sending one-tenth of their yearly income through the section of Woman's Work of the Board of Missions for the Congo Belge. This amount has grown until now the yearly remittance to Africa is \$300, Chinese currency.

In the Bible study work of the Chinese Missionary Society the record reads: Bible classes held, 154; home prayer meetings, 488; short term schools, 36; registered students, 3,224; certificates given, 2,992. Certainly this is a record of fine achievements.

In the field of social service (Continued on page 40)

Learning to Walk in the Light

By CATHERINE PARHAM

BECAUSE a new day is breaking in Africa and because the light which is Christ himself is dispelling old superstitions and fears, the women and girls of Africa hold outstretched arms to the Christian church, begging for an opportunity to learn how to walk in the light. To respond to the Macedonian call leaders must be trained physically, mentally, and spiritually, and this training must begin as early as possible in the lives of young children. We realize that grown women can be and are converted and made new creatures in Christ, but an adult who has been taught and who has practiced evil customs since early babyhood knows no other way. She is only an infant herself in the Christian life. Therefore a converted adult does not necessarily mean a Christian leader in Africa.

It is for this reason that a certain type of institution known as "Girls' Homes" has been established in many tribes of Africa for the training of Christian leaders. These institutions are truly homes and not purely educational institutions, inasmuch as the girls enter the Homes quite young and do not return to their villages until after they are married. This is not as strange to

African minds as it is to Western minds, because the age-old custom of the parents is to send a very young girl to the house of her future husband for long periods of time in order that she may learn the customs of his people. So it is that when a girl enters a Home she usually is open-minded to receive new teaching.

Our Home at Tunda is only seven years old, the youngest on our mission, but as I am more familiar with it than with any other, the following remarks will be based on the work being done at Tunda.

We have a small village inclosed by a strong wire fence; the fence is to keep out wild animals and not for the purpose of keeping the girls in. The dormitory rooms are actually little one-room houses, each about the size of a native house. These houses are on either side of a quadrangle, and at the far end of the village there is a long building which houses the kitchen, dining-room and granary. On either side of the entrance gate are located the matron's home and an assembly room. Inasmuch as the girls enter when they are five or six years old and stay until they are married, there is always a wide range of ages in (Continued on page 39)

What She Could Never Tell the Bishop

By MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

IT isn't often that one goes off for a week-end party and finds one's self sitting at dinner beside a bishop.

At least it had never occurred before in Ione Trumble's life although she was forty-five years old and had attended a great many house parties. And certainly the last place she expected to find a bishop was at the Brady's; for Don Brady, president of the Chester Utilities, only went to church on Easter and Mother's Day and Nell Brady went about half that often.

Ione felt badly about the Bradys. They *should* go to church. Now she herself was a church woman. She scarcely ever missed a Sunday. To be sure, she did not belong to the missionary society nor the ladies' aid nor any other outmoded relic of an older generation, but she believed in the church. Wherever the Bradys got a bishop . . . but, of course, there was Mother Brady. Before she became an invalid she was a famous church worker. She would account for the Bishop.

It was over the fruit cocktail that Ione thought about these things (while Nell had a turn with the Bishop); and if Ione's thought were a bit disconnected, that was because her husband across the table was making signals with his left eyebrow. Good old Ben; he was wiggling that the fruit was a last-minute substitute in honor of the Bishop.

Ione knew right well why she was sitting on one side of the Bishop. She knew without Nell's having told her, although Nell was frank enough. "You can always think of something to say, darling. You're never at a loss on any topic." It was almost the truth, too, and Ione admitted it. She "read everything," and she remembered what she read. Ben frequently said that he owed half his business success to the fact that Ione knew something about everybody's hobby. Ergo, she would find the Bishop's.

The Bishop answered her question with a slow smile. Ione liked the smile. She noticed suddenly that he was a man as well as a bishop. His eyes were gray and smiling. They seemed to look through her rouge to the clean clear skin and to give you credit for having good skin even if you did foolishly cover it up. Ione couldn't remember when a man had made her self-conscious in that wistful sort of way. Not since she was fourteen and old Doc Fassett had said, "Take off those high heels, little silly. The Lord gave you such good feet."

But the Bishop was speaking. "Gold miners are my hobby."

"Then you should go to Johannesburg," replied Ione quickly. "Some of the shafts in the Witwatersrand are over five thousand feet."

"Over seven thousand feet," said the Bishop.

"They are manned by Zulus," said Ione.

"Varieties of Bantu," said the Bishop. "Over 200,000 Bantu."

Ione said nothing for a moment. She thought "Bantu" was a kind of little chicken, and then she remembered the chickens were called "bantams."

"They are subject to a dreadful form of pneumonia," continued Ione. "It comes from breathing the dust of the mines."

"'Miner's Phthisis,'" said the Bishop. "Many of my friends—my black friends—have died of it."

"Oh," said Ione. Not a very intelligent syllable for a sophisticated woman, but there was something about the way the Bishop said "my black friends" that made you want to say something different from "Why, that's too bad."

And then she realized all at once that it must be Johannesburg he was bishop of. Ben would laugh if she fell down now with nothing to say to the Bishop just because he came from Africa. But she had things to say! They came to her in a rush. All her childhood days her mother had supported someone called a "native worker," in Africa, and, later, when Ione was first out of college, she herself had taught a course on African missions. Whatever Ione once knew, she still knew, and she launched forth, brave and animated, into exports, imports, baptismal services, and methods of evangelism. Of course, they were the methods and exports of twenty-five years ago, but she never thought of that. The more she talked the happier she became. Way back when she had taught that study course she had felt so useful. She felt that way again tonight, as if she and the Bishop had a cause in common. The Bishop led her to do most of the talking. He smiled gaily or nodded gravely at just the right places. The talk did not confine itself to Johannesburg, nor even to Africa. When a woman has "read everything," she can skip nimbly across continents and down the centuries.

The evening seemed short; for even after dinner the Bishop hovered near Ione, if a very tall, bronzed, and deliberate man may be said to hover. He asked questions on all sorts of subjects and seemed completely fascinated by Ione's ready answers. Indeed, he was so understanding that Ione finally told him what she felt was the matter with the church. "It doesn't change with the times," she said. "Here we are talking about the same old missionary program that we talked when I was a child. The same methods, the same goals. Why, if club methods stood still like that, the clubs would be dead. But they keep (Continued on page 30)

The Romance of the American Bible Society

By GEORGE WILLIAM BROWN

MULE litter was the mode of conveyance the food was coarse prayer wheels butter lamps lamas prostrating a temple roofed with gold men and women measuring their length in the dust to obtain some blessing from idols the people bought books readily all strongholds must yield to the power of our Lord." These are some of the romantic touches found in a recent report of a worker of the American Bible Society in Central China.

Penetrating more than forty countries, and distributing annually from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 volumes of Scriptures in upward of 175 languages, is an enterprise crowded with romance. Variety, ingenuity, peril, patience, startling discoveries, baffling perplexities, joyous witnessing, linguistic gifts, business acumen, extended drudgery, apostolic fervor, New Testament exhilaration are all factors found in the many-sided ministry of making the Bible widely and easily available.

There is romance in the life of an organization when one of its workers in eastern China falls into the hands of robbers and is stripped of most of his possessions; when in Bulgaria another is regarded with such suspicion that after being held by the local police for twenty hours he is forced to walk fifteen miles for trial and to be quickly liberated after four hours of waiting; when in Bolivia a colporteur encounters naked savages in the Amazon forest; or when in Mexico two Bible men leave a stalled bus to be pulled out of a river by oxen, and proceeding on horseback come to a section of road completely covered with frogs, and shortly after are forced to gallop their horses for a full half hour because of dense clouds of gadflies.

There is romance when a single one of the Society's more than twenty agencies works under ten different flags, and deals not only in dollars but in pesos, colones, bolivars, balboas, quetzales, lempiras, cordovas, and guilders. There is romance in a report from Portuguese-speaking Brazil which contains such a statement as this: "By nineteen faithful, untiring colporteurs, who traveled 20,000 miles on foot, on horseback, in oxcart, by canoe, automobile, railway and steamship, visiting 18,000 homes, speaking to 75,000 persons, the Bible was



*Rev. George William Brown,
D.D., General Secretary of
American Bible Society, New
York City*

carried — from house to house, about the streets, into stores, offices, shops, cafes, market places, hospitals, military barracks and camps, prisons and penitentiaries, on trains and ships, to the lone traveler on the highway, to the farmhouse and the remotest mud hut among distant hills and on far-away plains."

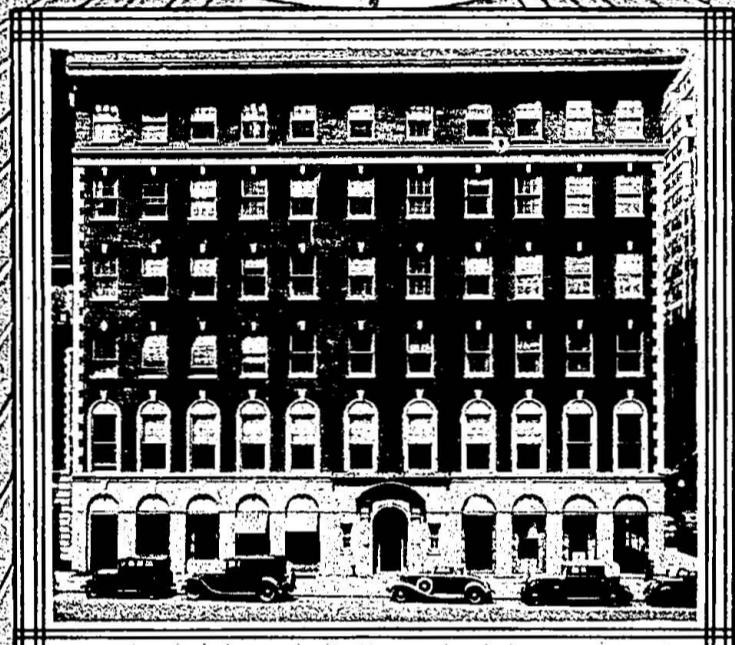
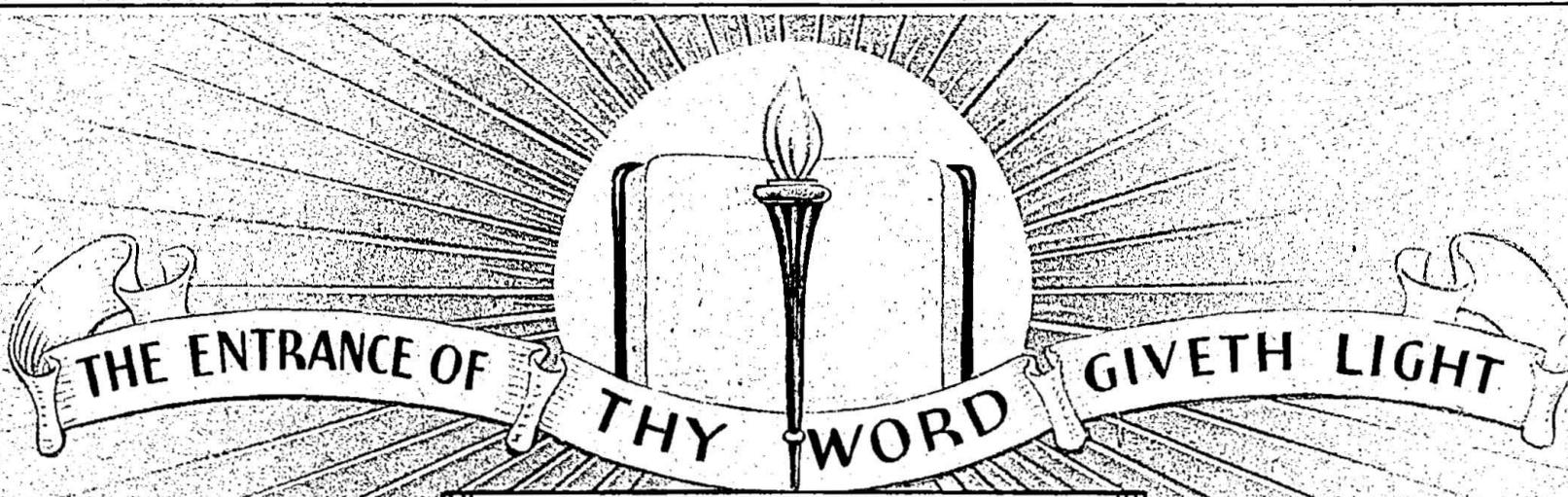
There is romance in sharing in the tedious but fascinating labor which steadily increases the number of languages in which the Bible may be obtained. There is romance in helping to prepare a New Testament for a people who never wrote letters or read books or had an alphabet until a missionary group worked among them for a decade in reducing their language to written form. What and where are Xosa, Quechua, Ilocona, Hmar, Cak-

chiquel, Uvea? Ask the Christian missionaries with whom the Bible Society co-operated in giving the Scriptures to people to whom these words mean what English means to us.

