

WORLD OUTLOOK

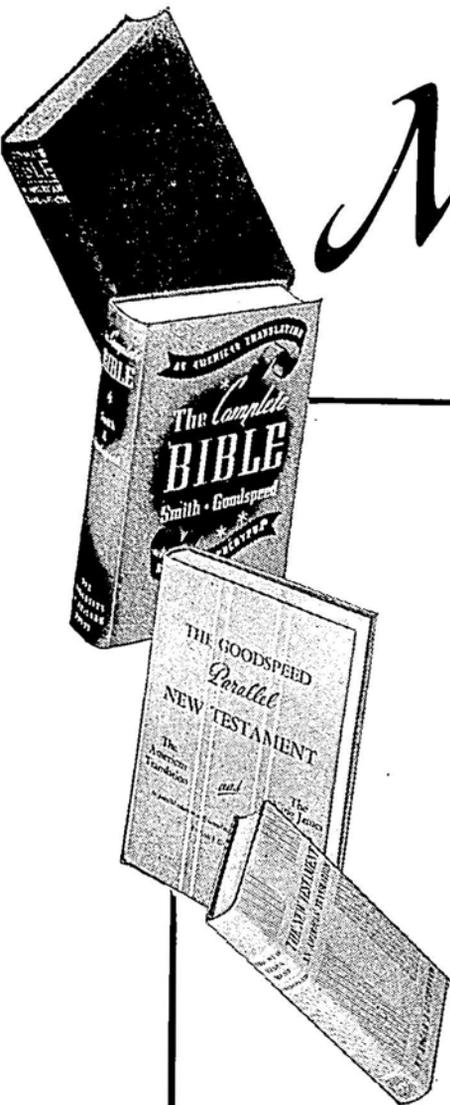


Natural color photograph by H. R. Fergler, from Methodist Prints

THREE FUTURE METHODIST LEADERS AT EL VERGEL FARM, CHILE

Modern Translations

OF THE BIBLE



Goodspeed American Translation

THE COMPLETE BIBLE (With Apocrypha)

Old Testament by J. M. P. Smith, revised in 1935; New Testament and Apocrypha by Edgar J. Goodspeed.

Bound in Leather

UC-PLA. Bible paper edged in gold-over-red; fine, black pin-grain morocco leather covers stamped in gold. Red ribbon place-marker\$7.50

Bound in Cloth

UC-PCA. Sturdy cloth covers with modernistic stamping on spine\$3.00

THE BIBLE (Without Apocrypha)

UC-PL. Same binding as UC-PLA\$5.00
UC-PC. Same binding as UC-PCA\$2.00

Parallel New Testament

In addition to the King James and Goodspeed Translations printed in parallel columns, Dr. Goodspeed has written invaluable introductions to each book and explanatory notes. Attractively bound in blue cloth, stamped in gold. Order UC-Parallel New Testament\$2.00

New Testament

UC-TC. Bound in durable red cloth\$1.00
UC-TIL. Bound in black imitation leather\$2.50
UC-TL. Bound in black grained leather\$3.75
UC-Army. Bound in brown cloth for those in the Army. \$1.00
UC-Navy. Bound in blue cloth for those in the Navy. \$1.00

Compare the Goodspeed and King James Translation of Matthew 6:2

King James

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men.

Goodspeed

So when you are going to give to charity, do not blow a trumpet before yourself, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and the streets, to make people praise them!

(Actual Goodspeed print is larger)

Now, perhaps more than ever before, there is a desperate need for the great message of the Bible. But, today as never before, if the Bible is to have power with people, its meaning must be sharp and clear. It must be in language that is immediately understood. The modern translations described on this page are based on recent study of history and archaeology and written in the familiar language of today. They are not intended to replace the King James Versions, but rather to be a supplement in bringing about a clearer understanding of God's Word.

Moffatt English Translation

Compare the Moffatt and King James Translations of Matthew 6:2

King James

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

Moffatt

When you give alms, make no flourish of trumpets like the hypocrites in the synagogues and in the streets, so as to win applause from men: I tell you truly, they do get their reward.

(Actual Moffatt print is larger)

THE BIBLE

(Without Apocrypha)

The classic translation of the Old and New Testaments, revised in 1934, by James A. Moffatt, noted English scholar.

Bound in Leather

HA-B2. printed on thin Bible paper, bound in morocco-grained leather. \$6.00

Bound in Cloth

HA-B1. Printed on Bible paper edged in dusty rose. Bound in sturdy black cloth covers\$3.50

Parallel New Testament

The Moffatt translation printed, verse by verse, alongside the King James Version. Cloth bound. Order

HA-Parallel New Testament \$1.50

New Testament

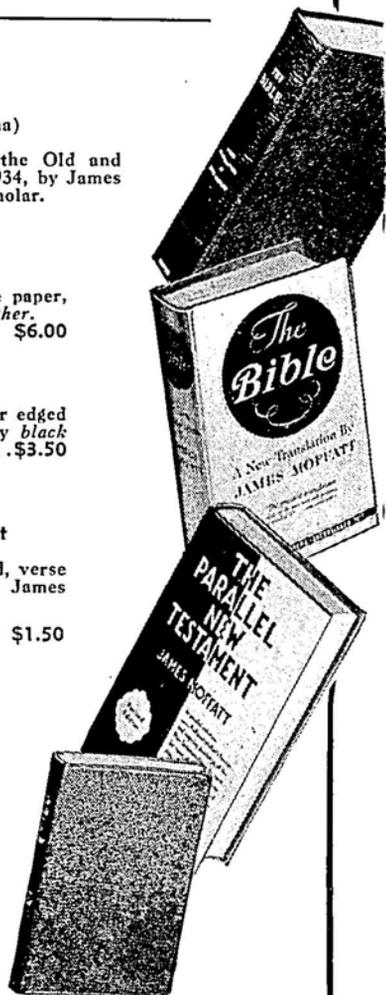
(Moffatt Translation Only)

HA-T1. Size, 3½x5 inches: Cloth binding\$1.00

HA-T3. Grained leather binding\$2.50

HA-T11. Size, 4¼x6¼ inches. Cloth binding \$1.50

HA-T13. Grained leather binding\$3.00



The Methodist
Publishing House

Please order from House serving your territory

NASHVILLE 2 CHICAGO 11 CINCINNATI 2 NEW YORK 11
DALLAS 1 RICHMOND 16 BALTIMORE 3 BOSTON 16 DETROIT 1
PITTSBURGH 30 KANSAS CITY 6 PORTLAND 5 SAN FRANCISCO 2

Letters

From Africa

I asked about the set-up of the leper colony (at Muloto). There are several hundred persons in the camp. The lepers are allowed to bring their wives with them. Each family has its own little house made of mud with thatched roof similar to those of ordinary villages. The lepers have built their own houses and all who are able to work cultivate a plot of ground to supplement their food. The government gives some money for the support of each leper, and the American Mission for Lepers gives an additional sum. Three trained African assistants work in the colony.

The pastor himself is a leper. The pastor and five lepers elected by the lepers form the governing council for the village. Especially difficult problems are referred to the missionaries on the station.

The church is the central building, at the end of a long avenue running through the village. Homes are on each side of the avenue and down the center is a double row of poinsettias taller than a person and covered with glorious red flowers. The yards around the houses are neat and clean, some have flowers.

The church was already filled when we arrived. The speaker was a soldier who had been to Palestine. He proudly showed us signed statements that he had made a pilgrimage to the sacred places of Jerusalem. In speaking he told the lepers that now he knew that what the white missionaries had told them was true, for he had seen it with his own eyes.

After the church service the lepers gathered around, all to say "Thank you," some to consult the doctor and to talk with Mrs. Smith.

Since visiting this leper camp, I have gone with Dr. and Mrs. Lewis to the one in Tunda, with Dr. Hughlett to the one in Minga, with Dr. Piper and Miss Ruth Piper to the one in Kapanga, all Methodist stations. Each leper colony varies in certain respects according to local conditions and the emphases of the missionary doctors and nurses. The general plan is the same. The expenses of the camp are paid by grants from the government and the American Mission to the Lepers. The daily care of the lepers and of the camp is the work of the Christian African medical assistants trained in mission schools and hospitals. The planning, supervision and special treatments are the work of the missionary doctors and nurses.

When Methodist church people support the regular hospital and medical work in Africa, they are ministering to the leper people. The training of the workers and the supervision of the camp and work is really the most expensive and significant service, and would be impossible except for our missionary staff.

Miss Ruth O'Toole can give a vivid picture of the camp at Minga. She has a good school in the camp there, one of the best camps in this section.

One of the most needed objectives of the Week of Prayer (funds) is a primary school building at Quessua, Angola. The present

classes are held in the afternoon after the regular school in the morning. The building is not adapted to the needs and is too small and poorly located. . . . Then too we want a room in which the mothers can meet—a sort of Parent-Teachers' Club. We need a room or rooms in which we can have charts about home and child care, simple books for those who can read.

When we talked about this "model" primary school and our wanting to have it for boys as well as girls, and also for mothers' meetings, the preachers and teachers in the Conference Board of Education were elated and heartily applauded.

SALLIE LOU MacKINNON
Executive Secretary, Woman's Division
of Christian Service, Dept. of Work
in Africa and Europe

From Bombay, India

DEAR FRIENDS:

What better day than this to make good my resolution to write to you. Actually last night during our dinner for some thirty guests (leaders from the Untouchable or Depressed Classes) we had news of Germany's surrender. Needless to say we stood and sang fervently the Doxology. I'd so love to be in America celebrating with you. However, in the midst of all this rejoicing my thoughts are sobered by the realization that China has not yet her peace, nor has all of Burma, nor have many spots of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans where lie mines ready to do' their evil work. And just as sobering is the thought of what is taking place in San Francisco. If only we could drop our suspicions, jealousies, and hatreds, so that we might have a foundation for real world peace.

Although I had not planned to be so long in India, I certainly would not take anything for most of my experiences here. From our first weeks in Calcutta to this day in Bombay there have not been too many dull hours. In Calcutta we stayed at Lee Memorial Mission.

Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Griffith and their co-worker, Miss Doris Welles, are now in charge of the Home and Center. Since the war hundreds of evacuees from China have enjoyed Lee Memorial hospitality. The running of a hostel for transient missionaries is only one of the many responsibilities of Dr. and Mrs. Griffith. He is a district superintendent. She has charge of a school for girls from kindergarten through high school and a teacher's training department. Girl Guides activities also consume much of her time. One Saturday we had the privilege of going with the Griffiths and sixty Girl Guides on a picnic to Calcutta's famous Botanical Gardens. The place is a regular Garden of Eden with flowers and trees from all over the world. Dr. and Mrs. Griffith have made the mission a home for our American service men. Hardly a day passes without one or more of them in for a meal or a short visit. Every Sunday evening sixty to one hundred of them come for light refreshments and an informal half hour of hymn singing followed by a worship service.

What fun we had in the shops and bazaars. That New Market is almost as good as the ten-cent stores at home. Nina got the greatest thrill out of the fruit bazaar. I'll never tire of watching people

in the streets. They wear the most unusual costumes and headgears; they travel in everything ranging from beautiful autos to bullock carts; farmers, street vendors, and baggage men carry almost everything on their heads, hence their posture is something to envy.

June 11th—Laura Schleman, Grace Wu, and I were in Calcutta eighteen days.

Hot and dirty we arrived at Isabella Thoburn College just as President Premnath Dass came out of the home exquisitely dressed on her way to some social function. We were awfully embarrassed but she quickly put us at ease. Everyone was so kind and thoughtful, the college and students were so beautiful that we simply fell in love with the place. I was reminded again and again of our beautiful Ginling College in Nanking. Fortunately we were there during the week of social functions for the seniors just before they were going into seclusion in preparation for final exams. At the senior masquerade party for the faculty we had our introduction to the loveliest kinds of costumes and jewelry from every part of India. The baccalaureate service of Isabella Thoburn College and Lucknow Christian College was held in Thoburn College's beautiful new chapel.

Nina and I went from Lucknow to Allahabad, the city near which Dr. and Mrs. Sam Higginbottom's famous Agricultural Center is located. Everywhere we went we heard expressions of appreciation for what the Higginbottoms have done for India. My, what a contrast in the improved cattle, hogs, chickens, fruit trees, grain, and grass at the Center and stock we saw on the average farms. One of our biggest thrills came from seeing the machine shop for repairing and making farm equipment and tools. A fine young missionary was directing the making of simple, cheap farm tools from scrap iron and crude pieces of lumber. He and his co-workers cannot produce enough tools to meet the orders coming from many parts of India. While we were in the Center we were entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of the Presbyterian Mission. Both of them are very fine workers; he is a splendid plant pathologist and she is a doctor and vice-president of the college.

From Allahabad we went to join Laura and Grace in Agra in Miss Warner's home. We were happy to see some of Miss Warner's Industrial School activities. Under-privileged children are given some elementary school education together with training in weaving of cloth and rugs, and a course in tailoring. Rugs made in that center compare very favorably with Peking rugs. Of course, the most beautiful thing in Agra is the Taj Mahal which is a perfectly beautiful marble tomb erected by Shah Jehan for his wife. We were disappointed that we did not get to see it by moonlight.

It was awfully hot the afternoon we took the train to Delhi. Somewhere along the way we saw our first wild peacocks—at first singly and then in groups ranging from seven to twenty. These birds are numerous because they are also considered sacred. We arrived in Misses Ella Perry's and Helen Buss's lovely home somewhere around eleven o'clock that night. Ella has charge of an elementary and high school, a hostel for some orphans, and is the ad-

visor for the youth group of the church. Helen has charge of a large district, is advisor to a boys' school and helps direct the Woman's Society of Christian Service program over a large area. After a considerable bit of persuasion, Helen agreed to take me out on the district for three days. She is most fortunate in having a Christian driver (and a car to drive) who is also a preacher and leader. He has done invaluable service by putting simple gospel portions and truths to catchy Indian tunes which the illiterate Christians love to sing. We stayed in what they called a canal bungalow. These wayside inns are built along the canals for the use of government officials who periodically inspect the canals and surrounding farms. A very fortunate arrangement has been made by which our district missionaries and their co-workers are permitted to rent one or two suites when they need them. Helen, her driver, a Bible woman, and I spent three happy days and nights in one of them. I was delighted to see a hog of the improved stock in the yard of one farmer.

Back in Delhi we visited the Old Fort, accompanied Bishop Robinson to the service men's Palm Sunday service, and took several shopping tours to New Delhi. It is a beautiful new city, but very foreign. Since the afternoon of March 28th we have been happy recipients of Miss Mildred Drescher's kind hospitality. She has charge of the Methodist home for transient missionaries. Her household is a constantly changing one of mission folk of all denominations. For such a crowded family, things run on a remarkably smooth scale. American meals served cafeteria style, the use of an iron and sewing machine and the all-round homey atmosphere has made our stay here a most pleasant one. Miss Drescher is untiring in her efforts to help us see as much of Bombay and of Indian life and customs as we desire. She arranged for us to visit the famous Haffkine Institute where serums of all kinds are made. There we heard a very fine lecture on the snakes of India and were given a demonstration of how they extract poison from the cobra for making snakebite serums.

Soon after we came to Bombay, Mahatma Gandhi was in the city for a few days and Miss Drescher took us to one of his evening prayer meetings. It was held on the beautiful lawn of a multi-millionaire. The place was packed. Gandhi did not speak, for it was one of his days of meditation, but there was singing and chanting by men and women of his followers.

Nineteen of us have thoroughly enjoyed working mornings and afternoons in two canteens for British service men. It has been good for us American, British, and Indian women to get better acquainted as we served those young men.

We have been restive, anxious, and impatient as repeatedly our hopes for passage have been dashed, but I am sure there is much good we can cull out of these months of delay in this great country of India. I am sure I understand it better although I am probably more baffled by its problems than I was prior to my visit here.

LOUISE AVETT

Bombay, India

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Avett arrived in New York (for furlough) on the "Grips-holm" in August.]

Elmer T. Clark, Editor
Richard T. Baker, Assistant Editor

Dorothy McConnell, Editor
Betty Burleigh,
Field Correspondent

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
By JOINT DIVISION OF EDUCATION AND CULTIVATION, BOARD OF MISSIONS AND
CHURCH EXTENSION, THE METHODIST CHURCH
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Contents for October, 1945

Letters	3
Christus Victor	5
Methodism in Germany	7
Methodism in The Billion Dollar Coal Fields	BETTY BURLEIGH 10
Telling the Gospel to Chile's Mapuches	RANDALL CRAWFORD 13
St. Joseph's Bough	CAROL CANTOR 15
The Heroes of China	JEAN LYON McCONNELL 17
Projects of the Week of Prayer	PICTORIAL 19
A Pilgrim on His Way	FLORENCE HOOPER 27
For Mothers: Let's Try This	SAMMYE K. GREENE 30
Double-ten Day	31
Methodist Overseas Relief	32
World Outlook Books of the Month	33
The Moving Finger Writes	34

Cover, "Three Future Methodist Leaders at El Vergel Farm, Chile"
(Natural color photograph by H. R. Fergner, from Methodist Prints)

ALL SIGNED ARTICLES REFLECT THE VIEWS OF THE AUTHORS ONLY
AND NOT THE EDITORIAL POLICY OF WORLD OUTLOOK

REPORT ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS DIRECTLY TO US RATHER THAN TO THE POST OFFICE. A request for change of address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, enclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. The Post Office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided by you. Subscriptions in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Costa Rica, Cuba, Mexico, Morocco (Spanish

Zone), Panama, Peru, Spain (including Balearic Islands), Canary Islands, Spanish offices in Northern Africa, and Andorra), Spanish Guinea, Uruguay: One year \$1.25; single copies 15 cents. Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador: One year \$1.50. All other foreign countries: One year \$2.00. No reduction for longer periods.

Remit only by postal money order, express money order, bank draft, check, or registered mail. Remittances from outside United States by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

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

NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO SELL WORLD OUTLOOK AT LESS THAN THESE PRICES AND ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918. Published monthly at 815 Demonbreun Street, Nashville 2, Tenn. Editorial and executive offices at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. The price of subscription is \$1.25 net a year, single copies 15 cents. Printed in U. S. A.

Christus Victor

GENERAL EISENHOWER rode by the offices of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, a mighty warrior returned in triumph from the greatest of all wars. Six million people saw the erect and smiling soldier as a conquering hero, but few understood the significance of what he had done or the forces he represented. They did not really hear him when he said that the world's greatest needs were goodness and food.

Inside the offices there was another triumphant procession, with heroes as great as Eisenhower although their battles are not all won. Their campaigns are as thrilling as any ever waged by the Allied commander, and their significance is much deeper. The contest of Christ against evil, illiteracy, and suffering continues everywhere, and the freedoms for which carnal warfare is waged will not be realized until Christ has won.

* * *

On a desk lay a paper with a strange story. An American aviator and several companions had been shot down in the Pacific. Their raft carried them to an island held by the enemy, who was on the lookout for them. But Christian missionaries had been there, and the black natives had accepted Christ. These received the American airmen, hid them for weeks from the Japanese, and finally enabled them to escape.

These black Christians told the American boys about Christ. Each night when they came to bring food they brought the Bible, and they sang hymns. The aviators understood that Christ made all the difference—because they were from a Christian land the natives regarded them as brothers.

