

WORLD OUTLOOK



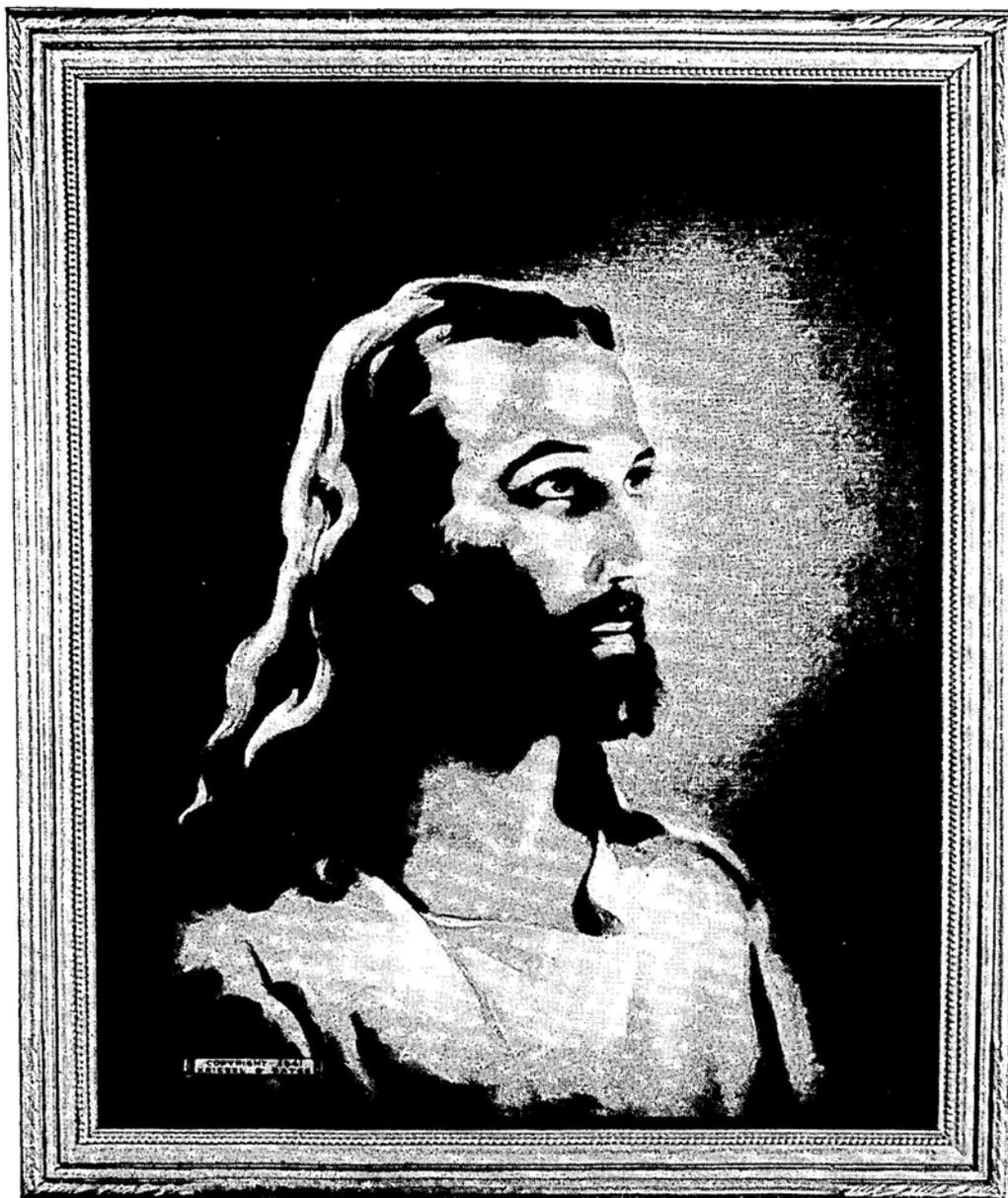
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Letters

Christmas at Crandon Institute in Uruguay

● Our Christmas program was different and very lovely. Mrs. Summers, who teaches music, trained a hundred and thirty girls in singing carols for a special program. Her favorites are the old carols. Three short tableaux were given: The Annunciation, The Shepherds, and the Visit of the Angels to the Child in the Manger. The program was given first to the children on Thursday morning, then to the parents on Thursday afternoon.

MAY HOERNER

Christmas in Rural Mexico

● The Sunday before (last) Christmas our primary department had a Christmas party. The Saturday before, we had put up the tree. Decorations were too expensive to buy, so the children made white paper cut-outs, smeared with mucilage and covered with shining artificial snow. These cut-outs represented the things that God has created—the world, the sun, the moon, the stars, man, and any number of animals. The children were very much interested while they worked. I tried to persuade them that the sun is larger than the world, but the only answer they gave me was that it didn't look that way, and they wanted it the way it looked so everyone would recognize it. The younger children hung the decorations on the tree, and in addition we hung cellophane-wrapped stick candy for candles, and a few silver icicles I had. I doubt if ever a Christmas tree shone more than one did when the window blind at its side was opened, even if there were no lights. The children were tickled when some, who didn't know about the candles, remarked seriously, "How pretty the candles are—just like sticks of candy." The children enjoyed walking around the tree, pointing out the things each had made—and no one confused the world with the sun. Each child brought two oranges and a coin of white money for our White Offering. Each child invited another child to the party and we had about fifty. After a game hour the children went to the church to hear the pastor tell the Christmas story.

ANNE DEAVOURS

General Teran, Mexico

Christmas in Mexico City

● Christmas will soon be here. The store windows are already gay with trees and ornaments of all kinds. At Sanborn's one of the windows is fitted out with a manger scene all in white—a lovely sight. Inside the restaurant statues of small angels with harps have been placed on various columns and during the dinner hour strains of "Holy Night" and other Christmas carols float down from the balcony above.

MARY N. PEARSON

Progress in China

● Indeed it is a war of reconstruction, for even as they resist they are building as they have never built before. They are making up for lost time and are developing their own natural resources insofar as possible with the slight machinery at their disposal. Chinese Industrial Co-operatives are springing up everywhere—spinning, weaving, candle and soap making, power plants, chemical co-operatives, industrial laboratories, knitting, printing, paper-making—a real barricade against the economic onslaught of Japan. . . ." The whole hinterland is being organized not only to meet wartime difficulties, but also to build up a new and permanent development in industry, trade, mining, agriculture, communications, and education."

GERTRUDE M. CONE

Poetry from Italy

● The enclosed poem was written by my nineteen-year-old son. He is now in France but this was written while he was in Italy:

"What voice can sing sufficient praise
To Him who makes our earthly days
The springs of blessings that they are?
Who keeps a vigil from afar,
And watches o'er His cherished own?
Oh, none there is that all alone
Can raise the song to such a height
As can become the Master's might;
Or can relate immortal love
As that which showers from above."

MRS. O. K. OLDS

Cortland, New York

Seminary Library in Argentina

● Our Seminary library is in some senses quite unique in the city of Buenos Aires. . . . University students here come to our Seminary library to find material on the Bible and on Oriental religions which they find nowhere else in the city. The same is true in the field of church history and Protestant theology. And the library is so comfortable and well-arranged that it is a joy to all.

We are continually studying ways and means of making our library of even greater services to the professors and students, to the Protestant churches in this field, and to the community in general. We are able, fortunately, to invest enough to buy the more important new works and gradually to fill in the most important source material from the past. We are collecting material on the history of Protestantism, and especially of the Methodist churches in Argentina and Uruguay. We are doing what we can to collect books which present the story of Protestant movements in Spain, Italy, and France—the countries from which much of the blood and culture of these countries come.

B. FOSTER STOCKWELL

President of Union Theological Seminary
Buenos Aires

Eskimo Christmas Customs

● A sealskin is a most appreciated *atun*, or gift, for a native of Eskimoland. From it he can make parts of garments and footwear for himself and his family. Many sealskins for clothes, deerlegs for mukluks, white leather for gun cases, and many kinds of ivory carvings will be found under the community Christmas tree in the Methodist mission churches each year. And, of course, there are always numerous toys for the children—American toys.

The Christmas tree is a big hemlock flown in from the interior of the country and donated to the Mission. Even if there were any trees at all in this section of the far north, the homes of the people are not large enough for the usual trees. If trees are flown in for private families they cost a dollar per foot.

Angaunokkk—Christmas—in late years has been somewhat Americanized through the influence of people from the States, and through the education of children in Bureau and Territorial schools and the Mis-

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Educational Leadership in West Texas

● I wish to bring to your attention one of our Negro colleges, Samuel Huston College, Austin, Texas, on the campus of which the Woman's Division of Christian Service has a dormitory for girls—Eliza Dee Hall.

New life has come to the college in the inauguration of Dr. Karl E. Downs as president. Dr. Downs is one of the younger Negro leaders; in fact he is heralded as the youngest college president in the country.

A seminar was part of a strong conference (at the college) when outstanding leaders from East and West brought timely messages on educational trends. The theme of the conference was "The Educational Foundation for One World." The seminar for the women proved to be constructive and helpful. Out of it grew the recommendation that a Summer School of Missions be held at Eliza Dee Hall for the West Texas Conference women, to develop leadership and to follow the Gulfside School of Missions, thus utilizing the training received there. This summer school has now been held, with the excellent enrollment of 68 women.

MURIEL DAY

Executive Secretary
Educational Institutions



Field Mass, Rural Life Day, Chilton, Wisconsin

What the Catholic Church Is Doing in Rural America

By Olive M. Biddison *

A DIOCESE, or archdiocese, in the Catholic Church, is an administrative division under the jurisdiction of a bishop, or archbishop. A parish is the district committed to the charge of one pastor. In the United States, there are 114 dioceses under the jurisdiction of 152 Archbishops and Bishops, including auxiliaries. In 64 of these dioceses, there is an officially appointed Diocesan Rural Life Director. Of the 14,791 parishes in the United States, at least 75 per cent serve urban populations.

Sometime about 1920, Father Edwin V. O'Hara, of Eugene, Oregon, now Bishop O'Hara, of Kansas City, began the study of U.S. census statistics and population trends. Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., of England, thinking along the same lines and as

* Olive M. Biddison is assistant to Monsignor L. G. Ligutti, executive secretary of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. This article was contributed to *WORLD OUTLOOK* on invitation, for the purpose of explaining to Protestants the current movement of the Roman Catholic Church to extend its influence into the rural areas of the country.

much disturbed as Father O'Hara, wrote (*The Church and the Land*):

"Dr. O'Hara has just begun to preach in the United States. After the true American manner, he reinforces his gospel with statistics; not the uncertain statistics of the individual observer, but the official statistics of the national Census of 1906-1916. These figures are unsettling enough to occasion a new Church Council of Baltimore or Westminster. They prove that during the ten years 1906-1916:

"The population of the United States increased 17 per cent;

"The Protestant Churches increased 19 per cent;

"The Catholic Church increased 10 per cent.

"These figures are so startling that Dr. O'Hara has sought to interpret them. His interpretation seems to confirm the view we ourselves took after the examination of the facts in the United States.

"He points out that whereas three-fourths of the Catholics live in towns and one-fourth live in the country, the Protestant church-goers have but one-fourth of their number in the towns and three-fourths in the country! His counsel is definite, and therefore challenging: 'There is only one way out: through the systematic fostering of Catholic Rural Life!'"



Rev. Peter Salm, Diocesan Director of Rural Life, and Rt. Rev. Msgr. L. G. Ligutti, Executive Secretary NCRLC, Green Bay, Wisconsin

Press Gazette

The country life movement in America goes back for its beginnings to the Country Life Commission appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt on August 10, 1908. Out of the efforts of the Commission on Country Life grew the American Country Life Association which held its first national conference in Baltimore, January 6 and 7, 1919. In 1923, the American Country Life Association met at the Melbourne Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri. There, in conjunction with the ACLA meeting, at the invitation of Father O'Hara and under the encouragement of Archbishop Glennon and the auspices of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the first National Catholic Rural Life Conference was held. The first day's registration showed seventy-three persons in attendance. On the roll call of founders (fifty-two in all) are many who have continued on the Board to the present day, including the executive secretary, Monsignor L. G. Ligutti.

From the first, the organizers were highly practical. They defined the Conference as "a national organization of bishops, priests, and lay persons dedicated to the economic, social, and spiritual interests of the American farmers, to function as an educational and propaganda agency within the Church for the application of the principles of Catholic philosophy to the sphere of agriculture."

And they wrote into the Constitution:

The object of this Conference shall be to strengthen and develop Catholicity in the rural districts, and to promote the general welfare of the rural population. To these ends the Conference shall study rural life in all its phases; shall provide a national forum for discussion of rural problems; shall endorse and sponsor objects looking to the solution of these problems; shall develop a literature on subjects pertaining to Catholic rural life; shall maintain friendly contact with other rural life associations; and shall interest itself in every worthy

effort to bring the blessings of wholesome living to our rural population.

They believed that the economic, social, and spiritual welfare of the farmer go hand-in-hand; that you cannot promote the one without the others. They knew that the populations on the countryside were not stable; that often the best boys and girls went to the cities. They began to inquire into the reasons: mortgages; insecurity of tenure; inconveniences; the lure of bright lights; the hope of more money. And they looked for remedies: widespread ownership of family-sized farms; better tenure laws; fair prices; more attractive and convenient homes; and most important of all, a true appreciation of the values of rural living and love for the land.

It was hopeless unless they had leaders, so they turned to the priesthood. They gathered together literature; they held national conventions and published the proceedings; they wrote and adopted a MANIFESTO; they established permanent national headquarters with a full-time Executive Secretary; and they inaugurated the Rural Life Schools and Institutes. They held the first school, in 1939, for priests only. This year, they conducted fifty-five separate schools and institutes, and included priests, sisters, and laity.

Their program included anything and everything that contributed to the economic, social, or spiritual betterment of rural people—country or village, farm or non-farm. They worked through existing agencies—Church, Federal, State, and County. They sought the co-operation of the Extension Service, Soil Conservation, 4-H, F.S.A., and Farm organizations. Their boundaries knew no creed, color, or nationality where the good of the farmer was concerned.

Supported mostly by Bishops and priests, the Conference is a voluntary organization. The national headquarters acts as a clearing house of information, a medium of exchange of ideas, and a means of unifying the program. The Diocesan Rural Life Directors are responsible for the direction of the work on a diocesan basis. They elect their own chairman, who is *ex officio* the first vice-president of the Conference. They hold their annual meeting as a part of the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Conference.

The St. Louis Archdiocesan Rural Life Conference is the oldest organization on the diocesan level. In the eleven years of its existence it has:

- Collected \$360,000 for various rural projects and developments.
- Helped to establish and provide 18 parish schools, with sisters in charge.
- By means of bus service extended the use of these 18 schools to the children of 17 additional parishes, 35 in all.
- Supplied school bus service for all or part of the children of 51 parishes.
- Assisted 16 previously established schools by paying salaries of teachers, etc.



Studying gardening, Rural Life Summer School,
St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota

Enabled two parishes to enlarge their school quarters.
 Conducted rural religious vacation schools annually.
 Inaugurated a religious correspondence course.
 Helped to build 18 rural churches.
 Provided the first buildings for six new rural missions.
 Repaired and improved buildings in more than 100 places.
 Assisted in establishing two Negro parishes; procured property for a third parish.
 Assisted three Catholic schools for the Colored.
 Outfitted and maintained chapel cars and trailers.
 Provided a motor medical clinic.
 Furnished vestments, chalices, organs, etc., to chaplains in army and war prison camps.
 Co-operated with the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and paid its operational costs.
 Sponsored radio catechetical programs.
 Distributed large quantities of food, clothing, home furnishings, and Catholic literature.
 Assisted Catholics in finding more desirable farms and homes.
 Studied and advised about various governmental and other agencies and services for the farmer.
 Enabled parishes to refinance their indebtedness at low rates of interest.
 Encouraged a better appreciation of rural life among young and old in city and country.