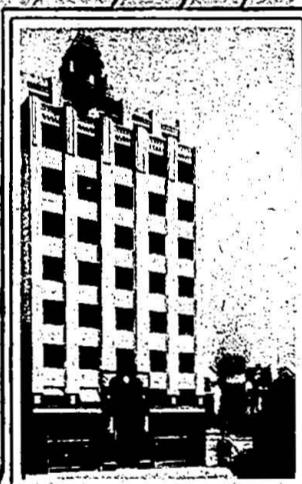
More than mere printing problems are involved in publishing the Scriptures in upward of 175 languages annually. Sometimes the books must be boxed in tin containers to make them impervious to salt water. Not frequently they must be chemically treated to give them insect-resistant qualities. When an edition of a million Penny Portions is needed, the processes must be so analyzed so as to produce a volume that is just as attractive as it is inexpensive. Language combinations have to be studied so as to give immigrants the Scriptures satisfactorily in both the familiar and the new language in parallel columns.

Answers to Braille-written letters, filled with pathos but contagiously cheerful, are answered by passing on the good word to the blind that volumes of Scriptures in embossed form for fingertip reading are obtainable at a price far below their actual cost. Emotion, sympathy, and unspeakable satisfaction characterize such correspondence.

There is romance tinged with urgency when it is learned that 2,953 out of 7,646 homes visited by one worker within a year had no Bibles and when another worker finds a family who for four generations never owned a Bible. These discoveries were made not on the edge of a primeval forest (*Continued on page 38*)



Headquarters of American Bible Society in New York City



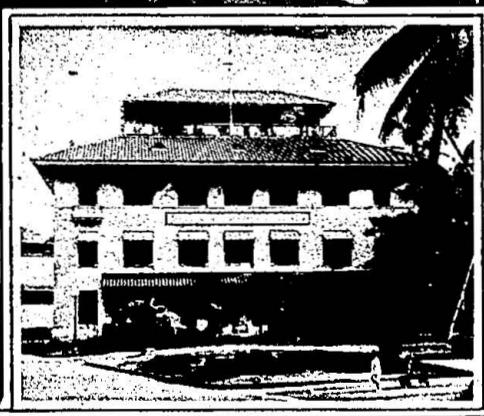
The Bible House in Rio de Janeiro



The new Bible House in Tokyo



The Bible House in Peiping, China



The Bible House in Cristobal, Canal Zone



Revising the Tagalog Old Testament (Philippine Islands)

They helped to translate the New Testament into Mam for the 200,000 of their fellow countrymen in Guatemala



Scripture translation must be scholarly



Five nations shared in making the Ponape Scriptures freely available for the largest of the Caroline Islands. Germans supervised the translation, English printed, American Bible Society financed, Japanese transported, and Ponapasians are using it



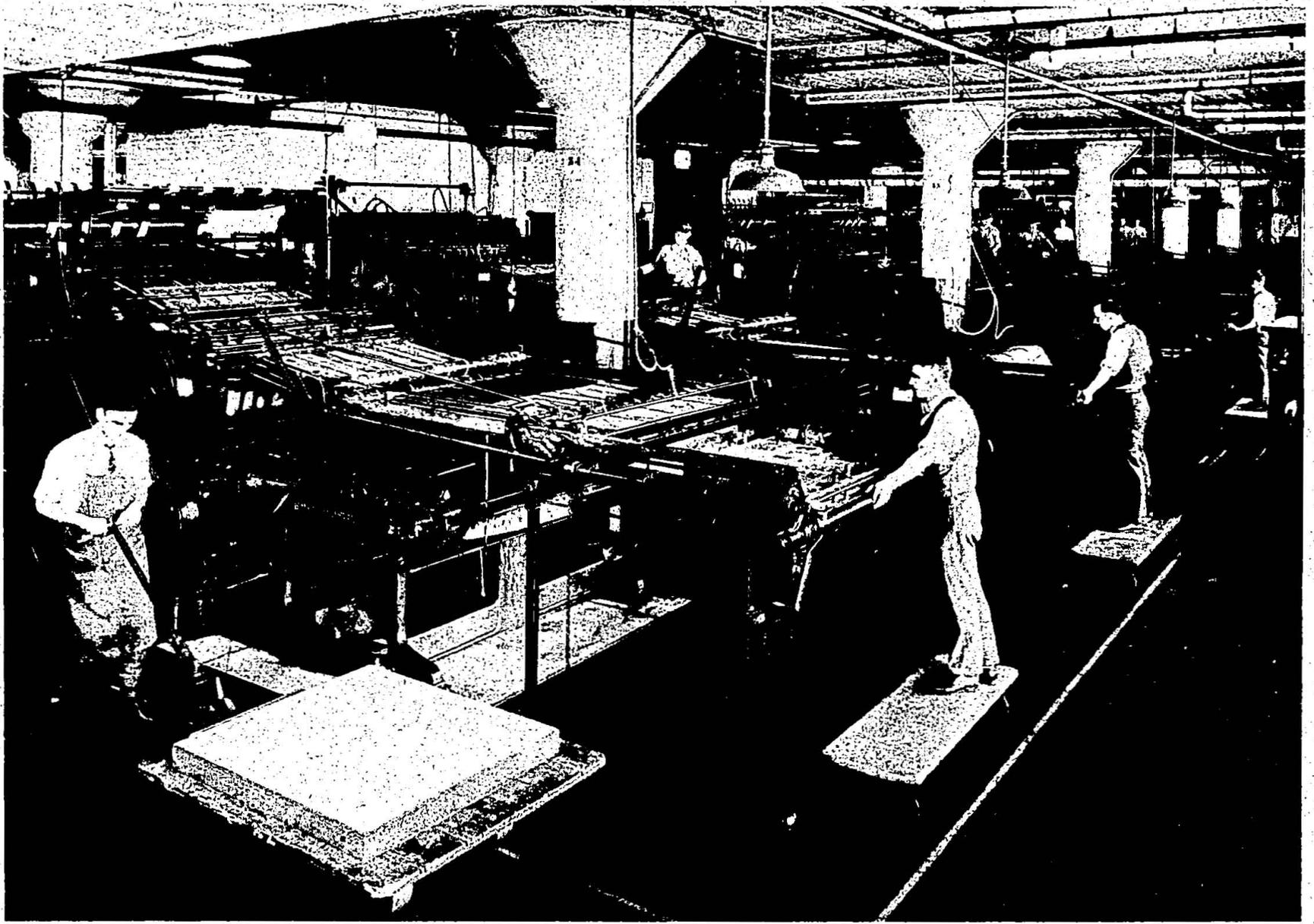
These Keres Indians had never heard of the Scriptures until the translator read from the galley proofs of his translation of St. Matthew



Searching for the correct word



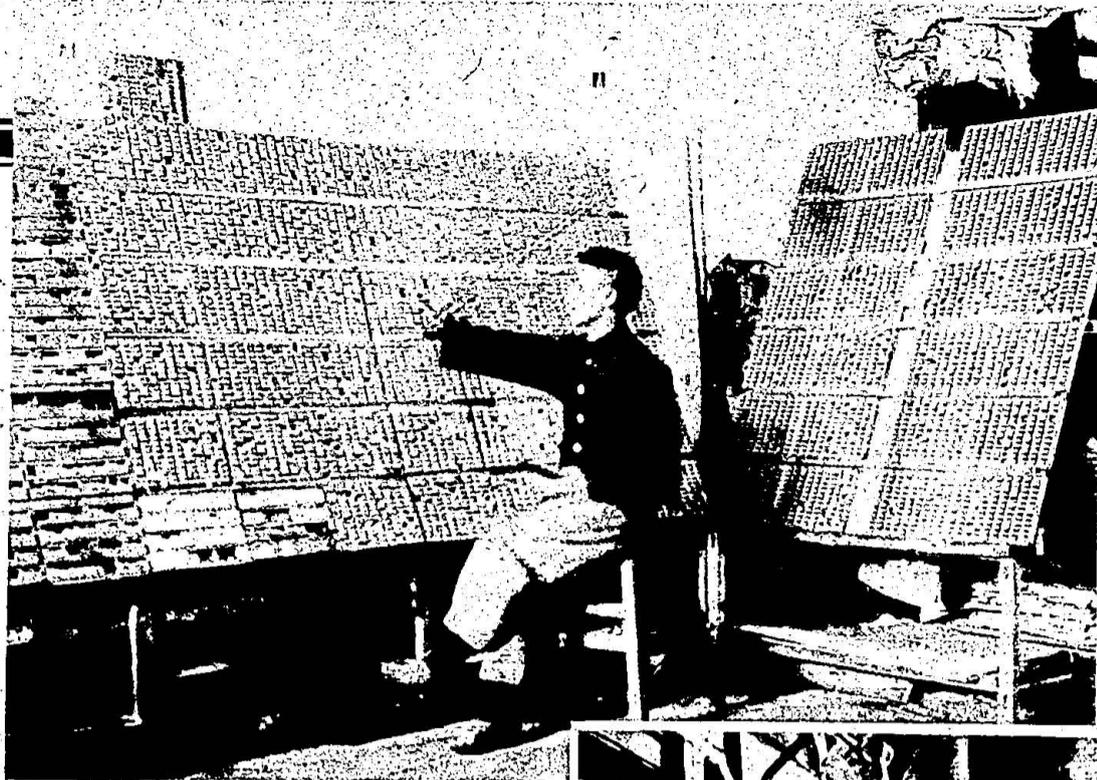
Producing a new translation of Revelation in Truk



Portions of Scriptures are printed in the United States on these presses in editions of a million or more at a time



Many Japanese participate in binding the Scriptures for use in the United States



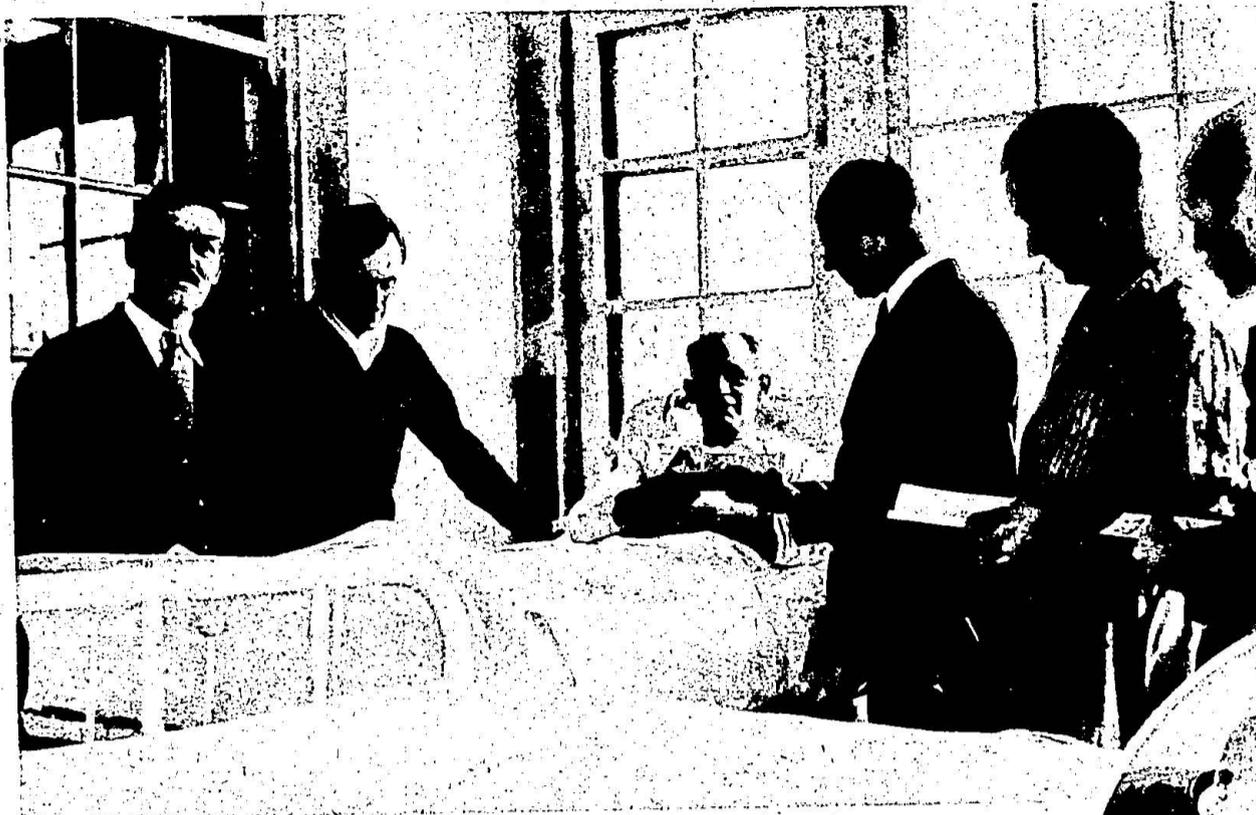
Putting the Scriptures in type is no easy task in China



This Filipino lad watches carefully one of the processes involved in printing the Scriptures for his own people



And his fellow countryman sets the Old Testament in Ilocano on the linotype



Army and Navy chaplains distribute Scriptures secured from the American Bible Society



"Unto the least of these"



Aymara Indians read for the first time from a Gospel printed in their own tongue by the American Bible Society



'And he had in his hand a little book opened'



More than 270,000 calls a year are made by the Society's colporteurs in Japan alone