The Americans found Christ too. They were converted by the simple and unaffected ministry of the natives of a South Sea island. "You can tell the world that I am a devout Christian now," said the American aviator who told the story.

* * *

The missionaries from the Philippines came into the offices, released from Japanese prisons. Their stories horrified their hearers, but the missionaries themselves did not appear greatly concerned about what had happened.

One man lost fifty-eight pounds—and he was always small. They had only a daily handful of raw and unhusked rice, and they had to find ways of husking and cooking it. Daily deaths from starvation had mounted to fifty, and the doctors declared that in thirty more days half of the prisoners would have been dead.

The Japanese shelled the camp even after the prisoners were free. One pastor was killed and his wife's arm was blown off at the shoulder. The young

daughter nursed her mother—making bandages by tearing up an old sheet, drawing up water in a bucket hand over hand, washing the bandages and using them over and over again. And so on and on—a piteous tale of what to the listeners seemed suffering too great to be borne.

But were these missionaries downhearted? No. They had sparkles in their eyes and smiles upon their faces. They had two messages—all, without even one exception, had the same two messages: (1) The Filipino Christians are consecrated and loyal and are carrying on the work of the church. (2) They, the missionaries, must go back as soon as possible.

Soldiers are clamoring to come home. These are clamoring to go back. Even Eisenhower said, "If I don't get to stay at home awhile there will be a riot!" But the superintendent from the Philippines said, "I'll do what you want me to do while I am here, provided it does not delay my return!"

* * *

There are cross-currents, conflicts, lack of unified command in the Christian ranks.

A bishop, returned from overseas, said five hundred Protestant chaplains told him that everywhere in Europe the Roman Catholic Church tries to deny to others the religious liberty which in America it claims for itself.

Another report pointed out that the future belongs to Protestantism and Eastern Orthodoxy. Every Catholic power is discredited and helpless. England is seven to one Protestant—America two to one. Russia is overwhelmingly Orthodox. Protestantism is influential in China.

Rome backed the wrong horse. Now she plans to desert the sinking ship and turn to the West, by strengthening her grip on Latin America and ousting Protestant missionaries and striving to capture North America.

A bishop in Brazil was excommunicated for criticizing the Fascist tendencies of the hierarchy. Young priests from the United States are being poured southward. Catholic farmers and students from Latin America are brought to Catholic universities here.

The Church strives hard to Americanize itself. An American will be secretary of state at the Vatican—perhaps placed on the papal throne; the Italian monopoly on high places is to be broken. A Catholic drive into rural America is started, for four-fifths of all American Catholics are in large cities and among non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants.

* * *

Catholic propaganda denounces Russia. It supports the discredited exile government in Poland—insisting on "religious liberty" for those who never

granted it. The hierarchy backs Franco in Spain, Leopold in Belgium, disgraced regimes everywhere.

The Metropolitan of the Russian Orthodox Church in the United States denounces Rome for its support of our totalitarian enemies in Spain, Italy, Belgium, Hungary, everywhere.

* * *

Into the building came a professor of theology in the University of Athens, sent by the Greek Regent, who is also the Archbishop of the Greek Church. He related what had happened in his country. It had not been under the heel of one oppressor only, but of three—the Bulgar, the Italian, the German. He told of the social chaos and the hunger, but said that the moral and religious need was even more pressing.

Priests are needed for this ancient Church, but they could not be properly educated in Greece. The emissary of the Regent appealed for help in the education of twenty theological candidates. It was a strange request—that American Methodism, young and evangelical, should educate priests for the Greek Orthodox Church, ancient and traditional.

"Send six to us," he was told. "We will give them Crusade scholarships at our own universities. We will do this in fraternal co-operation, and we will not establish Methodist churches on Greek soil."

Freedom-loving Christians are closing ranks around the world.

* * *

Another man came in, a young man in the uniform of the Dutch army. By patient probing a strange tale was drawn from him.

He had been a member of the Dutch underground and his adventures were hair-raising. He had been

shipped from house to house, from country to country, always hunted by the Nazis. He had helped to set up an international underground organization embracing the patriots of all invaded countries; they had their agreements, officers, system of communication, transportation facilities—all underground. They did things no normal man would have done—they violated the laws, they deceived the authorities, they plotted against those in power. It was all legal and good to them, because their masters were lawless and evil.

Now the young man was a clergyman of the Dutch Church, a chaplain in the Dutch army, and a missionary to the Dutch East Indies. He was in America on his way to the Dutch empire in the Pacific.

"The lesson of these years," he said, "is *Christus Victor*. The Christian Church is not victor. Christian people are not victors. Christ is victor!"

* * *

Christus Victor. Everywhere men found it true. In the steaming jungles of the South Pacific. In the prisons of the enemy. Under the heel of ferocious invaders. In the underground where good men were hunted like wild beasts. Everywhere and in all experiences Christ made all the difference. No matter where men went they found that He had been there and things had changed. He still marches across the nations, calling for recruits to serve His cause. And men are beginning to understand that the only way to eliminate the horrors from the world is to make Him known and obeyed everywhere.

Christus Victor!

The War Is Over—Now the Peace

Inform your people about the World Charter. World Peace depends on it. A beautiful question-and-answer folder, **WORLD CHARTER**, is free in quantities for the asking. Order it.

Other literature pertinent to missions and world problems include—**THE METHODISTS IN EUROPE**, **THE YANKS ARE GOING** (soldiers and missions), **METHODISM IN AFRICA**, **BLACK REFLECTS THE LIGHT** (Africa story), **METHODIST MAP OF AFRICA** (10 cents), **THE GREAT AMERICAN EXODUS** (what the war did to the American people).

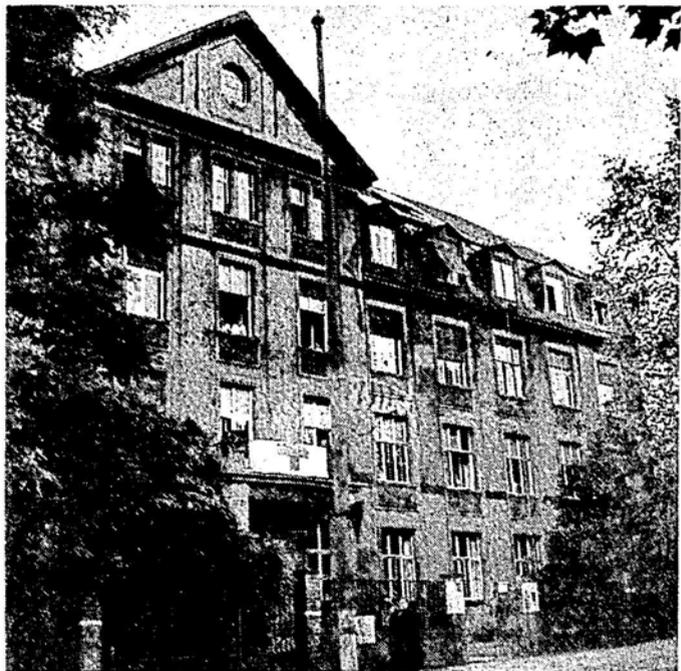
ORDER BLANK

Editorial Department
150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York
Please send me:

- The Methodists in Europe
- World Charter
- The Yanks Are Going
- Methodism in Africa
- Black Reflects the Light
- Map of Africa (10 cents)
- The Great American Exodus

Name _____

Address _____



Methodist Hospital, Frankfurt, Germany



Methodist Theological Seminary, damaged on the last day of shelling, Frankfurt, Germany

Methodism in Germany

THREE-FOURTHS of all the Methodist churches in Germany have been destroyed. Seven of the eight churches in Berlin were destroyed and the other was badly damaged; three people, including the pastor and his wife, were killed in one church. The publishing house at Bremen was demolished, the seminary at Frankfurt was damaged, and practically all the hospitals and homes were struck by bombs. Such is the word sent out of Germany by Bishop Garber and Methodist chaplains.

Bishop Garber visited Frankfurt-on-Main and other cities in July. He writes:

"I was unable to locate all the Methodist churches in the various cities, but Dr. J. W. E. Sommer, president of the Methodist Seminary at Frankfurt, gave me much valuable information. The significance of the terrible Nazi system came home to me in a clearer way as I talked with Dr. and Mrs. Sommer. Dr. Sommer, although a German, is a graduate of Cambridge University and had visited America as a delegate to the General Conference. He has been connected with the seminary since 1920. Mrs. Sommer is a most charming English lady. They are wonderful Christians and theirs was a happy home until the advent of the Nazi regime.

"Dr. Sommer was called before the Gestapo eight times and only the arrival of the American army prevented his arrest. The husband of one of the daughters is a prisoner and no message has come from him for two years. A son, a doctor of philosophy, was forced to become a Storm Trooper; he

is a prisoner and may not be released for many years. A younger daughter had to serve in a Hitler Youth labor camp.

"Dr. and Mrs. Sommer witnessed the bombing of their city and the partial destruction of their home and seminary. They were forced to live much of the time in the basement of the seminary. When the Allied forces entered Frankfurt, Polish soldiers and slave laborers looted the home, taking nearly all of the clothing. Mrs. Sommer told me that she had only two garments left after the looting.

"The Methodist Theological Seminary did not suffer much from bombing but artillery fire damaged the property. The chapel, which served also as a church, is so wrecked that services must be held in the dining room. I am very happy that the valuable library was not damaged.

"Preachers, professors, and theological students were not exempted from military service under the Nazi regime. As a result the enrollment of the seminary declined sharply after the outbreak of the war. In 1944 the enrollment was three and now there is only one student. Dr. Sommer has appealed to General Eisenhower for the release of Methodist theological students now prisoners of war.

"Dr. Sommer estimates that two-thirds of all German Methodist churches, and other property, has been destroyed. He stated that every Methodist church building in Cologne, Dusseldorf, Siegen, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Connstadt, Freudenstadt, and Nuremberg had been wrecked. One Methodist church in Frankfurt has been completely destroyed



Dr. J. W. E. Sommer, Director of the Methodist Theological Seminary, Frankfurt, Germany

and another is so damaged that only a Sunday school room can be used."

Chaplain Harold R. Weaver, of the 80th Artillery Division, has written in a similar vein to *WORLD OUTLOOK*. "In Bremen the church and publishing house are destroyed; in Hanover, Kassel, Stuttgart, Berlin, and Karlsruhe the largest Methodist churches are destroyed. In Planitz the Miner's church (built by miners) is completely destroyed. It was the largest Methodist church in central Europe, with 1,200 seats. In Berlin a church was destroyed and the pastor and his wife were killed. The Nuremburg Martha Maria Hospital was completely destroyed. Director Jahreiss is able and aggressive and is starting again. The Methodist Seminary had only two students this past year, whereas 70 was the enrollment in average times. Dr. Sommer plans to open the school in October with 12 students.

"It is needless to remark that the church here has a difficult future. It is all the more tragic when we realize that the people of Germany are flocking to the church in numbers not seen in a generation at least. That statement is verified by a number of pastors whose churches I have used for my services. The church has a great opportunity now, but her facilities are the least that they have ever been and woefully inadequate for the larger opportunity."

Writing from Berlin to *WORLD OUTLOOK*, Chap-

lain W. F. Overhulser, of the 41st Armored Infantry, tells a similar story of destruction, but points out the faithfulness of the German pastors and people to their churches. With Bishop Melle and District Superintendent Bernard Vogelsang, he visited the sites of the destroyed churches, hospitals, and deaconess homes.

"At the beginning of the war there were eight Methodist churches in Berlin. Now they are all destroyed except Immanuel Chapel. Even this has been severely damaged and can hardly be said to be usable. The entire roof is gone and the organ is hardly salvageable. From various ministers I am hearing of the experiences of the Methodists in this city during the bombardment. We stood on a pile of rubble that was once the Elim Church on Tilfiter Street, and were told how the pastor, his wife and a deaconess were buried under the falling walls. Everywhere one goes in Berlin, one is overwhelmed by the ghastly destruction of war.

"The Methodists of Berlin are a serious people. There is little laughter here. Everyone here has lost many relatives and friends. Just now are the German people beginning to realize the overwhelming effects which are brought about by the capitulation of their government. The German Methodists are hopeful and prayerful. They don't know exactly what the future holds for them but they have faith that God will use them and their church in the program of reconstruction.

"In a very meager way they are trying to carry on some relief work. Their money is all in closed banks, and food and other essentials are almost impossible to secure, but these frugal people are beginning to dig out from under the piles of wrecked



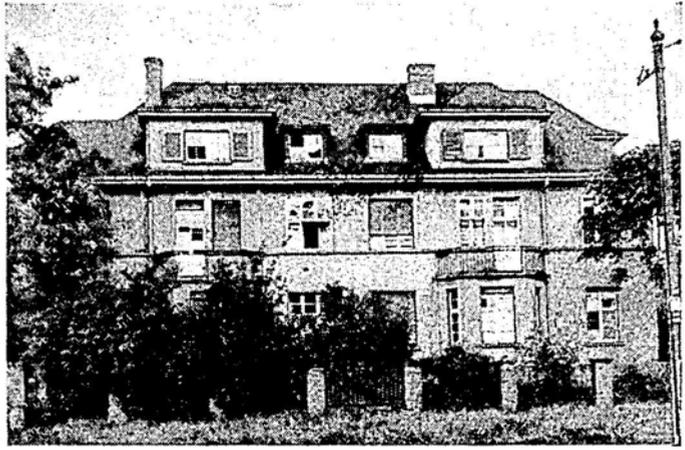
Dr. Paulus Scharpff, district superintendent and pastor of the Methodist Church at Frankfurt, and Chaplain Robert E. Keiffer, of the Philadelphia Conference, amid the ruins in front of the church

buildings and destroyed churches. In the midst of the tragic life of the city they turn to the German version of Wesley's hymns for spiritual encouragement and help. From improvised pulpits the Methodist pastors of Berlin are proclaiming the ancient doctrines of the church with a freedom which was never theirs under the Hitler regime: Berlin Methodism will live because of the almost unbelievable spiritual stamina of the people and because they feel that they have a message for their broken city."

Bishop Garber points out that most of the German Methodist leaders were pro-Nazi. This was true of all the other church leaders. German Christians were as patriotic as were the Christians of other countries. The Nazi sympathies of the German Methodists have given much concern to American Methodists. When Bishop Garber gave some financial help to Dr. Sommer at Frankfurt he made the following statement to the principal of the seminary:

"We are beginning over again. I am not going to discuss the question of American participation in the war against Germany. I think the answer of the average American is that we were not going to live in a world ruled by Hitler and his Nazi crowd. We do not apologize for our part in eradicating a menace which the German people were unable to destroy or perhaps did not want to destroy. However, American people are not vindictive and I can honestly say that despite all the things that I have seen at Dachau I do not hold hatred in my heart for the German people or nation. I know that we must start over again and that we American Methodists desire to have again an unbroken brotherhood with the German Methodists. The relief money for German Methodists is given because you are our brethren and war and tragedies do not erase the bond in Christ Jesus that unites Methodists in all parts of the world."

Dr. Sommer approved the attitude thus stated by Bishop Garber and declared that brotherhood could soon be re-established on that basis. He asked American Methodists not to believe that their German



Residence of professors, Methodist Theological Seminary, Frankfurt, Germany

brethren were as bad as they had been painted, and pointed out that they had been helpless before the Gestapo.

"Despite the destruction of property," wrote the bishop, "there is great hope for Methodism in Germany. At last Methodism is free from the Nazi tyranny which we in America still find so hard to understand. When I asked Dr. Sommer why he and others did not oppose the Nazi system his reply was that this was absolutely impossible with the Gestapo on every street watching and reporting every move made by citizens. He said that even a verbal protest would have sent him to a concentration camp or to death.

"Christianity will now have an opportunity in a Germany released from the Nazi rule. For example, on the Sunday I was in Frankfurt one hundred young people near the seminary met for a religious service, something that could never have happened under Hitlerism. Under the Nazi system one of Dr. Sommer's daughters was even ordered to the Gestapo headquarters for inviting children to attend Sunday school. Large groups now attend the services that are held in the damaged church and in the dining room of the seminary."

NEW BOOKS COMING

A new series of small, colorful, illustrated books on home and foreign fields are in preparation. Some are ready now. Others are in the press. Each has the story of the field, map, and complete statement of Methodist work. They are free for use in groups, classes, societies.

Methodists in Europe (Ready)

Methodism in Africa (Ready)

Methodism and India (Ready soon)

Methodists in Town and Country (Ready soon)

Methodism Among American Negroes (Ready soon)

Atlas of Home Missions (Book of Maps. Ready soon)

Methodism in The Billion Dollar Coal Fields

By Betty Burleigh *



Webb Studio

This view of a coal mine at Cinderella, West Virginia, is typical. The tall frame building in the background is the tipple

STACCATO blasts on the whistles at a large coal mine near Welch, West Virginia, pierced the night air with the paralyzing message: accident at the mine! John Joyce, a hoist operator whom I was interviewing in his comfortable home at the time, jumped up from his chair with, "Who is it this time?" The clock ticked loudly in the quiet room.

Within seconds, Mr. Joyce's fifteen-year-old son burst into the room yelling, "It's Bill, Dad. Killed on Number Two level. Shaft car crushed him." The miner turned to me, his grey eyes darkening. "Bill's just a kid, only about twenty." After the son rushed out for further details Mr. Joyce said, "I don't want my boy to go to work in the mines. It's different for me, but I hope he doesn't do it."

That is the opinion of every coal miner I met on a tour of the billion-dollar coal fields of Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky. It's okay for them, but they don't want their sons to go into the mines. Despite the safety measures that have come within the last few years, it's still one of the hardest and most dangerous jobs on earth. But their sons probably will follow in their fathers' footsteps as mining is one of the best paying jobs for unskilled labor. The lure of \$300 a month is strong for the boy just out of high school.

The Methodist Church is well entrenched in this region and Methodist workers are stationed throughout the coal fields to aid these people who earn their living in such a hard way. Aside from the well established larger towns such as Welch, where there

are large churches, hundreds of tiny mining towns or "camps" dot the coal fields. These towns are much alike, with monotonously similar rows of company-owned houses covered with the dingy film of coal dust that settles on everything. In almost every town there is a Methodist church or a community church under a Methodist pastor or a visiting Methodist worker. About half the miners are Methodists, or at least send their children to Methodist Sunday schools. The church was established early in this section since many of the original stockholders of both mining and railroad companies belonged to this church. The coal companies generously donate buildings to be used as churches, community centers, and residences for workers. In many places the miners voluntarily have contributions to the church taken from their wages, like payroll savings for War Bonds.

These communities are surprisingly cosmopolitan for their size, because high wages in the mines attract workers of all nationalities and the families drift from one camp to another. Mrs. Erlene Aylor Tuell, a Methodist social worker in Hemphill, West Virginia, commented on the extent of the floating population when she said, "I average about 90 home visits a month but I never know who is going to be living in the house the next time I call there."

