

MAY

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WORLD OUTLOOK

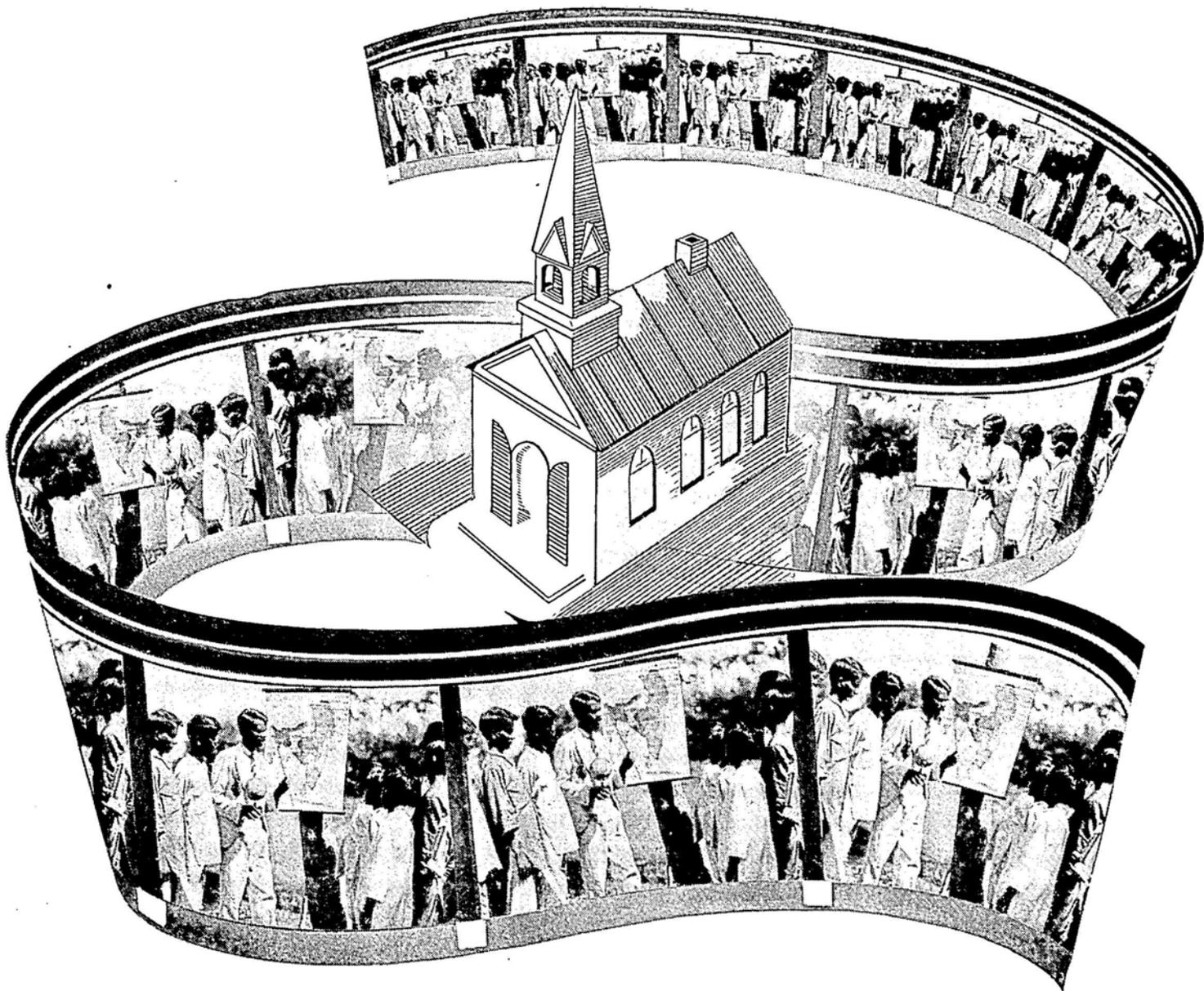
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JAPANESE-AMERICAN KINDERGARTNERS OF THE WEST COAST



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Letters

Palm Sunday in Rio de Janeiro

● It was Palm Sunday and I was alone, a stranger in a strange place. My husband was on business for the King in another city and I was at a hotel in Rio de Janeiro waiting for his return. I could neither speak nor understand Portuguese, and I did not know the name nor the location of a single church. On Saturday morning, as I was returning from a restaurant where I ordered my meals by faith, and not by knowledge, the telephone in my room rang and a voice with a familiar brogue which sounded like music to my ears asked if there was anything she might do for me.

"Honey, what part of the South did you come from?" I asked, before I thought to answer her important question.

"I'm Hester Bruce from Georgia. I've been here two months. Appointed by the Methodist Board to work at The People's Central Institute," she replied.

"And I'm a Metho-terian, (half Methodist and half Presbyterian) from Alabama."

And so it was arranged that my new friend from my own part of this small world was to accompany me to the mother church of Methodism in Brazil. I never could have found it, if she hadn't, for to me it seemed a long and intricate trip on crowded trams and busses and I was amazed that she had learned her directions and could ask her directions in Portuguese in so short a time.

We arrived at *Igreja Metodista do Catete* in time for the church school. Save for the sound of strange tongues I could easily have imagined that I was in a Methodist church in my own southern state.

The Methodist church we entered is the oldest Methodist church in Brazil and was founded in 1878. It has taken 68 years for Methodist Protestants to build up in *Catete Church*—in this land—an evangelical membership of 484 Christians. There were about 300 in the church school but it was well organized from the Cradle Roll to the Adults. The Superintendent was a talented young Brazilian doctor who spoke good English and who had been reared in the church school since he was eight years of age. I was impressed by the dignified and reverent way he led the worship service and by the many organized classes studying the Word of God, each with their own trained Brazilian teacher.

Sr. Laercias Maranhao, the superintendent, showed me attractive and original posters made by the young people. "Take a part in our youth meetings," they urged in Portuguese. "You will like them." I did—and I *did* like them.

The windows of the sanctuary were open to the summer breeze and I caught a glimpse of the everlasting hills which surround Rio, and a whiff of the perfume of tropical flowers. Shasta daisies and palms made beautiful the dignified altar, and potted ferns were on the window ledges. Instead of statues in every niche and corner,

Overseas Relief

MCOR is undertaking a *child feeding* project in Germany as its share of a plan outlined by the World Council. Two thousand children are to receive a daily ration at the Methodist Church in Zwickau, Saxony, for three months, under the supervision of a church officer appointed by Bishop Sommer. The cost is estimated at \$7.00 for each child. Other cities are asking for the same help.

The Woman's Societies of Christian Service of the Louisville Conference have given \$925 for Overseas Relief, and besides, have sent abroad many hundreds of cans of fruit, meat, and vegetables. One deaconess in a rural, hilly section, sent more than 300 cans. Well done!

With the assistance of the Brethren Service Committee and the transportation facilities of UNRRA, MCOR is just shipping to the *Methodist farmers* of the Masurian Lakes region of Poland, 44 draught horses and 40 Holstein cattle. Dr. Warfield found in one great church there that 40 per cent of the farmers had no cows and not one had a horse! The receipt of \$179,738.25 in December carried the total thus far entrusted to MCOR for Relief past the \$5,000,000 mark. Our Methodist program has kept many of the people alive.

Shoes Needed in Europe.—"As to what the children had on their feet, it was often simply unimaginable. Old shoes with soles coming off, with toes and heels sticking out. Sometimes the ends of shoes grown too small had been deliberately cut off. *Some small boys* wore women's old shoes with high heels, much too long, and the children had to walk cautiously, balancing themselves. One child I saw had two small boards tied to his feet with strings."

In Bulgaria, "Pastors earn in a month about half enough for a pair of shoes, yet they are better off than Rumanian pastors." *In Rumania* during the past winter, children were unable to attend school for lack of shoes."

Poland, with its disease and devastation and bewilderment; *Greece*, where food and clothing are still urgently called for; *Yugoslavia*, ravaged by marches and counter-marches; these are but samples of conditions which cry aloud for the coming of a Good Samaritan.

In *China* it is reported that literally millions have died from hunger within recent months.

(From *Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, News Bulletin, 150 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 11*).

there were scripture plaques on the walls exalting the living Christ.

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE. NO MAN COMETH UNTO THE FATHER BUT BY ME."

And so on Palm Sunday at the oldest Methodist church in Brazil I worshipped the Father in Spirit and in Truth.

After the morning worship was over, I noticed upon the faces of the Brazilian Christians the "light of the glorious Gospel" about which the minister had preached. Their cordial greetings to a stranger and a foreigner gave proof of the sincerity and the warmth of their Christian courtesies.

JULIA LAKE KELLERSBERGER

Church Life in Shanghai

● Living in America is much cheaper than here. Economy is difficult; the United States dollar can purchase only about one-third of its value before 1941, and that figure varies widely.

We are still using chairs on the main floor of the church, as all pews were destroyed. The church is filled—people even sit on mats in the balcony. Workers should be thrilled, shouldn't they, when the problem is overcrowding and not emptiness!

We work here with about the best group we have ever had. They are more capable and more understanding. Opportunity is limitless . . . everyone needs understanding and co-operation . . .

S. R. ANDERSON

Moore Memorial Church
Shanghai, China

Christmas, 1946, in Alaska

● So many times during the winter I have been reminded of the words from a poem by Christina Rossetti:

"In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,

Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone."

That is truly our situation here this winter and it isn't "long ago" either. During December we had a lot of snow with low temperatures, the lowest being 36°. That was before Christmas. The Monday before New Year's we had a blizzard that really bogged us down with more snow than we had all last winter. The Friday after New Year's we had another. At that time the winds were so high that the light wires were tangled up, and we were without lights all day. The telephone wires were so mixed up that we never knew whether someone was calling us or someone else. And now, less than a week after that storm, we have had another. Winds really reached gale proportions at times; the Weather Bureau reported 75 miles an hour. We do not let storms keep us at home, though, for just as soon as it lets up a little, we dig out and start going. Imagine keeping a house in a climate like this! But so far I have not had any trouble keeping warm.

But no matter where one may live or what the weather, Christmas is Christmas so long as the Christmas spirit prevails, and

the Christmas story is heard, and children's laughter rings out.

In this far North land, traditionally thought of as the home of Santa Claus, we too have celebrated Christmas. The children in our Sunday school were just as excited about Christmas—about their program and the giving and getting of gifts as were children elsewhere. We emphasized the story of Christmas, the coming of the Christ Child. One Sunday during the holiday season we set up a Christmas *creche* (*crib*), and how the children loved it!

DOROTHY M. RUSSELL

Lavinia Wallace Young Mission
Nome, Alaska

Christmas in China

DEAR FRIENDS FAR AND NEAR:

● The high point of Christmas to me was the candle-lighting service at Moore Memorial Church, when 250 church members sang in various groups—children, intermediates, youth, young adult, college, adults. Each group, plus a member of the official board, had a representative who lighted one of the candles of the 7-branched candlestick. The large white central candle represented Christ, the red ones on either side the various age-groups in the church. There was appropriate Scripture read by the pastor, after which one or another of the groups sang. At the proper time in the Scripture came Mary and Joseph at the manger, the shepherds, and the wise men. When at last the lights were turned off, each member of the audience of one thousand lighted his candle from that of the representative of his section, and as they slowly brightened the church I thought of those words of St. Augustine, "One loving spirit sets another on fire."

The "Marine Lynx" arrived on December 31, with its sixty-seven Methodists (including missionary children). Bishop and Mrs. Garth had the same kind of emergency troop ship type of accommodation as the others. Bishop Garth was very valuable as chairman of the passenger group. The baggage was just dumped into the warehouse by the ship's crew. Bishop Garth and fifteen of the missionary men of various denominations went to the wharf next day and got the baggage arranged alphabetically. This was hard work, but it meant a much less confused and arduous task in claiming it than had been the case in the October "Lynx." The Bishop preached on Sunday on "Actions That Make Dreams Come True." After church there was a simple Chinese dinner as a warm welcome to the Methodist missionaries. Mr. Sid Anderson, missionary of Moore Memorial, introduced some of the church workers who had in such a courageous way, often at risk of their lives, carried on the work of the church during the dark war years when the church was occupied.

Lovingly,

MABEL RUTH NOWLIN

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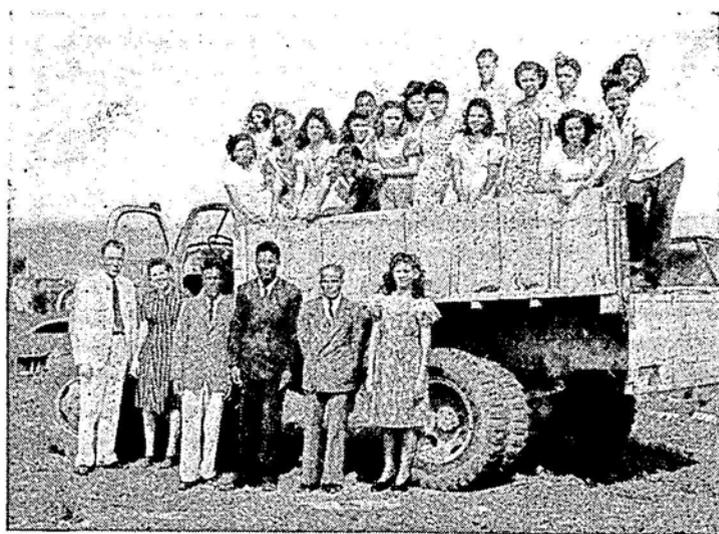
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The Vincents pose for a family picture on their back porch



The Vieques truck and young people

The Vincents on Vieques*

By Jeanne Kellar

LAST October the Rev. Kenneth Vincent and his wife, who were missionaries in Puerto Rico, went to Vieques, "the forgotten island of the Caribbean." They found a beautiful island, about twenty-three miles long and three miles wide, lying between Puerto Rico and the Virgin Island. It was inhabited by about 11,000 people, but not more than 400 of them had jobs. Thus they were completely poverty-stricken. And they were as poor in things of the spirit as they were in material goods.

This was the story: Once there was a considerable sugar industry and many of the people found employment in the mills. Of course they did not all have jobs, and even then there was considerable unemployment and poverty, but the inhabitants were not the beaten, starved people they are now.

Then came the war and the U.S. Navy bought one-fourth of the island, including the best sugar land, from a sugar company. A large naval ammunition depot was built, and it is apparently a permanent installation.

That did it! The sugar mill closed and the people were thrown out of work. For a time many found employment on the naval construction job, but that came to an end. Since then Vieques has had no industry to provide jobs. The remaining land cannot produce enough cane to support a sugar mill, so what is grown goes to Puerto Rico proper to be ground. The last crop was planted this year; no more cane will be grown on Vieques. A government subsidized company is experimenting with

pineapples, but this is not an industry yet.

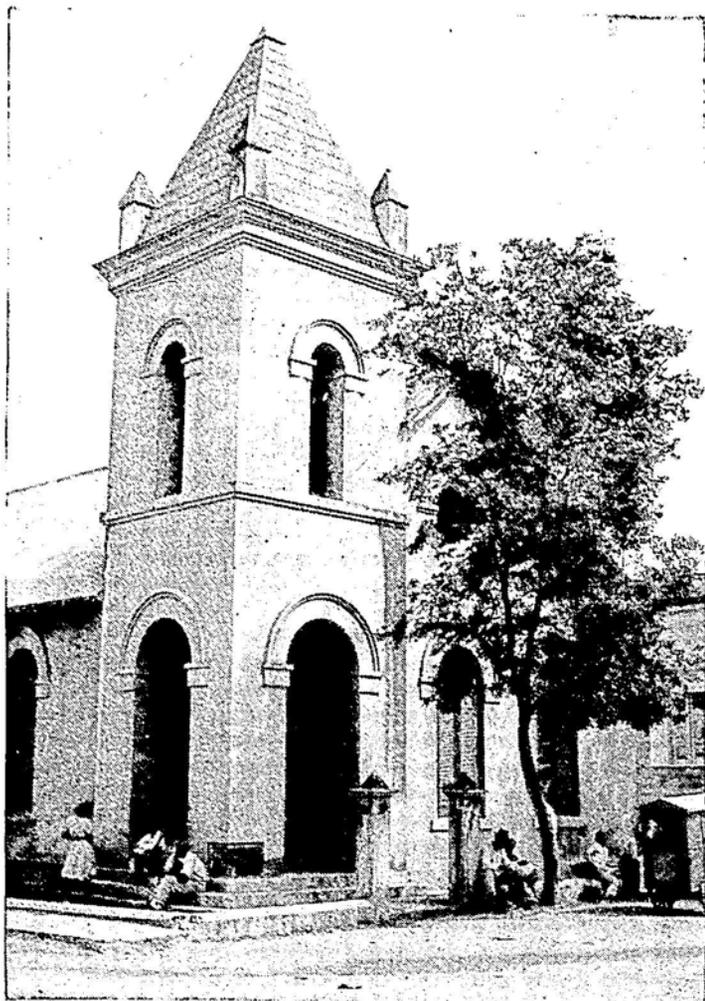
The people who formerly worked for the mill were moved to a settlement called Santa Maria. Vieques (Isabel Segunda) is the only town but there are other impoverished settlements besides Santa Maria on the island. Perhaps the poorest of these is Esperanza, which was closest to the old sugar mill, now in ruins. Ironically, Esperanza (Spanish for hope) is all the inhabitants have left.