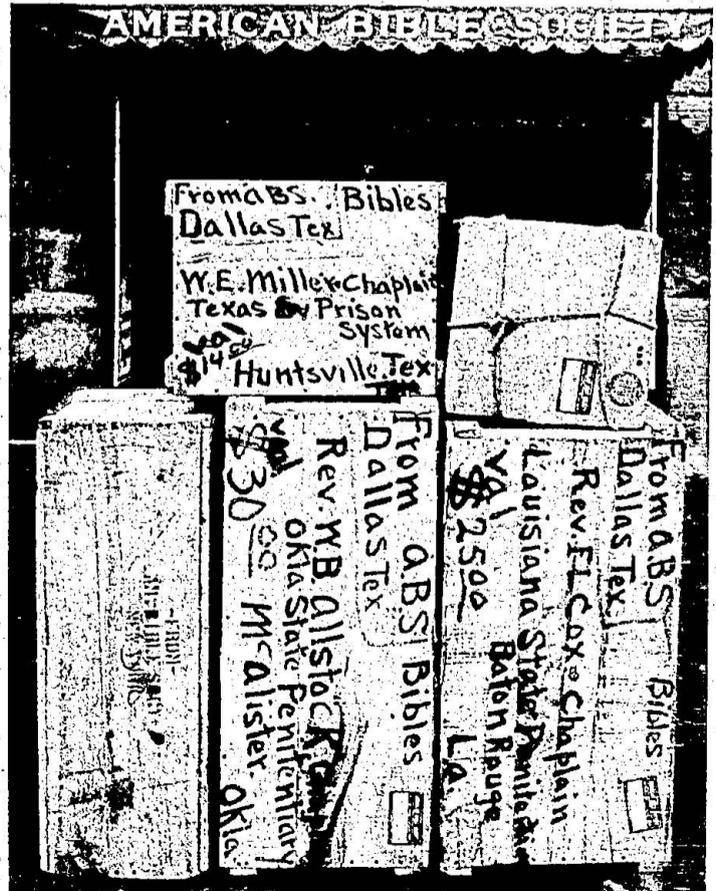
"It is the Jesus book"



Perennially interesting are the stories of the Bible



CCC camps receive thousands of New Testaments free



Penal institutions turn to the Bible Society for their Scriptures



Japanese is one of the very few languages in which the entire Bible is provided for the Blind in embossed form



"And unto many that were blind He gave sight"



Because there is but one Gospel published in Braille in their language these blind Brazilians learned English that they might read the entire Bible



For over half a century she has read from her embossed Bible furnished by the American Bible Society



Blind Chinese children read to one another the story of Jesus

There are 58 volumes. It weighs 195 lbs. The manufacturing cost is \$119. The American Bible Society supplies it for \$14.50



Does Brazil Need Protestantism?

By CHARLES W. CLAY

IT was barely four months ago that we first looked out our porthole through the hot gray atmosphere of a dawn in the tropics and beheld the dim outline of the coast of Brazil. And, as the steamer got a little closer, we saw signs of civilization—a village. The most prominent structure in the village was a church, towering above everything else. As we steamed slowly up the Amazon practically every village we passed had a large Roman Catholic church in its midst. One of the first ports that we touched was Bahia, which claims to have 365 churches in the city and surrounding territory, with about three hundred of them within the city itself! So this was the mission field to which we had come—a land filled already with churches? But we were soon to learn that these magnificent old Roman Catholic churches, with their massive walls and golden altars and scores of images, were symbols of past grandeur rather than signs of present spiritual vitality.

We entered the leading cathedral in one of the ports of call. It was in the heart of the business district, but within a block of this structure there were four other large Catholic churches! The ceiling of this big cathedral was covered with gold leaf, the altar was illuminated so as to present a dazzling spectacle to the eyes, the images gilded with pure gold. We were shown into an antechamber which contained beautiful paintings, done on copper at least four hundred years ago, portraying many of the stories of the Bible. But practically none of the worshipers was cognizant of the meaning of those pictures, for the Bible to them is a forbidden book. They can come and pray before the image of any saint they choose, but they cannot open the Book of Life. I asked the priest who was proudly showing us through the building what saint one of the prominent images represented, and he could not tell me. I asked him the significance of the skull and cross bones held in the hands of that same image, and he changed the subject. He was proud of the architecture of the building, but ignorant as to the saint at whose feet the multitudes were supposed to pray for spiritual strength.

In the coastal village of Maranhao we witnessed the festivities in honor of the patron saint for the local church. The weird beating of the drums could be heard from afar, and as we drew nearer the peculiar chanting of the people taking part in the dance of the *macumba*, which has been correctly described as "a survival of African and Indian cults, in which Roman Catholic ceremonies and heathen practices are blended." The crowds had gathered from far and wide. The large space in front of the church had been converted into a sort of "county fair," with various forms of amusements and gambling devices, and with many stands where food and drink were sold. The crowd grew more and more hilarious, and we were told that in

the late hours of the night it would be really dangerous for decent folks to be out. As we left our progress was impeded, to the point of nearly missing our boat, by a procession of hundreds of people carrying an image to a certain shrine. In the procession were little children dressed as angels, the rich in their costly apparel, and the poor in their rags. Contrary to the usual practice, even the poor had on shoes; those who were barefooted were walking thus as a sign of penance for some particular sin.

All too often these outward forms of religion are really a mixture of magic and superstition. On Palm Sunday, for example, many of the faithful still carry a palm branch to the church for the priest to bless. This leaf then becomes a sort of insurance policy, supposedly protecting the home from disease, lightning, or disasters of any kind. Beggars generally have a definite formula which they use to invoke a blessing upon those who grant their request for bread or money, or else a curse for those who refuse, apparently believing that the formula possesses magical powers, and that God will actually send a curse if the formula calls for one.

There is very often noticeable what appears to be an intense attitude of reverence toward things religious. For example, no loyal Roman Catholic will enter his church without first kneeling and making the sign of the cross. Most men will invariably tip their hats when passing on the street in front of a church, or likewise when passing a cemetery. The same custom is also followed when a funeral procession passes by. As for religious processions, which occur frequently during the year, many will kneel in an attitude of reverence until the procession has gone by.

That is one side of the picture. But we Protestants do not see much reverence in the deafening noises or the mad celebrations that always accompany the Easter festivities here, even though some of us are accustomed to the irreligious displays of millinery on an Easter morn in the United States. Neither do we see much reverence for the name of the Savior in a sign painted in bold red letters, "GOOD JESUS," as the name of a shop selling cheap perfumes and other useless extravagances. Two blocks from our school here in Juiz de Fora, on the street of the Holy Spirit, there is the Butcher Shop of St. Sebastian. In Para, located in the north of Brazil, there is a restaurant called the "Cafe Baptista." This restaurant possesses a large sign showing John the Baptist, in heaven surrounded by angels, telephoning to the "Cafe Baptista" to send up immediately one hundred pounds of their coffee, for it is the brand which has entrance to heaven! In Rio there is a "Tailor Shop of the Holy Spirit." A further illustration of gross irreverence in advertising is the following doggerel which I noticed on a street car the (Continued on page 38)

The Age of Light

By GLENN CLARK

I REMEMBER sitting in my home with my wife and three children a few years ago listening to a radio broadcast commemorating the fifty years of light ushered in by Edison's discovery of the incandescent light bulb. The lights in our house were turned off, as were those in the neighbors' houses; in fact, by request of the sponsors of the event, lights were turned off all over the land. The street lamps of our city were off. Nothing around us but total darkness! Then a voice entering the room from far away spoke:

"Now Mr. Edison is coming into his old laboratory, reproduced as a surprise for him by Henry Ford. An old assistant, the only one living of those who helped him at that time, is with him. Edison turns to the bulb that they are experimenting with to see if it has been rendered incandescent yet. Together they look at it. Edison shakes his head. It is not ready for the current. After a while he looks again. Again he shakes his head. The bulb is not yet emptied of the atmosphere of the room sufficiently to hold the current of pure light." And as the voice went on, it suddenly occurred to me, what if Edison fails? What if the bulb fails? What if it cannot sufficiently be emptied of itself and cleansed of its own little atmosphere to bear the blinding flame of light and power it is to carry to a waiting darkened world! What would happen if it failed? We should be condemned to fifty more years of darkness—to kerosene lights and candles!

But again the voice is breaking in upon my meditation. "Edison turns and looks again. He appears excited. 'It is ready,' he exclaims. His hand trembles. And then in a clear voice he commands, 'Release the power, open the circuit, *turn on the light!*'"

Immediately the lights on the streets flash on. The bells and whistles in St. Paul sound forth. My children run from room to room turning on lights. All down the street in all the houses lights are flashing on. *The age of light has come!*

Now let us tune our radio in to another station in human history. Let us get still, silence our thoughts, and turn off our lights, and reproduce for ourselves, not an event of fifty years ago, but an event of two thousand years ago. We do not hear the voice of Graham McNamee broadcasting the picture, but we hear another voice just as clear, the voice of the Apostle John.

He riseth from supper, and lays aside his garments; and takes a towel, and girds himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and begins to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he is girded. Then cometh he to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Jesus answers him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part

with me. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet; but is clean every whit. So after he has washed their feet and has taken his garments and is set down again, he saith unto them, Know ye what I have done to you?

Can we answer that last question? Do we know what Jesus has done in this last momentous hour?

He did to his disciples what Edison did to his bulb of glass. Edison washed all the air out of it, he cleansed it of the heavy inflammable atmosphere of the outer room, he emptied it of itself so that it could be an instrument of a power greater than itself. That is what Jesus did when he washed the feet of his disciples in that upper room. He cleansed them of their little selves. He washed from them the dirt and dust of materialism and selfishness that they might be incandescent enough to be carriers of Light to a darkened world.

And what if he had failed!

What if no one in that upper room were humble enough and surrendered enough to be rendered incandescent! We know that one of them was not! The voice of John described this one in words that a modern broadcaster could apply with equal force to a family lamp. "He went immediately out and it was night." What if the light of all the disciples had gone "immediately out," how great would have been the darkness! The age of light would then have been postponed two thousand years.

Fortunately there were some in this inner group who were humble and loving enough to be incandescent. Therefore we are able to hear Jesus' triumphant voice ringing down the ages to all his disciples of all races and of all climes: "*Ye are the light of the world.*"

The tremendous truth at the core of all the teachings of Jesus was that he and the Father were one, and that he and the disciples were one. That last night he tried to make that truth clear in two parables: first, that the Father was the vine and we are his branches; the other, that the Father's kingdom was a great house of marvelous beauty in which Jesus had prepared for all of us rooms or mansions. But the climax of that night came when he suddenly ceased speaking in words and began speaking in symbols and actions. Let us tune in again to the great radio of the gospel. This time it is the voice of Matthew speaking:

And as they are eating, Jesus takes bread, and blesses it, and breaks it, and gives it to the disciples, and saith, Take, eat; this is my body. And he takes the cup, and gives thanks, and gives it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

Here Jesus was turning on the light!

Here he was connecting his (*Continued on page 39*)

Another Editorial Word

Kagawa's Farewell

THE six months' itinerary of Toyohiko Kagawa in the United States and Canada closed with his attendance upon the International Conference held at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. He had visited one hundred and fifty cities during this period and spoken in each of these to an average of six thousand people.

The objective of this farewell meeting, composed of church leaders who had in some way sympathetically promoted the visit of this outstanding world Christian, was to implement the values of his presence in our midst.

This was a small conference and gave to those present a chance, not possible in the large gatherings, to understand his words and feel his personality. It is not, after all, the number of times that Mr. Kagawa has spoken nor even the things he has said which shall count for America, but the man who is the embodiment of his words.

In a talk on prayer he used a text from the book of Revelation representing our prayers as ascending and being poured back upon the earth as fire from Heaven, changing the whole course of history. Prayer thus becomes the link of God's love. This was indeed an experience in the life of Kagawa, for through the strength of God's love he is changing the course of history, not only in Japan but perhaps in America.

In just as vital a manner he is the embodiment of courage. He said in one address: "If you in America are disappointed [discouraged], you are not Christians. Christians came to the earth when nations were disappointed. It was then that redeeming love came into power and began to change the world." What a challenge to present-day Christians. Following his usual theme of the love of God, he spoke on the atonement, saying that as the blood carries life to the extremities of the body, through the sufferings of Jesus, love carries spiritual life to the world, but he emphasized, this love must have a channel through the followers of Jesus.

Just what these messages may mean to Americans is difficult to predict, but it is certain they will never forget this man of God who embodied his own messages.

Kagawa thinks that the American churches are not taking their discipleship seriously. In his last words to the group assembled in Lake Geneva he said: "We need true fire. The American people are the best people in the world, but they do not have the zeal to fight through." Later on he remarked: "We Christians are too much like Buddha." This indictment was given in love. All who have seen the calm, complacent face of Buddha's image cannot fail to catch the implications of a complacent church in the midst of a tragic world. Buddha is negative. Many Christians are negative while the call is for them to follow their Master even to the cross.

During the time we were together Kagawa was con-

stantly seen with groups of people on the camp grounds. Here one caught his humanness. He was always laughing. He seemed to love contacts with people. No Buddha he, but a practical fighting mystic.

The response of the men of this group to this simple, earnest Christian from another land was touching. They had met reality in the Christian life. Yet the most that many are getting from this visit of Kagawa to the United States is economic method. How can we improve our situation by forming co-operative groups? This is good and well. Some social changes must come. Perhaps co-operatives will help solve our problems.

But there is a larger issue. How can we as Christians embody this spirit of the love of Christ, letting him lead us into activities for the Kingdom of God?

The Jubilee Week of Prayer

THE year 1936 is notable in the home mission circles of Woman's Work, since it marks the fiftieth year of outstanding service in this field. The missionary-minded women of the church have been constantly carried forward during these fifty years by the appeal of definite needs. The first appeal, answered in 1886 by the election of a secretary, was that of the desperate situation of pastors' families in the far west, when not only for economic reasons but often for religious needs men were answering the call of Westward Ho! History was in the making, and many courageous ministers were taking the risks of helping to mold this history. The demand which was such a burning necessity for a little band of women was that of building homes for preachers in these far western fields.