In the Archdiocese of Cincinnati (where this year's meeting of Directors will take place November 10-13) a well-rounded program is under way. Sixteen rural chapels have already been built.

A model farm and an experimental laboratory for rural problems, conducted as a unit of the Insti-

tutum Divi Thomae, will be undertaken by the Fathers of the Precious Blood, Carthagen, Ohio, in the near future. The school will not be an agricultural college in the strict sense, but will offer courses that will prepare priests and laymen for rural leadership. At the same time original research can be carried out on a small scale. No thought is entertained of competing with state laboratories or state institutions; rather work will be planned in connection with these establishments, making use of all the assistance they afford.

A financial program to help keep Catholic families on the land and to settle young people on farms will also be undertaken by the Fathers of the Precious Blood.

Father Howard Bishop, founder of the Home Missioners of America, Glendale, Ohio, and former president and founder-member of the NCRLC, is training priests to go out into the 1,000 counties of America, in which there are no resident priests.

The Workers of the Grail conduct an agricultural school for young women at Grailville, a large farm outside of Cincinnati. They emphasize the development of a rural culture, a Christian philosophy of work, and a full Christian life, as the means of making rural life beautiful, significant, and satisfying.

In the Diocese of Toledo, Ohio, twelve members

have formed a Committee on Rural Life, with Father F. Frommherz, Diocesan Director, Chairman of the Committee. Other dioceses have followed, or are planning to follow, this pattern.

Two Regional Directors, the Rev. Patrick T. Quinlan, Brookfield Center, Connecticut, and the Very Rev. Msgr. Hubert Lerschen, Rayne, Louisiana, render special assistance, and help to co-ordinate the work in their regions.

Bishop O'Hara (founder of the NCRLC) is building rural churches in the Diocese of Kansas City. Archbishop Lucey, of San Antonio, Texas, is constructing new rural missions and parishes. Bishops Muench and Ryan of North Dakota, past presidents of the Conference, are taking the lead in interesting the laity in the philosophy of Rural Life.

In the Dioceses of Kansas City, Lincoln, and Green Bay, a program of Rural Life Days, in which priests, sisters, and laity may meet with Church and agricultural leaders to discuss problems and seek solutions, is being carried out.

Among the teaching sisters, great enthusiasm and activity has resulted from the Rural Life Institutes held at Motherhouses over the country. One Superior wrote: "Whereas, before our Rural Life Institute, our sisters did not like to teach in the rural parishes, now they seek for the opportunity." In the Milwaukee Archdiocese, as an outgrowth of a Rural Life School, a permanent Committee on Rural Education has been formed. It meets during the year for discussion, appraisal and evaluation, and brings out the results of its thinking and experiments in



Rural Leaders, Rural Life School of the South, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi

published form for the benefit of others.

The surface has scarcely been scratched. The Conference holds to the Christian social teaching that the Creator made the earth for all men and not for a chosen few. If the Church is to grow and democracy is to survive, there must be a balance between people in cities and people on the land; a 50-50 ratio rather than the 20-80 ratio of today. The Conference maintains that the farm home is the cornerstone of democratic institutions; that widespread land ownership is democracy's best defense and the bulwark of the family; and that education for true values will keep youth on the farm. It extends its services to, and begs the co-operation of, all individuals and groups who are striving for the ideals of a better rural life in America.

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The Methodist Church of Australasia

By Charles James Prescott *

AUSTRALIA and the United States have many interests in common. They are the home of a race speaking the same language and animated by the same traditions. Both look out upon the broad Pacific, which has a growing importance among the nations of the earth. In both the Methodist Church is strongly rooted. The several thousand miles that separate them prevent much close communication, yet what little has occurred has strengthened common sympathies. The visit of Bishop Hoss in 1915 and subsequent visits of Bishops Fisher and Connell warmed Australian hearts. Methodist Union after some years of negotiation was consummated in 1902.

By the side of the huge American Methodist Church Australasian Methodism must appear a small sister. It possesses 1,178 ministers (of whom 175 are native ministers from the Pacific Islands), 9,829 local preachers, a membership of over 185,000, and adherents numbering about 10 per cent of the total population of about 7,000,000.

Australia is composed of six states, united to form the Commonwealth, under the British Crown. Methodism is represented in all of these. In proportion to the population it is strongest in South Australia, whose copper mines in the 19th century attracted a large emigration from Cornwall. Each state capital has its own central property, in some cases a handsome church, in others a commodious hall, and in all cases a block of offices and buildings where the work of administration is carried on.

There is scarcely a suburb and probably not a single country town of any size that has not its Methodist Church. The normal possession of even a small country town is at least four churches: Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Methodist, with, in many cases, a Congregational or Baptist thrown in.

There is no Methodist university in the continent. All the universities are state-founded institutions. But the four leading Churches are represented in most of them by affiliated colleges on the university grounds, perfectly free to teach their own doctrines. Some of the states have also Theological Colleges for the training of the ministry. As in America,

state education is universal, with the result that no Church except the Roman Catholic has any elementary schools of its own worth mentioning. But all the Churches maintain flourishing schools and colleges for boys and girls.

Australian congregations have decreased, religious interests declined, and the birth rate fallen since the War. Yet, strange to say, the philanthropic work of the Australian Churches has been largely extended. Methodism has never been deaf to the call of the sick and the poor, and Samuel Leigh, the first missionary, was helpful in establishing the Benevolent Society of New South Wales, which to this day carries on its merciful work. But of definite institutions, no Church except the Roman Catholic had much to boast of. Today Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, and the Salvation Army maintain large hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, farm settlements, refuges for the incurable, and night shelters. If on the spiritual side of its work the Churches have suffered a decline, their humanitarian service has shown a marked advance.

The Australasian Church glories in its overseas Missions. In 1855, when constituted a separate Conference by the Mother Church in England, it took over the responsibility for the South Seas Missions. Included in these was Fiji, and Fiji had been one of the most brilliant triumphs of the early Missions. It reads as a wonder tale still, how islands that had been the home of dire cannibal cruelty responded to the preaching of the brave English missionaries and cast their idols to the moles and the bats. The Warrior-King, Thakombau, became a true Christian and died in the faith. His family and his people followed him. The present writer once took his great-grandson to a service he conducted in a well-filled church, and the congregation listened entranced to the tale the young man told.

Fired by these memories, Australia rose to the occasion. It maintained and still maintains the old mission, but it struck out with fine initiative into other island groups. For cannibals and head-hunters existed still in some of these. It had no difficulty in finding the missionaries. Many a man of mark in the home ministry today has served a term on the old or the new fields. Every effort is made, and successfully made, to train up a native ministry, yet some white men are needed and the need is met. When in Conference Minutes today we read of the New Britain, Papuan, and Solomon Islands districts, we are reading of flourishing missions, manned by

* Dr. Charles James Prescott has been president of Newington College, New South Wales, Australia, Acting Senior Chaplain of the Australian Imperial Forces, and the recipient of "every honor which the Methodist Church of Australasia can confer on any man." His picture of Methodism in the land "down under" is pertinent in view of the fact that the Methodist missions on the islands of the South Pacific, about which we have heard so much since Pearl Harbor, are those of Australian Methodism.

Australian, New Zealand, and native ministers, which when England handed her existing missions over to Australia had no existence. The Australian Church has been faithful to her trust.

The same causes that produced the great central missions in England, had a like result in Australia—town churches deserted by the migration to the suburbs and crowds of people left unchurched. Sydney led the way by utilizing the evangelistic ardor of W. G. Taylor, brought up in the warm atmosphere of Yorkshire Methodism. A free hand was given him in the leading city church which, at one time crowded, was then well nigh empty. He gathered round him a small but growing band of helpers. Going into the streets he drew listening crowds into the church. In a few years this was pulled down and a costly group of buildings erected, of which the main feature was a large and beautiful hall. Here he labored for many years and built up one of the largest congregations in the city. The work goes on still. The former hall has been replaced by a larger one and round the Mission has grown up a whole network of philanthropic agencies, destined to heal men's bodies and save their souls.

The other capitals followed suit. The demand for fit men has created the supply, and the Missions have found from the ministerial ranks a succession of gifted men adapted for the work. Costly as the Missions have proved, they have met with ample financial support and their day is not done yet. With few exceptions their outposts have not been an equal success. The methods that have proved so successful in the large cities have not worked out so well even in populous suburbs.

One of the boldest enterprises of the Church is that known as the Methodist Inland Mission, founded twelve years ago and directed by T. A. Holden, who as Chaplain General during the War had displayed high gifts of organization. In many parts of the vast Inland are scanty groups of settlers, and even single families, miles away from a neighbor. From time to time minerals are discovered and the rough nucleus of a mining town far from the seaboard comes into existence. The Mission attempts to visit these lonely settlers, to provide religious ordinances, to give some sort of religious education to the children, and to bring succor and comfort in time of sickness. The ministers appointed have their head stations, but their chief work is done by traveling in ambulance wagons, which carry books and useful equipment and in which the missionary can sleep when far away from human habitation.

The work has been supplemented by that of the "Flying Doctor" type, by which doctors are conveyed by aeroplane and sick patients taken to the nearest hospital. Other organizations bring children from the hot interior to the seacoast, in some cases for a brief holiday, in others for longer medical treatment. On one occasion a missionary brought a

destitute mother and her children by car 1,000 miles to Brisbane.

Except among a downright heathen and depraved population it would be hard to find a more unpromising field for Christian service than New South Wales offered in 1815. It was a penal settlement. Shiploads of convicts were sent from England. The worst of the convicts were hanged at home, but among those who escaped the gallows were some desperate criminals. The discipline that kept these in order was of the sternest. Transportation was inflicted for offenses that we should count trifling, and amongst the convicts were scores of really decent people. Many of these, when their period was up, settled in the new land and brought up respectable and honored families.

It gradually dawned upon the scanty population that they had fallen upon a goodlier heritage than they had dreamed of. The penal settlement was a huge continent with resources untapped and possibilities unthought of. And so the immigrants began to come and they were encouraged and helped. Men of enterprise soon found that their land was a paradise for sheep, and the wool industry gave work to many. In later years gold was discovered and men rushed from all quarters of the globe. The new country became a home for free men, and the early convict leaven long ago ceased to work and the reproach that rested on it for its early years has entirely passed away.

Australian Methodism owes its origin to the actions of a few godly laymen who had settled in the infant colony, one a schoolmaster, and one or two retired soldiers. These had united in a few small society classes, the first of which was established in 1812. These good men were depressed by the prevailing ungodliness of which they give a vivid and melancholy picture. "Around us on every hand we see ignorance and profanity greatly abounding. Sin, with its consequent misery, like an overwhelming deluge, overflows the land. . . . All those ties of moral order and feelings of decency, which bind society together, are not only relaxed, but almost extinct."

At this time the colony was over twenty years old and its white population about 20,000. Four Anglican chaplains were at work among the people, but the writers of the letter to the Missionary Committee in London, from which the above extract is taken, felt that their services were totally inadequate to the needs of the people. They therefore appealed to the Mother Church to send out missionaries to preach the Gospel to a largely depraved community.

In response to their prayer, the Conference sent out Samuel Leigh in 1815 to inaugurate a mission, not to a colored population, but to British settlers in a new land that had been occupied for only twenty-seven years. Settled originally as a penal settlement and very slowly learning that it was a home for white settlers, it appealed to those who remem-

bered Wesley's direction, "Go not only to those that need you, but to those that need you most." Single-handed, Leigh girded himself for his work and for some years he was the only missionary on the field. But the godly souls that had begged for a minister stood loyally by him. They erected buildings. If they were plain and unpretentious, there was little in the young colony that was anything else. Leigh was not a highly gifted man, but such talents as he had he spent, as the phrase goes, to the last farthing. He was keen to work sympathetically with any Christian people he could find. He associated himself closely with a newly-formed Benevolent Society, he helped to form a branch of the Bible Society, and he supported the Australian Religious Tract Society.

But his main work was to build up the Church in whatever part of the extending settlement he could find the living stones. Like the great Asbury, he lived largely on horseback, visiting the families that were beginning to get a living from the land, gathering them for worship, and doing all in his power for the children. Many a night he spent under the stars with his saddlebags for a pillow and his overcoat for a blanket. But no complaint passed his lips, and his memory is fresh and green to this day in the hearts of Australian Methodists and one of the colleges is called by his name.

Four years after Leigh had landed, a second missionary was sent out, and, worn down by his strenuous labors, Leigh went to England. Two more followed in the next year and then Leigh returned; this time bringing a bride. With a growing though still small population, there was ample work for the four and the cause responded to their labors and devotion. And then came a disastrous blow. The relations between the missionaries and the Missionary Committee in London became strained. The allowances on which they were expected to live were painfully meager, and at times they felt compelled

to take action before the needful authority could reach them. Hence arose discontent and reprimand. And differences arose between themselves on the vexed question of their attitude to the Established Church. The majority stood out for what they regarded as independence. Leigh maintained, as from the beginning, a sympathetic attitude which his brothers chose to regard as subservience. And at their head was a Chairman who was a frail and sick man. The prosperity of the church was impeded. There was small result for their labors and one of the London secretaries said in blunt words that the mission to Australia was a disgrace.

Time passed. One of the missionaries resigned and one returned to England. The administration was changed. As in other parts of the mission field large powers were placed in the hands of a general superintendent, virtually a bishop. The first of these was a devoted man who had been a missionary in the West Indies and had suffered imprisonment for disobedience to an unjust regulation. He came with healing hands. He broke down under the strain and after four years set out for England, but died on the voyage and was buried at sea. His successor continued his work for twelve years with steady improvement, and then for ten years the reins were held by W. B. Boyce, one of the ablest men the Methodist Church has ever had, to whose sagacity and enterprise it owes much of its subsequent progress.

Up to this time the Australian work was under the control of the British Conference, like the missionary districts in other parts of the world. It now decided that Australia should have an independent Conference of its own. To Mr. Boyce, aided by a representative from England, was given the task of making all the arrangements for the transfer. In 1855 Mr. Boyce sat as the first President of the Methodist Church of Australasia.