In all of these sections conditions are more or less the same. There are no economic standards and, as to be expected, no moral standards. A man has no economic security and a woman has no security in her home. Couples live together without benefit of clergy and a man has no hesitancy about abandoning his "wife" and family if he desires to live with another woman. Many men have several families and are not at all secretive about it.

Yet in spite of their poverty, hardships, and lack of morals, the people of Vieques are very proud. There are only three beggars on the whole island, an amazing fact in view of the prominence of begging in Puerto Rico and other of the West Indian islands.

"A good church member, brother of one of four local preachers, came to my home on business," Vincent related. "His eyes looked large and he was weak. I could see he was starving but he wouldn't ask for food. I questioned him and finally he admitted he hadn't eaten for three days. He said he had some coffee and sugar but was saving that for his children." The missionary told of children who came to the parsonage—little starving children, sometimes without clothes, with bloated stomachs

* Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Vincent, missionaries on Vieques, Puerto Rico, are supported by the Methodist Youth Fellowship of the Paterson District, Newark (N. J.) Conference.



The Methodist church at Vieques

and thin legs. But they never came begging for food.

To such people the young missionary and his wife (with two baby girls) are ministering. I'll never forget the optimism of those young people in the face of the tremendous task before them. They intend to help raise the economic standard by showing their congregations how they can earn a decent living, how they can grow their own food. They intend to help them create an industry, to supply them with decent recreation, to build a community center with their help. They intend to bring them a life better in every aspect—first a spiritual foundation and then the whole "abundant life."

I'll never forget the way they said, quite humbly, "We are the only hope of these people here," and I believe them.

Samuel Culpeper went to Vieques in 1901 as a Methodist missionary. He was there six years and before he left had a congregation of 800 in the town. He also had built a church there, three chapels out over the island, and a chapel on Culebra, an island of 1,000 persons north of Vieques. The three chapels on Vieques were torn down by a hurricane. The one in Culebra is still standing and is now used as a school.

When the Vincents moved to Vieques the house designated as the temporary parsonage was uninhabitable according to American standards. It was

in a block of four houses and all the latrines drained into the back yard. The cistern was contaminated. The roof leaked. There were bugs, cockroaches and rats. Cats fought through the house at night.

For two months they suffered these conditions, and then it was decided to take some of the money set aside for the new parsonage and make their home habitable until the new one could be built. Although still primitive it is now the best home in town. A high solid fence separates it from the other homes and the back yard has a thick layer of sand where the little girls can play.

Shortly after their arrival the Vincents sold their car and bought a large navy truck. This was better for hauling construction materials and could carry more people to church services. This truck goes all over the island. It can go anywhere, roads or not. Vincent uses it as a traveling church, carrying benches, pulpit, organ, and young people to wherever services are to be held.

In three months the church was repaired, and it is now crowded every Sunday; there are three Sunday schools; there have been fifty-four confessions of faith; twelve acres of land have been given for the new parsonage.

There are four local preachers, devout, capable men, although they have not had much training. These men hold Sunday school and church services in small homes because there are no chapels. One of them holds services in Santa Maria. Monte Santo is another little community, where the Vincents want to build their first chapel. They could have a church school enrollment of 200 with adequate facilities. All they need is money for materials. The chapel and a house for the local preacher will be built by volunteer labor and the town will gladly give the land.

Esperanza presents a similar situation. Here they could have a Sunday school of 300 if they had a chapel. The opportunity and the need are present.

The two great problems on the island are to make the church self-supporting by creating an industry for the people and to give the young folks decent recreational facilities. There is absolutely nothing for the young men to do but play pool in the bar-rooms and go to the dances. The girls can walk around the plaza at night and go to the dances. These are not at all like the dances we know, but are very much worse. Sometimes they are like orgies.

The young people of the Paterson District in New Jersey sent the Vincents \$300 in cash, some canned food, and a slide projector, and they are now raising money for a movie projector. Films can be secured in Puerto Rico. The missionary carries his projector from place to place and crowds gather wherever he shows his pictures. This little visual education program helps to provide some recreation for the young people who frequent the bar-rooms and dances.

The Vincents have a dream for Vieques, but it is



Typical section of Santa Maria where live the people displaced by the navy



Children of Esperanza and the homes from which they come

only a dream. They have plans, faith, and land—but no money.

The mayor of the town has given him a hilltop high above the settlement, overlooking the bay, Puerto Rico, Culebra, and St. Thomas. This is for the parsonage. The navy gave some benches for the church and the men have helped in the construction work; the commander personally drove a bulldozer to clear out a road to the parsonage site.

An agricultural company has given an adjoining five-acre plot, which the missionary proposes to use for a co-operative garden and experimental farm.

Vincent showed me the plan for utilizing the twelve acres that have been given to him. On the hilltop is the parsonage; this is the only project that has mission support, and it is to be built by the son of the first missionary, Mr. J. E. Culpeper. Down the hill is to be a community house, auditorium, classrooms, and recreation halls. There are also to be four guest houses.

A part of the dream includes drawing a thriving tourist trade to Vieques. Why not? It has everything that is found on St. Thomas, St. John, St. Croix, and Puerto Rico proper, and it can be reached in thirty minutes by plane from San Juan. So the missionary hopes to help Vieques and the people by developing a tourist attraction.

The four houses on parsonage hill will be for tourist families. The Vincents already have a beach, a peaceful, beautiful white sand beach with the bluish-green Caribbean cooling the shore. Out from the beach is a tiny island, explorable by adventurous guests. A beach house, built partly of bamboo in native style, is all that is needed to complete the scene.

Coral reefs, lying under the crystal clear water, add to the atmosphere. A glass-bottomed boat would show off this coral to its best advantage. The young man hopes to have fishing boats and a launch; he already has the skipper for the latter (a good church member).

And so the Vincents are dreaming for the good of their people. It is a sound dream—a modern Christian approach to the whole problem of Vieques. Surely the great church which sent them out will not let it remain a dream!

Vincent is a licensed flyer, and he and the public health doctor are planning to buy a little plane. This will enable the missionary to organize work on Culebra island and to reach the Naval Station, Roosevelt Roads, on Puerto Rico, where he has been asked to conduct services.

I went to Vieques with Vincent and he took me over his parish in his truck. A group of his young people went along—singing hymns as we jolted around the island.

We visited a few of the homes. There was a marked contrast between the Christian homes and the others. The former were clean and neat—no matter how poorly furnished. The yards were clean, though barren of grass. This was not due to a difference in income but a difference in outlook on life—a difference between spending money for rum and spending it for better purposes.

Poverty-stricken, starved, desperate, beaten—these words are so prevalent in the vocabulary of today that they have almost lost their significance. Vieques is a living example of that lost meaning. Yet these people are more fortunate than others in the same situation. They have the Vincents and their mission.

Your church or group should support a home or foreign missionary as the young people of New Jersey support the Vincents. For information write to the Home Division or Foreign Division of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Home to Wuhu

By Dr. Hyla S. Watters*

PART ONE

IN Chengtu I received Bishop Lacy's letter saying I should start for Wuhu, "Stand not upon the order of your going!" and next morning I was on a sampan headed down-river toward Chungking en route for Wuhu.

The trip to Chungking lasted three days and most of it was fun. Our boat was a large sampan-like affair with an arch of matting over the middle. We probably had about as much room as the pioneers of the west had in their covered wagons. On the forward deck three men stood and rowed, usually facing forward. Astern the captain steered with a bent wood helm. The Bible Society had chartered the boat to carry a load of Bibles to Chungking, and three of us engaged passage in it since the bridges were out and the buses were either jammed or not running at all.

After a day and a night on board waiting for flood-water to subside, one of our three came down with dysentery and went ashore. So two of us went on, and a gay trip it was. The swift water carried us along very fast. Below Chiating we encountered bigger whirlpools than above, and our boatmen caught the downstream side of each whirlpool for an extra push. That is, they usually did. The water seethed and swirled, either from rocks below the surface or, as the boatmen said, from deep springs, so that one heard a loud and continuous hissing. Often there were rapids. Once our men risked one and found it more than they could handle. Everybody fell to and calked seams from the inside, and I spoke some words to the crew, and they were a bit more cautious afterward. At best they weren't very boat-wise.

After each day's trip we moored at the waterfront of some town and spent the night along with other boats. They were friendly neighbors and usually we fitted into the picture, but one boat, crowded with pigs, we were glad to leave behind. Every evening we explored the town, looked up the missionaries



Dr. Hyla S. Watters

or Chinese pastors, if any, and had some very genial times with them. Or we explored temples.

In the village of "Clear Mud" (Si Ta'ing) we found a temple with a forlorn and crippled lot of idols and left to collect dust and spiderwebs. One had some incense sticks, the old pre-Buddhist god, Wang-I, the local water-god, worshiped by boatmen. His inscriptions said, "Originally he was a wanderer among the four seas and the clouds, as he has become the patron god of the rivers, streams, and rolling waves."

In another town we saw a temple to Wang-I just above the flood water-level with an inscription begging him to control the floods.

In one town we found an iron foundry that had refugeed—personnel and equipment together—from Central China ahead of the Japanese. Can you imagine the workers of an iron foundry carrying their heavy equipment and walking from Delaware to some town in Kansas? We watched them pouring iron, and congratulated them on the good work they were doing.

Chungking was crammed with down-river people, all homesick and trying to find ways to get back down-river. I stayed at Bishop Chen's house and spent my time chasing about to government offices, filling out documents, and pulling wires to get to Wuhu. It took a number of weeks, and I got away only because the National Health Administration recommended me to UNRRA, UNRRA gave me a letter to the American Embassy, they gave me one to the Department of Foreign Affairs, which gave me a visa for travel to Wuhu.

Then the Police Department cleared me, and the National Health Administration gave me a very impressive letter with a big red seal, which made me virtually a Chinese official with authorization to take back and reopen the hospital, and therefore eligible for passage on a boat chartered for carrying Chinese officials back to this part of the country. But each step took a lot of time and perseverance and patience, and sometimes it was discouraging. One day I held up a jeep and found myself riding with the Generalissimo's secretary. I held up another and found a driver who looked Chinese, but when I begged a ride in Chinese he answered

* Dr. Watters is a missionary physician of The Methodist Church at Wuhu General Hospital, Wuhu, China. In America on furlough, she returned to China before the end of the war. The editors have condensed her letters into two articles, which illustrate the problems of returning missionaries and present some colorful material on China today.

in Americanese—a North Dakota boy of Chinese ancestry, who learned his first Chinese after getting here.

After several weeks of devious efforts and after false hopes, the word came, "If you'll come immediately you can get a ship for down-river." There was no chance to get the medical supplies, but NHA had said to go ahead and try to get back the hospital and let the supplies come later. So I jammed into my seabags the few things not already in and made for the ship, with some misgivings as to whether my papers were complete. But they passed inspection and the ship sailed.

A couple of days down-river we got a radio to come back, on which our ship compromised by anchoring off Chungchow to wait for a launch from Chungking. Followed another inspection in which my papers were judged incomplete. They talked of putting me off the ship, but took me to Wanhsien, where somebody in authority turned out to be an old patient of mine. This official spoke to somebody else in authority and papers were completed as far as Hankow, which was the limit of this man's authority.

This big ship, like our little wooden boat, traveled only by day. Every evening the passengers went ashore and ate supper (if we didn't arrive too late) in restaurants, which offered much better food than the ship did. Ichang was the most western big port on the river that was occupied by the Japanese, and it is dead and ghastly, with pieces of walls and chimneys sticking up out of the wreckage. It would be easier, I think, to build another port than to rebuild that one. There were some Chinese there and some small shopkeepers in shacks selling food.

The spirit of the passengers was great. All were on their way home after exile. There were children seven or eight years old, born in Szechwan, talking about going "home to Shanghai." People slept on the deck and ate what they could get and drank water if they could get it, and put up with all sorts of inconveniences, with the comment, "It doesn't matter, we're going home!" But it did matter, for a lot of people got sick, particularly children.

Of the troops on board a lot got sick too, including two with cholera. We hadn't any intravenous saline, and hardly anything else, only the few things I had in my kit and a very few things other people had, but we gave the worst cholera patient intra-muscular saline of river water and salt boiled up in a kettle. But apparently it saved his life, and we got both men to a small hospital run by a Christian Chinese doctor and when we left they were better. There were two Chinese doctors on board, and the three of us kept busy treating the patients, writing prescriptions, and sending people ashore in search of medicine.

As we neared Hankow there were gorges, bends, swift currents, whirlpools, and cross currents that made navigation extremely dangerous but afforded

us some wonderful views and many thrills and shivers.

At Hankow several things happened. Our ship could not get coal and there was a disagreement between the company and some bureau that wanted us to go back up-river and land our troops so they could get to Peking to take the surrender of the Japanese there. The Japanese in Hankow had already surrendered. So the ship sat and we went ashore for our meals. Some wild duck meat in a restaurant seemed a bit high, but not wanting to be finicky I went ahead and ate some.

That night I was called out to see a patient and found myself feeling worse than the patient seemed. I was blind in one eye, and who could tell when the other eye might follow suit? After some hours, vision began to return, and I thanked God and went to sleep to find in the morning that vision was normal. But I had a fever and felt limp and resolved to watch my diet. Soon another ship came along minus parts of its structure from bombing but supplied with coal, and the captain advised me to transfer. A letter of introduction from the old captain to the new one got me a place on the deck and I bought a supply of bread and preserved eggs to eat en route.

At Kiukang I went out to see the Methodist Mission places, the WDCS residences, and the Water of Life Hospital. All of these were occupied by Chinese military officers, and were considerably the worse for the Japanese occupation, but not nearly so bad as I had feared. Some window frames were out, hospital equipment was missing, but at least the buildings were there and very much cleaner than one would hope. It was a thrilling and inspiring day. For me it meant coming back to China and the Christians who had been there through it all and found the grace of God adequate; to them it meant the first returning missionaries and the news that others were coming was a signal for rejoicing.

Next day there was speculation as to whether we could make Wuhu by night. I asked the captain, and he said, "We have a moon tonight and I'm going to carry on until eight-thirty and get there—especially for you!" With great excitement I watched for the lights of Wuhu. There was no red cross above the hospital, but there were lights. Leaving my luggage on board, I started out to see where I could stay. I found that Japanese soldiers were still in the hospital. I made first for a friendly convent and banged loudly on the gate, and to my horror it was opened by Japanese soldiers with rifles and bayonets. I searched the Japanese vocabulary for words to ask, "Are there Americans here?" What I managed to say was, "Is America here?" to which I was amazed to have an affirmative answer. They beckoned us in, locked the gate, and started for the back of the compound. As I followed I was less and less happy. The Japanese had not yet surrendered in Wuhu, and I was walking straight into—what?



Rev. Hipolito de Campos

Campos of Brazil

By Our Roving Reporter

in his sermons. Despite his prejudices, he developed an admiration for the exactness with which the Protestants had set forth the truth in their Bible.

When the evangelicals learned that the man who had fought them was reading their Scriptures, they sent him a Bible bound in fine leather. Campos threw it away because he considered it the "work of the devil," but he kept the handsome cover to convert into a pair of sandals. However, his feeling against the Protestants was so strong that he left them at the cobbler's shop because he thought them evil, too.

Meanwhile, the Protestants were not frightened. They taught more vigorously and answered with Bible texts every argument used by Father Hipolito. They knew the Bible so thoroughly that the priest was finally impressed. While he regarded them as mistaken, he recognized that they were sincere, faithful, and serene in facing the envoy sent by the bishop to wipe out their congregation.

Just as Father Hipolito was sincere in his attacks, he was as earnest in recognizing the truth when he finally saw it. He was impressed by the fact that the Protestants practiced Christianity in their daily lives. They were a small minority group in the town but they accepted criticism with prayers for their enemies. Finally, on February 1, 1900, he knelt in a long morning prayer, and he arose with the certainty that he had found the truth. That day he left the Roman Catholic church.

Twice he sent back his credentials to the bishop, but they were not accepted because the Catholics did not believe his decision was final. He went to an isolated farm to study the Scriptures and pray in solitude. After several weeks, he was more convinced than ever that he had found the truth. Friends and committees came to him beseeching him to reconsider his decision. They pointed out that he was renouncing advancement to follow a religious group that could not give him the comforts he had always known. Though Campos steadily turned these suggestions aside, he was not expelled from the Roman Catholic Church. Friends asked if he had received promises from the Methodists to join their ministry, and he replied that he had not communicated with the Protestants. Only his strong new faith kept his resolution firm.