The need of homes was a natural response of women, and it was so effective that the first magazine they published was issued under the name, *Our Homes*.

When the West was finally transformed into prosperous settled communities, the attention of the women of the Board of Home Missions was turned to the rapidly industrializing cities of the South. In this period they had a keen-minded leadership with a far-reaching social vision. Indeed, in this respect they became the leaders of the church. Their emphasis was always religious but they saw also that there are group needs just as insistent as individual needs. They have continued their social emphasis all through the years and have established their schools and Wesley Houses to meet this twofold need.

It is interesting to note that in these latter years the attention of the Woman's Missionary Council—the successor to the Home and Foreign Boards—has been turning to the country once more, not to a big, new, open country, but rather to those groups which because of the turn of history have become disadvantaged, many needing rehabilitation. Because this seemed to be the most urgent call the Council at its recent session voted that the Home Mission Jubilee (*Continued on page 40*)

What She Could Never Tell the Bishop

(Continued from page 17)

up with the times. In a club if you don't keep up your reading every month, you simply fall behind." The Bishop nodded. It was plain he got her point. She knew she had added another success by her own quick wit. When the Bishop bowed over her hand to say good night, she was really reluctant to retire.

"May I say something, Mrs. Trumble? Something quite — personal? Something audacious, perhaps? Something you might not forgive if it did not come from"—he smiled—"a bishop?"

"Please do," said Ione. She wanted awfully to hear it. "I have met a great many intelligent women on this trip to America. Indeed, it seems to me that no nation has so many well-informed women as we Americans have. And I think I may say that I have met no woman who is better informed in a general way than you, Mrs. Trumble. Certainly no one with a wider range of interests. And that is why I am bold enough to call one fact to your attention. The fact is this: Your knowledge of the work of the Kingdom stopped twenty-five years ago. You'd be a curiosity in a meeting of missionaries to the Bantu. You'd sound like a page from an old almanac. Apparently you don't even know that the moving picture preaches to the Bantu now and reaches thousands in a compound where a preacher might reach fifty. Apparently you don't know that the Zulu learns his hymns over the radio when he can't be reached by word of mouth. You never heard of . . ." And the things which the Bishop told Ione in ten short minutes were more than a summary of missions in Johannesburg. "I don't want to be critical, Mrs. Trumble," he looked almost as if he were going to cry right there beside the newel post, . . . "I don't want to be critical, but the whole missionary program may fail because of good women like you. I just want to suggest that you let Jesus look over your library card . . . quite soon."

Because this is a true story, it does not end with Ione Trumble going slowly up the wide stairs. It does not end with the house party, nor with the fact that on Monday morning she *was* at the public library waiting for the door to open. Perhaps that day in the library is where the story really should begin, although for Dr. Menton, her pastor, it began on the day when she walked into his study and asked to be made a member of the stewardship committee of the church.

The next week Ione's friends were surprised to find in their mail personal notes from Ione written on fine linen paper which bore the neatly engraved caption, "Let Jesus see your library card." To her friends, Ione suggested books which, as Kingdom builders, they might be interested in reading. She suggested only two books and she told a little about each one. Her cards were not circulars. They were so personal that her friends felt obliged to answer them. Few people ever ignored Ione, and maybe she capitalized on that fact.

She developed her own stewardship program. Certainly Dr. Menton wanted no one to think it was his

. . . . when she began for she began on such unlikely persons. Mr. MacDonald was the leading trustee, but he had no use for foreign missions and said so "too much to be done at home." She began by telling Mr. MacDonald that she heard it claimed that there had been no such grand missionaries since the world began as were the Scotch. She did not believe a word of it, and she could match any Scotch name he put up with a greater who wasn't a Scot. Of course, Mr. MacDonald never realized that she furnished the argument on both sides of the question until he got mad enough to read seven biographies on Livingstone alone.

Some women got interested in one certain missionary, and some she got studying on certain country, and some settled on one particular station, and some read "here and there." When the Day of Prayer came around the next year, Ione Trumble was the only one not surprised to discover that Dr. Menton's church led all the others in point of attendance. It was strange, in a way, for there had been no attendance drive.

Perhaps it was the third year that the trustees suggested that the church turn the west parlor into a library, and that a special library committee be appointed with Mrs. Trumble as chairman. But Ione said no, she would stay where she belonged, *on the stewardship committee*. Then someone said it was queer that the church should have enough money to install a library right in the midst of these hard times, and someone else said it was not half so queer as the fact they had raised their missionary apportionment more than fifty per cent. Ione said nothing. That is, nothing more than she had been saying ever since she went on the stewardship committee. She still wrote notes on fine linen paper which bore the caption, "Let Jesus see your library card." But the paper was too small for the letters she sent to Johannesburg once every quarter.

Out in Africa there was a bishop, tall, bronzed, and deliberate, who read these lengthy epistles clear through. Although—of course—being a bishop, he had known for a long time that the people perish when they have no vision. He had known that modern man gets most of his vision off the printed page. He had known there were plenty of excellent books being written, books so full of human interest and divine outlook that never since the church began had Christians such opportunity to "go into all the world." He had known that preachers are so dreadfully busy with this-and-that and preachers-know-what that they hardly can be expected to supervise the reading of a whole church membership. There was scarcely anything Ione wrote which the Bishop did not already know.

Except (and this Ione could never get into words) except the Bishop never knew how it was to be a middle-aged woman of some popularity but no special irreplaceable use, and then to find one's self *a steward of life* "who needeth not to be ashamed."

Christian Growth at Scarritt College

By LOUISE YOUNG

SCARRITT COLLEGE is an educational institution committed to the task of training Christian workers whose life work shall be to win men to Christ and to help to build a social order in which all may live the abundant life. This means that its student body is a highly selected group, each student being drawn to the College through his own Christian life purposes. They come from homes where religion has been a major influence, and building on this common Christian heritage, they find in each other moral and religious reinforcement. Fellow-Christians from foreign lands and missionaries on furlough are reminders that the family of God is worldwide. Such Christian fellowship is a vital factor in campus life and accounts in no small measure for the moral and spiritual growth which a year at Scarritt normally brings. Instead of becoming narrow and dogmatic in one's religious intensity, one learns to take delight in a rich variety of Christian personalities and Christian emphases. To live up to one's best is the standard, and month by month and year by year faculty and students together gain new insights, new experience, and greater devotion to Jesus the Master.

A Christian worker needs first of all to establish himself in the way of Christian growth, to seek to apprehend more fully each day what is the will of God for him and for mankind. It is the aim and ideal at Scarritt that every aspect of college life shall contribute to this growth. In this ideal the appreciation of physical beauty has its place as a factor in the abundant life. The tower, the chapel, the beechwood trees in the court, gay petunias on the terrace, the archway into the cloisters are material things made spiritually significant by their intrinsic beauty as well as by their association with high religious living. Such beauty becomes dearer as it is shared by all who come within sight of it. To see passers-by look up at the tower and experience, for a moment, an uplift of spirit is to be reminded of the common brotherhood of all.

The curriculum at Scarritt centers around the Christian religion—the life and teachings of Jesus and his religious heritage; the history of the Christian church, its beliefs, its educational aims and methods, its heritage in music and the fine arts; society and its institutions, social needs and how to meet them (Continued on page 42)



Let Me Tell You a Good Story

THE GOOD STORY—story of a good woman's life, still living, is told by Mrs. R. C. McClagherty, of Princeton, West Virginia. Mrs. Laura Johnston, born in Tazewell County, descended of pioneer parentage, was educated in Sullins College, and married Dr. Charles A. Johnston, of Mercer County, West Virginia. Mrs. McClagherty says: "Among those who frequently enjoyed her hospitality were Jack Ward, George Stuart, C. E. Painter, Tyler Frazier, and R. K. Southerland." Out of such atmosphere came this useful and beautiful life

FOR more than twenty-five years Mrs. Laura Johnston, of Bluefield, West Virginia, has supported a Bible woman in Korea. Mrs. Johnston was born February 4, 1859, in Tazewell County, Virginia, daughter of the late Judge William Gordon Bottimore and Elizabeth Witten Bottimore, and is a descendant of Thomas Witten, one of the pioneer settlers of southwest Virginia, and the first white man buried in Tazewell County.

Her early life was spent in Tazewell, where she grew to useful and beautiful womanhood. She received her education at Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia, under its founder, Dr. David Sullins.

On September 10, 1891, she was married to Dr. Charles A. Johnston from Mercer County, West Virginia. They established their home at Arlington in McDowell County, West Virginia, where Dr. Johnston practiced his profession. We can picture them now, the bride and groom of nearly fifty years ago, as they made their way slowly through North Fork Hollow on horseback where it was impossible for a wagon to pass and before the whistle of a passenger train was heard. Today along this trail we see electric trains loaded with black diamonds, products of the mines of the great Pocahontas coal field, whisked away to meet the needs of the world, and along the foothills are smooth, modern highways.

Dr. and Mrs. Johnston lived in the coal field ten years. Their deeds of mercy were many, and their home was open house for all ministers. Among those who frequently enjoyed their hospitality were Jack Ward, George Stuart, C. E. Painter, Tyler Frazier, David Daugherty, and R. K. Southerland, those venerable men of Methodism who will ever be remembered for their noble service in the establishing of churches in the mountains of southern West Virginia, men of unflinching faith, who had the spirit of Christ and were not afraid, now gone to their reward.



Mrs. Laura Johnston, of Bluefield, West Virginia

Dr. Johnston died February 18, 1915, leaving his widow, and one son, Walton Bottimore Johnston, a daughter, Estelle Holmes, having died in early childhood.

Mrs. Johnston has felt keenly the sting of the depression, but her dream is not forgotten as she dedicates herself to the carrying out of her ideals which entail sacrifice, labor, and loyalty. We are told that at a certain time each evening she goes into her secret prayer room, and there with her face in her hands pours out her heart to One who knows, cares, and answers in behalf of her needy people, one of whom is a widow with an afflicted son who lives in Korea.

For a quarter of a century she has been helping this good woman away from her halfway around the world. The husband is taken away and largely her support, reverses have fallen and pinched. What would be more natural, more inevitable, than that she might write now and say that she could no longer take care of the Bible woman she had been carrying so long? But she thinks again. There is the worker that has been so faithful through the years, the afflicted son, there is the work which maybe no one else will be found to carry on when she leaves off. It is not easy. The good way is not easy. She will take the risk and trust the good God to provide the money needed for her Bible woman. So on the wings of her prayers goes the money she gives to make possible the work of her own representative on the other side of the world.

Mrs. Johnston is a charter member of the Missionary Society of the Grace Methodist Church of Bluefield, and is still active in the work of the society. For her undying friendship and unflinching generosity we are grateful. The world is richer for the example of her life and the fruits of her good works. May she be greatly blessed and have all peace and happiness in the knowledge that she is helping to bring this ray of light and hope into the darkened lives of those in far-away Korea.

The Missionary Society

The October Program

Missionary Topic: A World-Wide Hook-Up. (1) China speaks on the National Christian Council; (2) Brazil speaks on the Evangelical Confederation; (3) Mexico Speaks on the National Christian Council of Mexico; (4) Dr. Emory Ross speaks on the African Protestant Council.

Worship and Meditation: The Age of Light, page 28.

Scripture: Matt. 5: 14-16.

NOTE: The meditation called for in our *Yearbook* has been lost in the mail and, since Mrs. Margueritte Bro, the writer, is in a foreign country at present, it has been found impossible to secure a duplicate copy. Therefore, we are recommending that those who desire may use the material found on the Spiritual Life page of this issue.

The Fall Study Book

The study for the fall of 1936 is the American Negro and the text is *A Preface to Racial Understanding* by Charles S. Johnson. This subject is perhaps the most important home mission subject we have had for a number of years. Frequently we enlarge our vision through our study book and are inspired to larger giving, but usually there is not much that we can do personally. Here is a question which is vital for most of us because the fate of the two races in the South is so linked together that what is for the good of one is for the good of the other. The whole tragic history of the Negro in America has

left its imprint on both races and the solution of the common problem lies only within the South itself.

The task of the study group will be to become acquainted with this problem past and present, and to seek better interracial understanding through research and first-hand knowledge of the local situations.

The text deals with the most important questions connected with the life of the Negro: the Negro Worker, Social Factors in Negro Life, the Education of the Negro, the Contribution of the Negro to American Civilization, and the Negro Church. The last chapter gives suggestions for the conquest of racial prejudice. There is also a chapter on Negro Achievement which cannot fail to be of interest, for most of us are quite unaware of the real advance that the race as a whole is making through its leaders, who have really achieved not merely for their own race but also for their country.

This course on the American Negro can be greatly enriched by the number of books available. *The Story of the Negro*, by Ina Brown, gives a good historical background and the viewpoint of a Southern woman. *Brown America*, by Edwin R. Embree, is available at a cheap rate. This is valuable from the viewpoint of a sympathetic understanding growing out of a rich experience. A book of spirituals is available at the small price of 25 cents. There is also a book of poems under the title *Singers of the Dawn*, for 10 cents. The book for junior children, *Negro Americans*, by Constance Rumbough, contains many facts and stories that will prove interesting and helpful for adults.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER

NOVEMBER 1-7, 1936

Literature: The literature being prepared for the Week of Prayer will be available early in October. It provides: 1. a pamphlet for an all-day retreat; 2. a program on rural work; 3. a program on Hiroshima College for Women.