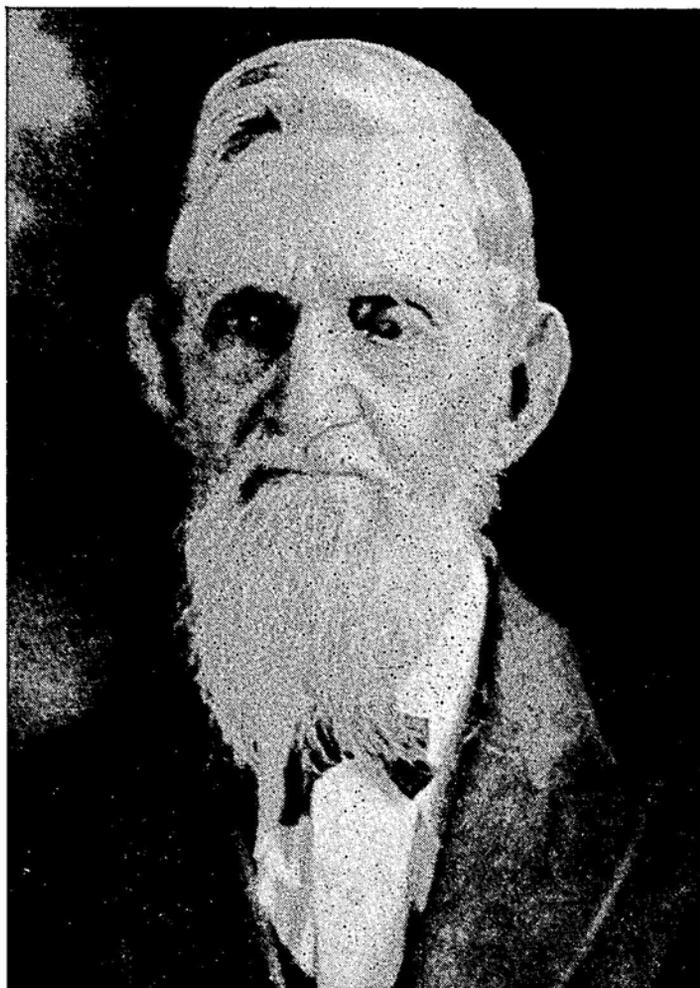
Christ After Chaos

The Post-War Policy of The Methodist Church in Foreign Lands

An edition of 100,000 copies of this study book for the church school of missions has been grabbed by the churches. Why this rush of popularity? Because, with peace looming and the Crusade for Christ under way, the churches want to know what our foreign policy and program is—what has happened in the war-devastated areas—what must be done about it.

Have you ordered your books? Better do so now. Otherwise you may have to wait in line while we struggle with paper and publishing problems. You may have to wait awhile anyway. All the more reason for ordering now. They will be sent on consignment.

Obtain them at your district missionary institute or order direct from the Joint Division of Education and Cultivation, 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11.



Methodist Missionary J. J. Methvin

(This is the second of four articles describing the experiences of Methodist missionary, J. J. Methvin, and customs of the American Indians with whom he worked. A fifth article will deal with the present Indian Mission in Oklahoma, largely the outgrowth of Methodism's pioneer work.)

PART II

THE medicine man held a prominent place in Indian society. A forceful character and an expert in the art of deception, he played upon the superstitious fears of the people. If disease did not kill a patient, his treatment usually did.

A messenger one day rushed up to Mr. Methvin and said, "Come. Stumbling Bear's boy heap sick. *Hootletay* (hurry up). May be so die." Arriving at the boy's bedside, the minister found a dozen medicine men, arranged in a circle, singing discordant songs to the beat of the tom-tom. Over the lad's head they rattled a charm belt strung with bear toes, beads, bells, human scalps, and other "trinkets."

They applied suction to the boy's body and squirted water from their mouths into his mouth. The patient looked at the minister with large pleading eyes. Methvin prayed, but the medicine men resented this "interference" and forced him to leave the tepee. Sick at heart after witnessing such a scene, he soon heard the wailing of despair and the death song.

* Miss Betty Burleigh is a field correspondent for WORLD OUTLOOK.

Medicine and Marriage

By Betty Burleigh*

Stumbling Bear had listened to the reading of the Scriptures and the teaching of the Gospel. He believed it true, but on the other hand he was not entirely weaned from the old superstitions. It is hard for those of us who have been reared in the light of the Gospel to understand the stubborn fixedness of superstition in the human heart.

Stumbling Bear was at sixes and sevens. For his son's burial he was afraid to give up the old way of the Indian, for it might be right. But he was afraid not to follow the way of Jesus, for that might be right.

Determined to launch his son properly into the hereafter, he asked Methvin to give the boy a Christian burial, but that he be allowed to carry out certain Indian rituals. The minister could not allow him to mix idolatrous worship with the Christian service. Finally, Stumbling Bear asked him to give the lad a Christian burial and then go away.

Methvin conducted an impressive service, mindful of the fact that here was a good chance to demonstrate the simple, quiet peace of the Christian faith. After the coffin was lowered into the grave, the Indians dropped in clothes, robes, blankets, and a new fifty-dollar saddle belonging to the deceased. When the grave was filled, the preacher pronounced the benediction and left the mourners weeping.

He looked back and saw that they had led the boy's favorite pony up to grave and had cut its jugular vein. There it bled to death, "furnishing the proper outfit for the happy hunting ground beyond the grave."

Medicine men accepted ponies, eagle feathers, and the like as fees for their cures. Sometimes, after applying suction to the ill person's body, the medicine men would spit out the "evil spirit," which took various forms. It would be a smoke toad, a turtle, or a fish, depending on which of these objects he had placed in his mouth before entering the tepee. He would look with horror upon it and bury it in the center of the tepee. Surely the patient would be well now! He would collect his fee and leave. Often these medicine men deluded themselves as well as others, and, although they knew they put the objects into their own mouths, they believed they were offering their gods the means by which to extract the illness.

The "sweat house" was used in treating the sick. A crude version of the modern Turkish bath, the "sweat house" was made of willow poles stuck into the ground in a circle six or seven feet across, and

bent together at the top and tied, forming a dome-shaped structure. This was covered with buffalo robes and blankets to make it air tight.

The ground on the inside was covered with wild sage, a plant revered by the Indians. In the center was a hole one foot across and six inches deep. When a sick person was to be placed in the sweat house for treatment, the Indians placed hot rocks in this hole and then poured water on them. This filled the booth with hot vapor, which almost suffocated the sweating patient. Then he would rush out and plunge into the river. This treatment would kill or cure.

Any time a man wanted another wife all he had to do was to trade for her. The price, usually consisting of a number of ponies, depended on the wealth of the purchaser. Often a girl was compelled to marry a man she detested.

Tomassa had been captured in old Mexico while she was still a baby. She grew up knowing nothing but the Indian life. When she reached marriageable age her adopted Indian mother said that she must marry Black Bear, an unattractive Indian who had been waiting for her to mature. High-spirited Tomassa refused, declaring that she would marry only Chandler, a good-looking half-breed white, with whom she was in love.

The mother sent for both suitors, Black Bear, who wanted another slave woman for his wigwam, and Chandler, who loved Tomassa.

The Indian mother said, "Tomassa, here is Black Bear, come to take you home for his wife and you must go with him."

The girl refused.

"You will go home with me," Black Bear said. "I have been waiting a long time for you and now I am going to take you."

Tomassa's dark eyes flashed as she replied, "You may kill me right here if you wish, but I will not go with you."

The girl announced that she wanted to marry Chandler.

"You see what she thinks of you," the mother said to Black Bear. "You and Chandler must fix it up between yourselves."

Chandler then asked Black Bear what he would take for his interest in the girl. Black Bear replied, "You see how mean she is and how ugly she acts. You may have her for three dollars and a crowing chicken."

The bargain was happily closed.

A far different and romantic custom rated 1-A among the Indian girls. The young man would take his flute or whistle and hide near the tepee of the girl's parents. He would blow soft and slow to attract the girl's attention. He would wait and blow two notes again. Amidst the din of the camp, only the girl might notice. If she cared for this beau, she would slip out to meet him. They would elope and thus become man and wife.

When the girl's parents discovered her absence and with whom she had eloped, they would rush to the tepee of the young man's parents and rob them of everything they could lay hands on. Everyone enjoyed this except the boy's parents.

This custom was responsible for the fact that Stumbling Bear once carried a fifty-pound sack of sugar into Methvin's home and asked if he might leave it for safekeeping. The minister let him put it in a closet. Months later he reminded the old Indian of his sugar.

Stumbling Bear grinned and replied, "That all good, you keep 'em sugar. Putty soon my boy ketch 'em squaw. Kiowas come, no find sugar, all gone Kiowa me come ketch 'em sugar me tepee." He was a prudent man.

A man who married the eldest daughter in a family was entitled to all her younger sisters as they came of age. If he did not relinquish his claim, no one dared infringe upon his rights.

Sometimes a man gave his daughter in return for a special favor. Comacho had a beautiful ten-year-old daughter, Conoma, whom he loved dearly. Old Tsaito was determined to possess her. He tried to bargain with Comacho and offered an unusually high price. Comacho rejected him with scorn.

When Comacho's wife died Tsaito became one of the chief mourners. He howled long after all others had ceased. He rolled on the ground, tore his clothes, cut his flesh and showed extraordinary signs of grief. Finally Comacho said, "Tsaito, you sorry for me. You mourn long time. What can I do for you?" At last the crafty Tsaito had him on the spot. He answered, "Comacho, I love you, my friend. Your wife die. I sorry for you. I will not ask you for other things, but I want you to give me for my wife, your daughter, Conoma. I love her. She is good squaw."

It would have been a breach of the most sacred friendship to refuse a request made under such circumstances. Sorrowfully Comacho let Tsaito take Conoma against her cries and protestations.

Infidelity on the part of a wife was severely punished. One night an Apache squaw dressed in the usual Indian garb came to the parsonage. She was upset but could not speak English. Finally she made Mrs. Methvin understand that she wanted a dress like the "white squaw." Mrs. Methvin gave her one.

The next day the woman was found in the closet in the U. S. Agent's home. Her husband, charging her with unfaithfulness, had threatened to cut off her nose and chop off two fingers. That was the standard punishment. This frightened squaw fled and hoped to disguise herself by wearing civilized dress. When she was about to be discovered she hid in the closet, terrified throughout the night.

With the aid of the U. S. Agent, Methvin persuaded the husband not to mutilate her and to show Christian good will instead of hate.

On one occasion the minister was out among the

camps when Sankadota rode across the prairie toward him. Dismounting, he babbled in an agitated tone, "Me see you. Pau-kon-kee last night kill me. Me sleep in tepee. He come easy, hit my head, me die. After while, me open my eyes, Pau-kon-kee gone."

"Why did Pau-kon-kee strike you?" Methvin asked.

"Pau-kon-kee two woman, wife, my boy he steal one," the old Indian explained. "Pau-kon-kee he no like it steal wife, and he kill me my boy steal wife."

By further questioning, Methvin found that in an offense of this kind the father was held responsible for the sins of his son.

Both missionaries and government agents tried to impress upon the Indian the illegality of plural marriages. The noted Quannah Parker, chief of the

Comanches, had seven wives when Methvin first met him, but reduced that number to three. Once in Washington, D. C., on official Indian business, Chief Quannah appeared before a congressional committee. The committee insisted that the Indians must abandon polygamy and that Quannah, as chief, should set a good example by keeping only one wife.

"Now," said Quannah, "you talk, you tell me take one wife. I got three womans. I love 'em all. I take one, what I do with two?" he asked.

A committee member said, "Tell them to leave and go to their own families and homes."

Quannah, who was dressed in a well-fitting Prince Albert suit and wore his long plaited hair hanging down in front of his shoulders, hesitated a moment.

A faint smile played around his mouth as he replied, "You tell 'em."

(To be continued)

Missionary Literature Supporting The Crusade for Christ

The missionary appeal is the strongest appeal in making the Crusade for Christ succeed in your church. Most of the money raised is for home and foreign missions. Therefore, sound strategy is to cultivate for missions on behalf of the Crusade. The Joint Division of Education and Cultivation offers the churches attractive literature for use in supporting the Crusade. It is free, but order only as much as you actually need. We recommend the following:

The Great American Exodus

New edition with latest census figures on the shift of population since Pearl Harbor. It tells how Crusade funds will be used to meet the problem.

Bethelship

New edition of a most popular leaflet. The romantic story of a home mission project that opened four foreign fields. Pertinent, as next year is the centenary of the Bethelship.

Home Missions in the Crusade for Christ

Foreign Missions in the Crusade for Christ

Two leaflets showing how the home and foreign mission Crusade funds will be used.

Men Who Cannot Read Cannot Be Free

About the two-thirds of the human race who cannot read or write. Literature and literacy campaigns are in the Crusade missionary budgets.

The Prince of Peace in the Post-War World

A basic booklet by Bishop Arthur J. Moore on the necessity of a new missionary "drive" at home and abroad as a condition of peace.

Adventure at the South

The romantic story of race relations in the South in the nineteenth century and the rise of Paine College and the Colored Methodist Church. Will support the large Crusade budget for Negro work.

A Gift That Blessed a Nation

A million and more of Crusade money is for scholarship for foreign students. In this booklet Bishop Costen J. Harrell tells how a

Methodist layman educated Charles J. Soong, whose family changed the history of China. Thrilling support for the Crusade.

A Good Neighbor in Brazil

The story of Tucker of Brazil. Latin America is in the Crusade. Read what only one missionary has done there. The conclusion is inevitable, that multiplying this kind of service is necessary.

Black Reflects the Light

Just a little story of missions in Africa, but it will convince people that Crusade money for Africa will be well spent.

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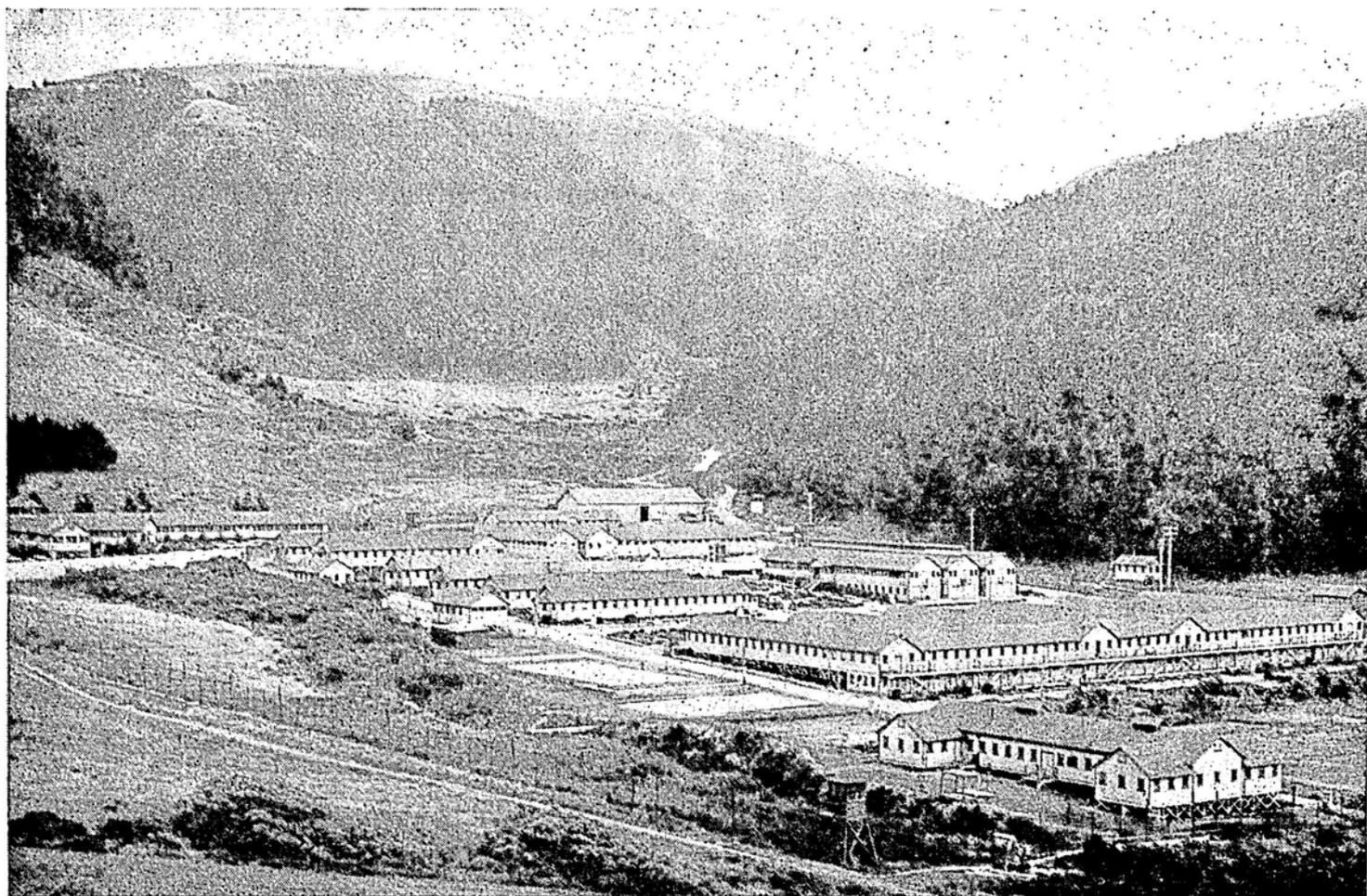
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- Men Who Cannot Read Cannot Be Free
- The Prince of Peace in the Post-War World
- Adventure at the South
- A Gift That Blessed a Nation
- A Good Neighbor in Brazil
- Black Reflects the Light

Name _____

Address _____



The Sharp Park Detention Camp

More Than an Angel

By Eunice Jones Stickland

THEY call her "The Angel of Angel Island"—Miss Katharine Maurer, Methodist deaconess at the United States Immigration Station, San Francisco. But she is more than an angel; she is warmly human. Her keen sense of understanding and her unselfish service to the needs of others are found only in one who, having caught a vision of the Christ, has learned to gear each spiritual aspiration to the everyday needs of people.