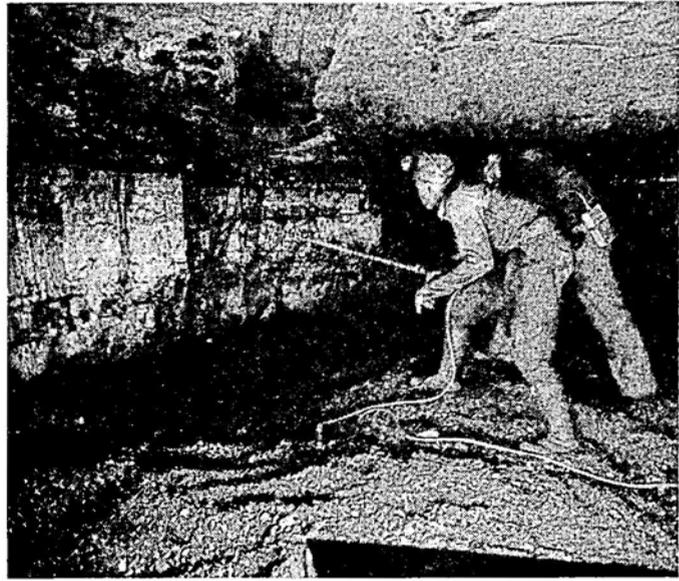
Coal miners are like a great big fraternity. Working together day after day in the tunnels thousands of feet below the earth's surface, they draw close to one another. To a man, they declare they have everything they need except maybe a raise in pay. As a rule they live well, spending their money on making themselves and their families comfortable. Companies rent houses of five rooms for as low as \$10 a month in some towns, for \$18.50 in others. The average miner comes home dead tired from work, flops on his comfortable inner-spring sofa while he listens to music from his expensive radio-phonograph. With groceries purchased at the convenient company-owned commissary, his wife prepares dinner in kitchen which is equipped with electric gadgets from cream whippers on down. The stove, however, uses coal. Since rugs would be filthy in a week from the coal dust, linoleum covers all the floors. The house-

* Betty Burleigh is Field Correspondent for WORLD OUTLOOK.



Webb Studio

In the billion-dollar coal fields, one of the richest mining areas on earth, these men are riding to work in mine cars. Many of these men are Methodists



Webb Studio

These miners are drilling holes for dynamite charges

wife wages a never ending battle against coal dust. She's usually one round ahead, but tired.

Untypical, but true of what a few miners call "home," is a squalid three-room shack in one of the mining towns high in the West Virginia hills. When I called there the rain was pouring down around this weatherbeaten house, making the yard a sea of black, sticky mud. A forty-ish woman, who is the mother of eleven, opened the kitchen door. Obviously flustered at having company, she apologized by saying, "Hit's a mess. Hawg killin' time, y'know." On a heavy iron stove the ill-smelling process of rendering lard was in progress. The combination living and bedroom was cluttered with sticks of furniture and shy, ill-clad children. In a disheveled bed, under which newborn pigs were squealing, a young blond child lay sleeping. In the light of the live coals that glowed in the fireplace the lady of the house looked almost pretty as she sat down wearily on the bed to talk of her family.

When asked how long she'd lived there, she answered in speech typical of the mountains, "Wall, let's see now. We been 'ere fourteen er fifteen yer now, I reckon; mebbe more, mebbe less." Her face flushed when she was asked why the children had not been showing up at Sunday school lately. "Look at 'em," she lamented, as she gestured toward her brood. "I cain't send 'em to school even half o' the time without no shoes." As a coal loader the father is paid by the number of tons of coal he lifts into the mine cars. And he's a rheumatic!

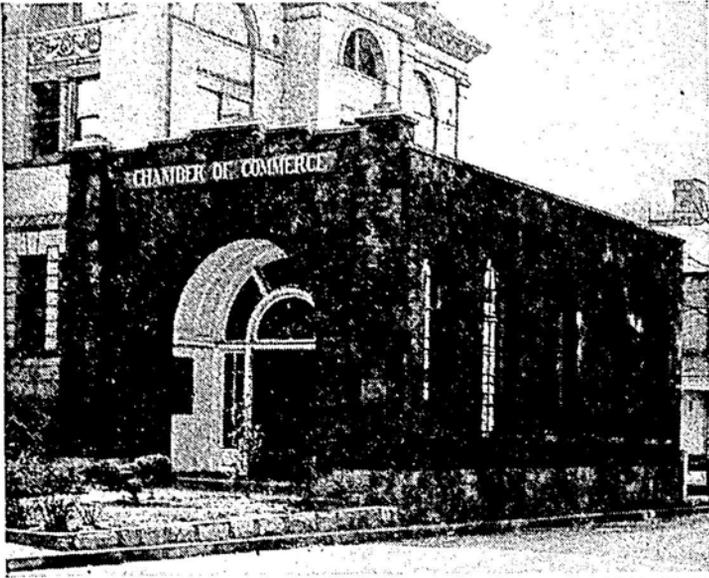
Because of the superstition that women in mines cause accidents it was impossible for me to go down into one of the large shaft mines. Accompanied by Mr. Joyce and Miss Myrta Davis, a Methodist deaconess stationed in Roderfield, West Virginia, I climbed the mountainside in the rain to look at a small drift mine, that is, one that tunnels into the

mountainside. The miners, coming off shift, seemed pleased that we'd bothered to make that slippery climb to investigate their work. They went into a huddle and then one of them said, "Ah nuts! Wimmin in mines don't make no difference," and proceeded to take us in. We climbed into the tiny mine car and the miner, who was throwing superstition to the winds, crawled along behind on his hands and knees, pushing the car into the mine. It was warm, like entering a cave, and the smell of carbide from the miners' head lamps created the same choking sensation as ammonia. As we rode further and further back the miner's lamp cut sharply into the pitch blackness as he pointed out the seams of coal.

"I don't know what there is about it but every time I'm in a mine I think about God," came Mr. Joyce's voice from the darkness. "Maybe because you feel so alone even when others are with you and the world seems far away." His words rang true.

The crumbling old coke ovens, that stretch like rows of giant beehives in every direction from the mines, echo another era before man learned to make coal by-products. Millions of dollars went up in the smoke that poured from these ovens in the old days when the coal fields were characterized by the burning ovens' lurid red glow on the night horizons. Old timers sigh and say, "Those coke ovens were smoky old things, but they were 'purty' at night." Although these ovens are still and cold now, the slag piles along the highways smolder even in damp weather, and in the summer they burst into flame occasionally.

At the Pocahontas Exhibition Mine, Pocahontas, Virginia, the visitor gets a clear notion of the mining process as it is done in a large modern mine. In this electrically lighted tunnel, the mine machinery is on display. Actual operation in a "room" begins with undercutting or overcutting. This is done by an



Webb Studio

This building of "black diamonds" which houses the Chamber of Commerce in Williamson, West Virginia, is built of coal. The walls are a foot thick. Completed in 1933, it is one of the show spots of the coal fields

electric cutting machine that looks like a modernistic dragon, which bites out thin layers across the bottom or top of the coal seam. Next, with either a hand or electric drill, holes for the dynamite are made, and then explosives are tamped into the drill holes. Before the dynamite is "shot" the "shot fireman" tests for gas with flame safety lamps. If he finds it clear, he'll fire the dynamite and the coal comes tumbling down like muffled thunder. Then the coal loaders arrive to shovel it into the mine cars which are picked up by electric motors and hauled to the mouth of the mine. This coal is known as ROM, run of mine, and contains all sizes from "slack" or fine coal to large sizes. It is now ready to "go through the tipple." The tipple is a large frame structure at the mouth of the mine in which the coal is "washed," a process that takes out rocks and other foreign matter. Sometimes the coal is shipped that way, with all sizes together. But if the coal is to be "sized," that is separated according to size, it is fed onto a series of shaking screens. The first screen has tiny holes so only the slack coal falls through into the waiting railroad cars below. The next screen contains larger holes and sorts out the "pea coal," the next larger size. The process continues, with successive screens taking out the "nut," "stove," and finally the "egg" sizes.

Foreign matter must be taken from the large size coal by hand on a "picking table." As the coal moves slowly by on a conveyor belt, workers take out extraneous matter by hand. This is known as "picking." Most tipples are equipped with both shaking screens and picking tables.

Mr. Joyce, who explained all these processes, taught a Methodist Sunday school class until he was placed on a shift that made it impossible because of odd hours. He is still active in boy scout work, however. Although most miners go through grade or high

school and that's the end of it, Mr. Joyce has studied at home until his horizons are wide. He dreams of running a large farm on a co-operative basis by and for the miners' children during the summers. The only drawback is—he doesn't have the cash.

"Maybe someday someone with money will hear of your plan and help you, John," Miss Davis said quietly. "That's Myrta for you," Mr. Joyce replied, "always encouraging everybody."

Miss Davis, who is from Tyler, Texas, and the daughter of the late Rev. W. F. Davis, is in her sixth year of service in the coal fields. She lives alone in a company-owned house in Roderfield and covers surrounding towns. She conducts Sunday schools, vacation schools, youth groups, and all the rest of it, but her specialty is religious education in the schools. She runs seventeen classes in the public schools and all her students have written permission from their parents to attend.

With the exception of a Methodist minister who comes in to hold services on Wednesday nights, the only religious worker in the tiny, isolated town of Isaban, West Virginia, is Miss Emma Johnson, a Methodist deaconess. Located high in the hills, Isaban is built, as are many mining towns, in a canyon with the houses built in rows along the sides of the hills. The only method of reaching the houses is by climbing the wooden steps that connect the different levels. It's a long climb to Miss Johnson's "home," which consists of a room in a long, rambling combination boarding and rooming house run by an ex-miner, who, between puffs on his pipe, kept repeating over and over, "This community ain't never going to get anyone to take Miss Johnson's place. No siree! Ain't everybody understands miners like she does."

The bright-eyed, slim Miss Johnson has been in the coal fields since 1928. She hikes for miles over the mountains to other small towns, bringing religion into the lives of the many miners who would otherwise be without it. Her program includes Sunday schools, vacation Bible schools and a great deal of social work. Other than the boarding house, her headquarters is an old supply house that doubles as a church and union hall.

In the mining town of Hardy, Kentucky, scene of the famed Hatfield and McCoy feud to which 149 deaths are credited to date, the Methodist worker is Miss Christine Snyder, who also teaches high school in a near-by town. In this section people trace their ancestry back to Henry Clay and Daniel Boone. A native of Summit Point, West Virginia, Miss Snyder found the colloquial speech most interesting when she first arrived although she's now getting used to it.

Everyone there lives either in the "hills or the hollers" and the folks in the "hollers" don't have much "truck" with the folks in the hills. And they keep their "shootin' irons" ready, just in case the family honor needs defending.

Telling the Gospel to Chile's Mapuches

By Randall Crawford *

LONG before the Spanish conquerors came to South America, the Mapuche Indian people had a civilization and a beauty of life, stories of which came down to their descendants in legend form to this day. Mrs. Lamnen Collio, the Mapuche president of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, in Catrianque, has been telling me of this very old and of the later beliefs of her people; and I think in them I see something very similar to the stories of the Old Testament.

I began to compare the Mapuches of a century or more ago with the ancient people of Jehovah of the Old Testament, their decline with the development of civilization in the Holy Lands just before Christ, and then the coming of the Child Jesus as the dawning of a New Day.

We might compare Mapuche life before the Spanish era to the time of King Solomon, David, and Saul, when the people lived in relative peace and prosperity, and there were many flocks of sheep, cattle, and plenty of land. They, by means of their feasts, and led by their priests, worshiped their God, Jehovah. They had songs, dances, and sacrifices, all of which we look on as primitive procedures today. Their God was their particular Jehovah, much as the Mapuches have their own name for God (*Guneichen*, dominator of men) who particularly speaks to and for them.

The ancient Mapuches sought their God, and with their sacred wine they drank, prayed, and sang to him. They called their seasonal religious meetings *Ngillatunes*, or petitions to God. In form of songs and dances they appealed to God for rain, good harvests, or whatever they needed. The woman priest (*Machi*)² added a bit of mystery by climbing the sacred totem pole and throwing herself to the ground in a trance. That is the first picture: primitive man worshipping and searching for his God.

The second period is that of the prophets, when civilization entered and they began forgetting their God, drinking wine until drunk—a period when things went from bad to worse. So it was in the time



Randall L. Crawford

of the Old Testament, and so it has been with the Mapuches in recent years. Mrs. Collio told me that her people "now drink much wine and have lost the value of their prayer festivals. In addition the women priests are very bad."

How many times have we read in the Old Testament how Jehovah's people forsook him, and even the priests degenerated to a sinful and vulgar life. Even now there is a prophecy among the Mapuches (they call it a dream, *ni umaq*) which calls them back to their God, to the *Ngillatunes* and the drinking of only the sacred wine (*mudai*). If they do not return, leaving the drinking of wine, stealing, bad living, their situation

will get worse and worse until they gradually vanish from the earth. The dreamer is the unknown prophet of the Mapuches, the prophet who is calling to them to give up their evil living and return to their Jehovah.

The third period began at the same time for all human beings—with the coming of Christ, the new *Machi*, the Redeemer of all mankind. The Good News of this new Redeemer, sent personally by our Heavenly Father to show us how we might change our lives, did not reach the whole world at the same time, nor has it reached nearly all the world yet.

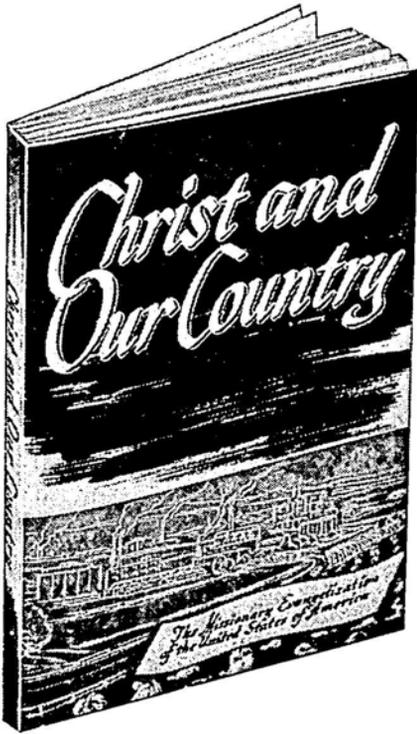
For the Mapuches, Christ can be the answer to their *umaq*. He can give them new life, new assurance, new methods of work and play that will replace the evils of civilization that have crept into their simple mode of living. To accept Christ is not a forsaking of the *umaq* but a fulfilling of the dream.

It is up to us as disciples of Christ to lead them to him, to show them that their *Ngillatun* at harvest time is a thanksgiving service, a time for worship and praise and a dedication of their offerings to God. We must teach them the significance of Christ's Last Supper, and the significance of the wine, or their sacred *mudai*, in that sacrament. We have to teach them that through Christ we have faith in each other and a desire to serve each other as Christ served us. Through this faith we have schools, churches, cooperatives; and we work, live, play, and worship together as one in Christ.

*The author is a Methodist missionary in Chile.

AMERICAN PANORAMA

The changing drama of America—the milling about of millions and millions of our people—the immigrant stampede to these shores—the rush of peoples from farms to factories—the kaleidoscopic changes revealed by the recurring census—the unending effort of the Church to keep up with pioneering people. This amazing panorama of America is the theme of the current study book.



CHRIST AND OUR COUNTRY

BISHOP ARTHUR J. MOORE

With the co-operation of missionary experts this survey of Methodist Home Missions has been prepared to outline the post-war challenge of the United States to the Christian Church. It should be read by every pastor and leader. It should be studied in every church. It is a contribution to the evangelistic phase of the Crusade for Christ.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Copies of this notable and timely book may be secured in quantities on consignment. Order as many as you need for your Church School of Missions. Return those unused—pay only for those sold. To prevent disappointment you should order them at once.

ORDER BLANK

Editorial Department
Joint Division of Education and Cultivation
150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York

I enclose \$_____. Please send me _____ copies of
CHRIST AND OUR COUNTRY.

Please send me _____ copies of CHRIST AND OUR
COUNTRY for use in my church. I will pay for them at 25
cents each or return unused and unsold copies.

Name _____

Address _____

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

JOINT DIVISION

OF EDUCATION

AND CULTIVATION

NEW YORK

St. Joseph's Bough*

By Carol Cantor

JOSEPH sat in the square and looked at St. Louis Cathedral. It was a Saturday and he had nothing to do. On a Saturday in the place he had come from there was plenty to do. He could chase the chickens out from under the house that stood high and dry on its stilts. He could climb up and look down into the old stone cistern built to catch the rain. He could walk down the road and kick up the dust. And everywhere he went there was someone to give him a *howdy*.

Nobody here knew him. They did not even know his name.

Granny had brought him here. She worked and made money for him to grow up right. "I'm going to have you eat and grow up right," she said, "and meet folks and not be ignorant so you'll understand about things."

Well, maybe he was eating right and he certainly was growing, but Joseph had not met folks and there were many things he did not understand—like how you got to "belong" to a new place and not always feel like a stranger.

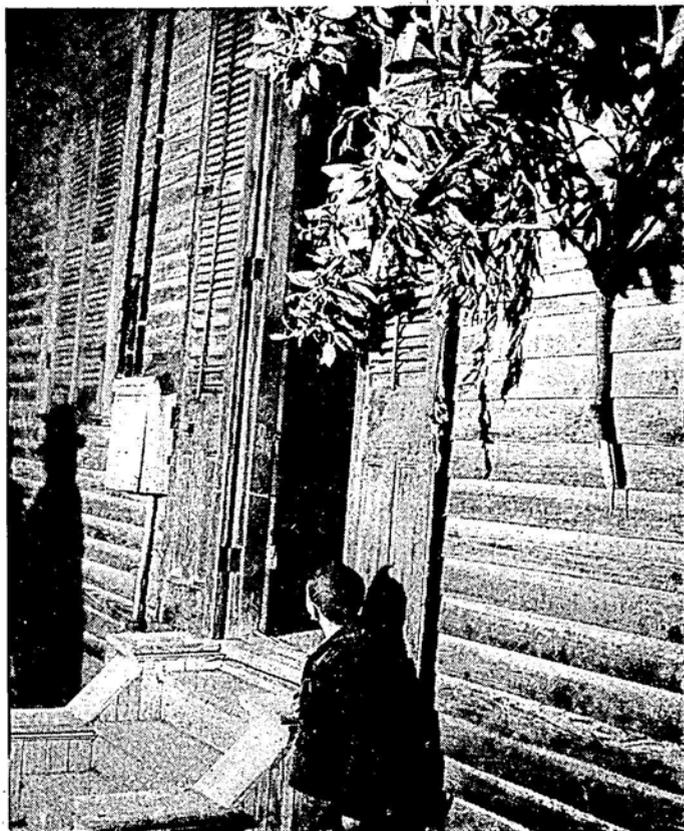
The sun had shifted, so it was smack in Joseph's eyes. He decided to go home. He planned exactly how he would go home. He always picked out a new way in the hope that something would happen. Often something did happen, like the time the truck almost got him. But still no one gave him a howdy.

This time he walked his new way very slowly. He looked at the houses with their open shutters and pretended he knew the people who lived inside. It was a good game if it did not go on too long with nothing happening.

Suddenly his eye was caught by one house. It was an old house and it needed paint. Ordinarily, he would not have looked at it a second time. But there was a strange thing about this house. A green and fragrant bough of a tree was hung right on the outside of the house.

"My, my!" he wondered. "Now why is that bough hanging there?"

He wondered so hard that he did not see the two children who came up the street. He was not aware of them until they stopped short in front of him. The little girl, as is the way with little girls who have



Three Lions
The St. Joseph's bough fastened on the outside of a New Orleans home in the Italian section of the city

smaller brothers, was very important-looking, and she held her brother's hand with a firm grip.