The Foreign Special for the Hiroshima College for Women is to aid in moving the college to a new site and making it adequate to meet the needs of the present day. The present equipment is completely inadequate.

The Home Special includes the following new rural projects:

1. For the Indians at Dulac, Louisiana.
2. For the Negroes in a rural community in Georgia.
3. For the Cajans in Alabama.
4. For coal miners in a section of Kentucky.
5. For Mexicans in the West.
6. For a rural training project at Scarritt College.
7. For a community project in co-operation with a Negro school teacher.

Offerings: For the above objects liberal gifts are being asked. The needs are urgent. Individual offering envelopes may be secured by writing to Literature Headquarters, 712 Church Street, Nashville, Tennessee.

Thy Kingdom Come

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

No Other God

WRITING on "A Quarterly Meeting in Hupeh" in the *Kingdom Overseas*, Rev. F. C. Cram, missionary, reminds us of a fact that is sometimes overlooked and makes us realize afresh the "wonders of his love."

It is impossible to describe the "atmosphere" in some of the prayer meetings we hold in the country chapels. As we assembled one evening in one of the chapels in a very much disturbed area a woman prayed: "And we know there is one true God, our Heavenly Father, and beside him there is no other God." An indescribable sense of peace entered my soul as I heard that prayer. But, the reply may come, there is nothing new in a prayer like that. No! Not for those who have known it since childhood, but this woman had only known it a little while, and therefore something of the perennial freshness of the gospel reached my soul as she prayed, so that I said to myself: "It is true; there is only one God; and he is our Father." Where had this woman come from? She had come from trying to pacify the souls of her ancestors with gifts of useless paper money and other articles made from the same material. She had come from firing crackers to drive off the devils which fill the air and are ever on the alert to work some mischief; she had come from worshiping the idols and trying to appease the wrath of the gods so that her affairs might be prosperous. From these omnivorous devils and spirits she turns to the Living God. In her bewilderment she turns to the One whom she can call Father. There may still be spirits and devils left, but their power is useless when one knows and worships God the Father. Yes! There are demons left, and we must drive them away. China is not the only place where there are demons remaining; perhaps we may call them by other names, but they have the same power over us, and the same weakness in the presence of God. The challenge comes to us today; have we the power to turn to our Lord and say: "Lord, even the devils are subject to us in thy name"?

A Call to Methodism

REV. HAROLD B. RATTENBURY, General Secretary for Home Organization of the Methodist Missionary Society (Great Britain), sounds a stirring call to Methodism in the *Kingdom Overseas*.

. . . . In an hour of retrenchment God is calling us to advance.

It is a challenge to the reality of our religious faith. The battle is being joined today between Christianity and practical atheism. It affected England and Europe just as much as China or Africa. . . .

In England the multitudes, living without any religious form, would possibly admit on cross-examination that there might be a God; but they do not take him seriously. Overseas, old religions, old traditions, old sanctions are melting away forever. Is there anything to take their place? Before the final overthrow of pagan Rome, the religions of the day all took on new life, which proved to be their swan song. Is that experience being repeated now? Are they to be replaced once more by the Christianity that has galvanized them into life, or are all religions whatever to pass into the night of atheism?

Sometimes, these days, the Church appears to stand and halt between two opinions, not sure whether to believe or dis-

believe. Yet "to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

"Let us also go that we may die with Him," says the uncertain Thomas.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it." There is no question really of the highest.

Is man Christ's man, man with an immortal soul and eternal destiny, or is he just Marx's man, man a mere atom in the stream of things. Our heart cries out for God, the living God. Yet "he that cometh to God must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of those that diligently seek him."

There is really the crux of the matter. It is either for Christ or against that we must be. There are no neutrals. We must choose.

Multitudes of downtrodden men are choosing Christ. They know, as yet, but little of him, but they do know that there is no help for them outside him. Others watch the uplift of the lowest and lost that comes by Jesus, and they are finding the same Savior, too. Is there any parallel in time or space?

Does not our own heart answer to the same call? Is it not at times that we have been nearest Christ that we are purest, truest, best?

Many things puzzle us, but "One thing I know. Once I was blind and now I see."

Then, let us cast off our doubts and dedicate ourselves again to his service. Let us preach Jesus at home. Let us see that he is preached overseas. Last year it happened to us beyond all our hope or thought. We dared not believe that he was equal to such need. We limited him by our own limitations. This year he is calling again with even louder insistency. The resurrection of Jesus was the closing of one period and the opening of a still more wonderful one when "Greater things shall ye do, because I go unto my Father" was proved again and again. Nineteen thirty-five came Resurrection to us; 1936 begins in Resurrection. By God's good grace it shall end in mighty victory for his kingdom.

"Modern India"

ONE of the greatest signs of change in India," says the *Missionary Review of the World*, "is in the position and opportunities of women—formerly considered unworthy of education and of lower status than the cow. Mrs. Mira S. Ramdas, an Indian Christian, read a paper on "Modern India" before the Women's Conference in Bombay last March. In this paper she said:

To any casual observer it is apparent that the India of twenty-five years ago is not the India of today. The whole nation has undergone a tremendous and rapid change in these few years. Old ideas of life and education have been given up. New life has been infused and has awakened the millions in India. Willingness to change for the better, to adopt new ways and think bold thoughts is to be seen everywhere today. . . .

A few things have happened as the direct result of the national awakening which must be noted here in a general way as they have a bearing on our subject.

1. First is the great rush for literacy and general education. The leaders wish to educate the masses to enable them to take in the new things; on the other hand the masses desire education so that they can follow intelligently what is hap-

Thy Will Be Done

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

pening in the country. The popularity of the press is a sure indication of this fact. Both government and the national leaders are busy coping with this situation. . . .

2. Second is the great desire toward industrialism. With the knowledge of what is happening in countries outside, industry has assumed new charms. . . .

3. Third is the religious upheaval. With the spread of literacy and with the tending of the mind toward industrialism and materialism, there has come about a severance from the Hindu religious ideas. The average Hindu man or woman today does not have much faith in the religion of his forefathers. But this is not all, he or she does not have much use for any religion at all. . . .

This then is the India today: nationally awakening, seeking education, preparing for industrialism, and putting off old things and especially her religious-mindedness which was so characteristic of her.

And the *Missionary Review* adds:

Indian women today are being educated in schools and colleges; they are becoming teachers, lawyers, physicians, and nurses; they are entering into business and into political life. Christian women especially are enjoying a freedom never dreamed of before, and their views are listened to with a respect that their fathers and grandfathers would never have dreamed possible. The rise of women in India is all traceable to the work of the early Christian missionaries.

What About Ministers' Sons?

THE *Religious Digest* comes to our desk each month, brimming with articles gleaned from the religious papers of the country. The one below, by Albert Edward Wiggam, under the title, "Do Ministers' Sons Go to the Devil," was taken by the *Digest* from the *Free Methodist*.

I began to look into the matter a few years ago and found that if we are to judge by the proportion of ministers' sons who rise to eminence, they turn out better than almost anybody else. In *A Study of British Genius*, Havelock Ellis includes an investigation of 1,030 of the most eminent Britishers during the past fifteen centuries.

Dr. Ellis says: "The proportion of distinguished men contributed from among the families of the clergy can only be described as enormous. In mere numbers the clergy can seldom have equaled the butchers and bakers in their parishes, yet only two butchers or bakers are definitely ascertained to have produced eminent children, as against 139 parsons. Even considering a higher group, we find that the eminent children of the clergy considerably outnumber those of lawyers and doctors put together."

If we take a more democratic selection of famous Americans, such as that contained in *Who's Who*, according to a study by Prof. Stephen S. Visher of Indiana University, we find that among the 24,278 biographies in the 1922-23 edition it required 48,000 unskilled laborers to furnish one son eminent enough to be included. Among carpenters, plumbers, mechanics, and other skilled laborers, one out of 1,600 furnished a son or daughter for *Who's Who*. The farmers did better, with one notable child from 800. But the astonishing thing is that among the clergy, one out of every twenty has a child listed among these distinguished persons.

Whether it is due to heredity or environment or to the will of God, the fact remains that the more children ministers have, the larger number of leaders we can count on in guiding our future national life.

A Matter of Principle

FROM "New Horizons in the News," a weekly feature in the *Christian Advocates* of the Northern Church, is taken the significant item below.

Because he no longer believes in war, Herr A. Viruly, first pilot in the service of the Royal Dutch Airlines, has resigned his position as a reservist office flyer. He sent this letter to Dr. Hendrik Colyn, prime minister:

"I realize that your excellency asked from me a public testimony of willingness to serve in case of war a Dutch interest, contrary to a Christian commandment, and a personal sense of honor, but nevertheless I gave my declaration of willingness to go and kill men under the present conditions of war, because of an officer's oath once sworn at a youthful age, and also in consideration of the fact that in these times no one should withdraw from the laws of one's national community. It has, however, become clear to me that, in fact, I shall not be able to adhere to this declaration. Once standing face to face with death, I never could or would serve a national interest if this had to be through going and killing any guiltless man, thus denying a positive Christian principle, my most valuable experience of life, and my human sense of honor."

Tremendous Possibilities

A RECENT issue of the *Christian Advocate*, Northwestern Edition, carries good news from India as reported by Dr. E. Stanley Jones.

At the Ashram in Lucknow, I have been giving most of my time to the development of work among the Depressed Classes.

I had an interview with Dr. Ambedkar, the leader of the Depressed Classes, who has announced that he and as many as will follow him will leave Hinduism and choose a new faith. He asked me to put into pamphlet form what I had said to him as the Christian program for reconstruction of life, so that it could be used among the outcastes as they come to their decision. This I have done, and it is now going out in a number of languages throughout India.

We have been in almost daily touch with all-India leaders through the Ashram at Lucknow. There is no doubt that these leaders and Dr. Ambedkar are headed toward Christianity. They may not be able to take all their people with them, but they will doubtless take millions.

The Ashram has played a unique part in guiding this movement. The All-India Conference, at which each faith was asked to present what it has before the Depressed Classes, was held in May. We helped the leaders in drawing up plans for this conference.

Some of the leaders who have been attending the Ashram have really been changed spiritually through these contacts. We have had a class for them at the Ashram carried on by an Indian Christian professor of the Lucknow University.

This movement has the greatest potentialities in it of any movement I have known in India during my missionary career. It has its dangers, but it also has tremendous possibilities.

First Woman to Win Diploma in Course of Mission Study

By MARCUS L. GRAY



Mrs. Maggie Hinton Gray
"She works right along in
the Missionary Society"



Exact reproduction of first certificate of graduation
presented in United States for completing course of
systematic study in Missions

MRS. MARCUS L. GRAY, of Chillicothe, Missouri, was the first woman in the United States to complete a three-year course for the systematic study of Missions in all lands.

The Cross-Bearers Missionary Reading Circle was incorporated under the laws of Missouri in 1889. Prof. Charles R. Forster, of Howard-Payne College, was the first secretary, and he was succeeded by Dr. Z. M. Williams. The monthly periodical used was the *Missionary Review of the World*, edited by Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, of New York City. Students were enrolled in various

parts of the United States and Canada. This was the pioneer for the systematic study of Missions in various Woman's Missionary Societies and churches.

Mrs. Gray helped to organize the Woman's Missionary Society at St. Charles, Missouri. She was president of the Woman's Missionary Society at Fulton, Missouri, and also at Chillicothe, Missouri. At one time she was district secretary for the Chillicothe District.

She works right along in the Missionary Society regardless of whether she is an officer or not—not place she seeks but service.

In Memory of the Rev. W. J. Callahan

(For Forty-four Years a Missionary in Japan)

By T. W. B. DEMAREE

The wilderness, how broad it was, and dreary!
No Christ was there, with calm, to rest the weary,
No church with spire to point their souls to heaven,
No blessing of our Christ to them was given.

At this sad sight God's Gypsy's heart was rent
Till in this wilderness he pitched his tent.
Its white ensign with cross of gleaming gold
Invited all to hear the Story told.

Then from all sides with hungry hearts to hear
The famished multitudes of men drew near.
They saw their sins for which the blest Christ died,
They saw the grace, through Him, to none denied,

They saw the sweet life of His messenger,
They found the Spirit's power that casts out fear
And thus their hearts to God and Christ were given
Till earth, renewed, echoed the praise of heaven.

But all God's Gypsies when their work is done
Must fold their tents when they have heaven won
And when they go the weary wilderness
Raises high hands their memories to bless.

Then rest in peace for you shall nevermore
Fold up God's tent on that celestial shore;
But we shall pitch it in this barren land
And keep tryst with you on that heavenly strand.

Personals

Mrs. W. I. McCullough, district secretary, gives high praise to Mrs. Daisy Sanders, World Outlook superintendent for Boston Avenue Church, Tulsa, Oklahoma. In the sixteen months that she has been superintendent Mrs. Sanders had secured 145 subscriptions to WORLD OUTLOOK, notwithstanding the handicap of a hospital experience in that period. Mrs. Sanders is in wide demand for her catchy speeches on WORLD OUTLOOK for zone, district, and annual meetings, and the district secretary believes that these speeches have been a large factor in pushing Oklahoma past her goal this year.