With her devoted service, there is a freshness and a buoyancy of enthusiasm which is based on two fundamentals: her value of the individual and her remarkable ability to throw herself—heart, mind, and soul—into each moment's activity.

From the days when the Japanese "picture brides" were coming in by the hundreds, through the years when families of immigrants came from every country of the world, down to the present day when an average of from 25 to 30 nationalities are represented in the ever changing personnel of detainees, Miss Maurer has grown in her appreciation of human personality.

The deaconess' day may be spent at the Adminis-

tration Office, unpacking and assembling supplies; or at Sharp Park Detention Camp, ministering to the people; or at her home office, where she keeps detailed files of supplies received and personally acknowledges each package. Into every day's work she puts her whole self with an abandonment which accounts for the freedom of all great souls.

It was about thirty years ago when the Methodist Episcopal Church caught a vision of the need and received permission from the Government to place a deaconess on Angel Island. Since that time Katharine Maurer has given continuous service.

Miss Maurer's undenominational and interracial aid to all, her wisdom and tact in meeting the delicate situations which arise, have won for her the respect and co-operation of government officials. A letter from the Honorable I. F. Wixon, District Director, United States Department of Justice, Immigration and Naturalization Service, San Francisco, expresses his appreciation through Miss Maurer to the Methodist women and also to the Daughters of the American Revolution who have been generous in their help:



Deaconess Katharine Maurer

My dear Deaconess:

May I take this occasion to thank you, and through you express our appreciation to your organization, for the many kind offices rendered to this Service during the year 1943.

I am happy to say that throughout the year we have experienced little difficulty with our detained aliens, although some of them have been in detention for a long period. I am satisfied that this has been due largely to the ministrations our detainees have received at your hands.

"I am glad I was taught as a child to love all people," says Katharine Maurer, "and God has given me reason to have faith in my fellow man, irrespective of nationality or creed. In this work we have such a wonderful opportunity to build good will and understanding in interracial relations, which is the basic purpose of our service."

Miss Maurer's religion is such a natural part of her daily duties, that hearts are opened to it as flowers to the sunshine. From the days when Chinese wives were coming to join their husbands, she recalls one troubled little woman whose depression and loneliness were growing serious. One day she motioned for Miss Maurer to kneel with her beside a chair. The deaconess knew only a little Chinese, but it included the Lord's Prayer and the hymn, "Jesus Loves Me." To these she added her own petition for light and courage to come to this lonely woman. The matrons wondered what had happened to their now happy guest. Months later, the husband

presented Miss Maurer with a hand-carved figure of "Kuan Yin" (Goddess of Mercy), "Because that's what you were to my wife!"

One day four young seamen came to tell the deaconess good-bye. After a few moments of self-conscious waiting, the spokesman said, "We want to know what you would like to have us send you, Miss Maurer, to show how much we appreciate your kindness."

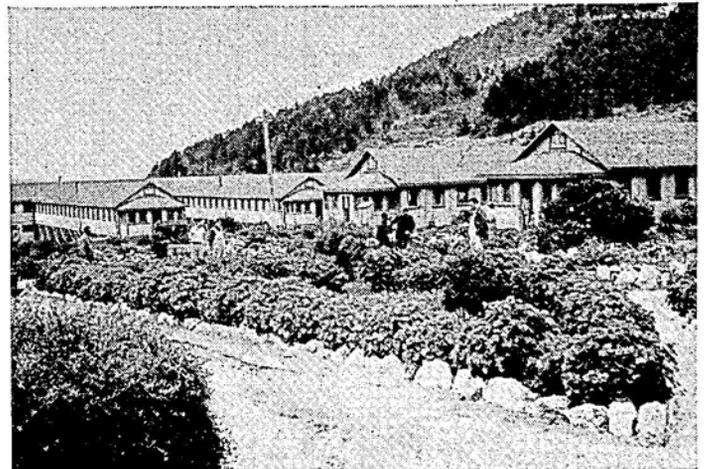
Miss Maurer smiled, "I'll tell you what I would like, more than anything else. Promise me that you will try to be good men. If you do that you will be giving me the greatest gift I can think of. I shall be thinking of you often. On your lonely watches at sea I want you to remember, especially when you see the morning star, that I am praying for you."

Since Pearl Harbor many of the detainees have been people of high cultural and educational accomplishment. Among recent guests was an artist. Miss Maurer learned that he needed brushes. When she brought them she exclaimed, "What a lovely atmosphere you have created!" For out of his small quarters he had made a perfect little studio. Her appreciation and her sensing of his need touched this man deeply.

An Italian author, in presenting the deaconess with a copy of his book, inscribed it thus, "With deep gratitude to Miss Maurer, smiling ray of real Christian good will in a world darkened by cupidity and selfishness."

In a weekly paper published in this community of detainees, one man wrote, "Due tribute should be paid to the marvelous social welfare activity of Deaconess Maurer. Slowly but surely she is conquering our hearts."

The Easter service which Miss Maurer planned and conducted, with a Scripture portion, a small cross and an Easter folder for each person, impressed one of the guards so that he asked in a puzzled way, "Do you give all of your time to helping others? Where do you get the money to do these nice things for them? From a church?"



Landscape gardens kept by the detained immigrants

"It is truly a privilege and a high joy," says this devoted woman, "to serve as the channel through which American women express their love and kindness to people who are lonely and feel the need of a friend."

Miss Maurer's apartment home, which overlooks "Russian Hill," "Little Italy," and "China Town," has always been open to those needing counsel. By a visit to her home many a newcomer to our land has had a first picture of a Christian American woman at home. In the gracious atmosphere that speaks of a person who loves beauty and order, Miss Maurer has quietly taught some of her most lasting lessons which have carried over into new homes being formed in a strange land. One grateful young Jewish woman, a student from Russia, called the deaconess' home, "The International House of Love."

Katharine Maurer's birthplace was Mildmay in the Province of Ontario, Canada, where her parents, the Reverend John Michael and Elizabeth Frey Maurer, through the influence of parsonage life, laid the foundation upon which has arisen the admirable career of this well-known deaconess.

After attending Northwestern College (now North Central), Katharine returned to Canada to continue her studies in music. Later she taught music and languages and served as church organist. Always interested in church and community work, the desire to devote her life to Christian service became dominant. It was at a young people's conference that she made the decision to become a deaconess.

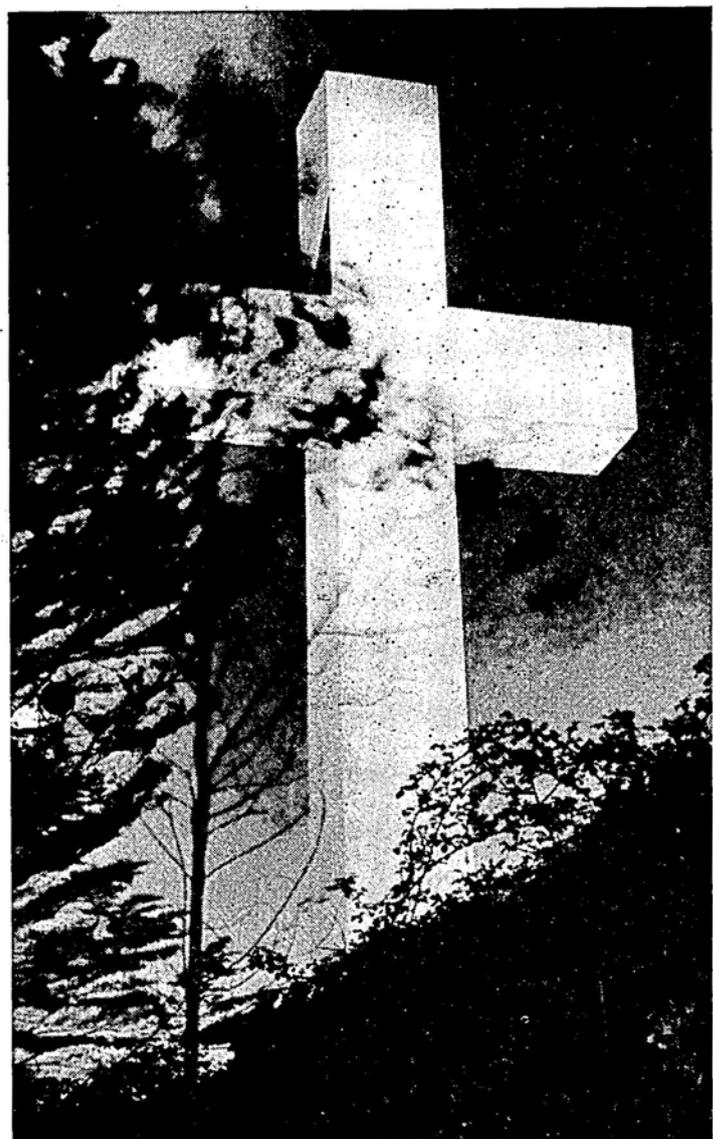
The culture and devotion of the early deaconesses had made a lasting impression upon her. Convinced that this field demanded the very best in preparation, Katharine Maurer came to the United States in 1910 to enter the National Training School for Deaconesses in San Francisco.

Her membership had been in the Evangelical Church of Canada in which her father spent his ministry, but after her graduation she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and later acquired American citizenship.

The personal experience of seeking entrance into a strange land gave Katharine Maurer a very special preparation in sympathy which was ideal for a deaconess appointed to serve at the Immigration Station. Her ability to adjust to a constantly changing stream of humanity and circumstances, to work in harmony with Government officials, has set a pattern for Christian welfare work.

Miss Maurer feels that in this day of world-wide change, the Church must move out in an increasingly aggressive training program for deaconesses to meet the expanding need of present and post-war days.

Katharine Maurer has lived up to the motto of the deaconess, "I serve neither for reward nor for gratitude, but from gratitude and love. My reward is that I may serve."



The Cross on Mt. Davidson, overlooking the city of San Francisco

She continues to wear the deaconess costume. This uniform and the ebony cross which she wears have often bridged language barriers and served as wordless comfort.

A tribute to Miss Maurer's work was written to her by a Buddhist priest as spokesman for the Japanese internees at Sharp Park Detention Camp, in appreciation of the Christmas party:

I have been always inspired by your kind attitude and noble manner by which all detainees have been helped and solaced. On Christmas Eve when we were separated from our loved ones you brought presents to us. Regardless of religious and racial differences your gifts were distributed equally among us. . . . The love of your Christian friends has been deepened and heightened by your message on "Peace and Life." . . . We shall never forget what you have done in the name of Jesus Christ.

Yes, Deaconess Katharine Maurer is more than an Angel; she is a Christian woman giving herself in service. After a busy day of meeting the stark realities of a world in chaos, the deaconess turns to look at Mount Davidson where stands a cross silhouetted against the evening sky. These words are her bulwark of strength: "The cross it standeth fast, Hallelujah!"

Thirty Dimes

How Children Can Take Part in The Crusade for Christ

CHILDREN have always been generous. Almost every adult can remember back to some appeal that touched him so deeply as a child that he offered to part with his most cherished treasure to answer the appeal.

Sometimes that treasure has embarrassed the recipient. I heard a missionary tell of making an appeal for the children of a hill tribe in India.

She must have been an effective speaker, because before she left town the entire class of children to whom she had been speaking turned up with treasured funny papers as gifts for the Indian children. Furthermore, they insisted that the missionary do them up right then and there, and send them off. The missionary had unfortunately mentioned in her speech several things that the hill children did not have—one of them being comic strips.

A child is reasonable in his response. What is the point, he argues, in mentioning a lack of funny papers if the hill children do not want funny papers?

Some agencies, during the war years, have been extremely effective in appealing to children's generosity, and at the same time suggesting practical ways of expressing that generosity. Thousands of children have collected clothes for the children cared for by the Red Cross.

The Friends' Service Committee has found children their best supporters in getting supplies for the families of Europe. Children all over America have filled kits for war victims, not only for children but also for men and women as well.

"This is soap," they explain to you, "so that they can clean up after the bombs come. This is soup so that they can have food right away. This is candy—for dessert, you know." They explain in precise detail the conditions that a bombed-out family will have to meet.

That is good international education.

In the *Crusade for Christ*, children's giving has been taken into account. A plan has been adopted to ask each Methodist child to fill a dime book with thirty dimes. He may work for the money, save it out of his allowance (although this does seem a long process), or solicit it from interested friends. It can be the beginning of a lasting missionary interest for the child. It can be just another way to collect money.

I am not one to sniff at just other ways to collect money. Money is too desperately needed to say that if the child does not get education as he collects his dimes then the dime drive is futile. But if education does go with the collection of the money, the missionary cause can be strengthened for years.

The first step in education is to tell the child what his money will do. A Christian in Burma has had to flee to the jungle during the invasion. He must be looked for, brought back to health, and set about his work again. This is a tremendous challenge to a child. Dimes to be used in hunting men in the jungle take on the color of high romance. Dimes to be spent for vitamin pills may not be as romantic, but their importance is quite well recognized by the modern child.

Dimes may be used to help Japanese-American children to settle with their parents in new homes, after their experiences in relocation centers. Or they may be used to help Mexican children who came across the border when their parents sought new work. Or they may be used to make life better for children who have lived in trailers throughout the war because there were no houses for them.

Each situation is a story. Each story carries an appeal that would bring responses from a child.

It is to be hoped that the appeal is kept a simple one. The child does not have to have all the issues of the *Crusade* before him. And it is also to be hoped that the money raised by children will be allocated to those things in which children are interested. It may seem a small thing but there is something eminently satisfying to a child to know that his own thirty dimes are the very ones which are helping to repair a roof in China, for instance.

Finally, education can be brought to the child if he is allowed to solicit dimes as well as to give them. Children soliciting money can, at times, be pests; but children who know why they are soliciting money and for what purpose the money is to go can educate a community. Naturally, they must educate themselves to present their cause.