"Hello," she said in a competent voice, "who are you and why are you looking at my house?"

"Why, I'm Joseph," he said, quite startled.

"Joseph!" exclaimed the little girl. "Do you hear that, Sammy?" she said to her brother. "He says he's Joseph."

"Is he really Joseph?" asked Sammy, coming out from behind the little girl and standing directly in front of the stranger. "Are you sure he's Joseph?"

"Of course I'm Joseph," said Joseph, getting to be annoyed. "I've always been Joseph. Ask anyone." He had forgotten completely that no one around knew him.

"Well," conceded the little girl, "I guess maybe he is. I didn't think Joseph looked like this."

Joseph looked very fierce for a moment but he did have a question to ask.

"Why do you have that old bough up on your house?" he asked.

"Ah," said the little girl. "That's why you came. You came for Joseph's bough. That's it. Well, come on in and I'll tell Mama."

And the first thing Joseph knew he was marching into the house, right into the front room.

Now Joseph saw something he'd never seen before in all his life. He saw a little home-made altar, and before the altar he saw figs and oranges and candy drops and some yellow cakes with seeds all over them.

"My, my," he said.

* Editor's Note: In certain sections of New Orleans a bough is hung before the door on St. Joseph's Day to indicate to passers-by that they, no matter who they are, are welcome within. Inside, there is usually an altar and food. Even in wartime with the overcrowded city, the old custom has remained. This story can be used in connection with the mission study *These Moving Times*.

"Mama," called the little girl, "Mama, come here. Joseph's here."

And Mama came, followed by an old lady.

"He was standing in front of the house, looking at the bough," explained the little girl. "And I asked him who he was and he said he was Joseph and I guess he is, although, somehow, I thought Joseph was older."

"That child certainly has a loud voice," said the old lady, looking at Joseph sharply. Joseph had not said a word, so he guessed she could not be talking about him.

"Sometimes Joseph is just this age," said Mama to the little girl—a very odd remark, Joseph thought—"but always Joseph is welcome. Offer Joseph something to eat, Philomena."

Joseph accepted a cake and an orange and five candy drops before he could bring himself again to ask:

"Why you got a bough up in front of your house?"

"He certainly seems to be ignorant," said the old lady—and this time Joseph was quite sure she was talking about him.

"Because," said the one called Mama, "it is St. Joseph's Day, and on St. Joseph's Day everyone is welcomed into a house that remembers him—both the friend and the stranger. Once the first Joseph

was not made welcome when he was in a strange land. So you see why Philomena was excited when you said your name was Joseph."

"Yes, Mam," said Joseph, although he did not understand everything yet. "Can Granny come here and meet you too? Even if her name isn't Joseph?"

"Yes," said the lady called Mama. "St. Joseph's Day is for everyone, you know, especially for people who don't know other people."

"My Granny and I," said Joseph, "we don't know anyone to give a howdy to up to now."

Joseph, being a really polite boy, took only one more cake and a fig, and remembered his thank-you-mams for everything, even to the delivering him from ignorance about the first Joseph—at which the old lady said, "Hmm," and looked at him almost approvingly. In some ways she reminded him of Granny.

"Well," he thought to himself as he went home to his Granny, "I eat right and I grow right and I've met folks and now I'm not ignorant." And then he went further in his thinking. "I guess it was lucky that that Joseph was not made welcome. That made him know how other folks feel."

That may not be good theology but it sounds like a pretty good beginning for a boy whose Granny planned to have him "understand things."

READY SOON

Africa Missionaries

A book featuring all the missionaries of The Methodist Church in Africa, with life sketches and photographs. A graphic and thrilling view of these outriders of civilization in the vast continent which becomes more and more important in world affairs.

INDISPENSABLE FOR YOUR
STUDY OF AFRICA. NECESSARY
FOR YOUR UNDERSTANDING
OF INTERNATIONAL PROBLEMS

PRICE 15 CENTS

Order a supply for your church, society, class, circle, or group. In quantities they will be sent on consignment, to be paid for after they are sold.

ORDER FROM

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
JOINT DIVISION OF EDUCATION AND CULTIVATION
150 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK

LITERATURE HEADQUARTERS
WOMAN'S DIVISION OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE
420 PLUM ST.
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO



Alex Anderson (CNS), from Gullumette
Health examination of the children at Tsing-Mu-Kwan Kindergarten

The Heroes of China

By Jean Lyon McConnell

AS the C-47 in which I flew into China just about one year ago approached Chungking I looked down and saw the pattern of the rice paddies reaching up to the very tops of the hills. I looked down on neatly patterned villages. It was beautiful. I was thrilled. This vast land—with its millions of acres, and its thousands of years of history—this great heroic people with its magnificent war record. Phrases like that were running through my head.

When I walked up those four hundred-odd steps that lead into the city of Chungking from the river front, I still had stars in my eyes. Ahead of me was heroism. The kind of heroism that makes a people great in war. To me, during those first few days in Chungking every Chinese I passed, every Chinese I met, every Chinese I bumped against in the crowded buses or the crowded streets was a person who had walked through enemy lines in the dead of night, or who had harbored guerrilla fighters while Japanese sentries looked on, or who had acted with stalwart courage throughout devastating air raids.

But gradually I discovered that every Chinese wasn't like that. By asking too many eager questions I soon discovered that most Chinese grew embar-

rassed or silent under my enthusiasm for their courage and heroism. Their lives, they kept trying to tell me, were humdrum. They seldom saw a bomb. They were far behind the lines, so they never met up with the enemy. Prices were high because of inflation. Salaries were low because government agencies had little money. Life was terribly hard. There was not room enough nor food enough nor leisure enough to make life in any way pleasant. But heroism? Drama? They acted as though they didn't know what those words meant.

At first I was very persistent. I really wore one woman out so completely by two mornings of solid interviewing that she had to take a day's rest. She was in charge of some women's voluntary relief work. I kept questioning her for stories of heroic women—girls who had marched with the soldiers, girls who had given their lives in the resistance against the enemy, women who had defied tradition and all other known laws to carry the torch. She told me some stirring tales during the course of our two mornings of talk. And each time that she would tell me a specific story of a specific heroine I would say, "And where is she now, and when did this hap-

pen?" She would shake her head and say, "We have lost track of her. We have had to close down that branch of the work because of the budget—inflation—the girls weren't getting enough to live on—gifts from abroad don't go so far as they used to. We've had no equipment, no medicine, no tools to work with for so long."

Gradually I began to realize that that was not the story of China in her seventh year of war. It had been a part—and a very inspiring part—of her story in her first and second and third and even fourth years of war. But it was not the story in her seventh year of war, cut off almost completely from the outside world.

Other things happened to me to make me see that either I was looking for heroism in the wrong places or I was looking for the wrong kind of heroism.

One night I was invited to dinner at the Wangs. It was raining. After the initial cup of hot tea, Mrs. Wang excused herself to put the finishing touches on the dinner. "I'd better bring the umbrella out," Mr. Wang said. And since both my host and hostess were leaving the room I decided to go along with them and watch the cooking. I saw Mr. Wang holding an umbrella over Mrs. Wang's head while she bent over the clay one-burner stove which stood at the back of the house in the open. The house had no kitchen, Mr. Wang explained, and it was too expensive to build one, or even to put up a roof. So they had to cook under the umbrella.

Seven years of cooking under an umbrella! It was something to think about.

On a trip I took outside of Chungking I spent the night in the home of a Chinese woman who had graduated from Cornell. I arrived about ten o'clock at night. The house was an old-fashioned Chinese house built around courtyards, more spacious than any homes I had visited in Chungking. But it was leaky, and I could hear the rats running inside the walls. My hostess asked me if I would like a hot bath. Without thinking, I said, "I'd love it."

She disappeared, and I remembered that I was in China, not in America. When she didn't return, I followed the sounds of wood chopping, and discovered her in the kitchen, which was a separate building, chopping precious sticks of wood into kindling and feeding them piece by piece into the little clay stove to heat up my bath water. I helped feed the bits of wood into the fire and we talked. The pig that was grunting in the corner of the kitchen was her biggest investment. Her children weren't getting enough fats. So she had invested in a pig which she planned to slaughter the next New Year. But little lines of worry came between her eyes as she talked about the pig. It cost so much to buy the outside leaves of cabbage which the pig had to be fed, that she didn't know whether she could afford to keep it until it really grew to full size.

I had a warm bath that night in about a half-inch of water, and I think it was the most extravagant

bath I have ever had any place I have been in the world.

When I visited the university centers in China I kept looking for the youth movements, the fiery political leaders, the young people who had defied the enemy and marched a thousand, fifteen hundred miles to the west for freedom. That had been a long time ago—six and seven years is more than a college generation. But to me it was still the same generation of college students that I had heard and read about.

I asked one of the professors what the most popular topic of conversation on the college campus was these days. "What do you hear the students talking about when you walk behind them on your way to class?" I asked. I expected him to say, "Democracy," or "Their ideas for the future of China."

He looked at me. "Tuberculosis," he said.

One day on a street in Chungking I passed a government official whom I had met. It was raining. I was in my raincoat and galoshes. He had a paper umbrella to protect him, but that was the only waterproof part of his costume. I chided him for being out without his raincoat and rubbers. His raincoat, he explained, he had sold in order to get the money for his child's tuition in school. What he would sell for the tuition the next year he had not thought about. After seven years there wasn't much left to sell.

I visited people in their one-roomed mud-walled, mud-floored homes. Eight years of it, they've had now. I saw the housewives turning the collars on their husbands' gowns or shirts for the tenth and twelfth time. I watched them rip out sweaters that had once fit father and after years of wear and re-knitting now just about fit the new baby.

Heroes? I had been looking for the kind of heroism that makes headlines—the kind of heroism that newspaper readers in America expect of the other fellow in wartime.

What I had found, almost without knowing it, was something else. It was the kind of heroism that makes a people great—whether it's in war or in peace. It was the kind of heroism that makes a people cling to a purpose, even when they must do it without drama, without praise, without medals or fanfare. It makes them cling to a purpose even when they are without the things which have always seemed to them to be the basic necessities for living.

That was the heroism I found in China. Not everyone had it. There were the weak ones who hadn't been able to stand it, and who had found devious and shoddy means to make life easier for themselves. But the great majority of China's people aren't weak.

"Sometimes," one of them said to me, "I think it's harder to live for your country than to die for it."

The Chinese, it seems to me, have shown a courage by living for their country through these years which is as great, if not greater, than the courage that brings about heroic deeds. It is the kind of courage that will be needed in the world that is now to be built.

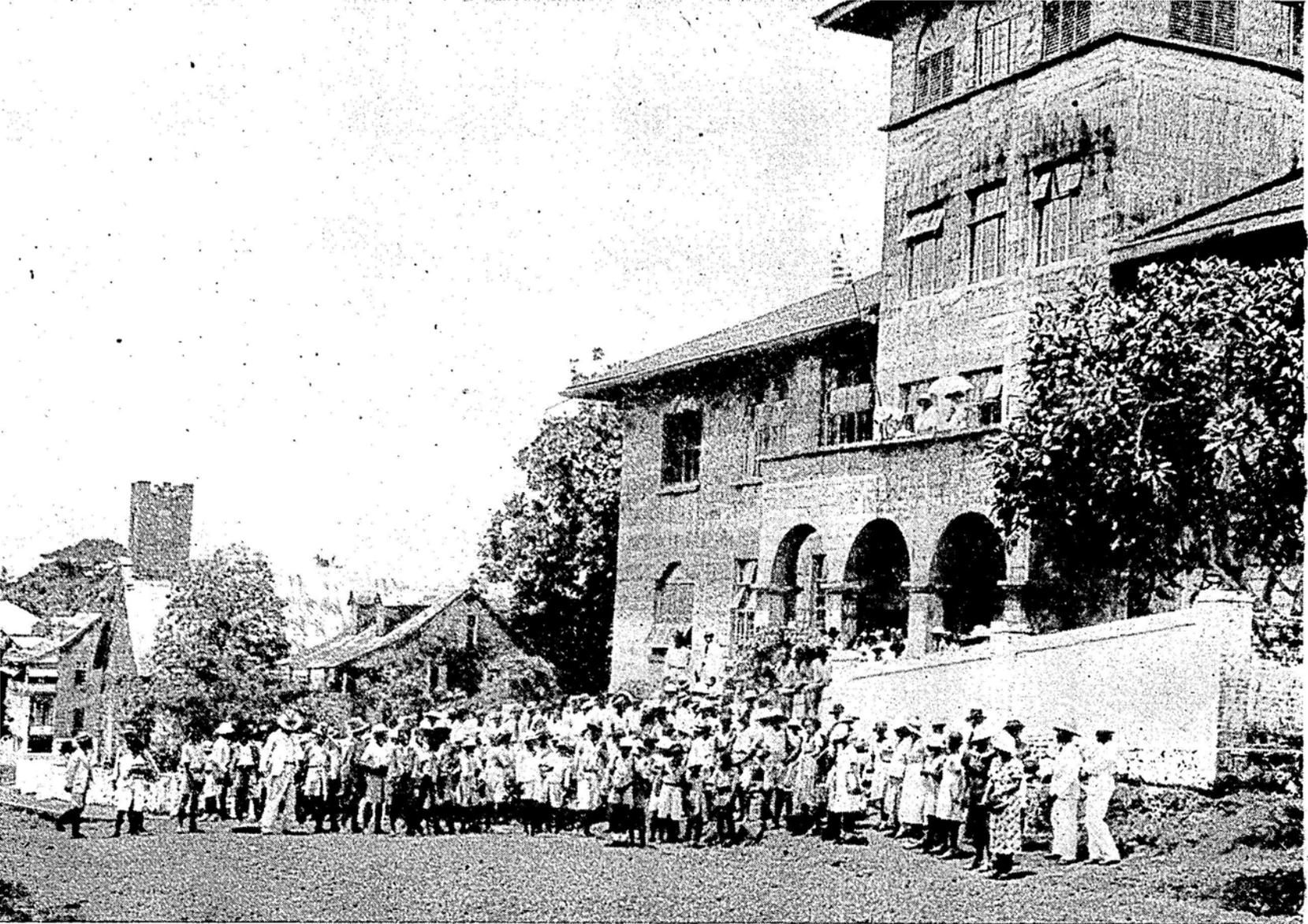


Methodist Prints

A winding road in the heart of Africa worn smooth by African feet leads out from the village—down to the city. Some of the men and women, boys and girls, who tread this road will never return to village life. What they do, what they become, may be shaped by your gifts during the Week of Prayer, October 25-31

Week of Prayer and Self-Denial

October 25 - 31, 1945



Methodist Prints

The student body of the College of West Africa in Monrovia, Liberia. Liberia looks to this college to prepare its leaders for tomorrow. Part of the Week of Prayer collection will go to the establishment of a hostel for women students and other women and girls

Monkmeyer



The Liberian delegation at the United Nations Conference. Liberia, one of the free countries on the African continent, prepares itself for a part in securing world order. It needs help, however, in the preparation of its leadership. That leadership must have women as well as men



British Comblae

Boys are beginning to have the best kind of training in Portuguese East Africa—including physical training. The training of girls is lagging behind. The Week of Prayer money will add a school building for girls at Kambini, Portuguese East Africa

Methodist Prints



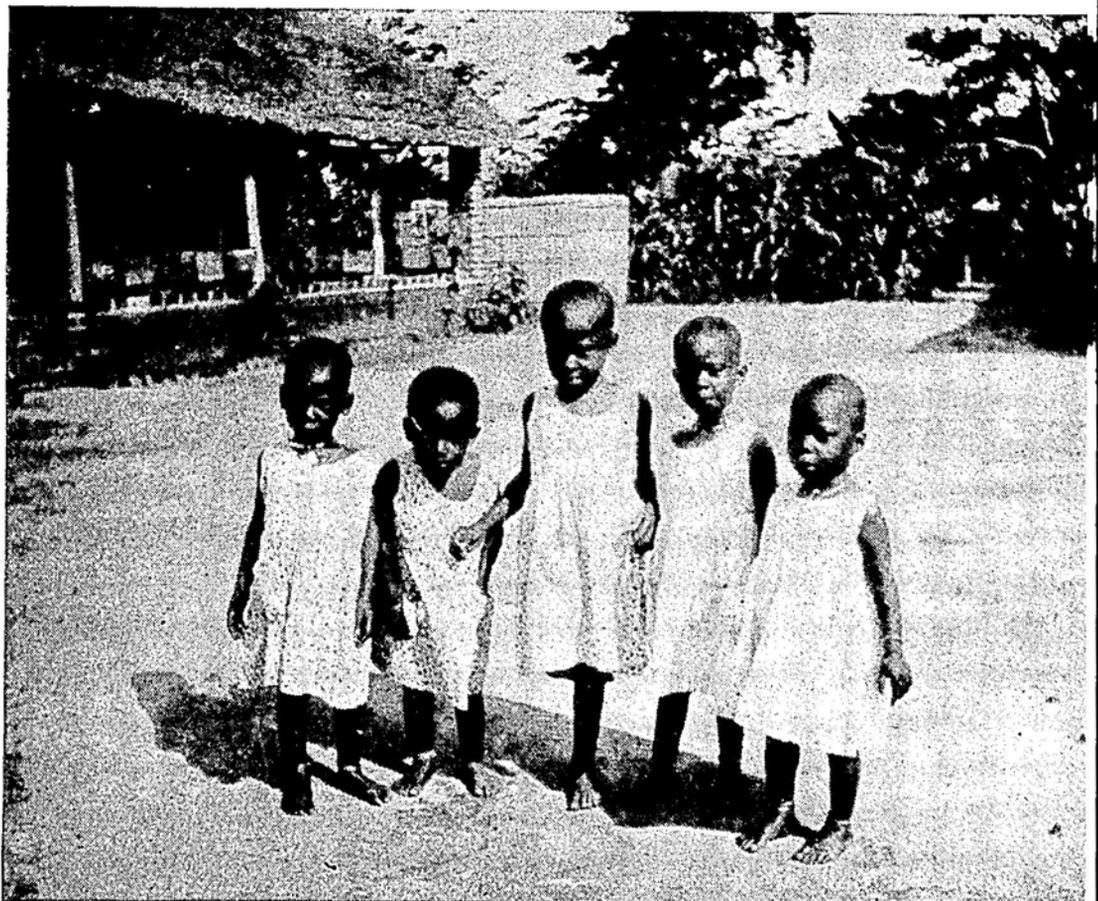
Cheery young Camp Fire girl from Nyadiri, Southern Rhodesia. It is for girls like this that the new dormitory will be erected at Nyadiri through the gifts from the Week of Prayer