Years later he wrote that during his days of meditation, he had written Dr. John W. Tarboux, a Methodist missionary, asking for an interview. No

A GREAT stir is made when a Protestant of some prominence embraces the Roman Catholic faith, but there is no noise when the opposite occurs. Yet there is a Protestant mission in New York which is staffed entirely by preachers who were once Catholic priests, and they tell us that there are twelve churches in the area whose entire congregations were formerly Catholics.

However that may be, in Brazil great honor is paid to the memory of a priest who was converted to the faith he was officially appointed to persecute, and so great was the esteem in which he was held that, though he was for thirty years a Methodist preacher, he was never unfrocked by the church from which he departed.

He denounced the Protestants from pulpits. He wrote long articles attacking them in the newspaper. He rented a room across the narrow street from the Methodist chapel in order to hear the sermons of the Methodist clergymen; on Sunday nights he extinguished his candle and leaned eagerly from his window to hear the "words of wickedness" flowing from the evangelical pulpit.

Determined to learn what the Methodists believed so that he could fight them more vigorously, he decided to compare their Bible with St. Jerome's Vulgate. Late into the night, he pored over the Protestant Scriptures seeking errors to pounce upon

answer came for several weeks, and he thought that meant God did not want him to join the Protestants. Then one night he dreamed that a letter would reach him the following day. This was the case, and the communication explained that the delay had been due to a postal confusion.

Dr. Tarboux and other Methodist leaders in Brazil spoke of the multiple difficulties that would face him as a clergyman in their faith, and explained the delay that would be necessary for him to enter their ministry after leaving the priesthood. But he stood steadfast in his determination to become a Methodist preacher.

In 1901 he started his work of evangelization with the Methodist ministry and in August of 1903 he was in full connection. Throughout his thirty years of service he was a pastor at Belo Horizonte, the growing little city that is the hub of mining interests in the state of Minas Gerais; Juiz de Fora, where his great transformation had occurred; Sao Paulo, Brazil's great industrial metropolis; Taubate and Cunha in the state of Sao Paulo; Petropolis, the former imperial summer capital of Brazil; and Catete and Vila Isabel in Rio de Janeiro.

Because transportation had not been developed throughout Brazil at that time, the stalwart minister often rode on horseback to interior cities. No journey was too rugged for him. His zeal for taking his message to his countrymen far outweighed the rigors of jogging along rough roads, eating scanty food, and sleeping in huts with mud floors.

Campos' life was one of contrasts—as a priest he was lavished with the best that his parish could provide, but as a Protestant clergyman he sought hardships and through his new faith found “for the first time an enveloping peace of heart.”

The former priest married a widow, Francisca Isaura de Franca Campos, whose son, Ataliba, was educated by the clergyman. During the years that followed, seven children were born to the couple. Among them is Ismael, a faculty member of Bennett College in Rio de Janeiro, who is married to Iracema de Castro Campos. This alert young woman served as acting directora of the college in 1946 during the furlough of the directora.

In 1921 Campos retired at the age of seventy-three after having given twenty years of his life to the itinerant ministry. Though his age prevented him from fulfilling all the work of a pastorate, he continued for nine years as an evangelist.

An observer wrote of Campos: “Words fell from his lips, simple, transparent, pure, and animated by the Christian spirit. He was never fearful in defense of his principles concerning faith, life, and character. In Romanism it was better not to try to delude him. Deceit would move him to a just attack. No one who heard him could leave without feeling the fervor of his convictions and the grace of his words as a follower of Christ.”

Just as he had been a tireless writer in the press



Mrs. Iracema de Castro Campos, member of the faculty of Bennett College, Rio de Janeiro, and daughter-in-law of Hipolito de Campos

when he fought the Protestants, he continued his writing for newspapers and periodicals in defense of Methodism. His thorough knowledge of the Scriptures was recognized and his printed message greatly influenced the people. He translated parts of the Bible into the Portuguese language.

So gracious and lovable was this messenger of God that his Catholic friends did not forsake him even after he had written his strong article entitled, “Why I Left the Roman Catholic Church.” He was never excommunicated, and to his dying day he remained a priest in good standing so far as the Catholic Church was concerned. It is doubtful whether there was ever a similar case in the long history of the church.

One night a fanatic intent on killing Campos attended his church service. The visitor sat on the front row and heard the minister tell the story of his conversion, and when Campos issued an invitation to sinners, the would-be murderer was the first at the altar. He tearfully confessed his intentions and then joined the evangelical church.

In 1926, when Campos was seventy-eight years old, he received an invitation to visit and preach in Portugal. He accepted, and the day before he sailed away there was a prayer meeting for his safety in Rio. The same eloquence that won Bra-

zilians led many in Portugal to accept Christ. From that country he visited France and the Madeira Islands. When he returned to Brazil seven months later, he traveled throughout the country for a series of evangelistic meetings in order to tell the Brazilians that inhabitants of their former mother country were seeking the light of God.

During the last months of his life Campos went for the first time to Rio Grande do Sul in the far south of Brazil. The people of this state, where cattle ranches stretch for miles, received him gladly. They did not want him to leave, but he felt that he must attend the annual conference at Petropolis in 1931. This was his last conference and his report on those won to Christ in the south brought tears of joy to many clergymen. He asked permission to leave the meeting early because he had to start a series of meetings in Rio.

On the night of August 29, 1931, he read his newspaper and retired early. Several hours later he called his wife to his bedside, murmured her name, and passed away. At his funeral one of the thirty-five clergymen who attended said: "As a great man he lived, as a great man he died. It has been said that if you want a man to continue great, do not come too near him. Everyone who knew Hipolito closely also knew him great—in the home which he built with Christian love, in the ministerial career

where he was always loyal and righteous, and in his relations towards his colleagues whom he treated always with tolerance and gentleness."

The Rev. Hipolito de Oliveira Campos, a tall, fearless denouncer of Protestants as a young man, turned fervently toward the Methodist ministry in his mature years. From pulpits of large cities and in modest farm homes where rural inhabitants gathered happily to hear his message, he told the story of how he had acknowledged Christ in the same Methodist chapel that he had once denounced as "wicked in the sight of God."

Until his death in 1931 at eighty-two years, he was a figure familiar to dwellers of tiny villages nestled in the wilderness of central Brazil and during the last months of his life he went to the great cattle ranches in the southern state of Rio Grande do Sul. His renown was so widespread that the Catholic country of Portugal invited the Methodist preacher to speak at a series of meetings in Europe when he was seventy-eight years old.

The crisis in Campos' religious life was an experience that might be compared with Saul's vision on the Damascus Road. A learned priest who wrote six languages and had the gift of eloquence, he was sent by his bishop in 1899 to Juiz de Fora, with orders to stamp out the little band of Methodists who were evangelizing there.

A Song in a Strange Land

An American soldier, in far-away Korea, sat beside a stove in a little shack that had been built to keep away the damp cold of a December night. He was on guard, on Christmas Eve, thousands of miles away from these United States, his wife, and precious little daughter, and he was wondering if little Mary remembered how they had trimmed their tree last year with all those bright decorations, the shining angel, the pretty yellow bird, and silver star. Suddenly he heard the gates rattle. He leaped to attention, rushed out, and there stood thirty Koreans, shaking the gates as if trying to get through. He threw the bolt of his rifle, and roughly ordered them to "get out from here." One tried to tell him something. Of course, he couldn't understand. So, he clicked his rifle, pointed at the crowd and yelled "Go." One stepped back, spoke to the others, raised his hand, and all started singing, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

Such a relief, all fear gone, how thankful he was when he realized they had come to sing Christmas carols to a stranger in a strange land. No white man was leading them, not one could speak English, yet they sang a song the whole world loves. The lonely United States soldier bowed his head and listened respectfully, thinking of how his Methodist Sunday school class, back home in Missouri, used to go caroling on Christmas Eve.

After they had finished he thanked them, and made them understand he was glad they came, and they went happily on their way.

God had sent a group of his Korean children to a lonely American boy to help him bear the loneliness of his first Christmas away from home. Though neither could understand the other's language, all understood the message of "Silent Night, Holy Night."

(Editor's note: This story reached us from Mrs. A. E. Jackson, of Malden, Missouri, and concerns her son, Sergeant Glen E. Jackson.)



Rev. John L. Ferguson, pastor of Belmont Methodist Church, Nashville, Tennessee



Sam C. Cowan, M.D., chairman of the Board of Missions, Belmont Methodist Church

Missionaries Anonymous

By Maud M. Turpin*

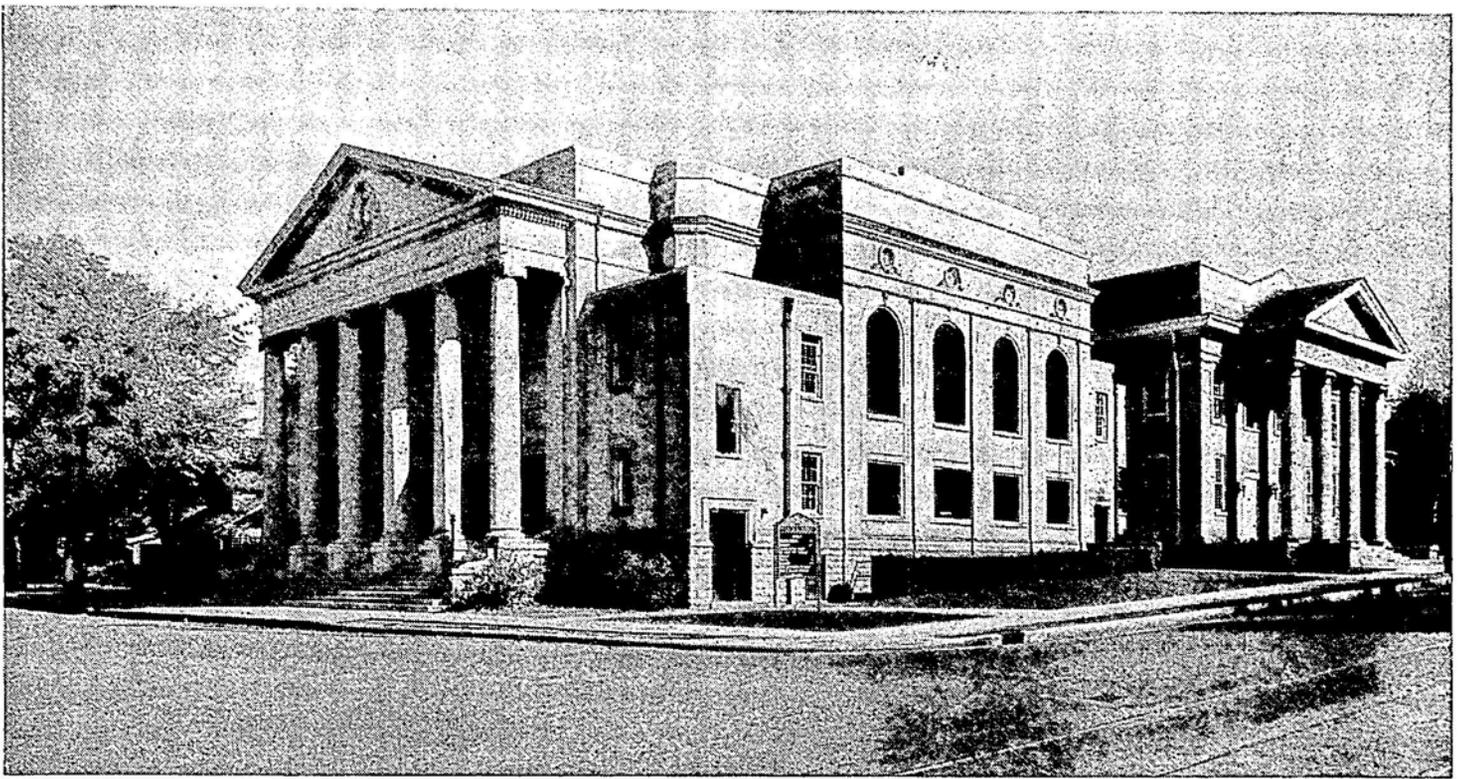
A "WHO dun it" missionary mystery has resulted in spectacular developments at Belmont Methodist Church in Nashville, Tennessee, where missionary plans and activities are dominating the life of that congregation. Nobody knows who gave the \$1,800 all at one time to support a new missionary, and no one has tried to find out, for anonymous giving is a plan that is working well and has already underwritten the support of three missionaries.

Dr. Sam C. Cowan, chairman of the missionary committee, traces Belmont's revived missionary interest to the Crusade for Christ, and he credits its permanent basis to the work of a Long Range Planning Committee which has set as an ultimate goal six missionaries supported by the freewill offerings of the church. The program for the next six years includes sending out an additional missionary each year until they have six missionaries in the

foreign field. Belmont will provide the salaries. They have estimated a budget of \$12,500 a year, for which a little box cloaked in anonymity will provide the means.

More than a year ago a layman of the congregation conceived the idea of placing a gift box in the foyer of the church for the support of a missionary Special. Above the box was the caption, "Love Offerings from Grateful Hearts for the Extension of God's Kingdom on Earth." No one was asked to contribute, and those who did so were requested not to let their identity be known. Within a year more than \$1,200 had been deposited in the box by anonymous givers. With this start the church took its first Special—Dr. and Mrs. James C. Thoroughman in China. Dr. Thoroughman is hard at work today rehabilitating Methodist hospitals. Hardly had the Thoroughmans reached the field, before the anonymous gift box yielded the sinews for a second Belmont-supported missionary, and J. B. Cobb, who was already in Japan, was assigned.

* Mrs. Turpin heads the Nashville office of Methodist Information and is a long-time propagandist for Methodist missions.



Belmont Methodist Church, Nashville, Tennessee. Founded in 1910, it has grown from a charter membership of thirty-four to a congregation of 2,600 missionary-minded souls who support three foreign missionaries

But the crowning achievement came on Sunday, December 1, 1946, when an anonymous contributor deposited in the Gift Box for Missions, one \$1,000 bill, one \$500 bill, and three \$100 bills, totaling \$1,800. Attached to the money was a note which read:

"This \$1,800 is to be used solely for the support of a missionary (or missionary couple) in Japan, Korea, or China, whichever the church deems best. This missionary is to be in addition to the two already assigned. This amount will be forthcoming yearly for at least five years."

And that is how Kristen Jensen, now at work in Korea, took his place as Belmont's third Special! And the little box continues to yield its missionary coin, for the three missionaries are only half the number that Belmont has set as her goal.

The Long Range Planning program has not overlooked its responsibility for missions in the local parish, centered in the Lucy Holt Moore Center, Centenary Methodist Institute, Wesley House and Bethlehem Center, and its obligation to the student and youth life of the community.

Yes, Belmont Methodist Church is definitely missionary-minded. From the biggest salary check of its richest member to the smallest child's piggy bank, the resources of Belmont's members are ear-

marked "missions." Aiding and abetting the silent reminder in the foyer, hundreds of banks are distributed among Belmont families every fourth Sunday and their quarterly returns are dedicated to the support of the special missionaries.

Every Sunday, the little box in the foyer is opened and its contents deposited to the missions account. But not even the pastor knows the names of the givers. Some of the gifts are very small but the dimes and the big bills jostle each other companionably in the box, for both are bound for travel abroad and destined to engage in the biggest business in the world—the extension of the Kingdom of God.

Commemorating Belmont's notable record for missions last year, the minister, Dr. John L. Ferguson, held a church conference, attended by more than one thousand members, who voted to adopt the report of the Long Range Planning Committee. Dr. Ferguson says that the highest point in his seven years' pastorate was the adoption of the Long Range Planning Committee whereby the church assumed responsibility for the sending of a new missionary to the foreign field each year for the next six years. That at least two of these missionaries should come from the membership of Belmont is the hope of the pastor.

If you want a foreign Missionary Special in your church, write to Dr. Albert E. Beebe, Treasurer of the Foreign Division, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York. Mention the field or fields in which you are interested.

They Appreciate Methodist Relief



America, that great big land,
We wave to you across the sea,
Without that great big helping hand
We'd be hungry as can be.

As God sent manna from the blue,
'Way back in Bible times,
You sent us food, and clothing too,
We thank you with these rhymes.

In this land we have two flags
Which cannot stay apart,
One flag waves above our heads
And yours is in our heart.

We are playing games again,
Life is good, and happy too,
But it would still be like it was
If it hadn't been for you.

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief recently received a beautiful hand-made book containing the personally written thanks of hundreds of children in Holland for the relief sent by Methodist churches. The above pictures and poems were taken from that book.

The Itch for Writing

By Mary Culler White *

I AM suffering from a case of *cacethes scribendi*, and I have had this itch for writing for a long time. So bad did it become that I entered the University of Georgia School of Journalism shortly after my repatriation from China, although at that time my hair was white and my age was a problem in mathematics to nearly every student on the campus.

Paradoxically, I was not interested in writing when I was in college. I only wanted to paint. At that time the writing done by college students had little relation to life and none at all to current events. We produced two proper little "compositions" every month and these we neatly copied into our stiff-leaved composition books. That was all.