Children are generous. Children have quick sympathy and clear vision. It would be unfortunate if they were not welcomed into full participation in the *Crusade for Christ*. It would not only be unfortunate for the *Crusade*, but also for the entire missionary cause.

Dime books containing slits for thirty dimes may be secured from the *Crusade for Christ* headquarters at 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

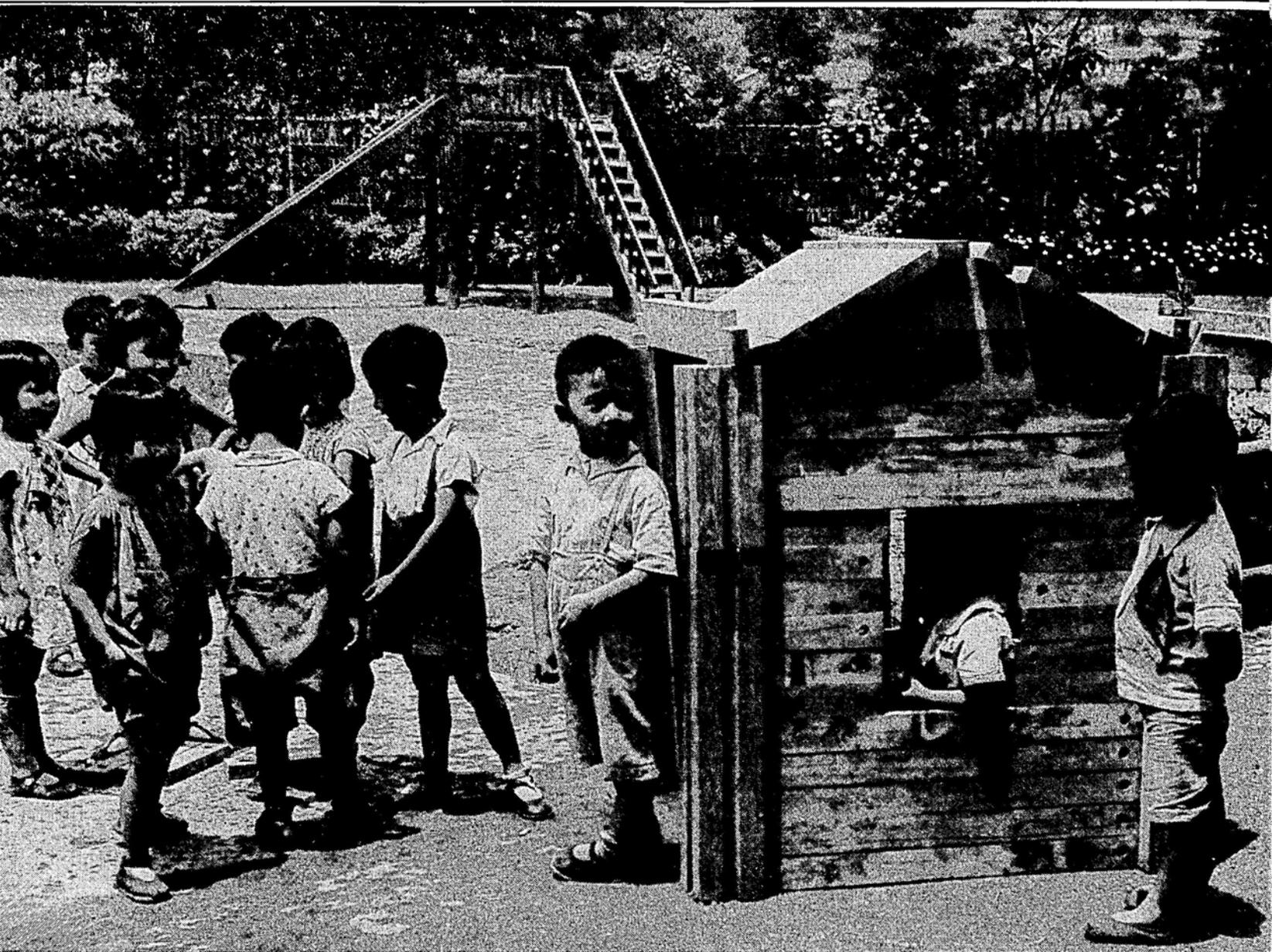


Philip Gendreau

Around the world children have taken part in every phase of the life that war has brought about. They have been part of the uprooted peoples. They have trudged along the highways with their parents searching for new homelands. They have harvested crops, taken care of smaller children, watched for enemy planes, helped put out fires caused by bombs, and in some cases they have even taken part in the fighting itself. What part now will they take in the life that peace will bring about? It is to answer that question that this picture section has been prepared

Children Helpers Around The World

These pictures may be had separately for ten cents a set from Literature Headquarters, 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio



Alexanderson (CNS)

Children in a day nursery in China learn to build strong houses for the future. "More nurseries—more kindergartens"—you hear on every hand in China. Children can benefit from the nurseries. And children can give money to build the nurseries

Monkmeyer



Children in a day nursery in America come down the stairs after their naps for play in the open air. "More nurseries here" is a cry all over America also



Monkmeier

Babies whose mothers must work in factories have their health carefully supervised by the factory nurse who cares for the babies during the mothers' working hours. "We need more baby-care centers in connection with our factories," say the working mothers of America

Alexanderson (CNS)



Mrs. Cheng brings her five-weeks-old baby for examination at the health center. Last year five doctors at this center treated 10,000 patients. More doctors are needed, more centers are needed if babies are to be strong and well



Alexanderson (CNS)

These children in China are taking care of rabbits.
The rabbits will furnish the children food and warmth

Silberstein, from Monkmeier



The boy is enjoying feeding his pet
in Mexico, but incidentally he is
learning about animal husbandry

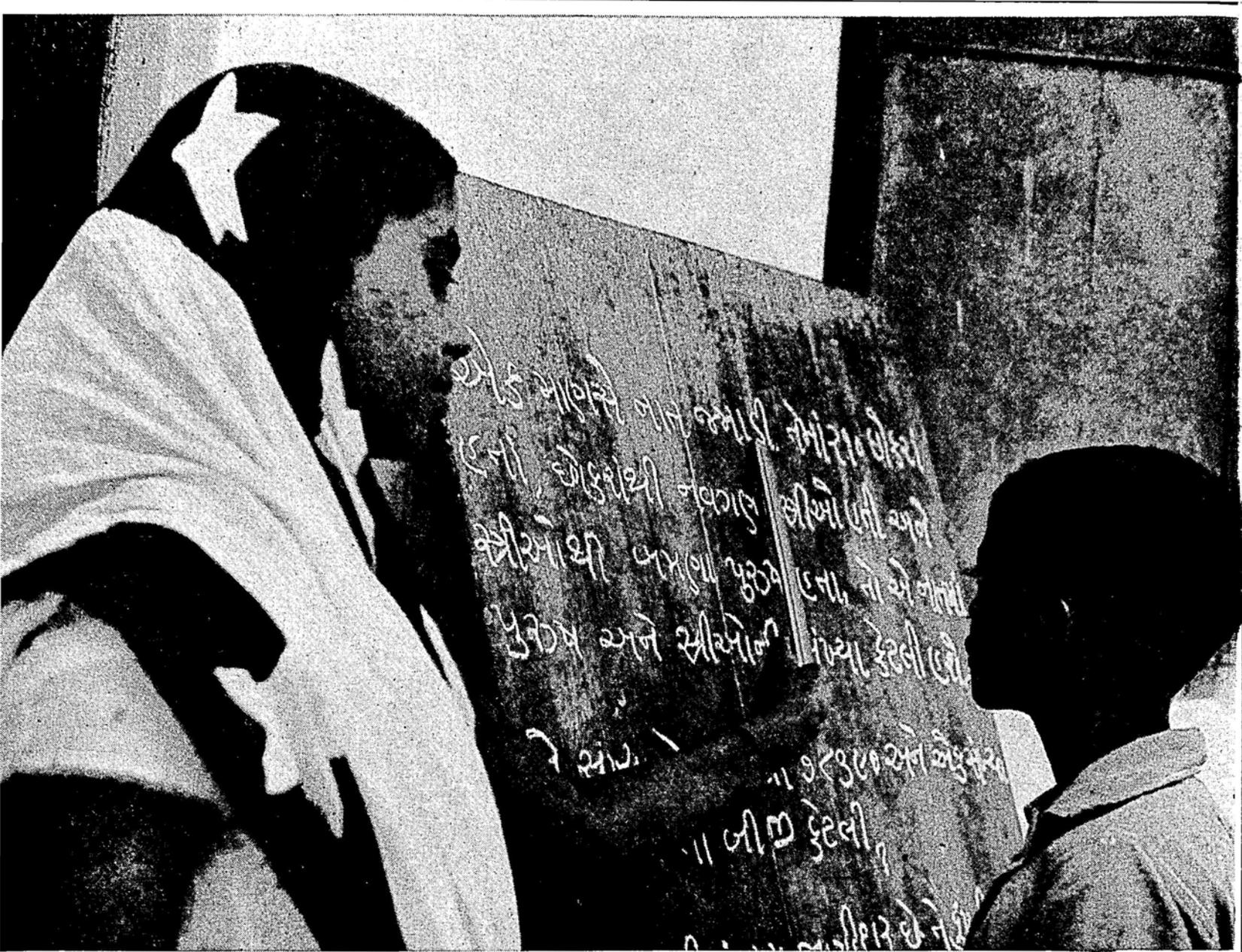


Oregonian

Children must be able to listen to stories as these children are listening at a Daily Vacation Bible School at a defense plant

Children must have books to read if they are to live in a world of peace. But some live so far away from the town they must have them brought to them.





Methodist Prints

A teacher with her pupil in a school for workers' children in India. All India's children must be able to read and write if they can take their part in a peaceful world

Methodist Prints



Brothers at the Navajo Methodist Mission School in New Mexico. Indian boys and girls must have far greater chances for education if they are to play their parts in the peace world



Two small girls at Crandon Institute, Montevideo, Uruguay, help raise money for their school by appearing in a little playlet, and at the same time they give joy to their fellows by their performances

Methodist Prints

A girl in North Africa has learned to make her living by basket weaving. Girls must be able to have trades so that they can care for themselves as well as boys





Pinney, from Monkmeier

Sunday schools all over the United States can help bring the new world of peace about by giving their money and by giving their thought to the needs of other children everywhere



Polish children who have been on the move since 1939. The feeling of homelessness carries a greater threat to the stability of the child than the memory of lack of food



Evans, from *Three Lions*

A secret picture of starving men smuggled out of Athens. Children who have felt hunger themselves have been greatly affected by seeing these groups left to starve on the streets of a great city

What Do Europe's Children Need Most?

By Otto Zoff*

THE time is rapidly approaching when we must stop making blueprints and begin to build. I am speaking about the countless plans that have been drawn up for helping the children of Europe. Most of these plans have been openly discussed by Americans and Europeans.

Since D-Day it has become easier to investigate the truth of the stories that have been coming out of Europe in the last two years. We had all been harboring a hope that the rumors were terribly exaggerated. Unfortunately this hope has been dashed. According to the figures given out by the International Red Cross, the situation is full of menace. The most appalling statistics have been released by large municipal hospitals. To quote only two examples: Tuberculosis in Belgium since the outbreak of war has risen three hundred per cent; in the Paris area it has risen fifty-one per cent.

France and Belgium, however, are far from being the worst off. We know that the rate of deaths

among Greek children is rising again. We have seen in the papers the news which General O'Dwyer sent to President Roosevelt from Italy: malnutrition and mortality among children have reached a stage higher than public health officials have recorded in many years. We know about the cables from Quaker field workers in different parts of Europe: with despairing insistence they keep calling for coats and dresses and shoes and warm blankets—yes, even for the cheapest, flimsiest wash dresses—for none of these can be bought in stores there, none at all, and cold weather is on the way. The orphanages in France have not been able to admit any more children since 1943, as there simply aren't any more bedclothes or pillows or quilts for them.

Suppose you ask me *What do the children of Europe need most?* It is nearing Christmas time as I consider this question. The old-fashioned view of this season as a festival of joy still prevails in spite of the world's misery. I have been going around with this question in mind, profoundly unsettled by it. As I leafed through the latest reports that covered my writing desk I came at last to the conviction that the UNRRA, the Red Cross, the Friends, and other private relief organizations could handle the problem of hunger within a reasonable period, and would be able to deliver their shiploads of clothing and bed linen and medicine as well. But, though it seems absurd to say it, this is

* Mr. Otto Zoff began gathering material for his book, *They Shall Inherit the Earth*, years before the war began. He met the militarized Italian children of Mussolini's regime, the boys and girls educated to hate under Hitler, the Jewish boys and girls fleeing along the roads with their parents, and both French and Spanish refugee children. He worked in the Quaker Relief Office in Marseille after France had fallen. He says of that period: "Children are victims not only of Fascists but of indifference; indifference is harder to combat, for it is within us all." To help combat that indifference, we present this article. In The Crusade for Christ \$1,038,532 will go for the building up of our work in Europe. Some of this will be spent for these little ones.



This little girl is a youngster from war-torn Europe. She is one of the many refugees from Spain who have suffered longer than some of the others



Babies "lost" in air raids to their families are taken care of successfully in some of the English homes. What they need is not only homes and bread and butter but also a great deal of love

not the worst of the problems. Hunger is not the worst thing a child can experience. Each of us has known certain adults who suffered from every kind of want during childhood, yet grew up whole and healthy, composed and at home in the world.

But are there any who lacked *homes* and still became happy adults?

It is an established fact that about forty million Europeans have been driven from their homes. In his authoritative work *The Displacement of Population in Europe* (Montreal, International Labor Office), Eugene M. Kulischer gives the figure as thirty million, but that was over a year ago, and so much has happened since then that an estimate of forty million seems more than moderate. And among these, how many are children? Of the children, how many have lost both parents?

Then there is another question just as urgent. Even if some of those children have not been separated from their parents, how many of them have been driven so far from their own inner and spiritual home (by the sight of death and torture, by race hatred, national humiliation, lies, and oppression) that the road back seems barred against them?

We know from the German newspapers that after the great bombardments of Hamburg children wan-

dered around for days on end looking for their parents. Heinrich Himmler himself started an organization to gather up these waifs, who were sent to Czechoslovakia. Thus the flood at last has overwhelmed those who loosed it, and from Madrid to the Baltic, from the North Cape to the islands in the Aegean Sea, there is no spot it has not covered. Before me lies a report on an armed uprising in Slovakia, that started recently in Chadza, near the Polish border, and spread over the whole northwest corner of the territory. The village of Zhilina was bitterly contested: twice the Germans lost it and twice reoccupied it. After the second recapture only half a dozen children were left out of the entire population. They made their escape—and where did they go?