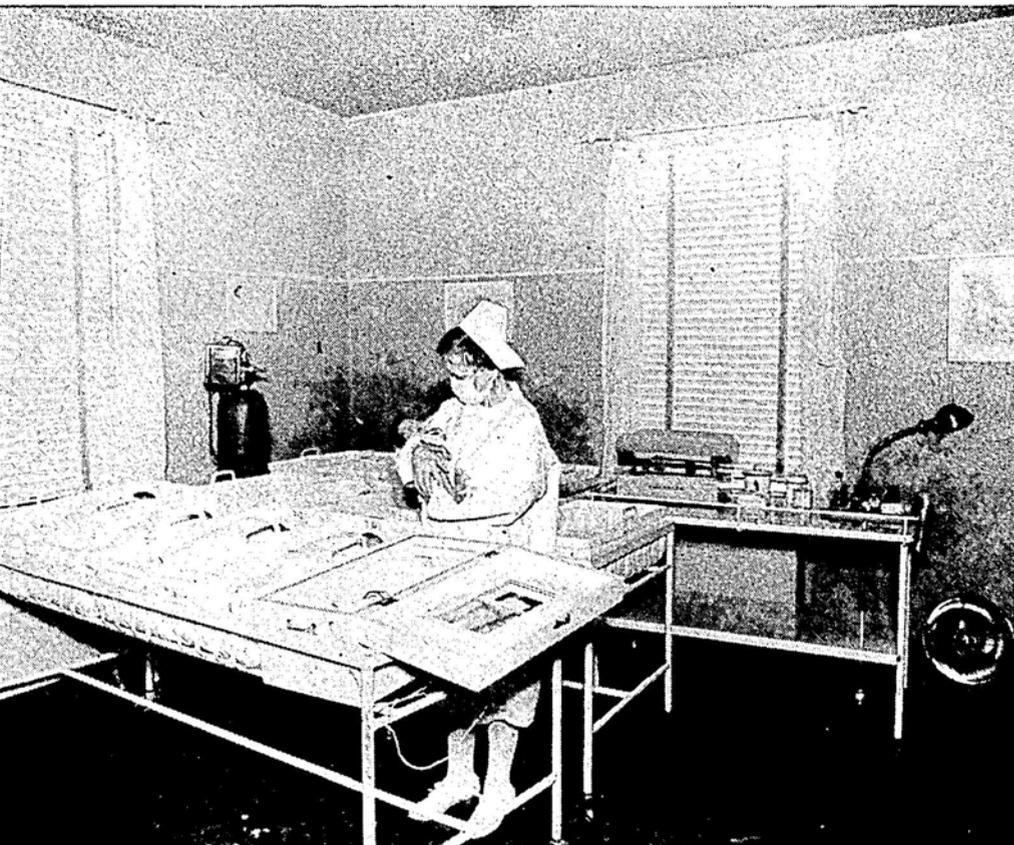
Methodist Prints

A young woman preparing for city life by having an inoculation from one of our Methodist nurses. She needs more than health protection when she goes to the city. She needs social contacts and spiritual help. These will be found in the new social center to be built at Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

All dressed up and if the church is ready, they will have some place to go. That some place will be the new Africa where women will be educated as well as men to take their places as world citizens. In many parts of Africa, the mission schools are the only schools for little girls like these



The Freeman Clinic, connected with the Newark Maternity Center, takes care of well babies and children. When the new unit is added more children can be kept well than are today



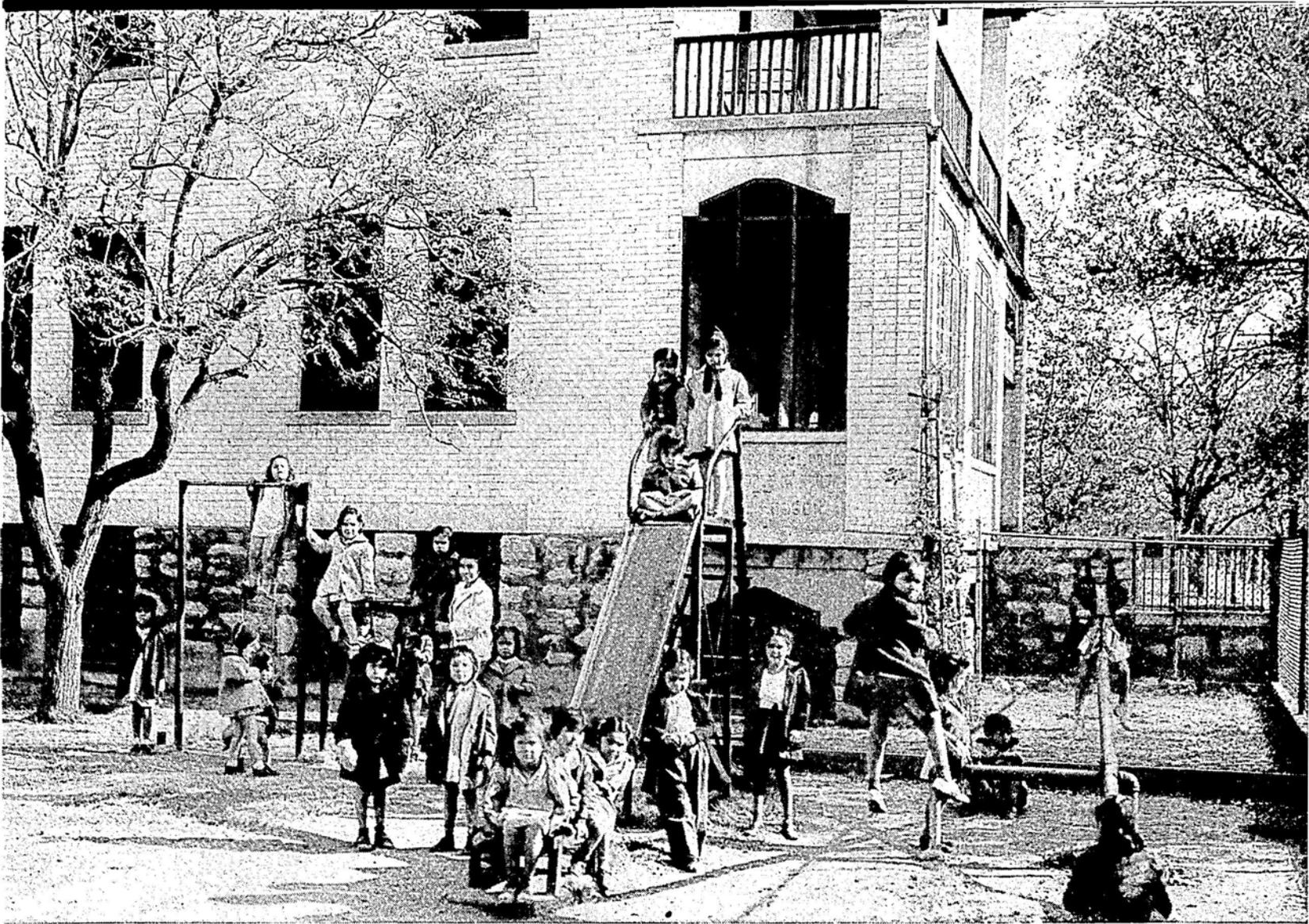
In the Newark Maternity Center, El Paso, Texas, a nurse holds a young Spanish-American citizen. It would be good if he could stay in the Center until he is well established in life, but there is no room. When the new children's unit is built there will be a place for him



Spanish-American children play in the kindergarten at the Rose Houchen Settlement next door to the hospital. Many of them saw their first day at the Maternity Center

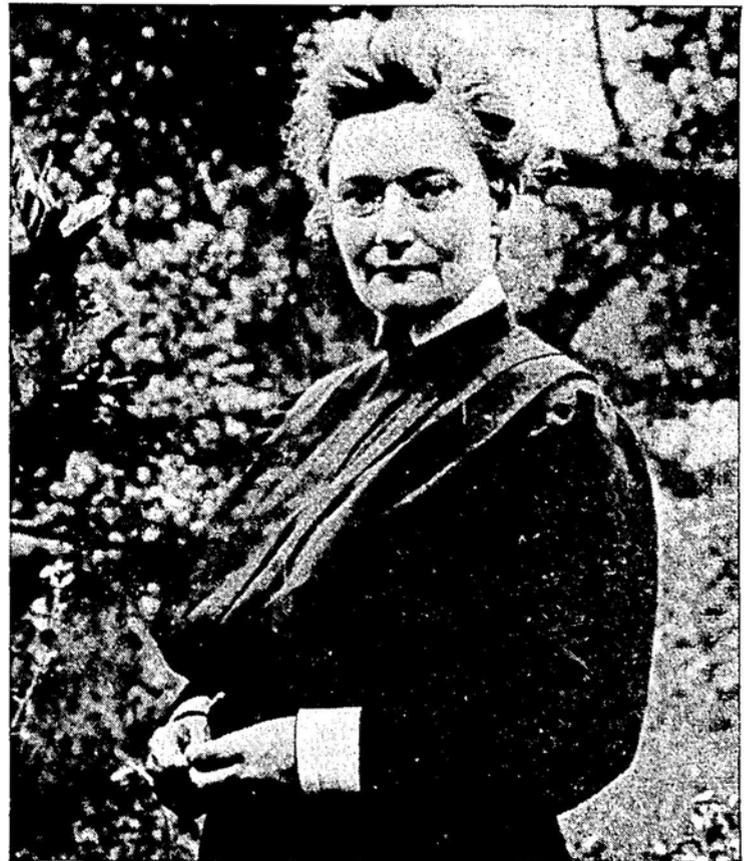


Miss Mary E. Johnston, deaconess, as she was when she first answered the call for nursing. She was the pioneer in visiting nursing in Cleveland, Ohio. No one had attempted such a thing before. That was in 1896. The explanation, Miss Johnston wrote at that time, for doctors, of how a visiting nurse works, is preserved in the Cleveland museum to this day



Out of doors the children build up healthy bodies through play. Today the institution has many more calls on it than it can answer. After the new unit is completed, more Spanish-American children in El Paso will have a chance for health

Miss Johnston (now retired) today. Last year Miss Johnston attended the fiftieth anniversary of the Visiting Nurses Training School in Cleveland. It is to help repay such lives of service as this life that the gift from the Week of Prayer is dedicated





Wiles-Hood

Graduates at Scarritt College stepping out into lives of dedication to service. Some will become deaconesses. Gifts from the Week of Prayer are not only used for retired deaconesses but also are used to give financial security to active workers

The Week of Prayer and Self-Denial, thus, is devoted to the education of African girls and women in Southern Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo, Portuguese East Africa, and Liberia; to the achievement of good health for Spanish-Americans on the border in El Paso; to the care of workers who in turn care for this work. During the week it is hoped that prayers will be offered that new workers will come forward. The need, at this time of the world's history, is very great

A Pilgrim on His Way

By Florence Hooper

SOME books, tested by centuries of use and influence, still help us "keep our footing on the heights." *Pilgrim's Progress*, John Bunyan's immortal story of the Christian wayfarer, is one of them. From the very day of its publication, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, it has challenged and stimulated.

Not everyone has liked it or agreed with it, but few have found its pages dull or valueless. In the Introduction to the second section, answering criticisms of the first installment, Bunyan says:

My Pilgrim's book has traveled sea and land,
Yet I could never come to understand
That it was slighted or turned out of door
By any kingdom, were they rich or poor.

In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
My Pilgrim is esteemed a friend, a brother;
In Holland, too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is, with some, worth more than gold.

In New England, so comely doth my Pilgrim walk
That of him thousands daily sing and talk.

Poor poetry, but good evidence of wide distribution! Before Bunyan's death, ten full editions had been sold out. Today, two hundred and seventy years after issue date, the "Pilgrim's Book" arouses both affection and controversy. Lord Tweedsmuir calls his recent autobiography "Pilgrim's Way," in direct quotation from it. And in the *Atlantic Monthly*, not six months ago, appeared a diatribe against Bunyan's literary style and a sharp characterization of some of the incidents of the book as sadistic! It is still very much alive, this story written "under the similitude of a dream," in Bedford Jail, where the author was "a prisoner for conscience' sake."

In my worn, old copy, which belonged to my father before me, is pasted a newspaper clipping, dated about 1910. It reads:

After a lapse of nearly two and a quarter centuries since his death, London paid a belated tribute to the memory of John Bunyan today, when the national memorial window in the north transept of Westminster Abbey was unveiled with impressive ceremonies. The memorial to the "inspired tinker" was executed at a cost of \$6,000, raised by popular subscription. The window illustrates some of the chief episodes of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Who that writes in 1945 can hope for such enduring fame as shall produce generous popular subscription to a memorial to him in A.D. 2170?

The book grew out of, and profoundly influenced, English Puritanism. Indeed, according to Trevelyan,



Bunyan in prison, writing the "Pilgrim's Progress."
Copied from Frontispiece in a German printed edition

Christian, its hero, is the wistful embodiment of the English Puritan, with pressing problems of evil in his own soul and of corruption in the vain world about him. Green, in his *History of the English People*, refers again and again to *Pilgrim's Progress*. In 1879, he wrote, "It is now the most popular and the most widely read of all English books." "In none do we see more clearly the new imaginative force which had been given to the common life of Englishmen by their study of the Bible. . . . If Puritanism had first discovered the poetry which contact with the spiritual world awakes in the meanest souls, Bunyan was the first of the Puritans who revealed this poetry to the outer world."¹

Eight years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, John Bunyan was born at Elston, near Bedford, England. He died sixty years later, in London. Those six decades were momentous ones for England. Born three years after the accession of Charles I, and dying in the year of the fall of James II and the landing of William of Orange, Bunyan lived from childhood to old age amid grave religious, social, and political controversy. In such times, men learn reasons for the faith that is in them. Bunyan got his spiritual certainties the hard way, in dire poverty, in soldiering (at seventeen, he was a mem-

¹ Green: *History of the English People*. Harper & Bros., 1879.

ber of Cromwell's army) and in twelve and a half years of imprisonment. He refused to promise not to preach the gospel, in church or out, wherever he believed the Spirit of God directed him to do so. For that, he went to jail. In a sense his masterpiece is just the record of his own strenuous but happy pilgrimage through a hard life.

He wrote voluminously, as witness: *The Holy City*, *Profitable Meditations*, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, and numerous tracts, devotional pieces, and religious parables. These were widely read in his own day but are now practically forgotten. What makes a book a classic? Why did only one of this man's brain children effectively survive him?

In prison, Bunyan wrote, preached Christ to his fellow prisoners, worked to support himself and his family by making "tagged thread laces," and almost wore out his high spirit in distress over the poverty and suffering of his beloved wife and children. His middle years—from thirty-two to forty-four—were all spent in Bedford Jail. Later, he was again imprisoned for six months. Even such ordeals had no power to quench the Life within him.

The opening sentence of *Pilgrim's Progress* sets the scene:

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den (the jail, doubtless), and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. . . . I saw a man clothed in rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand and a great burden on his back. . . . I looked and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled . . . with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

The closing sentence pictures the great denouement:

Now I saw in my dream that these two men (Christian and his friend, Hopeful) went in at the gate and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the (Heavenly) City rang again for joy and it was said unto them: "Enter ye into the joy of Our Lord."

The narrative which lies between those two sentences reports the journey of Christian, and of those who from time to time join or oppose him, from the City of Destruction to the City of God. Naive, not too well constructed, it is yet vivid, interesting and *convicting*. The characters are three dimensional and alive. They are more than types, though they bear names like Faithful, Hopeful, Ignorant, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, or Mr. Hatelight. They face real situations and win, or lose, or just dally along between success or failure. Some care a great deal about reaching the Heavenly City and some are bored at the idea. Some have deep wisdom and some are plain fools or arrant knaves. But all command the reader's reaction, for them or against. They make one take stock of spiritual assets and liabilities, enthusiasms and indifferences.

Perhaps Bunyan's eager, preaching spirit explains the lively quality of his people. He once wrote: "I never cared to meddle with unimportant points which were in dispute among the saints, yet it pleased me much to contend with great earnestness for the word of faith and the remission of sins by the sufferings and death of Jesus. I saw my work before me . . . *even to carry the awakening word.*" Christian's "good friend Evangelist" might well be Bunyan himself:

By chance there came unto me a man, even to me as I was trembling and weeping, whose name was EVANGELIST and he directed me to the wicket gate, *which else I should never have found.*

Evangelist's urgent words send the pilgrim to the one place in all the world where he could find relief from the heavy load of sin he carried:

The highway which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, called Salvation. Up this way did burdened Christian run, but not without difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus until he came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, a sepulchre. . . . Just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his back and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no more. Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart: "He hath given me rest by his sorrow and life by his death."

There is much laughing for happiness in the book and leaping for joy, at the victories of man's spirit and evidences of the tender love of God. There is surpassing gentleness, too, especially in the second section, which tells of the journey of Christiana and her children, who refused pilgrimage when the husband and father set out, but later went, all together, in eager quest of him and His Lord.

Our heritage of English speech and imagery has been vastly enriched by *Pilgrim's Progress*. The man with the muckrake, who could look no way but downward, is still about. Giant Despair roams our world and the Slough of Despond yawns threateningly. Vanity Fair, the House Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains, the Hill Difficulty, we know right well. Christian still fights Apollyon.

Occasionally, a shrewd humor touches the tale. Mr. By-ends says:

My great grandfather was a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by that occupation.

Faithful remarks:

Some cry out against sin even as the mother cries out against the child in her lap, when she calls it slut and naughty girl, and then falls to hugging and kissing it.

And Evangelist warns: "Ye are not yet out of gunshot of the devil."

Bunyan's warm humanity is evident in his pictures of people crossing the final barrier between

life and death. Christian got into trouble in the River and would have sunk in deep waters but for Hopeful, who cheered him up and manfully helped him to triumph on the Other Shore. Christiana went joyously and entered the water "with a beckon of farewell to those who followed her." Mr. Ready-to-Halt left all he had—his crutches and his good will—to his son. Then, while Valiant and Great-heart watched, he walked, unaided, into the river and was heard to say, "Welcome, life." Even Mr. Despondency and his daughter, Much-Afraid, went singing,

and his last words were, "Farewell, night, and welcome, day!" Happy dyings, surely!

A stern strain, however, runs all through the story. Stark realism calls forth courage and demands heroic action. Christian and the rest get into sorry scrapes, sin and repent, and, alas, sin again and suffer for it. *But they do progress.* Here is not static or conventional religion, but a living force, which, transforming men, propels them, slowly but surely, toward the highest goods. Perhaps this book has become a classic for that very reason.

World Outlook Will Be Better

War-time restrictions were hard on this magazine. We had to use less paper, yet our subscriptions increased month by month. We had to be content with any kind of paper we could secure.

Now the restrictions are being relaxed. Soon we will be able to restore our customary quality. Then our pictures will be clearer—our pages more attractive.

Our material will improve too. We will be able to contact our home and foreign fields. Our readers have been loyal. They deserve the best. They shall have it.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLACE THE
HOME JOURNAL OF WORLD
METHODISM IN EVERY HOME
OF YOUR CHURCH. ORGANIZE
A SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN NOW

\$1.25 a Year

\$1.50 for both WORLD OUTLOOK and *The Methodist Woman*

WORLD OUTLOOK
150 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK



Methodist Prints

A little American who is the "new world a-coming"

I HAVE a seven-year-old son, an intelligent, alert, solid little American. He builds planes, listens to Superman, loves Roy Rogers, shines his own shoes and now is beginning to yearn for a paper route. Three-fourths of his first grade report record showed outstanding progress. He is the new world a-coming—and poor little fellow (forgive me this sentimentality), he does not even know that he is black. I mean, he doesn't know what being black is going to do for him in this land of the free and home of the brave.