But with painting it was different. We worked from nature or from life and we knew that we were creating something. In the course of my study of painting I went one summer to the art school of William M. Chase, one of the foremost American painters, and certainly the most outstanding art teacher of his day. What I learned that summer about painting was to have an effect later in helping me to write. But I did not know it at the time.

Mr. Chase's methods were unique. Every Monday the students assembled at the studio, bringing with them all the sketches that they had made during the previous week. How timid I felt the first Monday that I was there. All of us turned our pictures over to Mr. Chase's secretary, and then seated ourselves on a raised platform that faced the open space in the middle of the room. Everyone was waiting for the moment when our teacher would appear and the criticism would begin. We knew that, in the meantime, the secretary was classifying our pictures according to their *demerits* and that he was placing those which he considered the *worst* on the back side of a big screen which was later to be wheeled around for everyone to see. Every newcomer feared that his pictures would be in that first ill-fated showing.

Promptly at ten o'clock the great man came in, sleek and smiling, with his Vandyke neatly trimmed and a carnation in his buttonhole. He took a position in the middle of the room, lifted his pointer, and the big screen was rolled around. How awful those first pictures looked to the people who had perpetrated them! Again the pointer was lifted, and Mr. Chase's voice boomed out: "Whose is this?" The unhappy victim would then have to acknowl-

edge his handicraft by saying, "Mine, Mr. Chase," and the criticism would begin. Sometimes it ran like this: "Paint what you see, young man! Try simple things first, and be sure to get in the atmosphere. Don't try anything like this again for a year."

And to another student, "Learn to paint a whole sketch at a sitting, young lady. Show how the landscape looked on *that morning* or *that afternoon*. Nothing ever looks the same way twice." Then to a third unfortunate, "What is this object here? I believe you intended it for a boat. Anyway you have located it in the middle distance but have painted it with strong lights and shadows as though it were in the foreground. I tell you, it *jumps*. Stop making things jump!"

Thus the criticism continued throughout the morning. Sometimes Mr. Chase was constructive and kind, but to those who had not heeded his former instructions he was merciless. He would seize a palette knife, scrape out everything on a canvas, and exclaim, "Now that looks better!"

I was deeply impressed by what he said about selecting a simple subject, looking at it objectively, and then painting it, with foreground, middle-distance, and distance all in place. I had studied painting for years, but I did not know how to do the bold clear-cut type of rapid painting which Mr. Chase desired. One day he said, "Queer the thing a little," meaning, make it unique.

Not long after that I went out to sketch in somebody's farmyard where the family had been washing. Three enormous wash tubs were standing almost in a row with the vista of a pleasant lane behind them. I thought, I will use these tubs to "queer" the thing a little. Accordingly I rolled one tub far down the lane and a second, halfway down, leaving the third just in front of my easel. "Now," I said as I placed my panel-shaped canvas on the easel, "the names of those tubs are 'Foreground, Middle-distance, and Distance.'" I wonder if Mr. Chase will like my "Queer." The following Monday Mr. Chase selected that canvas to hang with the work of the better students on the walls of the studio. I was learning!

I was in Mr. Chase's classes for only about two months but those months stand out in my memory as containing the best of everything which my art instructor taught me.

The years went by. I was still painting, but I had become interested in Christian work. One day, while reading a story of frontier life, I came across two sentences, addressed to an artist who was one of

* Miss White, one of the beloved retired missionaries of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, tells us what she is doing now that she will not go back to China. This is merely an introduction. WORLD OUTLOOK hopes soon to have the stories from Miss White on China and her missionary life.

the characters in the book: "I am so glad that you are coming to help us with our work for the men in this lumber camp. I always thought you would stop painting pictures that the world does not really need, and go to making the lives which the world is so sorely in need of." That sentence, to me, was a solar plexus. I knew that I was doing better pictures than I had formerly done, but by no stretch of the imagination could the world be said to *need* the kind of pictures which I was painting. The next question in my mind was, "Where are the lives that I should mould?" I found the answer to that one by going to China as a missionary.

Some people said that it was "a great pity that I had given up my art," but after I had entered into my new work, I knew that I had never been so satisfied in America as I was right there in China trying, by the help of God, to make the new lives for the China that was to be. And as for the art, I knew I had not lost it. It was true that I was no longer painting, but all that I had learned remained with me as an enrichment in my life. That was enough.

But after a few years the opportunity came to use what I had learned in an entirely new way. Strange to say, the thing that led up to this was a great sorrow. My closest friend in China, a charming American girl by the name of June Nicholson, died after only a few years of service. Her life had been one of rare devotion, brightened by a vein of humor that made others understand why her people had called her "June." Such a life, I felt, should be perpetuated. I wanted someone to write her biography, but when I proposed this to her friends, I found no one was willing to undertake it. Then came the thought that I would have to write it myself. But how could I, when I had no training in writing? I prayed earnestly and sincerely that I might know what to do, and slowly it dawned upon me that the things which Mr. Chase had taught me about painting might also be applicable to the making of books. Perhaps I could *paint* a life of June Nicholson.

The opportunity to try out my idea did not come until a year later when I had a furlough. I visited June's family, got some added information, and then settled down in the beautiful Cumberland Mountains to paint my book. Every day I would go to a quiet place on the brow of the mountain, say a prayer, and then begin to paint. I recalled, in detail, the things that Mr. Chase had said to me. "Put in atmosphere." "Make your sketch live." "Don't try to do complicated things; do one thing well. Get your foreground, your middle distance, and your distance all properly related." Above all I could hear him saying, "Queer the thing a little." Would I be able to "queer" the book enough to make it readable?

So conscious was I of using the painter's technique that I could actually feel the old palette on my thumb, and could see the colors spread out

upon it. I worked for two months and then was ready to gather the sketches into a book. I thought of calling it "Sketches in the Sunshine" because I had been so conscious of the light and shade in the story while doing the writing. But someone suggested the title, "The Days of June," and because of my friend's name, that was decided upon. Whether the book was good or not, I did not know. I only knew that I had painted, in chapters or sketches, the outstanding scenes in my friend's colorful life, and that I had done it honestly.

I had some difficult moments with the manuscript. First of all I took it to Miss Nicholson's family. The mother and the sisters, all women of rare culture and discriminating judgment, sat around me while I read the manuscript aloud. I was more frightened than I had been when I submitted my first sketches for Mr. Chase's criticism. But I read on, pausing only when I came to the account of how bitterly the family had opposed June when she first proposed going to China. "Is that true?" I asked. "Yes," said the stately mother, "it is true." My voice caught a little as I asked the next question: "Are you willing for it to go into print like that?" "I am," said the mother, knowing as she said it that the account was derogatory to her. I heaved a sigh of relief. Well, that hurdle was passed.

And now, to get a publisher. It took a lot of persuasion and even a personal visit to get the book editor to read my manuscript, but once he had read it, all the bars were down. My sketches were coming out as a book and June's beautiful life would go on. Yes, please God, it would reach many people whom she had never seen.

The book came out as I sailed back to China and it sold remarkably well. Sometime later, I met a woman who asked, "Did you write *The Days of June*?" When I said "Yes," she said earnestly, "Did you really know a beautiful character like that?" And I smiled, knowing that my questioner was not thinking about me at all. She was seeing my friend, June. And so I am glad that my first teacher of journalism was William M. Chase. Perhaps I would not have contracted this itch for writing in any other way.

But all this was long ago. In the decades that have elapsed, I have been busy with my work in China. Sometimes, while on furlough, I have written on some subject that was pressing on my mind, but there has never been time to do very much. Always, I was hurrying back to make lives that China was needing. Because of my age, I will not have the privilege of returning to China, but I still want to do my bit for that country, and it seems that the best way I can help now is by writing. While doing sketches as part of my course in the School of Journalism I realized what might be the nucleus of a book. This is now completed and is being published under the title "I Was There." And so I say the *itch for writing never stops itching*.

The Methodist Youth Fund

By Emeline Crane *

LATE last summer, we received from the principal of the Mary Porter Gamewell School in Peiping, China, the following letter: "Thank you for the packet of Methodist Youth Fund materials. I think them most interesting and inspiring. We gave a concert at the Asbury Church in May for the Methodist Youth Fund. Proceeds of the concert brought us \$300,000 Chinese currency. Over one thousand people attended this concert. It was a great success."

Sometime previous to this, a packet of Methodist Youth Fund materials had been sent to Mr. Cheng for his information; it was sent because of a personal contact, and with no thought whatsoever of receiving a contribution from his school. China is suffering much, her own needs are great and yet there are those among her people who want to help others! Gamewell is a school related to the Woman's Division of Christian Service and thereby it also has a relationship to the Methodist Youth Fund—on the receiving end! The fact that it is not customary for other than local church Methodist Youth Fellowship groups to give to the Methodist Youth Fund makes this contribution even more outstanding.

Before long we received another letter from Mr. Cheng in which he said: "As for the Methodist Youth Fund, the students at Gamewell are very happy to have an opportunity to show their eagerness toward the realizing of the new world order in which will reign good will among men! To give is more blessed than to receive, and to live with others—that is, to share with others what life offers—is to live abundantly. Gamewell students wish very much to demonstrate this. A little they have given so far, but much they have gained thereby; they have gone a step further in the quest of life, a victorious life, victorious over narrowness and selfishness and even the 'right-or-wrong-my-country' patriotism." A few weeks later we received \$20.00 (U. S. currency) for the Methodist Youth Fund from this school.

There have been other outstanding incidents relative to groups participating in the Methodist Youth Fund. There was one from West China which occurred a few years ago. The students of the Su Deh Girls' School gave \$10.00 U. S. currency. This was part of a sum of money which they had earned and since they wanted to share in the world-wide program of Methodist youth, they gave it to the Methodist Youth Fund. Then there came to us from Hawaii the information that a newly organized Methodist Youth Fellowship desired to participate in the Methodist Youth Fund. It was not long before other churches in Hawaii were participating and we now receive contributions regularly from this conference. From Cuba also has come evidence of interest in the Methodist Youth Fund as an important part of their Methodist Youth Fellowship program.

What is this Methodist Youth Fund about which

youth are hearing so much? It is a fund through which all members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship (ages 12 to 23 in Sunday morning, Sunday evening, and week-day activities of our Methodist churches) may take part in a program of missions, Christian education, and youth work at home and abroad.

And where does this money go? Approximately 70 per cent of each dollar is used for missions. Of this portion about 50 cents is placed in the hands of the Woman's Division of Christian Service; it is used to help in the vast work administered by them in all parts of the world. The other 20 cents is used for Christian education in mission fields. Most of this portion has, in the past, been administered by the Joint Committee on Religious Education in Foreign Fields. There is, at present, however, one mission conference in the home field which is receiving Methodist Youth Fund money as an aid toward carrying on its program of Christian education. Plans are under way now to develop more projects of this type.

The remaining 30 cents of each dollar is used to help in the program of the Youth Department of the General Board of Education in Nashville and in the youth program as it is carried on in the several annual conferences. Many conference Methodist Youth Fellowship organizations depend heavily upon their "check-backs" from the Methodist Youth Fund dollar which is contributed by groups within any given annual conference; approximately 15 per cent of it is checked back to that same conference to help in its Methodist Youth Fellowship program.

The other part of the 30 cents which is used for youth work by the Youth Department goes into the general budget of the Youth Department. The Youth Department is responsible for the promotion of the program of the Methodist Youth Fellowship. The staff members and secretaries of the department handle scores of detailed items which involve thousands of letters, the sending out of quantities of informational and promotional materials; the preparation of manuals and leaflets is also a part of this department's work. The members of the staff travel thousands of miles each year in making personal contacts with jurisdictional, area, conference, district, sub-district groups of Methodist Youth Fellowship members and their adult leaders.

The growth of interest in and enthusiasm for the Methodist Youth Fund throughout the Methodist Youth Fellowship has been outstanding. One sees concrete evidence of this growth as one views the increase in giving over a period of five years. The year June 1, 1941, to May 31, 1942, showed a total of \$85,574.24 given to the Methodist Youth Fund. The year closing May 31, 1946, showed a total of \$247,272.28. This increase in giving has been steady. We have every reason to believe that Methodist youth, not only in the United States, but around the world, will continue to respond to the call of human need and that they will have an ever growing part in the expansion of Christ's Kingdom.

* Miss Crane is a member of the Youth Department of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