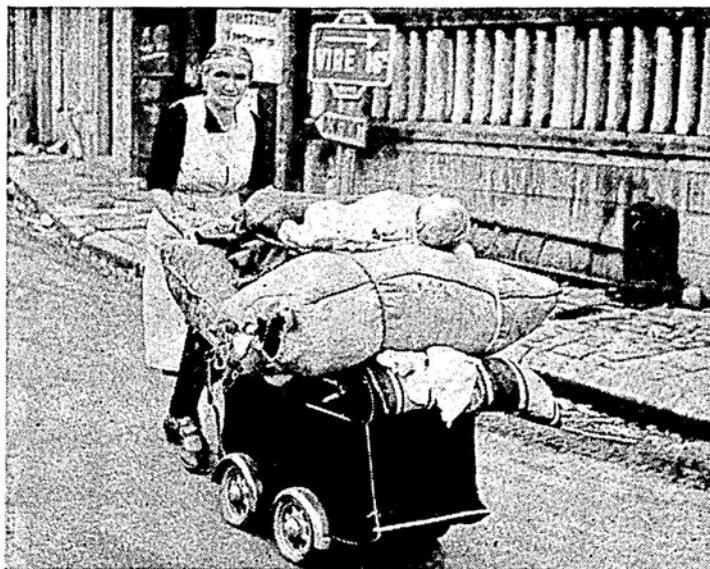
Where will we go to look for them, and for all the other millions? And how will we set about finding them?

We are living in an age of astounding technical progress. I have confidence that the work of the great relief organizations and the UNRRA will proceed smoothly once it gets under way. I have confidence in their ability to distribute bread and lard, vitamins and clothing and shoes in record time. But that is not enough! To rescue the children of Europe far more is needed than technology, skill in



Three Lions

Greek children welcoming bread. They are on their way to new homes. But the need of homes is so great that the French orphanages have already sent word that they can take no more children. They have no beds, no chairs, no food, no clothes to give to any more of these homeless ones



British Combine

A woman returning to her home in France. Her baby jolts along on top of the baggage. Even little babies, psychologists tell us, can sense the insecurity that follows in the wake of a war that destroys homes

organization, good will, and abundance of material.

I often think of the thirteen-year-old Polish girl who had seen her parents shot, and who had not spoken a word for months afterward. If she is to survive she must have more than nourishment, more than healing for her tubercular chest. There is another child I am not able to get out of my mind, the little girl who was there when they were burying the still-living in a mass grave. . . . Have teachers and psychoanalysts alone the power to cure in such cases? There are bands of children in Italy and Spain and France and Greece, real troops of young guerrillas who are capable of such horrible deeds as their elders themselves would refuse to commit. Such are the gravest results of man's degradation.

Our amazingly efficient organizations seem to fail to grasp that children who have lived in a state of continuous shock, some of them for years, need more than anything else the atmosphere of a home. This atmosphere is far more than the simple facts of having a roof over one's head and three square meals a day. The atmosphere of a home is the warm, constant interest taken in the children—an interest that does not depend on whether they are good or bad, an interest that reassures, that seems to be eternally the same.

It is a fine thing that so many experts are to be sent to post-war Europe; no one would deny this. But what about ordinary, warm-hearted, long-suffering, self-sacrificing, motherly, fatherly people, who have had a lifetime's experience in getting along with children? They have no diplomas or certificates, but they have a deep desire to be good stepparents. Such men and women should be sent to simple country houses with those children who have suffered most. Their care would be supplemented by the work of the psychiatrist and teacher.

Let us recall that the principles of the Kingsley

Fairbridge Farm School have been studied and discussed with eager intensity by British, Australian, and Canadian statesmen. Children that have been brought to that school (even those most painfully warped in mind and spirit) have profited so from their contacts with farm life and farm animals that they have grown, in the school's friendly secure atmosphere, to dependable adolescents in the course of five years. The results have been so convincingly successful that the governments of Nova Scotia, New Zealand, Southern Rhodesia, and South Australia have been overwhelmed with requests for the establishment of such schools.

That is the way it must be done. It is not enough to save a life. And the redemption of the soul by means of a staff of experts is too costly, considered in terms of millions of children. Why should fatherly men and motherly women be less capable than the experts when it comes to setting up a homelike place of refuge? Could not the United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Administration set aside out of all its millions of dollars a sum to make possible such modest and simple Child Refuge Farms?

In 1938-1940 we had a good friend and neighbor in Nice. She was a refugee from Austria, a woman about sixty years old, and she had with her her dead daughter's child. They were abjectly poor. The woman hardly dared eat; she was saving enough out of her own miserable rations to give more than half of her share to the eleven-year-old girl. After the winter of 1941 we lost touch with them, and were convinced that the woman must be dead, as she had been suffering from heart trouble. But finally, after the liberation of France, her daughters in New York got a letter from her, a note of just a few lines, but a sign of life. The note came from Lyons. The invalid had walked there, all the way on foot from Nice, with her granddaughter.



Evans, from Three Lions

A Polish refugee with her baby on her way to the Rumanian frontier



Soldiers sharing their food with "bombed out" French children

It is not that story that I meant to tell, but rather about the American soldier who had forwarded the letter to New York. He was a boy from Maine, where they don't say very much. On the letter he had written:

I was coming down the road when they both got up

out of the ditch where they were lying. They were all tired out. I talked to them a long time, and I ask you please to write them right away and send them your love, all the love you can. I believe they need it a lot.

So that is the answer to the question about what the children of Europe need most.

Watch for the "Crusade for Christ" Special Edition of World Outlook—February Number

If your campaign for the Crusade is finished you will be interested to see what your money is doing. If your campaign for the Crusade is beginning you will find greater interest and deeper responsibility when you read of the needs to be met through the Crusade.

Get it into the hands of all the members of your church.

February "Crusade for Christ" World Outlook



Philip Gendreau

First Noel

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

"No good can come in a northeast wind,"
They said that night, and the crowded inn
Was filled with guests who had rested, dined,
Shut in from the gale and its threatening din.

The dark came down like a drifting cloud:
Locked in the stables the kine were still.
The prosperous landlord, tall and proud,
Ordered the servants and had his will.

The timid knock at the hostel door
Scarcely heard, was no brusque demand:
Across the width of the polished floor
The porter hastened, then stayed his hand.

No more room in this inn tonight:
Not for a slave, a king, a lord.
Sharp through the dark the taper's light
Cut like the blade of Eden's sword.

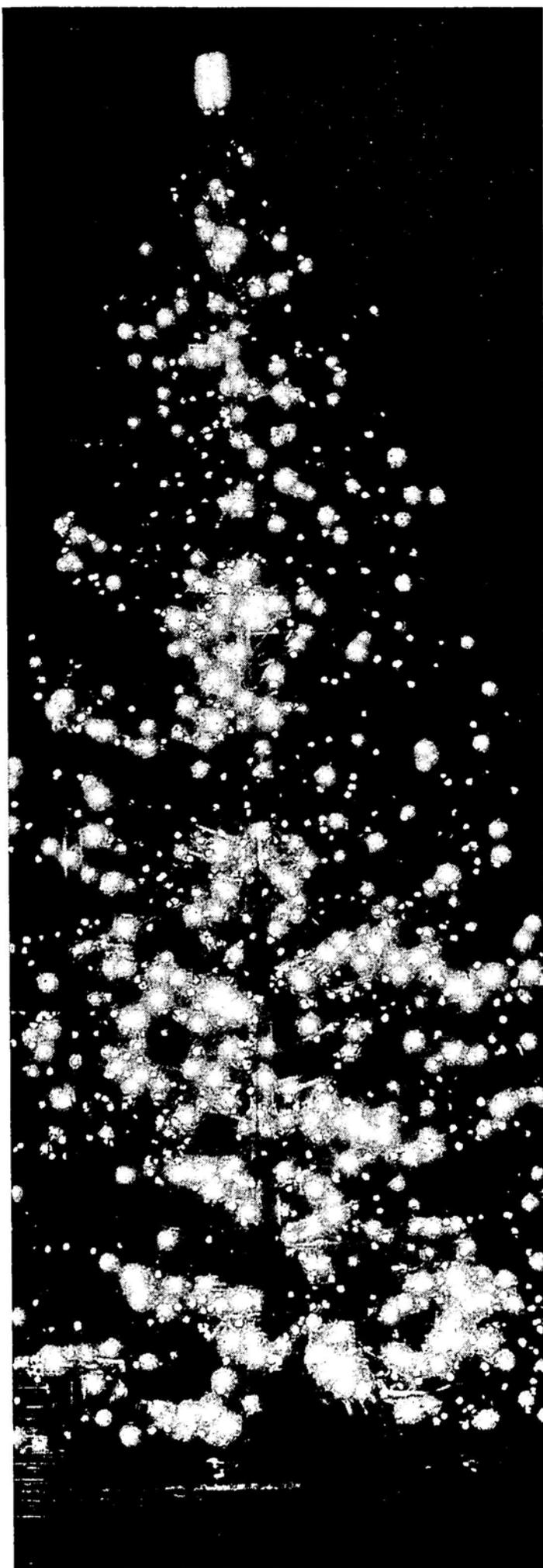
Travel-weary, the humble three
Who could go no further, were turned away.
But the porter whispered, for was not he
A working man of the selfsame clay?

Thus was the stable door flung wide,
Thus was there shelter from the cold;
Thus lost the landlord and his pride
Titles and guests more rare than gold.

"No good can come of a northeast gale:
No room for more, though it be a king."
But Mary rested, content and pale,
Felt the hush of His angel's wing,

Holding the Lord of earth and sky
Against her heart, while the storm grew calm,
And the landlord, indifferent and sharp and sly,
Rattled his silver in his palm.

Miss Epps Lights a Christmas Tree*



Philip Gendreau

A Christmas tree that is not lighted is no Christmas tree at all

A COLD MIST had settled down over Sao Paulo. It was all I could do to keep myself from shaking with chill even in the hotel lounge. Miss Epps, however, did not seem to notice the cold. She wore no coat, and told me how healthy Sao Paulo is for people.

"Can't breathe in Rio," she said. "Too sultry."

"I wish I were in Rio now," I thought to myself. "I could get along fine with a little sultriness."

"Ever been in the jungle?" asked Miss Epps.

"Never," I said. "I always thought jungles were full of snakes. You know—cobras and coral snakes—things like that."

"They are," said Miss Epps, with apparent relish. "There's a fine snake farm just outside the city here. We could go out and back in a morning."

"Do you go often to the jungle?" I hastily asked.

"Whenever I can. I get hungry for it," Miss Epps looked back in her thoughts. "Did I ever tell you about the Christmas tree I had once in the jungle?"

I shook my head.

"Well, one year, along came December finding me growing more and more hungry for the jungle. I was so hungry that I knew I just had to do something about it. So I sat down and thought over the missionaries I knew in the jungle, and of how I could visit them without causing too much trouble. And I remembered Dr. Nelson. Dr. Nelson—you must know Dr. Nelson Arurujo—is one of our fine Brazilian Christians who had just opened a medical mission in the state of Matto Grasso."

"Ah, hah," I thought to myself. "I'll just go up to visit Dr. Nelson and give him a good old-fashioned Christmas."

"I had fun getting ready. I went to our Sao Paulo version of a dime store and I bought all the toys I could find for my money. I put them into my suitcase, borrowed a missionary's child for company, and set off for the jungle station in Matto Grasso.

"It takes a good long time to get to jungles, you know. You ride on country trains and then

* Miss Leila Epps is one of the most famous missionaries of Brazil. She is now stationed in Sao Paulo with especial responsibility for women's work.

on donkeys, and sometimes you walk. Anyway, we made it and there we were smack in the middle of the jungle with a suitcase full of toys and the jungle full of little Indian children, and the thermometer so far up I'd be afraid to tell you *how* hot it was.

"'Dr. Nelson,' said I, 'Dorita and I (Dorita was the missionary's child I'd borrowed) are planning to have a good old-fashioned Christmas with Christmas carols and presents. I've got the presents right here, and you've got a jungle full of children, and we've got to get them together.'

"'All right,' said Dr. Nelson. 'What shall I get you first?'

"'First,' I said, 'I want a Christmas tree.'

"'All right,' Dr. Nelson replied. 'How about this one right outside the door?'

"And there was a tree that was perfect—the right shape and everything. I felt pretty good about that. And then I began to think about candles. I'd brought everything along with me in that suitcase but candles, and a Christmas tree that cannot be lighted, as you know, is no Christmas tree at all. So I thought and thought while Dorita and I wrapped up the Christmas presents.

"You know that darkness comes very fast in the jungles. While we were working the night fell, but darkness did not come. No, the forests were filled with lights like candles. The lights were, of course, from the Brazilian lightning bugs. Now the Brazilian bug has two kinds of lights—he has lights that stay on all the time, and he has lights that go off and on.

"I stood there looking and looking and just about bursting with an idea.

"'Dorita,' I said, 'you go out and round up every little Indian you can find. I've discovered a way to have our tree lighted.'

"Well, I can see you've caught on to my idea, and so did the children. They caught lightning bugs by the dozens. Then, next morning we tied thread around them, and decorated our Christmas tree. I wish you could have seen it that night. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw. Not only was it lighted, but winking and blinking with lights it was. People came from all over the jungle to look at it and they could see it long before they reached it.

"But along about two days after Christmas, the little Indians came to me and reported that the lightning bugs were hungry for their jungle.

"'Well,' I told the children, 'when I get hungry for the jungle I just cut loose my ties and light out.'

"So we went all over that tree and cut every thread, but do you know, it took nearly a day before those lightning bugs went back into the forests. They just kept moving around that tree. I told the children that I am like that. It takes me some time to find out that my ties are cut, after I've cut them myself. But finally the lightning bugs left, and the tree was just a tree again—except that the people still talk about the time we lighted it and they always connect Christmas with *light* in that part of the jungle. It was a right nice Christmas—one of the nicest Christmases I have ever had. Except for the heat."

I suddenly drew my all-too-thin coat about me. For a few minutes I had forgotten how healthy Sao Paulo is—and how cold.

Thoughts of an Angel Chorister

By Elizabeth Watson

I was a member of that shining band—
Aye, when to my sweet lot it fell
To follow in His train from heav'n to earth,
Within my heart there rose such gladness
As bade fair to burst the utmost boundaries of jasper walls—
Such joy as could not be expressed save by the mighty, ringing melody
Which presently we spread among the stars,
Announcing to the worlds the birth of Him who is the very King of Kings
And Prince of Peace.
I saw a group of shepherd lads look up at us in wonder and amaze
While their small earth reflected clear
The glory and the light,
And our glad song woke echoes in their hills—
I often wonder if the sons of men still dream
The radiant message of that Christmas night?



Alexanderson (CNS)

Children often do shopping for the family, even to buying the medicines. Cheerful, assured, capable, they do not reflect the war-weariness of the older people



Alexanderson (CNS)

Soldiers crossing the rice paddies into action. Everywhere the soldiers go, children are there or are leaving. They know war tragedy at firsthand

Okay, Joe

From the Notebook of a Correspondent from China *

AN alert sounded just as the city was about to drift off to sleep. Alerts in Chungking are one thing—alerts in cities where there are no caves are another. In Chungking you go to the cave shelters. In those other cities you gather together your choice belongings and set out for the countryside.

It is a matter-of-fact procedure.

You join a procession. Children trudge along sleepily beside their parents. Babies ride in their mothers' arms or in wheelbarrows. There is no sound but the shuffle of feet, a tired, persistent sound.

Some of the marchers came to a house where it was indicated that they were to stop. In the dark-

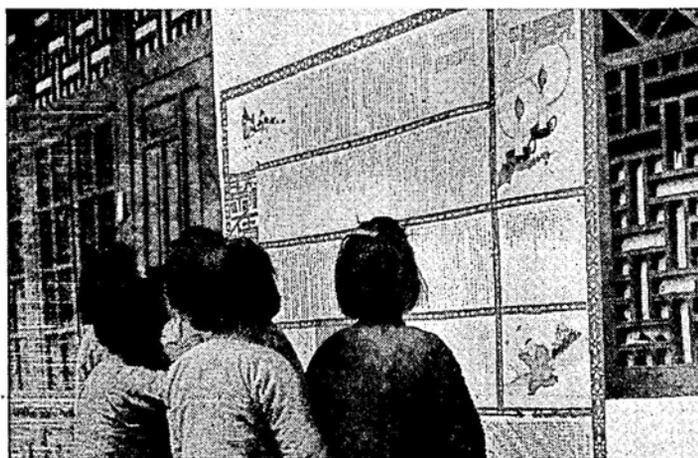
ness, no one could see who were the others taking shelter in the house. It was warm with the warmth of many bodies. Occasionally someone shifted his position. Children did not chatter. Babies did not cry. One felt patience in the room, but not resignation. Then, after interminable minutes, a child's voice sang out: "Okay, Joe."