Never, anywhere have I seen anything written in books to help a mother bringing up her children in a minority group to bridge the gap between not knowing and knowing about race. Frankly, I need a few suggestions. Being Christian, I mention it when I pray and being young, I talk to older, wiser women of both races about it. So far as I can determine, this is a way—do not force your child into situations that will make him aware of racial bitterness and antagonism too abruptly. Tackle the situations singly, as they arise. For instance, the other day we were walking up 14th Street, near Eye. I live in the Nation's Capital. We were approaching a White

For Mothers: Let's Try This

By Sammie K. Greene

Tower place. With the eagerness of childhood, Frankie spoke up:

"Gee, Mom, here's a nice place; let's go in and get a hamburger." I spoke up quickly, recognizing the very thing I had dreaded for so many months.

"No, son, we would not be served if we went in there."

"Why not?"

"Because we are Negroes and that place is only for white people." Silence. I knew him so well I could almost frame the next question myself, I thought. But I was disappointed.

"I don't want to be a Negro, Mom. All the nice places are for white people, everywhere you go, even to the Peoples Drug Store."

I almost dropped dead. I had not expected this. How could my own child, my own little brown-skinned boy, conjure up a notion like that?

We had begun to attract attention so I hailed the first taxi that was not driven by a white man and we started to Northeast. I was near tears with memories welling up inside me—memories of the stories my father and grandfather told me of the bravery and courage of black folk of the South. I simply stunned the child with my eloquent recital of the gifts of George Washington Carver, Dunbar, DuBois, and Bethune to American life.

I must have frightened him when I began to cry as I told him how I carried him in my arms clear across the Mall when he was a baby to hear Marian Anderson sing the National Anthem from Lincoln Monument to a grateful, proud audience that stood to listen because she had been denied a hall where they could sit.

I told him of President Roosevelt's Executive Order No. 8802 that had made it possible for me to work among those very people who caused all this rumpus and how I had found them not half so bad; that many of them only play follow-the-leader and that there are good ones among them who weep as often as we do for the injustices done us.

I told him I felt I was making a better world by doing a good job and being honest.

I don't know that he understood it all, but when we stepped out of the cab, the driver peered at us. He saw only a tear-stained mother and an equally watery-eyed little boy but we were smiling—we felt good for some reason. The incident was over.



Dr. Wu Yi-Fang, President of Ginling College, member of the People's Political Council and China's sole woman delegate to the United Nations Conference on International Organization, signs the United Nations charter while other members of the delegation look on. Another achievement of China during these last eight years is that she has become one of the Big Five nations

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

Double-ten Day

China After Eight Years of War *

ON the tenth of this tenth month, China will celebrate the completion of her thirty-fourth year as a republic. Eight of those thirty-four years were spent in war. During those eight years events have happened that have changed China into a new country.

Fifty million Chinese refugees, which is more than the population of Great Britain, France, or Italy, marched to the interior provinces of China in the greatest mass trek in history. It outnumbers by almost 20,000,000 the immigrants from Europe to America from 1776 to 1860.

China's relief and rehabilitation program requires total imports of 10,000,000 tons of supplies valued at \$2,530,000,000 in United States currency, and estimated internal expenditure of \$2,727,000,000 in Chinese pre-war currency—a grand total equivalent in American dollars to \$3,439,000,000.

In wartime China there has been approximately one physician to forty thousand of population. In America there is one to every seven hundred and

fifty. In China there is one hospital bed to every ten thousand people; in America there is one to every two hundred and fifty-six.

In June, 1937, rice cost eleven Chinese dollars for 175 pounds. Today the same amount of rice costs \$12,000 in Chinese currency.

Before the war China had more than 7,450 miles of railways, of which 446 miles now remain in Chinese hands. During the war she built 1,164 miles, of which 869 were captured or destroyed by the enemy.

This last year China had 141 independent and technical colleges with an enrollment of 73,699 students. As compared with 1937, institutions of higher learning increased by nearly 50 per cent, while the number of students increased more than 100 per cent.

In the next few months China will hold its first constitutional assembly at which the constitution will be adopted by all parties democratically elected.

Double-ten day will be celebrated this year by a free China. Nanking will be a special place of celebration since it is the capital city, long in the hands of the enemy.

* WORLD OUTLOOK is indebted, for the facts here presented, to the Chinese News Service.

Methodist Overseas Relief



British Combine

Dutch civilians line up for food. The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief reports that two weeks after liberation Hollanders were still dying because they were too weak to reach the food distribution centers

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief is your agency to help meet the immediate needs of the war victims overseas.



Greek children show their ration cards. These children need shoes and clothing even more than food

On Compassion Day, October 7, the collection will go to the Committee so that it may answer these calls for help.

Refugees in China. Through every Chinese city flow thousands of refugees in need of food and shelter. Some are in such pitiful states of physical and mental exhaustion that they cannot go on



British Combine

World Outlook Books of the Month

Books of unusual interest selected by WORLD OUTLOOK for commendation to its readers. Order any or all of them from the nearest branch of your Methodist Publishing House

THEY TOLD ABOUT JESUS, by Ethel Cutler. Woman's Press, New York. \$2.00.

In Miss Cutler's opening sentences of *They Told About Jesus*, she says: "This is not a book about Jesus. It is a book written to help the readers discover Jesus for themselves."

There have been many helps for readers to discover Jesus for themselves. Most of them have been written in theological language natural to a theological scholar, but so alien to the ordinary lay reader as to act as a barrier to understanding. Miss Cutler, at home in that language, nevertheless writes in the words of the lay reader, bringing the wisdom of the past to the present in a way that can be understood.

She has gone back in the Gospels to the men who first talked about Jesus. She has given us their background and the atmosphere about them when they talked. And then she has given us what they said up to and after the crucifixion.

Miss Cutler in *They Told About Jesus* is curious about Jesus in the way one is curious about a beloved person—gathering what this one said, what that one, and then turning it over in her mind to see why that one phrased his story in this way and this one in another. It is valuable in its help toward the understanding of Jesus and it is valuable in that it stimulates the reader to do further study on the subject.

THEY SEEK A CITY, by Anna Bontemps and Jack Conroy. Doubleday Doran, Garden City, New York. \$2.75.

They Seek a City is a strangely exciting book. It is a story of America's social expansion due to the migration of the Negro to the northern industrial city. It opens with the days of the Underground Railroad and closes with now. The moving force is always the need to escape from physical and spiritual deprivation. Sometimes it is an organized escape. Sometimes the move comes because some one individual just gets "fed up." Sometimes the escape is successful when the wanderer reaches the northern city. Sometimes it is not. But through the story of escape there are woven many minor stories of lives that have lent color and direction to our country's history.

Musicians, labor leaders, teachers, agitators, actors, and poets jostle on each other's heels. Here are the Archers and the Paul Robesons, the Bill Robinsons and the Randolphs, the Cullens and the Garneys and the DuBoises—different, all, and yet all endowed with a vitality that is electric.

The last scene in the book tells of two Negro boys hopping on a freight train—"Hey!" shouts a white boy. "You can't do

that. Besides, that train isn't going where you think it is."

"We don't care," reply the Negro boys, "just so it goes away from here. Anywhere but here."

That could be a tragic ending. Maybe it was meant to be. But the personalities that have appeared on the other pages of the book defy any story of the migration to be tragic.

RUSSIA IS NO RIDDLE, by Edward Stevens. Greenberg, New York. \$3.00.

Russia Is No Riddle says Mr. Stevens firmly. He no doubt means Russia is no riddle to those who take the trouble to find out why she acts as she does. Mr. Stevens has taken that trouble. He has learned Russia so well that he was asked to go with Winston Churchill and the Harriman party from Cairo to Moscow as a special interpreter. For six years he has interpreted Russia to Americans as foreign correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*. Finally he has married a Russian wife. All this appears in the book but the book is no autobiography of a journalist. The book is a serious attempt to explain Russia and her part in the establishment of world order.

Russia wants good neighbors, Mr. Stevens insists, because she wants security. She is not so much interested in boundaries as she is in who lives across those boundaries.

"The installation of an anti-soviet government in Poland," he writes, "would be as fatal to the Soviet Union's future peace and security as the existence of an anti-American government in either Mexico or Canada would be to the United States."

He stresses the need for Russian and American friendliness. The basis is there, he says. Already the people of Russia are friendly. Indeed their friendliness has been recognized by the government to the extent that when slogans are used, America is introduced in such ways as: "American efficiency plus Russian health" for increasing industrialization. "American achievement," so he writes, "became the standard of excellence which every Soviet worker strove to emulate."

Russia Is No Riddle is a quiet book, written in the midst of war. While the Russian soul still seems to be full of complexities (as what soul does not?) to be completely explained by Mr. Stevens, still and all, one puts the book down with a clearer vision than before, and some idea of how Russia's actions can be not only understood but also foretold. For this a debt is owed to Mr. Stevens. There is another debt to the *Christian Science Monitor* for having sent out such men as Mr. Stevens to interpret foreign lands.

Brave Men, by Ernie Pyle. Grosset and Dunlap, New York. \$3.00.

Of all the war writers Ernie Pyle is the serviceman's favorite. They read him as they would have once read letters from home. They knew the men of whom he wrote.

It was Pyle's destiny to be with the enlisted men at a time when peace seemed a long way off. He was cold and wet as they were. He walked the roads with the same knot of fear in his stomach that they had. As he walked he listened to the American soldier beside him—and the war—America's part in it—has been caught in the pages of Ernie Pyle's books for the years to come.

Brave Men is the story of the men who were heroes in the past war. Sometimes the War Department heard of their heroism. Sometimes it did not. Sometimes their particular brand of heroism was not the sort a War Department would reward anyway. But the men who walked with the heroes rewarded them with their admiration. Pyle reflected their feelings.

Names were important. Pyle recognized that. Starting into a street-fighting engagement, he stopped to get the names of the men who were to take part. With the rain pouring down he asked one man to hold his helmet over his notebook while he wrote. The men knew it was important too. They were not one vast war machine. They were men who were winning the war in little-heard-of skirmishes—men from Thomasville, Georgia, and 76 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts. If a man lived on East Main and his middle initial was T., it all went down for the printed page. The vast structure of the war machine is there, but it is there because of individuals.

Throughout *Brave Men* Pyle's detestation of the very stuff of war shines through. ". . . for me," he writes, "war has become a flat, black depression without highlights, a revulsion of the mind and an exhaustion of the spirit."

In another place:

"I don't know one soldier out of ten thousand who wants to fight. They certainly didn't in that company. . . . And yet that company went on into battle, and it was a proud company."

These are the brave men of whom Pyle wrote—men who hated the business of war but yet did the job. Pyle did not pretend to know how peace should be assumed. "Submersion in war," he says at the end of the book, "does not necessarily qualify a man to be the master of the peace. All we can do is fumble and try once more—try out of the memory of our anguish—and be as tolerant with each other as we can."

Brave Men is one of the great journalistic contributions made in the war and it was written by one of the war's bravest men.

New Sickness and Accident Plan Pays \$25 Weekly Benefits

**Costs Only \$12 a Year—Down Payment \$2.50
Hospital Benefit Included**

Newark, N. J.—The 59-year-old North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago announces a new plan that pays \$25 a week for 10 weeks for both stated accidents and sicknesses. Plus an additional \$25 a week for 4 weeks for accidents requiring hospital confinement. Yet the total cost is only \$12 a year. The purpose of this new Premier Limited Double Duty Policy is to bring sickness and accident protection within the reach of men and women who do not have large savings with which to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, or lost income.

This new plan also has a double-indemnity feature covering travel accidents. You receive \$50 a week if disabled by an accident in a bus, taxicab, street car, train, etc., and \$75 a week if the accident requires hospital confinement. There is another new special feature that pays up to \$25 cash for doctor bills, even for a minor accident such as a cut finger. In case of death by a common accident, the policy pays one thousand dollars cash to your family. Two thousand dollars if caused by a travel accident.

In addition, it covers many common sicknesses such as pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis, etc., paying the weekly benefits whether confined to home or hospital.

The entire cost is only \$12 a year, and that applies to men and women between the ages of 15 and 64 inclusive. Between the ages of 65 and 75 the cost is only \$18 a year. Protects you 24 hours a day. No reduction in benefits regardless of age. No medical examination is required.

Men and women who join the armed forces will receive the full benefits of this protection while in the United States.

North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago is one of the oldest and largest Companies in America writing accident and health insurance exclusively. It has paid out over \$35,000,000 to grateful policyholders when they needed help most. North American is under the supervision of the Insurance Departments of 47 states and District of Columbia.

Men and women who would like full details about this new plan are urged to write a letter or postcard for a revealing booklet called "Cash or Sympathy." This booklet is absolutely free. It will come by ordinary mail, without charge or obligation of any kind. No one will call to deliver it. We suggest you get a free copy by sending your name and address with postal zone number to Premier Policy Division, North American Accident Insurance Co., 830 Broad Street, Dept. 325, Newark 2, New Jersey.

— — FREE BOOKLET — —

Premier Policy Division

North American Accident Insurance Company
830 Broad St., Dept. 325, Newark 2, New Jersey

Gentlemen:

Please mail me a copy of your FREE booklet, "CASH OR SYMPATHY." I understand there is no obligation whatever, and that no one will call on me to deliver this booklet.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE No. _____ STATE _____

WORLD OUTLOOK

The Moving Finger Writes

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

Filipino Methodists Begin "Crusade for Christ"

Under the presidency of Bishop D. D. Alejandro, a special "planning conference" of the leaders of Methodism in the Philippine Islands was held recently in Tarlac, P.I., to adopt the "Crusade for Christ" objectives for their churches, and to plan for the training of lay and ministerial leadership, and for religious education.

Because the building of a "new order" for the Philippines had been in the hands of the Japanese until early in 1945, it was decided to use the period until March 9, 1946, for the first spearhead of the Crusade. During this time the relief and reconstruction work will also begin in all possible cases. The basic emphasis for 1946, 1947, and 1948 will be the same as in the United States. The climax will be reached on March 9, 1949, with the fiftieth anniversary of Methodism in the Philippines.

During the occupation the church took the last of a number of steps which lead to complete self-support and to the administration of its own affairs. Believing that these gains should be securely guarded, the members of this Planning Conference voted to earmark all funds received from the United States. They recommend that over one-half of the amount allocated to the Philippines be used for program (\$500,000), and that the rest be divided equally between relief and reconstruction.

The relief for the church is divided into relief for Christian workers and for laymen. Most of the district superintendents brought with them reports on personal losses of the first group. It was decided that these would be approved by the district superintendents, by the Finance Committee, and finally by the Area Council. The latter will then formulate general plans for distribution which include the setting up of a Distribution Committee.

Concerning relief for laymen, each district superintendent will submit an up-to-date census of church membership in each local church of his district. Clothing and other materials will be divided on the basis of these figures: the division will be made in Manila, and from there they will be sent labeled to the districts and finally to the local church. The Official Board will then determine the distribution on the basis of need.

Because no pastors have been trained since 1911, and because many retired were killed or left the ministry, there are few pastors in relation to the number of churches. Bishop Alejandro estimates that the loss is about 20 per cent. Due to the fact that there has been no training for women workers, to marriage, and to quitting work, very few women church workers are left. A few who are now widows may return. The training of leadership for Methodist church work is one of the Church's greatest needs. The Conference recommended that the Seminary and Harris Memorial be opened as soon as possible (preferably with closely co-ordinated work), that provision be made for dialect work for men, and for teachers' certificates in kindergarten work for women.

The need for women workers became so acute during the war that the Ka Onang Memorial Bible Institute was started at Cabanatuan and another temporary Bible Institute is also operating in Malolos. There is a great need for short-term training of both men and women workers who are carrying full responsibility for work with local congregations. The emphasis in all work, the Conference said, should be primarily rural, and Extension Bible Schools for supply pastors should be set up. The reopening of the Extension Bible School for Supply Pastors in Lingayen is also contemplated as soon as funds are available.

Mary Johnston School of Nursing probably will be resumed and some girls' dormitories re-established.

In the field of general education, the Conference recommended that Methodists co-operate in setting up a strong interdenominational university in Manila; that Methodists approve and support the Bethel Girls' High School; that immediately five high schools in strategic places be set up in the provinces, and at least five more soon after that; that a junior college be established in central Luzon with a theological department. The latter seems particularly needed for Ilocanos. The possibility for establishing other junior colleges is also to be explored. Kindergarten schools should be started at once which should become accredited as soon as adequate equipment and teachers can be secured, it was decided.

The Board of Missions was urged to "re-think the position which we as

Methodists should take toward general educational work in the Philippines. Before the war the need was great for more schools like the Presbyterian's Siliman University and the Baptist Central Philippine College. Our country needs more men and women to take the positions of leadership in the business and professional world like the graduates of these schools are now taking. An 'educational lag' in this devastated country is inevitable for the public schools; a backlog of four years as well as the group of usual school age offer unprecedented opportunities for private schools."

W.S.C.S. in Delhi

According to Miss Helen S. Buss, of Indianapolis, Indiana, Methodist missionary in Delhi, India, the number of Woman's Societies of Christian Service in villages surrounding Delhi has recently grown from three to seven. The societies are known, in the Indian tongue, as "Masihi Mahilla Sewa Samati."

Many of the women do not know how to read or write, and one of the objectives of their work is making women literate. They are also carrying on missionary work in Africa and locally for babies.



Miss Helen S. Buss

Sheets and Blankets for France?

"When a patient goes to a hospital in Paris these days, he is expected to take his bed sheets along with him," says Mrs. Marc Boegner, wife of the head of the French Protestant Federation, now visiting America. She is suggesting that American women share sheeting, towels, blankets, and quilts with the families of pastors, some of them refugees, in not only France, but also in Belgium and Holland. The interdenominational Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction is co-operating with this request of Mrs. Boegner by making their depot (United Church Service, New Windsor, Maryland) a receiving point for these supplies.

Dr. Rapking Heads Hiwassee Rural Project



Dr. Aaron H. Rapking

¶ Appointment of Dr. Aaron H. Rapking to initiate the rural program at Hiwassee College, Madisonville, Tennessee, has been announced by the Division of Home Missions. Dr. Rapking will be located at the College where he will be a member of its faculty and conduct rural institutes throughout the adjoining area. Hiwassee is one of six colleges where a course in training lay missionaries will be given under the auspices of the Board.

Dr. Rapking has been identified with rural work for more than twenty-five years and is recognized as an authority in this field.



Missionaries Aided China's Morale

¶ "China's morale might have collapsed if the few thousand missionaries had left China when the American State Department did its best to get us out of there in 1937," says Mrs. Dorothy D. Brewster, of Brockton, Massachusetts, missionary to Fukien Province, China,

now home on furlough. "It was the Christian missions that helped prevent China from being consumed with hatred of America in those four years of her war with Japan when America supplied Japan with aeroplane parts, aviation gasoline, and all the scrap iron she could use for bombs, etc."



Religious Printed Matter for the Philippines

¶ A request for old copies of religious printed matter—quarterlies, Sunday school journals, picture rolls, lesson papers, *Advocates*, *WORLD OUTLOOKS*, *Upper Rooms*, etc.—discarded or left over by Methodist churches in America—comes from the Philippine Islands through the Rev. Francis W. Brush, missionary in charge of Methodist work in Manila. Before the war, much material of this kind was sent to the Philippines by American churches—and Filipino church people are now hungry for more. None has reached them during the war.

If you have such material, send it direct by parcel post, prepaid, to Rev. Francis W. Brush, care American Red Cross, Headquarters 6th Army Civilian A.P.O. 442, care Postmaster, San Francisco, California. (431 P. Paredes, Manila, P. I.)