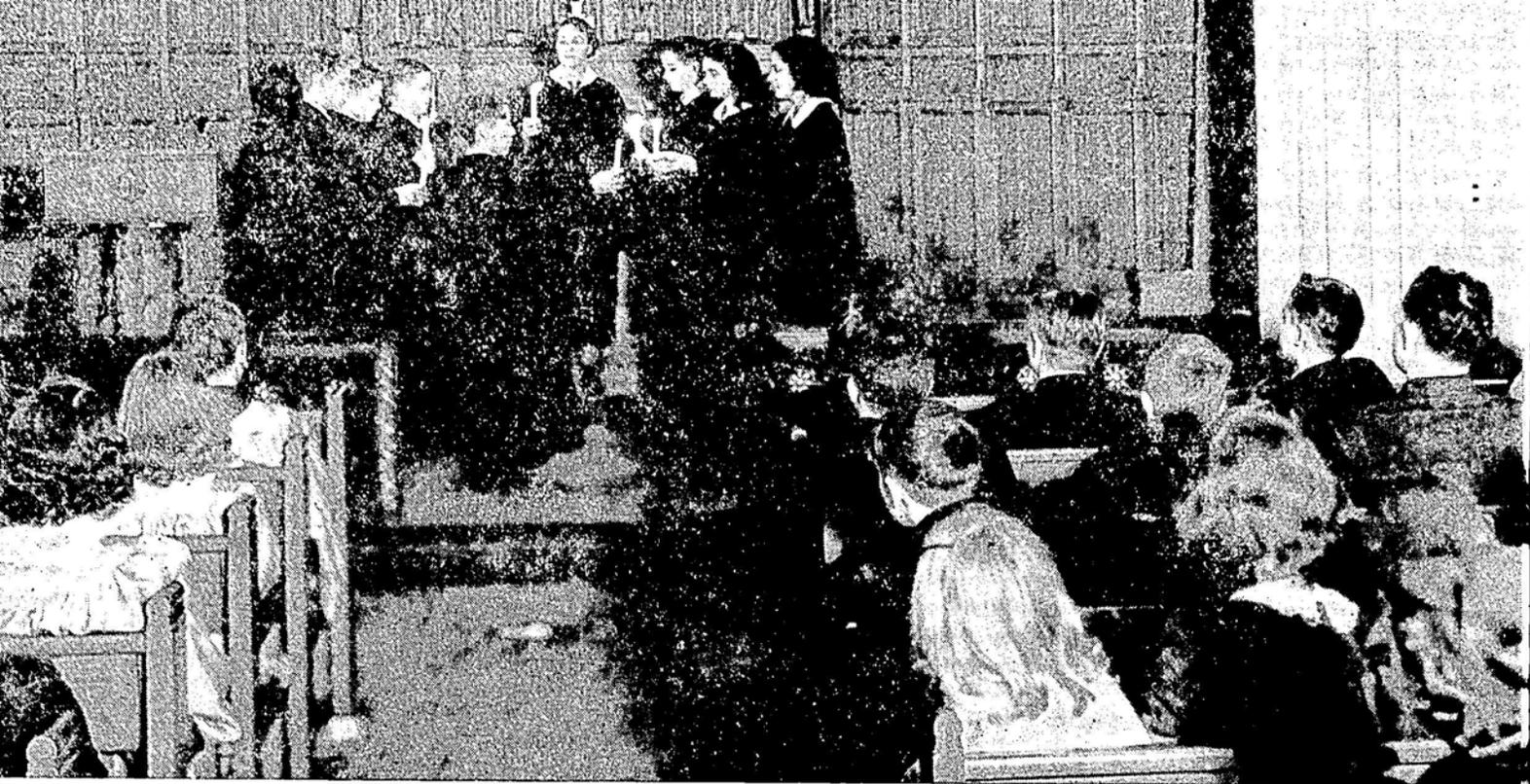


An intermediate

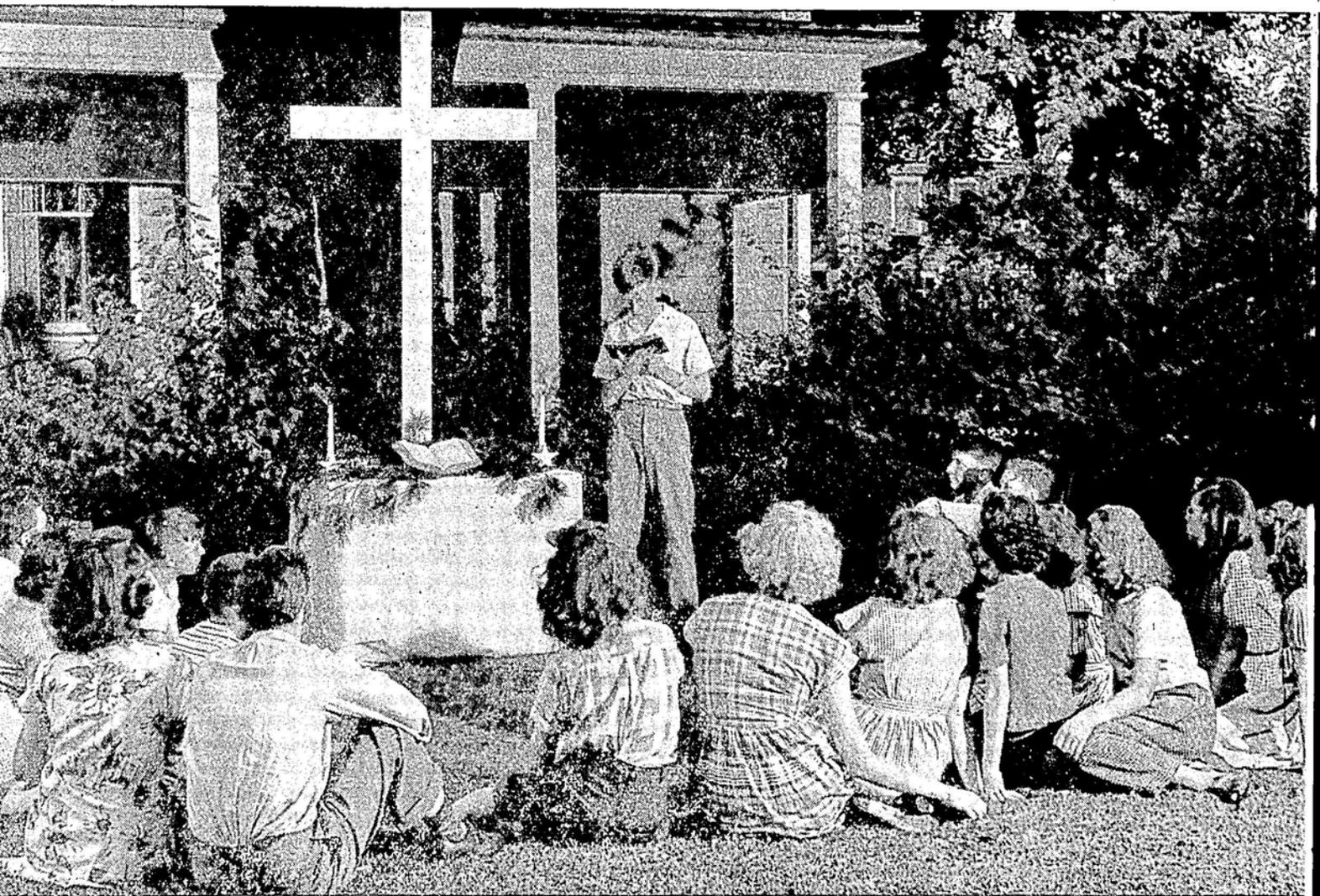


A senior

The Methodist Youth Fund in Action



To the officers of the Methodist Youth Fellowship are given special responsibilities of leadership. In this service of installation the officers of the Intermediate Department dedicate themselves to the job before them



Gathered on a lawn for vespers is a typical Methodist Youth Fellowship group. Being out of doors at worship makes youth conscious of the presence of God; in high resolve they commit themselves to Christian discipleship



In carrying out their resolve of Christian discipleship youth study under the friendly guidance of a competent adult leader

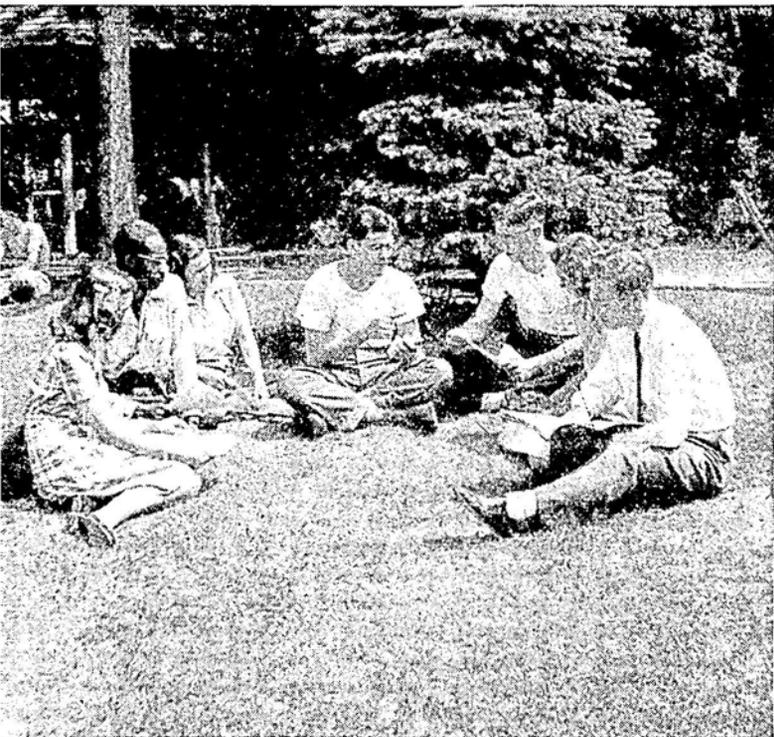


Each summer hundreds of Methodist youth serving on Caravans help to revitalize and strengthen the youth program of local church and of community. A group of prospective Caravanners receive training in preparation of worship centers as one phase of their work



Methodist youth co-operate in serving the local church by making nursery furniture for the kindergarten of the church school more usable and attractive

Aigner from Monkmeier



A group of regional officers meet in summer conference to plan the work in their jurisdiction



A youth contemplates the summons to serve the present age. The teen Service Program of the Methodist Youth Fellowship will offer opportunity for service in the local church, short-term service beyond local church, and the full-time dedication of life in a church v



In their Community Service activities members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship may give of their time helping in community centers



Because of the present emergency stress is placed upon the sending of relief to those in stricken areas. Methodist youth are among the American friends who make it possible for this little girl and hundreds like her to have food and clothing



Through their giving Methodist youth help to carry on a program of missions, Christian education, and youth work around the world. This boy in India represents thousands of young people who are receiving education as part of this missionary enterprise



One of the 700 youth summer conference groups in the United States. Methodist youth in Cuba, The Philippines, China, and in other countries enjoy similar fellowship experiences



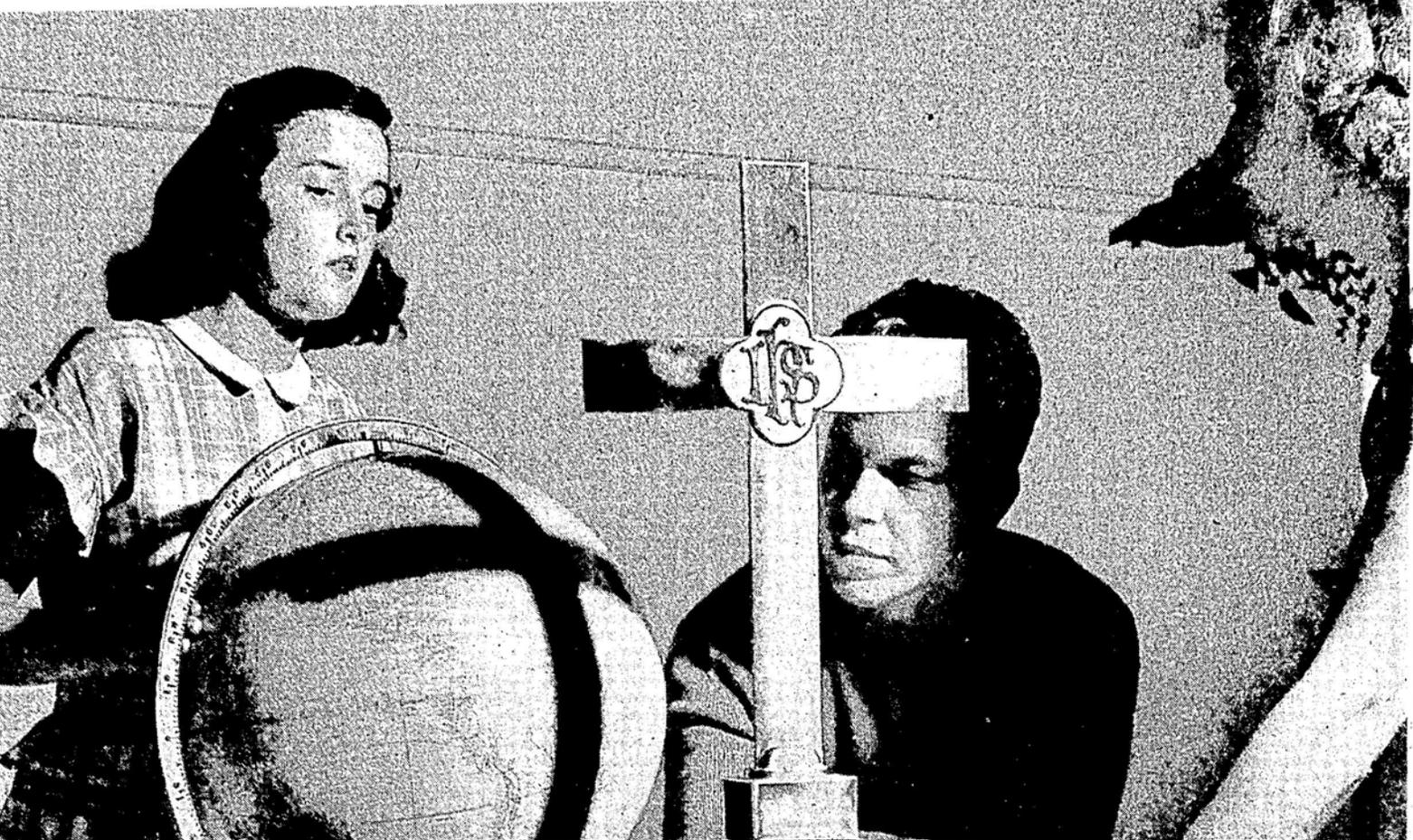
Susannah Wesley Home in Honolulu is only one of the many community projects in which the Methodist youth are interested where those of various racial and national groups find adequate living facilities and Christian fellowship



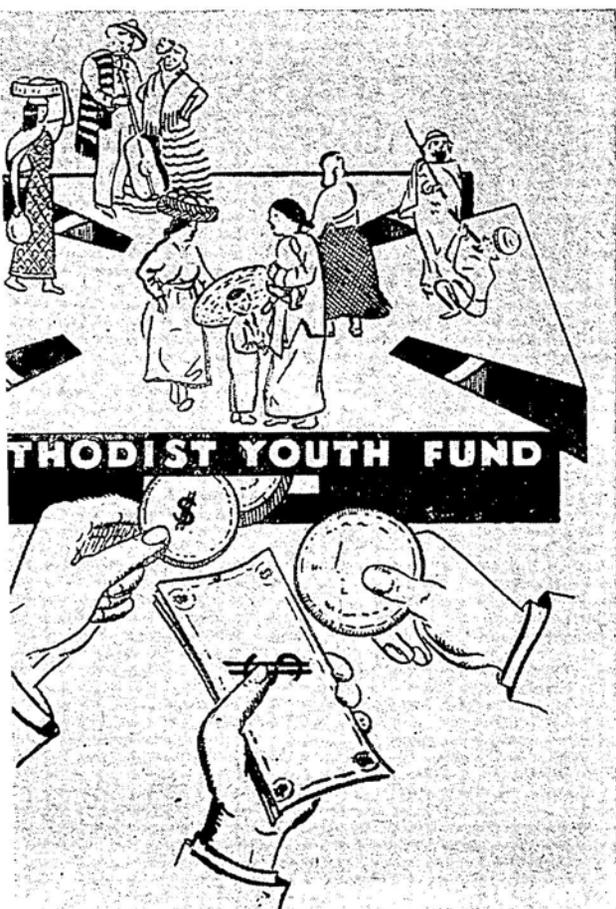
Recreation and use of leisure time assume an important place in well-balanced Christian growth. Here we see youth ready for a nature study hike in which they will observe bird and plant life



Methodist youth take part in an active outdoor folk game which combines wholesome play with an understanding of the folklore of other nations



Methodist youth contemplate the shadow of the cross on the world as it symbolizes the world-wide mission of Christian young people everywhere



The assuming of its own share of the financial responsibility for the world-wide mission of the church is a recognized part of the youth program

The Methodist Delegation

**World Conference of Christian Youth
Oslo, Norway, July 22-August 1, 1947**

The following persons have been selected by the National Council of the Methodist Youth Fellowship to represent The Methodist Church at the Oslo Conference:

YOUTH DELEGATES

Ages 18-21

Alva I. Cox, Jr., Akron, Ohio (Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.)
Carol Jean Brill, 309 N. Sixtieth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Shirley Reece, 6128 Seville, Huntington Park, California
Julius S. Scott, Jr., 1022 Dufossat, New Orleans 15, Louisiana
Janet C. Christley, 338 Barrett Place, San Antonio 4, Texas

Ages 22-24

Mildred E. Johns, National College for Christian Workers, Kansas City, Missouri
Robert A. Kraft, 7025 18th Ave., N. E., Seattle 5, Washington
Miller Lovett, 41 Emery Street, Medford, Massachusetts
Nell Webb, Box 828, Salisbury, North Carolina
George Harper, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee
Paul Sims, McKendree College, Lebanon, Illinois

Ages 25-30

Nellie Harvey, Sunburst, Montana
Hoover Rupert, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee
J. Parris Bell, St. Mark's Methodist Church, New York, New York
Ralph W. Mohny, 2307 N. Chamberlain, Chattanooga, Tennessee
Harvey Dibrell, Chicago Temple, Chicago, Illinois

STUDENT DELEGATES

Ann Fitzpatrick, Vienna, Georgia
Paul Deats, Austin, Texas

ALTERNATE YOUTH DELEGATES

(in order of selection)

Ages 18-24

1. Roger Deschner, University of Texas, Y.M.C.A., Austin, Texas
2. Newell S. Booth, Jr., 71 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Massachusetts
3. Stephen C. Smith, 47 Cosgrove Avenue, Naval Base 55, South Carolina
4. Jane Sattler, 1459 Columbia Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.
5. Alvin Ritts, Box 43, Stafford, Kansas
6. Dorothy Leavy, 4429 Brown Street, Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania
7. Thomas Moore, 761 Mason Avenue, Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania
8. Thomas Horner, Box 5364, Duke Station, Durham, North Carolina
9. Ray Hart, Box 29, McMurry College, Abilene, Texas
10. Ronald Mayer, 2912 Parkwood Avenue, Toledo 10, Ohio

Ages 25-30

1. James Wilder, Bristol, Virginia
2. Henry Koestline, Welcome, North Carolina
3. Bernice Vaughn, Meridian, Mississippi
4. Margaret E. Newton, 619 E. Okmulgee, Muskogee, Oklahoma
5. Wallace E. Berg, Northfield, Minnesota

STUDENT ALTERNATES

(in order of selection)

1. Robert Brashares, Des Moines, Iowa
2. Levona Williams, Wakita, Oklahoma
3. Robert Payne, Iowa City, Iowa



Norwegian Official, from Montmeyer

On May 17, the young people of Oslo, Norway, will celebrate their Independence Day. Pictured above are the Independence Day parades going up Oslo's Karl Johan Street to the Royal Palace where respects will be paid to the royal family. Oslo will be the seat of the World Conference of Christian Youth in July of this year

Who Will Help the Deportees?

By Robert Root*

IN Berlin, a German official who had served his internship at Sachsenhausen and Dachau remarked how curious it is that those who lost the war made the rules by which the victors administer the peace.

In their practice with deportees, the Powers-That-Be seem to have taken over lock, stock, and barrel the Nazi theory that some "races" are "different"—that is, worse. And so the deportations of German-speaking peoples from the east continue, a burden on the conscience of the west.

Unhappily, they cannot be shrugged off as a vague unpleasantness which "must have worked itself out by now." Only yesterday, friends arriving from Poland announced that the last of the Germans are to be expelled from Silesia, taken from Germany by the Poles, within the next four weeks. That means that while you and I sit comfortably, old men, women, and children (few young men remain) are going to be forced out of their homes, carrying only a few possessions, to trek to Germany

and to try to find a new home and life in the bleakness there.

In Berlin, in Stuttgart, in Frankfurt, I saw the other end of that trek. In the Russian zone of the German capital, for example, I saw a center with 800 deportees waiting to go on west. They had streamed from Pomerania, Danzig, Poland, East Prussia, Silesia, Czechoslovakia. As customary, they were herded into a huge room, jam full of wood bunks, to vegetate and sleep. There were no blankets, and they slept on straw-filled gunny-sacking. The broken windows were boarded, so that the place was full of darkness and stench.