WORLD OUTLOOK regrets an absurd slip in its July issue, brought to our attention by Dr. James Endicott, of the United Church of Canada. We said Dr. C. Y. Cheng was "now Moderator of the United Church of Canada," when we should have said "United Church of China." A slip of less than a single word, but snips a good fact of church history by halfway around the world. But it gives us a good opportunity to pass on our friend's good word about Dr. Cheng. "It is true that we have a United Church of Canada, and it is also true that that same church cannot hope to have a more worthy moderator than Dr. C. Y. Cheng will prove to be. The honor, however, of having Dr. C. Y. Cheng as Moderator belongs not to Canada, but to the 'United Church of China.' Nevertheless we thank you for the compliment."

Dr. William J. Young, retired member of the Virginia Conference, passed away at the home of his son in Atlanta, Georgia, on July 4. After serving notable pastorates in Texas and Virginia, Dr. Young had been called in the personnel of its first faculty to teach in the Candler School of Theology of Emory University. He came in 1914 to the Chair of Homiletics in that institution, a little later becoming the teacher of Missions. Dr. Young was popular as a lecturer and preacher in the churches, taught most acceptably in the Pastors' Schools, and on the invitation of the Woman's Missionary Council, in the fall of 1921, made an itinerary through the Brazil Conferences in a series of lectures to missionaries and Brazilians. For years Dr. Young had charge of the annual Missionary Institute held in Emory University, affording to the Board of Missions a very large opportunity in its work with the young preachers of that institution, and it would probably be no exaggeration to say that the name of Dr. Young is attached to the testimonials of

more of our missionaries now on the field than that of any other man.

The funeral was conducted at Spring Hill Chapel, Atlanta, and interment was made in Westview Cemetery.

On Thursday, July 23, at McKendree Church, Nashville, was held the funeral service of Dr. Fitzgerald Sale Parker, the service being conducted by Dr. King Vivion, pastor of the church, assisted by Dr. Costen J. Harrell, pastor of West End Church.

The son of Bishop Linus Parker and brother of Dean Franklin N. Parker, Dr. Parker had been educated at Centenary College and Tulane University, and after serving for a short while as pastor, came to Nashville to serve as Assistant Secretary of the Epworth League, later becoming the General Secretary of that organization. In many lines of useful service Dr. Parker was one of the best known as he was one of the most useful men in the Church. A trained musician, he had rendered expert service on the Hymnbook Commission. For many years a member of the Board of Missions, Dr. Parker served on the Candidates Committee of that Board and its Executive Committee. As representative of the Epworth League Board and Board of Missions he traveled through the Missions of the Far East in an itinerary of supervision and lectures.

Readers of WORLD OUTLOOK will join with us in sincere sympathy for our Home Secretary, Dr. Grover C. Emmons, whose father, Mr. J. D. Emmons, passed away at his home in Long Beach, California, after several years of ill health. An active churchman, Mr. Emmons will be greatly missed in the church and the community. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Martha Jane Emmons; three daughters, Mrs. W. C. Warlick, Bluefield, West Virginia; Mrs. Evan Kackley, Soda Springs, Idaho; and Mrs. William J. Nicol, Long Beach, California; and four sons, Dr. Grover C. Emmons, Nashville; J. Eugene, Long Beach; John J. and Glenn L., of Gallup, New Mexico.

Miss Mary E. Decherd, of the University of Texas, has received from Mr. Henry Topping, missionary in Japan, a letter reporting the passing of Bishop Akazawa. "Everybody was there, it seemed, and we all felt a common purpose to try to show the sense of loss we felt. His courteous kindness had won everybody's high regard. Each of the four bishops of the Japan Methodist Church has seemed to wear himself out in labors abundant. Certainly we feel that Bishop Akazawa

broke under the heavy burdens he carried. Although we are not of his Church, we mourn his departure and feel that we have lost a dear, dear friend."

President Moore of Granbery College, Brazil, writes to thank us for the Granbery pictures used in our recent rotogravure. He sends a check to cover the expense of sending copies of the special issue to friends in this country, as also additional copies to himself in Brazil. He reports the largest enrollment in the history of the school, nearly 700, and thinks Dr. Wasson's visit to Brazil was most timely and greatly blessed of God. Incidentally, he says a kindly word about WORLD OUTLOOK in passing: "WORLD OUTLOOK is simply magnificent, a wonderful paper."

The World in a Word

THE Jews of Poland have recently made ten demands of the government. Among these demands are (1) That the name "Christian" shall not be used in any inscription where Jews and Gentiles live side by side; (2) that the Jewish Sabbath shall be officially recognized and that the Jews shall have the right to conduct their businesses on Sunday as if it were a workday; (3) that schoolbooks objectionable to the Jews shall be prohibited from the schools; (4) that the title "Christian" as applied to land, nationality, or church shall be totally prohibited. ¶ The *Missionary Herald* says: "Robert Morrison died feeling sure that if there were 100 Christians in China after 100 years of missionary effort it would be a miracle. After 100 years how many Christians were there? There are the graves of 1,800 Christian martyrs, killed in 1900 for their faith. There are 10,000 Christian communities. Thirteen great Christian universities train leaders for China's future. The Bible is a best seller." ¶ In Japan a Commission on Nation-wide Evangelism has completed its organization, and is asking Christians throughout the empire to remember this movement in their morning devotions, and also to organize groups which will undergird this evangelistic effort with a volume of united prayer. A budget of 5,000 yen has been adopted for the present year. It is hoped that during the first year of the movement special campaigns may be conducted in the empire's six major cities—Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Kyoto, Osaka, Kobe—and in six nearby cities. ¶ According to the American Eugenics Society the Jews are decreasing more rapidly than any other group.

The Romance of the American Bible Society

(Continued from page 18)

nor in the neglected interior of a far-away continent but in our own United States. The fact that half the world lives in Bible-less homes confronts those charged with Bible distribution with a challenge solemnizing as well a romantic.

Romance! Assisting and guiding the continuous translation of the Bible into new languages, publishing the Scriptures in a wide variety of forms and

styles so as to meet requests of almost endless sorts, administering the processes that carry the Book of books to the uttermost part of the earth, combine in a task from which romance is never absent but whose glory comes not from colorful adventures and interesting narratives but from lives changed and enriched by intimacy with the Christ of God described so fully on the pages of the supreme Book of the ages.

A Golden Day in the Country

(Continued from page 9)

cooked up a pot of it just in case the potatoes didn't hold out. Only one or two of the men who have evidently been "outside" and have had touch with modern life in large cities did not eat rice. Oh, well, I suppose it is the same thing as the way we eat bread in the same meal in which we have potatoes and other starches.

I was much gratified to hear the sincere liking for the taste of the foreign cooked food all around the circle. In their own cooking everything except the rice and sweets is flavored with the sauce of the soy bean. So it is a new taste to them to eat things only flavored with salt. I failed to say above that as there were no forks in the whole village, we all ate our foreign food with chopsticks.

After the meal was cleared away, the whole group settled down for an informal time of singing and hearing God's word. There is a fine nucleus of Christian young men in that village. Most of them have been influenced by the fine old man in whose home we were meeting. But the earnest leading of the young evangelist, too, has borne fruit. We hope some day to see a real church grow up in that friendly village.

By nine o'clock we were starting home

over the hills. The moon was shining brightly, and it was one of the happiest experiences of that happy day to sing hymns together as we bounced and swayed along the rough road—singing in Japanese and in English all at once sometimes, but our hearts united in real praise to our common Father, who loved us alike despite differences in language, color, or customs. It was a thrilling thing to think of the depth of the brotherhood of mankind, did we but stop to realize it. Would that the whole world could love each other as the Father loves them, seeing the heart and not the outward appearance of the man. In the light of such experiences as this one day had brought us, the deep prayer of our hearts these days is that He will deepen our real, sincere love for these people. It is dangerously easy to have a superiority complex while working for these people—instead of *with* them in an humble, brotherly way. In some ways after almost fifteen years of trying to learn how to be missionaries, we two are just beginning to catch a vision of how to do it that *His* will may be done through us, and not what *we* think is best always. It is simply great when *He* takes the wheel of the day's journey!

Does Brazil Need Protestantism?

(Continued from page 27)

other day, as an advertisement of a patent medicine:

"Are you sad, my dear?
Have you a cough or bronchitis?
It's a law of our Savior,
The only cure is with 'Contratosse'!"

It would seem also that the vast majority of the saints are honored by having lottery houses named for them in practically all parts of Brazil. Not only are such sacred names seen painted on the walls of commercial establishments, but many mothers do not hesitate to

name their children such names as "Messiah of the Saints," or even Jesus or God! The conclusion is that Roman Catholicism has brought about a curious mixture of reverence and irreverence, but with the emphasis generally upon the irreverence.

The object of this article is not to pick flaws in the Catholic church, for there are many things that we could learn from her. But it is simply to show that in spite of her contributions, this church is failing to give the Brazilian people the spiritual leadership they

need. In spite of the fact that the name of Jesus is the common possession of practically everyone, and in spite of the fact that there are beautiful statues to "Christ the Redeemer" on many hill-tops, He lacks vitality and life to the mass of the people. The Christ presented by the Roman Catholic church is a crucified and bleeding Christ. It is a dead body in a tomb, and not the risen Lord and Master. The masses pray to the Virgin Mary, firmly believing that she has more power than Christ. The faithful can tell you many weird stories about Mary, but few of them know much concerning the life and teachings of the Son of Man.

With the present emphasis of the government upon public education, and the rapid development of an industrial civilization in this country, vast numbers of people are turning against the only religion they have known. They are beginning to see through the artificialities of it, they are becoming disgusted with its corruptions. Many of them are turning toward spiritualism, theosophy, or atheism. Their religion has failed them in a period of their national life when they need the saving power of a living Christ perhaps more than at any other time. Brazil does not need another mediocre religion, but Brazil is in desperate need of the spiritual vitality and power which the best in Protestantism has to offer.

Annuity --Bonds--

¶ Your gift in the form of an annuity will purchase an income that will not shrink.

¶ Annuity bonds of the Board of Missions represent an investment of the highest type—the work of the Kingdom.

¶ The annuity bonds of the Board of Missions will be issued in exchange for cash, bonds, stocks, and partial cash payments.

¶ When writing for information please give your age. THIS IS IMPORTANT!

For Further Particulars, Write

J. F. RAWLS, Treasurer
General Work, Board of Missions
M. E. Church, South

Box 510

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

PROTECTION
AGAINST OLD AGE

Learning to Walk in the Light

(Continued from page 16)

the group. Therefore for the sake of discipline and home training the entire group is divided into families. The older girls are the heads of the various homes and each house has a family of six ranging in age from five upward. One family cooks for all the families for a week while another family sweeps all the yards and another washes all the dishes, but each family is responsible for the cleanliness of its own home, clothes, and blankets. The matron is the mother of all these various families, and her word is law just as the chief is respected in all African villages.

Every day the girls go to the mission village church for early morning prayers, hurry home to clean house, and have everything ready for general inspection before school starts. Then they go to the regular station school for classes in catechism, reading, writing, arithmetic, hygiene, French, etc. Four afternoons a week they work in their cassava gardens, the other afternoons are spent in washing their clothes, sewing, and various other forms of handwork. At five o'clock every afternoon the girls gather in their assembly room for vespers, which are conducted by the those who know how to read well. These are simple services but form a vital part of the Christian training of our girls.

Inasmuch as the majority of the girls are young, very little direct stress is placed on their responsibility as future leaders, but as they mature there is very

marked evidence of a great urge to help their people. This is evidenced in their prayers, vesper talks, and in the choice of their husbands. Boys from the Christian group ask for the girls, and they are given the opportunity of choosing or rejecting these suitors. Their first thought in choosing seems to be, "Is he to be a teacher-evangelist?" They know that as the wife of a teacher-evangelist they will have a larger opportunity for service and a ready opening into the hearts of their sisters who are eagerly awaiting teachers of the Way.

The four girls who married from the "Home" in June are now students in the Bible School at Wembo Nyama, where their husbands are also enrolled. These girls have finished the station school, and when they were given the privilege of further training they eagerly grasped the opportunity. They are fine Christian girls who have offered their lives for service, and we are expecting great things from them.

When the girls leave the Home to help make their own Christian homes they encounter hard places, as is naturally to be expected, and there have been times when we have had to stand silently by with bated breath and fervent prayers, but so far the storms have been weathered, and we believe that these children of God in Africa will continue to welcome the abundant strength of our Father while he surely and steadily leads them into the establishment of his kingdom on earth.

The Age of Light

(Continued from page 28)

disciples with the Great Central Power Station. When he said, "Take, eat . . . this is my body and my blood, he was saying, "Assimilate me unto yourselves."

Jesus does not here tell his disciples to take his words into their minds and ponder on them. He tells them to take his very body and blood and live his life for him. In a little while he was taking his body out of this world, and they would presently be the only bodies on this earth that he possessed. Henceforth they must be his visible bodies, they must think his thoughts, perform his deeds, and live his life. Henceforth they must take the light of his life into their souls and let it shine forth unto all the world, not by the mere words they speak, but by the lives they live, even unto the end of the age.

One final lesson we can learn from the practical efficient, devoted followers of Edison is that they did not rent a hall and place the great bulb, that was the climax of Edison's historic achieve-

ment, upon exhibition where people from all over the world could come and pay admission to admire the wonderful piece of handiwork and praise the genius of its maker. Instead they took the invention as something not merely to be *admired* but as something to be *used* in the practical affairs of life. So they applied themselves faithfully and industriously to the reproducing of thousands, yea, millions, of other bulbs like unto it, until the light of these millions of bulbs has lighted the world.