Czechoslovakia Mission Buildings Intact

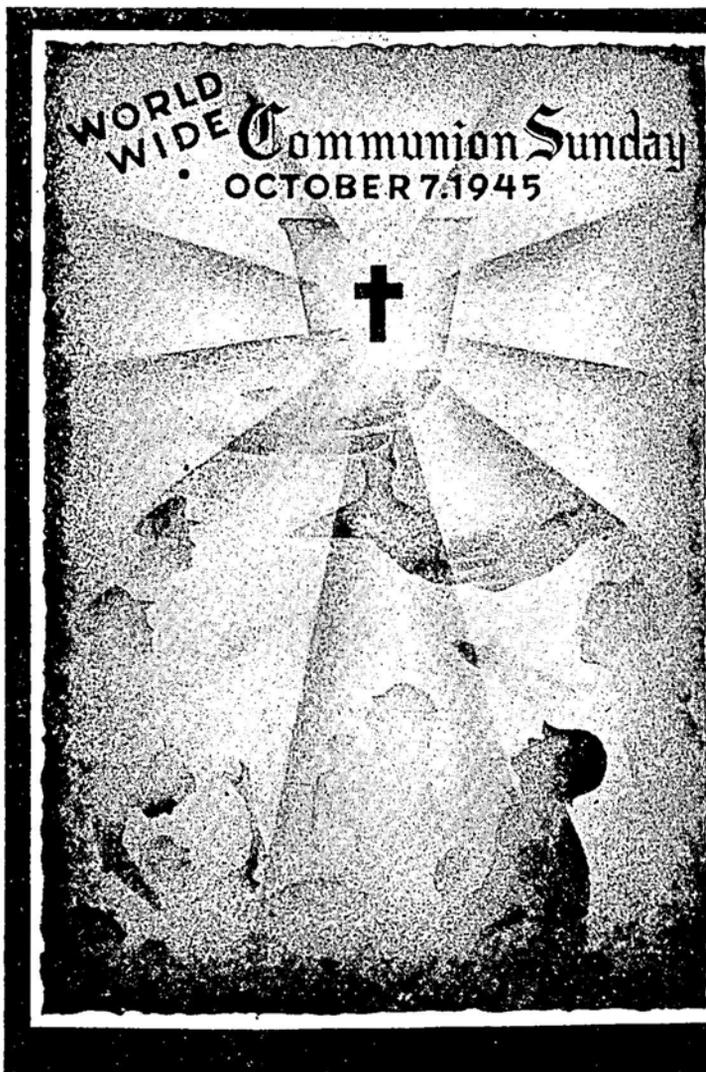
¶ A radiogram message from the Rev. Vaclav Vancura, Methodist missionary in Prague, conveys the greetings of the Czechoslovakian Mission "to the bishops, the church leaders, and church members" in the U.S.A.



Rev. John P. Bartak

"We are saved from war's ravages," says Mr. Vancura, adding that church buildings are intact; that the Methodist work in Pilsen is self-supporting; that the Rev. Ferdinand T. Wagner, a preacher of the Conference recently serving in Valvary, is dead; that assessments, for church work, are 60 per cent higher than in 1940; that Bishop Paul Garber recently visited Pilsen; and that the annual session of the Czechoslovakia Conference will be held in September.

Mr. Vancura also makes a plea, on behalf of the Conference, for the early return of the Rev. John P. Bartak to Prague. Dr. Bartak, Methodist missionary to Czechoslovakia, was released from a German concentration camp three years ago and is now in the United States.



MY CHURCH MINISTERS TO

WAR SUFFERERS
AND OUR
YOUTH IN SERVICE

Though war divides men and nations, Christians must maintain an unbroken fellowship, and around the Communion table pledge allegiance to the Lord of all. Our Bishops call all Methodists to special remembrance of our youth in the armed forces, in camp and on ship, and the war sufferers and refugees of the world, starving and in despair. This means a special Communion offering. In the breaking of bread, we remember those who are without bread, hungry for the Bread of Life.

FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING AND SERVICE

740 RUSH STREET, CHICAGO II, ILL.

Methodists Serve Soldiers and Filipinos in Manila



Rev. Francis W. Brush

Methodists are continuing to serve not only Christian Filipinos but many hundreds of American service men in the badly-bombed city of Manila, P. I.—using the Knox Memorial Church, which is still standing though damaged, as the center of activity. The Knox Church and the Central Student Church unite there under the leadership of the Rev. Francis W. Brush, recently out of internment camp.

"Our work at the Knox-Central Church continues to grow in scope and interest," writes Miss Roxy Leforge, of North Manchester, Indiana, also recently freed from internment camp. "It is a full-sized job alone and an encouraging one, too. In our 10:30 Sunday forenoon service 400 and more service men and the equal number of Filipino members sing the hymns of the church.



Miss Roxy Leforge

"Some of the men are so homesick that they don't know what to do with themselves, and often they wander in to talk with us, and when we can we have them to a meal.

"The Y.M.C.A. is running a canteen in the social hall of our church, and during a single day anywhere from 1,200 up of G.I.'s go through for a sandwich or coffee, or a place to read and write, or maybe lie down on a church pew or a cot for a little rest. We meet many a fine young fellow as we go in and out of the church; and sometimes we run across men from home—our own town or section of the country. So we are ministering to a great many people in a good many ways, and it is intensely interesting. There is no end to the things that can be done, if we have the strength to do them."

They Give to Missions

Dr. George F. Sutherland, treasurer of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church, recently received a check of \$1,325 from Chaplain Ernest N. Haugse, the chaplain of the 73rd Bombardment Wing (APO 237), serving somewhere in the South Pacific area. The gift is for the missionary work overseas—work which the men of the command are seeing for themselves in the South Pacific.

"It is a token of the faith that the

men of our Wing have in the future of the Church, and also a tribute to the work that your missionaries have done in the past," says Chaplain Haugse. "Please accept this gift to your missions with the sincere prayers and best wishes of the Protestant men of the 73rd Wing."



Bishop King at Home in Liberia

Bishop Willis J. King reports that he "feels very much at home in Liberia."

He writes: "To appreciate Liberia and its problems, one must keep in mind its history and difficulties. It is really remarkable what this little group of transplanted American Negroes have been able to do. It now looks as if they are on their way to becoming a respected little nation. They have resources but need capital for development.

"Our church is the leading one in the Republic. Most of the leaders in government belong to our church and are quite loyal to it. At our Annual Conference, President Tubman was the first man to pledge \$1,000 for expanding our work into the hinterland. The leader of the opposition party, also a Methodist, pledged \$1,000 and others made proportional pledges."

Why Evangelicals Are Needed in Bolivia

"One doesn't have to be in Bolivia long to realize a need for our way of Christian life and thought," says the Rev. Ivan H. Nothdruff, newly-arrived Methodist missionary in Cochabamba, Bolivia. "One is impressed with the superficiality of life and



Rev. Ivan H. Nothdruff

customs here, the extreme emphasis upon externals. The exterior must be polished and refined; the interior, which we consider so vital, doesn't seem to be of much importance. Houses have fine fronts, but mud walls in the back. The object is to make an impression at all costs. This attitude runs through the whole fiber of life from buildings and material things through the educational system and the ideal of morals in relation to the common decencies of life. Cheating, stealing, lying, etc., are common problems among the students.

"Our school endeavors to maintain the lead in educational enterprise and effectiveness in a country which makes only a feeble attempt at public education. It is essentially an educational institution with primary and secondary

Can America lead the world back to peace?

Read E. Stanley Jones' book **THE CHRIST OF THE AMERICAN ROAD** and you will understand why this great Christian leader thinks that America may be humanity's last chance to restore peace and Christian love to the world.

Reviewers acclaim this book as:

"Epochal in its significance!" "Timely, arresting, illuminating." "A dynamic, penetrating analysis that draws upon the whole structure of American life." "Could be profitably read by every person of leadership in any part of our American life."

Get your copy NOW!

\$ |

At Your Bookstore

The CHRIST of the AMERICAN ROAD

By E. Stanley Jones

METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

sections, equivalent to those in the States with courses extending to the junior college level. It combines our religious approach with the educational."

Burma Churches Damaged by Japanese

¶ The Rev. Clarence E. Olmstead, Methodist missionary, and secretary of the Burma Christian Council, is now back in Burma—after two years of "exile" in India—carrying on relief in the liberated areas. But, before returning in July to Burma, he was able to gather much information concerning the physical condition of cities and churches, and the condition of Christian personnel during Japanese occupancy. He reports as follows:

"Workers sent to Rangoon after its fall to open hostels and canteens for troops, have written that the city has been spared the destruction which necessarily visited many other places in Burma. The City Hall was found in such comparatively good condition that the Y.M.C.A. opened its canteen there, while the Y.W.C.A. is using Devon Court, beside our Methodist Church, for its hostel for service girls. They report that the church is in excellent condition. The Methodist English Girls' School, just beyond, had a direct hit, however, though some of it can still be used.

"No definite word has been received about the Burmese and Chinese Methodist properties, though the former seems in good condition. The Bible Society building and Immanuel Baptist Church have had direct hits. Community Hall, beside the latter, is usable with minor repairs, while Rowe and Company, across the street, is badly wrecked. The Baptist Press, had been dressed up as a travel agency by the Japs. It was looted of its contents during evacuation. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is injured, but still in use, but the Anglican Cathedral has been polluted from end to end with the stinking materials used in making rice-beer. The Anglican 'Iron Church' has been used as a storeroom and is very dirty. The Diocesan Girls' School was turned into a hospital labeled 'Burma State Hospital' and is indescribably filthy. The University buildings are in good condition, as well as much of Judson College, but Teachers' Training College is a wreck, as are many other buildings along Prome Road.

"In Mandalay the wreckage has been much worse; also in cities north and west along the Chindwin and Irrawaddy. The Baptist Girls' School in Mandalay is standing and is now used as a refugee hostel. The schools and residences of the British Methodists are all flat except one which is uninhabitable. Monywa is all flat, Christian schools having been practically destroyed.

Pakokku's Wesleyan School and residences are reported burned, though the Christian leaders are safe in the villages. Mawlaik, which was an evacuation center, has been laid flat by bombing, only a few houses on the outskirts having been left; and they are fast disappearing bit by bit as people take their boards and posts for temporary protection for themselves.

"Very few Christians have yet been seen in Rangoon, so no report can be given on them. In Mandalay, soon after its capture, a service was held by a former Methodist missionary in that city. Forty people came. U Po Tun, the leading Methodist minister, is alive and has been in the city the whole time, having been made responsible for all Christians by the Japanese. In Mawlaik the Japanese massacred the Chinese in 1942, and again in 1944. But Lushai Christians in villages near by were apparently unmolested; and when visited recently by their missionary, now a chaplain in the army, he was asked to conduct a service and baptize 25 children and adults who had been trained for church membership. They had held services right through, and had kept their tithes paid up.

"In the Kachin area, farther north, the Burmans have been untiring in efforts to get the Christians into trouble with the Japanese; and in Lower Burma, at Wakema, six Christian women teachers were hacked to pieces by Burmans in the interval between the collapse of government and the arrival of the Japanese. Reports of other massacres by the Burmans have been received.

"On the other hand, a British Methodist chaplain was recently in Rangoon and went across to Dalla where the Methodist Indian Church is situated. He held a service with the place full to overflowing, a big offering and several baptisms, and was assisted by a young man by the name of Ratnam. Brother Francis, the landmark of the

Indian Methodist Church in Burma, died in January, 1944.

"The Custodian of Property has told me that he has recovered all the old records of property in Rangoon and vicinity; and had also secured an English copy of property holdings all over Burma made by the Japanese Custodian of Enemy Property and his large staff of workers. So he assured me that the loss of our deeds would not prevent the recovery of all our former holdings."

T. S. Donohugh Honored by Liberia



Dr. Thomas S. Donohugh

¶ The Republic of Liberia, through Secretary of State Gabriel Dennis, presented its diploma of "Knight Official of the Liberian Humane Order of African Redemption" to the Rev. Thomas S. Donohugh, D.D., associate secretary of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church, on July 26, at a dinner in the National Arts Club. The diploma was given in recognition of Dr. Donohugh's thirty-one years of service as administrator of Methodist educational, religious, and medical work in Liberia, and of The Methodist Church's 112 years of service there.

Following a period of missionary service in Meerut, India, Dr. Donohugh made two extended visits to Africa, studying native life, and the social and economic conditions of the tribesmen, in addition to viewing the work of the Methodist and other missionaries in churches, schools, and hospitals. In 1911, retiring to the headquarters of the Methodist Board in New York, he became associated with a large number of interdenominational and philanthropic

Following a period of missionary service in Meerut, India, Dr. Donohugh made two extended visits to Africa, studying native life, and the social and economic conditions of the tribesmen, in addition to viewing the work of the Methodist and other missionaries in churches, schools, and hospitals. In 1911, retiring to the headquarters of the Methodist Board in New York, he became associated with a large number of interdenominational and philanthropic

The Annuity Plan of the Woman's Division of Christian Service enables you to make provision for the best possible income for the rest of your life.

It makes possible a Continuing Gift from you for the program, at home and abroad, of the Woman's Division. Fill out and send this blank today to

Miss Henrietta Gibson, Treasurer
Woman's Division of Christian Service
150 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me information on the Annuity Plan.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Date of Birth _____

societies working on behalf of the African people. He has been especially active in a number of groups in America that have been promoting educational and economic reorganization, governmental and private, in the Republic of Liberia. He has also been active in the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, and was one of the founders and for seven years secretary of the International Association of Agricultural Missions.

✧

J. B. Cobb to Assist in Japanese Conference

☐ The Rev. John B. Cobb, former missionary to Japan, and since 1941 pastor of the Japanese Methodist Church in Spokane, Washington, has been transferred temporarily to California to assist Dr. Frank Herron Smith in the administration of affairs of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, of which Dr. Smith is superintendent. Mr. Cobb will relieve Dr. Smith of some of his responsibilities while Dr. Smith recovers from an illness of several months.

At Spokane, Mr. and Mrs. Cobb were responsible for services in English and Japanese for American-born and Japanese-born members of their congregation. Before leaving the church, Mr. Cobb reported that the congregation had paid \$1,171.26 in cash for the Crusade for Christ.

✧

Finds Two-Thirds of German Churches and Schools Destroyed

☐ A picture of conditions among Methodist churches and other institutions in sections of Germany occupied by American troops has been given by Chaplain John E. Foster, a member of the West Virginia Annual Conference, to Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer of the Board of Missions and Church Extension. Based on personal observations in Frankfort-a-Main and elsewhere, Chaplain Foster says:

"About two-thirds of all the church property, buildings, hospitals, and schools have been destroyed. Frankfort has not suffered so badly. Only one of our two churches and one of our two hospitals were destroyed. The hospital destroyed was the Maternity Clinic. The other hospital is now doing a splendid work, operating normally after a short period of tenure by our military as a military hospital. White-clad deaconesses do the nursing and run the hospital, and it is an inspiration to see.

"There are fifteen pastorates in the Frankfort District, eight of which are served by local preachers. The regular pastors of these eight charges were conscripted into the German Army.

"The Seminary in Frankfort, for the training of ministers, was open through 1944, and this year till our troops came. Our troops held some services in the building in an improvised chapel. The chapel of the school was badly damaged; all the glass windows were knocked out with the casements; the plaster was broken up; but it can be repaired. The library of thirty thousand books was not damaged. The furniture was damaged, but not destroyed. The greatest damage was sustained by the classroom building and students' living quarters. This part of the plant received a number of direct hits by artillery. It will require about twenty thousand dollars to repair the buildings of the institution. Dr. J. W. E. Sommer is president of the school.

"It seems to me that the reopening of this Seminary as soon as possible is the most important task of Methodism in Germany, and we should help them in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord if possible.

"All of us are intensely interested in the earliest possible resumption of our work here. One of the most pressing needs right now is for ministers to fill pastorates made vacant by the war. Many of the pastors were conscripted into the Army, others were sent to concentration camps."

Caxton Doggett Is Student Secretary



Rev. Caxton Doggett

☐ The Rev. Caxton Doggett, a member of the Florida Annual Conference, has been elected secretary of the Department of Student Work of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, succeeding the Rev. DeWitt C. Baldwin.

Mr. Doggett has been pastor of the Methodist Church in Orlando, Florida, and previous to that was pastor at Coronado Beach, Florida. He was ordained a Methodist minister in 1939. A native of Kossuth, Mississippi, he was educated at Millsaps College and at Yale Divinity School, receiving the B.A. and B.D. degrees. At Millsaps, he was editor of the college newspaper; at Yale, the winner of the Teu history prize. Recently articles from his pen have appeared in the *Christian Century*.

Mrs. Doggett is a graduate of the Florida State College for Women and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. At a recent North Carolina Rhododendron Festival, she was appointed "Miss Florida" by Governor Cone.

E. Stanley Jones

ABUNDANT LIVING

Not just a book—a religious experience

This is more than a book of inspiration—it is a guide to an experience in Christian growth. It will help you in mind, in body, and in spirit. Just a few minutes each day are needed to study the scripture passage, the meditation, and the prayer, but you will not easily forget the message.

"A mere reader is practically an on-looker; the book wants participants. Pondered as earnestly as Dr. Jones has written it, the book is a manual in the development of the Christian Life."—*The New Christianity*.

"But one should speak of the user rather than the reader, for such a book as this is not merely to be read, though it reads well, but to be chewed and inwardly digested."—*The Christian Century*.

\$1

The author, E. Stanley Jones, has made a mighty impact on Christianity. Millions of Americans know who he is. Use *ABUNDANT LIVING* to learn the secret of his power. Nearly a half million copies are now used in class discussions, study groups, and, most important of all, in personal and family devotions.

Convenient Pocket Size



THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Please order from House serving your territory.

Miss Erbst Found in P. I. Hospital

Miss Wilhelmina Erbst, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, missionary of the Methodist Church at Bayombong, Neuva Viscaya, Philippine Islands, last of the Methodist missionaries on Luzon Island in Japanese-held areas, has been released, and is now recuperating in the U. S. Army 91st Hospital there. Miss Erbst had at one time been reported dead behind Japanese lines—and her known illness made this seem possible.

From the Hospital she writes:

"I was held so tight within the Japanese lines that no communication could reach any of our forces, even though only 20 miles away at Baliti Pass. But June 7 they came on, and we were glad to see the long line of tanks and trucks, from Bayombong to Bagabay. I was very sick, but when Chaplain Tietgen called and made plans for me to be with the army, took me in his little jitney, it was relief indeed. We were starving and my feet were still swollen from kidney trouble. But good food is building me up, and I am now strong enough to make further plans.

"I am having good food. Bread and butter, which I had not seen for over three and one-half years, tastes awfully good. I hunger for a mouthful of strawberries, even jam would taste good. I know this is strawberry and raspberry season back home.