One woman told her typical story. She was from East Prussia, quite alone. The Poles had expelled her. Her three sisters and her mother had been taken to Russia, and there was no word from them. She had had a one-year-old child, but he died of hunger in Poland last September. Her husband was a POW in the English zone, but did not know where she was.

Limited by its charter, UNRRA has never made any attempt to help these people. That has meant that the job was left to the churches, labor groups, and government offices. One of the encouraging lights in the German blackness was the way the German church people has taken hold in this emergency, as the accompanying pictures testify. They may have been cowed and regimented and even brutalized by Hitler, but these Germans are finding their way to Christian experience by the activity of the Good Samaritan.

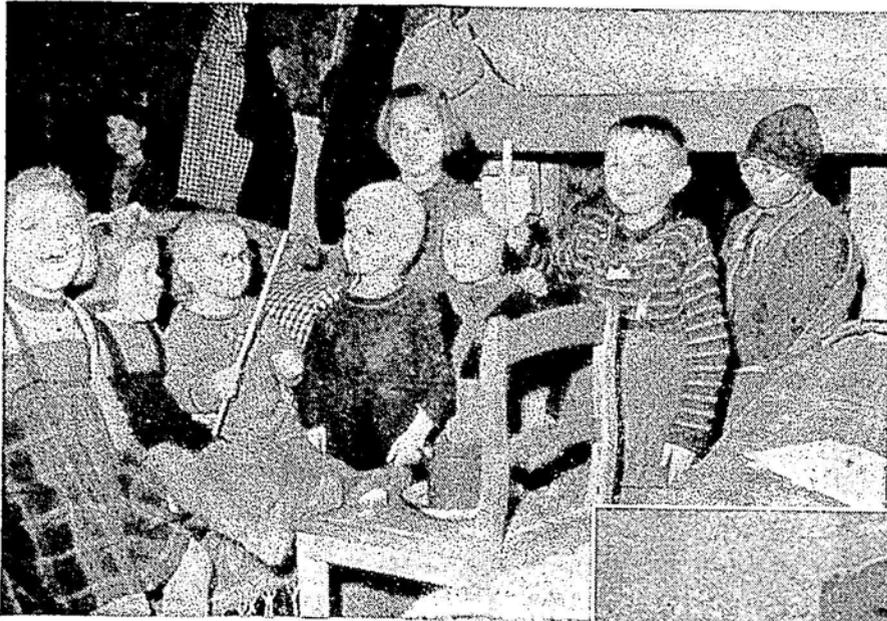
In Berlin I saw one of several refugee centers and hospitals which German Lutherans were operating. There was also there an orphanage with sixty-seven children from the eastern areas, who had received blankets the churches collected. In Frankfurt there were piles of church-gathered relief goods for distribution to the bombed-out and refugees. At Stuttgart there were four barracks camps which the church had established for evacuees. So all over Germany the churches have come to the aid of the distressed.

The World Council of Churches, with which are affiliated many American Protestant churches, has been in the vanguard of those insisting that arrangements be made for the humane treatment of these deportees. The World Council has also sent material aid to them. Tons of food, clothing, and medicine, much of it from American church people, have been routed to the German church people for distribution.

* Mr. Root is a correspondent of the World Council of Churches.



A German church deaconess gives a cup to a starving man. He is in a makeshift hospital operated by Evangelical churches for uprooted people



Children who have trekked from Poland at a church center. These children had torn shoes or none at all

This youth did not know what had become of his family. He stopped at the church center before wandering on West



Some uprooted Germans are luckier than others. This man has relatively good living in the church rural center



This is a Besarabian family. Their mother keeps the wood barracks where they live scrupulously clean



Three injured soldiers working with the churches to teach other wounded men trades



Woman looks over a package of clothing which church persons in Germany have given for aid



White cloths hung up to dry—flour sacks salvaged from the Americans. They will be made into clothes



Goods collected by the German churches are kept in this block house even though it has no windows

The mite box, symbol of church giving overseas as it is here. Millions of marks have been collected from these boxes

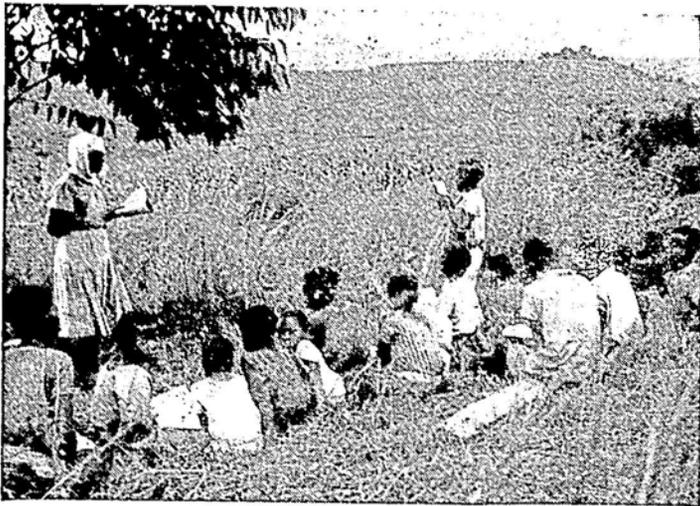


Young people working in the church center on the preparation of the evening meal

Children of Rhodesia

Thoughts Suggested by a Letter from

Beulah Reitz



Children are the great potential strength of the African Church

ALONG in the fall of the year it is the custom in Southern Rhodesia to hold camp meetings out in the country. They are attended by all the villages around about. There are no divisions into age groups. Babies watch the missionaries from their mothers' backs. Old men sit near the front so that they can catch the words of the new gospel.

There is one advantage that a missionary has over a preacher in the United States. It is an advantage that comes from a necessity. He is forced to speak simply. Part of that simplicity is due to the fact that he himself is a child in a strange language. But the greater part is due to the fact that he must explain a new way of life to a people who has never heard it before. His message must be simple enough so that "a child can understand." And the advantage is that children do understand.

Of course, African villages are running over with children and, like children everywhere, they are curious. They stand at the edge of the camp meeting drinking in new ideas. They follow the missionaries about after the meeting is over. They turn up in missionaries' paths, interested and usually responsive.

In a letter from Miss Beulah Reitz, one of the Methodist missionaries in Southern Rhodesia, she tells about a recent camp meeting thus:

"During the fall I helped with camp meetings at Hyanyadzi and Chakonwa. These are places where the people are rapidly growing rich and are very hard to reach. A goodly group of them, both men

and women, were faithful in attendance and one young man gave his heart to Christ but most of the results were with the little folk. At Chakonwa, more than eighty children came to the altar, a few in repentance over wrongs they had committed who were already Christian, most of them of un-Christian parents who were giving themselves to the Saviour for the first time.

"I was greatly concerned about these children and was led to put the matter of their shepherding before the Christian people. Both men and women were present when I took up the matter. They eagerly responded to the challenge. Different ones took the responsibility for the ones living near them, men for the boys, women for the girls. One woman, a former girl of a missionary's heart and home, lives with her Christian husband in a totally un-Christian community. She undertook the care of more than thirty of the children. I gave her some literature to help her and the promise of my prayers and left her thrilled with the prospect of caring for her young. But how I need simple *illustrated* material for her use!

"Quite a number of the children live at Melsetter Junction where there are no Christians at all. They are three miles from the school and their care will be quite difficult."

It would be hard to say just how much influence the early reading a child does has on his later life. Surely most of us in the United States formed ideas of life and the world by poring over picture books and stories written in such a way that we could understand them. But though our lives were filled with written words and pictures we were also surrounded by Christian adults who could help us in our problems of growing up physically. Here in the country of Africa children newly come into the Christian life cannot have the guides that our children have had. Their dependence on pictures and the written word, as they learn the art of reading, is very great indeed. If these new members in the Christian faith are to build the strong African church of the future they must have very special attention. And the products of the Christian literature must make every effort to keep this special group in mind as they prepare their titles for the future.

One of the greatest strengths of the Catholic church has always been in the emphasis it has put on its children. The African Christian Church has the opportunity to achieve the same strength.

NOTE: Part of the Methodist Youth Fund is designated for the providing of Christian literature for the children of Africa.

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

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS, A HISTORY OF THE LOUISVILLE CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH. Edited by J. W. Weldon, Hopkinsville, Ky. 262 pages. \$3.00.

The Historical Society of the Louisville Annual Conference of The Methodist Church has issued an important little volume in connection with its centennial session, held in 1946. Dr. Weldon, president of the Society, edited the volume and sketched the history of the conference. There are sections on the history of education, woman's work and the church schools of the conference, and half of the volume is devoted to biographical sketches and photographs. It is an important contribution to Methodist history.

THE CHEROKEE NATION, by Marion L. Starkey. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 355 + VI pages. \$3.50.

The Cherokees were the most advanced and civilized of all the Indian tribes. Their story has frequently been told but no other book so well recognizes the values in their culture or discusses the sources thereof more adequately. The author had access to the records of the American Board (Congregational), which carried on considerable religious work among these Indians when they were in their eastern home. In the total history of the Cherokees the influence of this Board was not as important as that of other missionary bodies which are given little or no mention. However, any person who desires authentic information concerning the most important of all the Indian groups should certainly read this book.

THEIR ANCIENT GRUDGE, by Harry Harrison Kroll. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis and New York. 326 pages. \$2.75.

This book purports to be the story of the famous feud between the Hatfield and McCoy families in Kentucky, told in terms of the experiences of the women involved in that feud. It is fictional in nature and therefore cannot be regarded as authentic history, but it throws considerable light upon the conditions in the mountains which produced the feuds in the early part of the century.

THE LAST TREK OF THE INDIANS, by Grant Foreman. The University of Chicago Press. 382 pages. \$4.00.

This study of the migrations of the American Indians by an author who has had considerable experience as an attorney among the various tribes is an important historical document. There is a study of our treaties with the Indians and our administrative policy, and a discussion of various tribes. One misses from the book,

however, an appreciation of the work done by Christian missionaries in influencing the culture of the tribes, as well as the story of the deportation of the Cherokees by Andrew Jackson.

THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST, by F. S. C. Northrop. Macmillan Co., New York. 531 pages. \$6.00.

This is the most fundamental and thoughtful study of the relations between the Orient and the Occident that has yet appeared and it has already been hailed as an epoch-making book. The author is a professor in Yale University who has lived in China and his book covers in thorough fashion a wide range of interests relating to Eastern and Western culture. There is a chapter on "Roman Catholic Culture and Greek Science," but the influence of the Christian movement and modern missions on the East does not receive adequate treatment or recognition.

WHITE MAN-YELLOW MAN, by Arva C. Floyd. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York and Nashville. 207 pages. \$1.75.

Dr. Floyd is Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Emory University in Atlanta and a former missionary in Japan. His book is a study of the relationships between the yellow peoples of the world and the white people, with emphasis upon the United States and Japan. There have been many such volumes since the war, but this little book has a value of its own and will be of special interest to those persons who are interested in Christian missions and a good understanding between the Orient and the Occident.

INDIANS OF THE HIGH ANDES, edited by W. Stanley Rycroft. Committee on Co-operation in Latin America, New York. 330 pages. \$2.00.

This is a large paper bound pamphlet which contains the report of a commission appointed by the interdenominational Committee on Co-operation in Latin America to study the Indians of the Andes with a view to establishing a co-operative mission among them. It deals with the history and the economic and social life of these Indians of South America and is the most comprehensive study yet made of a group of people who are little known to North Americans.

BACK TO THE SMOKY SEAS, by Nutchuk. Julian Messner Inc., New York. 225 pages. \$2.50.

Nutchuk is Simeon Oliver, an Eskimo boy who was reared in the Jesse Lee Home conducted by The Methodist Church in Alaska and who became a concert pianist. A previous book by Nutchuk entitled *Son*

of the Smoky Sea appeared a few years ago. The present book tells of his concert work, his experience in the United States Army, and his return to Alaska. In the preparation of the volume he was assisted by Alden Hatch.

RELIGION ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER—THE METHODISTS—1783-1840, by William Warren Sweet. University of Chicago Press. 800 pages. \$10.00.

This is another notable contribution to American church history by the well-known Methodist historian. It is a collection of source materials consisting for the most part of documents hitherto unpublished. Among these documents are the "Journal of Bishop Whatcoat," the Edward Dromgoole "Letters" and the "Letters of Orceneth Fisher." There are also a large number of old quarterly conference records, letters relating to Indian missions in Kansas, documents on church trials, and much similar material. The bibliography is extremely valuable. No contribution to Methodist history published in recent years is comparable in value to this volume.

NOT WITH THE FIST, by Ruth Tuck. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 234 pages. \$3.00.

This volume deals with the relations of Mexicans and North Americans. It takes the form of the story of a Latin American family in a town of the Southwest. It is not thrilling as a story, and the form in which the author attempts to cast it detracts from its value as a sociological study. However, it contains a great deal of information concerning an important problem.

METHODISM IN BELIEF AND ACTION, by Bishop John M. Moore. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York and Nashville. 254 pages. \$2.00.

In this book, Bishop John M. Moore, of Dallas, Texas, discusses the theological beliefs, the ecclesiastical order and ordinances, and the social attitude and program of The Methodist Church. No author is better qualified to do this and he has produced a book which is a *must* for reading Methodists everywhere.

Bishop Moore has been a Methodist preacher for more than fifty years, in the course of which his total experience qualified him to produce the book which has just come from his pen. He was pastor, editor, missionary secretary, and bishop. He was a member of many important bodies and commissions of the church and one of the leading figures in the negotiations which resulted in the unification of American Methodism. His history of the unification movement was published a few years ago and his present volume rounds out the theme of that work.

The Moving Finger Writes

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

4,500,000 Pounds Relief Goes Overseas

☐ Clothing, food, and soap—in that order—made the bulk of the four and a half million pounds of relief materials which twenty-six American Protestant denominations sent overseas in 1946 through the shipping center of Church World Service, at New Windsor, Maryland.



Bishop Herbert Welch

One of these sending churches was The Methodist Church, serving through The Methodist Committee on Overseas Relief. Of the total shipments, which went to every nation in Europe to which military authorities would permit shipments, as well as to China, Japan, and the Philippines, 3,105,000 pounds were in clothing of all kinds; 1,359,000 pounds in food, mostly canned; and 18,649 pounds of commercial soap, 52,000 pounds of homemade soap, and 4,267 pounds of candles. In addition there were bicycles, shoes, bedding, kitchen utensils.

✦

Polish Pastor Is Also University Professor

☐ Rev. Joseph Szczepkowski, Methodist pastor in Poland, is also a professor in the University of Tobrun. He does full work in both capacities. He became a professor in order to support himself while serving his churches during the war. He preaches at Tobrun, Grudziadz, and Bydgoszcz. He is a graduate of Syracuse University and Cazenovia Seminary and was once a pastor in Michigan.

"In the university I do the work of four," he stated in a recent report. "I am in charge of the English department and the department of Philology, and have thirty-two hours of lectures and seminars a week in addition to the administrative.

"I start at seven in the morning, finish at seven in the evening, hurry home, eat my dinner, and sit up till midnight preparing for the next day. On Saturday I finish my lectures at noon and then rush off to my preaching points.

"If I adhere to the Polish custom of oral examination of my four hundred students, I must spend two whole weeks

of eight hours a day in testing. This load is due to the lack of qualified professors in Poland."

✦

Death of Dr. C. K. Vliet

☐ The Rev. Clarence K. Vliet, M.D., D.D., an associate secretary of the Division of Foreign Missions, died suddenly in Worland, Wyoming, on Sunday, April 6, on his 65th birthday.

Dr. Vliet was born in Spottswood, New Jersey. He practiced medicine for thirteen years in New York City, and then went to Florida and engaged in business as a contractor. In 1924, he was licensed to preach and was for a number of years pastor at West Palm Beach, and presiding elder of the Miami District. He was formerly secretary of the Commission on Benevolences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Deeply interested in missions, Dr. Vliet raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for missionary causes. He also traveled in various mission fields and lectured on his many observations and experiences. He leaves a widow, Anna E. Vliet, and a daughter, Mrs. Billie Vliet Keefe, who live at Nashville, Tennessee.

✦

Bishop Melle Dies in Germany

☐ Bishop F. H. Otto Melle, retired head of the Methodist Church in Germany, died in Berlin on March 26th at the age of seventy-two. Bishop Melle retired in 1946, and he had been seriously ill for several months before his death.

As the head of German Methodism during World War II, Bishop Melle found his movements restricted by police and military regulations because of the American connections of his church, but he did manage to preach and to direct philanthropic work.

For a number of years he was pastor and missionary in Hungary, where his mastery of languages enabled him to preach in three tongues. He visited America ten times, and was well known as a lecturer and preacher. On the continent of Europe he was a recognized leader of the evangelical forces, and was long identified with temperance and other reform movements. When the German Methodist conferences were set apart as an independent Methodist Church in 1936, Bishop Melle was elected its first bishop.