We, as disciples of Jesus, have a choice between two ways in which we can take this great event that happened two thousand years ago in the upper room in Galilee. We can participate in it as a mere ecclesiastical form, a religious rite, separate from life, which we can reproduce and enjoy at stated intervals; we may bow in adoration before the great, incandescent, transfigured Author of the little drama of the upper room and then immediately forget him and the far-reaching implica-

tions of the event the moment the church doors are closed behind us. Or, on the other hand, we may enter into the experience as a vital part of our religious life, experiencing the cleansing of sin, and become filled with the living Christ. We may accept it as an invitation and a challenge to be made incandescent and filled with the light as Christ was incandescent and filled with the light of God's love.

Think what would happen in this old world if everyone who partook of the Lord's Supper in the sanctuary of the church would go forth carrying the Light of the Christ consciousness within his own soul! *The whole world would be full of light!*

—From *Islands of Light*. Used by permission of author.

NOTE: The following books and booklets may be obtained at the prices indicated by ordering from the MacAlester Park Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minnesota:

The Lord's Prayer, 15 cents (ten copies for \$1.00); *Song of the Souls of Men*, 15 cents (ten copies for \$1.00); *The Land We Vision*, 15 cents (ten copies for \$1.00); *Silver Sandals*, 15 cents (ten copies for \$1.00); *Power in Athletics*, 15 cents (ten copies for \$1.00); *The Soul's Sincere Desire* (cloth), \$1.00; *The Thought Farthest Out* (paper), 50 cents; *Twelve Parable Miracles of Answered Prayer* (paper), 25 cents; *Fishers of Men* (cloth), \$1.00; *Water of Life* (cloth), \$1.50; *Manual of the Short Story Art* (cloth), \$1.75.



VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises . . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.*

**PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 7806
64 E. Lake St., Chicago**

50 Cards for \$1.00

We never thought we could do it—but here it is: 10 Birthday, 5 Congratulations, 5 Sympathy, 5 Wedding Anniversary, 5 to the Shut-In, 5 Baby Congratulations, 5 Thank You, 10 Convalescent. What an assortment for just one dollar bill—\$2.50 value wherever cards are sold. We will mail you 50 cards of your own assortment for the same price. If you wish more of one kind—just note same on your order. Your money instantly returned if you aren't more than pleased.

CARD SHOP BLOSSBURG, PA.

Methodist Benevolent Association

FOR LIFE INSURANCE
(Chartered 1903)

PURPOSE

To provide homes and support for widows, orphans, disabled and aged ministers and members of the M. E. Church, South, by a practical business insurance system on safe at cost rates.

PROGRAM FOR 1936

Our goal: to multiply membership by members securing additional policies on themselves and on all members of their families and friends, ages from 1 to 60.

POLICY PLANS

Whole Life, 20-Premium Life, 20- and 15-Year Endowment, Endowment at 60, 65, or 70. Disability-Annuity and Juvenile on Term to 16 and Whole Life. Growing memberships. Assets over legal requirements. All claims paid without delay.

Write
J. H. SHUMAKER, General Secretary
Home Office: Association Building, 808 Broadway, Nashville, Tennessee.

The Jubilee Week of Prayer

(Continued from page 29)

offering should be used for rural development in new sections. In the list outlined by the Council there are eight definite projects to be undertaken if the gifts are large enough to warrant the entire undertaking.

One of the most significant of these is the opening of rural centers in close proximity to Nashville, thereby giving opportunity to Scarritt students for experience in rural work. This is most significant, since a large and effective development of rural work calls for special training of leaders.

Other projects are planned among In-

dians, Negroes, Cajans, coal miners, and Mexicans. There are plans also for cooperation with the General Section of the Board of Missions and with a Negro school teacher who may be able to give part time to a Council community enterprise. This program includes the projection of an enterprise for almost every group of people found in the Southern rural section.

It is hoped that every member of the missionary society will plan for a sacrificial Jubilee offering to be made during the coming Week of Prayer, which is November first through seventh.

As the General Secretary Sees

(Continued from page 16)

in 1935 there were 138 societies of which ninety-eight were actively engaged in some form of social service, such as: (1) organizing anti-opium societies, (2) factory inspection, (3) personal hygiene, (4) summer schools for children's public health, (5) clubs for children, (6) better baby campaign, (7) home hygiene, and (8) plans for the education of illiterates.

With commendable activity and gracious results the societies in China have undertaken a definite evangelistic program. In the year 1935 there were enlisted in this movement 814 volunteer workers. There were 174 preaching trips. There was a total of 51,030 hearers, and 281 inquirers were enrolled.

As is usual with missionary societies, the finances have been successfully managed and the amount received during the eighteen years is encouraging. The treasurer's report prepared for the China

Jubilee Conference has the following striking statement:

"In eighteen years of our history a total of \$39,891.82 has come to the Conference treasury. No complete records of the amounts raised and disbursed locally have been kept. The wars have not awed us, nor the depression depressed us. Our faith is in God, and he it is who has given us this large measure of financial success."

Not only in Africa and China, but in Korea and Japan, Cuba and Mexico, and in Europe, there are the fine beginnings as well as the solid successes of women's organizations which are the vehicles of the good news of the gospel and social reconstruction. The church in mission lands is striking its roots deeper and deeper into the life of the people where it exists. Truly an indigenous church is becoming more and more a reality in mission lands.

High Lights in the Experience of a Teacher at Sue Bennett College

(Continued from page 13)

the creative power of sheer beauty.

Alumni Day Thursday, May 29. . . . Out of the past they come, back to Sue Bennett in recognition of her gift mothers and fathers who have sons or daughters graduating this year, young couples who met on this campus former students from distant states, from the State University and other colleges, from homes of their own, from tiny schoolhouses throughout Kentucky, from positions of responsibility. Now back at home they inspect the campus with pride. They see the Subemeco office sheaves of newspapers, temperamental typewriter, editor's chair, dictionary sprawling on the long table. . . . Here have been spent many long afternoons of talk and laughter and work together be-

loved retreat of those students who are eagerly expressing themselves through the pages of their newspaper. "I enjoyed working on the *Subemeco* more than anything else I've ever done in my life," writes one boy. Another says, "I have found a new power of expression a new gift."

They visit the laboratories biology and botany the newly-equipped chemistry laboratories where scientific white-magic is brewing curiosity, new interest, new conceptions of the physical world.

And there is Miss Sells' classroom a small laboratory of social adjustment within itself, center of sociological experience "shoes, and ships, and sealing wax" in most intriguing array: miniature villages, mod-

els of rural homes carefully worked out, attractive health posters, charts representing hours of work in the survey of actual facilities of rural Kentucky; collections of primitive implements and a small hand-loom on which actual weaving is done amusing collections of Spanish curios and musical records for the Spanish classes.

The Library climax of the alumni tour of inspection. . . . Light, airy rooms bowls of flowers making bright splashes of color that vie with the jackets of the newest books. Miss Ione Williams, efficient librarian, whose enthusiasm creates enthusiasm, is a gracious hostess, displaying her treasured books—classics in beautiful editions and in well-read, dog-eared copies, modern masterpieces, poetry (Negro poetry her favorite now beloved by the students), drama, comment on modern problems the best spiritual and artistic expression of the time. Miss Williams has said, "I want the students to love to come here. I want them to love to read." Result: a much-used library. Sue Bennett students do love to read. Had you heard rumors of library expansion next year?

Alumni luncheon served on the campus to a laughing group, reminiscing informally:

"Do they still ring the big dinner bell in front of Helm Hall when they win a ball game?"

"Have you seen Alice's baby?"

"Oh, were you here when we lived in cottages?"

"I remember that Professor Lewis took me by the shoulder once and shook me *hard*."

"There used to be a little house right here where we're eating."

"Yes, I have a son graduating this year."

"Do you remember when the boys had to use one stairway, and the girls another in going to classes?"

"Do you remember?"

Business in the afternoon of officers of the Alumni Association elected plans for the increased efficiency of a loved Alma Mater, plans for scholarships. And in the evening a banquet beautifully served by Mrs. Judy and "her girls" to more than two hundred former students of Sue Bennett renewed ties, renewed pledges of loyalty, of support, and of united effort. . . . "Hail, Sue Bennett, hail!"

Graduation exercises friends and parents arriving music, and Mrs. Downs speaks to the class, "This is a beginning. You can make of your life what you will." President East presents diplomas proudly these young men and women owe much to him, to his conscientious and efficient management of Sue Bennett College thirty-five diplomas, his reward!

And finally comes the last day of

the year at Sue Bennett . . . dormitories vacated overnight. Farewells . . . the students leave. . . . There is the small dark girl from Kingdom House—a real student—who says, "Yes, I'm coming back . . ." The boy, gifted in music and in writing, handicapped by failing eyesight and a lack of funds, says hopefully, "Perhaps." A boy leaves Sue Bennett for a wandering life on the Western ranches. "Maybe I'll never have any more education, but I'm thankful for my two years at Sue Bennett . . . and I can always read. I want a thin volume of poetry to take with me this summer." Two boys go to Berea this summer to continue their education; one lovely laughing girl says, "What shall I do this summer? Work on the farm." Another tall young mountaineer . . . excellent athlete . . . plans to go home, raise a tobacco crop

("I want to be a farmer," he says), teach from July through January, and enter Eastern State Teachers' College in February. There is Bertie who has hoed row upon row of mountain corn. "I never realized the beauty of that experience," she wrote, "until I read Garland's *Among the Corn*." She ranked scholastically among the first six girls in her class. And Jim, who comes from "one of the roughest counties in Kentucky," who was held at the point of a gun while two men cut his brother to pieces—"I was like Hamlet. I had a chance to kill those men once. I could've done it. But I didn't—I came to school."

Farewells . . . laughing, wistful farewells.

The year has passed . . . adventurously. These are high lights of my year of adventure. I give them to you.

The Village of Sungkada Awakens

(Continued from page 11)

Christian for thirty-two years, but can hardly read a word. He is the acknowledged leader in the village; he settles their disputes and corrects their children and demands such respect that all were fully sympathetic. He called for one verse of "Jesus loves me." He opened his Bible to John 3: 16; he had practiced reading it several times that day. He read: "For God so loved the world that whosoever . . . no—no, that is not right . . . that whosoever does not belong there, it comes on down below. . . . I didn't want to read this verse; I wanted to read over there in Colossians, but Pastor Chang said there were too many hard characters for me to read it, and now I cannot remember these . . . that, oh yes, that he gave his only begotten Son . . . now that whosoever comes here . . . that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have eternal life." There was not a smile; they could not do so well. But when he prayed he did not hesitate; he opened his heart with a beautiful child-like faith, "knowing in whom he had believed."

From our discussions in the afternoon and evening we finally decided that the following are the minimum "Standards for the Village Christian Home":

- (1) Sweep floors and dust, daily.
- (2) Wash faces and comb children's hair.
- (3) Cook food to meet the needs of every member of the family; that is, porridge and soft rice for babies and older people.
- (4) Wash dishes in hot water.
- (5) Every member his or her own towel.
- (6) Inside clothing changed and washed once every week.

When Dr. Mary Cheng, from Margaret Williamson Hospital, Miss Yeh, a technician and our nurse, came, all of us put in two very busy days. They

had a clinic for a day and a half in the village and half a day in Tsaungliendaung. They saw one hundred and fifty patients in the village and about thirty in the town. The lectures were very simple but very practical and provoked many questions as we visited later and initiated a campaign for improved dishwashing, use of individual towels, and the extermination of the mosquito.

I was out of Sungkada for one week—Farm Week—and when I returned with Miss Yui Sien Lien and Mr. S. R. Anderson from Moore Memorial for Religion Week, the first news that reached us was that one of our village welfare children, age thirteen, and his cousin, age eleven, had been taken out of their beds and kidnapped the night before. These two villages, Sungkada and Nanwangpang, are just like one big family, and this had cast a gloom over every home there. We asked what had been done. "Nothing," was the reply. They feared any report of it might bring harm to the children. There were eight kidnapers in the party, and they sat down and drank tea while the father of one child (the other father is paralyzed) went out and collected one hundred and twenty dollars from the neighbors to pay their "travel" as they called it. They told them there would be a communication, but they felt pretty sure there would not be as long as we remained in the village and the flag floated over "Yui Loong Hsiang" as they called the house where we were living and working.

The number of children attending the evening meetings increased gradually until with thirty-five or forty present every night we had to do something to protect their parents from

them. The only available spot was our landlord's kitchen. Miss Yui trained them very well indeed; but when she left, I took them with fear and trembling. I was soon convinced that there were no grounds for either. Progress has been the keynote of this school



Be Your Own SANTA CLAUS

Extra Income from Easy-to-sell CHRISTMAS CARDS

No experience needed—everyone buys cards for Christmas, Birthdays, Anniversaries. Phillips Assortments, most complete in U. S., sell on sight—all new boxes—most attractive ever offered. Personal Greeting Album. Amazing variety of beautiful designs and fancy paper stock at popular prices. Meet every need. Cost you 30c, 50c, 60c each. You sell for 50c to \$1.00. Extra cash bonus. Christmas selling season now on. We start you or your money-raising organization at once. Samples on approval. Write:

PHILLIPS CARD CO.
11 Beacon Street Dept. U-9 BOSTON

Sell Greeting Cards Portraying the TRUE Spirit of:

CHRISTMAS

Our Box of 24 DeLuke Scripture Text Folders is, without doubt, the best value on the market. A \$1.75 value sent to you postpaid for 60c. Two or more boxes, 50c each. For 4 Boxes, each containing 15 lovely Cards and Folders, send \$1.00. Take orders now! They sell on sight. SHEPHERD'S TOWN CARD CO., Shepherdstown, Pa.