"I was kept prisoner by the Japanese in this very hospital from July, 1944, until Nov. 1st. Then our guerrilla forces from the mountains came down, stole the hospital, the doctors, three nurses, all the attendants, medical supplies and all, and carried them to their camps. They asked to take me along but I feared the Japanese would torture my dear girls. Later the Japanese imprisoned three old ladies for two months in the garrison because their sons had escaped school to go to the mountains to the hideout army. A reign of terror resulted in terrible killings. Yet I kept safe with my dear girls, who were refugees from their homes in other provinces. Their love and loyalty has been wonderful. They salvaged as much of our belongings as possible, but our losses were heavy. We faced starvation for the Japanese stole the food from our kitchen—all rice, chickens, and pigs were taken from us. They took possession of our little house at Bintanan and we couldn't get even one coconut from our own trees. Our gardens were all uprooted so we had no vegetables. The girls were forbidden to go to Bintanan. All this is changed now, thank God.

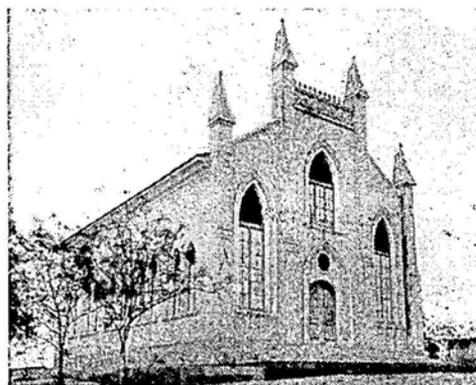
"I have aged terribly, and for a time was so weak I could scarcely lift my hands; and twice I was cold, so cold I thought it was death. It was then that the girls were darlings, for there was no medicine nor any doctor near. And yet,

I rallied and celebrated my sixty-sixth birthday with many of my friends around me—for most of the town of Salano had to move out into the rice field and we were not alone. So we had quite a party. Each friend brought something they had to spare."

✦

There Are Methodists in Luanda

"The Luanda Methodist Church—in Luanda, Angola, Portuguese West Africa—is one of the greatest of African churches," says the Rev. Linwood E. Blackburn, missionary in Luanda, An-



Hartzell M. E. Church, Luanda, Angola

gola, Africa. "It seats 1,000 people—but the Africans pack in many more! Pastor Julio Joao Miguel reported a membership of 2,125 at the recent annual Conference.

"The present church building was erected between 1914 and 1917, at a cost of about \$8,000. The exterior is in keeping with the best Portuguese architecture. It is of stone, with tile roof and flooring.

"Near to the city, in and around the 'Native City,' where live most of our Methodist people, there are fifteen small chapels—classes where the people can come for worship during the nights of the week.

"The chapels are erected and maintained by their members. At times, especially when a new class begins or in case of emergency, the Conference aids in a material way. Sometimes the site is purchased by the Conference to insure permanency. The structures vary from those with mud walls, cement floors, and tin roofs, to those entirely of mud and straw—depending upon the means and ingenuity of its members. Membership varies from 50 to 200."

✦

Bolivian Ambassador Is Methodist Mission Graduate

Victor Andrade, ambassador from Bolivia to the United States of America, and a Bolivian delegate to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, is a graduate of the American Institute at La Paz—a leading Methodist secondary school in that republic. Mr. Andrade

entered the Institute from a small Indian rural town in the interior of Bolivia, finished the course with honors, and for a time taught in his alma mater.

During more recent years, Mr. Andrade has held a number of important positions in the field of education and labor in Bolivia, and has been instrumental in securing advanced labor legislation for his country. He has represented his country at various international conferences—that at San Francisco being the most important in his career. There he was chairman of the Committee on the Assembly's Functions, and an outstanding spokesman for the rights of the small nations.

"GO TO CHURCH" SEALS

Attractive stamp stickers with a message that increases interest and attendance. Any organization or individual can easily sell them and make 90 Cents Profit Each Dollar Sale. Colorful package, sheets of 100. Send 25 Cents for saleable One Dollar value sample, wholesale prices and "How to Sell Them" SEND TODAY

Snyder Publishing House, 110 Crestmont St., Reading, Pa.

WAR MEMORIAL PLAQUES

RAISED LETTER PLAQUES MOUNTED ON GENUINE SOLID WALNUT SHIELDS

★
LOOK LIKE REAL BRONZE

★
MANY SIZES & DESIGNS

INTERNATIONAL BRONZE TABLET CO.

26 EAST 22nd STREET • NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

MONEY FOR YOUR TREASURY

Our NO INVESTMENT PROJECTS offer quick profits for your organization. Sell quality VANILLA, SHAMPOO and other items. Write today for particulars.

SAMPLE FREE TO OFFICIAL
NORWALK COSMETIC CO. Norwalk, Ohio

HEADQUARTERS

for CHOIR GOWNS
PULPIT ROBES

Vestments • Hangings • Stoles
Embroideries, Etc.
NEW CATALOG on Request

NATIONAL CHURCH GOODS SUPPLY CO.
Division of
NATIONAL ACADEMIC CAP & GOWN CO.
821 23 ARCH ST. PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.

Sell and give

THE CHRISTMAS MANGER SET

Attractive holiday home decoration! The ideal children's gift! Sturdy, fibre-board cut-outs of scenes and figures in full color, stand up on 27-inch platform, and beautifully portray the Christmas story. Packed in attractive gift box. Only \$1.50 ea. (Four for \$5.00 to one address.) Liberal discounts to Dealers, Agents, Societies on Manger Sets, and complete line, Greeting Cards, Plax, Bibles, Gifts, Novelties, etc. Write today for full information. (Include other interested names and receive FREE GIFT.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. W. BOYER CO., Dept. WK, 2223 N. Main, Dayton 5, Ohio

"Mother" Brewster Feted by Chinese

☐ "Mother" Elizabeth M. Brewster, the sole remaining pioneer missionary of the Methodist Church in Hinghwa, China, still lives in that city, beloved by the Chinese of all faiths. Now approaching her eighty-fourth birthday (which will be eighty-five by Oriental count), Mrs. Brewster refuses to permit the Chinese to give her birthday presents, as is their custom, but instead has asked that their gifts be diverted for an operating room in the Richmond Methodist Hospital in Hankong, and for a chapel in the Sienyu High School.

"Mother" Brewster first went to China, from London, Ohio, in 1884, and six years later was married to the Rev. William N. Brewster, who died in 1916. Throughout the years since, she has led in educational and evangelistic work in Hinghwa, besides raising seven children, three of whom are also missionaries. She is the founder of several orphanages and leper homes, and the translator of Christian literature and teaching materials into the Hinghwa dialect.

Methodism Still Growing!

☐ "The largest Protestant church in America or in the world" is growing still larger, according to its official statistician, the Rev. Albert C. Hoover, of Chicago. It is the Methodist Church which now claims a total membership of 8,046,129, or an increase of 67,000 during the past year.

Dr. Hoover lists 21,104 Methodist parishes and about that number of active ministers; while there are 41,067 preaching places—some ministers having from two to ten churches at which they hold services. He estimates also that Methodists gave \$133,000,000 last year for the support of local churches, for missions and benevolences, and for war relief and reconstruction under the Church.

Duke Has Complete Atatela Library

☐ The Duke University library contains every word ever printed in Atatela, the language of the Batetela tribe among which Methodism works in the Belgian Congo. The library consists of thirty cloth-bound volumes.

The collection was secured by Dr. James Cannon III, professor of missions, with the assistance of Rev. Inman Townley, Duke graduate and Methodist missionary in the Congo.

The language of the tribe was first reduced to written form by Methodist missionaries in 1916. The Duke collection consists of the Atatela grammar,

hymnal, prayer book, the Bible and biblical passages, readers, and simple textbooks.

Much of Europe Is Hungry



Bishop Herbert Welch

☐ According to Bishop Herbert Welch, chairman of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, reports reaching him as to the need of various countries in Europe for food and other supplies, indicate varied conditions and needs from country to country. The situation in France, he learns, is no longer critical, but problems of black market and transportation remain; the industrious Belgians are not in danger of starvation; the people of Denmark, despite the terrors of Nazi occupation, are well-fed, and supplying food to near-by countries; conditions in Finland are critical, and assistance will be needed up until harvest and perhaps even longer; while throughout the Balkans continued relief shipments are needed to stave off semi-starvation.

50 Million Chinese Refugees

☐ According to the Chinese News Service there has been the migration of 50,000,000 Chinese refugees into the west-



Chinese refugees forced to live like animals

ern provinces, just ahead of the Japanese armies. This is more than the population of Great Britain, France, or Italy, and it is more than twice the number of immigrants from Europe to America between 1776 and 1860.

Holland Churches Destroyed

☐ The Nazi occupation of Holland resulted in the destruction of sixty Protestant churches, the serious damaging of forty others, damage or destruction of seventy parsonages, the evacuation of sixty entire congregations, the inundation of thirty parishes by the cutting of dykes, and the death of twelve Protes-

tant ministers (nine of them fathers of young children), according to a report received from the Netherlands. Damage to church property is assessed at eighteen million florins, or about \$6,840,000.

For Every Member of the Family

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE

For real appreciation of the Bible by old and young, there is no book to equal *The Story of the Bible*.

Small children will enjoy hearing the "old, old Story" read aloud. Teen-agers will want to read it themselves. All will be fascinated by its style and reverence. 52 great chapters. Illustrated by the colorful Copping paintings.

WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE

\$1.95

Order from THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE serving your territory

RAISE EASY MONEY FOR YOUR TREASURY

\$60.00 raised by HOSPITAL AUXILIARY Leesport, Pa. YOU CAN DO IT TOO!

EVERY WOMAN likes to carry a beautiful, soft leather change purse inside her large handbag for change or small cosmetics. Simply show this BARGAIN to organization members, neighbors, friends and TAKE ORDERS.

No selling necessary. "Repeat" orders pouring in to church groups, granges, lodge auxiliaries in 48 states. Trial order 2 dozen. Cost \$11.16; Selling Price \$14.16; 59¢ each; YOUR EASY PROFIT \$3.00. Can't Miss!

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW!

ROBERT GILLMORE GILLMORE
308 North 5th St., Reading, Penna. WO

Sure, our group wants to raise funds—providing we can RAISE THEM EASILY! Send us 2 doz. genuine "LEATHER-ZIPPER" Change Purses as a "test" to prove how easily we could sell HUNDREDS, for real money!

Name _____
 Organization _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

E. M. McBrier Honored on 80th Birthday



Edwin Merton McBrier

Friends, business associates, and church and educational associates of Edwin Merton McBrier, business man, educator, philanthropist, and former missionary to China, gathered in the chapel of the Methodist Building, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, on July 16 to celebrate his eightieth birthday.

Among the organizations honoring Mr. McBrier—who retired in 1921 as an executive in the F. W. Woolworth Company of which he was a founder, and has since devoted himself to missionary and educational interests—were the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church, of which he has been a member since 1913; the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, of which he is treasurer; the trustees of Yenching University; and the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. of which he has been a member for twenty-two years.

✧

Chief Wants a Christian Village

"We visited a large village where we were to spend the night, and after a hasty bite we went to the church, where there soon gathered a large crowd," says the Rev. E. H. Lovell, missionary in the Belgian Congo, Africa. "After the sermon, we questioned candidates for baptism, and asked the congregation about each one individually as to customs and whether or not they knew anything in their lives which would prevent them from receiving baptism. The reaction was most encouraging.

"One or two of the candidates were revealed as not living right, and were asked to wait until their lives showed better proof of their regeneration. Also several church members refused to take the Communion because they themselves felt unworthy.

"We noticed that the headman of the village had taken a very deep interest in the service and had joined in the short testimony meeting. We were rather surprised for he was like most headmen—a polygamist. We were told that this man had a very great zeal for his family, and for his village to know the Lord. Here was this old polygamist who was an outsider, so to speak, but with far more zeal than most of our Christians. He was begging his village to accept the gospel, and witnessing to his own need of Christ. Even though he cannot become a baptized church member accord-

ing to the rules of our church, yet he was the cause of this rather unusual honesty and sincerity in his village. One could feel the heart hunger of the people, and this man is largely responsible for it."

✧

"So Goes the World"

"As China goes, so goes the world of the future," said Presiding Bishop Henry St. George Tucker, advocating the adoption of the Protestant Episcopal Church's \$5,000,000 Reconstruction and Advance Fund for missionary needs.



Bishop Henry St. George Tucker

"But we cannot expect to get far with preaching only. We must have men and women for the vital work which will open the way for the preachers. China is open to Christianity as never before, and we must prepare by providing new equipment, erecting new schools, hospitals, and churches, and have them available as the need arises. Missionary work is always closely allied with historical development, and we must create Christian statesmen if future wars are to be avoided."

✧

America Founded on Bible

The reading of the Bible is required in the public schools of eleven states, prohibited in three and permitted but not required in the other thirty-four, according to a recent survey made by the American Bible Society. "Back in the days of the thirteen original colonies," comments the Society, "wherever there was a church there was a school. And everywhere the chief textbook of the schools was the Bible. It is plain history to say that the public school systems of our land originated as Bible schools."

Church Women Helped Migrants

Supported largely by funds raised by church women through their annual "World Day of Prayer" gifts, and the contribution of home mission boards of twenty-three Protestant churches, religious and social welfare ministries were provided this past summer to some 600,000 migrant agricultural workers by the Home Missions Council of North America, it is announced by Miss Edith E. Lowry, executive secretary. The program was designed to "take the Christian church and its services out to the fields where the workers labor and live."



Miss Edith E. Lowry

✧

China's Students Double During War

During the year 1944, China had a total of 141 universities, colleges, and technical colleges, with a total enrollment of 73,699 students. Most of the higher institutions are operated by Christian agencies or were founded under missionary auspices. China's interest in higher education is attested by the fact that despite the war the government has encouraged the enrollment of young men in colleges—and the total enrollment last year was an increase of 100 per cent over the 1937 enrollment.

✧

Sayre Pleads for More Missionaries



Hon. Francis B. Sayre

The Hon. Francis B. Sayre, former High Commissioner to the Philippines, recently urged greatly increased missionary efforts in the archipelago to meet "an opportunity unique in human history for cementing the friendships of the peoples of our hemisphere with millions of Asiatics."

Said Mr. Sayre: "With their newly-won independence the Filipinos in the days ahead face a herculean task. They must rebuild their ruined cities, repair their roads and railways, re-establish their schools, reorganize their whole economy. But their spiritual need will be infinitely more important. They must rebuild their faith in mankind and in the goodness of God's world. Now is the time for our Church to bring to them her very best."

A book that begged to be written!

by Lawrence E.
Nelson

OUR ROVING BIBLE

TRACKING ITS INFLUENCE THROUGH ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE

"The Bible is the most gadabout book since time began. It has roved the face of the earth, often appearing in the most unexpected places."

Thus begins this fascinating story of the Great Book and its impact on the English-speaking peoples, told against the exciting background of civilization's progress.

From Beowulf to bombers, from Mother Goose to Hollywood, Dr. Nelson tracks its influence down the ages, eagerly following the trail from one era into another, often finding it in odd corners and in curious company.

The reader, journeying with him, feels the sheer creative force of the Bible—its power not only to engrave its thought patterns upon our past but also to enter secular literature today at a rapidly accelerating pace.

In comprehensiveness and liveliness of treatment this book far surpasses any other in its field. It deftly weaves a story the scholar will prize, the preacher will need, and the average reader will want always at hand.

A mint of information not elsewhere
available in one volume!

\$2.75

Ready October 22

Sherwood Eddy's NEW BOOK

PATHFINDERS of the WORLD MISSIONARY CRUSADE

Here is a sweeping story of missions, world wide in its scope, drawing together varied movements and projects of Protestant missions into a vivid, fast-moving narrative crammed with intimate, firsthand facts—a story which could be told only by one who, like Dr. Eddy, has lived and worked a lifetime among the actors of the drama.

Here are the life stories of the real peacemakers of the world—such heroic but human figures as Schweitzer in Africa, Luce in China, Azariah in India, and the Christian missionaries in Capetown, all working toward the common goal of extending the Kingdom.

Through it all runs a discerning and critical presentation of the theory and practice of missions. Dr. Eddy has provided all who are interested in missions with a much-needed source of authentic information and inspiration.

\$2.75

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Order from House serving your territory

Baltimore 3 Boston 16 Chicago 11 Cincinnati 2 Dallas 1
Detroit 1 Kansas City 6 Nashville 2 New York 11
Pittsburgh 30 Portland 5 Richmond 16 San Francisco 2

Announcing

The *New* Closely Graded KINDERGARTEN COURSES



Which take the place of the present
Beginner Closely Graded Courses

Beginning with Part I, October, 1945

A 2-Year Course
in 8 Parts
Consisting of
5 Sets of Materials

*About the term Kindergarten—*Kindergarten has been chosen as the most popular and best understood term to designate four and five year old children—the *Church School Kindergarten*. These children are really not beginners on account of nursery classes and teaching done in the home.

Important Notice

Since only Part I material is to be available for use in October, all Kindergarten (Beginner) classes, ages 4 and 5, should use the same lessons.

Send for descriptive circular giving unit and session titles and descriptions. Full-color reproductions of leaflet pictures are also shown.



TEACHER'S TEXT BOOK "Learning in the Church Kindergarten"

The teacher's text consists of guidance material for teachers who are using the kindergarten course in the church school. This guidance is given in eight quarterly textbooks planned to cover a two-year period. The material is grouped into units each of which centers in common interests of the children. The units contain plans for from two to thirteen weeks each. In the textbook, plans for each unit are developed through a carefully worked-out week-by-week procedure.

The suggestions for procedure are arranged in the form of a step-by-step plan for the day. Included are suggestions for activities (including directions for use of the Activity Sheets). There are suggestions also for group and individual planning and thinking and doing as well as for happy times of sharing and for moments of informal worship. Each plan includes a story for the child. *Price 35c each, per part.*



PUPIL'S LEAFLETS

These beautiful four-page weekly folders, one for each Sunday of the quarter, are called *My Bible Leaflet*. On the cover is an attractive picture in full color. Pages 2 and 3 carry the story for each Sunday, including the Bible verse. Page 4 is the "At Home" page that points out to the parents the religious emphasis of the story or activity for the day. Sometimes there will be poems, songs or prayers with suggestions of how parents may share these materials with the child. *Price 12c set, per part.*



PICTURE SETS

For each quarter's material there will be a set of from eight to ten pictures in full color. These pictures will be 9"x12". They are an essential part of the teaching material and suggestions for their use are written into the teacher's texts. These pictures, many of them Biblical, the others dealing with the interests and activities of kindergarten-age children, should meet the constant request of teachers for "more pictures." *Price \$1.00 set, per part.*



MESSAGE TO PARENTS

The greater part of the child's religious learning goes on in the home. The new Kindergarten Course provides a "Message to Parents." This is a four-page quarterly folder that explains to the parents what the church school is attempting to do for the child and how home and church may work together to accomplish the purposes of the units. A copy of the "Message to Parents" should go into each child's home each quarter. The discussion of the contents of the folder would make an excellent topic for quarterly parent-teacher meetings. *Price 2c set, per part.*



ACTIVITY MATERIALS

Accompanying each quarter's materials is an envelope of work materials for each child. This envelope contains six sheets on which will be found patterns and suggestions for gifts, covers for leaflets, greeting cards and other "something-to-do" ideas that are developed in the session plans. *Price 12c set, per part.*

The Methodist Publishing House

Please order from House serving your territory

Nashville 2 Chicago 11 Cincinnati 2 New York 11 Dallas 1 Richmond 16 Baltimore 3
Pittsburgh 30 Boston 16 Detroit 1 Kansas City 6 Portland 5 San Francisco 2