All were free to make their way back to the city. The danger had passed. An American phrase on a Chinese boy's lips had released them from their wait.

Wherever you go in Free China where American soldiers have been, you find this phrase used. It has a gay, impudent sound. It carries with it freedom which we like to think is American, and at the same time the sturdiness of spirit which is indubitably Chinese.

Chinese adults are war-weary. They are tired of things as they are. They are tired of not enough food, not enough clothing, not enough heat. They are tired of living in one-roomed, mud-walled houses. They are even tired of watching what they say lest in some unforeseen manner they may aid the enemy. They do not have the neuroses that some war-weary people have. It is a different type of thing. It could not even be called apathy. It is the dogged weariness of a farmer husbanding his strength to finish the furrow and get back to his home.

Chinese children do not reflect this weariness.



Alexanderson (CNS)

Children read a newspaper prepared by their own school. They write not only of school happenings, but also of events of the world—why China is fighting and what the latest news is from Occupied China

* China is to receive \$3,918,835 in the *Crusade for Christ*, of which \$2,427,730 is to be used by the Foreign Division, and \$1,491,105 by the Woman's Division of Christian Service of The Methodist Church.



Alexanderson (CNS)

A political "educator" speaks in the street giving China's war aims. Children listen, talk about them, and carry ideas back to their schools and homes



CNS Photos

Children crowd into a sightseeing boat with the GI's learning about their own city and, incidentally, a good bit about the GI Joes, too

They run about the streets of the cities shivering in the damp air, but laughing and calling to each other. They set up bootblack stands on the streets and entice passers-by with their phrase, given a questioning inflection this time: "Okay, Joe?"

Should a citizen stop to look into any matter on the street, there are at once any number of small boys who have appeared to look into the matter also.

If you should go out into the country, the children are there, too. Go into a village when school is out. The news goes about that foreigners have arrived. The children come.

"Tell me," says one. "I would like to know what is happening to the puppet Wang Ching-wei."

"I know a song about Wang Ching-wei," says another. Standing stiff against the wall, he sings in the peculiar harmony of Chinese songs, joined by the other children after the first shy beginning.

Children are interested in politics—if one calls the way a war is run politics. In some ways it reminds one of the precocious interest in national politics that one finds in Russia. But it has its differences. It is not so much the result of a carefully-tutored background. It more nearly resembles the interest that one found in Spanish children at the time of the Spanish civil war. No matter how complicated the politics have been, the children have caught the idea of freedom that has underlain the struggle. They recognize the essential democracy of the phrase, "Okay, Joe." And they have made it theirs instinctively.

And yet, many of these children are old enough to have lived through terrifying things.

Outside the city of Chungking, there is a boys' school. The boys in that school have come from the coast through unbelievable marches. They do

not talk about it often. The older ones carry the mark of it in their eyes. When a stranger comes they talk. They talk quietly and without bitterness. But there is something in the way they talk that is frightening.

One boy, about fifteen, said:

"I have not seen things that the others have. But I have seen some bad things"; he was speaking of the time before he had come west. "I was little then, and living in the village with my father and mother. When they drove us out, they took the young men of the village, roped them together and drowned them in the river. If I had not been so young I would not have gone to see. I shall not forget."

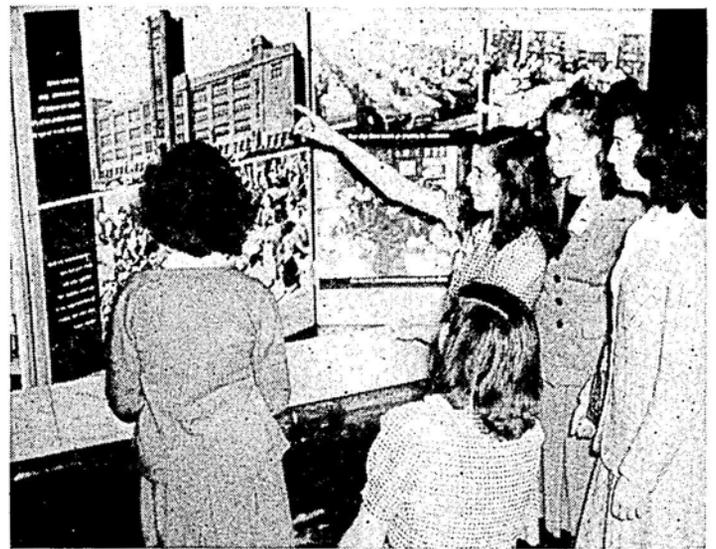
At the time of these war tragedies in China there is nearly always a circle of children looking on. They are too young to know enough to stay away. But they are not too young to remember.

Such things lie behind the eyes of thousands of boys and girls throughout China. And though they go about the streets of China with assurance and cheerfulness, there is a wariness about many of them that is not altogether childlike. It is not a thing to be dismissed lightly. Just as the wariness is not childlike, so its implications are not to be dismissed as childish. These children are the ones that are going to rule China in the very near future. These children with their "Okay, Joe," are friendly with us because they have caught a hint of democracy in the bearing of the American soldiers. Their trust in this democracy must not be betrayed, or it might have ill effects on China. In their small and often grubby hands they hold the future of China. It is wise to remember that some of our future they hold in their hands, too.



British Combine

Exrefugee English young people meet to plan how they can interest other English boys and girls in Americans of their own age



British Combine

At the exhibit of young America one exrefugee points out to her London schoolmates where she went to school in the United States

The Cause of Youth Itself

DURING the early days of the war, before America was in, English children were sent to the United States for safety. That was nearly five years ago. Those children have grown into young people. Many of them have returned to England. On their return they have formed themselves into a group to promote better relations between England and the United States.

It is quite a program they have, and one that is encouraged by the Ministry of War Information. Recently, an American exhibit was held in London and these young people took over. The purpose of the exhibit was to show how young Americans live and work and play, and the young English girls and boys were right there to explain. Better than any

American young persons they could explain the differences between American life and English. Better than any American young persons they could gain friendship from the English for American boys and girls.

Weeks before the exhibit opened, these ex-refugees met and discussed what should go into the exhibit. They discussed how friendship should be carried on after the exhibit was over. They analyzed the things that cause barriers, and sought ways to break down those barriers. They are still working to bring English and American young people closer together.

For some reason, some men and women frown at this. "Big powers using kids for propagandists," they say. They mutter things about power politics. But really it does not matter. Nations have to start somewhere to co-operate with each other. If two can get together, that is a step forward. If four can get together, that is fine. Little by little other nations can come in. It is the theory back of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. Many of the very persons who supported the idea of a world organization have criticized Dumbarton Oaks because they do not see enough provision in the proposals to break down national and minority barriers. Some even predict that the closer the nations work together under these proposals, the more divided they will become. Inevitably power politics is mentioned. Meantime, these young people, with no thought of power politics at all, build an interest, a curiosity, a friendliness between two countries that leads toward a world of united nations.

"United nations," they say, "that is the cause of youth itself."



British Combine

The exhibit of young America was planned to show how American young people live, work, and play. The exhibit was crowded with British young people

The Moving Finger Writes

Events of a Religious and Moral Significance Drawn from the News of the World

Bird Hobby Serves Humanity



Rev. Dillman S. Bullock

¶ The hobby of Dillman S. Bullock, as a small boy in rural Michigan was collecting birds, birds' nests, birds' eggs, and many insects—much to the disarray of his home and the annoyance of other members of the family. Today, as Dr.

Bullock, president of the Institute El Vergel, in Angol, Chile, for the training of Christian farmers under the mission of The Methodist Church, he is still the tireless "collector."

The Institute's Museum houses the most interesting collection of items of pre-Araucanian civilization in all that part of Chile, besides specimens of 176 birds (96 of which were found on the farm), and a collection of insects that has the praise of representatives of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Dr. Bullock's discoveries of habits and controls of insect pests have had great value to farmers of both the southern and the northern American continents.



"Go-to-School" Program Unnecessary Here!

¶ No "Go-to-School program" is needed to encourage attendance at schools sponsored by the Woman's Division of Christian Service, reports Miss Muriel Day, executive secretary for Educational Institutions in the Woman's Division, although a decided teacher shortage exists in these institutions. Almost all schools report increased enrollment, with many students turned away or placed on waiting lists.

Attendance at several schools suggests the general upward trend. A ten per cent increase is noted over last year at Alvan Drew School, Pine Ridge, Kentucky. Freshman enrollment is thirty per cent greater than last year at Wood Junior College, Mathiston, Mississippi. Two hundred students are enrolled at Holding Institute, Laredo, Texas, with ninety turned away. Allen High School, Asheville, North Carolina, has registered seventy-nine students and turned sixty-nine away or placed them on the waiting list.

"A good enrollment for wartime" is reported at Pfeiffer Junior College, Misenheimer, North Carolina. Six hundred

students attending Gilbert Academy, New Orleans, Louisiana, represents an increase over last year's registration of 495. Forty-five girls are living at Peck Hall, operated in connection with the Academy.



Bishop W. Angie Smith, right, and the Rev. W. U. Witt, second from left, look over the latest war news between sessions at the Indian Mission Conference near Holdenville, Oklahoma. Holding the paper for them is Stanley Ahkeahbo, a Kiowa from Carnegie, Oklahoma, who is blind and understands no English. Stanley was converted by the late Rev. J. J. Methvin, whose life story is currently running in this magazine. At extreme left is the Rev. Dewey D. Etchieson, superintendent of the western district of the Indian Mission Conference



Africans Welcome Bishop Booth

¶ A group of former students of Bishop Newell S. Booth, of Elisabethville, Belgian Congo—graduates of the Central Training School (now Springer Institute)—attending a recent session of the Annual Conference in Sandoa, sent the following radiogram to the Bishop in New York: "Your former students, gathered at Annual Conference in Sandoa, send hearty felicitations upon your election as bishop among the African people, especially in the Belgian Congo, your former residence. We wish you a good voyage very soon." The message was sent by Moise Kapenda, lay leader of the Southern Congo Conference. He and his father conduct one of the most successful businesses conducted anywhere in Africa by a native.

Nashville Has a New Kind of Circuit

¶ The Tennessee Annual Conference has created a new kind of circuit. It covers the whole city. The circuit rider, Rev. Cullen T. Carter, has no congregation or members, but is a pastor-at-large.



Rev. Cullen T. Carter

The plan is sponsored by the Methodist Layman's Club of Nashville, which provides the necessary finances. Its pastor, Mr. Carter, will serve the cause of the laymen, seek to open new Sunday schools and establish new churches, aid the present churches, and do any and all things necessary to advance Methodism in the city.

Mr. Carter's work is similar to work conducted in many cities by city mission societies. No such society operates in Nashville, however. The Layman's Club takes the place of it.



Bishop Oxnam Pleads for Fair Play



Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam

¶ A man's opportunities in life should be determined by his character and his ability and not by his color or his creed, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, of New York, told the U.S. Senate recently. He was speaking, as a representative of the

Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, advocating legislation to create a Fair Employment Practices Committee.

He said that religious, educational, and governmental forces must unite to remove the causes of racial tensions in America, and thus "forestall petty demagogues who may appeal to prejudice and passion and summon men to the ways of violence."

He said that the American soldier fighting in foreign lands does not ask whether his comrade is white, or black, or Catholic, or Jew, and that when they return to America they must not find freedom denied to any group here. . . . Most of the Protestant denominations are on record as in favor of legislation to this end.

... "and there were in the same country shepherds . . . keeping watch over their flock by night."

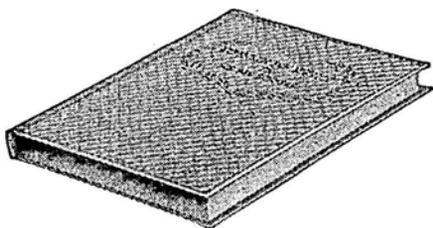


Across the fields of conflict and over the noise of battle, the Angel's Song may yet be heard.

The tidings of great joy are still triumphant over sorrow, death, and loss. Men weary of battle will fight on until the day of peace, good will toward men, but they will pause this Christmas Eve long enough to look into the frosty sky, hoping to catch a glimpse of the multitude of the heavenly host.

"In the same country" our boys in service may be found keeping watch with the listening shepherds.

Keep the message of the Christ Child before them throughout the year.



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Liberia Included in W.D.C.S. Program



Miss Sallie Lou
MacKinnon

Decision to extend the woman's missionary program into Liberia, West Africa, has been made by the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Board of Missions and Church Extension. According to Miss Sallie Lou MacKinnon, executive secretary for Africa, proceeds of the Week of Prayer Offering for 1945 will be devoted to Africa mission work, the large part of it to be used in the construction of a hostel for girls in Monrovia, Liberia.

The hostel will be operated in connection with the College of West Africa, which is supported by the Division of Foreign Missions of the Board and recognized as the oldest and most influential school in Liberia. The College was built as a memorial to Melville B. Cox, who went in 1833 as first missionary of American Methodism to Liberia.

The need for missionary expansion into all parts of Africa has been intensified by the war. Extension of the missionary program into Liberia now is timely since Bishop Willis J. King, newly elected bishop to Liberia, and Mrs. King will go there in the near future, also in view of the approaching centennial of the Republic of Liberia in 1947.

Funds for the initial maintenance of the building after its construction will be made within the present appropriations of the Woman's Division, says Miss MacKinnon, while the project's future will depend on increased giving and on the securing of additional trained missionaries to serve the Africa field.

✧

Bishop Booth Feted by Belgians

Count Robert van der Straten-Ponthoz, Belgian Ambassador in Washington, D. C., recently gave a luncheon at the Belgian Embassy for a party of ten with Bishop Newell S. Booth, of The Methodist Church, as guest of honor. On the previous day the Foreign Missions Conference of North America gave a luncheon for Bishop Booth at the Metropolitan Club, Washington, with the Belgian Ambassador, members of the U.S. Department of State, and representatives of the French, Portuguese, and Union of South Africa governments, a number of senators, and Army and Navy chaplain executives as guests.

Bishop Booth, elected Methodist bishop of Central Africa a few weeks ago, will leave shortly for his new duties. He will have supervision of Methodist

missions in Portuguese East Africa, Portuguese West Africa, the Belgian Congo, the Rhodesias, and the Union of South Africa.

✧

A One-Woman Mission Station

Sandoa, deep in the heart of the Belgian Congo, is a mission station of The Methodist Church. It is one of the few "one-woman" mission stations maintained by any church in any part of the world. The missionary is Miss Anna E. Lerbak, a native of Denmark, who has been in this service for more than twenty years.

Miss Lerbak is a trained nurse, and she has trained a number of young men

as assistants, and they now operate the Sandoa dispensary which ministers to hundreds of people from the surrounding bush each year. With the dispensary in competent native hands, Miss Lerbak has turned her attention to improving the local agriculture and thus improving the food supply. The 3-R school which is under her direction has an agricultural department and each schoolboy and schoolgirl have a garden of their own while also working on the general school plot.