Sell PERSONAL XMAS CARDS & STATIONERY

EARN EASY EXTRA MONEY

Pleasant spare time work brings big cash rewards. Take orders from friends, neighbors, business people for beautiful Christmas Cards and Stationery with customers' names from album of 100 samples. Also SPECIAL LOW PRICED LINE OF PERSONAL HUMOROUS CARDS—newest thing in greeting cards. Largest commissions paid daily. No experience needed. Early starters make most money. Also the master creation of 1936, the new 21 folder Christmas assortment. Sells for \$1. Your profit 50c. Quality—Style—Value plus latest innovations bring quick sales, big profits. 6 other boxes; Religious Scripture Text Greetings, new style Etching, Gift Wrapping, Humorous, De Luxe, Every Day boxes. Extra FREE Bonuses. Established 16 years. WRITE TODAY for 21 card box on approval and FREE sample personal cards.

WALLACE BROWN INC. 225 FIFTH AVENUE DEPT. RP-2 NEW YORK

Don't Endure Slipping

FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop or slip when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed a minute longer. FASTEETH, a new powder to sprinkle on your plates, holds teeth firm. Gives fine feeling of security and comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at any drug store.

Our Free Catalog Saves

Money for Foreign Missionaries

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES everywhere have confidence in our Missionary Bureau as the most economical source for personal supplies and mission equipment of high quality.

SECRETARIES and Purchasing Agents of Foreign Missions will find that our free catalog, with its 45,000 separate items, and our special discount list enables them to save money for their stations.

MISSION Boards can economize by selecting hardware, paints, and other building materials from our catalog, for shipment abroad.

If you wish a Montgomery Ward Catalog, for export use only, write TODAY for a free copy.

MONTGOMERY WARD
Export Missionary Unit CHICAGO, U. S. A.

from the beginning, but never so marked as with these children. When we first came we often sent them home to get their faces washed and their hair combed, but the last week they came neat and clean. They made great improvement in their singing and were very fond of telling stories. When I went in and found them perched on bags of rice, on top of boxes, on the stove, and three deep around the table, I was anxious to get them interested in doing something, and it was not difficult. They had learned to sing all the words of five songs; and since they were soon to have the closing exercises, they wanted to practice, so we sang all of them. We played some games, told riddles and stories. We had been in the meeting for over an hour, but we could not dismiss until the grown people were through, so I dared to ask them if they would like to have a season of sentence prayers. I asked how many of them would like to take part. Five hands were raised. Then we asked for special subjects, and they immediately asked to pray for the little friends who had been kidnapped. A little fellow of about eleven opened the prayer. He took off his hat, put it on the table, and said, "Now, no laughing. Praying is not a laughing matter." He prayed and several followed him and there was no laughter. This was one of the high lights of the school, the natural yet very reverent worshipful way these children prayed for their little friends.

Mr. Anderson preached every night and also on Sunday morning. There were a number who wanted to be baptized, but only twelve were really ready. They were members of Christian homes or had had some training. The others will be accepted later.

The last few class periods did double duty, finishing the work and practicing for the closing exercises. All were to take part on the program, and there were to be certificates. We opened

promptly at six o'clock and did not finish much before ten. The first number on the program was a song by a group of girls, and of their own accord they also recited several lessons. The pastor, who was chairman, was puzzled, but hoped that the next number would be as printed on the program. He hoped for too much. The precedent had been set by the brightest group, so from then on double numbers were in order. Those who were asked to sing also recited, and those who were to have recited also sang. The climax of the program and the number that brought a hush all over the room was when an old couple, Mr. Wang Tsu San and wife, each sixty-two years of age, got up and recited two lessons from memory. Everything seemed different after that. They have been members of the church for years, but it has never been able to give them the one thing that could have meant most to them—the ability to read their Bible. We were asked to make a few remarks in the way of advice for follow-up work, and then we closed with Mr. Anderson's last sermon.

There were one hundred and forty studying. Of this number, ninety-eight finished their work and received certificates, and over thirty received honorable mention for not missing a day.

Later, on a follow-up trip, the happiest news that greeted us on our arrival was that the two little boys had been returned. Nearly twelve hundred dollars had been paid, and the children had been away about five weeks. The kidnapers were caught, at least four of them have been. There was rejoicing but a note of sadness, for this experience has damaged the village to an extent that can only be measured by the years to come. There is fear. No one feels secure, and there is no way to establish security for themselves and children against such ruthless lawlessness.

Christian Growth at Scarritt College

(Continued from page 31)

that individuals and groups may live more abundantly; missions as the program of the church for building the Kingdom of God among all the nations of the earth. Every course of study is shot through with contemporary interest. Two questions are always relevant: What are the *facts* concerning such matters as church policy, housing, crime, etc.? and What has Christian idealism to say on these subjects? The needs of our day and the moral resources of the Christian religion are the pivotal points around which life at Scarritt revolves.

Workers must be trained in workshops and Christians live nearest their

Master when they are meeting human needs. For these two reasons everybody at Scarritt carries some community responsibility—leadership of a boys' club or a Girl Reserve group or a Sunday school class, visiting for a family welfare society or for the juvenile court, community leadership in a country church, or helping in a kindergarten for Negro children. Here the theories of the classroom and one's highest religious enthusiasms are put to the test. To be faithful in meeting responsibility, to be quick to understand another's need and to appreciate another's achievement, to be skilful in leading others into new experiences and more Christian attitudes

—these are the tests which Christian workers must learn to meet.

From time to time students see in dramatic form some critical issue in a society that is yet far from Christian. The lynching of a young Negro a few miles from the College stirs the whole city. We become acutely aware of the bitter indignation of Negro students, of the painstaking devotion of outstanding Christian leaders who labor to bring members of the mob to trial that law and order may be sustained, of the casual indifference of the multitude of citizens who forget and go on. How can thoughtful Christian citizens tolerate such a violation of decency and of the sacredness of human personality? The struggle of laboring men for an adequate family wage and the right to bargain collectively takes on new meaning when Nashville printers go on strike and eagerly seize every opportunity to explain their case to the public. In situations such as these Scarritt students seek earnestly to understand the application of Christian principles to the issues at stake.

Baffled by the sight of man's folly and greed and made humble by the realization of the feebleness of our own moral energy, we seek, in services of worship, to approach God with clean hands and pure hearts, to learn his will for ourselves and for all men, that we may appropriate the power of his Spirit in the struggle against moral evil.

Among friends of like mind, in surroundings of surpassing beauty, Scarritt students play and study and work and worship together. Growth in Christian character is quickened and sustained because the College seeks to make Christ and his principles supreme in every relationship of life. No wonder a young student says on leaving for her first vacation, "How much has happened to me since last September!" No wonder a missionary ready to go back to her work says, "Surely with this new joy and new strength I can meet whatever is asked of me."



BE A NURSE

MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 37th year. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 529, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

New Way to Improve YOUR ENGLISH



A command of effective English gives you added advantages and better opportunities. Poor English handicaps you more than you will ever realize. You can improve your English through Sherwin Cody's 100% self-correcting invention. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, or pronunciation, this new free book "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day" will prove a revelation to you. Send for it now. It is free. Address

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1109 Searle Building Rochester, N. Y.

OUR MISSIONARIES AT HOME

Below is found a directory of our missionaries at home on furlough for both sections, General and Woman's Work. The furlough period is one year, and during the year the missionary rests awhile, visits the doctor for a good look-over for himself and family, does special study in schools, and visits through the churches to tell the story of his work. Arrangement for special visitation in the churches supporting them and for special deputation work with Presiding Elders and other leaders may be made by correspondence with Dr. H. P. Myers and Mrs. Helen B. Bourne of the Department of Education and Promotion, Board of Missions, Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tennessee.

DIRECTORY

● Africa

GENERAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Davis, 7769 Third Avenue,
Birmingham, Ala.

Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Stiliz, R. F. D. No. 3 Gallatin,
Tenn.

WOMAN'S WORK

Miss Myrtle Zicafoose, Asbury, W. Va.

Miss Catherine Parham, College Park, Ga.

Miss Ruth O'Toole, Maplewood, Mo.

Miss Annimae White, Thomaston, Ga.

Miss Dora Jane Armstrong, Box 75, Lexington,
Va.

Miss Edith Martin, Harrison, Ark.

Mrs. Ethel Shuler Smith, Bowman, S. C.

● Brazil

GENERAL WORK

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Weaver, care of Board of
Missions, Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tenn.

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Hubbard, 215 Ivy Street,
Rockmart, Ga.

Rev. and Mrs. Wesley M. Carr, care of Board of
Missions, Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tenn.

Rev. and Mrs. James Ellis, 917 Maple Street,
Columbia, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Earl Moreland, Scarritt College,
Nashville, Tenn.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Daniel, Cotulla, Texas.

WOMAN'S WORK

Miss Maude Mathis, 2124 County Ave., Texarkana,
Ark.

Miss Rachel Jarrett, Route No. 2, Texarkana,
Texas.

Miss Ruth Anderson, Shamrock, Texas.

Miss Lydia Ferguson, 521 S. Main, Belton, Texas.

Miss Berta Simmons, Route No. 2, Carter, Okla.

Miss Zula Terry, Cedar Bayou, Texas.

● China

GENERAL WORK

Rev. W. B. Burke, 854 Mulberry Street, Macon,
Ga.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Nance, care of Board of Mis-
sions, Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Helen Clark, Stuart, S. C.

WOMAN'S WORK

Miss Mary Tarrant, 2051 Park Ave., St. Louis,
Mo.

Miss Carrie Ava Morton, Cotton Valley, La.

Miss Anne Herbert, Bishopville, S. C.

Miss Susie Mayes, Camak, Ga.

● Cuba

GENERAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. Carl D. Stewart, care of Board of
Missions, Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tenn.

● Japan

GENERAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. P. L. Palmore, care of Monument
Methodist Church, Richmond, Va.

Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Meyers, care of Board of
Missions, Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tenn.

Rev. and Mrs. N. S. Ogburn, 203 South Myers
Street, Charlotte, N. C.

WOMAN'S WORK

Miss Gertrude Feely, Shelbyville, Mo.

Miss Katharine Johnson, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

● Korea

GENERAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Speidel, 610 North 6th Street,
Allentown, Pa.

WOMAN'S WORK

Miss Blanche Hauser, Tobaccoville, N. C.

Miss Marjorie Beaird, 435 Fannin Ave., Tyler,
Texas.

Miss Nannie Black, Chester, S. C.

Miss Hallie Buie, Wesson, Miss.

Miss Laura Edwards, 3204 Homan Ave., Waco,
Texas.

Miss Sadie Maude Moore, Statesboro, Ga.

Miss Helen Rosser, Columbus, Ga.

● Mexico

WOMAN'S WORK

Miss Lucile Vail, Cartersville, Ga.

Miss Irene Nixon, Luling, Texas.

Miss Anna Belle Dyck, Halstead, Ka.

Miss Dora Schmidt, Moundridge, Kans.

Our missionaries are our best connection—our "living link"—with the great world-field. The WORLD OUTLOOK gives them hearty welcome home, and bespeaks for them in the communities into which they go the reception to which their work so richly entitles them, and that will make them a benediction to the churches.

The missionary desiring to have WORLD OUTLOOK come to him or her during furlough should remind us by card.

An Idea That Is **SWEEPING THE CONTINENT**

THAT THE EVANGELISTIC PROGRAM OF THE KINGDOM CAN BE FURTHERED MOST BY REVITALIZING THE DEVOTIONAL LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

Hundreds of unsolicited letters pour into the editorial offices of THE UPPER ROOM telling of the immeasurable good that is being accomplished in revitalizing the spiritual and devotional life of those who use it in their daily devotions. That is what THE UPPER ROOM is doing in hundreds of thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. There can be but one result—

*The Generation of that Long-Awaited Tide of Evangelistic Fervor
out of which Great Revivals of Religion come*

A Bishop, one of the outstanding religious leaders of America, writes: "The growth of THE UPPER ROOM is the most phenomenal thing in my ministry." No other single devotional periodical today reaches as many homes. In fact more copies of THE UPPER ROOM are being circulated this quarter than all similar periodicals combined.

Think of the vital spiritual power in the distribution
of "*The Upper Room*"
in 400,000 American and Canadian Homes

GIVE A COPY TO AN UNSAVED FRIEND

Instances of the unsaved being led to Christ through the medium of a copy of THE UPPER ROOM lead us to believe that a copy of the current issue placed in the hands of those outside of Christ may be the means of leading many into the Kingdom. Let those who desire to be soul winners try this plan of placing a copy of THE UPPER ROOM in the hands of an unsaved friend.

*** CONSIGNMENT ORDER**
(For use of pastor or Spiritual Life Committee)

The Upper Room,
650 Doctors' Building,
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen:

Please send me _____ copies of *The Upper Room*, postpaid. I will sell these for five cents per copy and pay for same when sold. It is understood that I have the privilege of returning for credit any unsold copies.

Name

Street or Route

Post-office State

* Order in multiples of ten.

INDIVIDUAL SUBSCRIPTION

The Upper Room,
650 Doctors' Building,
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen:

I am inclosing herewith thirty cents for which please send me *The Upper Room* for one year, postpaid.

Name

Street or Route

Post-office State