Reopens Tokyo Social Settlement

☐ For many years, one of the outstanding social welfare undertakings of American Protestantism in Tokyo, Japan, was Aikei Gakuin, which included kindergarten, day nursery, school, mothers' clubs, etc., for the families of



Miss Mildred Anne Paine

scavengers in one of the marshlands on the outskirts of the city. This was organized and conducted by Miss Mildred A. Paine, of Albion, New York, graduate of Oberlin College, under the auspices of The Methodist Church. During the war, much of the social welfare work was carried on by Japanese associates, while Miss Paine was in the United States.

Now she is back in Tokyo where she has found the buildings still standing but badly in need of repair. The buildings are being repaired, others damaged during the war are being rebuilt, and Miss Paine hopes to re-establish work for working mothers and their children this spring. The people among whom she works are recognized as the poorest of Japan's poor, and the war has only aggravated their lot.

✦

Watch This Conference Grow!

☐ The Southwest Mexican Conference of The Methodist Church—a queer name again since the churches are not in Mexican territory but in Texas and New Mexico—has 94 preaching places, 61 pastoral charges, with a total membership of 8,465. This marks a recent net increase of 627.

In the 61 pastoral charges there are 55 units of Woman's Societies for Christian Service, with 936 members.

The crying need of the Conference is for more preachers and better preparation for those there are. The Southwest Mexican Conference was the first in Methodism to reach its goals in finance and evangelism in the Crusade for Christ, and it has an unbroken record of accepting and paying in full the General Conference askings, despite the fact that "nearly all are desperately poor."

WORLD OUTLOOK

Bishop Smith Sees India's Future as Dark

☐ Bishop W. Angie Smith, of Oklahoma City, now on a visit to India, representing the Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church, paints a dark picture of India's immediate future, as gathered in his first weeks of observation and discussion there.



Bishop W. Angie Smith

"The stabbings and rioting between Hindus and Mohammedans is so serious there were three or four soldiers stationed in front of Bishop John S. Subhan's Episcopal residence in Robinson Memorial Church, Bombay, all of the time," he says. "The public accounts of the number who have been wounded or killed are not exaggerated but only a small percentage of the actual facts. The future indeed is dark.

"In Bombay we met Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, Mr. Jadhav, railroad labor conciliator for several provinces, and a leader of the depressed classes. Dr. Ambedkar is the president of a Law School in Bombay with 1400 students, but is recognized for his great work as a leader of the 'Scheduled' Class, which are commonly called the 'Depressed' or 'Untouchables.' His great address before the Constituent Assembly pleading for unity in India has been recognized as one of the most profound messages to come from that meeting. He is a Columbia University graduate and one of the most brilliant men I have ever met. He is very pessimistic about the future and does not feel there is any chance for success in the Assembly. He called it a 'Beggars Opera' and very frankly said it is already a failure. The fact that Gandhi demands that Assam withdraw rather than agree to grouping proves the contention of Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League for Pakistan according to his interpretation.

"When I asked for his opinion of the future he did not hesitate to say that it was very dark and much bloodshed would occur during the year. After talking with such brilliant leadership one cannot accept a very optimistic or superficial view of the freedom of India. With nearly 600 Indian states and the Muslim League out of the Constituent Assembly, it can readily be seen that a very rough road is ahead for unity and freedom in India.

"Later, some twenty-five or more Indian and missionary leaders gathered for a period of conversation and discussion. We were given a most cordial welcome by Christian and non-Christian alike. I conveyed the greeting from America, and then followed a period of discus-

sion. Dr. J. M. Kumarappa, principal of Tata School of Social Sciences and at one time a Methodist and delegate to a General Conference, was very pronounced in his opposition to all missionary work. He is so strong in his Nationalism he is opposed to all missionary activity and feels there should be an all Indian Church. When he was reminded by an Indian leader that he employed Western teachers, he replied that culture was universal and knew no national lines. When I asked him if the same were not true of religion he could give no reply. The discussions were all on a high plane and in a fine spirit but the whole question of Indian freedom has cut very deeply into the souls of some of these leaders. I can find no agreement among them, and if I correctly interpret the future, it is truly a very dark one."

German Missionary Serves in Japan

☐ At the beginning of World War II Miss Elsa Schwab was a missionary sent by the Methodist women of Germany to Sumatra. When hostilities began, the authorities decided to intern German men and to repatriate German women via Japan and Russia to Germany. Miss Schwab got as far as Japan but no further.

In Japan she joined the Methodists and all through the war years she supported herself teaching in Kyoto and working in the church there. Now she proposes to remain in Japan as a self-supporting missionary "in order to encourage the Methodist women of Germany."

There Is New Life in The Philippines!

☐ "These are exhilarating days in the Philippine Islands; the flag of the new republic now floats to the breeze; history is being made everywhere," says the Rev. Otto H. Houser, D.D., Methodist missionary to the Philippines.

"For a new nation is rising out of the ravages and terror of war. The grim marks of destruction are visible in wide paths wherever armies marched. Buildings are tipped like leaning towers. Ruins remind one of ancient Egyptian temples or Roman forums; except that bombs create a cruel and broken destruction, while time only wears its victims down. But out of all this, new plans are emerging.

"Our Methodist Church is on the march, too. Repressed by four terrible years of threat and suffering, it has climbed out of its chains. People are crowding the pastor's special meetings. The two conferences met with record crowds of eager leaders. The Central Conference convened and elected Bishop Alejandro, authorized participation

in the Crusade for Christ, and adjourned to reconvene in 1948. The Theological School has opened with an attendance of thirty young men, and almost as many girls in preparation for deaconess work. Of course tragedy is everywhere. Multitudes have died. Other multitudes were killed. Destitution prevails widely. Disease has taken its toll. Wild typhoons have ravaged fields and buildings. But an aggressive church, mindful of the hurt, yet hardy in the faith, is harnessed to bring victory out of persecution.

"The very opportunities are embarrassing too. We were appointed to our Knox-Central Church. There is nothing but standing room left in our English service. That means more than a thousand worshipers. The soldiers have been reduced to a few dozen. The attendance therefore is Filipino. People are joining the church every Sunday. Four dialect services are held. Each Sunday morning, at an eight o'clock service, more than a hundred people take communion."



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In the Wake of the G.I.'s in China

“This past year has seen big changes throughout the world and even out here in this far off corner of Methodism we have felt the repercussions,” says the Rev. Harry Haines, Methodist missionary in Chungking, West China. “The jeep age has come to Szechwan. A year ago I made a trip to some of our country churches walking an average of twenty miles a day and in some places riding an ancient charcoal-burner bus which had to be pushed up every steep hill; but three weeks ago I made the same trip in my jeep, taking three hours to travel what once took five and a half days.

“When the G.I.'s came they decided that our Methodist property in Chungking was the ideal location for their headquarters. We were glad to welcome them. During their stay it was my privilege to act as their chaplain, and it was a great testimony to our Chinese brethren to see people like General George Marshall and General Wedemeyer coming to church service along with the enlisted men. One of my treasured mementos is an autographed Chinese New Testament sent to me by General Marshall.

“They left many contributions for our

church. Dr. Gale of our Tzchung hospital has the very latest X-Ray machine, and stock rooms replenished with hitherto unprocureable drugs. The vegetable oil lamps have been replaced with an electric light plant. The district superintendent has a jeep and a trailer unit. Our Ch'iu Ching school is now housed in probably the finest school buildings of any school in China.”

“Producing Church Members”

“The criticism is so often made against city missionary work by those who really know very little about it, that it fails to produce church members,” says Dr. C. W. Lokey, of the Board of Missions and Church Extension. “It is not clear that that is the final test of any such work. The redemption of a neighborhood, the building of characters that bloom in other fields, the turning of the thoughts and lives of boys and girls into higher channels and to cleaner living—these are also tests of religious work.”



Dr. C. W. Lokey

Churches Help Harvest Rice

According to Mrs. Henry Sloane Coffin, Protestant church leader now traveling in the Orient, atabrine sent to Siam by Church World Service saved the lives and health of many thousands of farmers and enabled them to plant and harvest one of the largest rice crops of recent years.

Their health was so depleted by malaria, she reports, that they could not work without atabrine; and the black market price of one tablet was more than a farmer could earn in a month—and he needed fifteen for a cure. CWS sent enough tablets for 150,000 farmers, and to relieve them of the temptation to sell the precious medication each tablet was broken in two. Result: many lives saved, a bumper rice crop, atabrine tablets down to one cent each. Another 150,000 Siamese have been treated for dysentery and tropical diseases, Mrs. Coffin reports.

President Lin Dies in New York

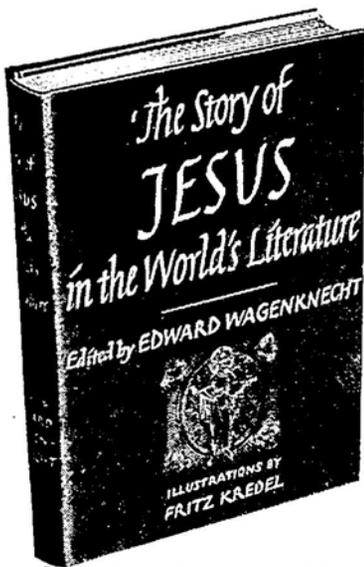
Dr. Lin Ching-jun, president of Fukien Christian University in Foochow, China, died recently in New York Hospital after a brief illness. His age was 48.

Dr. Lin, who arrived here in September on a year's furlough to study philosophy and ethics at Union Theological Seminary, became president of Fukien University in 1927. Born in Fukien, Dr. Lin studied at Fukien University and later attended Oberlin, Columbia, and Harvard. Because of the Japanese invasion, Fukien University moved in May, 1938, to Shaowu, 250 miles west of Foochow, and continued its activities there throughout the war under Dr. Lin's guardianship. On May 1, 1946, Dr. Lin and the university returned to Foochow.

Dr. Lin, an Episcopalian, brought his family here last year. He leaves a widow, who received an M.D. degree from Johns Hopkins University in 1924; a son and a daughter, the latter of whom is a student at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania.

“Rural Life Sunday”

Sundays, May 4, May 11, and May 18 will be observed in Protestant churches throughout the United States as “Rural Life Sunday,” on one of which city and country churches will emphasize the value of the country and the country church in American life and economics. The observance in some churches will take the form of blessing and dedicating the seed which the farmer will plant this spring.



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Conference on Rural Life



Bishop William C. Martin

¶ For the first time in its more than a century and a half of service, The Methodist Church, through its top leaders, will sit down in Lincoln, Nebraska, July 29, 30, and 31, to consider the problems of rural communities and churches. "The National Methodist Rural Life Conference" has been called for that time and place.

Bishops, district superintendents, representative pastors and laymen and women, home mission leaders, educational secretaries, and others will be in attendance, and the results will doubtless help shape the program of American Methodism for several decades to come. Various commissions are now at work on various phases of the rural problem and will have findings to report to the Conference. Bishop William C. Martin, of Omaha, will preside.



Scriptures for Japan

¶ The American Bible Society is now printing 500,000 copies of a paper-covered New Testament in Japanese for early shipment to Japan. During 1946 the Society sent to Japan, through the chaplains of the United States Army, 250,000 New Testaments in Japanese, 128,990 New Testaments in English, and 329,000 briefer portions of Scripture in Japanese.



Holman Institute Founder Dies

¶ Miss Charlotte T. Holman, a retired missionary to India of the former Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church and a winner of the coveted Kisar-I-Hind Medal of the British Empire for service to the children of India, died on January 5 at Alhambra, California, where she made her home with her sister. She was 84 years of age. On Christmas Eve Miss Holman was struck by an automobile and suffered the injuries that caused her death.

In 1900—a year of great famine in India—she went to that land and served in orphanages in Ajmere and Rajputana. She helped care for thousands of waifs and orphans, and later secured a sister to help her in the work.

Holman Institute, a Methodist school at Agra, near the site of the Taj Mahal, was established by Miss Holman and other members of her family. This became a co-educational school, majoring

in industrial arts training for famine and outcaste children; some of the most beautiful rugs in India are made in its workshops.



O. W. U. Grad Is Mayor of Seoul, Korea

¶ Hyung Min Kim, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, class of 1932, has been appointed by the American Military Government to the important post of Mayor of Seoul, capital of Korea, a city of a million and a half population.



Entertain Foreign Students

¶ Foreign students attending the University of Washington are being made "at home" and given a "taste" of America by the women of the American Association for the United Nations in Seattle, Washington. Under the direction of Mrs. Walter S. Price, students from India, Turkey, New Zealand, Egypt, Norway, Peru, and the Philippines have accepted the Association's invitation to "hear about their homeland at first hand, and their potential contributions to the United States; and help them understand our country, and make them feel at home in our community."

Church Conference Considers American Rural Trends

¶ The long-range trend in American agriculture is toward tenant farming church leaders were told at a recent conference in Des Moines, Iowa. That farm ownership is definitely decreasing was pointed out to the conference by Dr. C. Morton Hanna, of the Louisville Presbyterian Seminary, who said that 39.8 per cent of the persons gainfully employed in agriculture in 1940 were listed as owners. Tenants formed 25.4 per cent; farm laborers, 34.4 per cent; and farm managers, .4 per cent. In that same year the farmer had a 42.8 per cent equity in the land, whereas in 1880 he had 62 per cent equity.

The conference at which Dr. Hanna was one of the speakers was a national convocation on The Church in Town and Country. He told the assembled churchmen that while the family type of farm—one handed down from father to son—was ideal, it would not succeed under the present land tenure policy. He suggested it might be time to examine common ownership of land and experiments in group ownership as a way to solve the problem.

A spokesman for the Department of Agriculture asked the church leaders to encourage farmer-son partnerships to offset the trend and halt the steady off-the-



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farm movement. He listed four long-range trends which he said were apparent in American rural life: A steadily decreasing rural population; a steady

increase in intermingling of agriculture and other occupations; a decline in succession to farm ownership; and a shift from local to impersonal organizations.

Death of Korean Missionary Is Reported

¶ The Rev. Virginius Rudder Turner, a missionary to Korea for 22 years, died May 6 at his home in Lynchburg, Virginia. He was 68 years old. Before going to Korea with his wife, Mrs. Annie Ligon Turner, who survives him, he had served as a member of the Virginia Conference for ten years. They returned to this country in 1934 because of his failing health and in 1935 he retired from active duty. He was a member of Court Street Methodist Church. Surviving besides his wife are two sons, three daughters, and three brothers.

"Friends of Okinawa" Formed

¶ The formation of a New York Chapter of "Friends of Okinawa" is announced by the Rev. Garland E. Hopkins, of Washington, D.C., provisional national president of the organization,



Okinawa Church in Ruins

formerly a U.S. Army chaplain on Okinawa and now on the staff of the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church.

Elected to head the New York group is another former Army chaplain, Frank L. Titus, of 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City, who participated in the initial landings on Okinawa.

"The purpose of the movement is to promote a wider interest and understanding in the economic and cultural needs of a people who were first to fall victims of Japanese expansion," says Mr. Hopkins. "Seventy-five years of exploitation, coupled with the devastation of the war years, entitle the people of Okinawa to consideration and care which have not been forthcoming."

A special appeal to join is being directed to former G.I.'s who saw duty on Okinawa. The public will be invited to participate in a special meeting later in the year. The steering committee of the New York Chapter is made up of: Shingi Nakamura, Chosukee Migahira, Paul C. Mitchell, Euan G. Davis, and Chilton C. McPheters.

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People Move— So Also Must Church



Earl R.
Brown

¶ "We have just witnessed the greatest uprooting of humanity ever witnessed in our national life," says Executive Secretary Earl R. Brown, of the Board of Missions and Church Extension. "Nearly thirty million Americans left their homes in two and a half years. Family and community life were upset. Racial tensions were increased. Multitudes of people were thrust into situations without mental or spiritual conditioning. Government controls were imposed that shocked our sense of free action with devastating effects upon ethical principles. The period ahead will witness still greater changes. To meet these changes home missions must be mobile and adaptable. The pioneer spirit must survive."

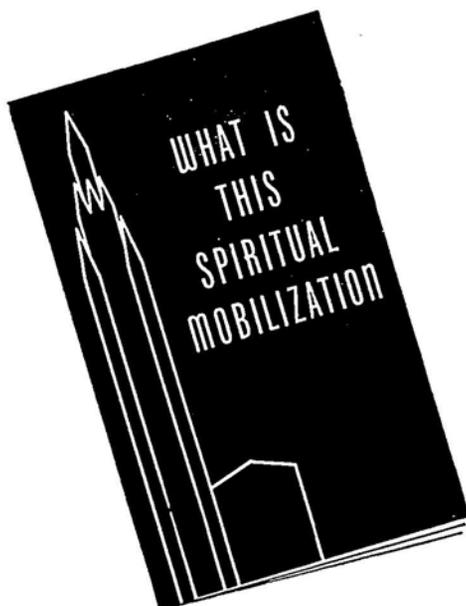
Heads India Christian Students

¶ Chandran Devanesen, Methodist layman and professor of history at Madras Christian College, has been elected National Chairman of the Student Christian Movement of India, Burma, and Ceylon. Still under thirty, Mr. Devanesen has recently resigned as Youth Secretary of the National Christian Council.