The crops include cotton, corn, manioc, soy beans, sunflowers, cassava, sesame, wheat, peanuts, potatoes, strawberries, various greens, cabbage, okra, onions, tomatoes, and several citrus fruits. This is something new to the African who

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Methodist Meeting House Plans Expansion

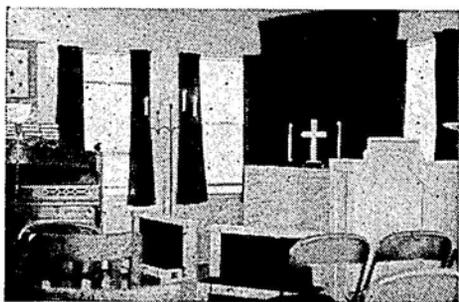
☐ The Methodist Meeting House, organized in the residential section of St. Louis Park, a suburb of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is a large colonial home adapted to "meeting-house" needs. According to the pastor, the Rev. Marlen



Pastor Marlen Johnson at door of Meeting House, St. Louis Park, near Minneapolis

Johnson, a building fund committee has raised almost \$700 toward the purchase of lots on which to build a new church. Mr. Johnson succeeds the Rev. John Noble, who organized the church in 1942, but who has since entered the chaplaincy.

The present church membership is 74, with others expected as the fall and winter program is started. The pastor hopes to hold Sunday school and wor-



Worship Center, Methodist Meeting House

ship services at the same time in the fall, in order that parents may bring their children to the services and remain with them for the worship service. A Woman's Society of Christian Service of thirty-six members has been organized and an active men's club has sponsored a number of special events during the year.

Organization as a Methodist Church was accomplished on April 8, 1943, when Dr. Mearl P. Culver, superintendent of the Minneapolis District, presided at the first quarterly conference. Twenty-six members were admitted and in a year's time the membership had grown to fifty-nine.

A Christmas Gift That Is Different!

The Treasurer of the Division of Foreign Missions, recently received a gift of \$2,000 on the annuity plan from a father and mother who wanted to make an annual Christmas present to their two children and at the same time make a generous gift to foreign missions. As the result, two young married people will receive on each December 15, during their lifetime and during the lifetime of the survivor, a Christmas gift from their father and mother. If the children survive the parents the gift will go on just the same, and ultimately there will be a generous gift to the cause of foreign missions. Dr. George F. Sutherland, Treasurer, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York, will be glad to correspond with any other parents who would like to consider such a combination of missionary and Christmas gift.

Relief Given 1,300,000 Chinese

☐ Four million American dollars of China Relief funds passed through the hands of the Rev. C. Bertram Rappe, Methodist missionary in Chungking, West China, during the past year, for assistance to Chinese non-belligerent victims of the war with Japan. Dr. Rappe is treasurer of the American Advisory Committee expending the money in China.



Rev. C. Bertram Rappe

A summary of the relief during that period shows: seed grain provided for 16,150 farmer families (averaging five to the family); food for 540,852 persons; clothing for 15,016; lodgings for 7,958; medical care for 286,087; travel money for 6,685; cash given to 433,606; loans made to 4,212; sundry help to 7,312 persons. More than one and a third million individuals were thus given vital aid at a cost of about three dollars per person.

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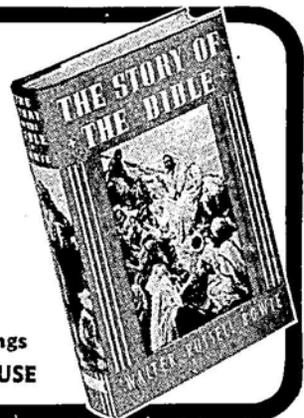
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Some brickbats were thrown at Spiritual Mobilization but we have forgotten about them. We harbor no ill will toward those who threw them, who charged us with all sorts of things which weren't true.

It is important that we all forget such things and that the country be united in common dedication to swift victory and a better post-war world.

Spiritual Mobilization continues to sing its same song, occasionally in a different key for the sake of variety. We shall continue to sound the alarm against pagan stateism, and shall continue to champion spiritual ideals and basic freedoms which have made America strong—the Christian fundamentals which stateism at the totalitarian level would undertake to destroy.

In a calm, judicial, post-election mood let the clergy of America contemplate the necessity for keeping the state servant instead of permitting it to become master as it threatens. Each in his own way, let us all be mightily effective. Free pulpit, free press, free enterprise, free assembly, and free speech cannot be taken for granted anywhere in the world! But they can be vouched safe in America.

Are you interested in receiving our pamphlets? We have a new one titled "After Election" which we'd like to send you.

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DECEMBER 1944

Flying Fortress "Seven Angels" Named from Bible

Flyers of the Eighth Air Force operating from England named their Flying Fortress "Heavenly Body." She was destroyed in the English Channel after a raid over Germany.

The seven survivors were given a new Flying Fortress, which they named "Seven Angels."

And thereby hangs an interesting Bible story, as reported by the Associated Press.

When the "Heavenly Body" plunged into the sea two members of the crew went down and the seven survivors huddled on their rubber life raft. It seems that Staff Sergeant Gilbert Woerner, of Fredericksburg, Texas, opened his New Testament at the eighth chapter of Revelation, and the men read: "And I saw the seven angels which stood before God. . . ."

While waves buffeted them, they saw a British rescue plane circling as its pilot sent out the radio position for rescue craft.

"And another angel came . . .," they read.

The men waited 30 minutes, their eyes toward England.

"And . . . there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

A rescue launch sped across the Channel and a plane dropped smoke bombs to direct it toward the survivors.

"And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God. . . ."

So their new bomber is named "Seven Angels."

Japan Dissolves All Church Organizations

In a move unprecedented in modern times, but not entirely unsuspected, the Japanese government has ordered the immediate dissolution of "all existing church organizations." The order applies to the thirteen Shinto and twenty-eight Buddhist sects as well as to the Protestant and Christian bodies, according to the press reports.

The order was reported by broadcasts of Domei, Japanese news agency, last September. The Churches were given only one week to comply with the order.

Previously, all the Protestant denominations in Japan had been disbanded and merged into one united Christian

Church in Japan. The present order apparently means that a synthetic religion is to be formed by combining Christians and non-Christians into one body, the distinctive doctrine of which will be Japanese nationalism and which will be under government control.

According to the Domei broadcast, the purpose in abolishing all religious bodies is "to facilitate the creation, within a week, of a government-controlled, government-financed, wartime patriotic

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religious society designed to 'increase the fighting strength of the people through religious fervor.'

Further facts have not been received and therefore the details of the plan are unknown. On the face of the report, this seems to be the most forthright attempt ever made to create a totalitarian synthetic religion by mixing Christian and non-Christian ideas and frankly to use religion to bolster the nationalistic plans of war leaders. Its influence on the future of Christianity in Japan cannot now be predicted.



Village's First Student Becomes First Nurse

¶ Maria Salgado was the first girl from the rural village of Angol, in the grain belt of Chile, to attend a school. She was the daughter of a farmer, and daily walked three miles in the morning and three in the evening through rain and mud to attend classes at "El Vergel," the Methodist Institute and Agricultural Farm in that section.

When she completed this course, she went to Santiago and prepared herself for the nursing profession. Now Nurse Salgado is back in her native Angol, in charge of the Methodist Clinic, and giving lectures on public health, personal health, the preparation of foods, etc. She is Angol's first nurse as well as its first woman student.



Missionaries Serve "Tommys" in India

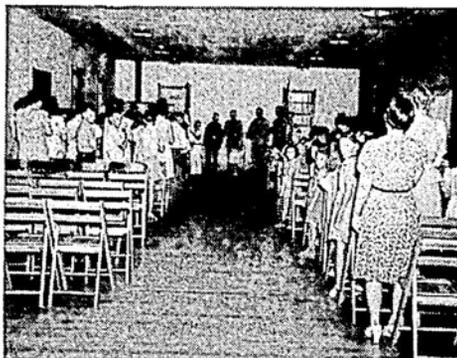
¶ "The canteen by the side of the road" is the name which grateful British Tommies of the Cross Keys Division have given to the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Paul Cassens, young American missionaries in Sirur, India.

American soldiers are entertained, too. A pot of boiling water, hanging over an old wood-burning stove, is constantly in readiness to provide tea for any Tommies who drop in—as they do at all hours of the day and night; while the coffee pot is in daily use for visiting GI Joes.

The fact that the thermometer in the kitchen is always more than 100 degrees bothers none of them. A Yorkshire lad taught Mrs. Cassens how to brew the tea he liked, and the next visitor after the lesson said, "You make better tea than any other American I have ever met." A glowing British tribute to Paul and Betty Cassens recently appeared in the Division's publication, *Keynotes*.

Fort Knox Remembers Its Youth

¶ The average citizen thinks that the Army Chaplain ministers only to the spiritual needs of the soldier. It is true that the soldier has priority on the Chaplain's time. However, at Army posts we



Sunday school at Fort Knox, Kentucky

find wives, sweethearts, and children of the soldier personnel as well as civilian employees. These have spiritual needs; so it is up to the Chaplain to look after these needs.

The Post Chaplain at Fort Knox, Kentucky, F. C. F. Randolph, saw the needs of this particular group. Accordingly, a program of Religious Education was inaugurated. Besides two well-organized Chapel Sunday schools and weekday Religious Education in conjunction with the Post Public School, two Daily Vacation Bible Schools were held. In this work Chaplain Ernest Rupert (Methodist) and Chaplain Emil J. Helseth (Disciples of Christ) supervised the schools.

The school was organized on purely interdenominational lines. As the faculty was representative of a score of denominations, so the student body represented the leading Protestant denominations; several Jewish children and a fair group of Catholic children attended. Chaplain Kuhlmeier, Catholic, held a three-week Vacation School for the Catholic children of the Post; the enrollment was 29.

An outstanding accomplishment of the schools was the school booklet. The book, twelve pages, consisted of biographies of the faculty, news items of the school and pupils, as well as actual photographs of the schools. The book, which compares favorably with high school books of like nature, was solely the product of the pupils. The teachers acted in the capacity of advisory editors only. Both schools climaxed the three-week period of spiritual instructions, recreation, and general good time with graduation exercises. Here certificates and awards were made by the Post Chaplain, after timely addresses by Col-

onel Briscoe, Post Commandant, and other outstanding leaders.



Seek Clergy Recruits Among Soldiers

¶ Presiding Bishop Henry St. George Tucker is chairman of a committee of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church that is now seeking "good material for the ministry" from among members of the armed forces of the United States, and that will endeavor to enroll them as prospective post-war students for the episcopal ministry.



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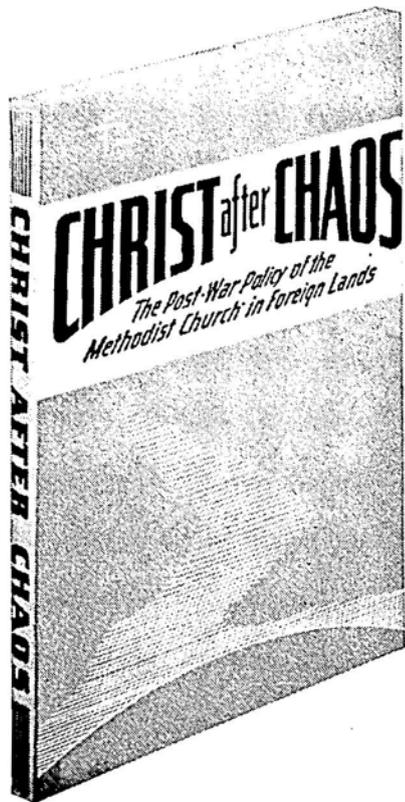
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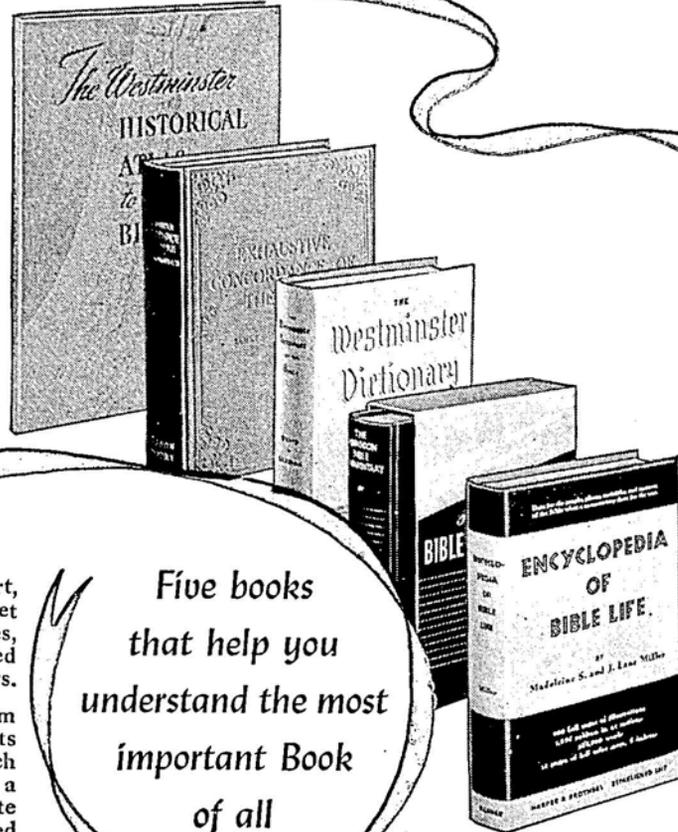
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The Westminster Historical Atlas to the Bible

Edited by George Ernest Wright and Floyd Vivian Filson. This entirely new historical geography and atlas to the Bible brings alive all the famous scenes of the Old and New Testaments. The result of the painstaking care and infinite patience of American, British, and Continental scholars and archaeologists, it embodies the many important new discoveries made in Palestine between 1918 and World War II. A big, beautiful book, its 114 pages, size 11x15½ inches, include 34 full-color relief maps—each map accompanied by historical data and archaeological information. The indexes contain a complete tabulation of Biblical sites, and an index of subjects. . . . \$3.50

Encyclopedia of Bible Life

By Madeleine S. and J. Lane Miller. Here, in one great new volume, in simple, direct style, using all the results of research, conveniently arranged and indexed, is everything anyone could conceivably want to know about the way life was lived in Bible lands. Here is a vast storehouse of information about Biblical agriculture, animals, attire, art, business transactions, cities, towns and villages, decorative crafts, eating customs, flowers and trees, geography, homes and household equipment, professions and trades, and scores of other subjects about which every minister, every teacher, and every Bible reader will want knowledge. In addition, hundreds of scenes and objects are illustrated by superb photos taken by J. Lane Miller on many trips to the Mediterranean-Asia Minor region, supplemented by prints and maps made available by museums and other agencies. Cloth bound. . . . \$4.95

The Westminster Dictionary of the Bible

This is the well-known and widely-accepted "Davis" Bible dictionary, completely revised and rewritten by HENRY SNYDER GEHMAN. While continuing to maintain its tradition of sound scholarship, this important new work receives fresh life through recent advances made in philology, geography, history of the ancient near East and Bible criticism. The latest technique has been employed in the 16 pages of historically accurate maps that illustrate the text. The only self-pronouncing dictionary of the Bible in existence, the editor has spared no labor to make it accurate, thorough, authoritative in statement and content. Printed on fine thin paper for compactness and ease in handling; size 6½x9¼ inches; 680 pages \$3.50

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