Fifty students and adults from all parts of India and Ceylon spent five days in this policy-making meeting. The retiring chairman is Miss Sarah Chakko, principal of Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow. With A. Ralla Ram, General Secretary of the Student Movement, Miss Chakko will fly soon to China to visit student centers on a goodwill tour from India.

James Alter, a student movement leader from America, who is now finishing his theological work at Leonard Theological College, Jubbulpore, and who will be on the staff of Ewing Christian College, Allahabad, next year, was chosen national treasurer by the Movement.

Editor Harold Ehrensperger of *motive*, who is spending five months in India, brought greetings from the Christian students of America. He is to spend some time with Mr. Devanesen, who is the new editor of the publications of the Movement in India.



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Finds Christian Progress in China



Miss Mabel Nowlin

“We are sorry that the constructive things going on here do not get into American papers as much as the other kind, which to the American reporters make more of a ‘story,’” writes Miss Mabel Nowlin, Methodist missionary from

Shanghai, China, and she goes on to tell some of these happenings.

“Last month I was one of the 140 people attending the national Child Welfare Planning Conference,” she says. “It was significant that practically all of the Chinese women present, and most of the men were graduates of Christian schools. It showed where the leadership for such national forward movements has been and is being trained.

“After a long search for a Chinese secretary for the ‘Christianizing the Home’ department of National Christian Council, Miss Yu-Chen Liu has accepted the post. For the past fifteen years she has been in our Methodist work in Changli, North China, and in Kienyang, West China. She studied in America in 1937-1939, getting her Master’s degree from University of Oregon. Her successful experience in organizing Mothercraft Schools and in developing lay leadership equips her for this national work in a good way.

“Bishop Chen has just returned from Nanking where he is a delegate to the national conference drafting the constitution. He says there are many delegates that are not the kind to give wholesale approval to the nationalist policy, and feels progress is being made.

“By the end of the year sufficient reinforcement will have reached here so that I can proceed to Chungking, as I have been wanting to do. I shall be in charge of the religious education work of the Methodist churches of the city, and have some interdenominational responsibility as a ‘co-operating secretary’ of the National Christian Council.”

Early Relief to Hungary

“Within two months after permission was received from the U.S. government to permit the shipping of private relief to Hungary, more than 600 tons of cereals, used clothing, shoes, diaper materials, seeds, and small theological libraries—all contributed by American churches. They were distributed in Hungary under the direction of Hungarian churchmen. About 20 per cent of Hungary’s people are reduced to beggary

and near-starvation, and only 10 per cent have the means of purchasing what food they need.

There Are 1,861,400 “Mexicans” in U.S.A.

According to the 1940 census, there are in the United States 1,861,400 people of “Spanish mother-tongue” descent. Approximately three-fourths of them are to be found in the four border states of California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. New Mexico and Texas, together, have 960,180—more than one-half the total. Texas alone has 750,000—almost two-fifths of the total. Every one of our forty-eight states has some Spanish-speaking people.

Bishop Ward Heads “Forward Movement”



Bishop Ralph A. Ward

Under the auspices of the National Christian Council of China, and with the co-operation of all the major Protestant denominations and church organizations of the country, a three-year “Forward Movement” of evangelism is being launched this year. Bishop Ralph A. Ward, Methodist leader in Shanghai, is the chairman of the committee.

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Liberia Centennial in 1947



Bishop Willis J. King

Negro slaves from America, and their descendants, should have been able to maintain itself for so long a period," says Bishop Willis J. King, of Monrovia, Liberia. "All right-thinking Americans will be proud of this achievement, for the little country was sponsored by a number of American agencies from the beginning of its development, and it has always had the moral support and good will of the American government.

"No agencies in America have been more interested in Liberia than the American churches, and no one of these more than The Methodist Church. The Methodist Church, through the former Missionary Society, began work in Liberia in 1833. Liberia was its first foreign mission field, and Melville B. Cox its first missionary. Through all the years since that early date, Methodism has kept its connection with the Liberian field.

"It should always be borne in mind that the Methodist movement in Liberia was begun by the early Negro colonists themselves, and all through the years they have had considerable responsibility for the maintenance of the work. In the early 1930's the Liberian Methodists were thrown completely on their own support, except for assistance given to such institutions as the College of West Africa, the Ganta Mission, and one or two projects on the Kru Coast. Despite their desperate poverty, these Liberian Methodists, both 'civilized' and 'native,' have carried on uncomplainingly, keeping The Methodist Church as one of the two outstanding church agencies in the country. The Liberians are, therefore, not without experience in self-support.

"Despite the loyalty and sacrificial devotion of this group, The Methodist Church, along with other Protestant groups, has tended to decline in strength—as has the whole civilized element in the Republic—because of its failure to bring fully into its institutional life the aboriginal population of the country. These people, numbering 1,500,000 to 2,000,000, constitute the vast majority of the population, and are the potential for the future development of the country. They must be civilized and

Christianized and become a vital part of the life of the nation, both church and state, if the country is ever to realize the dream of its founders. The Methodist Church, as one of the earliest and indigenous uplift agencies in the Republic, cannot escape its responsibility for giving this little nation its moral support, and wisest type of assistance at this time when it is at the crossroads of its national existence."

Japanese Methodists Celebrate Anniversary

The Japanese Methodists of San Francisco recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their church. Founded in 1886, the earthquake and fire of 1906 destroyed the buildings, which had been erected in 1894, along with the homes and businesses of most of the members.

In 1942 the mass evacuation order exiled every member, though none was suspected of disloyalty. For three and one-half years the greater part of the church building was used as a warehouse for the storage of the household goods of members and neighbors, while the chapel was lent to the Filipino Methodist group and later to an interracial church.

Only a year ago Pastor Shigeo Shimada, wife, and baby returned from the Topaz, Utah, Relocation Center and set up housekeeping in the pastor's study and the church diningroom and kitchen. The Caucasian family in the parsonage refused to move out and the Shimadas could not get possession of their apartment for several months. Other church families occupied rooms on the fourth floor of the parsonage building and as household goods were gradually removed the classrooms were utilized as hostel space.

Soon after his return Pastor Shimada began to hold his English-language and Japanese-language worship services each Sunday. The majority of the members gradually returned from the relocation centers or eastern cities where they had taken refuge. Several members of the official board had been on the faculty of the United States Naval School at Boulder, Colorado. No repairs had been possible during the war, so the buildings were in bad condition, but after much work and sacrifice they were put in good order again.

The name of the church has been changed to Pine Methodist Church and it is undertaking to serve its neighbors of all races and not Japanese only.

Five of the churches of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference were not evacuated during the relocation period and 35 of those abandoned have been resuscitated. The conference voted a gift of more than \$1,250 to Dr. and Mrs. Frank Herron Smith. He was su-

perintendent of the conference for many years and is now living in Berkeley, California.



This School Is for Daughters-in-Law

¶ What is perhaps the most unique school in all India—a school for young daughters-in-law, girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age—was started recently by missionaries of the Methodist Church in Buxar, Bihar Province, India. The school is for girls from Hindu homes, married in childhood, according to Hindu rites, to infant boys whose parents later became Christians.



"Greater Love Hath No Man . . ."

¶ "Pastor Van Oest was by all odds the most popular Protestant minister in Liege, Belgium, in 1939," says Dr. Gaston Foote, Ohio Methodist, pastor who recently visited Belgium. "Great crowds filled the sanctuary of his Methodist church located near the center of the city on the bank of the beautiful Meuse River. For Pastor Van Oest was an aggressive and fearless preacher.

"Early in the year 1940, when Germany was tightening her grip on the Low Countries, Pastor Van Oest, in the course of a vigorous and challenging sermon made this comment: 'The cross and the swastika cannot go together.' A fourteen-year-old boy, member of the local congregation but a pro-Nazi, carried this remark to the local Gestapo. In a few days Pastor Van Oest was arrested, tried by a German military court, and sentenced to five years of hard labor at the Siegburg prison.

"His determination, coupled with an inner peace in his own life, enabled him to survive those early years. But, by 1945, the Germans were losing the war and many of the prisoners were dying of starvation and neglect. Pastor Van Oest asked the warden if he might go help the sufferers in the isolation ward since he knew they were among the most neglected. When warned of the danger, Van Oest said, 'Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends.' For weeks he nursed the fellow-sufferers about him and gave them new courage to carry on. But in time he contracted typhus and died—just two months before the liberation.

"A few days ago I went from the church where Van Oest was minister to the nearby cemetery where his body rests. As I went I thought: No force can defeat the purpose of God as long as His sons are willing to die for His cause."

Angola Tribesmen Call for Methodist Missionaries

¶ One of the most remarkable Christian movements in all Africa has been going on for the past two decades among the Dembos peoples, deep in the "primeval forest" one hundred miles or more north of Luanda, in the 300-year-old Portuguese colony of Angola. Because of the independence of the people and the mountain protection, it was not until 1918 that this region was finally conquered by the Portuguese. Now there are some good roads connecting the Dembos region with the coast towns.

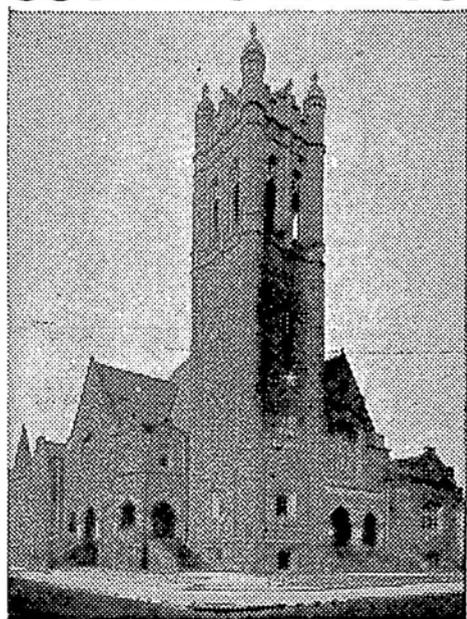
For some years Methodist work in this territory was under the direction of the Rev. A. H. Klebsattel, of Luanda, and there was a constant call for more teachers and preachers as thousands of the Dembos people professed Christianity and wanted baptism and instruction for church membership. It is still impossible for the missionaries to train and send enough workers to meet the people's calls. With the return of Dr. Klebsattel to the United States on furlough, the Dembos Christian work is being directed by the Rev. Ralph E. Dodge, now superintendent in Luanda. Concerning this situation in the Dembos, he says:

"In 1926 a recently-converted African, who nevertheless was still a polygamist and who therefore could not yet join our church, went throughout this area preaching the Gospel. Even though he went without human authorization, his message was much blessed of God; idols were burned and many heathen customs abandoned. Later, young men from this region came to Luanda to work, and here they learned more perfectly of the Gospel and returned to their own people with more light. Rapidly the Good News spread and pleas for leaders increased, until in 1935 pastors were sent to that region.

"Now, in spite of opposition from some plantation owners who see their source of cheap labor disappearing with education of natives, the work continues to spread. We now have in that sub-district thirteen well-organized churches and scores of outlying classes. The most significant part of the entire development is that it has been almost exclusively an indigenous growth. Missionaries have been able to visit the area only rarely, and the main burden of the work has been carried by consecrated African pastors who teach, preach, and spread such other benefits as hygiene, agricultural methods, and trades. One large village now boasts of 60 per cent literacy—an unheard-of percentage for this part of Africa. And so the Good News spreads from mouth to ear to heart; from heart to hearth to village."

Post-war plans of the Board of Mis-

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sions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church include an increased ministry in the Dembos territory—perhaps the appointment of one or more missionary families to service there.



A Stone Added to American Solidarity

“For nearly thirty years Methodism had been at work in Cochabamba, Bolivia—long enough to see that city grow from a colonial town of some 30,000 people to a modern city of 80,000 inhabitants,” says the Rev. Le Grand B.



Rev. Le Grand B. Smith

Smith, Methodist missionary in Cochabamba. “Yet, in all that time, no definite church organization had been established by the denomination. An elementary school and a high school flourished with three hundred students and in connection with them there had always been a Sunday school. Towards the close of the year 1940, however, the missionary teachers, together with a few Bolivian fellow workers, resolved to organize themselves into a Methodist church. The bishop of the area gave permission and on Christmas Sunday the first formal service was held.

“One of the missionaries served as preacher until there were enough people in the congregation to help support a national pastor, two years later. Services have been held in the parlor of one of the school buildings. Gradually there has developed in relation to the church, besides the Sunday school, youth groups and a Woman’s Society of Christian Service.

“From the first, the members of the small group visualized the time when it might be possible to have a chapel especially constructed for Christian worship. A percentage of all collections was set aside towards this end.

“Two circumstances are making possible this realization. The congregation made known its hopes to the Board of Missions and Church Extension, and as a result a portion of the funds of the Crusade for Christ were earmarked for this construction. The other factor is that the war brought many Americans to Bolivia on one commission and another: airports, rubber, health service, road building, etc. Two or three hundred of these now live in Cochabamba. A young, alert missionary invited these

folk to come together for services in English at the same school parlor. Within a few months a Union Church was founded and it agreed to co-operate, in the building of a chapel, with the Spanish-speaking Methodist Church.

“Funds from the English-speaking colony and the Methodist constituency multiplied to the point where it was decided to begin building operations. One pledge for \$500 was made by a former student of our school in Iquique, Chile, the English vice-consul in Cochabamba.

“The visit of Bishop Arthur F. Wesley, of Buenos Aires, and of Dr. Alfred W. Wasson, secretary for Latin America of the Board of Missions, to Bolivia, coincided with plans for the laying of the cornerstone of the new chapel. On Sunday, August 25, a combined service of the English-speaking and Spanish-speaking churches was held in the patio of the elementary school, the school parlor now being far too small to accommodate these growing congregations. Then the cornerstone was placed.”



\$1,200,000 Bequest to Board of Missions

“Dr. Albert E. Beebe, treasurer of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, announces the receipt of \$1,200,000 as a partial distribution of the estate of the late Mrs. Annie Merner Pfeiffer, of Riverside Drive, New York City. Of this total, \$300,000 is for the work of the Board’s Division of Foreign Missions; \$300,000 for the Division of Home Missions; and \$600,000 for the Woman’s Division of Christian Service. The last is to be equally shared by the Home Department and the Foreign Department of the Woman’s Division. During her lifetime Mrs. Pfeiffer gave many millions to Methodist missionary, philanthropic, and educational enterprises.



Celebrate Japan Mission’s Sixtieth Year

“Recently I made the trip from Tokyo to Kobe in response to an invitation from the Kobe Central Church (now called the Eiko Church) to preach the sixtieth anniversary sermon,” reports Dr. John B. Cobb, Methodist missionary to Japan. “The founders of the old Southern Methodist Mission came over to Kobe from China in 1886. J. W. Lambuth and O. A. Dukes arrived in July, and W. R. Lambuth joined them in November. The formal

organization of the Mission took place on September 17, 1886, and this was followed immediately by the organization of the Kobe Church. Thus September 17 is the anniversary date for both mission and church. As I thought of the fiftieth anniversary celebrations we held ten years ago, and the large group of missionaries who took part and then realized that I am the only one of the number in Japan today, I felt rather lonely.

“Before the anniversary service, at nine o’clock, I went to the church to attend the G.I. service conducted by Chaplain W. N. Stockburger, a Baptist. There was a good crowd of from 150 to 200, mostly Japanese, but some soldiers and some wives of soldiers. Chaplain Stockburger has five or six regular services each Sunday, two of them in Central Church.

“The anniversary service began at ten o’clock. Attendance was 250 or more. In the beginning was a baptism service for forty young people, eighteen or nineteen boys and the rest girls. Most of them had been led to Christ through ‘Youth for Christ’ and other services where the Rev. S. Saito, the pastor, the chaplains, and Christian G.I.’s co-operate. What an encouraging sight it was to see these forty young people standing before the altar! The chaplain gave them words of exhortation, and then Brother Saito baptized them with my assistance. After my sermon, special recognition was given to living members who have been Christians for more than fifty years. Only four of these were able to be present to receive their gifts in person. More than one hundred had brought their own lunches so that they might remain for a further period of fellowship. There is no other way to serve a large crowd in Japan today. I was called on for the first after-dinner-speech and asked to tell what I could of the various former members of the Mission. I was followed by Mr. Tamanosuke (Tom) Nishikawa. He became interpreter for the missionaries in the very early days, though he was not baptized until 1890. Later he went to Central College where he was roommate of Bishop Selecman. He and his wife have been pillars of the church through all the years.

“I hurried from the church to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Y. Yoshioka, where a small group was gathering. What a joy it was to be in the home of this venerable couple on this significant day! Dr. Yoshioka was baptized by Dr. Lambuth in 1887. He was associated with Kwansai Gakuin from its beginning. Later he became president of that school, and now for many years has been president emeritus of Kwansai Gakuin University, of which his son-in-law, Dr. Kanzaki, is the president.”

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